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[PRICE ONE PENNY.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

"I heard how one of Schubert spake, and cried
In accents that 'twas dolorful to hear :—
' This is that hungry nightingale that died,
Singing his song to the world's pitiless
ear ! " — *Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.*

In a suburb of Vienna, called Lichtenthal, there is a street which, at one time, bore the picturesque name of Himmelfortgrund (Heaven's Gateway).

It was at "Heaven's Gateway" that Franz Schubert, the inventor of the modern song, was born. His father was the village school-master, and his mother, like the mother of Haydn and of Beethoven, was a cook. Her name was Elizabeth Vitz, and Franz was her thirteenth child. After him a little girl was born, but of the fourteen children only five lived to grow up.

Franz was taught music at his father's school, and at eight years old he began to learn the violin. As his voice was remarkably beautiful he was sent to the village choir-master, Michael Holzer, for singing lessons, but his new teacher was unable to keep pace with so rarely gifted a pupil.

"Whenever I wished to teach him anything," exclaimed the master, "I found he knew it already. In consequence I cannot be said to have given him lessons at all. I only amused myself, and regarded him with astonishment."

At eleven Franz was so far advanced that influential friends tried to obtain admission for him to the great Viennese school called the Stadt-Convict, which was in connection with the Imperial Chapel, and which had been founded for the education of Imperial choristers. The greatest, or rather the most popular, musicians of the day were at the head of this institution, and it was no easy task for the son of an obscure village school-master to win their approbation.

One October morning Father Schubert presented himself before this august company, and begged a hearing for his son. While the father was pleading his cause, Franz was consigned to the tender mercies of the schoolboys in an outer hall. He was dressed in a curious little suit of grey, and as boys, from that day to this, can stand no originality in the matter of costume, poor Franz had a bad quarter of an hour. At first his tormentors were satisfied with nudgings and smothered laughter, but as their victim seemed to be quite impervious to their taunts, they gained courage, and very soon shouts of "Miller's boy! Miller's boy!"

echoed through the hall. From this awkward position the child at last was rescued; and now he was brought before the great Salieri, to whom, in turn with other candidates, he had to sing.

High and pure soared the sweet treble voice. Even the mocking scholars were abashed as they listened to the wonderful tones, and the song was followed by a tremendous burst of

applause, in which masters and boys joined indiscriminately.

Franz Schubert's entrance to the Stadt-Convict was won. The queer grey suit was changed for the gold-laced uniform of the Imperial chorister, and before a week was over he was the most popular boy in the school.

An orchestra composed entirely of the Convict scholars had been arranged, and



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Franz was given the seat before the leader, a boy much older than himself, called Joseph Spaun. When the first rehearsal began Spaun turned round to see who was playing so beautifully, and afterwards expressed his surprise on seeing "a queer little boy in spectacles." He seems to have made friends with the queer little boy, and to have won his shy confidence, for on Franz' telling him that he had already composed a number of pieces, but that he could not write down all his thoughts owing to want of paper, Spaun promised to supply this want, and for the rest of his time at the Convict a liberal supply of music-paper was always forthcoming.

The first composition of which we know anything was a Fantasia for pianoforte duett, called, after a poem by Schiller, "*Leichen-Fantasia*." This was written in 1810, and was followed, in the succeeding year, by a number of instrumental pieces, and by what is much more interesting for us, Schubert's first songs. Of these, "Hagar's Lament" appears to have been the principal one. Salieri was so much impressed by it that he sent the young composer to a musician called Ruczizka for harmony lessons, but Ruczizka's experience of his new scholar seems to have proved the same as Michael Holzer's. "He knows everything," exclaimed the Viennese master; "and God has been his teacher."

After five years of happy school-life, the boy's beautiful soprano voice began to break, and he had to leave the Imperial choir. His professors wished him to continue his studies at the Convict, but Franz had no heart for anything but music. He was now in his seventeenth year. His good mother was dead, his father had married again, and was weighed down by the responsibility of providing for a second family. The only course open to Franz was to accept the vacant position of assistant teacher in his father's school, and for three weary years he taught the alphabet and elementary arithmetic to a class of small, unruly children.

These years were not wasted, however, for in 1814 he composed his Mass in F, an extraordinarily beautiful work, which was performed at the centenary festival of the parish church at Lichtenthal. The seventeen-year-old composer conducted, and the mass was subsequently repeated at the Church of St. Augustine. But though the great Salieri applauded his young pupil enthusiastically, the exquisite composition was not given to the world until 1856—twenty-eight years after its composer's death. This is not surprising when we consider how very little recognition Schubert received during his lifetime. In the year 1815, when he was eighteen, he composed no less than one hundred and twenty-seven songs, among them being his dainty setting of Goethe's "*Haidenröslein*," the wonderful "*Wanderers Nachtlied*," and the still more wonderful "*Raslose Liebe*." The following year brought ninety-seven more songs, of which the "*Erkönig*" and "*Der Wanderer*" are the most remarkable. Such an inexhaustible well-spring of melody seems absolutely incredible, but Schubert must have

poured out his soul in song like the nightingale described by Coleridge.

"That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With thick fast warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music."

Well for us that he did so, for what was his short life but an April night, into which was crowded the ordinary work of decades?

Schubert's songs were composed in the most unlikely places, and often under the most unlikely circumstances. The one called "*Der Zaeger*" was written in a music shop, while he was holding an animated conversation with a friend. Another was jotted down in a garden restaurant on the back of his dinner bill, while the famous cycle, known as the "*Müllerlieder*," had an equally remarkable origin. Having been desired to call on the secretary of a great nobleman, and having been left waiting a short time in an ante-room, he took up a volume of Müller's poems which chanced to be lying on the table. He read a few lines, then put the volume in his pocket and walked off, without any further thought of the impending interview.

The next day the secretary called at Schubert's rooms to inquire for his book and received with it the first song. This happened in the year 1823, and Schubert was now twenty-six.

It must not be imagined that up to this time he had devoted himself exclusively to song composition. There is scarcely a form which he had not tried—operas, symphonies, sonatas, trios, quartettes, besides innumerable smaller works, had flowed from his inexhaustible brain in one ceaseless stream. But though he had several good friends who were anxious to serve him, he never succeeded in making his name known to the world. Publishers refused his scores, or gave him scant shillings for the copyright of works of deathless fame, and the composer of nine glorious symphonies, of over four hundred songs, and of chamber music that will be heard as long as men have ears to hear, never at any time enjoyed an income which exceeded £100 a year.

The squalid existence which he was thus forced to lead was not even the worst part of his cruel fate. The cold indifference of the world caused him much deeper anguish. In his diary, March 27th, 1823, there is the following entry:—"My musical compositions are the product of the understanding and spring from my sorrow. Those which are the product of pain alone please the great world."

It was Heine who penned the couplet—

"Out of my great sorrows
I make the little songs,"

but Heine's great sorrows were little ones in comparison with Schubert's.

The only public recognition the Viennese

composer ever received, was an address accompanying a purse of one hundred guildens (about £10), which was sent to him in 1826 by the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde*—the principal musical society of Vienna—"as a token of gratitude and esteem."

He repaid the compliment in princely style—with the manuscript of his greatest work, the glorious Symphony in C. This composition is now held to be the grandest orchestral tone-poem since Beethoven's ninth symphony, and it, too, was its composer's ninth. Most readers of this paper will have heard it, but should there be one to whom this joy has been denied, let her buy the arrangement for pianoforte duet in Peters' edition and play it with her most musical friend. Then, when she has filled her heart with its beauty, let her remember—he never heard it. The nightingale drooped his wings and died, died with the song pent up in his breast which was to delight a world. Alas, the pity of it!

The Society of Music Friends returned the gift to the donor. It was too long, too difficult, and the master was too unknown for them to waste their precious time rehearsing a composition so elaborate. The bundle of manuscript lay in a cupboard until 1840, when Schumann, the most appreciative of music lovers, making a pilgrimage to Vienna, discovered it at the house of the composer's brother, Ferdinand. The notes danced and whirled before the eyes of the delighted finder, and the treasure was forthwith despatched to Mendelssohn, then at the head of the Gewandhaus at Leipzig.

The ninth symphony had found its voice at last.

In 1826 Beethoven died, and amongst the thirty-eight torch-bearers who stood round the grave was Franz Schubert. After the funeral he adjourned with some friends to a neighbouring inn, where he filled two glasses with wine; the first glass he drank to the memory of Beethoven, the second to the memory of him who should follow Beethoven to the grave. In less than two years he was himself laid in the grave next but one to the master whom he had so passionately loved. He was only thirty-one years old, and on his tomb this epitaph was engraved:—

"Music buries here a rich treasure but still fairer hopes."

A small circle of friends wept for him, but outside Vienna no one knew Franz Schubert. He never married, and the only love story in which he plays a part is connected with his pupil, the beautiful young Countess Caroline von Esterhazy. With her a marriage was impossible, and her lover told his love only in music.

"Why do you never dedicate anything to me?" she asked, one day.

"Why should I?" he answered. "Is not everything I write dedicated to you?"

The pretty *Impromptus* and *Moments Musicaux*, which every young girl loves to play, were all written for this young girl, to whom the composer sent up all his heart in music which can never die.

ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



IN SPIKE OF ALL.

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

CHAPTER XXIII.



afternoon, the following winter, Miss Williams was sitting in her study when the school housemaid asked her if she would see Miss Margetson. Although it was more than two years since she had left, and a great many new girls had passed through her hands, yet the head mistress had only to look one instant into her well-ordered mind to recall every detail of Beattie's school career. And although the young lady had not distinguished herself in any special branch of learning nor written a book, nor been first in a tripos, and had only been living what Miss Williams considered an empty society life, yet the austere lady received her with great friendliness, which Beattie, with a consciousness of her own insignificance in the school annals, found very reassuring. The study looked the same in every respect as on the first day that she had ever entered it; Miss Williams, too, appeared to be wearing the identical black dress which had seemed part of herself, and the cap with the mauve ribbon which Beattie once said had evidently protested against being made into bows, and had only permitted it on condition that the loops were all scientifically accurate in their dimensions.

"I am very glad to see you, Miss Margetson," said Miss Williams, motioning Beattie to one of the stiff horse-hair chairs which had apparently been made with a view to preventing fleshly ease. "It is always a pleasure to see old girls. But I thought you had quite forgotten us all."

"Oh, no, dear Miss Williams," said Beattie. "I often wish I were back here again, only I have never felt I had much right to take up your time, knowing how much it is occupied." She hesitated as if about to say something else. But Miss Williams broke in—

"I am never too busy to take an interest in my pupils, old or new. And that reminds me of your friend, poor Edith Winter. Is it not dreadfully sad?"

"Edith?" said Beattie, somewhat startled both by Miss Williams' words and solemn manner. "I am sorry to say we have lost sight of each other during the past year or so. I hope nothing has happened to her?"

"Oh yes. It is a thousand pities. Such a promising girl too."

And as Miss Williams shook her head and sighed, Beattie half expected to hear that her old school friend was dead. The next words, however, reassured her.

"And he, only a curate with a hundred and fifty a year. It appears they met some eighteen months ago, during a holiday. They read Greek together, and instead of their studies promoting a merely intellectual friendship, they fancied they were in love. The mother apparently approves. Edith came to see me not long ago. She spoke very confidently of her future. But I am afraid she will find a husband a sad drawback to her career. It is needless to say I am much disappointed."

Beattie sympathised with Miss Williams sufficiently to satisfy the lady, at the same expressing a hope that Edith might, after all, find scope for her powers.

"I, too, have some information," said she then, "which to me is even more surprising, though perhaps it will not touch you so nearly as Edith's engagement. I heard last week that Margaret Raven is going to be married very shortly. She wants me to be her bridesmaid."

Miss Williams threw up her hands.

"Margaret! But I thought she was doing so well. Her mother was calling upon me one day in the summer and she told me that Margaret had a picture in the *Salon*. She was so pleased about it too."

"It is all through that picture," said Beattie laughing. "It appears that an American gentleman who was the brother of one of the girls in Margaret's studio, and who was on a visit to Paris had it pointed out to him by her, and wanted to buy it. This led to an introduction. He is middle-aged and very rich, and though, according to Margaret, he does not understand anything about art, yet he patronises it. He admired Margaret's work. I believe there is a sort of stipulation that she shall live in New York with him half the year and on the Continent along the other half, so that she may continue her studies, and the husband is to buy all the pictures for his house."

"At any rate," said Miss Williams with a sigh of relief, "Margaret will not crush her talent."

"Oh dear no! she has no intention

of doing that. She is very amusing and original in her plans. But I rather think, after a year or two, the husband won't find much difficulty in persuading her to stay with him. Mrs. Raven said Margaret was devoted to him, but still she cried and fretted at the mere idea of giving up her freedom. Still, an American husband is the best she can have if she wants to keep her independence."

"Well," said Miss Williams, "I cannot pretend to congratulate her. Wealth and ease will no doubt ruin her character and her art will suffer. But of course, if her mother is pleased that is the chief thing, though I must confess that after their own experiences I do wonder that married women wish their daughters to follow their example."

"After all, Miss Williams," said Beattie, smiling a little sadly, "I do not believe I am going to be the most disappointing of us three. I, at any rate, have the prospect before me of earning my own living."

"You, my dear!" And Miss Williams glanced at the dainty little lady and slightly raised her eyebrows. "I—I hope your relatives have not had pecuniary losses."

"Oh no," said Beattie. "They are very prosperous. But I think it is time as I have really no claim upon them that I considered my future. I want to fit myself for some useful work, and at the same time to be independent. Indeed, it was to ask your advice I came to-day. I did not know of anyone else so likely to help me."

Beattie might reasonably have expected that Miss Williams would have said something encouraging, or at any rate give a word of approval. But if so she was disappointed. After regarding her fixedly for a moment Miss Williams said—

"But is there—no prospect of—well—marriage?"

Beattie shook her head.

"Indeed," And Miss Williams went on in the deliberate tones the girl so well remembered, as if each word must fall to the ground before another was sent forth. "But I believe you told me on leaving that that was your relatives' ambition for you."

"So it was," said Beattie.

"But with your—attractive, and—good looks, I am rather surprised—my dear. You have surely had—opportunities?"

"Several. Too many. But I have—made some mistakes." And Beattie's eyes filled with tears. "I have disappointed my aunt very much. And I am now unable to marry in order to satisfy her ambition of seeing me settled in life. She has been very kind to me in the past, but I feel the time has come when, if I cannot repay her by doing as she wishes, I ought not to be any longer dependent on her."

Miss Williams was still regarding

Beattie with her somewhat steely eyes, but they looked kind in spite of their glittering sharpness.

"My dear," she said, "I am sorry to hear it."

"Aren't you rather hard to please, Miss Williams?" asked Beattie smiling through her tears. "You are disappointed that the others are going to be married and disappointed that I am not. Or is it that you have such a low opinion of my capacities that you think if I stand alone I shall only bring contempt upon the cause of woman?"

"No, my dear. I believe if you developed your mind it would well reward the care given to it. But it is a curious thing, and I hope you will not think I am going against my principles when I say that it would give me more satisfaction to hear you were about to enter the married state than that you are desirous of leaving the protection of your home. I do not, as you know, believe the married state the happiest for women. All the most useful and finest women are independent of the support of men. But—there are exceptions. Somehow I scarcely imagine you growing old—alone."

"But if—I shall not ever marry?"

"It is unlikely. Should some sentiment for one individual now deter you from liking others time will doubtless cure that. It is merely imagination which makes one man seem perfect, the others hardly worth speaking to. To me—now" (there was a scarcely perceptible pause; was Miss Williams asking herself if she were speaking the truth?) "it seems foolishness for a woman to ruin her life for the sake of an ideal. And in any case, I think it would be wiser for you to remain with your aunt. I am not wishing to deter you from being of use in the world. But I would not be too independent. A home is not to be lightly thrown away. Your aunt is doubtless attached to you. Life, you may not yet know, wears a different aspect to those who have to earn their own living. The struggle with one's fellow creatures has a hardening effect. And you, my dear, do not seem made for fighting."

To hear Miss Williams talking in a way exactly the opposite of what she had expected, was somewhat disconcerting to poor Beattie, who had confidently looked for help and advice of a different sort, and who yet could not fail to see that it was possible the elder lady knew better than herself what would be a wise course for her to pursue. She sat silent with downcast eyes, feeling that she must be rather a poor sort of creature if the rules which the upholder of woman's rights laid down so firmly were, in her case, to be relaxed and even reversed. Perhaps Miss Williams read her thoughts, for she said presently, as if bringing forward an argument which was more worthy of Beattie's consideration than those which had preceded it, "Don't you think, unless there is a decided vocation, it is a species of dishonesty for women who are well provided for to swell the numbers of those who seek for wages?"

Beattie looked up.

"I don't want to make anyone else's life harder," she said. "But I do not see why I should rely on being provided for myself. I am sure you won't mind my not entering into particulars which concern my own feelings, but there are reasons why it seems unlikely I can ever satisfy my aunt. She has been wonderfully good to me in the past, but she has often lately given me to understand that her home is not necessarily mine. I do not please her, and consequently I do not add to her happiness or my uncle's. I have no right to bring discord into the house."

It was true that Aunt Ella was dissatisfied with her niece. Beattie had not gratified her ambition, and she considered this entirely the girl's fault and did not hesitate to reproach her with it. The end of the affair with Cecil Musgrove made her furious. She saw herself lowered in the eyes of Mrs. Gilman and others to whom she had spoken with great positiveness as to the possible issue of events. She could not forgive either Beattie or Cecil, and the only revenge she could think of for the latter was that the girl whom he had, as she considered, slighted, should make a good match as soon as possible. As it chanced Beattie numbered among her admirers a widower more than twice her age and with two or three children; he was very rich and was a great friend of Mr. Gilman's. Beattie had known him since her childhood and during his first wife's lifetime, and nothing was further from her thoughts than the idea of marriage with him. She certainly could not have been said to give him any encouragement, and when one day her aunt informed her that he had proposed for her she could hardly believe it. At any rate she begged that nothing more might be said about the matter, as it was impossible she could ever accede to his wishes.

"It seems to me," exclaimed Mrs. Swannington when at last it was apparent that threats, persuasions and arguments were alike useless, "that you are bent on thwarting my wishes. You think nobody good enough for you. But I can tell you, you will have by-and-by to change your tune. I have given you every opportunity of finding a good home, and you have rejected them all. Well, only look not that I will have you always in mine."

"You have been very, very good to me, Aunt Ella," said Beattie, "and you cannot be sorrier than I am that I am not able to please you. Things have so turned out that I know however many offers of marriage I have I shall refuse them."

"But what an absurdity!" cried Mrs. Swannington. "You refuse this Musgrove; then when he has treated you like he did, you pretend to love him! Have you no pride? Or is it that he has trampled on it, so it exists no longer? For me, I have no patience with you. None. Why, I would rather even you should take that Anstruther. He was infatuated with you once. I will ask him that he shall call here when he passes through London and say good-bye. It will seem not strange

as he so recently met you. I will soon arrange that all shall be right."

"Oh don't, don't, auntie," cried Beattie. "Have I not been already enough humiliated? Besides, Mr. Anstruther has, I believe, left England. And in any case," she added desperately, "he knows I care for someone else."

"You idiot!" said Aunt Ella. "What induced you to tell him that?"

Beattie's eyes flashed.

"Because," she said, "you had already done so. And before it was a fact. I have not said anything before because I saw no good in alluding to it, but I know that you told Mr. Anstruther an untruth about me and—Mr. Musgrove; me, and a man whom, after all, I am not going to marry. Perhaps I ought not to reproach you. I suppose you thought you were acting for my good, but it would have been kinder to have left me alone to choose in a matter which is of such vital importance. If Mr. Anstruther had been allowed to speak to me, I should have been spared all this. I could have cared for him. I did. And all these mistakes and this wretchedness would have been avoided. But we have had enough of it now. I am nearly of age. It will be better that I should decide for myself in future. I am very sorry that you insist on my marrying. If I might just live quietly with you and Uncle Arthur I would be quite content. I would consider you both in every way, and be like your own daughter; I would try to be a comfort and a help to you. I am sure uncle is not anxious to get rid of me. He has told me so himself. If you will be satisfied to put away any schemes for my future it will be better for us all. I cannot marry to please anybody but myself."

This outburst was not calculated to soothe Mrs. Swannington. To be informed that Beattie knew of her interview with Michael, to be reproached with having been the cause of her niece's troubles, and above all to feel that her husband had been telling Beattie he would like to keep her with them, were each separate stings.

"You are an ungrateful, bad, selfish girl," she said. "I believe now you are capable of anything. Actually blaming me; one who has given you the very clothes you stand in, whose only fault has been a too great desire to see you well established, while you, a silly sentimental chit, have constantly thwarted me. And then getting your uncle who is, if anything, too good-natured to side against me, wheeling him into pretending he cannot do without your society, no doubt, and nonsense of that kind. Well, I have done with you. I take no more interest in you nor your affairs. I tell my husband when he returns that I have no more of his relations thrust upon me to be only an expense and a trouble and a disappointment to me. And the more you keep out of my way the better shall I be pleased. Mr. Cookson will now, I have no doubt, cease to visit here because of you, and certainly my intimacy with Mrs. Gilman is at an end; I

do not risk meeting there that Musgrove. You have made mischief enough, I should hope."

And Mrs. Swannington, with as much dignity as her small height and substantial figure was capable of, went out of the room, her high heels tapping on the floor and seeming to Beattie like the sound of hammers driving the words she had just heard into her heart.

She was sincerely sorry to have been a disappointment to her aunt, sorrier still to feel that it was no longer possible for her to do just as she was told with the simple obedience of her childhood. Her affectionate nature shrank from even the appearance of ingratitude, and remembering how much care had been bestowed upon her, how many luxuries she had been given, how smooth the way of her life had been made hitherto, she was genuinely grieved that she could not repay it by doing what was asked of her. But the sacrifice of her entire happiness was a large price to pay, and to marry a man for whom she had not even affection to gratify a mere whim on the part of Mrs. Swannington was impossible to her. The only other course apparently was to leave her home and her relations and earn her own living. When she had decided on the latter course she thought her of her old school-mistress as the most likely person to help her. She had a little money of her own and would have more when she came of age, so that she would not be quite dependent on her earnings and could, if necessary, pay for board and lodging in the house of some lady who would act as a chaperone.

At first Miss Williams would not take Beattie seriously, and as she could not very well explain matters more fully than she had done, and the reason for leaving home seemed exceedingly trivial, and as she could not say anything to blame her aunt, and Miss Williams would not believe that the latter could actually wish to get rid of her, she found it hard to convince her that she did not merely want to play at being independent. When, however, she had succeeded in persuading the schoolmistress that she was in earnest, Miss Williams was not five minutes in consideration of the subject before she had a plan ready.

"You can't expect much at first, you understand," she said regarding Beattie rather severely. "You somewhat neglected your opportunities at school, and you have had no proper training of any kind."

Beattie humbly admitted that such was the case.

"In addition to this, I much doubt if you have had any preparation for the perseverance, self-control and endur-

ance of monotony called for in any steady work."

Beattie said she was afraid she had not, but was willing to try and acquire them now.

"Then your good looks are against you. A pleasant face is all very well, but beauty is, I consider, a drawback to a working woman, except in the dramatic and musical professions, neither of which I suppose you are fitted to embrace."

Beattie shook her head. Her prospects certainly sounded gloomy.

"Then you are too young to do paid church work, in my estimation. I do not approve of girls listening to all the talk of the coarse women they visit in districts; or else by your sympathetic manners you might be useful in that way, though possibly you are neither serious enough nor steady enough for the responsibilities of such a life."

Beattie was silent.

"Fortunately," went on Miss Williams, "women, many of them of the type despised by young girls and laughed at by the fashionable and the frivolous have, during the last generation, by their zeal and steadfastness, opened out a variety of professions for their weaker sisters to follow into. It is no longer necessary for every girl situated as you are to become a crushed and selfless companion to a rich lady or an over-worked and under-paid nursery governess."

"I am fond of children," began Beattie, seeing a glimmer of light through the gloom of her disabilities.

Miss Williams silenced her by a wave of the arm.

"I might," she continued, "enumerate many more things for which you are unfit, but perhaps it is as well to turn to those for which you have some qualification. I am sure of this. You must have variety, human companionship, and association with those who will not crush your belief in the possibilities of love and faith and tenderness. Some women can stand this sort of thing. You cannot. You need love. It is a weakness. But one must take people as they are. I remember at school you were a great favourite with the children in the first class; I have often seen you play with them; you did it with zest and heartiness. I believe your work must lie among children."

Beattie's eyes shone. Why had she not thought of this herself? It was the very life of all others she would desire, to be with the children, to help them, minister to them, share in their little joys and sorrows.

"Most lovers of children," went on the governess, "go to the sick. They seek them out in slums, they nurse them in hospitals; but for you I should say your work should be with the healthy,

for various reasons, on both your side and theirs. Begin by learning how to play with and teach them. Qualify to be a kindergarten teacher. That will suffice for a beginning. Something else will follow."

Beattie was delighted. Here was a new world opening before her. She took it as an answer to her prayer that God would make use of her. Like every other gain it had come to her through loss; but she had learnt enough of life to know that that is one of its unchanging laws. The gain is gain notwithstanding. To spend her life with and for little children seemed something worth doing. The kindergarten teaching would be a beginning; but Miss Williams' words had opened a possible vista for the future; there was work for her among the neglected little ones in dark and narrow alleys, work among the waifs who were even more homeless than they, work among children who were crippled and suffering, work enough to employ all her time and strength and influence and love. She would learn what child life should be from the children of the rich, and then she would be better fitted to go on her mission to their dear little brothers and sisters, whose tender lives were opening to darkness and rough handling just when they needed most sunshine and sheltering care that they might blossom forth into beauty.

Mr. Swannington was very angry when he heard that the threatened change was going in reality to take place. It seemed to mar his dignity that his niece should go out into the world and earn her own living. Mrs. Swannington, too, who had not weighed her words and had scarcely believed that Beattie would act upon them, though they had been repeated more than once, was a good deal annoyed. But the more she saw her husband was bent on keeping Beattie the less was she disposed to do so. Mr. Swannington had a long argument with his wife which terminated in their first serious quarrel, because during the course of it he accused her of being in part to blame for the disagreements between her and his niece. He begged her pardon afterwards, and in the reconciliation which followed agreed that perhaps the cause of dissension had better be removed. As Beattie was also of this opinion they parted good friends, and the girl went to live with a sister of Miss Williams who sometimes took in pupils at the school whose parents lived in the country or abroad. The Swanningtons gave out to their friends that Beattie was tired of being at home, and they had given in to a fad of hers about teaching. But they soon expected her back.

(To be continued.)



MISS GIBERNE.

MISS AGNES GIBERNE needs no introduction to the reading world; it is her readers who ask for an introduction to her, and desire to know something of her life and the circumstances under which the books that have helped and entertained them were written. Miss Giberne (the name is pronounced with the G soft and a slight stress on the second syllable) comes of an old Languedoc family, of which the branch settled in England alone survives. She is the third daughter of Major Charles Giberne who, over seventy years ago, went out to India as a young officer in the "Company's" army and retired after twenty-two years service. He traces descent directly from "Noble Jean de Giberne, Seigneur de Gilbertain and Co-Seigneur de St. Germain de Calberthe" who, early in the sixteenth century, lived in a valley of the Upper Cevennes Mountains, some twenty miles or more from Alais. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, in the days of the "wars of religion," the Château de Gilbertain was burnt to the ground by the rebels who also killed Louis de Giberne, then the head of the family. It was possible to rebuild the château, but not to resuscitate the documents which had been destroyed in the conflagration. The King of France, therefore, granted the De Gibernes a fresh patent of nobility which belongs to the present head of the family, Harold Buller Giberne, Miss Giberne's cousin, who is now a minor at Eton.

When the "de" was dropped is uncertain; probably when Miss Giberne's direct ancestor, Jean René de Giberne, having alienated his father and brother by his marriage, came to England and in various ways showed a desire to Anglicise himself. In a French document of that date Jean René was spoken of as a "mauvais Catholique"; later, both he and his wife joined the Church of England, which perhaps explains the family wrath at his choice. His descendants, for the most part, have not been behind him in preferring to be "English."

Miss Giberne tells us that when, as a child, she was travelling on the Continent with her parents and sisters, the family crest and coat-of-arms were shown to an expert in such matters. He at once remarked that they would undoubtedly be recognised in any court of heraldry, and asked Major Giberne why he did not go back to France. "Louis Napoleon," he said, "is always delighted to get hold of any of the old noblesse."

Young as she was, Miss Giberne was deeply impressed by her father's reply; "I would rather be an English gentleman than a French nobleman!"

With his strong, clever face, and his silvered hair, Major Giberne is to-day one of the finest types of the old English gentleman. Though ninety years of age, he retains his upright, vigorous, soldierly bearing, shows few signs of his many years, and loves to be constantly occupied, whilst keeping a keen interest in what goes on in the world outside the home he shares with his two daughters at Eastbourne.

Neither Miss Giberne nor her sisters were sent to school, and they attended few classes or lectures. After the return of the family from India, in Miss Giberne's infancy, they led rather a wandering life, partly in England, partly in Switzerland, Heidelberg and Brussels. Doubtless the mental activity induced by this frequent change of scene and the contact with a foreign life, helped to develop early a natural literary gift. She was only

seven when she "began to scribble," and by the time she was ten it was the favourite diversion of the three elder sisters. The eldest of all, Mary, died of cholera, in India, before any of the four younger sisters were born. Major Giberne was entirely in sympathy with the "scribbling" propensities of his children, providing them with plenty of pencils and paper and doing all in his power to guide and encourage them. Whilst in England, governesses had been engaged to teach them, but on going to Switzerland Mrs. Giberne undertook their education herself, with the help of her husband and various masters.

Mrs. Giberne, whose death took place in May, 1870, was the eldest daughter of the Rev. William Wilson, D.D., of Over-Worton, Oxfordshire, and vicar of Walthamstow, Essex, also first cousin and brother-in-law to Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta. For the



[From photo: Elliott and Fry.]
AGNES GIBERNE.

task of educating her children Mrs. Giberne was singularly well endowed, possessing a vivid mind and an eagerness and enthusiasm expressed on her mobile face and in her dark speaking eyes, which never to the last lost their brightness. "Not the least part of the education she gave us," says Miss Giberne, "was in her keen appreciation of what she read and made us read. It was her endeavour to infuse into our minds her own passion for history, poetry and music."

Miss Giberne confesses to caring little, up to the age of thirteen, for anything but stories, with the exception of Gleig's *Battle of Waterloo*, in which she delighted. Then Miss Strickland's *Queens of England* was put into her hands and history became one of her prime interests. She is of opinion that there are advantages and disadvantages in a home education, as compared with school training, for a literary career. "Greater freedom of development was secured," she observes; "possibly the style of my early books might have been improved by a more stiff, modern,

critical education, such as was not then in vogue, but harder work in girlhood might have lessened the power of hard work later."

Two heavy losses came to Miss Giberne before she reached her sixteenth year—the death of the next younger sister, Florence, who had always been her especial playmate until she fell ill, and later, that of her sister, Helen, two years older than herself, who died at the age of seventeen. Until this time Miss Giberne had made no girl friends, partly because she was intensely shy, chiefly because Helen's companionship had been all-sufficient. She was happy, therefore, in possessing a mother who could be at once friend and mother. "She was," says Miss Giberne, "by far the most intimate friend I have ever had. I cannot recall ever once going to her for interest and sympathy and for a moment failing to find either. And this to the end of her life."

In her literary efforts Miss Giberne had especially her parents' sympathy. They followed with an interest as keen as her own the fortunes of her first book, published when she was eighteen, and soon followed by other stories for children, to which she did not put her name. She thinks now that it was rather a mistake to publish so early, and strongly advises young writers in general to wait some years before giving their work to the public. It is better to give time to preparation, especially to the study of language and of human nature.

The Curate's Home, which appeared in 1860, was one of the author's most successful early books. When first written, it was much longer, and, says Miss Giberne, "unutterably doleful." She sent it to Mr. Seeley, who decided against undertaking its publication. A year later, however, he suggested that, with some alterations in the way of added cheerfulness, the story might prove a success. Its author therefore set to work, "resuscitated the heroine, who had died of a very lingering decline, and gave her a husband, introduced into the tale for this purpose. Even so, the story was quite sad enough, but by no means too sad for reality." Perhaps one of the greatest charms of Miss Giberne's books is just this sense of the mingled cloud and sunshine of life; we feel that she has been a loving and sympathetic student of human nature and her knowledge, particularly of girl-life, is wide and intimate.

The Curate's Home was followed by *Aimée*, the present edition of which was revised in later years, and which the author considers one of the best of her early books. *Floss Silverthorn*, *Conyng Castle*, *Beryl and Pearl*, *Duties and Duties*, *The Rector's Home*, *Decima's Promise* are among the best known of a list too long to enumerate.

In answer to a question as to which of her later works is their author's favourite, Miss Giberne mentions *Miss Devereux*, *Spinster*, a story, some of the scenes of which may be said to be drawn "after" the Yorkshire dales, and into which many life observations, life lessons, and certain mental elements of her own life are interwoven. She is inclined to think *The Girl at the Dower House* the best book for girls she has written.

The old question as to whether the "story with a purpose" is an artistic blunder or not crops up whenever fiction is discussed, but in the hands of Miss Giberne, a story never loses its charm because it conveys deep lessons and holds up the cardinal virtues as an inspiration to her girl-readers. I remember once being told by a girl that the reading of *Decima's*

Promise heaped her in the stress of a great temptation, and gave her just the moral "push" she needed to decide her to break an ignoble silence. The gifted authoress is inclined to think that in some of her early work the purpose is obtruded overmuch; in some of the characters are "cardinal virtues personified."

"Writing in those days," she says, "came in a vehement rush. My steed ran away with me, and I had not learned to handle the reins. None the less, I hope each work may have had some little purpose to carry out in the world of books."

One of Miss Giberne's most successful small books has been *Tim Taddington's Dream*, which, appearing as a penny booklet before a general election some years ago, had a large circulation. Many of her smaller books, such as *Least Said, Soonest Mended*, were written for working-men and their wives, and the author's insight into the needs and difficulties of this class is very striking. After the publication of *Five Thousand Pounds*, a working man in a large manufacturing town, who had read it, was heard to say, "Ah, she knows we! That's just how we'd do if we had the money!"

Science has shared with fiction the labours of Miss Giberne's pen. She inherited from her father a taste for scientific study. Among the subjects he undertook, as part of his children's education, were astronomy and botany. Miss Giberne has a very clear recollection of an astronomical lesson that she received when only seven or eight years old.

"My father," she says, "was explaining about the distance of the earth from the sun, and stated that the earth was some three millions of miles nearer the sun in our winter than in our summer. I was naturally puzzled; but, as he sat not far from the fire, and I, a small child, stood close by, he pointed to a fly

on his knee, and said, 'Look, Aggie; if that fly were one inch nearer the fire would it feel any hotter?' That settled the matter. I never again felt any difficulty as to the fact of greater cold combined with greater nearness."

This art of graphic illustration Miss Giberne herself possesses, and to it in a great measure may be ascribed the fact that her scientific books seize the imagination of her readers, young and old, and make indelible impressions. Her first scientific work, *Sun, Moon and Stars*, published in December, 1879, is to-day one of her most popular books, and is reaching its twenty-fourth thousand, a remarkable success for a work of the kind.

In answer to a question as to what first determined her to write on such subjects, Miss Giberne kindly gave me the interesting story of its genesis.

"In January, 1879," she said, "I went to Mr. Seelye, the publisher, and told him that I was tired of writing nothing but tales; I wanted to do something else. 'What do you want to do?' he asked pleasantly. I told him of a scheme I had had long in mind, to simplify astronomy for beginners, and he took up the subject warmly. We talked it over together, as we have done many a time since with other subjects, and as we continue to do. The matter was soon settled. I wrote half a dozen chapters, sent them to him, and received cordial encouragement. In June the whole was completed. Dr. Pritchard, then a stranger to me, read the proofs at the request of a mutual friend, and at once offered to write a preface."

Popular science handbooks are now published in large numbers; but when Miss Giberne's *Sun, Moon and Stars* appeared, such books were rare. Its wonderful success encouraged her to follow it, two years afterwards, with *The World's Foundations*, then

with *Among the Stars, Father Aldur, The Ocean of Air, Starry Skies*, and later, with *Radiant Suns*, a sequel to *Sun, Moon and Stars*. *The Ocean of Air* was regarded by Dr. Pritchard as superior to *Sun, Moon and Stars*. Recently *This Wonderful Universe* (S.P. C.K.), a small book intended for working men, has appeared.

Miss Giberne's latest book, *A Modern Puck*, claims, its writer modestly says, "to be no more than a mixture of fun and fancy and fact"; but never were the wonders of natural history introduced more charmingly. The homely simplicity of the ever-new fairy-tale is blended with the lore of dogs and cats, ants, bees and spiders, in such a way that even those who frankly "hate everything that is not story" will delight in it and imbibe wisdom unawares. We can well believe that Miss Giberne—to use her own words—"thoroughly enjoyed writing *A Modern Puck*."

Writing for girls is always a real pleasure to her, and far from being wearied by the claims of her large circle of readers, she affirms that she never had more keen delight in her literary work than during the last winter, when she was engaged upon an historical story to begin in the next monthly part of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*.

We need scarcely say that Miss Giberne's life at Eastbourne is a busy one, though study and literature are not allowed to monopolise her. She finds time to pay country visits, to travel, and to meet often those who enjoy her friendship. We can well believe that they form a large circle, for an interesting personality, a wide culture, a ready sympathy, and a desire to be helpful, even to those who have no claim upon her, are this gifted writer's distinctive qualities.

ISABEL SUART-ROBSON.



TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I very much wish to thank many of the Readers of "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER" for their kind loving sympathy, shown to me in many ways. For instance—Flowers, Books, and kind letters,* all telling of the sympathy they feel for me in my shut-in, suffering life. Many of the kind senders gave no address, so that it was quite out of my power to thank them, otherwise than through "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER." Even with those who put full address, it was impossible to thank each one for so kindly writing to me. I have felt very sorry at being unable to thank them, and say how very grateful I am to them.

I so much wish to let each one know how much I have been cheered and comforted by their thoughtfulness, and I do pray that each in turn may be blessed, cheered, and comforted, according to their need.

None of these dear ones will ever know down here what their sympathy and cheer have been to me and my dear ones also; but I hope by and by to tell these unknown friends how much they have helped me on, giving me renewed courage, to try to bear more bravely all God has given me to bear. Many of my correspondents have to lie upon beds of pain, just waiting patiently for the call, "Come up

higher." Like myself, they have so much of pain and weariness, so few pleasures, and life is just a struggle to be patient, trustful, and submissive, yet having within them the only true "Peace which passeth all understanding," and which "the world can neither give nor take away."

Many of God's suffering ones can do nothing with their hands, but just bear up by our prayers, those whose lives are given up to doing God's work, telling out the glad tidings, soothing the sick, cheering and pointing them to the only true Comforter; leading their thoughts away and above the weary, pain-racked bodies to the home awaiting them, where no pain or sorrow can ever enter. I do hope that each reader, who has so kindly shown so much sympathy, may read this, and understand thoroughly how very much I thank them and appreciate the kind thought which prompted them to show it. All this is a very great surprise to me, and so unexpected. To many this is the only way I can show my gratitude, and thank them, although I know so well they wish for no thanks.

I sincerely wish to do so, and it will be a great satisfaction to feel that each one will know what pleasure they have given, and how much they have helped me by their appreciation of my essay. I cannot be too grateful to God for giving me the greatest joy I could ever know, that is, when I read in many of the letters how my essay had helped them,

and given back the trust and hope in God, which had almost left them, and they felt ready to give way to despair.

All this has taught me how many kind hearts there are in the world. It is always my earnest prayer that I may be able to help others, if only by my prayers. My heart is just full of praise to God for using my essay. He so often uses the very meaneast and feeblest of His creatures to bring honour and glory to His name. The essay was written with much prayer, every line being a prayer, a pleading or a blessing to those who would read it, if ever it should be printed. I constantly asked for guidance what to write, so that the words were given me from God, and to Him be all the praise and all the glory.

He has used the words He gave me to bring honour to His name, and to comfort, help and cheer many of His weary downcast ones.

The sweet letters upon this are to me very, very precious and very sacred, and in many of them are promises of prayer for me, for which I thank the ones who promise. I do need those prayers so much, for patience to conquer all murmurings and irritability.

May God ever bless and keep each one, and comfort those dear suffering ones who have helped and comforted me.

Yours gratefully,

MARY R. LAW.

7, West Street,
Hertford,
Herts.

* These letters, etc., were sent direct to Miss Law by kindly readers who were touched by the tone of her Prize Essay, "My Room," which was printed with her name and address attached.—Ed.



BEFORE THE WORK OF DAY.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

BY RICHARD F. JUPP.



REDLY on Tiber's waters quiver
 The last long lingering sunbeams fair,
 Where, 'mid the ripples of the river,
 Rises and sinks her golden hair.
 Is it of earth that gleam resplendent—
 Or, from the far-off glory, shed,
 Falseth a ray of light transcendent
 Bright circling round the fair young head?
 He, who walked the waters deep,
 Giveth His beloved sleep.

Darkens above the crimson heaven,
 Pales on the stream the rosy light;
 Like angel eye, the star of even
 Looks down in silver radiance bright.
 Onward, old Tiber, onward bear her,
 Soft star of evening light her brow;
 No evil influence hover near her—
 Who can molest or hurt her now?
 Rocked upon the waters deep,
 Holy maiden martyr sleep.

For music, see "Hymns of the Eastern Church" (Novello & Co.), part ii,
 "The *Stichera* of the Last Kiss."

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

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

CHAPTER X.

"MOTHER, let us go home this Christmas. I have a present for grandfather, ten pounds, the whole of my year's savings," said Deborah, with a happy little laugh.

She was nearly twenty years old, and comely to look upon, with her slight graceful figure and her clever face. From her broad low forehead the wavy mouse-coloured hair was drawn back and knotted into a loose coil low in her neck behind. Pretty she was not, but very pleasing-looking, and the long pedigree of the Menzies betrayed itself in the small hands and feet and the aristocratic poise of the head. There was a certain self-reliant dignity about the girl which might be accounted for by the fact that she had already started upon her career as a reciter, and was establishing a connection in drawing-room circles, and was rather the rage just at present in fashionable society. Her earnings were not large, and she eked them out by teaching in the morning at the school where she had received her own education. That she was clever—unusually clever, her old grandfather had learned proudly to admit. He even boasted of it when her back was turned.

She stood now in front of the fire in the little London lodging with a sort of holiday air of leisure and freedom about her, and propounded her scheme for going home for Christmas.

"I had rather hoped for a good time in London," replied Mrs. Menzies, after a slight pause. "I get so sick of teaching; I loathe it, Deborah."

"Poor little mother! But there is a good time coming, you see. Father will be home in the spring, and he really has made some money this time in those Western Australian gold-fields. Perhaps when he comes back you will never have to work again. As for me, I love it. I am only just beginning, you see, and it is so nice to earn money and to feel oneself a burden to nobody."

"And very likely you will miss some engagement by being out of the way," continued Mrs. Menzies, reverting to the subject of spending Christmas at Boscombe Hall.

Deborah took a small note-book from her pocket and looked at it.

"Only the Dayrells, and I'm glad not to go there. I don't care about them."

"And you were just infatuated about her once."

"Perhaps I was, but even as a child I never liked Mr. Dayrell, and I don't like him a bit better now I'm grown up, and he is rich and a Q.C. He has still that half cynical, half jocosse manner that offends me. I suppose he and Monica do care for each other, but they often spar, before the children too, and I hate to hear it. Then Mr. Dayrell patronises me, and I resent it. He was at a party last week where I recited, and he shoved his way through the crowd almost before

I had finished. 'Why, Deborah, you will be making quite a name soon. That recitation of yours was really very clever,' and so on."

"Well, I'm sure he meant it kindly, and it is well not to quarrel with your bread and butter, Deborah. You had better go to them."

"No, no; we'll go to Boscombe Hall, even if it is only for a few days."

It had become the custom for Mrs. Menzies finally to yield to Deborah's wishes—the daughter was by far the stronger character of the two—so on Christmas Eve Deborah and her mother jogged slowly along in a dilapidated fly through the muddy lanes from Hailstone to Boscombe Hall. From the moment they entered the drive-gate Deborah's head was stuck out of the window. She was almost as joyous as a child over this home-coming.

"Oh, mother," she cried, in a tone of rismay, "the oak, the beautiful oak! Those two magnificent boughs that have been propped ever since I was a little child have fallen at last! What will poor grandfather say?"

"Well, I suppose everything must go some time or other," answered Mrs. Menzies phlegmatically, "and the oak has had a good turn—four or five hundred years, they say."

In another few minutes the fly had stopped at the door, and old Mrs. Menzies was waiting to welcome them.

"Aren't you glad we've come?" asked

Deborah, giving the old lady a hug. "And where is grandfather? I thought he would meet us at the door. He always does, and I've a Christmas present for him—money, grandmother, my own money!" And she playfully waved the two crisp five-pound notes before old Mrs. Menzies' face.

A wan smile broke over it.

"You are a good child, Deborah, and your grandfather is very proud of you. He was saying so this morning."

"Did he? Did he really? What an old darling! I must go and find him."

"He is in the library. He can't have heard you come in, or he's busy over his letters. The evening post has just come in."

Deborah flew across the hall and opened the library door very gently. She wanted to come in as a pleasant surprise to the old man. The room was but dimly lighted, a small fire smouldered in the grate, one candle in a silver candle-stick burnt low in its socket. It stood in the middle of the library table, by which old Mr. Menzies was seated, with his bowed head resting on his arms, which were folded across an open letter.

"Poor grandfather! He's tired and has fallen asleep," thought Deborah, advancing on tip-toe across the room.

"Grandfather," she whispered softly, "won't you wake up? It's I, Deborah, come to keep Christmas with you; and look, I've brought you a present." And she laid the notes by his elbow.

The old man did not stir, nor make any answer to her appeal. Deborah's heart stood still for an instant; she wondered if her grandfather had fainted, and with the quick impulse of affection, she bent down her soft warm cheek and laid it caressingly on the back of his bald head, and then she started away with an involuntary low cry of pain. Does anyone ever touch a dead object without knowing it? She stood there for a minute spell-bound, clasping her hands together, wondering what she ought to do. Then across the darkened room she saw the door opening slowly, and a terror seized her that her grandmother was coming to find her. Ah, she must not let her enter now. With steps as noiseless and quick as those with which she had entered her room she flew across it, and seizing her grandmother's hands, led her back into the hall.

"Wait, dear, wait," she said, assuming the protection of youth to age. "Grandfather, dear grandfather, is—" There she paused. Her lips refused to form the word, but old Mrs. Menzies read it in the girl's scared white face.

"Not dead!" she cried, her voice rising to a feeble wail. "Not dead and alone and desolate. Ah, God help me!"

"He will! He will!" said Deborah, throwing her strong young arms about the frail form. "And grandfather was not alone, for God was with him. Mother," as Mrs. Menzies came back into the hall, "come, comfort poor grandmother. Grandfather is dead."

When, some hours later, old Mr. Menzies had been carried by loving

hands into his room, they discovered that the letter over which his arms had been folded was from Deborah's father—at least, half of it was from him—written in a highly hopeful strain. The claim that he and a friend of his had opened up in the gold-fields was turning out a very rich one. It was more than probable that it would make the fortunes of both, and Tom spoke hopefully of returning for good before another year was over, with money enough to set Boscombe Hall free and to re-establish the family fortunes. The letter broke off abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and was continued in the hand of a stranger, evidently a gentleman, a Mr. Rowden, who was Tom Menzies' co-worker. He told the sad tale of Tom's death as briefly and sympathetically as he could. It appeared that Tom had been over-worked and considerably out of health, and the very day when he had left his home-letter unfinished he had gone out in the blazing sun for some cause or other, was seized with sun-stroke, and died a few hours after.

The news had been too much for his old father, and with the failure of his last hope his slender thread of life had snapped, and he had passed painlessly from this troublesome world to the peace which is eternal.

When the funeral was over and the three women had time to collect their senses, they sat in family conclave, considering their next step. Boscombe Hall came by the direct line of descent to Deborah, and she found herself in the bewildering position of heiress to a property that was mortgaged to the very hilt. She could not sell it until she was of age, which would not be for more than a year. Meanwhile, her grandmother proposed to go and live with her sister in Scotland, who had offered her a home for the present; and it was thought advisable to leave the Hall for the winter months under the charge of an old servant, and in the summer, if possible, to let it for whatever sum might be offered.

"And when I'm of age I shall sell," said Deborah, with quick decision, "and we will try to pay off our debts, and if there is anything left it must go to grandmother and you, mother."

"Dear child, what will become of you, thrown penniless upon the world?"

"Not penniless at all whilst I have health and strength left me," said Deborah, with a smile. "I can more than support myself now, and some day you may see my name big on advertisement boards as the great lady reciter! Who knows?"

"It is not fitting for a Menzies," said the old lady, still holding fast to the family traditions.

"There is nothing to be ashamed of in earning an honest living," Deborah asserted bluntly.

As Deborah and her mother drove back to the station on the day of their departure, Deborah looked back at the Hall with tears in her eyes. There was something pathetic in the fact that the old oak tree and its owner had broken down together.

CHAPTER XI.

DEBORAH and her mother went quietly back to London and to work, with only this great difference in their lives, that they had now no other home than their temporary lodging. They had neither of them undergone a very severe personal loss. Tom Menzies' wife had learned in the long years of separation from her husband to accept her fate with a sort of phlegmatic calm. In those early times at Boscombe Hall she had fretted greatly; her widowhood had begun then. To Deborah her father was merely a name, but she did mourn very sincerely the loss of her grandfather, the old man whose love she had won, almost against his will, and she rejoiced greatly in the thought that she had been able to comfort and brighten his declining years, but like the oak tree, he was very old. His fall had come sadly but not prematurely. Neither she nor her mother adopted heavy weeds of woe. They wore simple black dresses, but made no change in their manner of living. Deborah accepted all the engagements for reciting at parties in the coming season with gladness, and began to establish, not only a large circle of patrons, but also of friends. Amongst these latter the professor and his wife still held the foremost place. The tiny baby was a good-sized child now, and there were two other babies in the nursery. They were all equally dear to Deborah, and there was no recreation she so dearly loved as an hour's romp in the Norwoods' nursery. Little Mrs. Norwood looked almost as childish as ever, and Deborah used laughingly to declare that she believed that she was really the older of the two, for Deborah's early independence made her feel older than her years.

It had been no idle brag on her part when she had told her grandmother that she might live to acquire a modest fame, for when another year had passed the professor advised her to hire a public room and make her *début* as a public reciter. For some time Deborah refused, but she yielded at last. The venture was to be made in May, the height of the season. It was to be "Miss Deborah Menzies' Recital," and the only help she was to have was a professional singer who would enliven it by a few songs alternating with the recitations. It was a big venture, but the professor staked his reputation on its success.

It was three days before the event which was apparently to make or mar Deborah's future, when she came running up the stairs to their sitting-room with rapid steps.

"Mother," she cried, with a joyous thrill in her voice, "I don't know what my future may be, but my first night will be a success. I have just been to see my agent, and the room is full—scarcely a seat left. Haven't my friends been good?" And then Deborah, glancing into Mrs. Menzies' face, saw that something very unusual had occurred to shake her out of her wonted self-possession. Her lips were trembling and tears were rolling down her cheeks, and yet she was breaking into almost hysterical laughter.

"What is it, mother dear? Is it my great success that has so upset you?" asked Deborah wonderingly.

"Partly that, and more that you need never do it again. You need not sell your talents, like just a common working-girl, my Deborah. Such a wonderful thing has happened. Mr. Rowden, your father's partner, you remember, has been to see me, and I don't understand it all, but it is really true that poor Tom left a good deal of gold behind him, and Mr. Rowden is such a good kind man. He means us to have just the same as if your father had lived till now, and we shan't be rich, but we shall have plenty to live upon without working for our living. Oh" (throwing up her hands), "how I have hated my life and dreaded my old age, and it is all over, and we are to have some good luck at last."

Deborah sank into a chair, white and trembling. Was she so very glad after all, she wondered? Yes; glad and thankful for her mother, who was not fitted for a fight with poverty. But for herself?

Her foot was on the ladder of fame. Must she kick it away from her just when she felt tolerably certain of reaching the top?

It seemed hard upon her, for her mother, she knew, was weakly averse to earning her own living, neither did she particularly like the line Deborah had adopted. She could not bear seeing her daughter's name in the advertisement sheets of the newspaper, nor carried about by sandwich-men in the street; but to Deborah her profession had become the chief joy of her life. Would it be her duty to give it up? It was too big a question to decide at once. She must keep her brain clear and cool for her *début*, and let everything else slide until it was over, so she pulled herself together, kissed and congratulated her mother, and then, under the pretext that she must go off to her dressmaker to have one final fitting of the dress in which she was to appear on the 15th, she effected her escape. Once out in the air she could breathe more freely. Hervisit to her dressmaker accomplished, she took a bus to her friends the Norwoods. A talk to the professor would steady her nerves a bit. To her great disappointment neither he nor his wife was at home, but "they will be here very soon, miss," the servant declared. "I know my master wanted to be home by five o'clock for something particular."

"Very well, I will run up to the nursery," said Deborah, tossing her hat on to a stand in the little hall. "I will

have a game with the children." And judging by the screams that shortly issued from the nursery, the game was a very lively one.

She had no easy part to play. She was on all-fours, with the baby of two years old on her back.

"You are the carriage, you see," declared the eldest girl, "and you must take care and not drop baby, and Clara and I are the ponies, and shall run you about." And Deborah was run about accordingly, until her pretty hair was all streaming down her back, and she had scarcely breath enough left to expostulate.

"Hush, hush!" she cried at last, hoarse with laughing. "I hear father coming. Ponies, unharness yourselves! Baby and I will make up a lion between us, and we will hide behind the door and roar at father when he comes in and frighten him dreadfully."

"Oh, what fun!" cried the ponies, scuttling off to hide themselves in the window curtains and watch the effect of the practical joke, an effect which was certainly as startling upon the joker as upon the one upon whom the joke was played. The manly footstep came nearer; the door opened, and Deborah, on all fours and shaking her mane terribly, sprang, with a terrific roar, upon the in-comer, to discover in the moment that followed that the visitor was not Mr. Norwood at all, but David Russell, who drew back in considerable dismay.

"Oh," cried Deborah, springing to her feet, and depositing the baby on the floor, "how did you get here, and what made you come up to the nursery?"

"Chiefly because I heard you were here," said David, recovering his self-possession more quickly than Deborah could.

It was a funny meeting after seven years of separation, but it started them at once on the old terms of intimacy. Then they both shook hands and laughed.

"Have you seen the professor?" was Deborah's next question.

"No, I came at once to ask about you, for as I walked along the streets, I saw your name advertised for an entertainment on the fifteenth. I was scarcely prepared to return to find you a public character, and I determined to come and ask old Norwood how you had done it, and instead I have the good luck to find you."

"I'll come and give an account of myself if you will go down to the drawing-room," laughed Deborah. "They have pulled my hair down between them, and I feel like a rag doll. I must put myself tidy."

"Don't," said David emphatically; "you look much nicer as you are. Shall you wear your hair down on the fifteenth?"

"Go down-stairs, do," said Deborah imperiously, "or I will roar at you again," at which threat there was a giggle from the curtain.

So the professor and his wife came in to find Deborah and David Russell talking as if no years had intervened since their last meeting, and after all Deborah found no time to tell her friends of the expected change in her fortunes, nor of the likelihood of her having to give up her profession. When she rose to go David rose too.

"May I see you home," he said, "and then I shall know where to find you?" and Deborah assented as simply as she would have agreed to such an offer in the old days.

By mutual consent they walked, although the walk was a long one, but there was much to say on both sides, and almost before she knew that she had done so, Deborah had confided to David the story of her father's money coming at last, after so many years and her own intolerable disappointment.

"I think your mother is right, Deborah," said David. "A public life is a very bad one for a girl, especially if she is young and good-looking."

"But I am not," protested Deborah, almost angrily. "Mother always says it's a pity that I am plain."

"Mothers don't always know," remarked David sententiously.

"Have you lost sight of Monica?" he asked, rather abruptly turning the subject.

"Yes—no," stammered Deborah. "To tell the truth, my childish infatuation died a sudden death when I was about fourteen, and I have purposely kept out of her way ever since. She and her husband are quite kind to me when we meet, which is not often."

"Are you given to throwing up your friends all in a minute for nothing particular?" inquired David, a little anxiously. "Shall I find myself cold-shouldered to-morrow, for example?"

The question was more or less playful, but Deborah took it in deadly earnest, and coloured almost painfully.

"That is not very kind of you. Did I not promise to be your friend always when you went away last time? And I threw over Monica for something very particular indeed."

"And that was?" questioned David. "Something I may not tell you," replied Deborah, with tears in her eyes.

(To be concluded.)



RAMBLES WITH NATURE STUDENTS.

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

PAPYRUS.

AN object of much pleasure to me in my hot-house is a fine specimen of the Egyptian papyrus reed, with stems fully eight feet high, growing with remarkable luxuriance and beauty. I never look upon its graceful flowering plumes without being reminded of a chain of interesting associations.

The infant Moses was laid amongst these so-called "bulrushes," which then grew along the margin of the Nile.

The "ark" in which the child was laid was formed of papyrus stems, and the small cradle would be readily concealed amongst "the flags by the river's brink."

This plant is now wholly extinct in Egypt, although it still grows abundantly in the marshes of the White Nile in Nubia.

A verse in Isaiah, in the revised edition (chap. xviii., 2) shows that in ancient days even boats were made of papyrus, and a modern traveller speaks of the plant being still used by the Abyssinians for the same purpose.



PAPYRUS SYRIACUS.

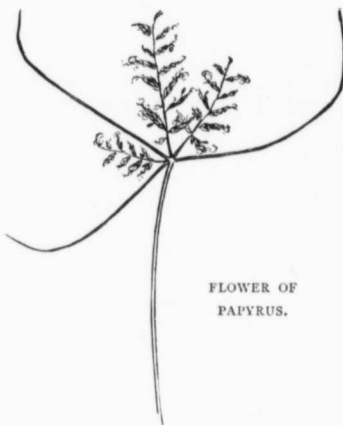
It has lately been discovered that mummy cases were sometimes constructed of old papyrus rolls, and many very ancient and valuable writings have been obtained by soaking these coffins in water until, with the exercise of great patience and care, the original strips of papyrus can be separated and then pieced together, so that the writing can be deciphered.

Many years ago I listened to an address by Mr. John MacGregor, in which he gave a vivid description of his explorations in Palestine, and mentioned his discovery of an immense extent of papyrus growing in the upper reaches of the Jordan.

The snow melting from Mount Hermon trickles down in small streams, forming marshes five miles in length and about three miles broad, closely filled with papyrus stems from eleven to fourteen feet in height.

Such a reedy swamp would have been impenetrable but for a narrow channel winding through it which enabled Mr. MacGregor to make his way with the Rob Roy canoe until he reached the open waters of Lake Merom.

After examining some fragments of ancient

FLOWER OF
PAPYRUS.

papyri, I felt sure that it would not be impossible to make paper of the same kind from my own specimen, and this was the way in which I succeeded in the manufacture.

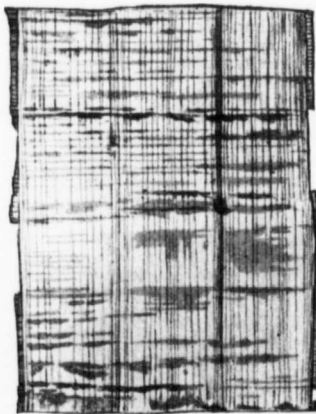
I cut a stem eight feet long into lengths of about six inches, and with a sharp knife sliced off the green rind from its three sides, and cut the remaining white pith into very thin layers.

Having a hot iron ready at hand, I quickly laid the strips of pith side by side, each a little overlapping the other, on a sheet of white paper, and when it was covered I placed another layer upon it at right angles to the first layer. With a sheet of paper to keep the iron from adhering to the pith, I pressed the two thicknesses of pith firmly together until they were closely united.

In about a quarter of an hour, by repeated ironing, I found I had made a piece of light grey material exactly resembling the ancient papyrus which was my pattern.

The sap of the plant appears to possess an adhesive quality, so that no gum is required, the action of heat being sufficient to make the strips unite into a flat even surface, suitable to be written upon with a quill and ordinary ink.

In olden times the young succulent shoots



PAPYRUS PAPER.

of this reed appear to have been used as an article of diet, and when stewed and served with a rich kind of sauce it was reckoned, by both Jews and Egyptians, as a table delicacy.

As I have already remarked, the chief interest which centres in this plant is the fact of its great antiquity. In the British Museum we may see papyrus rolls which were inscribed three thousand years ago. The key to the ancient languages has been discovered, and the learned in such matters can decipher that which was penned in the days when the Israelites were toiling in Egypt, and many deeply-interesting facts concerning Scripture history have in this way been brought to light.

GALLS.

The pretty wild rose-gall, popularly known as Robin's Fincushion, or Bedeguar Gall, (*Rhodites rose*), shows itself very conspicuously in the hedges at this season.



WILD-ROSE GALL.



OAK-LEAF GALLS.

It is like a bunch of finely divided green moss-sprays, brightly tinged with crimson, and is produced by a small four-winged fly, *Cynips rosea*.

Early in June this glossy black fly lays its eggs in young briar-shoots, the presence of these eggs interrupts the flow of the sap and woody tissue begins to form around the eggs.

If we take a gall of this kind in an early stage of growth and cut it in half, we shall find several little cells, each containing a small white grub. These larvæ continue to grow to their full size, and then remain quiescent until the following spring, when they change to chrysalides. The perfect fly emerges when the days become warm and sunny.

The oak-tree is victimised by gall-flies innumerable. They lay their eggs in its leaves, branches, flowers, and roots, no part of the tree being exempt from their attacks.

Mr. Stephens, a great authority upon insects, says that there are nearly two thousand species of insects which prey upon the oak-tree, either as gall-flies depositing their eggs in its substance, or as caterpillars feeding upon its leaves.

A collection of oak-galls would therefore show a great variety of forms, and might profitably occupy our attention this autumn.

I have been picking up leaves entirely covered with bright crimson spangle-galls. Such leaves lie on the ground all through the winter whilst the grubs are maturing, and if we find some of these leaves about the end of February, and keep them in a bottle, slightly moistening them from day to day, the flies will hatch and we can see for ourselves *Cynips longipennis*, the exact species that has caused the spangle-gall.

The large round gall shown in the illustration is the product of a species of *Cynips*, and is beautifully coloured with a pinkish crimson on one side.

FLIES KILLED BY FUNGUS.

A very miserable fate is now overtaking some of our common house-flies. If they happen to come in contact with a very minute fungus known as *Empusa musci*, one of the spores throws out a tube and penetrates the body of the fly, where it will grow and multiply its cells until it has gradually eaten out the interior of the insect.



FLY KILLED BY FUNGUS.

I found a specimen of one of these victims on the window-pane to-day. The fly's body was swollen and fixed to the glass; the wretched insect was dead, the fungus was showing on the outside of its body, and all around it the white spores lay like a misty halo upon the glass.

The fungus has the power of throwing its spores some little distance off, and if one of them falls upon a living fly the same process is again repeated, and before long the victim dies this miserable death.

The caterpillar of the common white butterfly is frequently attacked, and dies in the same way when seized upon by a species of minute fungus.



TURKEY OAK.

ENGLISH OAKS.

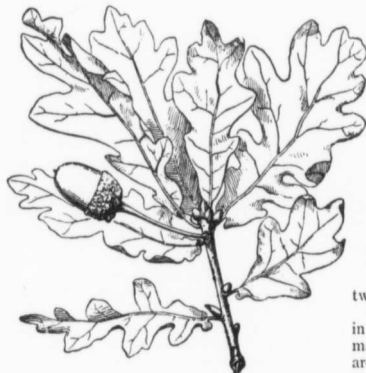
The oak foliage has now turned into a soft golden brown, which sheds a kind of sunlight glow over the landscape.

The squirrels are extremely busy collecting and storing acorns for their winter food, and so carefully do they secure not only acorns but nuts and beechmast, that in a week or two it will be almost impossible to find any woodland fruits beneath the trees.

This is the best season of the year to study our native oaks, because we can easily identify them by their acorns.

We possess in reality but one indigenous species, known as *Quercus robur*, but there are two varieties, *Quercus pedunculata*, which has acorns on much longer stalks than *Quercus robur*, and *Quercus sessiliflora*, which produces its acorns clustered together upon the twigs without any stalks. Its leaves are also broader and more closely grouped together.

The deeply-cut leaves of the imported Turkey oak, *Quercus cerris*, and its charmingly mossy-cupped acorns readily distinguish it from our English species.



COMMON ENGLISH OAK.

A tree of this kind stands on my lawn, and every autumn, for some years past, on a special day, when the rooks by instinct have found out that the fruit is ripe, they come from my rookery in flocks to feast upon the acorns and carry them away, as I believe, to some hiding-places of their own.

All day long the great birds are winging their way to and fro, cawing and rejoicing over the spoil, until they leave the tree entirely stripped, with only a carpet of empty acorn-cups strewing the ground beneath.

In times of scarcity we should do well to imitate the squirrels and store up our acorn-crop, for when dried, roasted, and ground into flour a not unpalatable kind of coffee can be made of acorn kernels. I can speak from experience, for some years ago I had this coffee made, and used it as a tonic beverage. I cannot say it had the aroma or flavour of true coffee, but it made a fair substitute for it, and it is believed to be wholesome and strengthening.

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON (*Cedrus Libani*).

Towards the close of this month I always find my great cedars covered with their cone-shaped male catkins. I see now that they are just ready to shed clouds of pollen, but, plentiful as these blossoms are, it is the rarest thing to be able to discover any but male catkins; the female ones appear almost invariably to

grow upon the upper branches, where they are quite inaccessible.

For fifteen years I carefully watched for these small cones, wishing to observe them in their early stage, but failed to find a specimen until a few years ago, when one of my cedars



LONG-STALKED OAK.

obligingly produced some fruit on the lower branches.

The drawing will show my readers the two kinds of blossom.

The yellow pollen-bearing catkins drop off in a few weeks, whilst the fertilised cones remain and gradually increase in size until they are easily to be discerned upon the branches, and are of an exquisite pale tint like shaded sea-green velvet.

Cedar catkins are fertilised only by the wind, which carries the pollen from one blossom to the other.

The buoyancy of the pollen-grains is much aided by two little bladders with which each



SESSILE OAK.

grain is furnished, and which can be easily seen by the aid of a microscope.

The cones are borne on the upper side of the horizontal branches, and are not fully ripe until the autumn of the third year. They do not then fall off like other fir-cones, but the scales and seeds become loosened, and drop to the ground.

Of these grand mountain trees there are three species, the *Deodar* of the Himalayas, the *Cedrus atlantica* of the Atlas range in North Africa, and the cedar of Scripture, of which, besides many smaller ones, twelve patriarchal specimens may still be seen on Mount Lebanon.

These grow at an elevation of about 6,000 feet above the sea, their trunks measuring from 40 to 47 feet in circumference at the base.

It is said that many years ago a Frenchman, who was travelling in the Holy Land, found a little seedling among the cedars of Lebanon, which he wished to bring away as a memorial of his travels. He took it up carefully, and for want of a better flower-pot he planted it in his hat, where he kept and tended it. The voyage was stormy and tedious, so that the



CEDAR CATKINS.

supply of fresh water fell short, and only half a glass a day could be spared for each traveller. The little tree was allowed its share of even this scanty allowance, and although the traveller suffered from his self-denial, the little tree flourished, and had attained the height of six inches when the vessel arrived in port.

At the custom-house the officers thought the hat must surely contain some valuables on which duty ought to be paid, and it needed much earnest pleading on the part of the traveller to induce them to spare the cherished seedling.

Eventually it was allowed to pass through unharmed. It was then taken to Paris, and found a place in the Jardin des Plantes. In the course of years it grew into a noble tree. It lived on for over a century until, sad to relate, the beautiful tree had to be cut down to make way for a railroad.

It would be quite possible to grow our own cedars with the exercise of patience.

A seed I planted out of a cone from Lebanon remained dormant for twelve months in the earth before the young plant made its appearance.

Probably if the seeds were soaked in water for a few days before they are planted, it might tend to hasten the process of germination.

THE LIBERATION OF SEEDS.

The capsules of the cyclamen are now opening; they are curiously spotted inside, and look like small brown flowers. The twisted stem is coiled around the capsule, and keeps it closed until the seed is perfectly ripe. Then it



YELLOW IRIS.

uncoils, the segments curl backwards, and the seeds are allowed to drop out and sow themselves.

The iris, the stramonium, and a large number of other plants produce capsules which open their valves when ripe and allow their seeds to escape, and this is perhaps the simplest mode of liberating ripe seed; but at this season, when so many plants are producing their fruit, we shall find it quite interesting to note some of the many other curious modes by which seeds are dispersed.

We observed in the spring the fruit of the sycamore, maple, and hornbeam, which are furnished with a samara, or thin membrane, so that the autumn breezes may bear them flying through the air, and sow them far away from the parent tree.

The wild balsam affords a good example of dispersion by elastic force. The valves curl up and jerk the seeds in all directions.



STRAMONIUM.

Heartsease, woodsorrel, wild geranium, and many other plants scatter their seeds in the same manner.

The wild pimpernel has a special way of sowing itself by dropping half of its cup-shaped capsule. This, being a common field-flower, can easily be found and examined.

Almost all such flowers as the dandelion, goatsbeard, succory, belonging to the extensive order of composite, have seeds more or less feathered, so that they may be wind-dispersed; but, being so common, I need not describe these in detail.

A tree which grows on a mountain in the Cape Colony is known as the silver tree (*Leucadendron argenteum*) from its leaves and cone being so thickly covered with shining white hairs that they look as if they were made of silver. The leaves hang vertically, exposing only their edges to the sun; consequently the trees afford but little shade, only a criss-cross of fine lines of shadow is thrown upon the ground. I mention this tree because its cone produces a remarkable kind of seed. Reference to the plate will show the four feathery plumes by which the wind wafts the seed through the air. They rise out of the dry capsule, and from it the heavy seed hangs at the end of a slender thread, the whole arrangement being somewhat like a small parachute. The silvery cone is a beautiful object in itself,



PIMPERNEL.

SILVER-TREE SEED.

COLUMBINE.



CYCLAMEN CAPSULES.

and, when fully ripe, one of these curious seeds emerges from under each of the overlapping scales.

The capsules of the poppy, campanula, and snapdragon allow their seeds to escape through small pores which, being highly sensitive to dryness and moisture, open and shut according to the changes in the weather. We can easily observe these small trap-doors under the upper rim of the poppy-head, and in the other plants I have mentioned the openings are in the upper part of each segment of the capsule.

The columbine has a five-pouched seed-pod opening at one end when ripe, and bending down to sow its contents.

Space will not allow me to notice the many other modes by which plants perpetuate their species, some by hooked seeds which cling to passing animals, some, like the cotton-grass, by very long silky hairs. Others, and perhaps the most curious of all, are those highly sensitive to moisture and dryness, which by expanding and contracting, are enabled to creep along the ground. All these will afford pleasant hours of study to those who like to investigate nature's secrets, as seen in the commonest things which lie about our daily path.



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

PRINTING.—*I am just leaving school, and should like to be apprenticed to the stationery and printing trade. Is it a good trade, and is any special preparation required?*

PRINTER.

In the printing and stationery trades generally women cannot do well on the whole, though there are exceptions. Young women employed as stationers' assistants earn only small wages, and have no great hope of promotion; but girls employed in the manufacturing departments of wholesale houses (such, for instance, as Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, and Messrs. De la Rue), occupy a different and much better position. In such a house as that of Messrs. Parkins and Gotto the work is principally die-stamping. This wants care and neat manipulation. A good workwoman can make eighteen shillings and upwards a week, working, of course, the regular hours prescribed under the Factory Acts. Then there is work also to be had under the numerous firms of chromo-lithographers in London and the large manufacturing towns. For this sort of work some artistic power, though not at all demanded, would be a great help, and might lead on to better work than that which girls in these places usually perform. In the printing trade proper women are not employed, for the reason chiefly that the printing of periodical literature and newspapers entails working at night, and this women, under the Factory Acts, are not allowed to do. There is, however, in most large printing and publishing establishments a department in which women are employed as bookfolders and bookbinders. We know only of one place where a girl could be trained as a printer and compositor, and that is the Women's Printing Society, 66, Whitcomb Street, W.C. Here every kind of periodical and book-printing is done, and good wages are paid. There is, of course, no night-work. You would have to consider if you apprenticed yourself to the Society the position in which you would find yourself

supposing the Society could not employ you permanently. Of course, there is no reason why other businesses of the same kind should not be started; but so far as we know there is not another at present.

GARDENING, DAIRY-WORK, etc.—*How can I earn my living as a lady gardener? I cannot afford to be trained at a horticultural college; but I feel that I have no taste for anything except gardening, bee-keeping, or dairy-work?—HORTICULTURE.*

There is undoubtedly some demand for women as gardeners, but it is almost impossible for a girl to obtain the requisite training in conservatory and outdoor work, unless she can pay either to be taught at a college or by some private person. Under these circumstances a girl naturally turns to the florist's side of the business, in which women are more ordinarily employed; but even here she is met by the pecuniary difficulty. No employer will pay her enough at first to cover the expense of board and lodging; and it will be matter of surprise if an apprenticeship premium is not charged. Still, undoubtedly, this is the best way to begin. The names of leading florists and dealers in cut flowers would be found in the principal gardening papers (such as the *Gardener's Chronicle*), and "Horticulture" could then write to some of them offering herself as an apprentice. There is, for instance, a firm at Coventry that employs a large number of girls in making bouquets, etc. A girl who can pack and arrange flowers well need never want for a livelihood; but the first few months of learning are difficult to arrange for when funds are not plentiful. We do not advise bee-keeping to a girl who must earn enough to support herself all the year round. Dairy-work, on the other hand, is an excellent business. But here, too, we must remember that money cannot be expended on the training that a large public dairy school affords. Yet County Council lectures supplementing the practical instruction that a capable dairy-woman might give for a small fee might

suffice as a general preparation. "Where there's a will there's a way" in employment difficulties; and we do not think that any resolute girl, or young man either, has failed to succeed because the money for technical training was not forthcoming. Employers are always ready enough to teach a bright apprentice, though they may neglect a dull one.

TEACHING TECHNICAL SUBJECTS. *I have very good certificates for arithmetic, book-keeping, French and shorthand. At the Chamber of Commerce examination here last year, I won the first prize, with honours in French and book-keeping. Is there any chance of making a living by teaching shorthand, etc.? I do not want to become a typist, because continual work at the type-writer results in dreadful back-ache.*

A COUNTRY COUSIN.

In London and large commercial centres many teachers of the subjects "A Country Cousin" mentions are engaged. If "A Country Cousin" is a thoroughly good teacher, we do not see why she should not have as good a chance as another of obtaining an engagement at some technical institute or polytechnic. But it would be well either to advertise or to apply direct to County Councils and similar bodies. In one of the best schools of business-training in London, one lady teaches type-writing, and the other takes the other subjects. We do not see why this plan should not be more generally followed. But usually only type-writing is taught at a type-writing office, and the pupil is left to pick up a knowledge of shorthand, book-keeping and French elsewhere. We therefore suggest to "A Country Cousin" that she should approach some lady at the head of a type-writing business with an offer to instruct pupils in the subjects mentioned; the arrangement need not be a partnership; both parties could remain quite unfettered. But this co-operation would probably prove mutually advantageous.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

SUNSET.—Shortness of breath may be due to many causes, the chief of which are anæmia, and diseases of the lungs or heart. The attacks of shortness of breath and tightness of the chest that you describe are very like attacks of asthma. You say that you are liable to bronchitis, so that we think that your trouble is bronchial asthma. You should read a rather lengthy answer on the subject of coughs which we published in the June number of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*. A few extra hints is all that is necessary. Can you trace the attacks to anything?—to irregularities or indiscretions in diet? If you can, these should be corrected. During the paroxysms of shortness of breath loosen your garments and see that nothing presses upon your neck and chest; open the window and inhale as much fresh air as you can. The fumes of burning stramonium leaves often greatly relieve asthma. Inhaling the smoke of stramonium cigarettes is the best way to use this drug; but the fumes must be inhaled, not merely taken into the mouth. Change of residence often has a marked effect in asthma, and if you can do so, we would advise you to try the effects of a change of scene.

IVANO.—The condition of your hand is due to one of the forms of eczema or an allied complaint. Cannot you discover the cause of the trouble? You might try the following cream:—equal parts of olive oil, lime water and oxide of zinc. This is very soothing and allays irritation. Calamine ointment is also likely to be of service to you. Whichever of these two you use, apply it plentifully, and keep the hand swathed in a cotton bandage.

LILAC.—Turpentine fomentations are exceedingly useful, and are generally to be preferred to the other methods of counter-irritation, such as mustard or cantharides plasters. They are best made in the following manner:—take a good large square of thick flannel and fold it four times, rinse it out well in boiling water, and sprinkle about a teaspoonful of turpentine upon it. Dip it into the hot water again, rinse it until almost dry, and apply it while hot. If it is to be used for bronchitis, apply it high up on the chest, just below the notch between the collar-bones. Leave it on till it begins to smart, not merely till it starts to prick a little. If the place is at all sore afterwards, a little vaseline or simple ointment may be applied.

MARIE.—Giddiness may be due to many causes. Indigestion and anæmia are common causes, but there are very many other conditions which will produce this symptom. Errors of refraction of the eyes, almost any abnormal condition of the ears, and very many nervous diseases produce giddiness. In old persons it is very common for giddiness to occur after stooping. This is probably due to the fact that the blood-vessels in elderly persons are more or less rigid, and the stooping posture interferes with the circulation through the brain. If your ears, eyes, and digestion are perfectly healthy, you might try a little "tonic" treatment—by "tonic" we do not mean taking the so-called tonic medicines, but taking a little extra stimulating food, a cold or tepid bath in the warm weather (that is if it makes you feel better, for on no account should you take a cold bath if it disagrees with you), and a moderate walk or drive every afternoon.

E. L.—We should think that by "contraction of the bronchial tubes" asthma is meant. There are two totally distinct forms of asthma, bronchial asthma—a frequent complication of bronchitis; and true asthma, which is a nervous disease. Of the cause of the latter we know but little, and, as in every patient the exciting causes of an attack of breathlessness are different, we cannot tell you whether singing is likely to produce an attack, but we rather think that it would not. Weakness of the heart could not produce asthma, unless it first caused bronchitis.

L. E. N.—Are the "ulcers" that trouble you little white spots about the mouth, but chiefly beneath the tongue and in the space between the lip and the gum? If so they are due to indigestion. If you look to your digestion the ulcers will vanish. Locally use a mouth wash of chlorate of potash, or of borax and tincture of lavender.

TIREBOME FLO.—We would indeed be sorry to be the means of introducing our English patent medicines into any foreign country. Most patent medicines are made by tradesmen possessing the most profound ignorance of medicine or pharmacy. A few of them, certainly, owe their origin to respectable practitioners of medicine, but few of even these are of any value. We know the composition of most nostrums, but we have not yet discovered any which we would recommend to anybody for any complaints. Patent medicines are made to sell, and to cure by chance!

A SUFFERER.—You are the fourth correspondent who has asked this identical question. We published a detailed account of the treatment of constipation some weeks ago.

E. G.—There is no form of food which acts primarily on the complexion. There is a popular delusion that the colour and clearness of the face depend upon the diet. They do not! Unless the food you take produces constipation, or indigestion, it does not affect the complexion. To this there is an apparent exception. People who drink large quantities of alcohol or tea often get red noses and bad complexions; but even here, these effects are secondary to indigestion, although the digestion may appear to be tolerably good. Even foods (such as chocolate, sweets, tea, etc.) which tend to produce indigestion and constipation, have but a very slight effect upon the complexion. The habit of taking drugs often does great harm to the complexion—especially those drugs which are taken to "clear" the face. Though but little effect upon the face is produced by what is taken into the stomach, a great deal of good or harm can result from what is put upon the face. Thus, bad soaps, most cosmetics, washing the face in very hot water, or exposure to strong dry winds will greatly injure the complexion; whereas, good soaps, washing in warm water, and a few cosmetics, improve the complexion of the face. You can make a good soap yourself, and we could give you the details of its manufacture; but it is certainly not worth while, for it is by no means an easy, nor a satisfactory, nor in any way a necessary operation. There are plenty of good soaps in the market. The best are those that are fairly hard, opaque, and scented or medicated with carbolic acid, eucalyptus, etc.

E. J.—In your case the flushings which trouble you are due to indigestion and anaemia. Flushings are exceedingly common as a result of various causes, and as indigestion is a frequent concomitant of anaemia, flushings are often a prominent feature in that disease. We have so often given the rules for diet, etc., in anaemia and indigestion, that we cannot again repeat them. Read up the correspondence in the back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and you will find all the information that you require. You must not take iron when the digestion is feeble.

MAUDE.—We have given many "answers" about superfluous hairs, and we cannot again enter into the discussion of the treatment of this annoyance. In the June number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER a complete account of this condition was given, and we therefore refer you to that account.

MARTHA.—Decidedly people do die of "broken hearts," though such an accident is very rare. It is doubtful if the heart could "break" if it is healthy; but in old persons, where the heart is fatty, a sudden violent emotion may cause fatal rupture of the heart. Usually the expression, "a broken heart," is used metaphorically to express a sudden death due to directly violent emotion, or the quiet gradual dissolution which sometimes occurs as a result of excessive sorrow. Both these kinds of death from emotion do occur, but they are rare.

SIVIA.—Space forbids us from giving you a complete directory for diabetics, but we will give you the most important details about feeding in this condition. Sugar in every form must be scrupulously avoided. Fruit, sweet wines and drinks, carrots, parsnips, etc., and, indeed, any food which contains sugar should not be taken by diabetics. Bread, potatoes, and all foods containing starch may only be taken in very small amounts. Gluten bread, almond cakes, bran biscuits, cocoanut biscuits, etc., are usually given to diabetics instead of the ordinary bread; but the first named usually contains such a large quantity of starch, that there is little or no advantage in its use, and all these special foods are very indigestible, in nutritious, and nauseous to the last degree when taken for any length of time, so that it is better to allow patients a very small amount of toasted white bread than to tie them down to the above-mentioned special foods. Diabetics who have "sweet teeth," may sweeten their drinks, etc., with glycerine or saccharine. Meat of all kinds, except liver, fish, and poultry; the green vegetables, eggs, fruits which contain very little sugar, the lighter wine, and aerated waters may be taken by diabetics with care.

AMY.—The best thing to do for your trouble is to take a lozenge or tabloid of salutarin (1 grain) overnight, and a mild aperient, such as rhubarb and soda, in the morning. This treatment may be repeated if unsuccessful the first time.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

RESTLESS RACHEL.—As you modestly say you can see several faults in your "attempts at rhyme," it would be unkind and unnecessary for us to single out one blemish after another. We must, however, tell you that the metre and rhymes of "Spring-time" are defective. "Storm and Calm" is the best of the three poems. You should read all the good poetry you can.

NOXON.—The couplet—
"Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things"
is from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. The verse begins—
"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,"
and the poet referred to is Goethe.

NIP.—I. If you have "taken in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for so many years," you will find your inquiry as to recitations frequently answered. We will, however, say that you will find some good humorous pieces in Alfred Miles' *American Reciter*, price 6d.—2. You cannot "keep your hair in curl in damp weather" by any device known to us. Two questions only are allowed.

VARECH.—We sympathise with you in your ambition, but you may leave "footprints on the sands of time" by faithful performance of your work as a teacher. It would be wrong of us to encourage you in the hope of becoming a poet. Few indeed can claim that title. Your metre is incorrect; for instance, the line "Jeanie and her sailor laddie," is of different cadence from the line "Or dash against the rugged rocks," yet both occupy the same place (third) in the four-lined verse. You might be able to "write verses for Christmas cards," if you studied the laws of versification.

B. M.—We cannot complain of your metre, but this inversion is inadmissible, from its awkwardness—

"Give me, as I then ponder o'er."

You use "magnate" for "magnet." If you wish to write verse you should study the laws of versification. "Time" and "shrine," "laugh" and "path," "hands" and "plans" do not rhyme. But we can well understand your longing to express in poetry your memories of a childhood which, as you say, must have been singularly happy. As you grow older you will feel more and more the force of Wordsworth's lines—

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream."

PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.—Your thoughts "on hearing one of Beethoven's Sonatas," show you to possess musical feeling; but they are not cast in any recognised poetic mould, and cannot be called verse. Every poem should have some correct "form" in which it is written. Cultivate your ear by reading good poetry.

PERSÉVERANCE.—We have received your letter, and though we cannot enter into all its contents, we must tell you that we by no means agree with your synopsis of "Voiceless." It is not a "hopeless dirge" at all, but a pathetic and beautiful expression of a truth. Try to avoid methods that are too introspective or ultra-critical, and do the best you can with your life from day to day.

E. A. P.—Many thanks for your kind letter. "Rosebud" has already received several replies about "The Doctor's Fee"; but we are grateful to you all the same for your offer, and sympathise with you in your past illness. We hope you will soon regain strength.

MRS. STRATHERN refers the quotation we have several times mentioned, beginning "I expect to pass through this world but once" to Marcus Aurelius, but cannot verify it.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"MISS INQUISITIVE" wishes to "correspond with some nice girl in a distant land, not for the sake of learning a new language, but to know how they manage things so many miles away." Will some "nice girl in a distant land" volunteer her name and address?

MISS MILDRED C. DAVIES, 70, Broad Street, Blaenavon, Monmouthshire, would like to correspond with either a French or German young lady aged eighteen.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

STEWART'S DAUGHTER (*Book-keeping*).—It is in your favour to be "quick at figures," and your handwriting (on which you ask our opinion) is neat. You should study punctuation. We discover not a single comma in your letter, and only two full stops. You need not be dismayed by this criticism, as punctuation is easily mastered. You cannot hope to earn much at first as a book-keeper, for you have yet to obtain experience; but there is no reason why you should not obtain a good position when you are a little older. In the meantime study account-keeping carefully, and if possible, master the difficulties of account-keeping by double entry. Your parents are wise in wishing you at first to find employment not too far from home.

VIOLETTA (*Work to do at Home*).—See reply to "Heather." We know nothing in regard to the work adverted to, about which you ask our opinion; but we recommend our readers, as a general principle, to have nothing to do with advertisements that promise an income in return for work that everybody can do. Everybody can write (after a fashion); everybody can do some sort of needle-work; and nearly everybody prefers to work at home. Consequently we look upon advertisements of work that combine all these conditions as being rather too good to be true. It is a pity that your time should not be fully occupied. Cannot you attend some evening school or County Council classes? You ought now, while you are young, to be learning to do something by which you can earn your living by-and-by.

MOLLY (*Nursing*).—If by a "book on nursing," you mean a book that will give you the rules of the principal hospitals in regard to the admission and training of nurses, we advise you to get *Burdett's Official Nursing Directory* (London: The Scientific Press). This is a most useful work of reference on nursing matters. But if what you require is an introduction to a nurse's duties, it would be well to choose between the great number of publications of this kind that exist. We would suggest *The Matron's Course*, an introduction to hospital and private nursing, by Miss S. E. Orme, Lady Superintendent of the London Temperance Hospital (The Scientific Press, 28, Southampton Street, Strand, London).

SOLOIST (*Singing in London Churches*).—In order to be engaged as a singer in one of the London churches, it is necessary to be tolerably well known in the musical world. It is doubtful whether a stranger could obtain such an engagement without strong recommendation from musical authorities. At the church of the Foundling Hospital ladies used to perform as soloists and probably still do. The Rev. H. R. Haweis of St. James's Mary-lebone, has a surplus choir of ladies. You could do no better than make a beginning as a choir singer, taking solos in anthems when opportunity offers.

HEATHER (*Choice of Employment*).—You are very wise to wish to do some regular work. Every girl ought to be able to earn her living in some way, and in your case it seems highly desirable that you should be able ultimately to support yourself. If you have any taste for dressmaking, we recommend you to take a course of thorough training at the Liverpool School of Domestic Economy. If you write to the Hon. Secretary, Miss Fanny Calder, 49, Canning Street, Liverpool, you could obtain full particulars. All over the country there is a demand for dressmakers, and a woman who knows this business back is constantly useful. It is to be hoped that in replying to the advertisements you speak of, you sent no money; girls cannot be too cautious how they reply to such offers of work. Bogus advertisements are usually so worded as to tempt everybody to answer them, and those people, most of all, who do not know an allied trade.

STEPNEY (*Civil Service Clerkship*).—As your daughter has done so well at school, and now thinks she would like to enter the Civil Service, she might safely be encouraged to enter one of the examinations. When she is fifteen she will be eligible to enter an examination either for a female shorthandship or as a telegraph learner. The latter seems on the whole to be the better course. In either case she would later be in a position to hope for promotion to a clerkship. She had better, meantime, study English composition, ordinary English subjects, French and German, and try to acquire the style of handwriting preferred by the Post Office authorities.

C. R. (*Foreign Missionary Work*).—There are many missionary societies; but the best for your purpose is probably the one most generally useful, the Christian Missionary Society, 9, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C., or the Deaconess House and Foreign Missionary Training Institute, 1, Blackburn Terrace, Liverpool.

E. C. H. (*Rag-Doll Making*).—We are sorry that you should have been unable to obtain a model of a rag doll for your invalid friend to copy. Perhaps the superintendent of the Time and Talents Depot, Fisherton Street, Salisbury, or Mr. Albert Banks, Wolfeton House, near Dorchester, could give you the information required. We have ourselves seen several pretty toys at the depot which an invalid could easily make. One of these was a kind of clapper toy made of pieces of wood bound together with tapes. It would amuse a young child greatly, but the materials must be quite inexpensive.

LORA (*Hospital Nursing*).—We are, as you say, "constantly giving answers in regard to hospital nursing." But we must remember that our correspondents are not always the same; consequently we are very glad to answer your question. Twenty-two is a suitable age for a probationer in some hospitals; but in others it is deemed too young. The following are a few of the better institutions, to the matrons of which you might apply for admission:—The London (as a paying probationer only); Chelsea Infirmary; Poplar Sick Asylum, Bromley, E.; Kensington Primary; Marylebone Infirmary, North Kensington; Poplar Hospital for Accidents, Blackwall, E. At the last-mentioned you would obtain much experience in nursing surgical cases.

A. M. B. (*Civil Service Clerkship*).—We are exceedingly obliged to you for giving us the most recent information regarding the rules for Civil Service Examinations, and have noted the particulars for the benefit of our other readers. It is pleasant indeed to hear of your own success in the examination for Civil Clerks, and especially to know that you did so well in essay-writing as to obtain 285 marks out of the maximum of 300. To be able to write a good essay means not only that you have been well educated in the literature of your own language, but also that you have ideas; and in every walk of life, no matter how mechanical it may appear, ideas are of great value. We trust that you will make good progress, and that in due course you will be promoted to a regular clerkship.