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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## JOYCE HUNTER'S TRUST.

### A WORKING GIRL'S STORY.

THE big clock in the Exchange dome had just struck five. In the thronged Glasgow streets the day's rush of business was beginning to slacken a little. Some wise early birds were already comfortably *en route* for the suburbs, by train or tram; later travellers would have to put up with a good deal more squeezing and crushing. Bargain-hunters in the better-class shops were turning their thoughts towards home, and tea or dinner, as the case might be. Tired assistants were thankfully shrouding the various attractions under linen wrappers till to-morrow morning.

In one big wholesale house, Grant and Greaves, message-boys hung over the banisters comparing the day's adventures; the clerks gathered into little groups round the different desks and talked in energetic undertones; the typewriter leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes, tired with poring over interminable rows of figures and keys. She was a brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, in a sober brown frock, a little frayed at the edges, but worn with a certain grace altogether lacking in many of the showier damsel's gossiping on the other side of the partition.

"That is all for to-day, I think," said Mr. Boyd, the staid elderly cashier, locking up his desk and coming across to the typewriter's table. "Ah, no! There is one more letter, and then you may close. Be good enough to hand in the letter at the private door as you pass, Miss Hunter. I am going now."

Joyce Hunter nodded and turned back to her machine. She was still listening to the girls behind, as she touched the keys. They were talking about the annual excursion for the employees at Grant and Greaves'. It was to come off next month—the twenty-first—and promised to be even better than last year's, inasmuch as it was to break new ground, and include a three hours' sail out and in.

"Anything is better than being penned up in a stuffy railway-carriage all day, as we were last summer," observed one of the girls. "On a boat you can walk about a bit and change your company now and again."

"I'm getting the loveliest blue frock for it," said the other; "yards of lace on it. Mr. Cathcart believes in nothing but pink; but that's not my colour."

"Will you tell me where I can find Mr. Boyd?" interposed a strange voice.

Joyce took her fingers off the keys with a start. Her table faced the top of the staircase, consequently she was the first person visible to new-comers.

This one was a short, sturdily-built young

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fellow in seafaring rig-out—from the stoke-hole, Joyce mentally decided, as she noted his strong grimy hands, and blackened face.

"Mr. Boyd I asked for," repeated the visitor impatiently. "They told me he was up here."

"So he was," returned Joyce; "but he went away ten minutes ago. I don't know his private address."

"I've no time to look him up if you did," retorted the other. "I wouldn't have missed him for a good deal."

"I am very sorry," said Joyce politely, seeing the blank expression on the young man's face. "Couldn't you leave a message, or something? He will be here to-morrow morning."

"I'd a great deal rather have seen him; but it can't be helped, I suppose. My name's Blake, and I'm going to sea to-night. Will you give him this parcel? It's money; there's



"I AM GOING NOW."

ten pounds in it, and he's to say nothing about it to anybody—to anybody, mind—till I come back. He knows what it's for."

"If it's money, you had better give it to some one else. You don't know anything about me," said Joyce, drawing back a little.

"What for?" was the blunt question. "You've an honest face, and I've no time to go raking round after people. It's not a deadly undertaking for you."

"Very well," said Joyce, half reluctantly, "I'll give it to him first thing in the morning. I'm not used to carrying such a lot of money about with me."

"Good-bye, then," said the other, putting on his cloth cap—it had been tucked under his arm during the colloquy—and vaulting down the staircase three steps at a time.

Joyce thrust the canvas bag—almost as grimy as its owner—into the depths of her dress-pocket, and finished the interrupted letter with a little feeling of annoyance.

The girls had gone away now, and she had wanted to hear the plans, though there was no likelihood of any lace-trimmed frocks for her. Joyce had only her stipend to depend upon, and needed every sixpence of it to make ends meet. There was no "tying them over in a handsome bow"—no margin for "extras," "sundries," or extravagances of any kind.

Still, a very little sunshine in the distance makes all the difference in the grey present. That busy upper room held a charm of its own for Joyce Hunter; the dusty staircase was a veritable Jacob's ladder for the bright visions she carried up and down with her. Long hours and scanty pay were but outside circumstances that did not in any way limit the fair possibilities dawning on the horizon.

He—the foundation of the visions—was in the counting-house department, a pleasant, good-natured young fellow, with a cheery word and smile for anyone with whom he chanced to come in contact. Lately he had taken to lingering by Joyce's table to talk to her. Once or twice he had given her the button-hole out of his coat. The first freshness was off the flowers certainly, but Joyce treasured the limp violets and rosebuds as if they had been the rarest orchids. And one evening—it was nearly a fortnight ago now—he had walked the whole length of Grove Road beside her. The colour came into Joyce's pale face at the remembrance, though, with a curious contrariness, she had gone home by another route since, for the sake of her girlish dignity, or possibly from some lurking fear that the experience might not be repeated.

Joyce buttoned up her brown jacket, and went slowly down the staircase, pausing at the private office to hand in the belated letter. And then, as she turned away, Joyce caught her breath with a sigh of ineffable satisfaction, for someone—the someone—came out of a door close by, and fell into step beside her.

"You are surely later than usual," he remarked. "I saw old Boyd go down half an hour ago. There was some son of Neptune hunting after him."

"Mr. Boyd went away just after five," returned Joyce shyly. "I don't think he was quite well to-day, Mr. Cathcart."

"Oh, nothing ever ails him—he's made of cast iron, I believe. By the way, you weren't at Parker's lecture last night?"

"No." Joyce flushed with pleasure that she had been missed, but she could not very well explain the cause of her absence—admission, one shilling—for the present sordid details were promptly relegated to the background.

They walked on down the dear, dingy Grove Road together. He told her about the lecture, stringing the chief incidents in a light effective style that Joyce privately considered a very masterpiece of eloquence.

"You are not to back out of the twenty-first, remember," he told her when they parted by the station at the end of the road—he was going to catch a train for some football match. "We must all look up our finery that day, and do credit to Grant and Greaves. That's one of the reasons we get the jaunt, you know." And then he lifted his hat and ran up the steps to the station; and Joyce went blithely homewards.

She glanced at Mr. Boyd's corner the moment she entered the top room the next morning. It was empty, and she was a minute or two late herself. The canvas bag was still safe in her pocket. No thief or robber had relieved her of it. Indeed, Joyce had thought wonderfully little of her responsibility—other affairs were more interesting. She sat down before her table and waited for orders.

By the half-hour one of the clerks came up the stairs. Joyce appealed to him in some impatience.

"Do you know what is keeping Mr. Boyd? I can't begin anything."

"Yes, they sent me up to tell you; Mr. Boyd was found dead in his bed this morning. Some kind of a fit, they think."

A buzz of shocked comment rose up from all sides; the cashier had not been a universal favourite, still he had been a long-standing institution in the place. It was difficult to realize that his tall figure and quiet shrewd face were to be seen there no more; a curious shaken feeling of insecurity pervaded the room. If death had taken him, which of them was safe?

"Bailey's coming up to take his work for to-day," went on the messenger. "Old Greaves is quite floored, he didn't seem to know what to say."

After that talk had to cease, and business go on as usual. In the middle of the morning Joyce suddenly remembered her unfulfilled promise. What was she to do with that ten pounds? She could not even mention it—silence had been the one stipulation enjoined. Joyce carried the canvas bag home with her for the second time in much perplexity, and locked it up at the bottom of her private drawer. It might be that Mr. Boyd had left someone to look after his affairs, or she might hear something that would be a guide; but in the meantime there was nothing for it but to go on keeping that unwelcome trust.

But one week, two weeks went by, and brought no light; the cashier—as far as could be discovered—seemed to have lived and died a solitary unit, neither wife nor child, brother nor sister came to claim acquaintance with him. A brief will bequeathed his savings to a neighbouring hospital where he had once taken refuge through an attack of typhoid fever, and the quiet funeral which Mr. Greaves and some of the older clerks attended in an official capacity, completely closed his connection with this world's affairs.

"I can't imagine why you should be so curious about his belongings," said Walter Cathcart one day when Joyce had been diligently inquiring on the subject; "had you any reason to expect a legacy?"

"Oh, no," cried Joyce. "I was only wondering if he had any friends of the name of Blake."

"Blake," echoed the other, "I never heard of any, and one thing is certain, we never shall know now. Old Boyd had a wonderful capacity for keeping things to himself. You will find his successor much easier to deal with. Do you know it's likely to mean changes all round?"

"How?"

He laughed.

"It sets the ball rolling. There will be a general stir in the camp before we are many

weeks older. Get your congratulations ready by the twenty-first, perhaps I'll have something to tell you then."

Joyce went home in a blissful dream. Paradise came very near that night, there was but one thorn with the rose, but one crook in her happy lot, the state of her wardrobe. All the other girls would be gay as butterflies that day. It was hard to be the homely sparrow of the company, especially when she felt so sure that it was to be the red-letter day of her calendar. Joyce spread out her brown frock on the bed and contemplated it with scathing disapproval.

"I can't—I simply can't—go in that. I must have a new one from somewhere. I wonder if Mrs. Driver could lend me a sovereign for once."

It was a forlorn hope indeed, but Joyce marched bravely into the landlady's kitchen and stated the facts of the case as eloquently as she knew how. To no purpose.

"I'd lend it you in a minute, my dear, if I'd got it," said the good woman, resting her wrinkled hands on the edge of her washing-tub, "but you might as well ask me for my head. There's the children wanting shoes all round, and the water rate to call again, and not too well pleased about it either. You don't know what trouble means, till you're a widow woman with a tribe of hungry bairns. What's a shabby gown to that, Miss Joyce?"

Joyce played with the baby for a minute or two, and went back to her own room. It was only one week to the twenty-first, there was no time to be lost; she unlocked a drawer and looked at the little canvas bag. Would it be very wicked if she were to borrow it from that? It was no use lying there, and the owner might not be back for months—years perhaps—it couldn't hurt him in the least, and she could save up and replace it long before there was any chance of his return. Of course if she could have obtained it anywhere else she would; but there was no other way, and the gown was a case of real necessity.

Far into the short summer night Joyce sat there debating the point, and the fate of the debater has passed into a proverb; by morning the matter was settled, and not for a gown only, it was no use spoiling the ship for a pennyworth of tar. There was to be a hat, shoes, gloves and all the little et ceteras that make or mar the whole effect.

After the first step there is a fatal smoothness about the downward track. Joyce put all misgivings out of her mind and threw herself heart and soul into her unaccustomed finery. She hardly recognised herself in the fair vision that flashed back from the very limited square of glass on her dressing-table—indeed, she almost ran the risk of being too fine, it takes a little practice to attain exactly to the fashionable level. Certainly it had mounted up to a good deal more than the sovereign originally intended. Joyce was aghast when she sat down on the Saturday evening and reckoned up the cost. Three pounds were missing from the canvas bag, and three pounds is a sum not easily deducted from a weekly income counted by shillings; it would mean a diet of bread and butter chiefly, and not too much of the butter, an absolute dearth of all but the bare necessities.

No matter, Monday would be worth it all. Joyce had seen nothing of Walter Cathcart through this week; he was in London on business, but he was to be home to-night, and Monday was the twenty-first. That day bounded the horizon. Joyce hardly defined to herself exactly what she expected to happen, but in her heart she felt it would far out-balance the guilty discomfort that might easily become something worse, if she allowed it to get the upper hand.

And so, on the whole, the intervening Sunday passed by not unhappily, and Monday

morning came blue and bright, a perfect June day, and with a beating heart under all her bravery Joyce sallied forth to reap the reward of her outlay.

They were to meet at the railway station—a goodly company were already there when Joyce arrived, and were crowding into the carriages with much talk and laughter. Joyce stood a little apart, sweeping the platform with quick, furtive glances, for the face that meant everything to her. She wondered that he was not first and foremost in the throng; he liked the front row, and generally contrived to be there, but so far she could see no sign of him.

"Come, Miss Hunter, it's time we were taking our seats," said one of the book-keepers, coming up to where she stood. "There's a place for you in here."

He was drawing her towards a carriage. Joyce cast another anxious glance at the big entrance door.

"Everybody hasn't come yet, Mr. Bateson?" she asked.

"Pretty nearly everybody, I think," he answered, scanning the windows. "Anyhow, you had better get in here, there's some of your upstairs friends."

There was a fair representation from the top room—from all the departments indeed. Joyce could not bring herself to ask for Walter Cathcart by name. She took her seat with a sudden sense of dire dismay and perplexity; of something woefully wrong somewhere. The girls surveyed her in astonished admiration.

"Well, you are grand to-day, Joyce, we hardly knew you. We shall all have to take a back seat now."

"Of course," laughed Joyce; "have you been waiting long?"

"Yes, we were almost the first; it was half the fun seeing them come. There, we are off at last."

Mr. Bateson squeezed himself in at the last moment, and wiped his brow as if he had already achieved a hard day's work.

"It will be cooler when we get on board the steamer," he announced. "It's a great pity Cathcart isn't with us."

"Where is he?" asked two or three, in chorus?

"In London. G. & G. are going to send him out to the Shanghai branch—a first-rate crib it is. He's to sail the end of this week, so it's a chance if we see him again."

"Sharp work that," remarked a pale clerk opposite.

"Well, you see, there was a general move up when poor old Boyd's desk fell vacant. I hardly thought Cathcart would have got that appointment though, a good many had set their affections on it."

"Including yourself?"

"No, it's too far off for me. Besides, when a man has a wife to consider it alters the case, you know, Miss Joyce."

Joyce had not spoken—what could she say? She sat back in her corner feeling as if the whole round world had suddenly collapsed about her. The strong light dazzled her eyes, there was a chill in the fresh breeze that came in through the window—the spring brightness had vanished utterly. To sail the end of the week, and she would be here alone week after week, year after year, with nothing to look forward to, nothing to hope for. Joyce was too stunned just yet to realise quite how much it meant for her.

They said afterwards that was the finest excursion Grant and Greaves had ever had; the sky was without a cloud, the sea blue as sapphire; white splashes of daisies lay like drifted snow on the meadows, the hawthorn hedges filled the air with sweetness.

Joyce remembered it only as one of the longest, saddest days of her short life. She

wandered away from the others, and sat on a fallen tree and stared at the summer radiance about her with dim eyes. What if the trouble was her own making, that made it no easier to bear. Walter Cathcart had not intended to mislead her; had given her no reason to reproach him; it was her own doing if she had set him on a pedestal he had not aspired to, her own folly that had decked her out to-day, and all for nothing.

"If he had seen me for only one minute I would hardly have minded what came after!" cried Joyce, in bitterness of spirit. It was the uselessness of it that hurt. Was it for this that she had failed in her trust and taken money that did not belong to her? The bare ugly fact stood out now, unsoftened by any glamour of success. In her youth, Joyce had been well grounded in the doctrine of retributive justice. Sitting there in the sunshine it was firmly borne in upon her, that this judgment had befallen her of set purpose, and that there was nothing for it but to take up the everyday round once more, and make restitution to the best of her powers.

Joyce shivered at the prospect. The deprivations that had looked so light with that fair hope behind them, wore a different aspect now, and she had not even a parting word, a good-bye, to treasure up through the blank years before her.

But that was a mistake; Joyce had a parting word, though it was hardly of a kind to treasure up. Walter Cathcart did put in a brief appearance at the warehouse the last day, and ran up to the top room for a minute or two.

He was full of his new prospects, and jubilant at the novelty of the voyage, which rather overshadowed old interests.

"I told you to get your congratulations ready by the twenty-first, Miss Joyce; but I hardly expected quite such good luck," he told her, pausing by her table, and scattering the papers right and left.

"Are you glad to go?" said Joyce gravely.

"Glad—I should think so; it's a chance in a thousand. I'll send you the prettiest piece of silk I can find out there some day. You can keep it for a wedding-dress. I don't think I ever saw you in anything but brown—like a Jenny Wren."

And Joyce never mentioned her luckless pink gown; what was the use? It had just been a miserable piece of folly, and was still to be paid for. She went home and put her finery away out of sight; she had no heart to wear it, the brown frock would answer every purpose now, and economy was the order of the day henceforth.

Ah, that three pounds, so quickly spent, it took twelve long weeks to save one. Where the owner was, or when he might reappear, Joyce had no knowledge; but she almost prayed for adverse winds and tides to delay his coming. The deepest humiliation of all would be having to own to that complete stranger that she had taken his money and belied the honest face he had credited her with possessing.

And winds and tides also failed her; they generally do, when one's whole dependence is staked upon them.

One dripping November evening—half-past five—Joyce stood on the steps unfurling her umbrella, ready to step out into the splashing, aslit street. Some one in a long macintosh dashed past; a few paces further on he came to a sudden stop, and looked back at her inquiringly.

"It is you," he said; "I was sure I'd seen you somewhere."

Joyce stared at him with startled eyes. Was there to be no end to the trouble that broken trust had brought upon her?

"Oh, are you back already?" she cried sharply.

"Already—it's four months since!" retorted the traveller, in rather offended tones. "If you'd been tossing about all weathers, as I have, you'd change the tune, I think."

"I beg your pardon," faltered Joyce; "I didn't know how long you went for, and—and I couldn't help it—Mr. Boyd died."

"Yes, poor fellow, and there's an end of my nest-egg; he promised to take care of it for me, and he's done it to some purpose—that hospital has swallowed up everything."

He was walking down the wet street beside her. For an instant cars, cabs and people were all mixed up in grand confusion before Joyce's bewildered eyes. An unexpected door of escape had suddenly opened for her. He knew nothing, would never guess, and he was a man—he could earn money so easily. Need she tell him? How could she say it?

They were in the Grove Road now, the road she had walked so blithely with some one else once, and there it was that Joyce shut to the newly opened door, and deliberately made up her mind to continue the journey up the thorny path of repentance; that other lapse had brought her little joy, she dare not risk a second.

"I've got to tell you something," she said, in an unsteady voice, standing still under a flaring gas-lamp. "The hospital didn't get your money. Mr. Boyd died that very night, and I didn't tell anyone. You said no one was to know about it."

"Then—"

"I've had it locked up at my lodgings all the time, and once I—I wanted some money dreadfully, and I took three pounds out of it, and I've only saved up one of them; that's why I didn't want you to come back yet."

The young man gave a low whistle; he was looking keenly down at Joyce's confused scarlet face.

"You must have wanted it pretty badly. Were you ill, or any of your people?"

"No," blurted the defaulter, "it wasn't anything of that kind. I haven't any people. It was just some finery I wanted, and it's never been one bit of pleasure to me."

There was an uncomfortable silence; it lasted till they were out of Grove Road, past the station, and into the quiet by-street, then Joyce broke it desperately—

"I'll give you the bag now, if you will come on to Mrs. Driver's, and I'll save up the two pounds as soon as I possibly can."

"There is no hurry about the bag; leave it where it is, I don't particularly want it at present."

Joyce looked at him in astonishment.

"Don't you understand—it was your money that I took, though you said I had an honest face."

The honest face was under a cloud just then—hot shamed tears streaming down it.

"Well, I think that still, there is little fear of your taking any more, and it will be a deal safer with you than with me; I never could keep money. Will you just go on taking care of it for me? I'd rather throw it into the nearest dock, than see you worry like this about it."

That was the beginning of it. Joyce has gone on taking care of the canvas bag, and the pounds that have been added at various intervals. A year or two later, the price of another gown was taken out of it—plain white this time. That piece of silk from Shanghai never made its appearance; perhaps Joyce might not have cared to wear it if it had; at any rate, nothing could be equal to white—she wants nothing else.

Mrs. Driver's room is empty, and Grant and Greaves are advertising for a young person, with some knowledge of shorthand, to take charge of the type-writer.

SARAH PITT.

## THE USE OF FEATHERS IN EMBROIDERY.

THOSE of my readers who have seen the feather cloaks made by the Maories and other native tribes will, I think, agree with me that the effect is often very beautiful, for there is no coloured object in the world more exquisite than a beautiful feather. In turning over in my mind how the work of the needle may be developed and novelty obtained, it has occurred to me that feathers might be introduced with advantage, and one way of doing this I put before the readers of the "G. O. P." It is to

combine feathers with needlework as shown in the sketch of peacock screen. The body of the bird, and legs and wings could be worked in silks and crewels and the tail feathers of the peacock sewn on. The end of the feathers should be taken behind the needlework, and by reducing the thickness of the quills this can easily be done. With a sharp knife you can easily pare down the back of the quills so that your needlework can be taken over the ends of the feathers, and these are thus made

to appear as though they grew out of the needlework. The feathers can be attached to the fabric by stout silk of a brownish or greenish tint securely tied at the back so that it does not become undone.

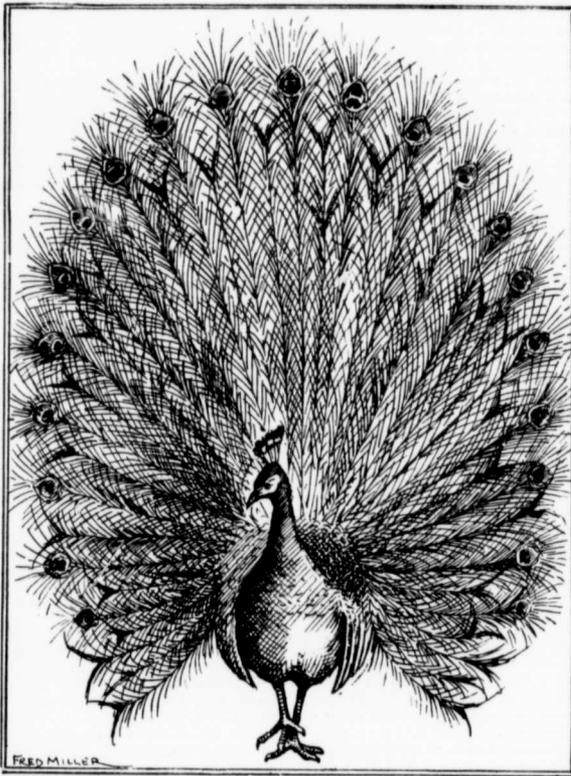
The feathers should be arranged in some sort of order, getting the larger ones at the top and the smaller ones at the lower sides. There are in the tail feathers some which have not developed into eyes, but are very beautiful for all that, and these might be alternated with the eyes. I have endeavoured to show this in the sketch. With regard to the working of the bird itself this may be done either in outline or solid. If the breast is worked in peacock blues, the legs might be merely outlined in a warm brown, the back of the bird where the feathers are to be inserted should be in a yellow green. Some readers may feel that the breast of the bird might be composed of small feathers sewn on, but I am inclined to think that it is better to confine the feathers to the tail, and I am not at all sure that outline embroidery would not do for the bird. It is a mistake to attempt to be too naturalistic in embroidery. It is an ornamental art and not an imitative one, and therefore all objects should be treated ornamentally rather than realistically.

As regards the material to work on any light coloured fabric may be chosen. Canvas or linen would do very well. I fancy the feathers would be more effective on a light than a dark ground, but this is a matter of taste. A deep indigo blue might throw the feathers into relief, but on the whole I lean to a light rather than a dark fabric. There is a slight danger of moth where feathers are used, but blowing on a little spirits of camphor occasionally or a little insect powder will guard against such a danger. The feathers might have a dressing before being *appliqued*.

Many other treatments of feathers will occur to my readers other than the one shown in sketch, but having possibly started the reader on a new quest she can follow up the suggestion for herself. Small feathers for instance might be *appliqued*, and some very charming combinations be the result. I may mention that the body of the peacock should be life-size as you are using real feathers.

It would look ridiculous to have the bird smaller than its own feathers. Those who live near the Zoo can there study the bird from life.

Of course it would be quite possible to form a design without working the bird, or only the head and neck introduced with the feathers to form a background as it were.



## A TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

The Songsters of our Scottish woods; their notes

Sound loud and sweetly in the morning air:

Their melody throughout the woodland floats, Attracting by its charm the listener there.

1. A Syrian Lake: here many a native chief Together leagued to quell th' invading host;

But their resistance, altho' brave, was Their tribes were swept away, destroyed, and lost.

2. Beyond the western ocean, in the land Where brick of simplest fashion toilers make,

The clay is dug, then moulded by the hand

And scattered for the ardent sun to bake.

3. Hard by an English river's southward course

Rises a hill that slopes its eastern side, And on its summit did a Roman force

Erect a four-square camp and there abide. Open your English histories and search

The Roman town, with which the hill was crowned.

In after years, here rose a glorious Church, Cathedral of the Diocese around.

Cardinal, Bishop, King, he coffined here; Dane, Saxon, Norman, all each other's foe;

And canopies of sculptured lace appear To shield the figures of the dead below.

When you have found the name, omit the two

Concluding letters of the Roman word,

In which they strove, as all invaders do, To catch th' uncultured accents they had heard.

4. Momentous utterance! a wondrous change It works in some for woe, in some for bliss:

Throughout our English language we may range

And find no such portentous phrase as this.

5. One of five brethren, who all thought produce,

No culture can for us too great be deemed;

Not lavishes her treasures for our use; Yet when I'm common, I am most esteemed.

XIMENA.

## IN SPITE OF ALL.

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

## CHAPTER XVI.

NORAH'S peep at London life had widened her experience somewhat, but it had certainly not given her any feeling of discontent for the quiet home with its simple duties, its calm routine, and the presence of those with whom she was in sympathy. To her the "world" was still a place to be avoided; she was out of touch with its pleasures, its interests and its ambitions, and it seemed to her that the nearer she lived to her own ideal of the Christian life the less would she have in common with it.

"But don't you think the people in this village are the 'world' too, Norah?" said Lady Anstruther when the girl once spoke to her in this manner. "Don't you find them often unkind, uncharitable, selfish and unlovely? You know we have not many saints in Woodfield who are quite disinterested, have we?" And Lady Anstruther smiled, wondering, as she sometimes did, how much blankets and soup and odd shillings had to do with the attendances at church.

But Norah had her answer.

"That may be," she said, "but my duty towards them is simple. They know why I go to them. We are told to minister to the poor. If they gossip about one another I am able to stop them without giving offence. If they are ungrateful I bear with them in the hope that some day I may be able to draw them nearer to holy things. It is all for Christ's sake. At the end of the day one feels one has not wasted it. But at dances and dinner parties, and when you are paying visits to rich society people, like I did with Mrs. Gilman it is different; you must be willing to interest yourself in so many things that certainly are not distinctly Christian, and possibly are not right. And it is impossible to talk seriously without being considered peculiar, and it is all a great weariness and doesn't seem to do anybody any good."

"You may be quite right, my dear," said Lady Anstruther. "Of course you must judge for yourself. You have certainly chosen the simplest and easiest and it may be the safest path. Perhaps you are called to it. But for my part I have, I must confess, more sympathy with the holy life lived in the world, and which while never encouraging what is wrong, can yet take part in all innocent amusements and share the joys and sorrows of the rich as well as the poor. And somehow, although I know that human nature is the same in us all, I cannot help a secret preference for it when it is refined. But then you see I was brought up in this world which you despise, and I am sometimes inclined to sympathise with those poor rich people whom it is the custom to abuse." Then she added, "I suppose you would call Sir John 'the world,'

or," with a gleam of mischief in her eyes, "is he under one of the other categories? You certainly avoid him very carefully."

Norah got very red.

"Lady Anstruther, Sir John doesn't like me."

"Poor Sir John. Well, you see, you don't give him much chance of knowing you better, and perhaps you are one of the people who improve upon acquaintance."

"If I thought it would give Sir John any pleasure to see me, of course I would sit with him sometimes. But you know, Lady Anstruther, I have always been rather afraid of him."

"And perhaps the aversion, if there was any, was not all on one side. Well, do you know, Norah, I have found that very often the best way to overcome a feeling of that kind is to see as much as you can of the object of it. If you and my husband saw more of each other I believe you would become quite attached. Besides," she added in a lower voice, "I think you could help him, Norah."

"I help Sir John," cried Norah in amazement. "How?"

"In the same way as you helped old Nick Bales, my dear."

Norah reddened again, and her eyes filled with tears, partly because of the gentle voice and look which accompanied Lady Anstruther's words. Nick Bales had been a dreadful old reprobate and the despair of both Mr. Gilman and his predecessor. Not long since he had met with an accident, being thrown under the wheels of the waggon he was driving. He lingered for some weeks, however, and during that time Norah visited him constantly. He would not see the parson, or if he did turned a deaf ear to all he said, but somehow, by the wonderful tenderness and love which this young girl could bestow on the suffering, she had won a place in his heart; he was amazed at her sympathy for one like himself, and by-and-by he began to see there was something he could not understand that made her so patient and forbearing, and that enabled her to overcome the shrinking which he knew a lady must feel from his dirty room, the impure air, and the accompaniments of his illness. Gradually he was won to listen to her reading of the Bible, to hear her prayers without impatience, and to try and keep from swearing when he was in pain. At last he was induced to receive Mr. Gilman respectfully, and when he found that the clergyman, whom he had despised, was no less humane and forgiving than his daughter, he was won to put his trust in him and in the message he had been commissioned to bring. Before he died he was so evidently a changed man that his end had been a subject of marvel in the village. And Lady Anstruther, who had herself visited him, had sufficient insight to

perceive that his repentance was sincere; and had been told by the man himself that if he got to heaven he would owe his eternal happiness to this girl who had led him to his Saviour.

"Sir John is a very different person from poor old Nick," said Norah.

"Well, I hope so," said Lady Anstruther, unable, as usual, to resist seeing the funny side of the matter. "He has not to my knowledge poached very frequently, nor shot a man in a quarrel, nor been drunk six days out of seven. But I don't see why he should be any less a cause of concern to you. I believe it is in your power to make his life happier. He can't run away from you as he used to do, Norah. And though I am afraid he would never stand being what he calls preached at, and is inclined to consider even sincere religious conversation cant, I am sure he would be glad of your sympathy in the things which interest him. Who knows but that by that way you might get him to sympathise in the things which interest you!"

"But what are the things which interest him?" asked poor Norah, who did not share Lady Anstruther's sanguine expectations that Sir John would be even gracious to her, much less admit her to his friendship.

"You silly little creature, your training will never be complete," said Lady Anstruther, patting her hand, "until you have some knowledge of human nature. Find out what he likes to talk about. For a beginning there is the subject which I like best to speak of. Try it with him."

"Do you mean—Mike?" said Norah hesitating, but smiling in spite of herself. Certainly there was one thing which she and Sir John had in common.

"Of course I do," said Lady Anstruther. "My dear husband is not half such a hard-hearted person as you think, Norah. He has natural affection just as much as Mr. Gilman. You might even find he liked to talk about me sometimes," she added. "And then you know he is great on Egyptian antiquities. You might get him to enlighten your mind on those matters; it won't weary you much more than the rambling reminiscences you sometimes have to listen to from your village cronies, and it may be a little more profitable."

"Well," said Norah, "if you are sure, Lady Anstruther, that he won't turn me out I will summon up courage to go into the library next time I come."

Perhaps Lady Anstruther prepared him. At any rate it was true as she had said, that he could not any longer run away from Norah, and possibly he was not altogether sorry now that he was cut off from so many pleasant things to see a young person in a pink print dress and a hat trimmed with roses, walk into the dark library in answer to his gruff "Come in." Norah had an idea

manner with invalids, and her low sweet voice was not the least of her charms. She had come armed with a letter she had received from Michael and which she offered to read to him. She also suggested letting a little sunlight into the room, and as the light fell upon her where she sat, and gave brightness to her hair and face while she read, Sir John found himself looking at and listening to her with distinct gratification. How often he had longed for the presence of his own dear little daughter, and thought how much easier his trial would have been to bear if only Evelyn could sometimes come and sit with him, and laugh at and pet him, and give him her girlish sympathy. That could never be now. And he had rejected other comforters. But he could not help acknowledging, when Norah said somewhat timidly that she thought she had better go, that he was sorry to lose her so soon. He had been very polite to her, and refrained from saying anything sarcastic, so Norah felt less afraid of him, which was a good thing, for though Sir John never considered people's feelings, he was really more sensitive himself than anyone gave him credit for, and he hated anyone to be afraid of him. Norah went to Lady Anstruther able to report that she thought the visit had been a success, and she should be encouraged to try again.

So she did, but the half-hours spent in the library or the dining-room, or by the side of his chair on the lawn were not all so pleasant as the first. Sometimes he was very morose and tired poor Norah and tried her nerves; sometimes he was depressed and full of complaints, at the same time rejecting with scorn the only consolation she had to offer; now and then he provoked her purposely, half amused, half interested at seeing the sudden flush of her delicate skin and the steady compression of her lips. "I can't get her to hit back," he told his wife. "She's a provoking little thing, and I wish she were more of a spitfire, but I can't help admiring her self-control, though I wouldn't tell her so for the world." But Lady Anstruther told her, and Norah, who knew now that she was bearing witness to the truth she believed, and realised that Sir John would be ready to note the first little flaw in her armour, and to seize on the first impatient word or sign of anger with a sort of triumph, was more than ever on the watch. By-and-by Sir John began to get fond of her, and then he became exacting, and wanted to have more of her time than she could spare. She was helping him to catalogue some of his curiosities, and he hated the necessary stoppages, and interruptions, though Norah was generally not sorry when she could conscientiously say she must go. Sometimes she was obliged to cry when she got home from sheer weariness, and the boys used to say to her that when she had been with the curmudgeon, as they disrespectfully called him, her eyes were at the back of her head; but none the less it was worth while, for was he not Mike's father, and was there not the hope that, as Lady Anstruther had said,

she might some day be able to help him to higher things? But it needed all her faith to believe it, so far did Sir John seem from any approach to faith, or hope or charity.

One afternoon early in August she had been sitting with him doing the somewhat uncongenial work till she was physically unable to sit still any longer. He had not offered her any tea, being himself unaccustomed to drink it in the afternoon. Lady Anstruther was out driving with a friend who was staying at the Hall, and Norah, as they were not likely to be back punctually at five, decided not to wait for them, but to go home. It was a hot day and she was not ordinarily fond of walking in the sun, but any movement was grateful to her, and she went down the drive rather rapidly, anxious to get home. She was not in the most cheerful frame of mind, for though it is doubtless true that virtue is its own reward, the person recompensed is not always immediately aware of that fact. Suddenly Norah saw some one approaching at a pace more leisurely than her own, and as at Woodfield to meet anybody at all was an event, she found herself wondering who it could be. And then in a minute her cheeks were no longer pale nor her eyes sunken, and her walk was almost changed into a run. The cause of this excitement quickened his pace, however, and the next moment Norah and Michael were holding each other's hands. Taken by surprise as she was Norah, even if it had been natural to her to do so, could not conceal her happiness, and Mike would have been blind indeed if he had not noticed her radiant look. To be welcomed joyfully is gratifying to anybody, but when one is lonely and sad and disappointed and has just sustained a loss, there is something doubly acceptable in the knowledge that one's presence in the world is able to give happiness. It was not till afterwards, however, that Mike realised, being made wise by his own experience, that his coming meant to Norah the end of longing as well as the beginning of gladness. It is possible, that though at no time given to a high estimate of his own attractions, he would have seen this sooner if he had not been pre-occupied by his thoughts of Beattie ever since love had found a place in his heart at all.

Just now, however, he could only feel how good it was to be at home again, and his childhood's playmate was part of home to him. He did not see any difference in her, but Norah perceived in the first minute, though she said nothing, that Mike was changed. The marks of his recent struggle were yet upon him.

"I walked up from the station," said Mike in answer to Norah's question. "I came home unexpectedly. And I thought I would take you by surprise."

"Your mother is out. Lady Greystone is staying with her, and they drove to Elford."

"Have you been taking care of the father then? I hear that you have become great chums."

"I am cataloguing the antiquities,"

said Norah, with a somewhat rueful expression.

"Poor child. What a task! I began it once, but the father had no patience with my stupidity, and we quarrelled so we made no progress. Were you going home?"

"Yes."

"Don't. Come back and give me some tea."

Norah obeyed willingly enough, and while Mike went in to see his father she gave the necessary orders and prepared for her congenial work of ministering. Her heart was singing for joy, and yet there was a touch of sadness at the back of it as there is with most happiness, because Mike had gone through some suffering, and she knew nothing about it. But when he had washed the dust off him and joined her in the drawing-room, and they had had tea and asked and answered many questions, she was not sure if her first impression was a right one, or if after all it was only that she noticed Mike was older and graver, in a way she would not have done if there had been no separation since last year's sorrow.

Soon after Lady Anstruther's return Norah again set out homewards, but with what different feelings from a little while back. Mike had told her that he would be in England for a month, and that was a long time to look forward to, with the almost daily intercourse which took place between the Hall and the Rectory.

Michael and his mother had a long talk that evening as they sat alone in the dusk. Lady Greystone had considerably left them together and retired to the library on the plea of neglected letter-writing. She had grown-up children of her own, and she could enter into the feelings of these two who had not met for many months. Lady Anstruther heard from Mike that his hopes of ever marrying Beattie were at an end. He told her very briefly what Mrs. Swannington had said, and Lady Anstruther understood that though he was in need of her sympathy, Mike would not care for many words on the subject.

"I had so hoped for your sake, dear, that you would get what you wanted, that I can scarcely believe it is otherwise," she said.

But except that she was sorry for any sorrow of his she did not altogether regret that matters were at an end. Better certainty than suspense, and this Beattie was quite unknown to them. Besides she agreed with Mrs. Swannington that there were other nice girls in the world, and that a man's first love was not always his last. And again her thoughts reverted to her little favourite, Norah. But this was no time to speak of her.

In the morning she had a suggestion to make. She had long wanted to take Sir John to the seaside, and what better opportunity could they have than now, when Mike would be with them to help to take care of him? The question was where should they go? If it had not been for the presence of Mike's enchantress, Lady Anstruther would

have been tempted to try Crabsley, or some place on that coast, but it was wiser to keep out of that neighbourhood. Lady Greystone told them that the year before she had greatly enjoyed a stay at Bude, and then Lady Anstruther remembered her promise to take Norah with her one day to visit some of the spots she remembered. Lady Greystone's stay was to terminate in a few days, and that would just give them time to make the necessary arrangements.

After lunch Mike went up to the Rectory to call on Mr. Gilman and give Norah Lady Anstruther's note of invitation. There was no doubt about Norah's delight. Her eyes were sparkling when she showed her father the letter and asked if she might say "yes."

"We should like her to come if you can spare her, sir," said Mike. "My mother and father seem to look upon Norah as their special property."

"I know I have been away already this year, father," said Norah, "and if you want me at home I won't go. But I should like to," she said.

It was so seldom that Norah desired anything for herself with such apparent earnestness that Mr. Gilman was quite surprised at the warmth of that "I should like to." Norah generally wanted to do what other people liked, and had a way of choosing the uncongenial rather than the pleasant thing for herself. Still he was glad of anything that would give her happiness. He laughed.

"I shall be quite jealous of your parents, Mike," he said. "It requires great persuasion as a rule to get this silly child away from home. Or is it you that are the attraction?"

Poor Mr. Gilman spoke in the most innocent manner. It had been a joke when Norah was quite a little girl that she would follow wherever Mike led, and he could persuade the somewhat timid child into attempting feats which were risky and even dangerous. "You would if Mike wanted you to," the boys used to say when they were old enough to wish her to join them in

freaks which she was beginning to discontinue.

Mr. Gilman therefore meant nothing more than he had thought or said many times before, and he was consequently a little startled when even his near-sighted eyes saw the effect of his words in his daughter's crimson cheeks and the imploring look she cast at him.

Mike came to the rescue, for he too had noticed Norah's confusion and silence.

"I am afraid I can't flatter myself to that extent, sir," he said. "I am told this holiday is an old subject of discussion. But I shall exercise my ancient prerogative of being Norah's protector, for the father it appears has been availing himself of her good nature to an alarming extent, and I mean to keep the Egyptian antiquities out of Devonshire."

"Well, some sea air will do you good, Norah. And those young scamps as usual have holiday invitations. So I don't see any reason why you should forego your trip. And I shall manage as I did last year."

"Why don't you come too, sir?" asked Mike. "It would do you a world of good. You never go anywhere, and you ought to have a change sometimes, oughtn't he, Norah?"

Norah had sufficiently recovered her composure to be able to look at him now, though there was still a little self-consciousness in her glance. She did so hope Mike had not seen how red she got when her father had spoken to her.

"I wish he would," she said. "But I have tried to persuade him so often that I have given up any hope of doing so."

"Yes. My wandering days are over, I think. Besides, what change will it be for your parents if they take the whole of Woodfield with them?"

But Michael having once got an idea into his head was not going to relinquish it in a hurry. Perhaps, too, the half formed thought which had entered his mind made him desire that the father and daughter should be together as their guests rather than have Norah singled out from the family, or let her and him rely on each other too much for

society. Besides, Mr. Gilman's life was, or seemed to the young man, utterly monotonous. Even such a little variety as change of scene would do him good, and make the long, quiet winter less trying to him.

"Come for my sake, sir," he said. "I do not see you constantly at any rate. And think what a difference it will make if I have someone to take excursions with, and long walks such as you and I enjoyed when I was a youngster. Besides I have no end of interesting things to tell you. And I don't know what chance I shall have if you stop here and I go away."

"Do you really mean it, my boy?" said Mr. Gilman. "Can the society of a deaf old fogey like me give you any pleasure? Well, I daresay I could arrange for Graylet to do my duty. I've obliged him many a time. And there's no one very ill. But speak to your father first. I don't want him to be worried by the sight of his parson when he's out of the parish. But we are better friends than we used to be, he and I, Mike. That's this girl's doing, I expect. Bude, isn't that near the place where Hawker lived?"

"I believe it is," said Mike. "My father says there are no end of interesting churches round there. You will be as happy as possible poking round. I'm glad that's settled. It is settled, isn't it, Norah? Don't you let him persuade himself out of it."

Mike looked very serious as he walked home.

"I do hope I'm mistaken," he thought. "I expect it's only that she's grown up now, and doesn't take chaff as she used to do. It's too absurd to think she could care for me like that. She might almost as well fall in love with one of the boys. Poor little Norah. I hope she has a happier fate in store for her than to care for some one whose love is given elsewhere?"

And as Beattie's face rose before him in the radiant beauty in which he had last beheld it, the image of Norah faded away, and he thought of her no more.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETIES.

## WITHOUT CEREMONY.

The famous surgeon, John Hunter, was a busy man and did not stand on much ceremony with anyone. His wife, on the other hand, was an agreeable, clever, handsome woman, fond of gay society.

On returning home late one evening, after a hard day's work, the surgeon unexpectedly found his drawing-room filled with musical professors, connoisseurs, and other idlers, whom Mrs. Hunter had assembled.

He was greatly irritated, and walking straight into the room addressed the astonished guests pretty much in the following strain:

"I knew nothing of this kick-up, and I ought to have been informed of it beforehand; and as I am now returned home to study I hope the present company will retire."

## PUNISHMENT FOR SCOLDS.

A form of punishment for women who misused their tongues in the town of Sandwich during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is worth mentioning. It consisted in having to carry a large heavy wooden mortar suspended from an old broom over the shoulder, or in having it borne before them, through the principal streets. This custom appears to have been peculiar to Sandwich.

In the annals of the town the following is the earliest allusion to it:—

"1518. A woman for abuse of the mayor was sentenced to go about the town with the mortar borne before her; but her husband commuted the punishment for a fine of twenty-one pence to the corporation."

We have no instance of the punishment being enforced after 1637.

## NOT PRACTICALLY APPLIED.

*Farmer Clovertop*: "Waat did that boy of yours learn at college?"

*Farmer Hayrick*: "Well, he learned Greek, an' Latin, an' football, an' fencin', an' a lot o' things."

*Farmer Clovertop*: "Fencin', hey? Well, I don't see as how your fences look any better nor mine."

## THE PHILOSOPHER.

Welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids, nor sit, nor stand,  
but go!

Be our joys three parts pain,  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never  
grudge the throe.

## FROCKS FOR TO-MORROW.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE really inclement weather of June made a very serious difference in the frocks for both to-morrow and to-day. No one knew quite what to buy, and I fear the shops felt the weather as much as we did, and, like us, were

left out in the cold. People returned to their winter jackets, and even sables were seen in the Park. Without the aid of the tailor-made where should we have been? Fortunately that is always with us, and each year it be-

comes smarter and more dressy, and, sad to say, more expensive too.

The real novelties in dress are, perhaps, not many this year; but the change in nearly all things is great. The dresses are long and



A SUMMER GROUP.

trailing, and, unless for a bicycle, the short dress is not seen; though I had hoped that women would be sensible and would cling to the comfortable short skirts, which do not require holding up. Even the tailor-made more than touches the ground. For them the new umbrella skirt is not liked, and the gored skirt, with a narrow front gore, and two or more at the side, is preferred; and it accommodates itself with the clinging style very well.

The difficulties of cutting the circular flounce are so great to the ordinary dress-maker, that few of them are a success, unless cut by a first-class hand; and it must be remembered that they require a double-width material, of at least fifty inches wide. The straight portion is for the front; but the best of a well-cut one is at the side, for there it is really very difficult to make them sit, and not fly out in an ugly fold. I notice that many ladies prefer the Spanish flounce instead of the shaped one. The report heard in the early days of the season, that we were to "rustle" no more, and no more noisy silks were to be worn, has not been carried out by facts, as they are noisy; for I see all the many frocks of thin materials, gauzes, muslins, canvases and grenadines, are all very rustling indeed, with handsome silk linings. Indeed, they increase the expense of dress dreadfully this year, and make really smart dressing impossible, save to those with good allowances. People who live in the country are better off; and they say that coats and skirts for Ireland and Scotland, and the country, are the s e possible wear; thus economical dress is quite attainable still.

There are so many white belts to be seen nowadays, and I find so much ignorance of their effect on the figure, that it is well to draw attention to the fact that women and girls with long waists should not use them, but wear black belts instead, as the white give too great an effect of length to be becoming. Short-waisted people, on the contrary, acquire an artificial increase of length which is very desirable. It should be remembered also that a white waistband needs a very rounded waist indeed to look well, and in this way a very stiff waistband is not desirable. The white silk webbing or Petersham, or a white satin band, are the prettiest, and, personally speaking, I would always prefer a white band to a black one, to be worn with skirts and muslin blouses for young people. In the new dresses which are made with black satin ribbon sashes, these are put round the waist and crossed at the back through a buckle of paste or steel, without any bows at all, merely the two ends, which reach nearly to the bottom of the skirt. This produces a very pointed effect at the back, which is not becoming unless care be taken to keep the front of the band well down, for a band up in front, and down at the back cannot be becoming.

The illustrations display the frocks of the month extremely well; their dainty lightness, and general effect of frills and laces, which is so fascinating and summer-like. The first is a group of four figures, the centre of which shows one of the pointed capec which have been one of the new introductions of the season. It is made of silvery grey satin, which is covered with lace and flounces of *chiffon*. The lace and *chiffon* is black, but both are so light in character that they do not look in any degree heavy. The seated figure has also a cape of satin, but it is white in this case, and has bands of black velvet laid over the

black figured lace covering. The ends of these bands are finished with paste buckles. This is quite a full-dress cape, and has a charming appearance. The dress is of a plain grenadine, over a watered silk or *moire*, and it has one of the new grenadine or *chiffon* sashes.

The figure which is sketched standing up in this picture wears a very new and pretty costume of black gauze, with silver stripes and spots. The silver stripes are really a narrow *galon* which forms the trimming of the bodice and sleeves. The hat is white with black feathers and *chiffon* and silver ornaments. A sash of *chiffon* is tied in front. Many of these new sashes are of lace, either in white or black; those in white are made up with a lace border trimming at the edges, so that they look like a handsome scarf; there are two long bows and two ends at the back, but the scarf does not go round the waist; there is a satin ribbon and an edge of the white lace like a fold appears below it, just giving a line of white or

very much more than is desirable, when one remembers how injurious it is. But not only that, the effect produced when the waistband is unduly tightened is to make a bulgy look both above and below. This is nicknamed "the pudding bag" effect, and should be very carefully avoided.

The extent to which American boots and shoes have taken in England is very remarkable, especially among the upper classes, who seem to prefer this long-toed foot-gear to our English make. The pointed toes really seem inordinately long, but are considered to produce a slight and thin effect, which is much sought after. The newest strapped shoes have very tiny straps across them, and all cut very close together, and these are ornamented with very small steel buttons. I do not see nearly so many patent leather shoes worn by women this year, and fine kid seems to be in the ascendant. The green kid shoes, which were, it is said, the invention of some woman



WHITE MUSLIN GOWN WITH TUCKS.



NAVY BLUE CLOTH AND ÉCRU LACE.

with large feet, are to be seen everywhere in the windows of the shoe-shops, but they are intended principally for wear on grass and in the country. With white gowns, nearly everyone wears white shoes and stockings, and they look, to a certain degree, very nice indeed, though they have a decided tendency to make the feet look large and rather clumsy. Our eyes do not readily get accustomed to the look of white stockings after the neat effects of the usual black ones.

The "white muslin gown, with tucks," which forms the subject of our next illustration, has quite a novel method of treatment, as it is tucked in vertical tuckings from the middle of the bodice to the knee, and from thence there falls a full flounce, which is trimmed with narrow knitted *ruches* of black gauze, with a rather thicker one at the edge of the dress. The yoke and sleeves are of black figured lace, and this is laid over a muslin foundation. Black velvet bands ornament the

bodice, and a black velvet sash finishes it, which is secured at the back by a handsome paste buckle. White muslins, as well as coloured ones, are very generally trimmed with black velvet ribbon of very narrow width. Three or four rows are used on the flounces, which are also finished with a border of Valenciennes lace. The bodice is sometimes worn over one of white satin, and there is a very general liking for white satin as a trimming to other bodices, which extends into having tucked yokes, and sleeves of white satin, to gauze and taffeta gowns.

The third illustration shows a navy-blue gown of fine ladies' cloth, which is decorated with *écru passementerie*, or perhaps more truthfully describing it, lace *appliqué*, which is laid in a floral design on the front breadth, and follows in a round shape to the back breadth. The half of the bodice and the top of the sleeves is made of apricot silk. The flounce at the front is of *écru* lace. The silk is tucked vertically, and the sleeves are gathered at the shoulder. This gown was worn with a black hat and apricot feathers and roses.

The newest hats all turn up directly in front, and have a large black velvet *choux* bow in the very centre, over the hair, and sometimes a paste ornament. Very long ostrich feathers are worn on them, which start from below this rosette-bow, and wander round each side, and there is often a cluster of black tips as well, to say nothing of ospreys. The only comfort one has about this is, that they are not real osprey feathers, but are made of the stalk part of the feathers of any bird. Coloured hats are more seen than either white or black just now.

There is an immense bow of white lace or *chiffon* beneath the chin, and this seems really to grow larger and larger every week. Everyone wears a lace scarf when they do not wear a white, or white and black mixed feather boa. These are worn short, and are drawn into a V shape at the waist, and held tight, so that they are not always slipping off.

The colours most used are apple-green, which is trimmed with black lace, watermelon pink, which is used also with black chocolate, colour, and is trimmed with the new burnt orange colour, a very favourite hue; which is also seen with turquoise blue; but the last-named is in as much favour as ever, but more for trimmings than entire gowns. Sage green is much used for dresses, and foulards and taffetas of dark blue with white designs on them are great favourites for morning wear. They are trimmed with white silk muslin or baby ribbon *ruches*, and generally have white satin yokes and sashes. White hats are more used with them than coloured ones. Roses are the sole decoration, apparently, on all the hats, and a very well-known milliner told me the other day that everyone liked them better than any other flower. They are open and fully blown this year, but have no leaves; and they are now frequently used in shades from dark to light. Cerise is with us still, and so is a handsome dark red, which seems popular for taffeta gowns. I have seen a number of bright and light yellow dresses and blouses lately, which are always trimmed, as I have described, with black velvet and white lace.

The small pearl necklace is nearly always seen, and the long chains with it; and I have lately been told that amber beads will be used in the autumn, and also pink coral. This seems to point to a revival of the necklace, which we have not seen for so long a time.



## THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

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

## CHAPTER II.



IT must not be supposed that David's attention was entirely absorbed by the attractions of his opposite neighbour during lunch. He was keenly alive to the novelty of his surroundings. He certainly had not expected, when he started out that morning, to find himself at mid-day within a mile of his point of departure, established as a paying guest at Boscombe Hall, with this circle of people, not one of whom he had ever met before. He considered that circle, one by one, with more or less interest. First came his host at the head of the table, to whom he had been hastily introduced before luncheon. He looked almost as old as the oak tree in the park, although he took some pains to hide the ravages of years, holding himself erect with conscious effort, and composing his features from time to time as if to smooth out the fine wrinkles that clustered about his mouth and eyes, but they reasserted themselves instantly. Each wrinkle seemed to tell its own tale of disappointment. His clothes, though carefully brushed and put on, were shabby, a trifle frayed at the button-holes and shiny about collar and cuffs. He held himself a little apart from his guests, not joining much in the general chitter-chatter, but listening with a sort of aristocratic indifference of manner.

Once or twice David found his keen old eyes fixed upon himself, as if anxious to discover what manner of man he was. Mrs. Menzies must have been at least twenty years younger than her husband, and betrayed a nervous anxiety that her guests should be satisfied and comfortable, yet determined withal that the family traditions of greatness should be kept well before them. Her conversation was cleverly interlarded with references to the county families, as if that were the only form of society in which she could be expected to take any interest. Deborah was not to be seen. Clearly she had her meals apart from the rest of the family, but the child's mother sat near David, a woman of some thirty years, whose colouring and complexion made him think that she must be a foreigner. She was still good-looking, but her face did not please him. It was haughty in expression, and her manner was supercilious. She scarcely addressed a word to David, but confined her conversation almost entirely to Miss Laing. The other guests were too uninteresting to bestow more than a passing thought upon, a profoundly commonplace old maid of plump proportions, whose chief object in life seemed to be, at present, to secure the

good things at table for herself, and a naval officer and his wife, whom Mr. Menzies had evidently known in earlier happier days. From the company about him, David's eyes wandered to the room where they were seated, with its oak panelling and family portraits of successive generations. Valuable old china glimmered from corner cupboards and antique silver glistened on the table, kept bright, though David knew it not, by Mrs. Menzies' own hands.

"Poor souls! lots of possessions and no money," thought David, as he rose at the end of the meal to open the door for the retreating ladies, winning by the simple act of courtesy golden opinions from his hostess. Mr. Menzies retired very soon to his library at the other side of the hall, and there his wife found him, half an hour later, sitting by his writing-table with his head resting in his hands in an attitude of indescribable dejection.

"I'm not sure that you have done right after all, in allowing that young man, Russell, do you call him? to come without any sort of guarantee for his respectability but his calling card. You've been impulsive, my dear. It is reducing ourselves much to the level of a common lodging-house."

Mrs. Menzies clasped and unclasped her hands in nervous agitation.

"It would not do always, I know, dear. It is right to be particular, but sometimes one can trust one's instinct, and I knew that young fellow was a gentleman the moment I set eyes on him. He's used to good society too. Did you see the way he opened the door for me, and sprang up to change my plate at luncheon when I was waiting? His name, too, is in his favour, and Deborah was quite taken up with him."

"It is sheer nonsense to quote a child of seven years old."

"But children's instincts are often true."

"Well, well," sighed Mr. Menzies, "I suppose one must make the best of it. The whole thing is hateful to me. I sit here and think, and think, if there is any other way of making money, but none suggests itself."

"We might sell the place," suggested Mrs. Menzies, "and often I think that, hard as that would be, it would be better than this hideous struggle to keep up appearances."

Mr. Menzies' pale face flushed to the very roots of his scanty grey hair as he brought down his hand heavily on the table.

"Never! never!" he cried, his old voice shaking with suppressed passion. "Not in my lifetime. I'll live and die here like the rest of them, and when I'm starved out and laid underground you can do as you like about it, but I shan't be here to see, thank God."

He tried to recover his self-possession with an uneasy laugh.

"It's no use reopening that discussion, Eliza. There's the boy, Tom, you know. He may make a happy hit yet, and I may live to see the old place set in order before I pass away."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Menzies soothingly, but she only wished to humour the old man's fancy. Secretly she had but little hope of any such happy issue out of their troubles. The Menzies, of late, had not proved themselves a money-making lot; they missed the proper commercial spirit. Tom, the only surviving son, had spent his life in mixing speculations which all failed. He could not support his own wife or child even, so there seemed no prospect of his building up the family fortunes, and with Tom the male line of the family was apparently to end. The only child he had had was Deborah whom her grandfather had never forgiven for not being a boy. It was the crowning disappointment of his latter years.

Tom's marriage had been bad enough, a new and hated departure from the traditions of the family. No Menzies had heretofore married a foreigner, and Tom had given his heart away to this South American girl, whose father had been an Englishman, but her mother was a Spaniard, and Mrs. Menzies, junior, was Spanish to the backbone. Then the old man's hopes had centred on Tom's children, to be frustrated once more by the appearance of Deborah, who, at four years old, was sent home with Tom's wife until better times. The better times had not begun yet, and that was three years ago.

David, left alone, sauntered about the grounds by himself, first through the large walled-in kitchen garden, where the fruit trees grew rampant for want of pruning, and vegetables and groundsel struggled side by side for existence, into the greenhouses, conspicuous chiefly for a general absence of paint, then through the further door of the garden to the stables, where there were stalls for a dozen horses, and no living creature to be seen in them but a rat, who glared saucily at David with its bright eyes, and slipped leisurely back into its hole.

"I can't think what possessed me to come here," thought David, "but I've only committed myself to this deplorable fate for a week." Then a path through the shrubbery brought him back to the lawn and there, seated before an easel, was Miss Laing, making a sketch of the house. She was a very beautiful picture herself, and David's lips parted in a smile as he looked at her, and he was honest enough to own that that face and the impertinency of the child who sat at Miss Laing's feet were the reasons of his taking up his abode at Boscombe Hall. He crossed the lawn quickly, throwing away his cigar. Deborah acknowledged his presence by a grave nod of recognition, but Miss Laing did not look up from her painting.

"It is far prettier on canvas than in reality," he said, glancing over the artist's shoulder.

"That is what an artist should do, soften down the ugliness and bring out unsuspected beauties," said Miss Laing, lifting her soft lazy eyes to David's face. "I want it to be pretty; it is for the old gentleman."

"How pleased he will be," ejaculated David, feeling that the girl was as good as she was beautiful.

"It's an order," she said, rather coldly. "I'm an artist by profession, or hope to be one day. I study in London for more than half the year, and in summer I come down here. What made you say you knew me? I very nearly exposed you on the spot?"

"I said we had met before, and so we had," said David, laughing. "There is a very fine line of distinction between veracity and truth. I repented on the

spot, however, but honestly I felt as if I knew you already. Hulloa! Deborah, where are the fircones?"

"In the box," replied Deborah soberly.

"Aren't you going to play at anything? I thought, perhaps, you'd run a race with me. I feel sure somehow you'd beat me."

For a moment Deborah looked inclined to desert her post.

"We could run it when she goes in to tea, couldn't we?" she asked. "I don't want to go away just now."

The child's devotion was rewarded by a smile from the object of her adoration.

"I wonder what made you come here? Do you want a quiet place for reading," Miss Laing asked David, presently.

"No, I'm running away from books. I've just finished my last exam. for the Indian Civil Service. I'm out in search

of—amusement, I think," with a quick glance.

"You'll take your pleasure sadly here then. There is absolutely nothing to be done."

"You won't mind if I watch you at work then?"

"Not in the least," said Miss Laing calmly, "but you'll find it pall after an hour or two."

"Deborah does not seem to find it dull," said David, looking after the child as she ran off to the house for something.

"Deborah! she's infatuated about me," and Miss Laing laughed; "but that will not last either."

"Won't it? I'm not so sure, the child has such true eyes."

David was late for tea that afternoon, and came in hatless and breathless, having lost his race.

(To be continued.)



## BATHS AND BATHING.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

WHAT is more delightful than a cold bath on a hot morning in August? How exhilarating is the cold water, and how soothing is the reaction which follows! What can be more pleasant, when the midday sun is pouring down his sultry rays on one of the three hot days that are said to constitute an English summer, than to lie in a hammock under the shadow of a thick tree and dream after having indulged in the morning tub?

What is more miserable than trying to bathe in freezing water filled with needles and sheets of ice on a dark morning in the middle of January? When the soap refuses to lather and the towels are frozen hard—and if you succeed in melting them they are scarcely less wet than your shivering body. After this to go to work still shivering from the morning tub which has not produced a reaction, to try to make an effort with hands blue, nose red, and teeth chattering, with an aching body and a torpid mind, and to believe that a cold bath in the morning should be taken by every one, always and everywhere.

One hears from nearly every source that a cold bath in the morning makes you warm by reaction, heightens the appetite, whips up the energy, and produces a healthy body and a

clear mind. So it does, *usually*. Nothing is better than this daily bath for the old country gentleman who eats and drinks too much, who can live in the fields all day long, whose only exertion is riding or hunting, and whose mind is not fraught with care. But is it equally good for an anæmic girl, working twelve hours a day in a factory, whose food is insufficient, who is compelled to live where fresh air is unobtainable, and who can never take a proper amount of exercise?

"Oh, yes, it should be indulged in by every one!" says the hearty sportsman who never felt ill in his life.

I know better. Would it surprise you to hear that yesterday I attended a man who died from the effects of a cold bath? Yet it is true. The man had a fatty heart, and the bath brought on an attack of angina pectoris, in which he died.

"Oh," says the sportsman, "I did not mean that a man who was not healthy should take a cold bath! I know nothing about that."

"Then would you advise that the factory girl should take a cold bath every morning?"

"I don't know anything about factory girls," he replies.

"Then why did you say that every one 'should take a morning tub'? Perhaps you do not include factory girls in 'every one'? They are ten times more numerous than sportsmen and of far more consequence to civilisation. If they are not so healthy as you are, it is not their fault!"

This man is quite right from his point of view—a cold bath will never do him any harm; but, like most healthy people, he cannot understand that some of us are feeble and have to live in unhealthy surroundings. Few citizens can obtain sufficient air or exercise.

I do not want you to think that I disapprove of a cold bath every morning. On the contrary, I take one every day myself, and think that for most people it is an excellent practice, for some almost indispensable. I only wish to insist upon this fact—that a cold bath is a powerful agent, that it can do good, but that it can also do great harm.

Let us briefly review the "physiology" of the morning tub, and then we can understand more clearly how and when it should be indulged in.

On jumping into a cold bath and squeezing a spongel of water down your back, the

breathing is momentarily checked—this every one has experienced. The blood-vessels of the skin contract, and the blood pressure is raised; this slightly embarrasses the heart and congests the internal organs. On getting out of the bath a sense of warmth and comfort is experienced. Now the vessels of the skin dilate, flushing the surface of the body and removing the congestion of the deeper organs which occurred during the bath. The heart is relieved. The bath has acted as a stimulus, and as a very powerful stimulus, to the brain and heart. The bodily vigour is increased, the mind rendered more active, and the appetite sharpened.

We all know that healthy people who take a morning tub eat a large breakfast. The effects of the bath last for a varying time—sometimes for the whole day. But you will often notice that "tubbers" tire more easily than others. Nothing can stimulate either the body or the mind for more than a short period, and all stimulation must be paid for afterwards by depression.

If a bath produces the above symptoms, it does undoubtedly good, and should be taken. But it does not always produce these results. If the water is too cold (of course some can stand much lower temperature than others), if you remain too long in the bath, if you are delicate, or if from any other reason you are unable to withstand the shock to your system, one of two things will happen: either the reaction will not occur and you will remain cold and semi-torpid all day, or the result of the bath will wear off and in the afternoon, or perhaps before lunch-time, your whole energy will go and you will be fit for nothing for the rest of the day—often with a splitting headache to boot.

Many patients, chiefly young women, have consulted me complaining of total inaptitude to work after lunch, and I have often found that stopping the morning tub has effected a cure. If your appetite is not excited by a bath, that bath does harm. There are many people whose nervous system cannot stand a severe shock.

Now you will ask me, "Ought I to take a cold bath in the morning?" It depends upon yourself, try it and see if it agrees with you.

Most people can stand a cold bath in summer; few can stand it in severe frost. The other day a woman was boasting to me that she always made her children take a bath summer and winter. She thought as so many think that there is a special virtue in a cold bath, and that the virtue increases in the same ratio as the coldness of the water. She stated with pride that the water was often frozen and that her children used to slide on the ice before rubbing themselves with the icebergs.

"But, madam," said I, "surely you don't think that this will improve the health of the children?"

"Oh, yes, I am sure of it; and, besides, cold baths can do no harm. No one ever took cold from a cold bath."

I wonder where she got this notion from? Nothing in my experience has been more fertile for producing "colds" than a cold bath!

"Madam," I retorted, "do you take a cold bath every morning yourself?"

"Well—a—no—not always."

"Did you take one to-day?"—a freezing day during the great frost of 1895.

"No, I did not; but my children did."

"Well, madam," said I, "take an ice bath to-morrow morning and come and tell me how you like it."

She took the bath and came to me.

"Well, doctor, I don't think a cold bath suits me."

"I well believe you. An ice bath suits

very few people. If you take my advice, you will substitute a warm bath for your children in place of ice." Which she did, greatly to the benefit of her offsprings.

If you cannot take a cold bath, you may raise the temperature a little by adding hot water—not sufficient to make the bath warm, but just to take the chill off.

There is a new way of taking a cold bath, which does not produce so much shock and of which I have heard that it is very pleasant and efficacious. It consists of standing in a bath of warm water and sponging the body with cold water contained in a vessel by the side.

Whether you should take a sponge bath, a plunge, or a shower bath, or a combination of two or more of these, is a matter of taste; but the plunge is the most severe.

The most important action of the bath is to clean the skin, but this seems to be entirely overlooked by some people.

The cold bath necessitates the use of a sponge. Sponge, as most of you know, is the skeleton, or rather the earthy part, of a colony of gelatinous animals. It consists almost entirely of silica—in other words, it has the same composition as flint.

When you buy a sponge, do not get one of enormous size, as besides being very expensive cumbersome and difficult to manoeuvre, it is almost impossible to keep it clean. When you have bought your sponge, soak it in warm water for twenty-four hours. If it is gritty, soaking it in a solution of hydrochloric acid (spirit of salt) (1 in 20) will remove the grit and render the sponge soft.

After a sponge has been in use for some time it usually becomes slimy and offensive. To prevent this, always wring out the sponge after use and hang it up to dry. If it has become slimy, soak it in hydrochloric acid for twenty-four hours. Wash away all traces of the acid, and leave it till it becomes quite dry. On using it again you will find that all the sliminess has gone. It is the presence of funguses and bacteria of various kinds that causes a sponge to become slimy.

A cork mat in the bath-room is a great luxury. Cork, being a non-conductor of heat, prevents the cold creeping up the legs.

Another luxury for the bath-room is a fire or stove of some sort. A bath is much more likely to produce a healthy reaction if the room is warm.

The chief external agent for producing a thorough reaction and for stimulating the circulation is the bath towel—let it be rough, large and dry, and use it energetically.

Ice baths are very useful in some diseases; in fact, for reducing a high temperature there is nothing to equal them. If you are nursing a patient with fever, you may be told by the physician to give the patient an ice bath if the temperature rises above a certain point (it may be 103° F., or whatever he thinks best).

To give a person an ice bath, let the bath be filled with tepid water, and when the patient is placed therein, gradually add lumps of ice till the temperature is lowered to the required degree. This way gives less shock than placing the patient at once into ice-cold water.

Warm baths seem to have been grossly neglected of late, yet they are really of more importance than cold baths. In cold weather a bath of about 60° to 65° F. may well be substituted for water somewhere below 40° F. with advantage.

A warm bath is a far more useful agent both in health and sickness than a cold bath. Children and elderly persons should never take any other than a warm bath.

The warm bath is a time-honoured remedy for infantile complaints, especially for fits occurring during dentition. The treatment

of infantile complaints, however, has been considerably altered since we were in that condition of existence, and now a warm bath alone would not be considered sufficiently active treatment for fits. Still it may be used with benefit if no other remedy is at hand; and sometimes it gives good results, whereas it can do no harm.

The temperature of a warm bath must not exceed 100° F. If you dip the tip of your elbow into water at 100° F. it will feel fairly hot. Never take a bath at a higher temperature than this—unless you wish to emerge like a boiled lobster—not that in itself it is dangerous, but because the danger of catching cold afterwards is very great.

The "physiology" of the hot bath is very different from that of the cold bath. On getting into warm water the blood-vessels of the surface are relaxed and the skin is flushed so that the amount of blood in the internal organs is reduced.

On getting out of the bath no reaction follows. If, however, you stand in a draught, a reaction does occur and the internal organs become congested, and many serious affections may be started in this way. Many inflammatory diseases of the gravest kind can be traced to "catching cold" after a bath.

Everybody knows that a hot bath should not be taken after a big meal, but it is not every one who knows the reason for this. After a meal all the blood in the body, that is not absolutely necessary for the other organs, goes to the stomach and other digestive apparatus. The blood is withdrawn from the skin. If now you flush the skin, the blood with which to flush the skin must come from somewhere. Where can it come from? Either from the stomach (in which case digestion will be seriously impeded) or else from the other organs, when the brain may be rendered anæmic and fainting occur. So you must not take a bath after meals for the same reason that you must not work or walk after eating; all your energy must be given up to the process of digestion.

Whatever form of bath you take, always dry yourself well afterwards with a good rough towel, and be very careful to keep out of draughts.

Sea-bathing is a delightful way of taking a bath, and when at the seaside for a holiday sea baths should never be neglected by those who are strong enough to stand them. They are best taken when the sun is on the sea.

A lady once told me that it was impossible to catch cold after bathing in the sea. I do not know where she got her information from, it certainly does not agree with my experiences.

Sea-baths are very liable to overdo it and remain too long in the water. The proprietors of bathing machines at fashionable seaside resorts are greatly to be commended for limiting the time allowed for the dip.

If you cannot go to the seaside, you can get a fair substitute for sea-water by dissolving sea salt in the water of your bath. In London you can have sea-water delivered at your house, but I do not think that it has any special advantage over the salt.\*

A footbath is a very useful thing in certain complaints. Washing the feet with hot or cold water will often relieve certain forms of sleeplessness and cold feet at night. The mustard footbath is very useful in cold in the head, bronchitis and other inflammatory affections. A footbath of boric acid (half an ounce to the quart) at bedtime will relieve excessive perspiration of the feet, and act as a preventive from chilblains.

\* Remember that you cannot use soap with sea-water.

## OUR PUZZLE POEM REPORT: "FLUCTUATIONS."

It was April weather, and I was sad—  
So sad I thought my heart would break.  
All the sky meant rain, and badly clad  
I wandered round the drear, dank lake;  
"If I weren't a Christian, O, I would plunge  
"And wipe out my troubles as with a  
sponge!"

But the weather-cock moved—the sun  
came out—  
A cowslip at my feet looked up,  
All the larches shook wet limbs about,  
The birds came forth for song and sup;  
And my garden looked so refreshed and  
clean  
I thought what an idiot I had been!

## PRIZE WINNERS.

*Six Shillings Each.*

Miss E. Blunt, Pitsford, near Northampton.  
Caroline Bracey, 37, Sparsholt Road, Crouch  
Hill, N.  
Edith M. Brock, The Ferns, Alcester Road,  
Moseley, Birmingham.  
Eveline Hooley, 13, Twyford Street, Derby.  
Florence E. James, 1, Highwood Road,  
Upper Holloway, N.  
Clara E. Law, Rylstone, Enfield, N.  
Ellen E. Lockyear, Claremont, Pontefract.  
Annie G. Luck, 136, Upper Gosvenor Road,  
Tunbridge Wells.  
Ada Rickards, 1, Greenland Villas, Wood  
Green, N.  
Annie Roberson, 8, Mount Pleasant Crescent,  
Hastings.  
Mrs. S. A. Sanderson, North Street, Ash-  
ford, Kent.  
M. Short, Grandsen Cottage, Grandville Street,  
Peterborough.  
Miss L. W. Siffken, Anglefield, Slade's Hill,  
Enfield.  
Ellen R. Smith, 11a, Union Court, Old Broad  
Street, E.C.  
Gertrude A. Spink, Sandal, Wakefield.  
Helen C. Stone, High Street, Ewell, Surrey.  
Edith Mary Young, Tor Crest, Torquay.

*Special Mention (equal with above).*

Eliza Acworth, E. M. Howard.

*Most Highly Commended.*

May Baker, Ethel G. Bell, Lily Belling,  
Nanette Bewley, Miss Box, Gertrude Broom-  
hall, Edith Carpenter, Alfred E. Cashell, J.  
A. Center, Ellen Chester, George R. Davidge,  
Annie Davies, Mabel E. Davis, Martha A.  
Fitzwilliam, Ada Graves, Florence Graves,  
Alice E. Johnson, Ethel L. Jollye, E. T.

Loader, Arthur Madin, Mabel B. Miles, Mary  
E. Miles, Annie Neaum, Annie D. Pope, E.  
G. Potter, Ellen M. Price, Ida Rafford, Eliza-  
beth Rose, Annie Saunders, W. R. Scotland,  
Alfred Scott, Edith F. Sellers, A. C. Sharp,  
Ethel J. Shepard, Fanny Shepard, Helen  
Simpsons, Helen Singleton, Mrs. G. W. Smith,  
S. Southall, Margaret B. Strathern, Emily  
M. Tattam, Hubert Tatte, Elizabeth Yarwood.

*Very Highly Commended.*

Emma Adcock, M. Adeney, Ethel B. An-  
gear, Florence M. Angear, May Ashworth,  
Helen Baines, Francis R. Bentley, Eleanor  
Bonwick, Kate Buchan, M. J. Champaigns,  
Mabel Chudleigh, Annie H. Claridge, Leora  
E. L. Clark, A. M. Cowman, Marion L.  
Davies, Dorothy Dodd, C. Flather, B. G.  
Fletcher, A. and F. Fooks, Mary Fudge,  
Florence L. Gardiner, Caroline Gundry, Minna  
How, Alice L. Hunter, Amy Johnson, A.  
Kilburn, E. C. Kitchin, Ethel Knight, Nellie  
M. Knight, Ethel Leather, B. M. Linington,  
Emma Linnell, M. Dorothy Long, Mrs. Man-  
ning, Mrs. C. A. Martin, M. G. Mason,  
Marian E. Messenger, E. C. Milne, Elsie  
Montagu, Mrs. Amy Moraine, Elizabeth Mug-  
ford, Ethel Normanton, Edith V. Olver, M.  
Osley, Lilla Patterson, F. T. Phillips, Edith  
M. Prentice, E. Preston, N. E. Purvey, Emily  
L. Reid, Rose Riedel, Eva Robertson, Hazell  
G. Robson, A. Roderick, Mabel Sackeld,  
Daisy Saffery, Gertrude Saffery, Bessie Salis-  
bury, Beatrice Sennett, Mildred M. Skrine,  
Annie L. Smith, Gertrude Sterling, James  
Swan, Ellen Thurtell, Annie F. Walker,  
Louisa Whitcher, Maud White, Mrs. Winny.

## EXAMINERS' REPORT.

After examining twelve hundred solutions we are not in a condition to write an ornate report. Happily this is not necessary, as there are quite enough points in the puzzle calling for instructive comment, and instruction should never be ornate. It would be easier to explain why not if we knew precisely what we meant.

Not one solution gave the author's version exactly, and yet, such is the nobility of our professional nature, many were marked as perfect. It is to the imperfections of these perfect solutions that we must first turn our attention. "All the trees shook dripping limbs about." Now the trees are larches, and the limbs are wet. But the difficulty of drawing a larch which does not look like a tree is obvious (we do not refer to amateur attempts), and the limbs appear to be dripping. Wherefore we have no fault to find with this reading

of the line. It may be urged—indeed, it has been—that if "trees" had been meant a variety would have been presented. This is true, but inasmuch as the swallows in the following line can only be rendered "birds," we could not with propriety insist upon the point. "Firs" and "pines" are quite as good in conjunction with "dripping," but having regard to the length of the line, not with "wet."

Many authors of these perfect solutions will wonder why their names do not appear in the prize-list. The omission of the necessary comma between *drear* and *dank*, the substitution of "weren't" for "weren't," and the writing of the weather-cock otherwise than as a compound word are the chief of the responsible imperfections. Another very common error was a neglect to divide the "poem" into two stanzas. It is, of course, extremely sad that such things should be, but it was only by the discovery of them that we could keep the prize-list within the prescribed limits.

We have been obliged to omit the highly commended and honourable mention lists this month, not because there are no solutions deserving of such honours, but because there are so many.

A much larger proportion of the competitors than usual made mistakes as to the correct length of the lines. For instance: "I wandered round the drear, dank lake"—one syllable long. "But the vane moved, the sun came out"—two syllables short. "All the fir-trees shook dripping limbs about"—one syllable long, unless line 3 be rendered, "All the sky too meant rain, and badly clad," an admissible but not very happy reading.

Swallows for "birds" in line 10 is open to the same objection. Furthermore, swallows do not come forth for song even in April. No competitor who failed to give the right length of any line has been mentioned.

In the 11th line the "guard" was commonly taken for a line yielding the curious reading "linen." One's linen is not generally improved by a shower of rain, unless it be in a very reprehensible condition indeed.

"Green" often took the place of "clean," being a pure guess. The title was left out in a number of instances, and "thought" was often carelessly substituted for "felt" in line 2. Inaccuracies like these are fatal to success in these days of excellence.

One competitor laments that she has tried for some years to win a prize, but without success. We are glad to be able to congratulate her upon this month's reverse of fortune, and we venture to express the hope that she will not squander the six shillings she has so hardly earned.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## MEDICAL.

ELLEN KAVANAGH.—You say that your throat "swells" outside and that your eyebrows get "puffed up." You have a sensation of throbbing in the throat and a choking sensation on exertion. You are also anæmic. Here is a problem—everything here can be accounted for by anæmia. But anæmia may only be the result of the "swollen throat," or again they may be independent of each other. You have not given a sufficiently accurate account of your swollen throat for us to be able to tell you what is wrong with it. The swelling may be due to enlarged glands, or to goitre, or to other causes. The "throbbing" may occur in either condition. You therefore see that we cannot give you a direct answer. Under any circumstances you should treat the anæmia, which may be done by attending to the rules we have given, from time to time, in this paper. We advise you to see a surgeon about your throat.

MILLY.—Freckles are caused by the light of the sun and not by high temperature. Some girls are very much more prone to them than others. Freckles are masses of pigment and originate in this way:—There is a small amount of pigment in the skin of everybody, this pigment increases in quantity in a strong light; more than this, the light gathers together the pigment into certain spots thereby producing freckles. If you are a photographer you will have heard of "actinic" rays. These are the rays that produce the photograph, and they likewise produce freckles. The photographer shields his plates in the dark room by red glass, and you can protect your face from freckles by wearing a red veil, or using a red parasol. If your freckles are very numerous and dark, you can bleach them with peroxide of hydrogen. Apply a little of this fluid to the spots. Sponging the face over with dilute solutions of toilet vinegar, or household ammonia (used very weak), are said to be preventives from freckles, but we very much doubt their efficacy.

HOPEFUL.—You say that your right leg is longer than your left, and that the right hip is more prominent than the left. This you attribute to standing on one leg (the right). Do not you think that you stood on the right leg because it was longer than the left? The legs are very often of different lengths. You are not yet twenty, so it is exceedingly probable that you will outgrow the deformity, which, to judge from your letter, requires a critical eye to detect. No, there is nothing to be done for it, but to wait.

TROUBLED JIM.—Sulphur soap is usually of a pale yellow colour. It cannot be pure white, but it may be a very pale yellow. If your soap is brown it must contain some ingredient other than sulphur, which gives it its colour. The colour of your hair is "chestnut."

"FRECKLES," "DOLLY" AND OTHERS.—There seems to be an epidemic of freckles this month! Read the answer to "Milly," another victim of this complaint.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

**NOVA SCOTIA.**—Such slight divergence of religious creed ought not to prove a barrier in married life—but rather the reverse. Our opinion, based on a large outlook, is that most marriages are happy, and that a union of hearts such as yours ought to be the highest form of human existence.

**TOURIST.**—Yes, Wilson's *Handy Guide to Norway* (Stanford) is the best and the only one up to date.  
**HEED.**—SAY, "I wish Daisy were (not was) here!" also, "If I thought she were going, I should wish to leave too." Certainly it is not "the right way" to pronounce "congruity" as "superfluity." The words have perfectly dissimilar significations. The former has four syllables divided thus—con-gru-i-t-y, and the latter had five syllables—su-per-flu-i-t-y.

**NURSE'S DAUGHTER.**—If you so much like, and have reason to respect the young man you so often meet as a stranger, and whom you describe as "an angle," you might perhaps obtain his introduction to you through a mutual friend. If not, then do not set your heart on an acquaintance as it would seem that God's wise Providence had denied it to you, and He knows best. Your writing is fairly good, but your spelling needs attention.

**JOSE.**—To make little cakes for breakfast, take one pint of whole meal; one teacupful of milk, butter about the size of a walnut, and one teacupful of baking-powder. Mix well and bake for half an hour.

**KITTY and L. F. S.**—April 17, 1870, was a Thursday; and Dec. 2, 1871, was a Wednesday. Also Oct. 21, 1850, fell on a Sunday (leap year).

**K. G.**—We see no objection to the photographing of a couple engaged to each other in the same picture. But it needs not to be said that were there the remotest chance of a rupture between the affianced pair it would be exceedingly unpleasant to have been thus coupled together.

**A TROUBLED ONE.**—You must decide for yourself, but in any case you should see the clergyman or the minister, and arrange with him about your baptism. He will probably put you through a course of instruction in preparation for the rite. Make no further delay in fulfilling this duty.

**CERTES.**—To prevent the rubbing off of pencilled sketches, they should be set by dipping them in milk and water. The bath should be broad and flat, and the immersion should be only for an instant, just in and out, the surface wetted but not the back.

## OUR SUPPLEMENT STORY COMPETITION.

## "A VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS."

## A STORY IN MINIATURE.

## FIRST PRIZE (£2 2s.).

"Soldanella," Montreux, Switzerland.

## SECOND PRIZE (£1 1s.).

"Hope," Nieder Schlesien, Germany.

## THIRD PRIZE (10s. 6d.).

E. M. Watts, Portsmouth.

## HONOURABLE MENTION.

M. Bishop, Wellington; A. Bowers, Belfast; M. N. Bryant, Redditch; M. A. C. Crabb, Rickmansworth; "Elsie," Oldham; B. Fitch, N. Brixton; E. M. Garnett, Burton-on-Trent; E. L. Hawkins, Bultih; L. Hope, W. Hartlepool; S. E. Hopkinson, Chesterfield; A. M. Hutchinson, Eynsford; M. F. Jamieson, Portobello; R. Judge, Banbury; R. Knight, Wandsworth Common; L. E. May, Alton, Hants; M. Moscrop, Saltburn-by-the-Sea; A. E. Munro, Highbury, London; A. S. Murphy, Tullow, Ireland; C. M. T. Reindorp, Beckenham; L. Richardson, York; L. A. Rogers, Parkstone; A. Somerville, Edinburgh; M. A. Venn, W. Kensington; M. G. Watts, Portsmouth; "White Heather," Edinburgh.

## TO THE COMPETITORS.

**MY DEAR GIRLS.**—It was an almost impossible task to select from the hundreds of papers sent in, the three—or even the thirty which gave the best idea of both the plot and action of the story epitomised.

What surprised me most was the large number that on the first reading appeared to be of absolutely equal value. I had, therefore, to judge them by some principle which might act as a separator and reduce the number within the necessary limits.

I remember, when a child, hearing several people discuss the respective merits of two sermons, and though I have long forgotten everything else that was said, a certain remark remained in my mind. It was pointed out that one sermon was not so well balanced as the other—that the speaker dwelt too long on the earlier divisions of the subject, at the expense of the later. I found this to be the case in many otherwise excellent papers.

A number of candidates were disqualified by failure to keep the rule which limits to one page only.

It is not a little difficult to avoid every pitfall, but a resolute and continued effort to succeed is of undoubted mental value, so that, in this sense, there is a prize for all.

Your affectionate friend,

HARRIET HUGHES

(Author of "A Village Schoolmistress").

## FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

## A VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

It was a great many years since the little village of Stillmere had experienced an owner's care. Young Mr. Beverley, the Squire, had spent most of his time abroad since his coming of age about four years ago, so that Mr. Grant, the trusty and but generous agent, had still continued to have the whole management of the estate in his hands. Strongly opposed to the spread of education among the lower classes, he considered any money devoted to this object as worse than wasted. The village school he held in contempt! But the post of schoolmistress being left vacant, the choice of another teacher fell to him, nor when he had accepted the offer of a young lady, a clergyman's daughter, was he disposed to be over-friendly to her—as perhaps his absence from the station when she arrived seemed to testify. The new-comer, Mary Evelyn, was not the only person bound for Stillmere on that showery October day; two other people had travelled from town in the same train—a distinguished-looking young man, who after eyeing her curiously as she left the station, drove away in a dog-cart, and a woman, who was chiefly noticeable for her good-humoured face. Mary, finding herself unexpected, had to walk the four miles to Stillmere, and when she arrived, in drenching rain, she found the school-house deserted. Taking up her abode at the inn, she was warmly received by the landlady, in whom she recognised her travelling companion. The next morning a visit was made with Mr. Grant to the school-house, which would have been a pretty cottage, had it not been in a sad state of repair. Undaunted by the discouragement of Mr. Grant, Mary, with the aid of a charwoman, was soon able to completely transform the house. But her difficulties were by no means at an end. The girls whom she had to teach could neither read nor write well, and having never been accustomed to obey, there was greater unlikeness in the class than Mary had been led to expect. Added to this, everything belonging to the schoolroom—desks, books, maps—was in the most dilapidated condition, and Mr. Grant had impressed upon her that no help was to be expected from him. A visit from the Squire helped her, however, out of her difficulties. He came one day accompanied by Miss Alice Herbert, a young lady living at the Grange and the aged rector—a scholarly man who took but little interest in the village. Mr. Beverley, the handsome young fellow whom she remembered having seen at Emsleigh Station on her arrival, promised to provide all she needed in the way of schoolroom fittings, while Miss Herbert came to her aid by giving a few hours' teaching every week. Slowly and surely Mary had made way with her pupils; in a few months a great change was visible. Tidy obedient girls had taken the place of the unkempt, rebellious creatures of former days, and in Alice Herbert she had not only found a true friend, but one who helped her greatly in her arduous task. To no one did this change appeal more strongly than to Henry Beverley. He regarded with admiration the girl who thus devoted her life to the care of a few poor children, and the gentle face, with its sweet eyes, had a peculiar attraction for him. Late one night, when Mary had been called out to see a poor woman who had burnt her foot, she found to her surprise on leaving the house that Mr. Beverley was waiting to escort her home, for he had seen her go forth in the dark on her errand of mercy. As they wended their way back together on that dark, dreary night, the words which he spoke to her were those of love: he told her about his lonely life, rich perhaps in worldly goods, but destitute of that which makes life most precious—the destitute of a good woman. It remained with her, he said, to compensate for that which he had never known; for, from the first time he had seen her on the platform at Emsleigh, he had felt that she was the only woman who could ever fill

the place of wife to him. The answer was rather chilling. Mary begged him to wait six months—during which time they might learn to know each other better—before she could give him a decisive answer; but it was not without hope that he left her. Soon after this old Mr. Clinton left, and under the new rector, a fine, energetic man in the prime of life, the state of affairs changed. Mr. Blount's first work was to reorganise the Sunday-school. His interest in the village school, too, was of great encouragement to Mary, and he increased the ardour of the girls by offering rewards to those who had worked best during the year. . . . The prize-day had come and gone, and thanks to the energy of the rector and other kind friends, it had been a great success. To Mary especially had it been a memorable day. Henry Beverley had reminded her of the promise she had made a few months before, and when he had overcome all her conscientious scruples, Mary, with perfect confidence in his love, had promised to be his wife. . . . Some time later, when Mr. and Mrs. Beverley had returned from their honeymoon on the Continent, to learn of Alice Herbert's engagement with the rector, Mary felt how much happiness had come out of the few months she had spent in Stillmere as village schoolmistress. "SOLDANELLA,"

5, Avenue du Kursaal,  
Montreux, Switzerland.

## OUR NEXT STORY COMPETITION.

## STORIES IN MINIATURE.

Subject:—"THE G. O. P. SUPPLEMENT FOR AUGUST."

## A SAILOR'S BRIDE, by MINNIE DOUGLAS.

We offer three prizes of TWO GUINEAS, ONE GUINEA, and HALF-A-GUINEA for the three best papers on our "Story Supplement" for this month. The essays are to give a brief account of the plot and action of the story in the Competitor's own words; in fact, each paper should be a carefully-constructed *Story in Miniature*, telling the reader in a few bright words what THE GIRL'S OWN STORY SUPPLEMENT for the month is all about.

One page (that is a quarter of a full sheet which consists of four pages) of foolscap only is to be written upon, and is to be signed by the writer, followed by her full address, and posted to The Editor, GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in an unsealed envelope with the words "Stories in Miniature," written on the left-hand top corner.

The last day for receiving the papers is August 19th; and no papers can in any case be returned.

**Examiners.**—The Author of the Story (Minnie Douglas), and the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.