

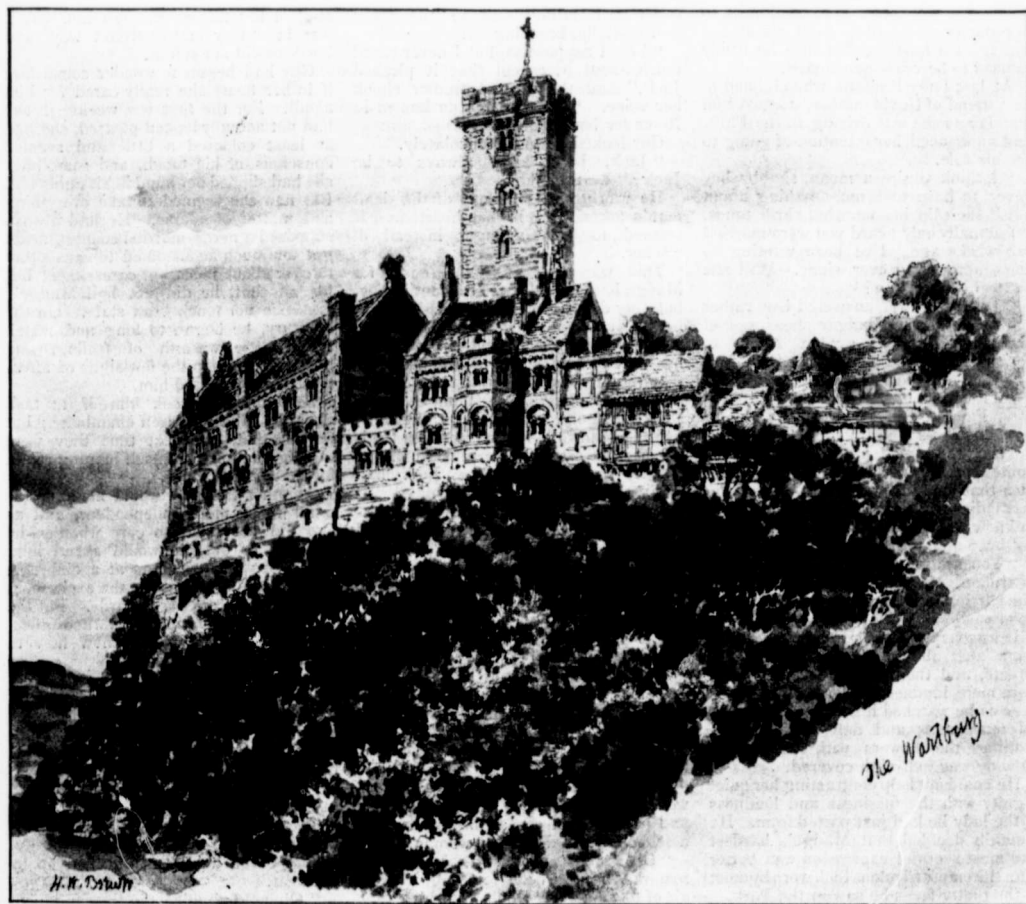


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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

THE WARTBURG.



"The scene of the famous Sängerkrieg or Minstrel War, a contest of song between some of the most renowned of the Minnesänger. These Minnesänger laid the foundation of Germany's musical greatness." (See p. 248.)

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"IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

CHAPTER XVII.



FOR some little time Madge had her wish and was unmolested by visitors of any description.

In a little more than two months, however, it began to be noised abroad among a certain set that Guy Fawcett had married a beautiful heiress, and countless speculations concerning her ensued.

The wonder was that no one appeared to have seen her; and next to

nothing could be discovered about her through her husband, because he firmly refused to be cross-questioned.

At last Lady Redfern, who claimed to be a friend of Guy's mother, stopped him one day as she was driving in the Park, and announced her intention of going to see his wife.

"I think you're a mean, shabby boy never to have told me anything about her," she said in somewhat shrill tones. "I actually only heard you were married two weeks ago. I've been wanting to come across you ever since. Will she be in this afternoon?"

"I don't know," answered Guy rather coldly, noting the vulgar showiness of her ladyship's attire; "but I can of course tell her you are coming."

"Well do, and I'll bring Ermytrude. They'll be just of an age, and I daresay Mrs. Fawcett will be glad of a young friend as she's a stranger in town."

Then she drove off, and Guy went home looking perplexed. He had an idea that Lady Redfern was one of the last ladies in London Madge would care to know, and he was vexed that he had not been able to prevent her calling.

"You are going to have a visitor this afternoon, Madge," he said, throwing himself into a low wicker chair near the open window.

It was very pleasant to be in that cool room after the heat and glare of the streets, and there was something more than mere kindness and affection in his eyes as he watched his wife, with graceful movements and deft white fingers, tending the flowers with which the balcony was well-nigh covered.

He could not help contrasting her quiet dignity with the fussiness and loudness of the lady he had just parted from. He mentally decided that Madge's hardest and most scornful expression was better than the empty frivolous look worn by most of the pretty faces he saw in the Park.

In reply to his remark, she merely raised her eyebrows a little and said indifferently, "Oh!" and went on with her work.

"I'm afraid you won't like her," he continued. "I would have put her off if I could, but I was fairly trapped. In fact, she simply told me to tell you she was coming."

"Why is she coming? What does she want?"

"She wants to see you. She said she had heard I had a beautiful wife, and she was coming to see for herself," and Guy watched her curiously to note the effect of his words.

But still there was no show of relaxation on the grave set face, and she only replied, "Oh, it's a visit of inspection, is it?"

"That's about it, but I suppose it's not an unusual thing. Did you know you were beautiful, Madge?" he asked half wistfully, breaking off.

"Yes, I suppose so, but I never cared much about it, except that it pleased Jack," and the faintest tremor shook her voice. "My mother was known in Rome for her beauty."

Guy looked down disconsolately.

"Jack, Jack, is it always to be Jack?" he thought.

He was growing jealous of the dead man's ascendancy in her heart, and it seemed to grow stronger instead of weaker.

This was not really the case, for Madge had thought of him continually, but Guy did not realise that. It might be because he was learning to desire more from her himself and to give more, but that did not occur to him; he only thought it was hard that she should persist in clinging so tenaciously to Jack's memory, to the cost of all else.

And meanwhile Madge went on tending her flowers and remembered with a craving in her heart how Jack had admired her face in the old days. It did not occur to her that Guy's admiration ought to be as pleasant, and she did not see the slight frown on his face; her thoughts were busy elsewhere. She was recalled, however, by his remarking—

"I suppose you'll stay in this afternoon?"

She did not reply for a few minutes, then said, "Is it necessary? I'd rather not. I suppose it would be rude of me to go out."

"I daresay she wouldn't like it. She's rather a swell in her way."

"Did you mention her name, I forget?"

"Lady Redfern. I don't know her very well, but she says she knew my mother and makes it an excuse to treat me like a schoolboy. I detest the woman."

"Oh, she's that sort, is she?" remarked Madge coolly, adding, with an air of unconcern, "Don't you think that palm shows better there?"

Guy turned his head.

"Yes, it's all right," he said. "That's a new arum lily, isn't it?"

"Yes, I bought it this morning, and I ordered some cork-work things. We shall scarcely see the houses opposite at all soon. I'm going to shut out London."

"Why, don't you like it?"

"Oh, the place is well enough," she answered carelessly. "At any rate, it's as good as any other, but I'm tired of those bare dull bricks opposite, and of wondering what the people are doing in those dingy-looking rooms."

Guy laughed a little, and just then the luncheon gong sounded and he dragged himself out of his chair.

As they left the room he linked his arm through hers. She was not indifferent to the caress intended, and slipped her fingers through his, but it was in a very matter-of-fact way, and her face did not soften.

Guy had begun to wonder sometimes if in her heart she really cared for him at all. For the first few weeks, if she had not actually looked pleased, she had at least coloured a little and seemed conscious of his touch, and sometimes she had slipped her hand in his uninvited. But now she seemed to take everything as a matter of course. He had always supposed a newly-married couple quickly got too much accustomed to each other to care about incessant caressings; but for all that, he did not find Madge's presence nor touch grow stale. On the contrary, he began to long and watch for a little warmth of feeling, and hungrily to grasp the few signs of affection she vouchsafed him.

Sometimes he took himself to task about it, calling himself effeminate; but for all that, the next time they were together he found himself longing again for that little warmth.

At other times he would make up his mind to be more independent, and as she did not seem to care whether he were in or out, he would spend long afternoons and evenings at a club, forgetting her for a time in the excitement of a game at cards or billiards. But the old craving invariably returned afterwards, and he did not know how to still it.

"Do you care about horse-races?" he asked, as they sat down to dinner.

"No, are you going to some?"

"I thought of doing so, if you didn't mind. I should be away two or three days."

"Oh, no, I don't mind," she answered at once with decision.

The sudden disappointed look on his face struck her, and she added kindly, "I hope you won't get knocked up by the heat."

"Oh, no, I shan't be in the sun much, but I'm afraid you will be awfully dull. I wish you'd come with me."

"No, I shan't be dull. I don't mind being alone in the least, and I haven't

the faintest interest in horse-races;" and with that she changed the subject.

About four o'clock in the afternoon Lady Redfern and her daughter arrived; and Madge, who was reading in her own room, went slowly to receive them.

She wore her usual plain afternoon costume of black, relieved with a deep vandyke collar of rich old lace, and her step was as stately as a queen's as she entered the room and approached her visitors.

She was somewhat taken aback, however, when the elder of the two ladies rose, and with a great rustle of silks and jingle of bracelets, hurried forward and greeted her with quite unexpected effusion.

"I'm so glad to make your acquaintance, my dear," she exclaimed. "I knew your husband's mother so well. She was a most charming woman. I gave him a good scolding this morning for not giving me an opportunity of coming to see you before."

"You are very kind," muttered Madge a little indistinctly, while she shook hands distantly with Miss Redfern and sat down.

"It was just like Mr. Fawcett to go and keep it all to himself," remarked that young lady in slow affected tones, leaning back languidly in her chair. "He never would make himself agreeable about his affairs. I always tell him he ought to have gone in for being a hermit, as he is so hopelessly unsocial."

Madge regarded her wonderingly, then turned to Lady Redfern and remarked stiffly, "My husband has been considering a rather recent bereavement in my family. We shall not be visiting at all at present."

"Oh, dear me, is it so? I see you are in black; I am very sorry. But I hope we shall be great friends soon, I am sure I shall like you. How do you like London? You must be very dull if you don't know anyone?"

"No, I am not at all dull, but probably it is because I share Mr. Fawcett's unsocial habits."

Miss Redfern raised her eyebrows and looked at her pityingly. She appeared to be regarding her as something of a curiosity, and did not take the trouble to hide her scrutiny.

"Mother and I are simply dying to know where Mr. Fawcett met you?" she remarked coolly, taking stock of Madge's attire with a scarcely concealed sneer at its severe plainness. "I am always interested in Mr. Fawcett, not because I know him very well, but because I have always heard so much of him from Jack Harcourt, who was his great friend."

A sudden astonished light flashed in Madge's eyes, but she did not speak, merely sitting a little more haughtily upright.

"I used to have to get quite cross with poor Jack," continued Miss Redfern carelessly, "for introducing his name so often. I suppose you have heard of him, he was such a nice boy, and he met with such a horrible end. It really made me cry."

If Madge was cold before, she was frigid now.

She first darted a look of scornful indignation at the unconscious offender, then, as if having decided she was not worth being angry with, she remarked with a haughty air—

"You are speaking of my brother."
"What!" exclaimed both ladies in chorus, "Was Jack Harcourt your brother?"

Madge remained silent.
"Well, I never should have thought it possible," gasped Lady Redfern, while her daughter, who had quickly subsided again into languid elegance remarked, "Dear me, how strange!"

"I can't trace the slightest resemblance," continued Lady Redfern, addressing her daughter, "Can you, dear?"

The young lady raised her pince-nez and surveyed Madge's face coolly.

"No, not the slightest," she replied; "Jack was all life and spirits. You are very quiet, are you not?"

"Yes, very," replied Madge drily.

"Then you are in mourning for your poor brother," said Lady Redfern. "Poor dear boy, how dreadfully sad it was; you must have felt it deeply."

"Yes, I did feel it rather," was the quiet reply in the same dry tones, and her face grew expressionless.

"Surely it is more than a year ago?" remarked Miss Redfern.

"Fourteen months; why?" and Madge looked straight before her.

"I only thought it was very unusual to wear mourning so long."

"It is a matter of choice, I believe," and Madge's lips curled somewhat dangerously.

"Oh, of course! I was only thinking what a penance it would be to me to be garbed in black for even six months. I couldn't possibly exist in it longer."

"Ah, my dear, you don't know what it is to lose a near relation!" interposed Lady Redfern, becoming aware that their hostess's eyes belied her cool demeanour. "Probably Mrs. Fawcett was especially fond of her brother."

"Yes," was the cool answer, "and that is certainly not the case between Fred and me. I should wear black only three months for Fred. I daresay Jack Harcourt would be rather a nice sort of brother," she continued carelessly, "for though he was always teasing, he never seemed to annoy one. Fred and I never do anything else but annoy each other."

Again Lady Redfern saw that suspicious flash in Madge's eyes, and wisely changed the subject.

"I suppose you have been to all the theatres?" she remarked.

"No, I'm not fond of them."
"Not fond of theatres!" and Miss Redfern again had occasion to exert herself so far as to raise her eyebrows. "I love them; a good theatre is like heaven to me."

"I haven't the privilege of knowing heaven, so can't make the comparison," replied Madge quietly, and as she spoke she stooped and picked up a leaf from the carpet. Miss Redfern bit her lips and her mother hastened to the rescue.

"Perhaps you don't approve of them?" she said inquiringly.

"Personally I see too much acting in

real life to care about making it one of my pastimes."

"Ah, I see, you hold views!" and Lady Redfern looked very knowing. "Ermytrude does too; it's quite the fashion now. I wonder if you two would agree in your ideas; it would be nice for you if you did."

For one moment Madge felt a desperate inclination to laugh, but she managed to control her feelings and remarked quietly, "I think we should be more likely to disagree."

"So do I," said Miss Redfern. "If you don't like theatres, I suppose you ride in the Park and skate at Niagara?"

"No, I prefer to look on."

"How very odd! I hate to watch other people having a good time unless I am in it. I much prefer other people to watch me."

"Your taste is not difficult to gratify," answered Madge sarcastically. "One can so easily attract attention. You might wear your hat the wrong way, for instance."

Miss Redfern glanced at her sharply. She had an uncomfortable feeling that she was being laughed at, and resented it deeply. It was impossible to glean anything from Madge's face, however, as she still assumed a blank expression and kept her eyes lowered.

This time her daughter's face warned Lady Redfern, and she again introduced a change of subject.

"I suppose you will be going with your husband to the Doncaster races?" she asked beamingly. "I know he always goes."

"No, I am not going."

"Indeed!" was the astonished reply. "Is Mr. Fawcett perhaps not going this time?"

"Oh, he is sure to go; he'll want to know as quickly as possible how his stakes stand," and Miss Redfern spoke with an ill-concealed sneer, adding, "But perhaps you have cured him of betting?"

"He is certainly going," replied Madge, addressing herself to Lady Redfern and not deigning to notice her daughter's speech. "He was speaking of it at luncheon."

"I'm sure you are a pattern wife to let him off so soon," replied her guest. "I suppose you have only been married a few weeks."

"Nearly six months."

"Indeed, is it so long as that? And to think that I have only known it a fortnight. At any rate you will forgive me for not coming before, won't you; and I hope we shall see you in Park Lane very shortly."

Madge thanked her with forced politeness, and soon after the two ladies took their departure.

That evening "Mrs. Fawcett" formed the principal topic of conversation at the dinner-table in Park Lane.

"She's an oddity," was Miss Redfern's description; "quite too terrible! She looks like a Quakeress; wears a black dress and white collar, and folds her hands."

"She's certainly very handsome though," remarked Lady Redfern. "She has a beautiful skin and beautiful eyes."

"I thought she was positively plain," and Miss Redfern's usual affectation gave place to contempt. "Her face was absolutely expressionless, and her movements fearfully stiff. There's so much of her too, she must be quite five foot eleven, and she's as thin as a lamp-post!" and as she spoke she surveyed her own prominent and boldly displayed charms in a mirror opposite with an air of great gratification.

One of the guests present remarked that Haines the artist had been raving about her ever since he saw her, to which Lady Redfern replied—

"Of course she has a style of her own. I've no doubt some people would admire

her exceedingly, but she was altogether too stiff for our taste, and quite the last woman one would have expected Guy Fawcett to choose."

"Perhaps she has money," suggested another guest.

"Of course she has," sneered Miss Redfern. "Guy Fawcett is clever in some things, if he is like a mummy in a drawing-room."

"Oh, he's a very decent man is Fawcett," put in another voice. "You want to get to know him, that's all. I don't think he'd marry for money."

"Then he must be a stupid man," said Miss Redfern, who was out of temper. "No one else would marry a

woman who reads Darwin's *Theory of Evolution* except for her money."

"How do you know she does?" he asked.

"Because it lay open on the table, and we all know Guy Fawcett hadn't been reading it. He's too much taken up with his betting-books to read anything worth speaking of," with which parting, malicious shaft she changed the subject.

But it was quickly spread abroad that Mrs. Fawcett was "peculiar" and "a lady of views," and she was not much troubled with unwelcome callers after Lady Redfern's call.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL EVENTS IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

By LA PETITE.

PART V.

REMINISCENCES OF A BRIDESMAID.



BELIEVE it is usually considered very unlucky to be a bridesmaid too often, but this thought has never deterred me from acting in that capacity whenever any of my friends have required me.

It is said that you never become a bride yourself if you have been a bridesmaid three times, but the idea of being an old maid has no terrors for me, and I am quite content to remain single if so it is ordered.

I quite well remember the first time I was called on to act as bridesmaid. I was very small and too young to really know what it all meant.

With my eyes shut the whole scene comes before me again like a picture—our upstairs sitting-room "between the lights"—papa reading in his big arm-chair on one side of the fireplace; mamma, just returned from paying a call, leaning on the back of her special chair opposite, and their tiny daughter hovering between the two like the restless sprite that she was.

Mamma's voice sounds in my ears saying tentatively: "Minnie wants Jeanie to be her bridesmaid! What do you think of it, papa?" and then a misty veil descends between me and my dream-picture, and I hear and see no more.

Evidently papa's answer was favourable, for the next thing I remember is the day itself and my being arrayed in what was then the fashionable mixture of palest Cambridge blue and sage-green cashmere. I was too young to take much interest in my appearance, but I remember my dress was completed by blue silk stockings and green silk shoes and a tiny green velvet mob-cap with a jewelled butterfly in front.

You will guess how long ago it was when you hear that it was the time of morning weddings, so we began at an early hour with a tiring day before us; but I was not at all daunted at the prospect, and was quite ready to begin when the carriage containing the other bridesmaids drove up.

There were only five of us, though there were to have been six, but the bride's dearest friend, who had come all the way from Ireland to be one of her train, developed mumps the day before the wedding, and had to be at once condemned to solitary confinement in consequence.

Of course one cannot remember every single detail of the day, but here and there a phrase or an incident starts out of the mist exactly like a spark on a piece of burnt paper. I remember the bridesmaids calling for me, and the remark of the prettiest one as we prepared to get out at the church, "Now to be stared at!"

I recollect feeling very solemn as we stood waiting for the bride, and of being conscious of great responsibility as I headed the procession after her, not at all lessened by the principal bridesmaid's whispered injunction to walk a little faster and not to step on Minnie's train.

It evidently was borne in on me that a good deal depended on my behaviour, for a good authority assures me that our rector's wife said to me afterwards, "Well, Jeanie, were all the ladies in church very prettily dressed?" to which my answer was, "I don't know. You see, I was so busy praying that Minnie would be happy that there wasn't time to look about me. We had to pray for her, because, of course, that's what a bridesmaid is for."

Then honestly my recollections grow vague, till it comes to the drive back from church with a kind-hearted young groomsman taking care of me, and laughingly saying he did not think it was usually considered quite the correct thing for a groomsman to be sitting with his arm round a bridesmaid's waist.

This remark puzzled me and made me wonder, especially when they all smiled, but the gorgeous (and tedious) wedding breakfast soon drove it all out of my head, especially the cake, which was a marvel of beauty, each bridesmaid having her initials traced in coloured sugar on little white sugar shields which ornamented the base. Mine lasted for a long time under a glass shade in the drawing-room, but at length succumbed to old age and many infirmities.

I vainly tried to get a glimpse of the bride round this huge bride-cake with an uneasy sense of her being altered now, but she did not see the wistful face of her youngest bridesmaid, till the good-natured young man pointed me out to her, and then she too dodged round the obstruction and gave me a beaming smile which greatly comforted me.

I remember refusing the bride-cake on principle, because I thought mamma would think I had had enough, and then it all fades away except a dim recollection of the bride's leaving her old home in all the glories of "going away costume" and brand new trunks, to drive to our house a street or so off and change to an ordinary travelling dress and an unobtrusive box.

This plan had been an old arrangement, and strikes me now as a very good one, for it did away with the conspicuous "newly-married" look which draws public attention to the situation, and makes it doubly trying to a sensitive girl who is perhaps already overwrought by the fatigue of all she has gone through and the pain of parting with her parents and old home.

I have no souvenir of this occasion, as my parents thought me too young to wear or accept jewellery, but Minnie presented me with a superb doll nearly as big as myself, who turned her head whichever way you liked, and possessed a travelling-box stored with a veritable *trousseau*, every stitch of which the bride had made herself in the intervals of getting her own ready. This beauty I promptly named after the giver, and henceforth she (and her box) accompanied me wherever I went, and proved a never-failing source of pleasure on wet days or fine, for I never tired of dressing her in her various costumes (of which she had a greater variety than I had), and of trying the effect of her numerous hats on her flaxen head.

Years ago she fulfilled her mission of amusing me and went the way of all my old dolls, namely, to some less fortunate child, whose hours of pain and weariness she beguiled by that fetching little turn of her head and the somewhat diminished glories of her *trousseau*. Ah, well! the last time we saw my first bride was on the shores of a Swiss lake, where we were all staying together, including the unlucky bridesmaid who had had the mumps; but as we steamed away, leaving her surrounded by her children, we little thought it was the last time we should ever meet on earth.

Yet so it was, for some months afterwards she set sail for a West Indian island, whence we received the news of her death.

My next recollection does not end so sadly, for its heroine is still alive and prosperous.

I was a good deal older now, but it was still in the days of morning weddings, and there were a good many journeys to and from various shops, and much excitement in the air.

I chose a personal wedding-present for the

bride, which I myself paid for out of my munificent allowance of sixpence a week (liable to be stopped if my lessons were not satisfactory or my conduct not all it should be). My choice fell on a perfectly hideous brown and green china butter-dish which, I argued, was certain to come in useful, as they must have butter whatever else they did not want, so a butter-dish more or less would not signify, while this particular one struck me as being the loveliest thing of the kind I had ever seen.

The bride was charmed with it, as, being a person of great taste, she was of course bound to be, making me feel myself triumphantly a perfect genius.

There were only two bridesmaids this time, myself and the bride's sister, and our dresses were cream-coloured nun's-cloth and crimson velvet.

My chief pride was my gold locket with the initials of the happy couple intertwined on it, and my chief anxiety signing the register, with an uneasy feeling that my governess would say it was very badly done.

Then came the long drive to the house for the breakfast, a stately affair which, however, I must have enjoyed, as I find put down in my diary of that date a minute inventory of everything I ate.

I will spare you the details; suffice it to say I was thrown into agonies of nervousness by someone jokingly saying that the youngest bridesmaid always had to reply to the toast of "the bridesmaids," but my unhappiness was relieved by the assurance that it was only meant in fun. My mind was extremely literal in those days.

If things really go by contraries, the third wedding on my list is the happiest of all, for several little things went wrong.

The bride was the eldest girl of a large family who lived next door to us, and who were always as good as brothers and sisters to me.

Her engagement, being the first in the family, was naturally a source of great amusement to the younger members thereof, who had no reverence whatever for their elders, so many are the stories handed down of the pranks they played on her.

For instance, the engagement took place at a country house, and as the courting was mainly carried on in a large tent erected on the lawn as a shelter from the sun, one of the boys in the house wickedly stuck up outside it a huge placard bearing this announcement, in letters too large to be overlooked, "No admittance except on business." Her brothers and sisters also took a mischievous delight in hiding his photograph in various unlikely places, in which, I am afraid, I often aided and abetted them.

My favourite place was the cribbage-board, until she got accustomed to it, and used to walk straight off there directly her treasure was missing in order, as she said, to rescue him from such "low company."

It is very difficult to be sentimental or romantic when you are one of a large family. However, she was excessively good-tempered and took it all in good part; and, of course, we were very fond of her all the time, though certainly we teased her unmercifully.

When the letter came, inviting me to be one of her train, I was enchanted and joyfully accepted.

Our dresses were pale-blue silk and primrose-coloured velvet, as it was a January wedding, so the bride's youngest brother sent round a fancy portrait of the bridesmaids with very red noses, as he was convinced we should all have them on the happy occasion.

There was what the bridegroom ungallantly termed quite "a crowd of us," as we numbered no fewer than ten; but at one time I really thought I should have to drop out, for a week before the ceremony an abscess developed in my nose which threatened to totally ruin my appearance, and had it not got better I must certainly have sent in my resignation, for I should have spoilt the look of the whole procession.

However, "All's well that ends well;" the horrid thing disappeared just in time, and on the day itself not one of us was missing.

It was an afternoon wedding this time, so I had the whole morning in which to get ready, but I had shown myself *en route* to the lady who had been the "Queen," and to whom I always go when looking specially nice, so our carriage arrived at the church a little late, but the bride had not yet come, so it did not matter.

Instead of bouquets we carried little wooden sabots filled with moss and primroses and slung on our arms by yellow ribbons. As we carried in our hands big feather fans these wretched little sabots were a fruitful source of misery to us, for if carried in the orthodox way they promptly tipped up and deposited their contents on the floor. We soon found that the only thing to do was to grasp them firmly and uncompromisingly by the middle like a book, and, having discovered this, we had time to get uneasy over the bride's non-arrival.

At last, just when we began to think something serious must have happened, she appeared, leaning on her mother's arm, and we fell in behind them relieved of our fears.

A wee, curly-headed boy, dressed in a cavalier suit of blue and primrose, carried her train, and won all hearts by his quaint solemnity and angelic face.

He was so good, for he never once tugged at her dress as if he were playing horses, or smelt the flowers round the edge to see if they were real, as I have seen other small pages do.

He was made much of afterwards in the drawing-room, and the proud young father declared that he was quite content to sink his own individuality altogether and be known simply as "the page's papa."

As to the bride's delay it transpired later that with praiseworthy regard to strict truth

the bride had told her dressmaker the exact day and hour for which she wanted her gown, and she did not reap the reward of virtue, for the garment arrived only when all we bridesmaids were waiting at the church.

Then the bride's mother in her agitation and distress could not find her gloves anywhere, so snatched up a pair lying about, and forcing them on in the carriage, they split in all directions.

The chapter of accidents was not yet complete, for, the ceremony over, we all disappeared into the vestry to sign the registers, congratulate the bride and have our respective grooms men portioned out to us; but the one destined for me could nowhere be found, and a substitute had to be hastily summoned from the body of the church.

It mattered very little to me who it was, as I did not know either of them, but still, I did wonder what had become of him.

A good deal of merriment was excited by the crossing-sweeper, who would persist in poking his head in at the carriage window and begging for a contribution in honour of this "sus-picious occasion," so we arrived at the house in a very jubilant state of mind.

Presently in the drawing-room there wandered up to me an apologetic young man looking remarkably ill who began hesitatingly, "I beg your pardon, but I believe I was to have been your best man."

"Not quite that," was my polite answer, whereupon he faded away, as it were, in confused murmurs of contrition and was seen no more.

As a matter of fact, the unfortunate individual had been attacked by influenza (which was raging at that time) in the church, and was ill for weeks afterwards, hence his mental confusion.

The time passed pleasantly in talk and music till the bride's departure drew nigh, and then another young man made his way up to me and observed, "Will you please come and line the hall?"

My look of vague alarm (for the thought struck me that he was another victim of the prevailing malady and that this speech was the first feverish symptom of a wandering mind) recalled him to himself, for he hastened to add, "I don't mean by yourself, of course, but with the other bridesmaids."

To this I had no objection, so cheerfully assented, and we sent our friend off right royally to begin the new life that lay before her.

At the very moment of writing I am wearing the gold brooch which, with the feather fan, was the bridegroom's souvenir of the occasion, and so end my reminiscences, grave and gay, as most recollections are.

I am not likely to serve in the same capacity again, but I hope the custom will never die out, for to me there is something beautifully appropriate in a girl being attended by her girlish friends when she crosses the threshold of womanhood.

VARIETIES.

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

"I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds
onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SHOWING SENSE.

"Mabel has a lot of sense."
"How does she show it?"
"She never permits herself to appear more intelligent than the person who is talking to her."

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.—Every girl is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities she expects to find in the person of a friend; but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

THE REASON.

Teacher: "Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say 'You can't learn me nothing?'"
Patsy: "Yes'm."
Teacher: "Why?"
Patsy: "'Cause yer can't."

DOING GOOD.—She who does good to another, does also good to herself; not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it; for the consciousness of well-doing is an ample reward.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON DESIGNING.

PART II.



Design is either symbolic or aesthetic in principle, and if we decide to follow the former, we are governed in our selection of elements by the meanings which religion, tradition or sentiment has assigned to

various natural objects; but if we arrange our ornament according only to aesthetic ideals, we have all nature to choose from, and with such wide liberty, are perhaps all the more likely to make mistakes.

The simplest method of decoration is merely sprinkling a given space with dots, and quite sufficient variety may result from their arrangement on different geometrical bases, or from the contrasting fulness or scarcity of their distribution. But this sort of work only answers on a small scale; on a larger, the dots must develop into isolated circular or floral forms.

Simple straight lines also are effective when used with taste, and by varying their length, placing them at different angles with each other, and combining them with dots, many pretty patterns can be invented, particularly suitable for monochrome embroidery, pyrography, leather work, pottery-painting, and chip carving; although, in the last-named, the lines thicken and the dots become circles.

As beginners should aim at simplicity before anything, they cannot do better than work at first only with the easiest geometrical details; and, when the due value of lines and spaces is thoroughly grasped, experiments should be tried with interlacing circles and polygons, whence may be evolved an almost endless variety of designs. The circle is especially susceptible to such treatment, as will be seen by drawing one of a fair size, dividing its circumference into any equal number of parts, and taking each of the points thus obtained as the centre of a smaller radius. This will form a wreath of interlacing circles, or arcs, if portions of each be erased according to taste; and these can be enriched by describing larger or smaller arcs round about them, taking any points for centres, and joining parts to one another by straight or curved lines.

Overlapping circles, with the lower part of each omitted to give the effect of being hidden by the next, make a very pleasant framework for an "up and down" design; and when several of different sizes are drawn from the same centre, they should be worked out ultimately in graduating thicknesses of line, or tones of colour, the heaviest near the centre. Concentric whole circles treated in this way make a very good repeat for a diaper pattern.

Before attempting to compose any elaborate design, the artist should practice for some time with exercises of this kind taking the circle and all the polygons by turn, and noticing at every opportunity good pieces of ancient and modern art, in which such purely geometric designs occur. In London, of course, visits to the British and South Kensington Museums will teach much to an observant eye.

Very beautiful designs for every kind of work are founded on contrasting curves,

elaborated by others springing from the main lines, turning back on themselves, or interlacing, as fancy may dictate, and enriched by appropriate vegetable forms. These details may continually cross and occasionally cover portions of the principal lines, but not often enough to obscure the original plan, and all the subsidiary curves must grow from the main stem and each other in one direction only, as do the parts of a plant. Whether simple or elaborate, such ornament depends for its beauty on the care with which the arcs are drawn, and the grace with which the lines spring apart. There must be no ugly angles or abrupt joinings, but each subsequent curve should appear the natural, unbroken continuation of the earlier portion common to all; even though the actual point of attachment may be concealed or emphasised by a bracket-like device. There are few better examples of this than the cover of the *Magazine of Art*, designed by Lewis F. Day; the field consisting of very beautiful curves, scantily foliated, and the border built up on stiffer and more ornate lines.

When the art of making simple patterns, by means of pleasant curves and contrasting spaces, is fairly understood, these can be elaborated by clothing them with more or less floral forms; care being always taken that the new lines do not disguise the old, or the result will be as ugly as of an abnormal fleshy protuberance destroying the natural proportion of the human form.

As flowers supply us with the most popular and beautiful details of ornament, a knowledge of botany is obviously helpful; but its scientific study is less useful for our purpose than a close acquaintance with individual plants, and careful observation of their external features.

As, however, naturalistic copies of plants, with all their accidental light and shade, position and colour can seldom be used decoratively, it is well to make preliminary exercises in conventionalising them. To this end careful pencil studies of a plant should be made in various positions, all unnecessary shading being omitted, but each change in outline marked with precision, and particular note taken of every peculiarity of growth: such as the way in which leaves spring from stalk, the arrangement of veins, the exact angle of one part of the flower with another, and the number of petals, sepals and stamina. Then separate parts, such as the flower, leaf, bud and seed, should be drawn and shaded slightly, and afterwards a water-colour sketch may be made, giving broadly the chief features of light and colour.

Such exercises having been carried out with several different flowers, one should be selected which best suits the style of decoration desired, and whose details compose best into their destined space. A primary plan of the repeat having been prepared, as directed in the former paper, and thoughtfully divided with charcoal into agreeable masses of light and shade, the most prominent of these should be translated, by means of a bread stump and H. B. pencil, into a copy of a conspicuous feature of the plant, preferably its flower; the leaves, buds or seed-vessels representing the other masses, and the whole brought together by the stem, whose curve must not contradict nature, and from which the parts must spring with some show of probability, although it need not be an exact copy of any actual stalk. Some flat designs need no stalk; or a repeat may be arranged by surrounding a full face drawing of the flower by a wreath composed of the stalk and other details.

In this kind of work it is chiefly necessary to convey, as simply as possible, an idea of the main outlines rather than the less distinctive features of the flower, presenting, in fact, a type rather than an individual.

The flowers which most easily work up into decorative schemes belong for the most part to single species, and hardy English plants, experience showing that the more distinct the form, the more likely is an amateur pencil to convey a clear idea of it. For this reason the dog-rose, daisy, daffodil, sunflower, cornflower, iris, tulip, bryony and woodbine, are naturally decorative when rendered with intelligent reserve.

On the other hand, a much greater variety and opulence can be gained by the use in skilful hands of some double flowers, such as the garden rose, chrysanthemum, peony, double poppy and carnation.

Suitability is a primary consideration in the use of flowers, as in everything else, and no amount of skill can make them look happy in unnatural positions. What can look more undignified than daffodils bent and prone along a horizontal border, or bunches of grapes sticking out at right angles to a vertical stem? Yet both of these absurdities are sometimes seen.

In simpler diaper repeats flattish single blooms, drawn full face, or clusters of small florets, like fruit-blossoms, go best. For "up and down," sprays of almost any plant can be safely used.

To any pattern founded on curves, climbers are most congenial, especially to borders; although some other flowers, such as the carnation, whose stalk has a natural droop when left to itself, can, with a little care, be pleasantly adapted to such lines; but in this case alteration is impossible, as the flowers must always appear to spring upwards out of the main stem.

Generally both edges of a border may be equally covered, but where it is to hang down, as in a table-cloth, the lower edge should, I think, be in greatest contrast to the centre field; that is, lighter if the cloth itself be thickly worked, and *vice versa*. Where the border is vertical, as down the edge of a curtain, a good effect is obtained by letting some details hang downwards, instead of pointing from edge to edge, or on the contrary, the eye may be led upwards by most of the ornament pointing thither.

When using whole sprays a great matter for consideration is the relative size of flowers and leaves. Should the latter be less distinctly shaped, and yet much larger than the flowers, the whole may prove uninteresting; but very good contrasts can be formed either by clusters of small flowers having bigger leaves, or large heavy blossoms surrounded by light and delicate foliage. The masses of each should never quite balance, either in size or shape.

For all practical purposes seeds, berries and fruit may be regarded as flowers, either taking their place or accessory to them.

It is seldom advisable to represent natural flowers as larger than their real size, although they can always be used smaller. It is not at all unusual, especially in wall-papers and cretonnes, to see repeats of gigantic poppies or roses, but the effect is generally startling rather than beautiful, and with an amateur tends to become grotesque. For handsome patterns in proper proportion to large objects, it is better to use big flowers, like peonies and hemlock, or even small blossoms in heavy masses. But with flowers so conventionalised as to be mere symbols of the real, this rule may be relaxed if the arrangement be correspondingly formal.

A charming contrast can often be made by using two plants in the same design, one decidedly prominent, the other secondary, or even fulfilling the functions of a background; but the two must never spring from one stem, as I remember them doing in a particularly

shocking example of crewel-work, where ears of wheat, corncockles, and some nameless pink flowers all grew out of a woody stalk, on which was perched an impossible bird.

Flowers copied exactly from nature demand to be represented only in natural positions, and this usually being out of the question, the sense of probability is only restored by adapting them to their conventional situation.

A whole plant can be used thus, either by giving a suggestion of the trunk and root, or by making it rise out of a vase, flatly treated, with hardly any shading, and such devices are peculiarly suited to friezes and panels.

Birds and animals, natural or mythical, frequently occur in ornament, generally in connection with foliage; but are less satisfactory than flowers, as lacking some of that repose which our instincts seek in decoration as opposed to pictures. They require conventionalising more sternly and using more sparingly; wherefore the purely mythical, such as dragons, are the easiest to deal with, and can, with a little imagination, be developed from the lines of scrolls, as in classic and renaissance sculpture.

The ordinary amateur will do well to leave the human figure entirely out of her compositions, for although its presentment forms the highest expression of Art, a considerable knowledge of anatomy is necessary for its simplest treatment successfully, and for similar reasons, real animals are more difficult to manage than those whose proportions may be safely left to the imagination of their artistic creator.

Landscape also is seldom satisfactory in amateur hands, and although within late years a fashion has arisen of decorating doors and panels in this manner, the painting often ends in being too pictorial for a decorative design and too conventional for a picture. Still birds, trees and flowers can sometimes be combined in a strictly conventional landscape with good results, as in Japanese and Chinese work. The Art of these two nations is too full of emblematical meanings to be easily imitated, but a study of their designs will teach the truthful rendering of all objects by the fewest possible lines, almost without any aid from perspective or shading.

Heraldry is so rich in suggestion, that it is rather strange how seldom its resources are drawn upon. Repeats of a coat of arms, shield or crest, brought together by a background of surrounding lines, will make an extremely pretty "all over" pattern. Mottoes should not be frequently repeated, or they become wearisome, especially on an object in constant use.

Heraldic drawing and colouring must be very carefully copied, for as all these details are essentially symbolical, the slightest inaccuracy may change their significance. Should the proper tints appear too garish for the decorative scheme, it would be best carried out in monochrome.

The historic style to which such details seem most suitable is that pseudo-classic known as the "Adam."

For the plan of a square table-mat in blue on white linen I once took that of an "Adam" ceiling, which consisted chiefly of an octagon centre, and, close against the border on each side, two semi-elliptical panels, and founded their decoration on the crest of

the house—a lion holding an olive branch. The whole crest was placed in the centre, two lions faced each other in each corner, and between them grew a conventionalised olive-tree whose symmetrical curves filled the space between the centre and the panels, and from which was suspended midway between corner and centre a shield bearing the family initial. The panels were subdivided and decorated with small olive sprays; while their borders and those of the octagon and the whole mat were variously derived from the leaves and berries.

In simpler patterns small shields and panels, bearing initials or monograms, can be gracefully connected by what is known as the "strap-work" of Elizabethan carving. Or we may make our work symbolical by the use of primitive shapes which are traditionally regarded as emblems; a heart signifying love; a horseshoe, good-luck, for instance; while some initials and Christian names can be typified on small shields in a punning fashion; such as a bumble-bee standing for B, or the name Beatrice, of which Bee is an abbreviation; a daisy for Margaret, a crescent for C. or for Diana for examples.

The innumerable Christian emblems should be only introduced into Gothic or Byzantine ornament; and are anomalous in any work inspired by the pagan feeling of the Renaissance.

Even if possible within the limits of this paper it would not be particularly useful to attempt an analysis of historical style.

A fairly creative mind will soon form its own style, or will select that with which it is most in sympathy.

But it is important that the style chosen shall suit the decorated object, and can be fully rendered by the materials at command; and the designer should have a clear idea whether flat or raised ornament is best fitted for her purpose. To the former grace of line, harmony of colour, and contrast of pattern with background are essential; but for the latter the value of shadows and gradations of tone are of first importance, lines giving way to masses, and colour to light and shade. One obvious rule in this connection is, that no object whose use demands flatness should appear to be ornamented in relief.

Because our knowledge of ancient art is chiefly derived from architectural masterpieces, it does not therefore follow that we can legitimately transfer an acanthus scroll from a Greek temple to a modern mat, and translate the shadows of the original carving by heavy masses of dark colour; for the inequalities of surface adding beauty to a stone frieze would be absolutely dangerous on a floor, if real, and suggest discomfort if only an inartistic sham.

Most of girls' artistic crafts demand flat designs, as for example, embroidery, lace, painting, stencilling, pyrography and some leather work; while others, such as modelling in clay or metals, and wood-carving, are necessarily in relief.

But even in these materials the relief is often better kept quite low, and thus the impartial critic sometimes bestows warmer admiration on so-called chip-carving, than the more elaborate wood-carving in high relief.

In some embroidery raised details are

allowable, but it should here be born in mind that the slight relief will supply its own shading, therefore the colours used need no gradation of tone.

A closely-decorated background will frequently supply contrast without destroying flatness, or may pleasantly bring together a thin straggling pattern. It should generally be in lower or more neutral tints than the pattern, and its details less conspicuous. For instance a bright-coloured flowing design of peonies, on an old-gold ground had the latter covered with a network of light-brown. But the busy background is too often overdone, and the decorative value of plain surfaces underrated.

The great natural gift of an eye for colour can be little assisted by written rules; still, as the fewer the tints the easier is it to get a good effect, first essays should be made only in two shades; a dark with a light, or a bright with a neutral. Afterwards three can be tried, a light, a dark, and a neutral; and when more are used they should generally include a shade each of red, yellow and blue, although one may be little more than a suggestion. On a white background, the imposed colours should be fairly rich, or if a very light tint be included, it should be cut off from the ground by a darker outline. On black the contrary applies, but in a many-coloured design, the ground is best of a neutral shade, lighter than the darkest, and darker than the lightest tones in the pattern.

The method of putting the design on to the actual material to be decorated, differs with every kind of work, and must form part of the technical instruction.

For flat surfaces the drawing should be traced on transparent paper as before described, this pinned on to the material, between the two being laid a sheet of carbonised cloth with the carbon side downwards, and every line carefully gone over with the pointer. For some work the marks thus made on the material may be sufficiently permanent, but for embroidery I prefer fixing them in water colour with a brush known as a Rimmer. A mahl-stick should be used during the transference, as if the hand rest on the tracing the carbon is apt to come off in spots where not wanted. For the same reason the drawing pins should not go through the cloth, as its shifting is of no consequence if the tracing and the material be firmly held on to the board.

Instead of the white cloth for dark materials a pouncing wheel is sometimes used as follows: all the lines are perforated by it before the tracing is pinned over the stuff, then the powdered chalk is rubbed through all the holes with a roll of flannel like a miniature bolster, the size of one's thumb. When the tracing is unpinned the pattern will appear on the material in a series of fine dots, which must be transformed into fixed lines by white paint.

With either method on a rough material, such as serge, the lines will show more clearly if the stuff be first smoothed over with an iron, which is not hot enough to change the colour, as heat will sometimes do.

When this stage has been reached, the success of the work depends no longer on the designer's but the worker's skill.



WON!

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

A GLITTERING sea and a flashing sky,
 Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!
 As the boat leaps out at the bugle cry,
 Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!
 "The price of my hand," the maiden cried,
 "Is my Father—free—ere the new moon's tide."

A low-lying plain, and a blood-red field,
 Give a good "God-speed" to the bravest!
 Where the strong men die, but will never yield,
 Give a good "God-speed" to the bravest!
 "The price of thy life," the victor cried,
 "Is a captive's life, ere the morrow's tide."

A moonlit sea and a cloudless sky,
 Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!
 And the maiden watched from her turret high,
 Give a good "God-speed" o'er the waters!
 The grey-haired chieftain was by her side,
 And the lover had come to claim his bride.



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

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

PART III.
ON HEALTH.

IN my last article on our care of the King's daughters in health, I laid down some broad and general rules. There are, however, many details which could not be included in that paper for lack of space. To-day, I would add a little on the care of the hair, eyes, ears, teeth and nails of our children. We will begin with that glory and crown of budding womanhood—the hair (1 Cor. xi. 15). It is almost strange how much is said about this "cellular filament" (as a dictionary defines it) in the Bible. The Hebrews were certainly fully alive to the importance of the hair as an element of personal beauty. Baldness was one of the disqualifications for the priesthood (Lev. xxi. 20), and cutting the hair was a mark of affliction (Jer. vii. 29). It would be interesting to enter into the history of braided, curled, and perfumed locks, but perhaps out of place in this series. So I will content myself with a few hints as to its management. Absolute cleanliness of scalp and head is always necessary. At least once a week, school-girls should have it washed. The yolk of an egg well beaten up, and applied to the roots with a soft brush or camel is a nice cleanser and keeps the "amber dropping" tints we so admire in childhood. Well wash it off in soft warm water, and the hair will never be rough or harsh to the touch. A few drops of ammonia will soften hard water sufficiently to use, but rain water collected in clean vats and tanks is infinitely better. I italicise clean as more people seem to think that all soft water

must be pure. To wash children's heads in muddy surface water is worse than useless. Strain it, if rain has not fallen for some time. Dry the damp hair by brushing gently in a circular fashion, encouraging the dank locks to separate and fall into tendrils. Every day the girl's hair should be brushed for, at least, ten minutes. There is an improper as well as a proper way of doing this. Who does not remember the hard scrubs of a brush wielded by an energetic but unscientific nurse? Compare that method of torture with the soothing effect produced by a professional coiffeur. The brush should be placed gently on the scalp, then drawn equally gently through the whole length of the hair. In this way the oily substance contained in the root gland is pressed through the hollow stem, brightening and feeding and nourishing each filament. In dressing the hair, may I plead for a due exhibition of the starlike brow of childhood? A long fringe cut over the forehead and hanging to the brow is well called the "idiot bang." It stamps a child with a stupidity not given her by nature. It altogether disguises the open look we so value in the innocent bairns. To cut short the hair of the King's daughters is another injustice to them. It may save trouble, and in cases of infectious disease is necessary; but it is really wrong to have them so shorn, when longer hair acts both as a veil and a crown.

The care of the eye is one but little understood. It is one of the most delicate organs of the body. Fortunately too, it is one of the strongest, otherwise how often would young girls suffer. Sent out in bright glare in

bonnets that do not shelter optic nerves in the least; made to read and write with gas-light falling on the face. Allowed to strain sight by working after dusk. Such are some of the every-day habits we see round us. Let us see to it, that hat brims cover the brown, blue or grey eyes of the King's daughters; that light falls over the shoulder, on to desk and book. That the twilight hour is spent in loving converse rather than in manual labour.

One cannot but notice how much more frequently spectacled youth is seen nowadays than it used to be. Even board school babies look solemn-wise in prepared glasses. It has been proved that position at desk and on form is the reason of this strained sight. Prevention is better than cure. *Verbum sap.* The eyes should daily be bathed—not rubbed over—with cold water. They should be carefully dried, and the eyelashes smoothed outwards; that ridge of protecting bone called the eyebrow should also have its arch of hairs carefully trained to go in one direction, not dried anyhow and left in the rough.

The care of the ear is an important thing. It is not until one has experienced sorrowful trouble in tending a sore ear that one realises how important. Every morning a little girl's ears should be gently washed with good soap and warm water. Every hollow of the curious modelling should be attended to. Then carefully dried with a very soft towel or handkerchief. The wisped up end of a cloth forced into the opening of the auditory canal has often done much damage. If a slight accumulation of wax renders any such treatment necessary, drop a little warm oil into the



"A GOOD GOD-SPEED O'ER THE WATERS."

office at night and syringe out the ear carefully in the morning. Never let a servant do this. Injudicious syringing and probing has led to permanent deafness before this.

The care of the teeth is fortunately occupying more of public attention than it used to do. Our maidens should be encouraged to use a tooth-brush not only at night and in the morning, but after every meal at which animal food has been partaken of. Powder on the brush twice a day is quite sufficient; pure clean water should be used at other times; soap is apt to soften the gums and make them spongy. The tooth-brush should be renewed every month. How often do we see it used until the bristles fall out.

The state of the hands is perhaps one of the greatest indications of our care of the King's daughters; ragged hang-nails, invisible crescents, harsh palms, digits in "mourning." How unsightly are they. Yet a little care will obviate all this. Do not think it extravagant to let our girls use the best of soap. Give them soft rain water and moderately hard towels. Let every washstand contain a nail-brush, a bag of oatmeal, a tin of borax, and a pair of scissors. See that they are used every day. Biting the nails should be severely discouraged. It implies lack of self-control, and

is almost a moral fault. Besides, it is always a sign, and often a cause of ill-health. Reflex, very, in its action, is this ugly habit. It is said by the unthinking to be a mark of ill-temper. But we know now that the black dog is only visible when there is a derangement in health. If May or Sophie bite their nails let them be examined by a doctor and put to rights. This will be a more certain cure than anointing finger-tips with aloe and mustard, or tying up hands in gloves. About the said gloves, I think little brown "puddings" are not at all ugly, and should advise our girls not to be compelled to wear them. A white hand is a pretty thing, but a far more beautiful thing is the hand a little roughened by work for others. A palm scorched a little from cooking for others, a forefinger pricked a little by sewing for others. Still, a child's hand is such a marvellously beautiful creation that it should be scrupulously looked after and kept.

The voice is another function that we should train in the King's daughters. It must never be heard in the discordant scream of passion. We should accustom ourselves to speak gently, and in a low tone at all times. The shrill squeak, trying to out-talk others, should not be allowed in our homes. It was once said of one whose voice was but the echo

of a gentle nature—"To hear him say your name is a lesson in acoustics."

Perhaps I cannot close this very short article better than by quoting some couplets left us by Frances Havergal. They raise the whole subject into a higher realm than that of mere physical care and culture.

"Keep my hands, that they may move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Keep my feet, that they may be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Keep my voice, that I may sing
Always, only, for my King.
Keep myself, that I may be
Ever, only, all for Thee."

Put "their" in place of the first personal pronoun, and we have a prayer which raises these "little things on little wings to Heaven."

This paper has been taken up with apparently trivial subjects. But across it I would fain write a motto in letters of crimson and blue and gold. A motto which has often been a help to me when spending time over just such trifling details.

"A little thing is a little thing.
But faithfulness in little things
Is a very great thing."

SISTERS THREE.

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

CHAPTER XVI.



THREE years had passed away since Lettice Bertrand had bidden farewell to her Northern home and accompanied Miss Carr to London, but there was little sign of change in the big drawing-room at Kensington or in the mistress herself, as she sat reading a magazine by the

window one sunny June afternoon. When the purse is well-lined it is easy to prevent signs of age so far as furniture and decorations are concerned, while the lapse of three years makes little difference in the appearance of a lady who has long passed middle age. Miss Carr looked very contented and comfortable as she lay back against the cushions of her easy chair, so comfortable that she groaned with annoyance as the servant came forward to announce a visitor, and the frown did not diminish when she heard the name.

"Oh, ask Mr. Newcome to come up, Baker! I will see him here." The man disappeared, and she threw down the magazine with an exclamation of disgust. "That stolid young man! How I shall have to listen to improving anecdotes for the next half-hour. Why in the world need he inflict himself upon me?"

The next moment the door opened

and the "stolid" young man stood before her. So far as appearance went however, the description was misleading, for Arthur Newcome was tall and handsome, with yellow hair, a good moustache, and strong, well-set up figure. He came forward and shook hands with Miss Carr in a quick, nervous fashion, which was so unlike his usual, stolid demeanour, that the good lady stared at him in amazement.

"He is actually animated! I always said that it would take a convulsion of nature to rouse him from his deadly propriety, but upon my word he looks excited. What can have happened?"

The laws of propriety do not always permit us to ask the questions nearest our hearts, however, and Miss Carr was obliged to content herself with common-places.

"It is a beautiful day. I suppose Madge got home safely last night? She isn't too tired after the picnic, I hope!"

"A little fatigued, I believe, but no doubt she will have recovered before evening. She is apt to get excited on these occasions and to exert herself unduly."

"Nobody can say the same of you, more's the pity," was Miss Carr's mental comment. "Madge roves very well, and the exercise will do her no harm," she said shortly, and relapsed into determined silence. "I suppose he has something to say, some message for Lettice most likely; better let him say it and take himself off as soon as possible," was her hospitable reflection; but Mr. Newcome sat twirling his hat and studying the pattern of the carpet in embarrassed silence.

Three times over did he clear his

throat and open his lips to speak, before he got the length of words.

"Miss Carr, I—er, I feel that I am—er—that you may be—I am deeply sensible of my own unworthiness, and can only rely on your kind generosity and assure you of my deep, and sincere—"

"What in the name of all that is mysterious is the man driving at?" asked Miss Carr of herself; but she sat bolt upright in her seat, with a flush on her cheeks and a pang of vague, indefinite fear at her heart.

"My dear Mr. Newcome, speak plainly if you please! I cannot follow your meaning. In what respect are you a claimant for my generosity?"

"In respect of what is the most important question of my life," replied Mr. Newcome, recovering his self-possession at last, and looking her full in the face, in what she was obliged to confess was a very manly fashion, "In respect to my love for your ward, Miss Bertrand, and my desire to have your consent to our engagement, to ratify her own promise."

"Her own promise! Your engagement! Lettice? Do you mean to tell me that you have proposed to Lettice and that she has accepted you?"

"I am happy to say that is my meaning. I had intended to consult you in the first instance, but yesterday, on the river, we were together, and I—I—"

He stopped short with a smile of tender recollection, and Miss Carr sat gazing at him in consternation.

Arthur Newcome had proposed to Lettice, and Lettice had accepted him. The thing was incomprehensible! The girl had showed not the slightest signs of preference, had seemed as gay and

heart-whole as a child. Only a fortnight before she had convulsed Miss Carr with laughter by putting on Mr. Rayner's top coat, and paying an afternoon call, à la Arthur Newcome, when all that young gentleman's ponderous propertied had been mimicked with merciless fidelity. And she had actually promised to marry him!

"I—excuse me, but are you quite sure that you understood Lettice aright? Are you sure you are not mistaken?"

Mr. Newcome smiled with happy certainty.

"Quite sure, Miss Carr. I can understand your surprise, for I find it difficult to believe in my own good fortune. Lettice is the sweetest, most beautiful, and charming girl in the world. I am not worthy of her notice, but there is nothing that I would not do to ensure her happiness. She is all the world to me. I have loved her from the day we first met."

He was in earnest—horribly in earnest! His voice quivered with emotion, his eyes were shining, and his face, which was usually so immovable, was radiant with happiness. Miss Carr looked at him, and her heart fell. If the mere thought of Lettice could alter the man in this manner, she could imagine the transformation which must have passed over him as he spoke to the girl herself, among the trees and flowers on the riverbank, and, alas for Lettice, she could imagine also how easily gratified vanity might have been mistaken for reciprocal love. It had been late when they returned from the water-party the night before, and Lettice had hurried off to bed. She had been a trifle more lingering than usual in her good-night embrace, but Lettice was always demonstrative in her ways, so that the fact had attracted no attention, and the morning had been so full of engagements that there had been no time for private conferences.

Miss Carr was speechless with grief, disappointment and dismay. Her anxious training for the last three years, her motherly oversight, her hopes and prayers for the welfare of her beloved child, had they all ended in this, that Lettice had been too selfish to discourage admiration which she could not return; too weak to say no to the first man who approached with flattering words? Poor, foolish child. What misery she had prepared for herself and everyone belonging to her, for of course it was all a mistake, her heart was not really touched; the engagement could not be allowed. With a sigh of relief Miss Carr reflected that the onus of responsibility was lifted off her shoulders by the fact of Mr. Bertrand's arrival in town that very afternoon, and also that Lettice's engagements for the day would prevent a meeting until she had been able to consult with her father. She drew a long sigh, and her voice sounded both sad and tired as she replied—

"Ah, well, I am only Lettice's guardian in name, Mr. Newcome. I have no authority to refuse or to sanction her engagement. I have had a telegram to say that Mr. Bertrand is coming to town on business to-day, so you will be

able to see him to-morrow and hear what he has to say. Lettice is very young, too young in my opinion to be able to know her own mind. I wish there had been no such question to disturb her for the next two or three years. I don't know what Mr. Bertrand will think."

"I am in a good position. I can provide a home that will not be unworthy of her. You know me and my family. We have been friends for years. She would have the warmest welcome—"

"Yes, yes, I am sure of that. I will tell Mr. Bertrand all you say, Mr. Newcome, and if you call to-morrow morning you will find him at home. In the afternoon he will probably be engaged. I can say nothing, and, excuse me, I am not so young as I was, and I feel a good deal upset."

Arthur Newcome rose at once and held out his hand in farewell.

"Pray pardon me, I can understand your sentiments. It must be a shock to think of losing Lettice in any case, and I am aware that I am not what is called a good match. Such a beautiful girl, her father's daughter, your ward, might marry into any circle. I sympathise with your disappointment but, believe me, Lettice should never have any reason to regret her choice. I would devote my life to securing her happiness. I will call to-morrow morning then, with your permission. Eleven o'clock, thank you! Pray pardon any distress I may have caused you, and think of me as indulgently as you can."

He left the room, and Miss Carr raised both hands to her head with a gesture of despair.

"He is all that he should be—humble, devoted, deferential—but, oh, Lettice, my poor, dear child, what a mistake you have made! You would eat your heart out in a year's time, married to a man whom you do not love; and you don't love Arthur Newcome, I know you don't, it is all vanity, and weakness, and imagination. Poor Austin, what a welcome for him! A nice pill for me to have such a piece of news to tell—I, who was going to do such wonders for the child! Well, well, this comes of mixing oneself up in other people's affairs. She could have come to no worse fate than this if I had left her to vegetate in Clearwater."

There was no more rest for Miss Carr that afternoon. The magazine lay neglected on the table, the cushions fell to the ground and lay unnoticed as she fidgeted about, now rising and pacing angrily to and fro, now throwing herself on a seat in weary despair. She alternately longed for, and dreaded Mr. Bertrand's arrival, and it needed all her self-control to keep up a semblance of cheerfulness while he drank his tea and refreshed himself after the long journey. It was not easy, however, to deceive such an intimate friend. Mr. Bertrand studied her face with critical eyes, and said kindly—

"You are not up to the mark, Helen; you look tired and worried! That youngster of mine has not been misbehaving herself, I hope? What's the trouble?"

"Oh, Austin, the deluge! The most

awful complication. I feel inclined to whip her! Would you believe it, that wooden Arthur Newcome called upon me this very afternoon, not two hours ago, to ask my consent to his engagement to Lettice!"

"Arthur Newcome? Oh, I know, the solemn person in the frock coat! What preposterous nonsense! Lettice is a baby! We must not let the young people at home hear of this, or they will tease the poor girl to death. Young Newcome is a favourite butt, and they often mimic him for my benefit. Well, I hope you let the poor fellow down gently, and saved me a disagreeable task."

"But—but, my dear Austin, you don't understand. He cannot be dismissed in that easy fashion, for he says—it is inconceivable—I don't know what to make of it; but he tells me that he has spoken to Lettice herself, and that she has accepted him!"

"What?" Mr. Bertrand put down his cup and turned to confront Miss Carr with a face from which every trace of laughter had disappeared. "Accepted him? Lettice? This is serious indeed. Had you ever suspected—or noticed any sign of an attachment growing up between them?"

Miss Carr wrung her hands in distress.

"My dear Austin, how can you ask such a question! As if I would not have consulted with you the first thing if that had been the case. You know what Arthur Newcome is, the acme of all that is sober and stolid. I have never seen a sign of emotion of any kind on his face until this afternoon. He has seen a good deal of Lettice, for she and Madge are great friends but I never thought of anything more—never for one moment! And as for Lettice herself, I am confident that the child never thought of him in that light, and that she is as heart-whole as I am myself."

"Then why—why——?"

"Oh, don't ask me, I am too miserable and disappointed to speak. I thought I had guarded against this sort of thing, but you know what Lettice is. He is very much in love, and no doubt she was pleased and flattered."

Mr. Bertrand thrust his hands into his pockets and paced up and down the room. His face looked drawn and anxious, but after five or ten minutes had passed he drew a long breath and made a determined effort at cheerfulness.

"Well, it's a bad business, but it has to be faced. I am humiliated and disappointed that Lettice could have behaved so foolishly, but you must not blame yourself, my dear old friend. No one could have done more for the child for the last three years, and I am glad I am here to help you through this difficulty. The young fellow will have to be told that there has been a mistake. I am sorry for him, but it is better now than later on. When did you say you expected Lettice?"

"She may be here at any moment. She was to leave her friends at six o'clock. I thought I heard the door open just now. Perhaps she has arrived."

(To be continued.)



ALLEGRO CON MOTO AGITATO.

FOR PIANOFORTE OR AMERICAN ORGAN.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

First system of the musical score. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *f*, *molto cres.*, *f*, and *mp*.

Second system of the musical score. The right hand continues the melodic line with some rests. The left hand has a more active role with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *p*, *sf*, and *f*.

Third system of the musical score. The right hand has a more melodic and sustained line. The left hand consists of dense chords. Dynamics include *p* and *sf*.

Fourth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melodic line with some rests. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *sf*.

Fifth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melodic line with some rests. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *f*, *sf*, and *f*.

Sixth system of the musical score. The right hand has a melodic line with some rests. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamics include *p*, *poco rit.*, and *f*.

IN A MOTHER'S STEAD.

By A. M. BELLERBY.

CHAPTER III.

MATTERS did not right themselves so quickly as Mrs. Drew had anticipated. Stephanie's finger was quite healed, and Katharine so timed her movements that she did not come into collision with the doctor, and refused one or two special invitations to the house. Mrs. Drew was kept indoors with a severe cold, and Katharine was becoming rather anxious on behalf of Edwin. The child, not too strong at the best of times, was failing in health and appetite, but insisted on doing his beloved lessons; becoming fretful and irritable if she tried to diminish them. She dreaded the idea of Dr. Drew being sent for to prescribe, but touched by the child's appearance, at last said one day to his mother—

"Mrs. Mathew, have you noticed Edwin lately? I do not fancy he looks or seems at all well."

"I haven't observed it," replied that lady carelessly; "I want you to go to—"

"Indeed, I wish you would look at him well," went on the girl earnestly, "I think he ought to have an experienced physician, well-used to children, to see what is the matter. I am sure Mr. Mathew will notice a difference when he returns."

At that moment the door was burst open, and Edwin entered with the great St. Bernard, Max, in all the excitement of a tug-of-war; his small self at one end of a walking-stick and the big dog at the other; Katharine had not seen him so aroused for a long time. Mrs. Mathew called him to her, and looking at his flushed face and brightened eye, said—

"Really, I think you are fidgeting unnecessarily, Miss Skrine; I never saw him look better. She wants to get Dr. Drew again into the house," added the lady mentally, "for all her elaborate suggestion of 'an experienced physician.'"

But Katharine's anxiety did not pass as the days went on, and Edwin began often to complain of being "tired." Again she spoke to Mrs. Mathew, and again that lady scouted the idea.

"I believe she thinks I want to get Dr. Drew into the house," thought the girl indignantly; "how I wish Mr. Mathew would come home again!"

But Mr. Mathew was delayed much longer than he had expected, and Katharine, day by day, and week with week, watched the child she had learned to love so fondly, growing more and more weak and languid. She would have written to Mr. Mathew, but shrank from implying his wife's carelessness thereby. At last she made up her mind to a very difficult course of action. Choosing a time when she felt pretty sure the doctor would be out, she called on Mrs. Drew, who, thinking she had behaved somewhat strangely, received her a little coldly, but the girl, much in earnest, began—

"Mrs. Drew, I owe you an apology for my seeming rudeness towards you, but indeed it was not intentional. I have come to you now because I am in trouble about Edwin," and therewith she told all her anxiety to the old lady, who, shrewdly putting two and two together, guessed what Katharine omitted.

"I tell you what it is, dear. Mrs. Mathew need not know that you have said a word. My brother, who is also a doctor, is staying with me; I will bring him to-morrow 'o pay one of my rare visits to her, and ask that he may see the children. Leave it to us. If there is any ground for anxiety we will manage matters," and Katharine with lightened heart hastened back.

The old lady kept her word, and all was done as she said, but Mrs. Mathew's penetration was not deceived. After her visitors had departed she sent for the governess.

"Miss Skrine, may I ask if you have called lately on Mrs. Drew?"

"Once only, since you suggested that my visits were too frequent."

"And when was that?"

"Yesterday."

"I thought as much. And you had the impudence to talk about your fancies as to Edwin, as if I, his mother, paid no attention to his health. I tell you what it is, Miss Skrine, you want to get Dr. Drew into the house again, but I tell you as plainly he shall not come. At the end of a month you will be good enough to leave us."

"Since you choose to be so unwarrantably insulting, Mrs. Mathew, I should have determined to leave if you had not expressed your wish for me to do so."

Hot with indignant anger, Katharine went upstairs into the twilight to sit down quietly in the nursery and think; but two little arms were twined round her neck, and Edwin's now ever-plaintive voice said—

"I am tired, Kattie; let me sit on your knee while you talk to me."

Then came the thought that she must leave these children who had so tender a place in her heart, and Edwin exclaimed—

"You are crying, Kattie; a tear fell on me. What is the matter? I can't bear you to be unhappy."

"I am a little tired too, dear; and feeling stupid, that is all."

"Don't you think this is a very tiring world? It would be so nice to take off our poor little bodies and put them to sleep, while we—because our bodies aren't we, are they, Kattie?—went first where we wanted to without them?"

"Edwin, don't talk like that, darling," said she in sudden terror, clasping him closely to her.

"Oh, but I must, Kattie; I've no one but you and Stephanie to talk to, and she does not exactly understand; she is quite happy with her dolls over there now. Do you know, I think it must be so trying to grow up to be a man and work away in the world like father or Dr. Drew. Do you remember that bit you read to me from Chaucer, and it comes in—'The wyesling of this world asketh a fall?' I can't get the words out of my head; and I don't feel like wyesling, Kattie."

"Oh, if Mr. Mathew would only come back," thought she, "how shall I tell him?"

But a letter from Mrs. Drew to the father was already on its way, urging his return; Anton had ascertained the address at the Birmingham office.

"DEAR MR. MATHEW,"—the letter ran—

"I do not wish to cause you any unnecessary anxiety, but if you could conveniently hasten your return, I think it would be advisable.

"Miss Skrine thinks Edwin has not been well, and he does not look so; but Mrs. Mathew does not seem to see it, and refuses to call in a doctor.

"You will understand that this is a difficult matter for me to write about, but I think you will thank me for it.

"Sincerely yours,

"JOANNA DREW."

In two days Mr. Mathew was at home; leaving his luggage to be sent after him, he took a hansom and was quickly at Moseley.

"Mrs. Mathew at home, Larkins?" to the man, whose imperturbable face showed no surprise at his master's totally unexpected return.

"In the drawing-room, sir; I hope you are well."

"Quite well, thank you," as Mr. Mathew strode to the drawing-room to find his wife settled comfortably in a roll-back, reading the last sensational novel.

He bent over and kissed her; this grave, quiet man, who always tried to think his wife in the right.

She started up.

"You, Philip! good gracious, how you frightened me! What in the world brought you back without sending word?"

"I found I could get away for a day or two, so I just ran home to see how you and the children are. How are you all, Alice?"

"Oh, very well, only that Miss Skrine you think so much of, has been leading me a pretty dance; frightening me with the idea of Edwin being ill—when the child is as well as ever he was in his life—and having the impudence to go and talk to the Drews about it! However, she's going, that's one comfort!"

"How do you mean? Miss Skrine going?"

"Yes, certainly, I was not going to have her meddle, and told her to leave in a month."

"You are an idiot, Alice!" Never had her husband spoken to her in such a tone, and with such words before.

"Oh, indeed, that's a pretty thing to say! I shall be inclined to think you are bewitched by her as well as Dr. Drew!"

Without heeding her, he passed on up to the night-nursery; the door was half-open, Edwin in his bed, and Katharine sitting by, telling one of his favourite stories; she sprang up with a look of delight as he entered.

"Mr. Mathew, how glad I am to see you!"

He shook warmly the hand held out to him, and turned to his little son, who rose up to greet him.

"Oh, father, I think I shall be stony again now you are back; you dear daddy, why didn't you let us know?" the little head snuggled on his shoulder, and Stephanie woke at the raised voices to join in with an uproarious welcome.

"Strong, what do you mean?"

"Only I haven't been feeling well; don't you know I wrote and said I wanted you back, and I was feeling tired?"

Yes, but the father had never supposed what that tiredness meant. He looked at the child, and was startled to see how thin his cheeks had become, and how large, sunken and bright were his eyes.

"Lie down a little while, my boy, and, Stephanie, go to sleep like a good girl, and you shall have such sweets as you never dreamed of in the morning."

Without waiting longer, he himself went straight to the doctor's house, briefly but cordially thanked Mrs. Drew, and brought Anton back with him. After due examination his report was not too satisfactory, and he finished by saying—

"I am young yet, Mr. Mathew, and my experience of children has not been large. I should like you to call in Dr. Fergusson, who has made them his particular study."

When he had left, Mr. Mathew went again to the drawing-room, where his wife was still sulking, and said what he had to say, very quietly, but very much to the point. For five minutes the lady stormed in response; for two and a half she wept, and then she retired to her room and drank *sal volatile*; but it was

distinctly understood that Miss Skrine was to remain—if she would.

But neither Dr. Fergusson's, nor any other earthly skill, could lift the shadow that hung over little Edwin's life—the shadow of the wing of the Angel of Death, who touches the innocent children so lovingly, that they rarely shrink from him as men and women do, who, sin-laden, fear to look upon his face.

Katharine had had a little bed put up in his room, for she woke at every sound, and he could bear no one but her or his father, or the good-natured Owen near him. His mother, now full of remorse and regret, came often up; but, patient as he was, her fussy, fidgety ways tried his little nerves beyond endurance, and he could never wholly stifle the sigh of relief which marked her departure.

One morning Katharine was sleeping later than usual after a disturbed night for them both, and was awakened at last by subdued little voices; Stephanie had crept in from her own cot in the adjoining room to talk to Edwin—

"But you doesn't think you're going to die, Eddie?" asked the little girl's awestruck tones.

"Yes, I do, and I don't feel afraid a bit, Stephanie."

"But won't it be lonely up in heaven? You don't know anybody there!"

"I feel as if I did; Kattie told me. Jesus will come and meet me you know, and take me in His arms like He did the children on earth, because you see He knows me. Then I think one of the angels will come and lead me round and introduce me to everybody; because you know, Stepphie, everybody who's been good will be there; there'll be Joan of Arc, and Shakespeare, and Milton and Mrs. Hands" (the children's old nurse who had died two years before), "and lots of other people; just think the time it'll take; why, I shan't know them all till you, and Kattie, and father come—" the child stopped short, and Stepphie tearfully said—

"I wis' I was coming now, Eddie."

Then Kattie got up, wondering why Edwin had stopped so abruptly, but she wondered no longer when his father that evening, wishing him good-night, was asked earnestly—

"Father, you'll come and see me in heaven, won't you? Because I shall be waiting for you there."

And the father hastened to his own room, and poured forth in secret his first tears and prayers for many a year.

The end soon came; the little soul passed quietly and gently away, and the tiny, weary body was laid in the earth, which, with its returning spring, was teaching all mourners its glad, yearly resurrection lesson.

Katharine fairly broke down after the strain, and was taken away by Mrs. Drew to the quietude and rest of a small Devonshire watering-place, where she quickly regained her usual health; none the less so, that Anton two or three times contrived to run down to them, and at last won from her the shy confession of her love.

After that she went to her mother, taking Stephanie with her, by Mr. Mathew's request; and it was arranged that after the wedding the little maiden should go to her former governess for lessons, during the long hours that Anton was on his rounds.

Many an hour, too, did Mr. Mathew spend in the little house that Katharine made so cosy, going to fetch his small daughter in the evening; and as the sunset glow faded, and the evening twilight fell on the earth, their words or thoughts turned most often to the pure little soul of Edwin, waiting to keep tryst with them all in Paradise.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

SWEET SEVENTEEN writes from Shanghai, China: "Will you kindly tell me through your Answers to Correspondents if King Cophetua in Tennyson's poem entitled 'The Beggar Maid' is a classical or historical personage, or simply a person and name of Tennyson's own imagination?"

King Cophetua was an imaginary personage, but not of Tennyson's creating. He and his beggar maid are mentioned by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV., Scene I., and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Scene I. Cophetua was supposed to be a King of Africa, of vast wealth, proof against the attractions of woman-kind. One day he saw a beggar maid from his window, and fell in love with her. Her name was Penelophon, called by Shakespeare Xenelophon. They were married and "lived happily ever after." See a ballad dated A.D. 1216 in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, book ii.

EDON writes.—"The following lines from E. B. Browning's 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' have puzzled me very much—

"When we drive out, from the cloud of steam, majestic white horses,
Are we greater than the first men who led black ones by the mane?"

The "majestic white horses" are synonymous with the power of the steam-engine. The poet is (somewhat after the fashion of *Locksley Hall*) attacking the modern pride in the advance of scientific improvements.

"Why, what is this patient entrance into nature's deep resources,

But the child's most gradual learning to walk upright without bane?"

It is absurd to pride ourselves, the author says, through the lips of Bertram, upon the progress of civilisation in such matters, unless we also attend to the progress of the soul, which we are in danger of neglecting. And, because we have learnt to bend the powers of steam to our will, are we necessarily greater than our forefathers, who, in simpler fashion, also curbed the powers of nature by asserting their sway over the animal kingdom? The expressions in the quotation are a little far-fetched, as some of this sweet singer's ex-

pressions are apt to be; but study of the context will render the verse quite clear. It does not make us greater men in life, nor bolder men in death, than our forefathers were, to be able to travel by the aid of the steam-engine rather than by the aid of the steed, as they did. There is a life, a spirit-power beyond all this, and if we do not cultivate it, our boasted scientific progress will avail us but little. Mrs. Browning called the poem (*v. her recently published Letters*) a "Romance of the Age, Treating of Railroads, Routes, and all Manner of Temporalities."

PEGGY writes.—"Could you oblige me by letting me know through your much appreciated page devoted to Answers to Queries who are the two women referred to in Tennyson's 'Dream' as—

"Her, who clasped in her last trance,
Her murder'd father's head,"

and—

"Her, who knew that love can vanquish death,
Who, kneeling with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,

Sweet as new buds in spring."

"I was delighted to find in these pages during last year the account of Iphigenia in her relation to the passage."

The first-quoted lines from the *Dream of Fair Women* refer, doubtless, to Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More. Her parting with her father before his execution is a well-known and touching incident of history. After his execution, his head was exposed on a pole on London Bridge. Margaret Roper, in her grief and horror at this insult, resolved to try and get possession of the beloved yet ghastly relic. According to Aubrey, "One day, as she was passing under the bridge, looking on her father's head, she exclaimed, 'That head has lain many a time in my lap; would to God it would fall into my lap as I pass under!' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lap." Unlikely as this may seem, it is probable that the devoted daughter had induced one of the bridge-keepers to throw it down to her, on the

pretext of making room for another, and that the exclamation to her boatman was part of the scheme. She was summoned before the council for having the relic in her custody, and boldly retorted that "Her father's head should not be food for fishes." After a brief term of imprisonment for the offence, she was set free, and allowed to keep her treasure, which she caused to be enclosed in a leaden casket. On her death in 1544, at the age of thirty-six, the casket, by her own desire, was placed in her coffin, and "embraced in her last trance." Subsequently the head was removed from the coffin and placed in another niche in the same vault—the Roper vault, under the chancel of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1837, describes his descent into the vault, then accidentally opened, and his discovery of the fleshless skull behind an iron grating. A little book of a generation or two ago, by the author of Mary Powell, *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, gives a very interesting picture of the More family, and is written in the first person, as though by Margaret Roper.

The second quotation sent us by PEGGY refers to Eleanor of Castile, Queen of Edward I. of England. She accompanied her husband to the Holy Land on the Crusade in 1269, and is said to have saved his life by sucking the poison from a wound inflicted by the poisoned dagger of a Saracen. Thus, in these two widely different instances of the poet's "Dream," love may be said to have vanquished death.

OUR OPEN LETTER BOX.

MARGARET BULGIN asks whence the following quotation is taken—

"'Tis a day just to my mind,
All sunny before and sunny behind,
Amongst the heather."

We have to thank E. M. H. Malmesley for kind information about the song with the refrain *Will ye no come back again*. She adds that she thinks the song *Bonnie Charlie's Gone Awa'* may be procured at any music-seller's in London or Edinburgh.—We also thank M. E. Pickford for referring LILAC's quotation to "The Old Settler's Story," by Will Carleton.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

FRAULIN K. (*Teaching in Paris*).—We trust you will observe your initials, as you give no pseudonym. To women without a connection in Paris the doors of schools are not readily opened. At the same time you tell us that you are certificated, so that your chances may be better than those of other German teachers. You had better consult either the Young Women's Christian Association, 25, George Street, Hanover Square, or the Girls' Friendly Society, 35, Victoria Street, S.W., on the subject. Each of these societies make a special study of the difficulties attending the employment of young women abroad. Should you go to Paris, however, you would be wise in consulting Miss Pryde of the Governesses' Home, 152, Rue de la Pompe. Possibly, however, there are German societies established for the assistance of German young women in Paris, in which case you would do well to turn to them.

INDEX.—Indexing is hardly an occupation to be set down as a home employment. No doubt a girl, possessed of much ability and scholarship, could practise it at home; but the average girl ought to learn the business thoroughly at an indexing office. There is a right way of making headings and sub-headings which has to be learnt like any other business. Moreover, a girl who has her living to make by indexing, must become known in the literary world, and this she can hardly succeed in doing if she lives under conditions which prevent her from coming in contact with the members of her profession.

FLORENCE (*Employment at the Cape*).—There is little demand for Englishwomen in South Africa, because native labour is cheap there. But good cooks obtain high wages. We would not advise you to emigrate in the hope of finding an engagement as shop assistant. On some of the matters touched on in your letter you should consult the Emigrants' Information Office, Broadway, Westminster. We fear you will find yourself mistaken about the half payment of passages. Perhaps you are thinking of some South African hospitals which have paid the passages of nurses on certain conditions at the time of engagement.

CARLOTTA (*Pianoforte Playing*).—Engagements to play in private houses are only obtained through personal recommendation. Nor are they easily obtained thus. There are plenty of musical people who are only too ready to do what you offer, namely, to play pianoforte solos of classical music; and, apart from the pecuniary question, hostesses would rather have one of their friends to perform than a stranger who has been obviously engaged to entertain the company. We would advise you to try to make up a small band for playing dance music and attractive selections at dances, afternoon parties, and the like. Make up a little band with a couple of violins, a French horn, and other instruments as occasion may demand, and we believe you would find a good many engagements for parties of young people during the winter evenings.

A VIOLET (*Hospital Nursing*).—As you are a careful reader of our answers on "Girls' Employments," you will have observed that most of the large hospitals are over-burdened with applications from probationers. This is not quite so much the case with Poor Law Infirmarys, and some of these are so splendidly managed as to afford valuable training schools. In your own part of the world there is the Brownlow Hill Infirmary, Liverpool. You are the right age for admission to it, and we advise you to write to the matron on the subject. The fee for a year's training is £10, the probationer then serves for three years and receives £10, £15 and £20 yearly salary. The Birmingham New Infirmary and the Poplar Sick Asylum may also be recommended to you.

MOLLY (*Civil Service*).—You are not too old to become a candidate for engagement in the Post Office. If you seek a clerkship, however, you must prepare for a difficult examination, in which you must show a knowledge of French, German, arithmetic, composition and other subjects. The salary begins at £65 a year, but of course you must find your own board and lodging. On the whole, you would probably be wise to remain a children's nurse, as you are at present. But in this capacity, as you wish to improve your position, you could do so by obtaining some knowledge of the nursing of children in illness. A course of lectures from the National Health Society, 36, Berners Street, W., would be of use to you in all probability.

AN EXILE.—It is certainly a pity not to utilise the leisure which is left you from your employment as teacher in a German school. But we do not advise you to occupy the time either in translation or in fancy work. What you should do is continue your studies so as to improve your position in the teaching profession. We conclude from what you say in your letter you have passed the German examination for teachers. You could now prepare for the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations. Also it would be desirable to work steadily at music, which is regarded almost as an essential in an English governess. Your handwriting is neat and clear, although it is not very English in appearance, that is no drawback, seeing that modern English writing is illegible.

D. M. K. (*Suggestions Wanted*).—As you will not leave school for two or three years, it is almost needless to advise you of any employment. You appear to be fond of an active life. Perhaps (as you do not require to earn your bread) you could find scope for your talents by working at a woman's settlement. There is one, as you know, in connection with your own college. Such a post infrequently qualifies a girl for a paid post, e.g., a Charity Organisation secretaryship, or the matronship of a girls' club. The general experience and training that such a life affords are of great value.

NOVITA (*Pianoforte*).—We have been obliged to say on a previous occasion that there is scarcely any demand for pianoforte soloists.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IDA.—The so-called "Garden of Europe" is applied to the county of Kent; the "Garden of Europe" to Italy, and that of Italy said to be the island of Sicily. The "Jardin de la France" is the Department of Indre-et-Loire, including Touraine, part of Anjou, Poitou and Orléansais. In America, likewise, certain parts are so distinguished—Kansas and Illinois are designated "the Garden of the West;" and the vast territory drained by the Mississippi is called "The Garden of the World."

LIGER LILY.—1. You should certainly ask your mother's permission to engage yourself to any man, however respectable; besides, as she is an invalid, she might only give it conditionally on a certain period of delay, or on your arrangement to be near her, and as much with her, to do her service in her loneliness and debility, as possible. —2. Feb. 20th, 1882, was a Sunday.

RED SQUIRREL.—We cannot make any promises respecting competitions, although it would give us pleasure to gratify you as to one for painting. There may be one soon on the subject of our Story-Supplements, so keep a good look out, and read each one carefully.

MISS ISABEL KENT requests us to draw attention to her Rover Musical Practising Society and to her Queen Reading Society. She obtained many subscribers through a former notice of ours, and she wishes for several new members. The address, Lay Rectory, Lower Abington, Cambridgeshire.

RED VIOLET.—Powders for cleaning sponges are to be had at a druggist's; or washing them in raw potato water. Cut up a potato in slices and leave it to soak in a little water—not much of the latter.

SCIENCE.—We believe that the sound of a locomotive (railway train) may be heard at a distance of 2800 yards, and the whistle much farther, i.e., at 1300 yards, of course supposing the country to be level. The bark of a dog, we have read, can be heard at as great a distance as the report of a pistol, viz., at 1800 yards, and the human voice, at 1000 yards. But if speaking to one above you it can be heard to a height of 600 yards; whereas to one below the voice has a range of only about 100 yards. The quality of the voice and distinctness of articulation must modify this general statement. We have taken this calculation from a transatlantic source.

E. A. B.—Go to a musical instrument maker and you may see a secondhand, but perfectly good, mandoline at a much reduced price. You would require two or three lessons to start with. We have not heard of any exams. in reference to playing that instrument. We consider it more suitable as an accompaniment to some other instrument than for playing solos.

M. DAWN.—Your letter containing a list of all your comforts in your kitchen and expressions of gratitude for having been supplied, by God's gracious Providence with so kind a mistress and so pleasant a home, interested us much. We quite enjoyed reading it. Remember to thank Him who has cast you into such a pleasant home, and do your best to requite your mistress by studying to improve your cookery, and yet to save her expense. This can be done in many little ways—in coals and wood, in scraps of food to be turned to account, in saving stock for soup, etc. Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost." St. John vi. 12.

PUSSY.—We are able to reply to your query as to the origin of your *nom de plume*, or rather pseudonym. It is a corruption of the Egyptian word *Pashi*, or the face of the moon, according to a contemporary. The pupils of a certain school seem to be continually both in form and light. Sometimes they look like a full moon, and at other times like a crescent; and on this account the Egyptians made the cat a deity, and they embalmed them as they did other animals, and even reptiles, which they regarded as sacred.

ZARA.—You compare the habits and circumstances of a different nationality, and a long ago period with the present time, and expect to run the ladder on the same lines, and regard our greater freedom as unchristian. Many of the early Christians had to live in "dens and caves of the earth," and our blessed Lord had not where to lay His head. The circumstances of the times rendered it necessary, but that constitutes no rule for us. People did not go out to afternoon tea, nor other recreations; but Christians of quite as exemplary lives, and as full of good works, go to such now. Our blessed Lord—who "took on Him the form of a servant," and came to preach, to heal, to suffer and die for mankind—did not go to a concert nor joined in athletic games, nor other recreations; yet he was hard-and-fast rule for us to abstain from them (used in moderation), nor enjoined our all travelling about preaching in the streets. The zeal of young believers often runs beyond their judgment. Still it is well to keep a tender conscience. We do not condemn the recreation you name with your family and friends.

MRS. G.—You tell us, in reply to some inquirers, who are seeking Cottage Homes, that you have such to offer to a young lady (yourself a widow) at 12s. 6d. a week, in Essex, near a church, and 100 mile from a railway station. A. J. Bress, Mrs. G., care of R. J. Freeman, Esq., St. Bride's Store, 80, Fleet Street, E.C.

K. MORGAN.—For a supper-plate, when meat is served, the ordinary dinner-plates are used; but small tea-plates should likewise be laid for the bread and butter.

O. MIMOSA SAN.—If you sent your short stories to papers and magazines, written on one side of lined small or long foolscap, you sent them in the proper way; and if not accepted it was because they were not approved, or else that they went in too late.

NASCIE.—We think you could not do better than put your money into the Post Office Savings Bank. You are fortunate in having found a situation as nurse-companion, for they are comparatively scarce. **JOSEPHINE.**—The great mystery of the building of the Pyramids appears at last to be solved through the life-long studies of the great Egyptologist, Dr. Ferdinand Seeger (of Park Avenue, New York). He demonstrates the fact, it would seem, that they are not composed of rock-hewn and transported stone, but of a composition made on the spot, layer on layer, during the erection; impregnable to the action of fire, water, atmospheric influences, or the destructive power of time. "It was a composition," he says, "of sand, ashes, saw-dust, paper, vegetable matter and refuse of various kind, a fluid, inherent in electricity, being a factor employed in this fabrication." Dr. Seeger was the editor of a journal called *Medical Classics*, and the inventor of many instruments. We give you this information as information to us, without pledging ourselves to the fact of an incontrovertible discovery.