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## A GROUP OF SCHOOL-BOYS.

By K. E. COLEMAN, Author of "Little Leo," "The Red Topaz," etc.

### CHAPTER I. KING ROBIN.



WELL, I declare, here comes King Robin!"

The brief light of the December afternoon was waning, and the scarlet of the western sky was fading to a dull orange. The ground was covered with crisp, powdery

snow, and a group of merry-hearted schoolboys were chasing each other down a long slide at the side of the road. It was the foremost of these who saw the swiftly advancing figure and cried out joyfully, "Hullo, here comes King Robin!"

Robin King ran at full speed to join his schoolmates, and went down the long slide as if he meant it. He was a broad-shouldered, long-limbed lad of about twelve, with fair curly hair, bold blue eyes, and cheeks whose natural rosiness the frosty air had changed to scarlet. With his legs spread wide apart, his chubby red hands outstretched windmill-fashion, his school-satchel swinging at his back, and his blue cloth cap tilted carelessly on the back of his head, Robin went down the slide with such impetus that his pace never slackened till he reached the end, a feat which provoked an admiring shout of "Well done, Robin! Rob's the boy for sliding! Three cheers for Robin Goodfellow!"

Robin, without wasting a minute, came down the return slide, and started off again, followed by the train of his admirers. Backwards and forwards they went, now and again colliding, and not seldom falling in a heap one on the top of the other, a disaster which only provoked shouts of uproarious laughter.

At length, their breath failing them, one after another desisted, Robin being left to the last. But after a time he too gave in and stood still, fanning his hot face with his pocket-handkerchief.

"My patience, but that was jolly!" he

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said. "How long have you fellows been at it? That brute Langley kept me in to read my lines, and jawed me for five minutes longer about my abominable writing. I thought he'd never let me go."

"Well, you're here at last, old fellow. Let's come back after tea and have another go at it."

"No, we'll do better than that," said Robin, "we'll go skating."

There was a chorus of excited exclamations,

"Skating! The ice won't bear yet!"—

"How d'you know it won't?"—"Who told you it would, Rob?"—"What ice is it?"—"Are you greening us?"

"Honour bright, boys, the mill-pond bears, Jimmy Low, the baker's boy, told me he'd been on it this morning. If it bore Jimmy, it will bear us."

"The mill-pond's jolly deep," observed a big boy called Fergus Hume.

"That makes it all the safer. Deep water



"HERE COMES KING ROBIN!"

always freezes before shallow," replied the dauntless Robin. "Do let's go. It will be such a lark to tell the other chaps to-morrow we've been skating. Won't they be wild they didn't know?"

"I vote we go," said Dobbin Major, usually called Dobbie for short.

"I don't believe my mother will let me go," observed a small, delicate-looking little lad.

"I shan't tell mine, Spider," said Robin. "If she don't know where I am she won't worry. I shall just tell her I'm going out if she asks."

"That's a bright idea of yours, Cock Robin," said big Fergus patting him on the back. "I put it to the Right Honourable gentlemen present, that this assembly unanimously resolves it won't tell its mothers where it's going."

"Agreed! Agreed!"

"What time shall we meet?"

"Eight o'clock sharp. That'll give us time to do our prep. first."

"Then hurrah for our next merry meeting!"

The boys scurried away in different directions to their respective homes. Robin turned out of the main road into a dingy little street, and running up the steps applied his latchkey, slammed the door and burst into the shabby little parlour like a whirlwind.

The cloth was laid for tea, and his mother was on her knees before the fire making toast. "You are late, darling," she said gently.

"So I am," replied the boy, glancing at the clock as he threw his arm round his mother's neck and gave her a careless kiss. "Old Langley kept me in again, and coming home there was such a jolly slide, and a lot of our fellows on it, so I stayed and had a good turn."

"Well, run and wash your hands quickly. I told Emma to make the tea the moment she heard you come in."

Robin dashed upstairs, three steps at a time, shouting at the top of his lusty young voice, "The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," and was down again by the time the patient little maid-of-all-work had brought in the tea-pot.

The buttered toast his mother had been making went down at an amazing rate, and the loaf looked foolish by the time Master Robin had satisfied his appetite.

"Have you many lessons to do, dear?" asked his mother, as, tea being over, he got out his books with what seemed to her an unprecedented air of industry. Usually she had to drive him to begin his preparation.

"No, not very many. I'm going out presently."

"Going out again this cold night? What-ever are you going to do?"

"I'm going to meet some of the fellows," explained Robin, burying his head in his lexicon to avoid further questions.

His mother looked a trifle anxious and wondered what choice piece of mischief was brewing. Poor mother! she suffered no little anxiety on behalf of her boy, who was unspcakably dear to her; for he was all she had to love, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

Robin's lessons were prepared that night with a carelessness that augured trouble for the morrow; but then he was always getting into trouble, and took canings and impositions most philosophically, regarding them as necessary evils, not exactly agreeable of course, but all in the day's work. At ten minutes to eight he shut up his books with a bang, bundled them into his satchel and prepared to leave the room.

His mother looked at him wistfully.

"You won't be very long, will you, Robin?"

"I don't know, mother. I'll be back as soon as I can. Don't worry if I'm late."

He was out of the room and up the stairs without heeding her remonstrance. His skates were hanging on a nail. He had oiled and cleaned them in readiness at the first signs of frost. He caught them up, rushed downstairs, and had his hand on the handle of the front-door, when his mother's voice arrested him.

"Robin, you won't get into any scrape, will you, dear?"

"All right, mother," and he was gone.

She heard his footsteps echoing down the frosty road, then, with an anxious sigh, she returned to the fireside. He was so terribly reckless that she was always in fear for him; but fortunately she had no idea that there was any question of ice yet. Had she known where he was going, she would have run after him and dragged him back by main force.

Robin ran on, his skates clinking cheerily at his side, and presently overtook Fergus Hume.

"Hullo, Ferg!" he cried, "ain't it a ripping night? The moon will be up in half-an-hour."

"We're going on a wild goose-chase, you know," responded the sober Fergus. "I don't believe Jimmy Low's tale for an instant. Did you ask him if he'd walked all over the pond?"

"No; but if it bore in one place it would in another."

"H'm, I don't know about that, and anyhow, Jimmy's such a crammer you can't believe a word he says."

"Well, we can try it ourselves. We needn't run any risks. Hullo, there's Wilson and little White. Does your mother know you're out, Spider?"

"No," replied the little fellow. "I took your advice, King, and didn't tell her."

By this time they had left the town behind, and soon reached the field wherein the old mill-pond lay. The moon was rising now, and they could dimly see the big sheet of ice lying black and tempting. Standing on the edge were two other boys, Dobbin Major and Minor.

"Well, will it bear?" was the breathless inquiry.

"Don't know, haven't tried," replied Dobbie.

"What an ass you must be, or rather what a couple of asses," said Fergus. "Hullo, Robin! Steady there, old fellow!"

But Robin, with characteristic imprudence, was half-way across the pond.

"Strong as a house!" he shouted joyfully. "I say, boys, it's ripping ice."

As he spoke, there came an ominous crack which made Arthur White nervously implore Robin to return.

"Stuff and nonsense! ice that cracks always bears. It's the snow-stuff that doesn't crack but gives way all of a sudden that's dangerous."

By this time Fergus Hume and Wilson were also walking about the pond.

"It seems safe enough," said the elder boy at last; "not over-strong perhaps, but still I think it will do."

Hume's decree was the signal for a general putting-on of skates, and in a couple of minutes all six boys were skating briskly to and fro.

Little White had hung back for a moment. "Are you quite sure it's safe, Robin?" he asked anxiously.

"Safe as a house, little Spider," answered Robin cheerily. "If it bears us big fellows, it won't give way under your feather-weight."

"Little coward!" jeered Dobbin Major, who, not being distinguished for bravery himself, was ever ready to scoff at the fears of

others. "Go home to his mamma if he's afraid."

"I'm not afraid," answered the little boy, and in another minute he was skating with the rest.

"I say," presently called out Fergus Hume, who had been exploring; "don't any of you fellows go to the lower end of the pond, there's a spring there and it won't bear," then with a sudden shout of alarm—"Spider, you young idiot, come back!"

But little White, either not hearing Hume's warning, or anxious to show Dobbie that he was no coward, had skated away towards the dangerous ice. At Hume's cry he turned sharply, hesitated, and then gave a shrill cry of terror. There was an ominous rending sound, a dull splash, and then an awful silence.

The catastrophe was so sudden that for a moment the five boys stood motionless; then Robin skated briskly towards the black hole, calling out as he went: "Make a line, you fellows! No, Fergus, not you next, you're too big—little Dobbie, that's right! throw yourself flat and hold on to my ankles."

He threw himself face downwards as he spoke, and began to crawl nearer to the black hole with the shining edges, and little Dobbie crawled after him, followed by Wilson, Fergus Hume bringing up the line. Dobbin Major, with praiseworthy prudence, made his way unobserved to the bank, reflecting that one in the family was quite enough to be drowned. He had, however, the sense to take off his skates, and shout lustily for help, and in about a minute his shouts were answered.

Mr. Langley, the grammar-school master, had walked out to see a friend who lived just outside the town, and was passing the field on his way home, when he heard a shout. Instantly coming to the conclusion that some idiot had been trying the ice, and had fallen in, he set off running with all his might towards the pond. He arrived just in time to see Robin King lean forward and make a grab at a dark mass which rose to the surface for an instant; then the ice broke again, and with a sickening splash Robin disappeared from sight.

Little Dobbie, who was holding on to his ankles, would have been pulled in after him, but for the weight of the two bigger lads, who hung on his rear; nevertheless, instead of retreating, the brave little fellow crept close to the very edge, and when Robin—after an awful pause—came to the surface with Arthur White on his arm, Dobbie caught at his coat-sleeve, and held on like grim death for what seemed to him an eternity, every moment expecting the ice to give way and plunge him into that terrible black gulf.

But help was nearer than he knew.

"Hold on!" shouted Mr. Langley, as he pulled off his coat and, advancing boldly to the edge, threw one end of it into the water. Robin caught it without relinquishing his hold of Arthur, Mr. Langley and the three boys pulled together with all their might, and somehow or other the two dripping forms were hauled on to the ice and carried safe to land.

Mr. Langley sent Wilson, who was a swift runner, off for the doctor; then he turned his attention to the sufferers.

Robin's teeth were chattering, and he was shivering so that at first he could not stand; but he was all right, and with hardly a glance in his direction, Mr. Langley busied himself over Arthur White's unconscious form. He turned him over on to his face, did his best to empty the water out of his lungs, and then, calling Fergus Hume to his side, the two set to work with a will to produce artificial respiration.

But no sign of life rewarded their efforts; and the awestruck boys began to whisper to one another that little Spider was dead.

"Which of you suggested this mad piece of folly?" asked the master sharply, looking up for an instant, though without pausing in his work.

"I, sir," replied Robin, without a moment's hesitation.

"Ah; I thought as much. If White dies—"

He broke off abruptly. A glance at the lad's white, agonised face told him that there was no need to point a moral.

Robin's remorse for that night's work was poignant enough to change the young master's righteous anger into pity.

"You had better go home at once," was all he said; but Robin still lingered. He could not go until the awful suspense was put an end to one way or the other. Half-an-hour passed, and still the two worked on without bringing a sign of life into the awful stillness of Arthur's face; then Mr. Langley happened to look up, and his eye fell on Robin, whom he had imagined safe at home by this time.

"Why don't you do as you are told, sir?"

he said sternly. "Do you want to get your death of cold? Here, Dobbin Major, you don't seem to have distinguished yourself so far"—for the master's keen eye had taken in the significance of that figure on the bank—"come and take Hume's place, and you, Fergus, take that shivering idiot home, and tell his mother to give him a hot bath. I'll send the doctor round to have a look at him, when he's done what he can for poor White."

There was a hopelessness in Mr. Langley's tone as he said the last words, which went to Robin's heart, as he set off for home with Fergus.

"We'd best run," said the elder boy, but Robin shook his head.

"I can't, I'm half frozen," he said, through his chattering teeth; and Fergus grasped his arm, and never let go till he saw him safe in his mother's arms.

Half-an-hour later, when he had had his hot bath and a warm drink, and, safe in bed, was at last beginning to feel warmer, he heard the doctor's step on the stairs.

"Mother! mother!" he cried, in an agony,

"go and ask him—I daren't—if Spider's dead!"

He buried his face in the pillows: the suspense was more than he could bear.

"It's all right, my lad," said the doctor kindly, and Robin burst into tears. "We've brought him round," the doctor continued; "but I can't, of course, say what the effects of the chill may be. He hasn't your cast-iron constitution, you know."

But Robin could take in nothing beyond the fact that his little friend was alive.

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" he said.

Arthur White did not die, though for some days he was very ill; and as soon as the danger was past, Robin was his bright, merry self again.

Nevertheless, the lesson of that night was not quite lost on him. One of its results was to change the half-contemptuous protection, which he had hitherto extended to little Arthur, into a warm and lasting friendship, which was of service to both boys in more than one episode of their future life.

(To be continued.)



"WILLOWS AND WATER."



WE are well into the month of December, but no snow has come yet to put a pall of nearly white on the year's dying face. Still the touches of colour have gradually been growing rarer, and there has come a look of quiet maturity into the features of the scene.

"Nor spring nor summer beauty have such grace

As I have seen in an autumnal face,"

said old John Donne of his friend Mrs. Magdalen Herbert, and so we think of December's self as we watch these quaker greys and gossamer trappings of the year's close. The prevailing pearl and russet tone, like the sober wedding attire of Jane Eyre, is a very fitting background for the few gems of bright colour that still remain, as was Jane's serene calm face for the ardent heart beneath. From the top windows of the house the eye wanders to the red-tiled roofs

of the upper village, across the sage-sere network of that which as we look down upon it might be called the orchard-roof. How bright saffron those branches of mistletoe are with their pale berries in the dark bare branches of the apple-trees. Brighter still looked three red and yellow apples still hanging on the bare boughs in the last three days of November. What a joy it is, in our walk to come on a great withy-bed with the yellow twigs tinged with red which swell almost imperceptibly to the breeze, and remind us of the freer motion of the summer's corn-field. The vivid green of those strips of cabbage in the cottage-garden paint the brown face of the earth with hues as gay as a gipsy's scarf against her sun-burnt cheek.

The raven-black of the privet-berries peeps from the winter-hedge and studs its dull surface with countless little eager eyes that give more brilliancy for all their blackness than the rarer treasure-trove of the lurking deepest-purple sloe.

Heavy rain descends and soon lies on the surface in this flat willow-land, and then the high road gleams like a silver stream, or a milky way in the surrounding dun. Evening falls and Hesperus shines in a pale gold sky that has that intense pure thrill of rarity that only winter air possesses.

The days pass on and it is little more than a week to Christmas and yet no snow has come. But other hands than those of frost have been at work to shift the scenes for us. Water has risen in all the low places, and our rich meadow-land has become a world of meres taking all the colours the sky paints upon it, gleaming blue and silvery white and sullen leaden grey. Not many years since our little country town became a tiny Venice, with

the poor flooded folk skilfully threading their way in boats to the windows. Things are not as bad as that this year, but enough rain has come to give a subtle touch of romance to our home-landscape, like the light in the eyes of some village Hester on her marriage morning. The withy cutters are sore at being swamped out of their winter work of withy cutting, but for all that the rain will in the main be a blessing to the country-side.

At any time the walk by the disused canal has an especial Dutch charm of its own, but now that the waters have overflowed the banks the young willows stand nearly mid-stream, and in the clear crisp air with no breath of wind they seem to bend lightly over, like Tennyson's "straight staff bent in a pool" to look at the curving sister-willow in the water-world below, making a soft flush of winter colour where their bare red plumes touch the pale blue sky and the clear water. Across the canal the hedge that runs up between those two fields meets the towing-path with a hawthorn that has been allowed to grow at its own sweet will. Look what heavy-laden boughs of dark red fruit it sprays out on every side. How they take up the tender yellowish red of the willow-heads and give it a deeper note. A plain black bridge that spans the stream with no suburban attempt at so-called ornament ends the harmony of hue with its still form reflected in the stream.

This winter the very hedge-rows have been orchard-ranks of dark-red hawthorns almost plum-coloured, and the holly has given a Christmas look already to all the hedges where it gleams and puts forth its sturdy brilliant fruit. The little birds are very happy over the frequent pools. We see them fluttering their little feathers in them and

then lifting their tiny heads, and think of dear old Herbert's quiet eye that watched them long ago and wove them into the patch-work of "Man's Melody"—

"Not that he may not here  
Taste of the cheer,  
But as birds drink and straight lift up the head  
So must he sip, and think  
Of better drink  
He may attain to, after he is dead."

Though no snow has come the thick frosts in the morning make a very brilliant whiteness, and the sunrise over it in its opal glory has a grand and awful look that reminds us of the sky in Holman Hunt's great solemn picture of the scapegoat. We shiver as we draw the curtains and look at the familiar landscape in this sad wrath-like majesty of dawn. A touch of sorrow and a thought of doom always have a majesty of their own.

"Here I in sorrow sit, this is my throne,  
Let kings come bow to it."

In the green mid-day the line of the low horizon-hills is straight and homely, and seems to frame a Dutch scene with Cuypp-like cows of red and black. The one round hill with its one tree that rises from the ridge calls for a touch of tower or turret to fulfil its beauty. But now in the freshness of the dawn, with the silvery whiteness of the frost distinctly pencilling the tree and bringing it out in delicate relief against the sky of gold and rose, we see in these hills all the beauty of Perugino's landscapes in the background that so intensify the pure stillness and holy grace of his Madonnas in the foreground.

Christmas with a singular feeling of untimely spring in the air, has come and gone with snow as far removed as ever. The year's stores

begin to stir in the fields, the honeysuckle over the porch has put forth blue-green feelers and the barberry quite hopeful little perfect leaves, as though assured that winter's cruel fang is drawn. This is the time to delight in all the curious shades of difference in the green of the young crops. On a pale afternoon when the trees on the far ridge stand very lonely and silent but for

"The little noiseless noise among the leaves,  
Born-of the very sigh that silence heaves,"

when the sky withholds her treasures of colour and light and seems to muse on the sun she veils in her impassive whiteness, we are keen to note the deep emerald of that field of thick young rye which shows so bright and clear against the neighbouring hedge. The little separate blades of wheat in the next field that come up in timid rows have more grace, though their pale green, as of the chrysopease, does not add such rich colour to the canvas. The horned sheep with their white faces in that pasture-field of dingy grass all moist and rooted by the flock, look grey and rough beside the one snow-white lamb nestled by its mother. On the other side of the road the unhorned black-faced sheep have lambs that are dull and rough in aspect. There are the two old types, always old and always new: the pure white lamb, "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and the other homely one, the strayed lamb footsore and weary that the shepherd finds and puts upon his shoulder. As we watch closely the monotony of country life these old types live afresh.

The afternoon grows paler still. How warm that spot of colour is where the great red-brown cattle slowly chew the cud as they lie near together in the dark madder-brown

of the farm-barton. There is still enough light to distinguish the graceful bird that shoots swiftly from the hedge and sails so near the ground, "a lady wash-dish," my country friend tells me, "a terrible proud bird, two parts like a tom-tit." We are far indeed from the train-whistle in these quiet lanes, the musing-ground of silver-tongued Sydenham, that ancient Commonwealth divine, and the birds seem to know it; in a few more minutes a lovely white-finch with many bright touches of red and yellow in its wings, flies across the road as we take a sudden turn, to find ourselves, before evening sinks, in a very parliament of rooks cutting the air with level flight or cawing hoarsely as they settle to their unknown business in that Rimmymede that lies beneath the ridge crowned with thick Scotch firs. "If you see one rook it's a crow," is the old country saying, and crows are far enough if that be true!

A wealth of berries that has given the lie to the saying that many berries mean a hard winter, have made that bright-eyed robin with his resplendent waistcoat so fat and impudent, that even the shake and rattle of the donkey-cart over the newly-mended road does not disturb him from taking stock of us with his bead-like eye.

Let no one imagine that the country is dull in winter. The winter-scents of earth and rotting leaves are keen and bracing, the winter-sights may "take their colour from an eye that has kept watch o'er man's mortality," but without them all the wealth of summer's glory would be in vain, and would only leave us, like the "brown faces" in Giorgione's great pastoral,

"Sad with the whole of pleasure."

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

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

### PART II. IN HEALTH.



IN the set of sumptuary laws given us by the King for our guidance in the care of His daughters a good deal is said about dress. As we read, our hearts re-echo the old cry for lovely things. We still admire "bells and pomegranates" on the hem of garments made for glory and beauty. We still count the "fringes" on border and seam. We still show our parental love by making robes of many colours and pieces (Gen. xxxvii. 14). We still give goodly raiment to our beloveds (Gen. xxvii. 15).

No less strict and abundant are the dietetic rules laid down. As far as a difference in climate will permit we should follow these rules. It has been truly remarked, that amidst every surrounding of neglect and privation the Jews are essentially a healthy people. If we want our girls to be equally so, we must exercise care and forethought about their food. We should consider individual

taste in the matter. Though it may be, and is, scientifically true that "a fresh herring offers the largest amount of nutriment, for a given sum of money, of any kind of animal food," it would not do to restrict our daughters to an entire diet of such fish. We should soon find that the halfpenny herring, though containing 240 grains of carbon and 36 grains of nitrogen, would cease to nourish. Then again, though beans and lentils may be the richest of all foods in certain constituents, yet a small appetite and weak digestion cannot assimilate enough of them to grow fat thereon. We need common sense so much in catering for our households. Highly seasoned meats are rightly condemned (by thinking housewives) for their gawing families. Yet condiments are of extreme value in rendering food more palatable, stimulating a jaded appetite, supplying a necessary substance, and assisting in the due mastication of food. Salt, again, is eagerly sought for by animals and men. The saline earths called "saltlicks" are the greatest attraction to the wild beasts of the desert. Yet, though it immediately stimulates the sense of taste and increases the flow of saliva, we would not condemn our households to a continual course of salted meat. How to give, when to give, why to give, must be learned carefully by every guardian of the King's daughters. In this connection it would be useful to read prayerfully and carefully the fourteenth of Romans. The wisdom of St. Paul is even more in evidence therein than his principle.

I have begun this chapter upon the health of our girls by talking of food, as cookery has a great deal more to do with health than many persons imagine. It has much to do also with their moral and spiritual development, of which more anon. The chief object in cooking food at all is to render it more promotive of good health. Digestion is so much impaired by unskillful handling of meat. Heavy, half-baked bread, cannon balls of boiled puddings; badly made pastry; half-fried vegetables, are more than "misfortunes." They are culpable failures, bringing in their train delicate health.

In ordering the menus for our households, we should remember that our bodies need flesh-forming, heat-giving, and mineral matters in the food. All animal food, cheese, eggs, fish, peas, beans, and lentils, strengthen and toughen muscle and bone. Dripping, butter, sugars, treacles, jams, are so much carbon to keep the fire of life alight. Potatoes, all green vegetables, bread and fresh fruits supply potash, soda, iron and phosphates. Now, in different ratios, every girl requires all these constituents in her daily food. But remember, the volatile, active, energetic maiden needs a great amount of both nitrogenous and carbonaceous matter, otherwise her body would quickly wear out. On the other hand, our studious, indolent, peaceful daughter would only accumulate "too solid" and too much flesh if urged to share the quantity of her sister's feasts. Appetite must be regarded and



tastes consulted. It is not from "cussedness" as our American cousins call it that nature dictates beef to one child, mutton to another—fat to Jack Sprat and lean to his wife. It is a wise and intelligent crying out for certain needs required by the structure of two hundred bones, and numerous muscular fibres we call our body. There are miles of thread-like nerves, bundles of tissues, organs of respiration, circulation and digestion, to be kept in order. And "appetite" or "fancy" is one of the masters who tries to provide for this beautifully constructed and perfectly adjusted machine. So we should bow to his dictates and follow his guiding. "Without reproof, by substituting the more excellent way, she secured obedience without seeming to seek for it," has been said of a great mother lately gone to her rest. In a more mundane fashion we can often do the same about food. A thin child will not eat fat. Give her, then, milk, cream, cheese, oil on her salad, butter with her potatoes. More trouble, eh? but with perfectly satisfactory results. Our daughters will grow as the polished corner-stones of the temple—firm, strong, steady, reliable, beautiful.

There are nine things at least wanted to keep the bodies of the King's daughters in health—

- (1) Plenty of air, (2) plenty of light, (3) plenty of sleep, (4) plenty of warmth, (5) plenty of food, (6) plenty of exercise, (7) plenty of work, (8) plenty of play, (9) plenty of love.

We have spoken of number five pretty fully. The first and second requisites on our list we can bracket together.

Girls—growing girls—should live almost entirely in the open air. Even when in the house plenty of oxygen should be present pouring in through open windows. The well-fitting window frames and door panels which we insist upon, the "register" fireplaces with their small chimneys, make our modern buildings almost air-tight. Therefore windows must be open day and night if the King's daughters are to be kept healthy. As early in the morning, too, as possible, they should be encouraged to run out of doors. To pick fruit for breakfast, or roses to lay beside mother's plate, or to feed a pet rabbit. Not a long walk, I beg, before the first meal. Nothing is so tiring or injurious for a growing girl. If our daughters are thus much in the open air, they will of necessity get all the sunshine possible in foggy Albion. They will not have blanched faces and anemic frames. "Where the sun never comes, the doctor does." Do not be afraid of freckles and tan and burn. They are not unbecoming to our young people. Cover the round heads with sensible hats to prevent the sun striking on the brain. Tie a "puggaree," made of a yard or so of plain muslin, round it in the summer to prevent a stroke of heat at the back of the neck. Then send the girls out without fear. Respiration and digestion imperatively demand fresh air and exercise. Here we come to point 6.

Perhaps, nowadays, there is a tendency to give our girls too much exercise. What with gymnasiums, athletics, bicycles, they are more apt to overdo than to underdo. I consider that every woman-child, until fully grown and developed, needs one hour's rest in the middle

of the day. Spines would less seldom be bowed, shoulders less often round, backs less frequently bent, if our maidens lay down more often. Straight as young poplars, graceful as young birch trees, we should watch them growing up as plants in their youth, full of colour, full of refinement, drinking in sunshine and air through the. I dare not say how many thousand, pores of their bodies. In order to do this thoroughly I would remark, *en passant*, that plenty of water is necessary for the King's daughters. In the East, most scrupulous cleanliness is the rule. All through the sanitary code of Moses, the erstwhile Prince of On, washing is one of the things insisted upon. I once heard a very, very old daughter of the King—yes! really His daughter by faith and trust and adoption—

tepid, and a few of our more exposed rivers. But the little, dark, coffin-shaped bathrooms in most modern dwellings are simply ice-houses! Let Dorothy and Phoebe and Rose take the chill off, and liver, lungs, and heart will thrive. Sweet little King's daughters! We would not condemn you to one pang, one shock, one fear that is unnecessary.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward into souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace surpassing this—  
He giveth His beloved sleep."

And what God gives as a good gift, we should see that His daughters enjoy to the full. From pole to pole this gentle thing should be more cultivated. In the arms of "nature's soft nurse" especially we should place our little girls. A poet author more than 300 years ago—Miguel de Cervantes—recognised the beneficial influence of Ole Luk Loy. "Sleep covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the heat." Yet how little court we pay to the "sweet restorer, balmy sleep" on behalf of our children. How little attractive we make the small white bed and soft pillow. We treat Ole Luk Loy so foolishly. We let our weary little girls set up, thinking they can "make it up" another time. Now, as a matter of fact, the loss of sleep can never be repaid—once lost never regained.

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world  
Shall ever medicine thee to that  
sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'st yesterday."

Nature's debt in this matter is a cumulative one. Every hour spent in repose paves the way for another. Of course there is no strict rule to be laid down. The habit, however, of early to bed should be cultivated. Every child under twelve should be asleep before nine o'clock every night. The bedclothes should be warm but light. Heavy quilts only weary the little frames and put an extra burden on them. One pillow, a pair of soft blankets and a down quilt are all that is necessary for refreshing slumber.



object to a thorough cleansing before entering a hospital by saying, "I often heard speak of washing a dead body all over, but never a living one." Now I think our little girls should consider a daily bath just as much a necessity as their daily bread. But NOT a cold one. I believe more harm has been done by the craze for cold water than by omitting the bath altogether!

Delicate, sensitive, shrinking little bodies have been trained to the ordeal of a daily plunge in ice cold water, under the mistaken notion that it was good for them. Gasps of convulsive breathing, sobs from overburdened lungs, hurried beating of an overdriven heart. Who has not experienced such? A glow follows. True, but at what a price it has been obtained. Remember the Oriental bather basks in sun-warmed water. In our northern latitude that is seldom to be met with. The sea is indeed sometimes quite

See that your girls lie as straight as possible in bed. In a convent school, where every action is studied and observed, the students lie with hands crossed on the breast. A nun goes round at midnight to see this posture is maintained. One of the pupils has told me how quite unconsciously arms were brought into position just before that inspection. This may sound prudish and absurd to many, but a right principle underlies it. It is quite a natural position too. Strange to say, a wee baby girl with whom I am brought much in contact, always folds her hands on her breast whilst going to sleep. For the King's daughters enjoying His gift it is a beautifully ideal attitude. Do not be in a hurry to wake them in the morning; nature will do so at the proper moment.

In the matter of warmth I think we are not generous as a rule. We light fires in parlour and schoolroom, but send our children to a chilly vault-like sleeping-room very often. I

think many a cold and cough might be nipped in embryo, if a little fire was thought necessary to undress by. The cosy feeling of welcome warmth, the flicker of a cheerful blaze, often makes "going to bed" a pleasure instead of a pain. Chilblains on feet and hands would not so often cripple our girls if flannels were put on hot and toasted, and nightingales even heated moderately before being wrapt round the slight shoulders. I would not call this undue coddling, but simply a husbanding of strength and vital forces for necessary work in life.

Plenty of work and plenty of play are equally necessary for the King's daughters. We all know what too much of the former made Jack. In Denmark alone 29 per cent. of the boys and 41 per cent. of the girls are in a precarious state of health from overwork. It has truly been said that "people anxious to make their daughters attractive could scarcely choose a course more fatal than overpressure. It sacrifices the body to the mind." Yet I assert that our girls ought to be educated as far as the limits of their strength will allow. Instruction is one thing, intellectual waste and overpressure is another thing. "The problem in all educational work is to communicate the

maximum of necessary and ornamental knowledge with the minimum waste of cerebral power in the child." The King's daughters have, in future domestic life, a *role* to play which they can never shirk. One day these children may have to morally and physically educate other children. It is for this function we have to give them the best preparation. In plenty of "work" I would include domestic hygiene and practical pedagogy. This will be, literally, the only knowledge absolutely necessary for our girls. It is, *ipso facto*, the only training so many of the King's daughters fail to get. In a future paper on Home Influence, I hope to enlarge this idea and show how our girls may be trained to be good housewives, good scholars and good women. If we have managed to give them the seven other things, food, warmth, sleep, air, light, exercise, and work in plenty, I think we shall find the King's daughters quite strong enough, quite quick enough, quite healthy enough to get plenty of play for themselves. Why, broom-drill and housekeeping will even be a pleasure! There will, of course, always be a small number of girls too sensitive, too delicate, too studious to make play for themselves. Rout them out, dear fellow-guardians! Invent messages.

Provide means that Fanny and Blanch may skip and jump with her kin. Remember, "no trout is half so shy as a sensitive growing youth or maiden." Encourage independent action and help the children to be happy.

The last requisite is plenty of "love." Of this I shall treat fully in another chapter. "A little child is a figure full of pathos. Without volition of its own it finds itself in a most difficult scene; it looks around on every side for help, and we who are grown waywise should make it feel at all times tenderly welcome, and nourish it in the fruitful atmosphere of love, trust and approbation."

With these words from the mouth of a greatly successful mother of King's daughters, I must close this article.

"Let the woman beware," said the Secret One to Manoaah of old. So let each one of us remember that loving our girls is part of our work in the world. Not an ornamental fringe, but the very web and woof of life. It is our duty to give our children an environment of loving sympathy. "Cursed be he that doeth this work of the Lord negligently, deceitfully, carelessly or heedlessly" (Jer. xlviii to. marg.)

(To be continued.)



## COMPETITION FOR "STAY AT HOME GIRLS."\*

### FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY.

#### "WHAT I DO WITH MY TIME."

I AM a real stay-at home girl, for though I am 18 years of age, I have never been to school in my life. I am an only child and have always been taught by my mother, but have taken music lessons from a master. Until I was 17, my studies took up most of my time, but now I am free to do other things. My life is a very busy and happy one, & I have no desire to leave my home, unless of course I should have to earn my own living. I have a great many pets—a beautiful pony; a dog; parrots, & canaries—and my first morning duties are to feed and attend to them all.

I am my own groom & I quite enjoy putting my pony through his morning toilet, & he knows me so well that he will let no one else touch him with the brush or comb. Grooming a horse is splendid exercise & on a frosty morning there is nothing better for sending a delightful glow over one's whole body. If I wish to ride I just saddle up & go off for a good gallop.

After my family is put right for the day, there are the pot plants & garden to be watered, & the flowers cut for the dining & drawing rooms. Arranging flowers is a very fascinating occupation, & I generally spend a good hour over it. I take a great interest in the garden & have my own particular beds to plant & keep tidy. I sow & plant out all the annuals each year, & I sincerely pity the girl who does not know the delight of gathering flowers she has grown herself. Medicus advises girls to garden if they wish to be happy & healthy, & I am sure that if more followed his sensible advice, there would be fewer nervous & lazy girls in the world.

I am very fond of writing,—both stories & letters—and I am a reporter for several papers

and magazines. I also belong to a literary society & have correspondents in Scotland, America, Germany & New South Wales. My one ambition is to be an authoress, but though I have hitherto been very successful in getting short tales &c. published, I shall have to work very hard before I think of writing even a child's book.

I generally write for an hour or two in the morning & again at night.

I like to practise my music in the early part of the day, for one seems so much fresher than in the afternoon.

I mend & sort all the stockings & then perhaps do some plain or fancy sewing until lunch time. On busy days I arrange the table for lunch, & take the pot plants into the hall & drawing room. Cooking is also another of my hobbies & I delight in trying all sorts of new dishes. I make the cakes for afternoon tea & for any little party or musical evening we have.

About a dozen young friends, including myself, have formed a tennis club, & we play on our court every Saturday afternoon. One of our club rules is that we girl members must take turns to make the cakes for coffee each week. Of course there is much good natured rivalry & it is splendid practice for us, especially as we have to bake for half a dozen hungry boys.

Next year I am to attend cookery and dressmaking classes, for though I may never have to earn my own living it is well that I should be able to if necessary.

Friday is my busiest day, for besides doing little odds & ends in the house, I always make a point of giving all my bird cages a thorough cleaning & my pony an extra rubbing. I spend part of the morning in the kitchen, & in the afternoon I have to hose,

sweep & mark the tennis court for next day's play. It may seem strange for a girl to do these things, but we have such a splendid climate, that most girls would rather do a boy's work in the open air I think, than sit & sew in stuffy rooms.

I read a great deal, especially in summer when the heat keeps us indoors until 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. I read mostly history & books of travel, but I think my favourite men writers are Sir Walter Scott & Charles Dickens.

"The Girl's Own Paper" has helped me in different ways many a time & I just love it.

My Sundays are spent very quietly and happily. In the morning mother & I go to church, but as our church is rather far away, we spend our Sunday evenings at home. The afternoon I spend in reading, & practising my sacred music.

My literary friends & I have rather a novel way of amusing ourselves. For instance,—I write part of a story & then send it on for a friend to conclude. The result is really very interesting & instructive, for different people have such different ideas. I am fortunate to know two clever young authors, & a letter from either of them is a lesson in itself.

To some girls, my life may seem very quiet & humdrum, but I would not change it for that of the average society young lady who is afraid to soil her hands by the lightest work.

I do not care for dancing, so when we have no visitors, I generally spend my evenings with my pen, books & music.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

ALICE MARGARET DUNN  
Fortitude Valley  
Brisbane  
Queensland.

\* These compositions are printed exactly as written by the prize-winners.—Ed.

## FIFTH PRIZE ESSAY.

## "WHAT I DO WITH MY TIME."

AN uneventful everyday home-life like mine seems an unpromising subject on which to write, but I will, nevertheless, try and describe it as interestingly as possible.

I am the only girl,—in fact the only young thing of any description,—at home: for my three brothers are in India, my sister is in Ireland, and pets are not permitted. My parents and I live in London with my Grandmother, who is a very active old lady, despite her advanced years, and likes to do nearly everything herself. All she does not do my Mother does for her, so there is little or nothing in the way of home-duties left for me. We do not entertain or go out much now, so I have to make my own employment for my time. But before describing my present mode of life, it is necessary to go back a few years. I was educated at a Church of England High School, and remained there for eleven years. I think now with great pleasure of those happy old school-days, and am quite convinced that there is no more delightful method of education for girls than the modern High School system. Nearly all my dearest and most valued friends date from the old school-days, and that is, I think, one of the chief causes of my loving gratitude to my "alma mater." I was nineteen when I left school, and, instead of experiencing the expectant, keen delight that I have heard most girls feel on "coming out," I was deeply grieved at having to say goodbye to the dear old place and the loved faces. However school-days must come to an end sometime, and by degrees I reconciled myself to that fact, and realised that a new life was before me. One thing I determined most strongly and that was that I would not waste my life. Our dear old Head Mistress, in speaking to us girls, used to lay great stress on the awful seriousness of life and the tremendous responsibility resting on everyone as to the use they made of it; and if I have learnt to realise anything of the greatness and possibilities of life, I owe it all to her. My real inmost desire was to take up a branch of work on which my heart had been set ever since I was quite a young girl. But this I found to be impossible, for my Mother raised insurmountable objections,

adding as the crowning obstacle that I was far too young. Of course I did not agree with her, for what girl ever yet thought herself too young for anything she longed to do? The idea of "waiting a few years" was very ungenial to me, and the struggle came to me as it must come to all girls with whom it is a question of self or duty. I think a conflict of this kind is all the harder when the opponent of duty is something which *in itself* is good and noble. It is then that it is so hard to realise that after all this splendid work is only a subtle form of selfishness. It is so difficult for a girl, especially in these days of advanced thought and action amongst women, to see that home must be right and that the noble ideal work, if in opposition to home, must, for her, be wrong. Of course I am now only thinking of girls whose positive duty it is to remain at home. I am quite sure that when this crisis comes in a girl's life, her whole after-career and character are influenced to an unbounded extent by the choice she makes. But is it not terribly hard for an eager, enthusiastic girl to realise that duty done quietly and lovingly at home is as grand in the sight of GOD as the noblest work done amongst poor or suffering? Is it not difficult for such a one to grasp the truth of the words, "They also serve who only stand and wait"? Happy indeed is the girl who in this struggle can renounce self and welcome duty and say in the beautiful words of Christina Rossetti:—

"Lord, I had chosen another lot,  
But then I had not chosen well;  
Thy choice, and only Thine, was good;  
No different lot, search heaven or hell,  
Had blessed me, fully understood;  
None other which Thou orderest not."

Fortunately for me, just about this time something occurred that completely changed my way of looking at things. This "something" showed me things in their right proportion and in their true light. The result was that I was content to stay at home, and for the rest, to wait.

So I turned my attention to self-improvement. I remember taking a sheet of paper (I always was, and am still fond of drawing up tables and lists!) and dividing it into two parts. At the head of one side I wrote,

"Things I know," and at the head of the other, "Things I ought to know and don't know." When carefully filled up the result was humiliating to a degree; but it led to the determination that this state of affairs must be corrected. Accordingly, with the approbation of my Mother, I started the plan which I have ever since carried out, of studying a subject every year for the Cambridge Higher Local Examination. During my last year at school I had done the literature for that Exam.: I now began with History and Arithmetic, and worked steadily at them for a year. Next, I did French and German, and this last year I have been working at the Divinity Group, which has interested me exceedingly. For next year I hope to study Political Economy, which will, I think, take up less of my time than my former subjects, and will give me more leisure for independent reading. The C.H.L. sets a high standard in all its branches, and requires extensive reading, so I find my days pretty well filled up by my studies. It is exceedingly interesting work, and as long as I am needed at home, I hope to keep up my yearly exams. Besides the principal subject at which I am working, I generally have a minor course of lectures going on at the same time, on such varied subjects as architecture, ambulance and sick-nursing, which make a pleasant variety. But I do not spend all my time at books. I also learn the violin, and my Mother, who is anxious for me to play really well, provides me with first-class instruction, and takes me to numerous good concerts. I practise two hours a day with fair regularity, and belong to an excellent orchestra, which is a great interest to me.

But fond as I am of my work, I am also very fond of "play," and enjoy my holidays like any schoolboy, revelling in the rare delight of being able to "do as I like," and read what I like, and have plenty of time in which to do it. For I am firmly convinced of the truth and wisdom contained in that deservedly popular proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and I by no means wish to be "a dull boy."

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"DAISY."

Eaton Place, London, S.W.

## VARIETIES.

## I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.

*Young Lady (out yachting):* "What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck?"

*Captain:* "The fact is we have broken our rudder."

*Young Lady:* "I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water, you know; and it isn't likely people will notice it."

## THE BOOK COLLECTOR.

A book collector had just purchased, at an exorbitant price, a volume which, except for its rarity, had no value whatever.

"It is very dear," said a friend.

"Yes," replied the collector, "but it is the only copy in existence."

"But if it should be reprinted."

"Are you mad? Who would be fool enough to buy it?"

A JURY TRIAL.—Our life is a constant trial, and all our neighbours are on the jury.

## A GRATEFUL SOUND.

"Grateful is the noise of noble deeds  
To noble hearts."—*Tennyson.*

## ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC I. (p. 103).

1. M aryboroug H (a)
  2. O rellan A (b)
  3. Z ebulu N (c)
  4. A lmon D (d)
  5. R ozinant E
  6. T oynee Hal L
- Mozart. Handel

(a) Queen's County and King's County were colonised in the reign of Mary Tudor, the respective towns being Maryborough and Philipstown.

(b) Orellana discovered the river Amazon in South America.

(c) Zebulun signifies "dweller" or "dwelling"; see Gen. xxx. 20, and marginal note. For the prophecies concerning himself and his descendants, see Gen. xlviii. 13, and also Deut. xxxiii. 18, 19.

(d) A river of Perthshire affluent of the Tay.

## SELF-RESPECT.

One of the good and true things said by the late President Garfield was this:—

"I do not much care what others think and say about me, but there is one man's opinion which I very much value—that is the opinion of James Garfield. Others I need not think about. I can get away from them, but I have to be with him all the time. He is with me when I rise up and when I lie down, when I eat and talk, when I go out and come in. It makes a great difference whether he thinks well of me or not."

## THE POLITE SHOP-KEEPER.

*Lady (after going over the whole stock of blankets):* "You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend with whom I had an appointment here."

*Shop-keeper (weary, but polite):* "If you think your friend is among the blankets, madam, I shall be happy to go over them again for you."

## "THE WATCHMAN."

By WILLIAM T. SAWARD.

WATCHMAN, awake! the night is coming on—  
Awake! and tell the dreary hours till day;  
Send thy shrill echo down the empty streets  
To chase the prowling fiends of night away.

All honest folk in hard-earned slumber lie—  
Slumber not thou upon thy lonely beat;  
Keep watch and ward within the city walls,  
Till, on the hills, the night and morning meet.

Fierce was the storm! the faithful sentinel—  
A frozen corpse upon the ramparts, he!  
But still men hear the Watchman's warning cry  
Sounding from out he far Eternity.

## "IF LOVING HEARTS WERE NEVER LONELY—";

OR,

MADGE HARCOURT'S DESOLATION.

By GERTRUDE PAGE.

## CHAPTER X.

JACK AND GUY IN CUMBERLAND.

It was quite dusk when Madge made her way to the old spot to meet Jack the following Tuesday evening.

She was looking forward to seeing him with glad expectancy, but at the same time with a deep sense of annoyance and regret that his friend was to accompany him.

"As if he couldn't be with him all day long in London without bringing him here to spoil my pleasure," she mused bitterly. "I know I shall be in the way; they will be always going off together. Besides, Mr. Fawcett is certain to dislike me, and then Jack will feel hurt," and she looked across the hills with a deep shadow on her face.

"But I won't care," she continued, shutting her lips tightly, "and at any rate I shall have Jack near."

Just then voices were heard approaching, and in two minutes the figures of Jack and his friend appeared round the hillside. Madge saw them and gazed forward eagerly, but she made no sign, and, for the first time, omitted to greet Jack with the usual signal.

He, however, knowing she would be somewhere near, though he could not see her for the dusk, gave a shrill whistle.

For answer Madge waved her handkerchief, but remained silent and stood on the far side of the stile until they joined her. Jack put one hand on the top rail and vaulted over, proceeding at once to embrace her warmly.

She only returned it, however, with stifled eagerness, being too proud to show her feelings before Guy, who stood looking on.

Jack noticed her changed manner and laughed good-humouredly as, turning to Guy, he remarked, "Allow me to present you to Miss Harcourt," adding—  
"Last year she could whistle and climb

stiles, but she's put away such childish tricks now, eh, Madge!" and he linked his arm through hers.

Madge gave Guy her hand very coldly, scarcely deigning to look in his face, and the trio started he newards.

"Have you made a solemn vow never to whistle again, or is it only because Guy is here?" asked incorrigible Jack, nothing daunted by her cold manner.

"I sincerely hope Miss Harcourt would not let me make any difference," put in Guy hastily, not at all sure what to make of his cold reception.

Madge frowned slightly, remarking, "I don't know what Jack does in London, but he talks a great deal of nonsense when he is at home."

Jack threw a threatening glance at Guy and said slyly, "Don't give me away, old fellow."

Guy laughed.

"Well, his conversation isn't exactly what one would term intellectual at any time," he remarked, "but I'm afraid I haven't any right to judge him."

"Certainly not!" was the merry answer. "Wait till you've heard Guy when he's wound up, Madge, you'll think better of me ever after."

"He must be unique," she said, with a faint smile, but her face was turned to Jack, and Guy, not seeing the love-light in her eyes, grew more puzzled.

If it had not been that her hand was clasped tightly on her brother's he would have thought she was not pleased to see either of them. As it was, he thought she was the handsomest, haughtiest girl he had ever met, and it was not long before he added Jack's epithet "odd."

"How are they all at home?" asked Jack presently. "Has the mater got over her alarm about Guy's dog? She did get worked up, and no mistake."

"She is still," replied Madge, "but where is the dog? Haven't you brought

him?" and for the first time she addressed herself directly to Guy and looked into his face.

Guy replied that he had left his dog with a friend, as Mrs. Harcourt did not care about dogs, while mentally he said, "What splendid eyes, if only they weren't so hard. What a pity she spoils herself so."

"Oh, you needn't have minded that," she replied carelessly. "Mrs. Harcourt makes a fuss about anything," and the expression of her mouth was not pleasant.

Jack noticed it and frowned a little. "Are you and the mater at daggers drawn still?" he asked. "I imagine as much from your letters, but you don't overburden me with news."

A sudden dimness crossed Madge's eyes and her lips twitched a little as she replied, "I have no news at any time."

Guy noticed the change and decided he had judged her too harshly, but he changed his mind again, when on Jack's inquiring, "What of the mater?" she replied coldly—

"Mrs. Harcourt and I are always civil to each other."

After that, as nothing again occurred to redeem her, he gave her up. His unfavourable impression rather deepening than otherwise after they had reached the house. Mrs. Harcourt, on finding the dog had not come, received them quite affably, and continued cheerful all through the meal, which immediately followed their arrival.

Jack talked incessantly, in his usual light-hearted manner, and his spirits seemed infectious, for even Mr. Harcourt brightened up and condescended to indulge in "small talk." Only Madge remained silent and passive; and Guy very soon felt at home.

Directly after supper, he noticed a quick look pass between the brother





"MADGE SAW THEM AND GAZED FORWARD EAGERLY, BUT SHE MADE NO SIGN."

and sister, and immediately afterwards Jack rose and said, "Excuse me a few minutes, old chap, I'm just going for a stroll with Madge, she always looks for it the first evening."

"Of course I will," was the ready answer, "and don't hurry back on my account. You said you were not going to make a visitor of me, you know."

"No fear," remarked Jack, lighting his pipe. "This is Liberty Hall, isn't it, mater? You can turn the whole house topsy-turvy if you like, no one will mind," and with a wicked twinkle in his eyes, he hurried away to join Madge.

He found her waiting for him at the hall door, and slipping her arm through his, she led him at once down the garden, to a little summer-house quite hidden from view.

Here they were no sooner seated than every spark of hauteur vanished from her face, and with a sudden rush of girlish enthusiasm she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him warmly.

A full moon had arisen since they went indoors, and in the silvery light Jack saw with a glow of pride the flushed cheeks, parted lips and shining eyes of his only sister, and a sudden deep tenderness, mingled with sympathy for her loneliness, stole over him. He laid down his pipe, and turning half round, folded her in his strong young arms, with a look of genuine love and admiration, and kissed her lips with the warmth and earnestness of a lover.

"So you're glad to have your old Jack again, are you?" he asked playfully. "You haven't forgotten how to love him yet, at any rate."

"Oh, Jack," she murmured, with a deep-drawn breath of feeling, "if you only knew how I have wanted you, and what it is to have you. I sometimes feel quite frightened at my love for you, it is so deep. I don't seem to have anyone else in all the world belonging to me. If I could only be with you oftener."

He stroked her hair fondly.

"You will be soon," he said hopefully. "I'm going to speak to father about it before I go back. There's no reason why we shouldn't go away together some time this summer."

"Where to?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh! somewhere nice. I must talk it over with Guy."

"But you don't mean Mr. Fawcett to come with us?" she exclaimed in a voice of dismay.

"Yes, why not? He's a grand fellow. You'll like him awfully when you know him. If he didn't actually stay with us, he would be sure to stay in the same neighbourhood. We always go away together, you know."

"And I suppose my company would not make up for his, although you have him all the year round," she remarked bitterly.

"I don't know what you mean," he replied, with a shade of annoyance in his voice. "I wish you wouldn't be so silly, Madge. What's the matter with Guy, why don't you like him? You received him to-night as if he were a deadly enemy."

"I hate him," she answered quickly. "I've hated him for months, and I've no doubt he'll have the same feeling towards me in a day or two."

"What nonsense! How on earth can you hate a man you have only spoken half a dozen words to? And what don't you like about him?"

"It isn't the man himself. I don't care in the least what he is personally, but it's the hold he has on you. I hate him for being here now; for being always with you and for being such a 'grand fellow' as you call it, in your eyes."

She sat up erect and looked straight before her, while the hard look crept back into her eyes. "I hate the very sight of him and I am sick of his name," she continued half-fiercely. "Your letters are full of him; it is Guy here, Guy there, Guy everywhere. You have him always in London and yet you must bring him here, although you know perfectly well how I want you all to myself. It's too bad of you, you needn't have done it," and she bit her lips to still their quivering.

"My dear girl," exclaimed Jack in astonishment, quite taken aback by the sudden storm he had aroused. "You must be crazy to be jealous of Guy. I never heard of such a thing. What difference can his being here possibly make to you and me?"

"A world of difference to me," she answered bitterly. "Two's company, three's none. Besides, he is your guest, and of course you must entertain him; a lot of time you will have left over for me."

Her breast heaved with something like a sob, as she continued, "But you needn't mind, I'm not going to be in the way. I know I'm a wet blanket in any company, so I'll keep away from you. You needn't be uneasy about me, I'm getting used to these sorts of things, and I shall no doubt take it very stoically."

"My dear Madge, do you know you're talking like a child?" remonstrated Jack very seriously; "I shouldn't hear of your keeping away from us. You know perfectly well that when I come home I always want you all day long. You will completely spoil our visit if you keep up this absurd idea. Guy will be miserable, because he'll think it's all his fault. I can't think what's come to you."

A suspicious glint about her eyes caught his attention, and he softened instantly.

"Look here, Madge," he said gently, leaning towards her and putting his hand on hers, "you've been worrying about Guy coming till you've got quite silly about it. You must make a fresh start and try not to be prejudiced. You know I couldn't like him better than you, and if it comes to the point, of course I prefer your company to his. I brought him because I thought it would be a pleasant change for you. If you'll only try we shall be ever so jolly together, and Guy knows what you and I are to each other, so he'll take care not to be in the way."

She bent her head lower and clasped her white fingers through his.

"Promise me you'll try, Madge," he continued in a winning voice. "I know you wouldn't like to spoil my visit."

"Yes, yes, I'll try," she murmured hastily, with a catch in her voice. "You know I'd do anything for you. It's only because I love you so much I'm so silly. I will try really. You haven't the least idea how I love you, Jack. I seem to live for only three things; to read, to think, and to love you."

"You do far too much of the first two," he said gravely.

"I know I do, but I can't help it. I have been driven to it; there is nothing else. I must read for occupation, and thinking comes to me as naturally as eating, I simply can't help it. I am always thinking. I sometimes sit just reasoning and wondering till my head is throbbing so, I don't know how to bear it."

"Then why don't you give it up? Isn't there something else you can do? Suppose I send you a camera, how would you like that?"

"Not at all, I should soon weary of it. I want to *κνωσι*. I am always craving to find out about things, and I can't rest."

She clasped and unclasped her hands unconsciously as she gazed past him out into the night.

"Oh! you can't think what it is never to rest, and never to feel happy, but to be always, always craving. Those stars," and she raised her eyes to the skies, "they are just points of light to you. You don't care whether they are two or three miles away or billions; whether they are crowded with inhabitants, or just molten gas; you are far more interested in the result of a football match or horse-race. But to me, they are worlds and suns and solar systems, scattered in space at appalling distances. I know the names of all the largest ones we see, and most that is known about them, but what of that? I am wild to know more. See, that bright one opposite is Sirius. It is the brightest of them all and sheds forty-eight times as much light as the sun, and is probably twenty times as large. Then that other bright one is Jupiter; it will only be visible two more months and then disappear, but the astronomers know exactly where it has gone and when it will come back and the identical spot where it will be first seen. It is a fascinating study, but it is cruel."

She paused and a deep yearning look came over her face.

"I would like to have my heaven back," she said wistfully. "The children's heaven, which is only a few miles off, just behind the blue; and where myriads of shining angels with golden harps walked in streets of gold. It was better than knowing about the awful magnitude of space. It made you hopeful instead of crushing you down. The stars were only the angels' candles then. A beautiful delusion is often better than a cold and bare truth."

She clasped her white hands round her knees and leaned forward. "I would like to have my heaven back," she said again wearily.

The sadness in her voice touched him deeply, and he drew nearer to her. "Poor old girl," he said tenderly, "I wish I could make you happier. Don't you think you might help yourself a little more. Why not give up studying learned subjects and worrying your head about things that don't really matter in the least."

"I don't seem as if I could, Jack, I want so to know, and it seems such a hopeless quest. You know we may be wrong all the time on some of the most interesting subjects. Fancy the years that people believed the Ptolemaic doctrine, that the whole universe revolved round the earth. It's quite funny to think of it now," and she smiled a tired little smile, "but it was all right then, and everyone looked up to Ptolemy as such a great and learned man. One could understand people fancying themselves a little when they believed that. I think I should like to have lived at that time, it would be nice not to feel quite so dreadfully insignificant. Not that it has made much difference, for people fancy themselves now as much as ever, although they know better how foolish and ignorant they are. I can't think how they can; to me the thought of our insignificance is almost overwhelming." She paused a few moments, then added, "And all the time you are so careless and gay and light-hearted in your indifference. Oh! I wish I had been made like you, I am so sick of everything."

"If you did more as I do, you would grow more like me," he said. "Why not take up golf, read novels and study the fashion papers for a change?"

"I can't," she answered in hopeless tones. "It's no use trying. Exciting novels aggravate me, and I don't care for games a bit."

"I wish you did," he said, looking perplexed. "Do you know you're growing so bitter and hardened that you gave me quite a shock to-night."

"Yes, I know," she answered in a voice of suppressed eagerness. "I do it on purpose, I want to grow hard. I can't bear to know so little, so I try not to care about anything. It's all so confusing, you know. I—oh, Jack, you don't know what I'm becoming. I can't even say the prayer mother taught me now, it seems like a farce. At night the stars laugh at me and in the day the sunshine mocks me. I can't get away from myself and my own ignorance and the hopelessness of unravelling things. I must know more about God if I'm to love Him," and the strained look deepened on her face, as she knit her brows to steady her voice and quell the rising emotion in her heart. "My step-mother's bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and hypocrisy have sickened me against religion altogether," she said, and drew her hand across her eyes wearily.

"Poor old girl," he said again, gently, "you have got in a bad way, and no mistake. I could see it in your letters and have been feeling quite

anxious about you. But it'll all pass off in time," he continued in a hopeful voice. "It's chiefly owing to the life you have been leading, and you'll soon be able to change it now. You see if you don't laugh at yourself, Madge, before very long, and wonder how you could have given way to such feelings!" and as he spoke he rose and prepared to return to the house.

Madge sighed, and stood up beside him, but she said nothing in answer. "We mustn't stay longer now," he continued, "but we can have another chat to-morrow. You're going to be nice to Guy, aren't you? Come, you said you would for me, you know."

"I'll try," she answered, "but I'm not certain to succeed."

"That's right," he said brightly, and putting his arm round her, he led her back to the house.

Guy looked up curiously as they entered, and was struck by the change in Madge's face. She looked very white and tired, and though her lips wore their old compressed look, there was a spiritless expression about her dark eyes that affected him strangely. Then he noticed the cold civility between the girl and her step-mother and wondered at it, for it seemed to him greater than the circumstances warranted, and finally he went to bed still more confirmed in his first impressions, that Madge might have been very nice, but had completely spoiled herself.

(To be continued.)

## HINTS ON HOME NURSING.

### MOUTH WASHES.

The juice of a lemon with an equal part of glycerine and water. Sanitas, Condy's fluid, or myrrh diluted freely with water are useful to cleanse the mouth with in illness. Powdered alum or alum water will often cure small gumboils.

### TO GIVE INHALATIONS,

the remedy to be inhaled may be put into a jug and a cloth put over the mouth of the jug, leaving an aperture large enough to admit of the mouth and nose, partly fill the jug with boiling water and inhale with deep inspirations. An inhalation is best taken at night; and any chance of a cold afterwards should be avoided. Turpentine, one dram, is very good to inhale in cases of bad colds to one pint of boiling water. Where the breath is offensive, one dram of creosote to one pint of hot water every four or six hours is useful. Tincture or benzoïn co. is sometimes used where the breathing is difficult owing to laryngitis, two drams to a pint of hot water, vinegar, two drams, or eucalyptus oil, one dram, to a pint of water, is also good where the cough is troublesome.

### IN BRONCHITIS

a steam tent is made by hanging curtains or screens round the bed and putting it near the fire, on which a bronchitis kettle should be kept boiling, or an ordinary kettle with a child's tin trumpet, or a funnel of brown paper or cardboard on the spout, helps to direct the steam towards the patient. The kettle may be kept boiling on a spirit lamp or oil-stove, if there is no place near the fire available.

### GLYCERINE INJECTIONS

are given in a small syringe sold for the purpose, and able to contain one or two teaspoonfuls of glycerine; it is sometimes more convenient than the simple enema.

### THE DRESSING OF WOUNDS,

whether large or small, require care, in order that they may heal well and quickly. The following rules ought to be attended to.

(1) The wound must be cleansed and kept clean. (2) The divided tissues must be accurately re-adjusted and kept in position. (3) The part must be kept at rest. (4) All fluids must be allowed to escape and be taken up by the dressings. In small superficial wounds, washing with water that has been boiled is sufficient; but if the wound is deep or has been exposed to the air for any time, it is safer to use some antiseptic lotion, such as carbolic, one in forty, or perchloride of mercury, one in two thousand; however small the cut is, it will heal up very much quicker if the part is kept at complete rest.

Wounds heal in one of three ways, (a) by first intention, (b) by granulation, (c) under a scab.

### BY FIRST INTENTION

means when the edges are carefully re-adjusted, and the wound heals without any discharge or pus forming.

### BY GRANULATION,

when into the wound is poured lymph, little blood-vessels force up this lymph; tiny excrescences are formed, these are called granulations, and they increase and grow until the

wound is healed up; if the wound is active the little cells increase tremendously, and those that are not used die, and these dead cells are called pus, and must be cleansed away when the wound is dressed.

### HEALING UNDER A SCAB

means that the admission of air to a wound being a serious thing, it is prevented by means of a scab; an artificial scab is sometimes formed by painting the part over with collodion.

### IN DRESSINGS,

where antiseptic treatment is carried out, the idea is to prevent air getting to the surface of the wound and so causing decomposition. The existing germs are destroyed by washing the part with an antiseptic lotion. The wound is then covered over with some substance thick enough to prevent these germs from again getting to the surface of the wound. Lint and wool steeped in antiseptic lotion cover the wound and kill any germ before it gets to the wound. It is of great importance then to see, if you are nursing wounds treated antiseptically, that the dressings put on by the doctor are not allowed to get loose or dirty, and must not on any account be taken off or loosened without the doctor's leave.

### FOR EAR-ACHE

laudanum placed on a piece of warm cotton wool. A roasted fig, split in half, and laid over the ear as hot as possible to be borne. A piece of hot onion placed just inside the ear, or a mustard plaster put behind the ear will give relief.

## PRACTICAL HINTS ON DESIGNING.

## PART I.

To the amateur craftswoman there is always a peculiar fascination in working from her own designs; and, well knowing the technical necessities of her branch of art, she ought to be easily able, if a draughtswoman, to create good practical patterns, or to adapt ornament from other sources to her own requirements. Unfortunately, amateurs often fail entirely to produce pleasant effects, either from ignorance of the true principles of design, or else because they do not sufficiently recognise simplicity as an essential part of beauty.

The fundamental principles of design, whether applied to construction or ornamentation, are all founded on truthfulness, and are briefly these—

That utility precedes ornament.

That convenience should dictate shape.

That the most obvious fitness entails the greatest beauty.

That all decoration should enrich without obscuring the original form.

That material should suggest treatment.

That any attempt to make one material assume the characteristics of another is false art.

That all decoration loses its beauty when it is felt to be superfluous.

These laws, being of universal application, cannot be tampered with safely, while the amateur who obeys them is unlikely to make any serious mistake.

Many others, less important, but useful to bear in mind, deal with especial branches of art, or forms of ornamentation, and admit of exceptions.

In its widest sense, the design includes the form of an article, as well as its decoration, although, as a rule, it is only the latter with which amateurs are concerned.

In any case, it is a fatal error to imagine that delicacy and elaboration of detail can ever atone for weakness of composition; and to draw out a carefully considered plan ought always to be the artist's first proceeding.

All designs are founded on geometrical principles, although sometimes the main lines are so overlaid with ornament, that this fact is not at once apparent. A little consideration will show that, however irregular a figure may be in itself, its regular repetition brings it under geometrical laws; and, if the repetition be arbitrary, design itself is absent. It is obvious, therefore, that, before attempting to make any working plan, proper tools must be obtained, and their use understood.

A good-sized drawing-board, drawing-pins, some cartridge paper, charcoal, or a BB. pencil, a good F. pencil, a piece of brown india-rubber, a T square, a small set-square, a pair of compasses, fitted with movable arms for pen or pencil, a six-inch rule marked with inches and angles, and transparent paper for tracing are all necessities, and their use will be explained as we proceed.

One may sometimes draw a rough sketch of one's ideas in miniature, but it is important that even the most elementary plan should be of the same size as the space to be decorated, or the ultimate effect cannot be accurately judged.

The drawing-paper must be pinned tightly on to the board, with one edge of which its own should be perfectly parallel; and if the plan is to be a square, or parallelogram, a straight line must be ruled by the help of the T square's shaft, whose head should be held firmly against the side of the board.

On this foundation-line, the required length should be marked off, and at the points where the corners are to come, the corner of the set square should be placed, and upright lines ruled by its aid. These can be continued by

use of the T square, as far as required, and the fourth side obtained in the same way.

To form a circular plan, the foundation-line should be ruled through the middle of the paper; a place being fixed on for the centre, the point of the compasses should be inserted into the paper there, and the pencil end brought on to the line at the required "radius," which is half the diameter, or length through. Then, the point being firmly held, the circle must be described by swinging the pencil-arm round on the paper. The foundation-line divides the circumference, or line round, into two, and these semi-circles had better be again divided by the following method. Insert the point of the compasses where the diameter cuts the circumference, and stretch them to any length greater than the radius; describe with the pencil-arm a semi-circle; proceed in the same way from the other end of the diameter, and mark the exact points where these arcs intersect, finally ruling from one point to the other a line which, if all has been correctly done, must pass also through the centre. This divides the circle into four segments, and these can be subdivided on the same principle. In this way can be formed an octagon, or eight-sided figure, a straight line being drawn from each one of the eight points on the circumference to the next. By marking off the length of the radius on the circumference, the hexagon, or six-sided figure, is obtained.

To make a triangle, the length of the base should be measured on the foundation, divided into two, and at the middle a line ruled at right angles by means of the set-square. The compasses should then be extended to the required length of the other sides; the point inserted at one of the bottom corners, and where the pencil cuts the upright line, is the apex of the triangle, whence lines must be ruled to the ends of the base.

These figures, the circle, triangle, square, hexagon, and octagon, are most generally used, and the formation of others, such as the pentagon and ellipse, is almost too complicated for an untrained geometrician to attempt.

To draw one line parallel to another, the compasses should be extended to the width of the required space, arcs made from different points along the first line, and a second ruled, touching, without cutting, all the arcs.

Such an elementary plan obtained, its filling up proceeds according to what sort of ornament is desired, whether a diaper, panel, border, or frieze, to mention the most usual forms; and each demands compliance with certain fixed laws governing its construction.

A diaper consists of an ornamental square, or alternate squares, exactly repeated all over the surface to be decorated. Obviously, therefore, the space at command must, first of all, be divided on the plan into squares, into one or two of which the ornament must be fitted. It is not necessary, however, that the latter should itself be square; in mediæval architecture, where the best specimens of diapers are to be seen, the pattern is generally founded on the circle, or is formed of a conventional flower, with any number of petals. If two similar or contrasting devices be used, they should unite at the corners, or leave a space between, which describes a more or less geometrical figure. It is well, therefore, to know the qualities of repetition which the different shapes possess. A square, for instance, repeats itself; that is to say, four equal squares joined together at the corners surround a space exactly corresponding to any one of them. In the same manner three triangles surround a triangle, and six hexagons a hexagon. But square spaces are also formed by the conjunction of four octagons, and in an

irregular form, of four circles. The diamond, a four-sided figure with two angles greater than the others, repeats itself, and is also formed by the joining together of four hexagons. Circles surround only star-like spaces, whose points correspond in number to the circles employed. The triangle and hexagon likewise form each other, as do the square and oblong parallelogram.

Except the triangle, no polygon, having an unequal number of sides (such as the pentagon) can form a repeat, and, if used at all in "all-over" patterns, should be enclosed in a square or circle.

Although, strictly speaking, the repeat of a diaper can only be square, all the arrangements of single and alternating figures mentioned above are used in so-called "all-over" designs, the essential law of which is that the ornament looks the same, whether viewed from one end or the other, in contradistinction to those which are called up-and-down patterns.

The division of a given parallelogram into squares for a diaper is easily done by measuring off the required size from one corner all along two sides, and ruling lines at right angles from the points obtained by means of the set-square.

If the surface to be decorated be not a parallelogram, two lines should be ruled across it at right angles to each other, and the plan based upon them. Whatever device occupy the square, it must start from a centre, and approach each side in a similar manner, therefore the centre spot must next be obtained by drawing diagonals from the corners, as already advised. The squares will thus be cut up into quarters, which, in one or two henceforth to be considered as a field for experiments, should again be divided, thus providing eight equal sections. Then, by stretching the compasses to the length of the line between centre and side, a circle should be firmly drawn which will just touch each side. The chosen device be of six segments, the eight sections are not needed, the radius of the circle being measured off six times on the circumference, starting at one of the quarter divisions, and lines drawn from the centre to the points thus obtained. On these plans we can test our decorative ideas with a soft pencil or charcoal, and, for the latter, the special rough paper is convenient, although ordinary cartridge does very well, and can be had in larger sheets.

The agreeable distribution of parts is so important, that the design should first be drawn out in broad masses, these corrected until quite satisfactory, then carefully outlined with a chalk or HB. pencil, and the charcoal dusted off. For correction of charcoal and chalk, bread should be used; for pencil, india-rubber. The details should then be put in with charcoal, and when perfect, gone over with Indian ink and a fine pen, or, for large work, the geometrical instrument called an ink-pen will be found useful, and makes a beautifully even line. When the pattern is to be light on a dark ground, the ultimate richness of effect, and the value of the contrasting masses, can be more accurately judged by doing the first sketch in white chalk on brown paper, and fixing the lines, when approved of, in white paint.

Next a sheet of tracing-paper should be tightly pinned over the drawing, so that it cannot shift, and every permanent line carefully traced through with an F. pencil.

Where no colouring is wanted, this is sometimes the last preparatory stage; but if, as is very likely, the many alterations should have made the original sketch dirty and untidy, it will be necessary to make this tracing of the main lines only, omitting anything doubtful, and then transfer the former on to a clean



square. The method of transference is as follows—

Rub a soft lead pencil evenly all over a piece of cartridge-paper, and take off with an old rag all black that is thus removable, enough remaining for the purpose. Many people buy blue paper, but lead is far cleaner, and mistakes in its use can easily be obliterated with bread. This transfer sheet must be laid, lead or blue downwards, on to the clean paper, the tracing placed over that, exactly in the position which the new drawing is to fill, and all three fastened securely down with pins. Every line on the tracing should then be gone over with a "pointer," which may be either a piece of bone tipped with lead, a knitting-needle, or, as I prefer, a pointed stick of jade. This transfers the drawing faintly on to the new paper, but when the leaded and tracing sheets have been removed, all the inevitable errors of transference, broken lines, weak curves, and ugly joints must be corrected with an F. pencil, and the fuller details carefully drawn in. When colour is to be employed, Whatman paper must be used, and the tints put on now in clear washes with a sable brush.

Now a second tracing should be made, and every square filled up if required, but as a rule enough only of the surface need be covered to form a good repeat, this being the last stage before putting the pattern on to the material, which process varies with nearly every different handicraft.

I have described this method of transference thus fully, because it applies alike to all patterns.

"All over," and "up and down" designs must be planned in much the same way as diapers, the difference lying chiefly in the primary divisions. When these are triangles one should be formed of the desired dimensions in the way already described, and repeats of it transferred all along the horizontal foundation with their corners touching each other. Then a second horizontal should be drawn touching each apex, thus forming a line of triangles pointing alternately up and down, and a tracing being made of this repeat, it can be multiplied all over the field.

Circles, hexagons, and octagons are founded on the square, as already directed, but the squares may be either placed diagonally, or horizontally.

Powderings are figures sprinkled at regular intervals over the ground, differing from other "all overs" in being isolated, and must be planned for on the system of squares, or diamonds, the devices being placed on the intersections.

The fundamental law of a border is parallelism to an edge, which means that however much the ornament may twist and wave, it must be kept within two imaginary lines at

different distances from the edge of the material, and must at regular intervals touch these lines. This rule is not infringed by simple repeats of a figure whose main stem is at right angles to the edge, because here the parallelism is suggested by the figures all springing from one line, actual or inferred.

Obviously the first thing to do is to make these two lines following the shape of the object for which the border is wanted.

When this is square the arrangement of a corner has to be considered. When circular, the main lines of the border must converge towards the inner edge, and all ornamentation being smaller on that side than the other it is impossible to use any pattern founded on a square.

Having ascertained the exact length and width required, the former should be divided up into equal spaces, each less, or but little longer than the width, for as a general rule, if the repeat be much longer than the width, the border partakes of the nature of the frieze or of panelling.

In a specimen plan a yard long by three inches wide, we could divide the former by the latter twelve times, each repeat being three inches square; but where alternate figures are to incline to either edge of the border, an unequal number of repeats is desirable, so that a complete device may come in the centre, instead of the boundary between two. In this case, therefore, it would be better to divide the above length into nine spaces of four inches.

Supposing that the yard has to include two corners, each three inches square, six inches should be deducted, and the remaining thirty divided either into ten spaces of three inches, or, in case of alternation, fifteen of two.

With an oblong article, the length of the shorter sides must also be reckoned for, so that a repeat may be obtained whose measure is common to all the dimensions. For instance, a mat of one yard by twenty-four inches, requiring a border of three inches, may be arranged in repeats of two inches, nine of these exactly filling the space left between the corners on each shorter side.

It is not essential that the corner should be the exact square of the width, and very often a narrow border has a very large and important corner. Still the principle of equal division of the sides invariably holds good.

To border a circle, an inner circle must be drawn at the desired distance from the edge and both divided into the necessary repeat by radii from the centre. For alternation the number of spaces must be even.

In octagonal or hexagonal borders, the corners may be cut off by lines at right angles to the sides from the inner angle to the outer

edge. The parallelograms thus left can be divided into suitable spaces.

Some measurements will be more complicated than in these examples; but, however tedious, such accurate planning-out is imperative before the more artistic work begins.

The ornament of the border depends either on the fancy of the artist, or the existing decoration of the field which requires it; but its main features will either be a third parallel midway between the original two; diagonals drawn from side to side; right angular lines, as in the Greek frets or key-borders; circles contiguous or interlacing as in the guilloche; or arcs facing alternately one side or the other. For all these the geometrical plans must first be arranged.

Except in a guilloche the corner is seldom identical with the general repeat, but it ought to be only a variation caused by the necessary change of direction in the principal lines.

Sometimes the main line can be curved gracefully across the corner, and where the repeat is simply an isolated figure, this may be placed diagonally in the corner, or in its stead, a rosette used containing its elementary features.

Large and florid corner ornaments occasionally suffice for the entire border, when the stem or most elaborate figure should originate from the angle.

In the frieze, more independent in its nature than the border, the eye, instead of being carried along an edge, may rest on a central feature more conspicuous than the remainder. The frieze may certainly be a series of repeats, but these are generally so long in proportion to the width that the sight hardly takes in more than one at a time. Serving usually as a heading to something else, its upper half need not match the lower, and is better lighter; the best arrangement being a rich group of interlacing curves springing from a centre, and the lines on either side of this although not exactly corresponding, must make some show of symmetry. For repetition, the ends coming together, should compose a single device.

Panels of any shape are subject to the same laws as friezes, and symmetry is even more essential to their beauty. When two parts are to match, the main curves of one should be carefully drawn, traced, and transferred to the other before minor details are added.

Of course many beautiful examples of Eastern and ancient art have ornament composed without any reference to geometry, but such a method requires a master-mind to make it successful, and is not to be recommended to beginners.

Therefore I have devoted all my space in this article to geometrical methods of composition, intending in another to treat more especially of ornamental detail.

CONSTANCE JACOB.



## SISTERS THREE.

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

## CHAPTER IX.



THREE days after Mr. Bertrand's return, Rex Freer arrived at the house in a state of triumphant excitement. This was by no means his first appearance since he had left Clouds-dale, for he never passed the house on any of his numerous expeditions that he did not run in 'forten minutes' chat, and the

girls were getting accustomed to see his head appear at the window as they sat at work, or to hear the loud rat-tat on the door which heralded his coming. They soon had practical demonstration of his "managing powers," for, more than once after definitely making up their minds that nothing would induce them to stir from the house, they found themselves meekly putting on hats and jackets to join a tobogganing party, and to accompany the young gentleman part of his way home. Lettice was always easily influenced, but high-spirited Norah made many protests against what she was pleased to call his "Indian ways," and on one occasion even went so far as to dare a direct refusal. Lettice had left the room to get ready for a walk along the snowy lanes, but Miss Norah sat obstinately in her chair, the heel of one slipper perched on the toe of the other, in an attitude which was a triumph of defiance.

"Well!" said Mr. Rex, putting his hands in his pockets, and standing with his back to the fire in elderly gentleman fashion. "Why don't you get on your coat? I can't wait many minutes, you know, or it will get dark. Hurry up!"

"I'm not going. It's too cold. I don't like trudging over the snow. I am going to stay at home."

Norah raised her thin, little face to his with an audacious glance, whereat "the strange boy's" eyes dilated with the steely flash which she knew so well.

"Then please go upstairs and tell Lettice not to trouble to get ready. I can't allow her to come home alone, along the lonely roads," he said quietly, and Norah slunk out of the room and put on her snow-shoes in crestfallen silence, for it did Lettice good to have a daily walk, and she could not be so selfish as to keep her at home.

This afternoon, however, the call was longer than usual, for Rex came as the bearer of good news. "You have only to make up your mind to do anything,

and the rest is quite easy," he announced coolly. "The mater has made a point of speaking to everyone she has seen about the music lessons, and she has heard of a capital man in Lancaster who is willing to come down for an afternoon once a fortnight. I met your father in the village, and he agrees to the terms, so now there is nothing left but to write and fill in the day to begin. Thursday suits him best. Do you say Thursday first or Thursday fortnight?"

"Oh, the first Thursday. I don't want to wait a day longer than I can help. Oh, how lovely! So it is really settled. I wanted it so badly that I was afraid it would never come true. How am I to get over to your house, I wonder?"

"I'll drive over and bring you back next morning. We might use our bicycles, but the violin case would be rather a nuisance, and I suppose you'll need a bag of some description. I'll be here at eleven, and then we shall get home to lunch. Edna is in a great state of excitement at the thought of seeing you."

Norah pulled a funny little face of embarrassment. "I'm rather shy, you know," she said, laughing. "I've only seen your mother once, and the other two are absolute strangers; it seems funny to be coming over to stay. Is your father a formidable sort of old gentleman?"

"Humph—well—I think he is rather! He is awfully fond of getting his own way," said Rex, in a tone which implied that he failed to understand how any one could be guilty of such a weakness. "But he is an awfully decent sort if you take him the right way; and poor little Edna would not frighten a mouse. You will feel at home with her in five minutes. I only wish she knew Lettice. We must arrange for her to come over some time."

Norah looked at him with a feeling of curiosity which was not altogether agreeable. "Why do you wish that she knew Lettice? Do you think she would like her better than me?"

"Oh, yes," said Rex easily. (He was just like other boys, Norah told herself, and had not the slightest regard for a poor girl's feelings.) "She is such a jolly, affectionate little thing, you know, that Edna would take to her at once; Lettice, I mean, 'Lovely Lettice!' I say, isn't she pretty?"

"Yes, she is—lovely. It's a very good name for her." Norah spoke with all the greater emphasis, because, for the moment, she had been guilty of an actual pang of envy of her beloved Lettice, for she regarded the "strange boy" as her special friend, by virtue of having been the first to make his acquaintance, and it was not agreeable to find her own claims to popularity brushed aside in this unceremonious fashion. "Lettice is a darling, and everyone likes her because she is sweet-tempered, and never says unkind things

to make other people miserable," she added, not without the hope that Mr. Rex would take the hint to himself. He did nothing of the sort, however, but only yawned—thought he must be going—and marched away with stoical unconsciousness of the aching little heart which he had left behind.

On Thursday morning Rex drove up to the door in his father's dog-cart. He was a little before his time, but Norah was waiting for him, wrapped up in her warm scarlet coat; her violin case and bag ready on the hall table. Before he came she had been lamenting loudly, because she felt a conviction that something would happen to prevent his arrival; but when it came to setting off, she was seized with an attack of shyness, and hung back in hesitating fashion. "Oh, oh! I don't like it a bit. I feel horrid. Don't you think father would drive over, and bring me home to-night?"

"H—ush! No! Don't be foolish, Nonie! You will enjoy it ever so much when you get there. Remember everything to tell me to-morrow," whispered Lettice encouragingly, and Norah climbed up into the high seat, waved her hand to her two sisters until a turn of the drive hid them from sight.

"If you want to cry, don't mind me," said Rex, coolly; and the remark served better than anything else could possibly have done to rouse Miss Norah to her usual composure. The saucy little nose was tilted into the air at once, and the red lips curled in scornful fashion.

"I wonder how it is that schoolboys are always so rude and unpleasant?"

Mr. Rex laughed, and gave the horse a flick with the whip, which sent him spinning round the corner at break-neck speed. Norah understood that he was proud of his driving, and wished to impress her with the fact that it was very unlike a school-boy performance. She pressed her lips together to stifle an exclamation of dismay at his recklessness, and her silence pleased Rex, who liked to see "a girl with some courage," so that presently he began to talk in quite a confidential strain. "The professor will be at the house about half-past two, so you won't have too much time to spare. He is a tall, lanky fellow, six feet two, with a straggling black beard, goggle eyes, and spectacles. He looks awfully bad-tempered, but I suppose he can't do more than rap your knuckles with a pencil, and they all go as far as that."

"No one ever rapped my knuckles," said Norah, loftily. "You told Hilary a few minutes ago that none of you had seen him, and that your mother had engaged him entirely on her friends' recommendation. So you can't know what he is like, or anything about him!"

"How do you know that the friends did not describe him?" cried Rex quickly. "You can't know what they

said. I tell you he is a tall, cadaverous fellow, with a stoop in his back, and a white beard."

"Black! black! You said black last time," cried Norah in triumph. "You are making it up, and I could imagine what he is like as well as you, if I liked, but I won't, because it is so horribly uncomfortable when you really meet. I tried that trick with Lettice once, when a friend of Miss Briggs came to visit us. She was a very nice old lady, and awfully kind (she made me a sweet little pin-cushion for my room) but she was ugly! She looked just like a fat, good-natured frog, with light eyes very far apart, big, big freckles spotted over her face, and such a great, wide-mouth. Well, I saw her first, and then I went upstairs and Lettice met me, and asked me what she was like. I felt mischievous, so I said that she was dark, and tall, and stately, with a long, thin face, and beautiful, melancholy eyes. Lettice went rushing downstairs, and when she saw her she stopped quite short, and began to choke and gurgle as if she were going to have a fit. She pretended that she was laughing at something Raymond was doing in the garden; but it was horribly awkward, and I vowed I'd never do it again. I should hate people to laugh at me, and it's unkind to do things that you wouldn't like other people to do to you—I mean—you know what I mean!"

"I know," said Rex, gravely. He looked quite serious and impressed, and Norah cast inquiring glances at his face, wondering what he could be thinking of, to make him so solemn all of a sudden.

"At last. "Look here," he said, "talking of meeting strangers, don't stare at poor little Edna when you meet. There is something about her eyes, and she is very sensitive about it. Try and look as if you don't notice it, you know."

"Oh, I will!" cried Norah gushingly. She knitted her brows together, trying to think what the "something" could be. Something wrong with her lungs, and something wrong with her eyes—poor Edna; she was indeed to be pitied. "I am glad he told me, for I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world," she said to herself, and many times over, during the course of the next hour, did her thoughts wander sympathetically towards her new companion.

It was a long, cold drive, but Norah could have found it in her heart to wish it were longer, as the dog-cart turned in at the gate of the Manor House, and drew up before the grey stone porch. Mrs. Freer came into the hall to welcome her guest, with a grey woollen shawl wrapped round her shoulders, and her little face pinched with cold.

"How do you do, dear? I am afraid you are quite starved. Come away to the fire and get thawed before you go upstairs," she said, cordially, and Norah followed, conscious that a girl's head had peeped out of the door to examine her, and then been cautiously withdrawn. When they entered the room, however, Miss Edna was seated demurely behind a screen, and came forward in the most proper way to shake

hands with the new-comer. Norah was only conscious that she was tall, with narrow shoulders, and brown hair hanging in a long plait down her back, for the fear of seeming to stare at the "something" in her eyes about which she was so sensitive, kept her from giving more than the most casual of glances. Conversation languished under these circumstances, and presently Mrs. Freer took Norah upstairs to her room to get ready for lunch. Before that meal was served, however, there was another painful ten minutes to go through downstairs, when the mistress of the house was out of the room, and Rex came in to take her place. Edna was reported to be shy, but in this instance it was Norah who was tongue-tied, and the other who made the advances. It is so extremely difficult to speak to a person at whom one is forbidden to look. Norah fixed her eyes on Edna's brooch, and said, "Yes, oh yes, she was fond of skating." Questioned a little further, she gave a rapid glance so far upward as to include a mouth and chin, and was so much abashed by her own temerity that she contradicted herself hopelessly, and stammered out a ridiculous statement to the effect that she never used a bicycle, that is to say always—when it was fine. Edna sat silent, dismayed at the reality of the sprightly girl of whom she had heard so much, and it did not add to Norah's comfort to hear unmistakable sounds of chuckling from the background. She darted an angry glance at Rex, scented mischief in his twitching smile, and turned at bay to stare fixedly into Edna's face. A broad forehead, thin cheeks, a delicate pink and white complexion, the dark grey eyes, wide open with curiosity, but as free from any disfigurement about which their owner could be "sensitive" as those of the visitor herself.

"Oh—h!" gasped Norah. Rex burst into a roar of laughter, and Edna pleaded eagerly to be told of the reason of their excitement.

"He told me I was not to look at you. He told me—there was something—wrong—with your eyes; that you didn't like people to stare at you. I—I was afraid to move!" panted Norah in indignation.

"Something wrong with my eyes! But there isn't, is there? They are all right?" cried Edna in alarm, opening the maligned eyes to about twice their usual size, and staring at Norah in beseeching fashion. "How could he say anything so untrue!"

"I never said there was anything 'wrong.' I was very particular how I put it. I said there was 'something' about your eyes, and that you were sensitive about meeting strangers, and did not like to be stared at. All quite true, isn't it? It's not my fault if Norah chose to think you squinted," declared Rex, getting the best of the argument as usual, and nodding his head at Norah with the air of triumph which she found so exasperating.

Edna looked from one to the other in startled fashion, as though she were afraid that such flashing looks must be the commencement of a quarrel, and

drew a sigh of relief when Norah's dignity gave way to giggles of uncontrollable amusement.

The Squire made his appearance at the luncheon table, an irascible-looking old gentleman, with red, weather-beaten face, grey hair, and fierce white whiskers sticking out on either side. The ribbons on his wife's cap trembled every time she spoke to her, and she said, "Yes, love, yes!" and "No, love, no!" to everything he said, as if she were afraid to differ from him on any subject. Norah jumped on her seat the first time he spoke to her, for his voice sounded so loud and angry. He said, "I am afraid you have had a cold drive." In much the same tone as that in which the villain on the stage would cry—"Base villain, die a thousand deaths!" and when he called for the mustard, the very rafters seemed to ring. "What on earth must he be like when he is really angry, if he is like this when he is not displeased?" asked Norah of herself; but there was something in the Squire's keen, blue eyes, which took her fancy, despite his fierceness, and she noticed that when he spoke to his little daughter his face softened, while each time that she coughed, he knitted his brows and stared at her with undisguised anxiety. Edna was evidently his darling, and her delicate health the cause of much anxiety.

At two o'clock the two girls ensconced themselves behind the window curtains and exchanged confidences while watching for the first appearance of the Professor from Lancaster. Edna told Norah all about the school which she left; how grieved she had been to say good-bye to her friends, and how sadly she missed their bright society, and Norah comforted her in warm-hearted fashion. "Never mind, I am coming every fortnight, and when the bright days are here you will be able to drive over and see us. I hope you will like me, for I think I shall like you very much indeed, in spite of your eyes." Then they pinched each other, and crouched together with "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of excitement, as a small, wiry figure came hurrying towards the house. It was Mr. Morris, of course, but the collar of his coat was turned up and his hat pulled over his face, so that it was impossible to tell what he was really like. Only one thing was certain, he had neither a white nor a black beard, as Mr. Rex had predicted.

"Let me have the first lesson. He won't think I am so bad if he hears me first," pleaded Edna; and at the end of an hour she came out of the drawing-room to announce that Mr. Morris was rather terrible, but that she was sure he was a good teacher, and that she had not been so frightened as she expected. Then it was Norah's turn. She played her favourite pieces, one after the other, while Mr. Morris sat at the edge of the table, watching and listening. Never a word of praise or blame did he say until she had finished the third selection. Then he looked at her fixedly with his light, grey eyes (they were rather goggle, after all) and said quietly, "Well, and what do you mean to do?"



"Mean to do? I—I don't think I understand."

"Do you mean to be a young lady amateur who plays well enough to entertain her friends in her own drawing-room, or do you mean to work seriously, and make a really first-rate performer? You can do either you like. You have the talent. It is for yourself to decide."

Norah's face was a study in its raptured excitement. "Oh—h?" she cried breathlessly, "I'll work—I don't care how hard I work! I love it so much. I want to do my very, very best."

"Then I'll work too, and do all I can to help you," said Mr. Morris in return. He jumped off the table as he spoke, and advanced towards her, rubbing his hands as one who prepares for a pleasant task. "Now then!" he cried; and for the next hour Norah was kept hard at work, with never another word of praise, but with many sharp corrections and reminders to call atten-

tion to hitherto unsuspected faults. She was radiantly happy, nevertheless, for the first step towards correcting a fault was to discover its existence, and what was the good of a teacher who did not point out what was wrong? At four o'clock Mr. Morris took his departure, and Norah found that Edna had retired to her room to rest, as was her custom every afternoon. Mrs. Freer was also invisible, but Rex came to join her in the drawing-room, looking particularly cheerful and self-satisfied.

"Well, has the old fellow departed? How are the knuckles? Is he any good? He looks a miserable little specimen."

"He's a delightful teacher! I like him immensely! He told me I could be a splendid player if I would only work hard enough."

"Oh, well, I could have told you as much as that myself." It was clear that Rex thought it the polite thing to

inquire about the success of the music lesson, but also that his attention was fixed on some other subject. "Look here!" he said suddenly, "the mater and Edna always rest for an hour or two in the afternoon, and I promised to look after you. Would you like a real, genuine, blood-curdling adventure?"

Norah gave a shriek of delight. "Rather, just! I should think I would. What is it?"

"You can pin up your dress, and put on a big old coat?"

"Yes—yes!"

"And you won't mind if you get rather grimy?"

"Not a bit. I'm used to—I mean, I can soon wash myself clean again."

"Come along then. Follow me, and tread lightly. I don't want anyone to see where we are going." Rex led the way down the cellar stairs, and Norah followed him afire with curiosity.

(To be continued.)



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### MEDICAL.

**WEARY ONE.**—You are right in ascribing your symptoms to "nervous debility," but we rather think that anaemia is the fundamental cause. Have you received any treatment for the condition? Iron with some strong nerve tonic, such as strychnine, would be about the best medicine to take. Healthy exercise, as far as this is possible, and plenty of good food are also necessary. You are almost certain to grow out of this state in time.

**MAY BLOSSOM.**—It is not at all uncommon for pianists to suffer from cold hands when they have run down in health. The condition you describe, that your hands get very cold and occasionally very hot, is due to disturbance of the circulation. It is almost for certain due to anaemia. You are right to take iron, as no drug is more useful in this condition. You should never play the piano in a cold room.

**STAR.**—As you do not tell us whether your friend's lips get "dry and cracked" only during the winter, or at all seasons, it is difficult for us to be certain that our advice will prove of use to her. Nevertheless, we will tell you what to do for lips that get cracked only during the colder months. A cold wind dries the lips, and they, like every other tissue in the body (and, indeed, most substances apart from the body), crack when they get dry. Usually there is one deep crack down the centre of the lower lip; the reason for this is explicable on anatomical grounds. The treatment is to prevent the lips from becoming dry. For this nothing is better than glycerine or vaseline. Cracked lips are usually sore from inflammation—some slight astringent antiseptic will allay this. Two applications are of especial service—cold cream and a solution of sulphate of zinc (gr. v. in glycerine ℥i. If there is a very deep crack in the lower lip, which refuses to heal, the application of nitrate of silver (lunar caustic) is an exceedingly effectual though somewhat painful remedy.

### STUDY AND STUDIO.

**P. T.**—Thank you for your very pleasant letter. The verses you enclose are marked by one error, the alternate use of the second person singular, and the second person plural "thee" and "you," in addressing the same individual. The lines do not contain anything original in thought; at the same time, for a "first attempt," they are well up to the average of those submitted to us by our correspondents. Your writing is very neat.

**H. C. and T. K. H.**—We have sent you the poem asked for, but must repeat here that it is quite an exceptional course taken, in this one instance only.

**R. E. C. (Bath).**—1. We transcribe for your benefit this paragraph from Sir George Grove's Dictionary of Music:—"In the following examples they (the clefs) occupy the position in which they are now most commonly found:—"



We presume the clef to which you refer must be the second on the staff. But we cannot see why the question should be asked, as, certainly, the "second tenor" clef is not in familiar use.—2. We give you the conditions for the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford. You will thus gain a general idea of the standard, and can write to Durham for exact particulars of the degree at that university. The candidate must (1) pass a preliminary examination (partly in writing, partly *visu et auditu*) in harmony and counterpoint in not more than four parts. He has then (2) to present to the Professor of Music a vocal composition containing pure five-part harmony, and good fugal counterpoint, with accompaniment for at least a quintett stringed band.

(3) A second examination follows after the interval of half a year, embracing harmony, counterpoint in five parts—canon, mutation, fugue, form in composition, musical history and a critical knowledge of the full scores of certain standard compositions. The fees amount in all to about £18. We can only answer two questions at one time, and hope that they may be of service to our "gentleman reader," whom we thank for his kind letter.

**"ADVANCE."**—The terms for board and lodging in a family at Leipzig (which we take as a typical place for musical education) vary from £20 to £200 marks a year (£30 to £200). The fees at the Conservatorium are 300 marks (£18) with an entrance fee of 10 marks. The total expenses of a pupil's residence in Leipzig may be calculated at from £150 to £200 marks a year (£97 to £120). You might possibly obtain a position as English companion or governess in lieu of payment for board and lodging, but we should imagine that the amount of practising required from you would prove a difficulty. If you write "An das Directorium des Königl. Conservatoriums der Musik zu Leipzig," you will receive a little pamphlet containing full information. We wish you all success.

**WOULD-BE MUSICIAN.**—1. We should recommend you to procure and study Sir John Stainer's Manual on Harmony.—2. We believe that past examination papers are published, but you can obtain exact information by writing to the Secretary of the Associated Board, 52, New Bond Street, London, W.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**JENNY JONES.**—Some have said that the Jones family exceeded the Smiths in number; but, at least, some ten or fifteen years ago the Smiths were credited with the largest following, and Williams, Taylor, Brown, Wood, Hall, and White followed the Joneses in the order given.

**LOVER OF "G. O. P."**—The bramble-finch is a species of *fringilla*, the mountain finch; the name is *fringilla montifringilla*. A siskin sings very well. You know it belongs to the same species as the bramble-finch, and its Latin name is *fringilla spinus*.

**ROOMS.**—The duties of a housemaid vary in every household, as a rule. She does the drawing-room, but if there be a parlourmaid, she, the housemaid, generally does the dining-room. As an under-housemaid, she will probably have all the sitting-rooms to do before breakfast; and in some houses, the upper as well as the lower halls. Directly the bed-rooms are vacated, she strips the beds, opens windows, etc., and sets the bed-rooms in order. Some housemaids assist in waiting on the mistress, and at table. At dusk she shuts up windows, lights up bed-rooms, and turns down beds, etc. The under-housemaid follows the upper maid's directions, and, as a rule, receives her training in this position.

**L'ESPERANCE.**—1. In case of extreme attenuation, a recent writer advises cod-liver oil, in very small houses, several times daily. This should be beaten up in warm milk and drunk while in suspension after every meal. External rubbing with linseed-oil, diluted with orange flower water and glycerine. The friction must be very gentle, and evenly applied for five or ten minutes at a time, morning and evening. Instead of the linseed-oil lanoline may be used, which is a direct nutrient to the skin.—2. We do not understand why you should change to cookery, when you have already qualified yourself as an artist, and draw, paint, and sketch well. Why not go on with this, and qualify yourself as a teacher of sketching, especially during the summer months, when you might do well.

**CAT LOVER.**—1. The cat appears to be a fine, though not a perfect specimen of a tabby. Your only test would be to send it to a cat show.—2. Your writing is unformed, and very much cramped. Could you not adopt a more flowing style, and endeavour to improve your capital letters?

**MYRTLE.**—We have seen the road skates in use several times, and thought they looked delightful, and so easy to use, we are told. We think neither they nor a cycle would be improved by going over very rough roads, though you could always select the best and smoothest parts.