



Vol. XIX.—No. 954.]

APRIL 9, 1898.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A LITTLE OUTING FOR LONDONERS.

PART I.

SOME time back the Bishop of London advised those who were taking holidays, and who could only spare a few days and afford a small sum of money, to make short tours to places in their own neighbourhood rather than to expend both time and money in taking long journeys to distant localities; this advice is wise and economical, and will, we hope, be largely acted upon. It has always struck us that people attempt to do far too much and

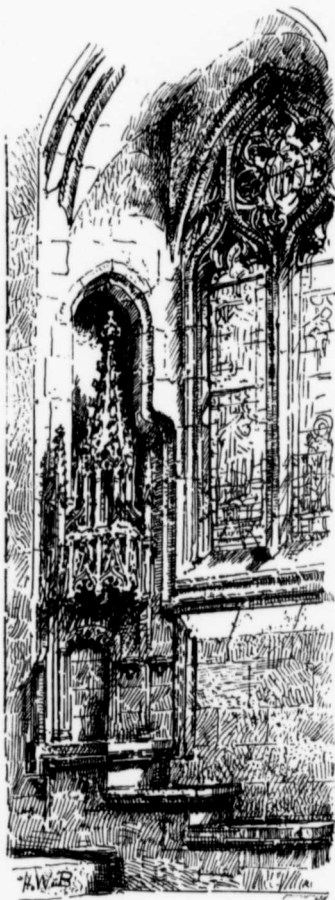
consequently either don't do it at all, or do it badly! They "rush" their holidays and obtain from them neither health nor intellectual enjoyment; this has led to the saying of a modern writer of a cynical turn of mind, "Life would be endurable but for its holidays!" Who has not met the man or woman who proposes to take a week's holiday and produces a list as long as your arm of places he intends visiting? if the plan be carried out one knows that the result will be a wearied body and a jaded mind! Yet if the person in

question would but follow the good Bishop's advice, the body would be refreshed and the mind delighted. Why not, instead of attempting to do some foreign land, run down to inspect the pretty country within twenty or thirty miles of London? for there is sweet country within twenty miles of the metropolis, landscapes which are in their way as delightful as anything in Europe; there are bright, sparkling streams, noble old trees, dense woods, peaceful old villages, homesteads, interesting ancient churches with architecture dating back



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THE OLD PALACE AND CHURCH, HATFIELD.



PISCINA, WHEATHAMPSTEAD CHURCH.

as far as any in Europe, noble old mansions, with such gardens as can be seen in no other land in the world! Take, for instance, the beautiful county of Hertfordshire, one of the most unaltered and least built-over, of any in England, yet how little it is known to the ordinary Londoner! so much so that many of my London friends laugh at my enthusiasm for this county and think I am a bit of a monomaniac; yet I have found men who are as much struck by its sylvan beauties as I am myself.

One day I was returning from a little run down to look up a portion of my favourite district and I got into the railway train to return home; I sat by the window and looked out at the lovely valley with a clear, shining brook forcing its way along between its wood-clad banks. A tall, thin gentlemanly-looking man sat opposite to me who was also looking out of window; soon he addressed me in unmistakable American accents.

"You are a lover of nature, sir?"

"Yes," said I, "and I am remarkably fond of the country hereabouts!"

"You are right, sir, nature here is all smiles; her tears are pathetic, and her frowns terrific, but give me her smiles. I have been trotting about all over Europe for the last three years; I have seen your Alps, your Rhine, your Norway, but, sir, we have bigger mountains,

nobler rivers, larger lakes, and vaster plains than you can show in Europe, but" (sweeping his hand across the window) "we ain't got this nohow. These pretty little valleys, these quaint old villages and ancient churches, these ruddy, tree-shaded ancestral homes are not to be found in 'the States,' and they delight me more than anything I have seen on this side, and if I had to fix up a location in Europe, I should like it in this country we are now passing through; it brings to my mind the Pilgrim Fathers and the kind of homes they must have left to set up in the New World."

I asked my friend whether he had met others of his countrymen who held these views?

"Yes," said he, "many Americans like the scenery round London better than any in Europe. Of course it isn't grand or big, but it's first class home-wear."

And I do not think it could be more perfectly described; it is just the kind of scenery that one would like to live amidst; then it is so easily reached. A good walker will find it an excellent field for exercise; almost every place has two or three ways of getting to it without keeping to the high roads, and these field-paths and shady lanes are sequestered and delightful, though there is a slight danger of missing one's way, as guide-posts are not so plentiful as they might be, and to meet anyone is a rare event unless you are near some town or village, so that if you are desirous of saving time it is better to keep to the high road than attempt a "short cut" over the fields. I know no county which is so little enclosed or rather "blocked," and in this respect it is a contrast to Norfolk, where you can't leave the high road without hearing some big fellow roar out at you, "Oi say t'gether, do ye know yer a traspusin boaz?"

In Hertfordshire, however, the roads are so pretty that one scarcely feels inclined to leave them for the pathway, so do not let cyclists be frightened. Moreover, the roads are generally excellently made, and probably there is no grander "run" in England than the high road from Welwyn to Stevenage.

All the approaches to Hertfordshire from the metropolis are pretty, from Pinner Station, London and North Western Railway, and Metropolitan by the old Watford road is delightful, passing Pinner Wood and Hamper Mill. The Rickmansworth road is less interesting but a better track for the cycle, Watford is a pretty old country town, and there are charming walks through Cassiobury Park and along the banks of the Gade to King's Langley. Cycles are not allowed in Cassiobury Park, but there is a good road from Watford. King's Langley is a pretty old town of historic interest, as there was a royal palace here of which there are still scanty remains; one of the daughters of Edward III. was born here, and is buried in the church beneath a handsome monument which has been restored by Her Majesty. Abbots Langley church two miles off has architectural features which will interest the archaeologist, especially the Norman arches of the interior.

If other roads are taken, those through Edgware and Elstree, or through Stanmore, offer fine panoramic views of the county. The first glimpse of Hertfordshire from Stanmore Common is a delightful prospect; from Barnet through Hadley or South Mimms are also attractive. Of course everyone must visit Hatfield, not only on account of the beauty of its site, but also for its historical interest, which is concentrated round the "old palace" where Princess Elizabeth was residing when she was called to the throne. It is sometimes stated that she was imprisoned here, but Clutterbuck, who wrote a careful and excellent history of Hertfordshire, seems to represent Elizabeth's sojourn at Hatfield as a more agreeable episode. Moreover, Elizabeth was exceedingly fond of

hunting and field sports, which she seems to have indulged in to a great extent at Hatfield. The palace was Elizabeth's own house, as it had been given her by Edward VI., and the governor of the Princess here was the charitable and learned Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, and for a time Lord Mayor of London. The old palace, of which the entrance court and great hall still exist between the church and Lord Salisbury's splendid mansion, belonged in early times to the monks of Ely, and was rebuilt by Cardinal Morton, Prime Minister to Henry VII., who is described by More in the "Utopia" as "not less venerable for his wisdom and virtues than the high character he bore."

Henry VIII. managed to get hold of Hatfield by one of those "ecclesiastical exchanges" at which he was such a skilful hand. Later on James I. exchanged Hatfield for Theobalds with Robert Cecil, and then it became the property of the Salisbury family. To our present taste Cecil got the best of the bargain, for the beautiful site of Hatfield on its breezy hill and fine distant views is preferable in every way to the flat marshy surroundings of Theobalds. But James I. was too canny to have made a bad exchange, and no doubt the magnificent house which Cecil had erected at Theobalds, with its colonnades, fountains, lakes, and superb gardens, were more to James's taste than the quaint, semi-monastic old palace at Hatfield. Of course then the palace alone existed; the magnificent mansion called Hatfield House was not commenced, as it was entirely Cecil's work, and has had the good fortune to remain unaltered as he left it. It would be absurd here to attempt any description of Hatfield House, as it has so often been described and illustrated that such a task would be superfluous. Close to the old palace stands Hatfield Church, or as it was formerly called, "St. Etheldreda's Church, Bishop's Hatfield;" it is an interesting edifice, chiefly dating from the fourteenth century, with a well-proportioned tower crowned by a lead spire. This spire, I fancy, is not original, and probably replaced the old Hertford "spike" or dwarf spire in the seventeenth century. Attached to the north side of the chancel is the Cecil chapel erected by the second Earl of Salisbury in memory of his father, and containing his monument. The chapel is a fair example of Jacobean Gothic, but the monument is quite Italian in character, and is proved by documents preserved at Hatfield to have been the work of Symon Basyll, the predecessor of Inigo Jones as controller of the King's works.* I am inclined, however, to think that some of the statues adorning it are of Italian workmanship. There is a curious note alluding to Basyll's estimate for the monument to the effect that if the figures were to be of correct proportions, they would be worth £60 each, and models would be prepared. The figure of justice? is a very fine one. These statues are life-size; the effigy of the Earl measures only 5 feet 2 inches, but it is known that Elizabeth used to call him her "pigmy," her little man, etc., by no means to his satisfaction.

Those who visit Hatfield by cycle had better leave their machine at the railway station or at the Salisbury Arms, as the town is very steep and the streets run up and down in an uncomfortable but exceedingly picturesque manner. Hatfield is a very convenient place to make short excursions from, as the roads are good and the villages not far apart; the inns are comfortable so that the pedestrian, the rider, and the cyclist are well off; I have always found the people obliging and polite and the charges moderate. A good map is quite indispensable, and a pocket compass advisable. There is a good service of railways

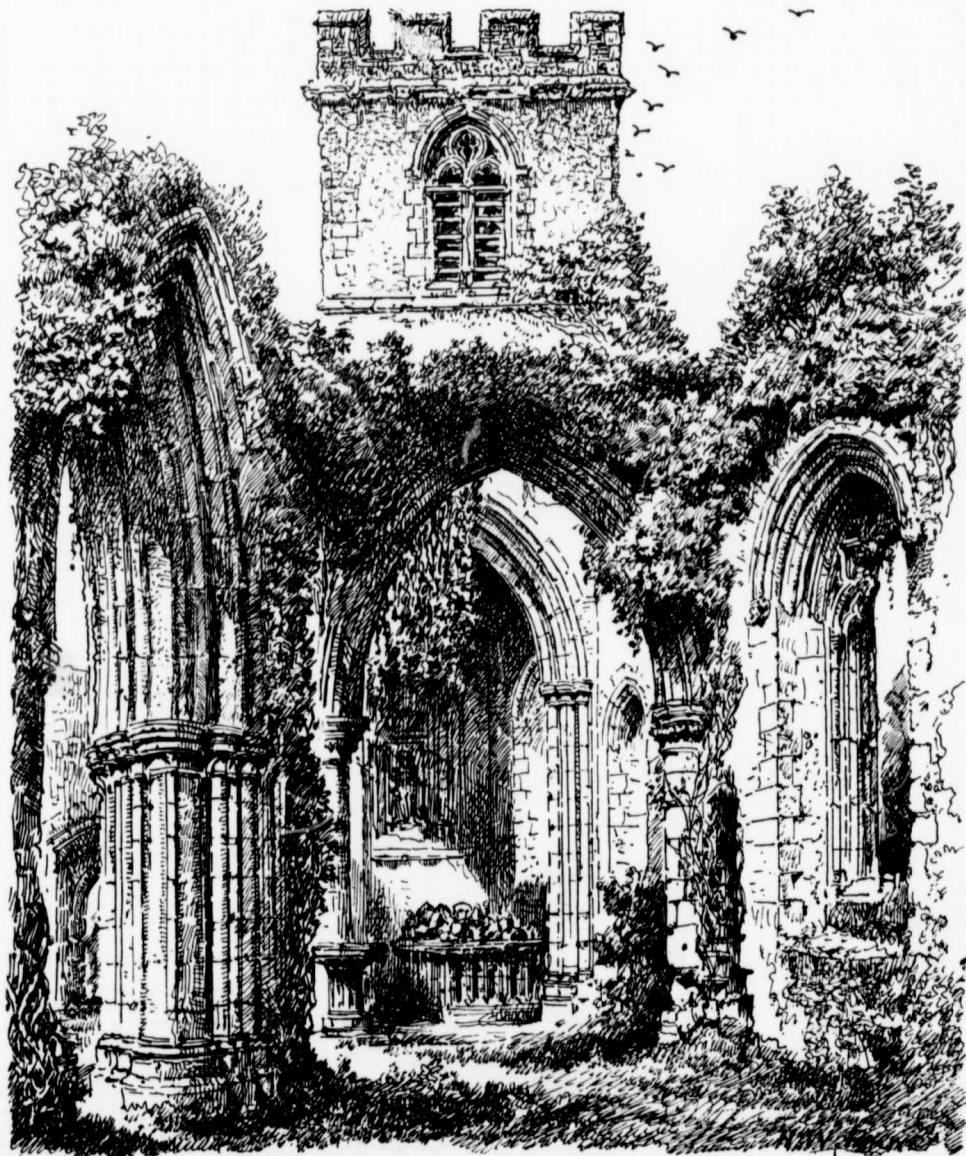
* *English Studies* by the late Rev. J. S. Brewer.

with stations not too far apart. There is a pleasant road to Ayot, the village with its new church is not interesting architecturally. Ayot St. Peter's is about a mile further on. The church here stands in an exposed and rather desolate situation; it is a tiny brick building; formerly the place was more important and bore the appellation of Ayot Montfitchet. Chauncey, the local historian, from whose history of Hertfordshire all more modern writers have borrowed, was vicar here. Chauncey was great nephew of that Chauncey who has left us such a graphic description of the declining days of the London Charterhouse, a valuable contribution to the history of the

Reformation period. So historical studies seem to have gone in the family.

A run of about two miles through pleasant, well-shaded lanes, takes one to the very interesting ancient village of Great Ayot or Ayot St. Lawrence; its situation surrounded and overshadowed by lofty elms is extremely pretty, and the little row of old gabled timber houses flanking the south side of its street are quite the perfection of village architecture. The old sign of the "three horseshoes" is a charming example of ancient metal work; the house was probably an inn in former times, but is so no longer. The opposite side of the street is occupied by a low wall, beyond which is the

old churchyard. The church itself is a picturesque ruin; the roofless walls and tower clothed with ivy and creeping plants, but peeping through the ivy are delicately-traceried fourteenth century windows, graceful arches and richly clustered columns, such as are rarely met with in ordinary village churches. The west doorway has elegantly carved leaves running along its mouldings; if you look beneath the ivy which quite covers the east window, you will find the remains of elaborate little niches which seem to have surrounded it. Beneath the tower is a fine Gothic monument bearing the effigies of a knight in full armour and his lady, and on the wall above a tablet



RUINS OF CHURCH AYOT ST. LAWRENCE.

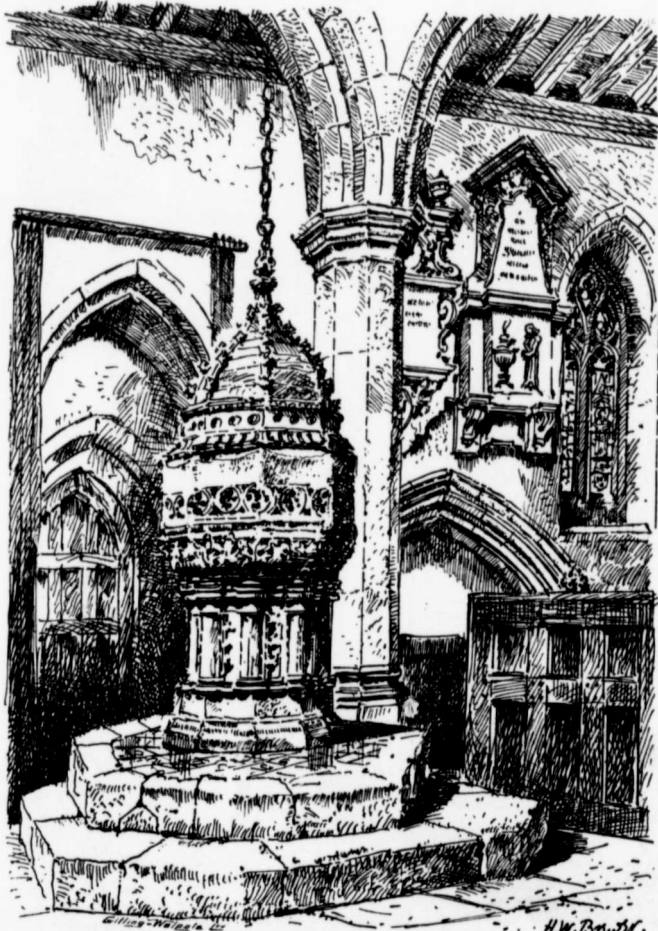
adorned with fragments of numerous figures. If we turn to Clutterbuck we shall find related in his pages circumstances which account for the elaboration and care bestowed upon this little village church. In the reign of Edward I. the manor was the property of a wealthy and powerful baron named William de Ayot, and from early times the church was connected with three wealthy and powerful abbeys—St. Albans, Westminster and Walden. A chapel attached to the church belonged to the Bristow family. The fine Gothic monument in the tower is that of Sir John Barre, lord of the manor of Ayot in the time of Edward IV. Barre was father of Isabella, Countess of Devonshire. The monument against the tower wall is that of Nicholas Bristow, his wife, six sons and seven daughters, 1626; Clutterbuck says there was another remarkably fine tomb to the Bristow family, but it had been destroyed. Adjoining the churchyard is a fine old Queen Anne mansion surrounded by beautiful gardens and plantations, in front of which is a large park-like field commanding a somewhat extensive view of the surrounding country; like most other Hertfordshire open spaces, it is free to the public and has a well-kept footpath across it

which leads direct to the modern parish church, a curious building erected at the end of the last century; in form it is like a small Greek temple of the Doric order. The portico is made to look more important by extended colonnades which conceal the bare sides of the building and connect it with two mausolea, one containing the monument of Sir Lionel Lyde, who died June 22nd, 1791, and the other that of his son of the same name, whose decease took place in the year 1814. I need scarcely observe that the effect of this singular structure is not only thoroughly unecclesiastical but exceedingly un-English, yet I must acknowledge that it is by no means inartistic; the open colonnades over which a gigantic wisteria flings its knotted and gnarled branches, the carefully kept and lovely flower garden in front, and the background of dark cypress trees make up a remarkably striking picture and more like a bit of Greek effect than anything I know in this country.

Quitting this charming village by the footpath across the fields we find ourselves in the extensive park of Lamer, a very ancient demesne which takes its name from Sir Pontius Lamer, Lord of the Manor, in time

of Henry III. In later days the estate passed into the hands of Sir John Roche, who was committed to the Tower for opposing Henry VIII.'s so-called "benevolence." Sir J. Roche had issue one daughter, Grizell, who married Sir John Boteler. The Botelers sold Lamer to Sir William Garrard of Sittingbourne who was Lord Mayor of London in 1653. Unfortunately the old mansion was rebuilt at the commencement of this century and is quite uninteresting. Cyclists cannot pass through the park and must keep to the road, where we shall meet them again outside Lamer Park, at the top of a steep hill which descends to the pretty village of Wheathampstead on the banks of the River Lea. Look out for the cycle, as the descent is somewhat sudden near the railway arch.

Wheathampstead is a very interesting old village (should it be called a town?); it has a good high street with old houses and two inns, The Bull and The Bell, at either of which a good homely meal can be obtained, wholesome, clean, and well cooked, but, of course, plain. The Lea runs through the village beneath a genuine mediæval bridge. The views of Wheathampstead from the banks of the river are very picturesque; the old bridge, gabled houses and gardens, with the fine church rising over everything is a pretty picture. The church dedicated to St. Helen, and situated in the middle of the village, is a beautiful structure, in form like a small cathedral, as it is cruciform and has a central tower crowned with a peculiar spire; the latter has been restored, and I am in doubt how far it follows the ancient model, but the building is one of great interest on account of its rich Gothic windows; be sure to see the interior, as it is full of curious objects of art. The font is a beautiful one, dating from the end of the thirteenth century, adorned with excellent carvings and standing upon a raised floor of ancient encaustic tiles. The transepts are screened off with low screens of the time of Charles I. The walls and floors are covered with monuments and the benches carved with arabesques; beneath the east window of the north transept is a beautifully carved reredos of seven niches; the figures are gone, but the carved foliage with which every portion is adorned is as fine as any work I have seen, and shows what admirable stone carvers must have lived in this neighbourhood in the fourteenth century; on the floor are several good brasses to the Bostocks and the Bocketts. The north transept contains an alabaster altar tomb with finely-carved effigies and large shields all round the tomb; it was erected to the memory of Sir John Bockett, his wife, ten sons and three daughters. The lady died in the year 1500, and from the architectural ornaments the monument probably dates from the reign of Henry VIII. There is a fine piscina in the south wall not far from this monument, and a singularly elegant one in the chancel, which is represented on page 434. The church is remarkably rich in more modern monuments, some of which are by no means contemptible works of art. The most important, though not the best in design, is to Sir John Garrard, 1686. The epitaph informs us that his wife was a daughter of Sir Moulton Lambard by whom he had twenty-three children, seventeen of whom survived him. It is said, "she was a most loving and prudent wife, the best of mothers and highly exemplary for piety and devotion." They say "practice makes perfect," and certainly this good lady had plenty of experience as a mother. Another member of the Garrard family had fourteen children. Sir Samuel Garrard was Lord Mayor of London in 1710, and a second Sir Samuel served with Marlborough. Near at hand is the curious old monument to Sir Y. Hayworth, 1558,



FONT, WHEATHAMPSTEAD.



TRANSEPT, WHEATHAMPSTEAD CHURCH.

whose children all died young, and he adopted Margaret Hoo. "The ways of Providence are indeed mysterious," but as Thomas à Kempis says—

"If His ways were not inscrutable,
He would not be God."

The church of Wheathampstead is certainly one of the most interesting village churches in the country and deserves to be carefully studied.

A very pretty walk, or an equally attractive cycle track from Ayot (about three miles) leads to Welwyn. The town contains nothing remarkable, but the scenery is most romantic and beautiful. The bright and rapid river Mimeran flows through the town; which is so full of fine trees that at a short distance it looks like a park, lofty wood-clad hills surround it on every side. The church is partly old, but possesses none of that delicate and refined detail which we have noticed at Ayot and Wheathampstead. In the Middle Ages "Welwyn," "Welves," or "Welge," for it was spelt all three ways, was a place of little importance. Doomsday Book informs us that it "had panage for 50 hogs, and the whole is valued at twenty-five shillings." If this included the hogs it was surely a very low estimate.

The railway station is nearly two miles from the village and is an uphill pull, as the latter is in a deep valley and the former on the top of a hill about two hundred feet above it.

The view, however, from the line just before reaching the station is simply lovely. It presents a sweet prospect over Digwell and Tewin; the brisk little river Miran or Mimeran, is seen winding its course in the deep valley between richly wooded hills, with here a meadow, and there a park, bordering its banks. A great breezy stretch of undulating country with little villages peeping up here and there, noble old trees and country houses with well-kept gardens between, the whole presents a scene so peaceful, so charming and so English that one wonders why our countrymen always take their holidays abroad. Of course this view is only seen by those who approach Welwyn by rail; but the pedestrian and cyclist may enjoy a prospect of a different character, but very striking in its way. If we leave Welwyn by the Carlisle road, a hard pull of about a quarter of a mile, but leading to a splendid run of high road (level it is said with the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral), the view is very extended, and many villages, amongst others, Datchwirth and Walton are seen in the distance.

There is a fine road which leads direct to Stevenage passing Knebsworth Station. It may not be a useless hint to our cyclist that the landlady of the Railway Arms knows how to provide a grilled chop. An accomplishment not too common in the country, where as a rule the frying-pan is regarded with more favour than the grid-iron.

A fairly good road leads from the station to Knebsworth House; the distance is about two miles, the park at Knebsworth is fine, but from the place being uninhabited looks rather desolate; the same may be said about the house, a modern structure, but striking from the number of copper-domed turrets. The old house of the Lyttons was pulled down in 1811, but some fragments of sculpture appear to have been incorporated in the modern one. The curious old church is near the house; it retains features of early Norman architecture, a richly carved Elizabethan pulpit, and some bench ends which look like Norman work; they are very rude and cut with the axe out of solid logs of oak, I believe them to be the earliest church benches in England, and are a great curiosity; most of the benches, however, are fifteenth century work. The north of the chancel is full of monuments to the Lyttons and their family connections; they are mostly of the "perwig" and "pig-tail" period, and possess little merit from an artistic point of view, though no doubt they were costly enough. A short distance from the churchyard is the mausoleum of the Bulwer-Lyttons with an epitaph to Lady Bulwer Lytton Bulwer and Lord Lytton the popular Ambassador of France; the memorial is not appropriate to its surroundings, and would suit a metropolitan cemetery better than the pleasant Hertfordshire scenery.

(To be concluded.)

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER II.

"*Ciel!* what shall I do with her?" Madame Féraudy said to herself as she stood in her window awaiting the arrival of her nephew and Mademoiselle Lacour.

The Maison Féraudy was a charming old house of a true French type. The front door opened into a large hall from which a broad shallow oak staircase ascended to a wide landing lighted by a huge window. On to this landing opened the doors of several bedrooms, and overhead were attics which ran up into extraordinarily high slated roofs, with three separate elevations. On the ground-floor the rooms were high and brilliantly clean, the walls washed with pale yellow. The curtains, chair-covers, and sofas all of the whitest dimity; the floors stained black and slippery as ice, from constant wax rubbing.

In the best *salon* a man with a dark shaved head, shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbow, and a large blue apron was skating about the floor with a pair of black brushes fastened to the soles of his feet, while he drove before him a long stick with a ball of wax attached to its point.

Maturin heard his mistress's words, and though they were not meant for him he replied cheerfully.

"Madame need not think of that! Bah! a young girl knows how to amuse herself!"

"What did Jeanne say when she heard of it?" said Madame Féraudy suddenly.

"*Dame!* Jeanne said this. 'There are always two chances in life; she may turn out a comfort (such things have been known), or she may be the plague of our lives!' *Dame, oui!*"

Madame Féraudy shrugged her shoulders. "Then! what with Jeanne and her two ways of facing a thing, and what with lodgers, and hens that won't lay, and pullets that won't sit, and the work left half done while you chatter to me, there is no peace in this world!"

"But I, for my part, madame, think that it will be very gay to have a little demoiselle popping about the place, and singing like a bird in the morning! Madame will renew her youth."

"The child is an orphan," said Madame Féraudy.

"Then madame can reflect with pleasure on her own admirable goodness!"

"Maturin, *mon fils!*" said Madame Féraudy gravely. "The Evil One cares not what good actions we do in this world if he can only make us proud of them."

"And now madame must really not interrupt me if this room is to be finished this evening," said Maturin. "And *à propos!* I hear the wheels of the fly!"

He slipped off the brushes and went hastily into the hall.

Madame Féraudy stood quite still for a moment. She could not make up her

mind to advance until she had overcome her shyness.

The fly drew up to the door with a rattle of clumsy harness and little brass bells. And there was her nephew, her André, the pride and idol of her life, stepping out and holding open the carriage door, to help the timid shrinking little stranger to alight.

Génie looked very white and weary in her deep mourning, and her pretty mouth twitched nervously with fatigue and timidity.

Dr. André embraced his aunt cordially, then looked at her a little anxiously.

"We have had a long hot journey, *ma tante,*" he said gently. "And Mademoiselle Lacour is tired out."

It was enough. Madame Féraudy's stern face relaxed; she went forward and opened her arms.

"Poor little one!" she said, and Génie, taken by surprise, in one moment had her arms round her neck, and was sobbing on the kind shoulder.

Dr. André went back to look after the luggage and pay the fly, while Madame Féraudy took the tired girl into the white parlour and placed her in a chair by the window while she called to Maturin to bring up coffee at once.

When Dr. André returned Génie was leaning back in her chair with her eyes shut looking very pale and sweet, with her fingers holding fast the kind hand of her new friend.

"That is well," said Dr. André, pouring out for himself a great cup of coffee. His heart was so full that he put in no sugar and tried to stir it with a fork, but no one else perceived it. "And now for your news, *ma tante!* Have you let your rooms for the summer?"

"I have let," said Madame Féraudy with her eyes sparkling. "But, oh dear me, it is not easy. These good folks want everything—the best cooking, the luxuries of Paris, the rustic joys of the country, sea-bathing and *boulevards!* absolute seclusion, and *cafés* at every corner! And how is one to supply all these requirements! Yes, I have let—two only, a lady, a widow, and her son."

"That is good. Which rooms?"

"The apartment upstairs, the blue rooms. It ought to be profitable. She has been ordered a diet of eggs and chickens boiled in white sauce. Jeanne tells me that such a diet produces a peevish and violent temper, but who knows? It might be worse. The young man is not good-looking, but he has curls, pink cheeks and black eyes."

"Ah!" said Dr. André. "But that sounds attractive. What is their name?"

"*Canière.* Madame *Canière,* and Monsieur Jean."

"*Canière!* I know him; he is a very good fellow. She is an invalid. I suppose Father Nicholas told them about this place."

"Yes," said his aunt. She was watching him sharply. His eyes had fallen upon Génie with a curiously wistful expression. Something in his

face gave her a thrill of pain. She could not throw off the impression.

Later on Dr. André was alone with his aunt and he put his hands on her shoulders.

"*Maman,*" he said, earnestly, using the old pet name of his childhood, "she is very young and very lonely. Is good to her."

"For your sake, my boy?" she said gently.

He shook his head slightly. "There is so much poverty and pain and sickness in the world," he said. "Can one think of oneself?"

Madame Féraudy pushed down his hands. "Always the same story, my boy?" she exclaimed almost bitterly. "Your passion for self-sacrifice will destroy your life!"

Dr. André was able to stay for supper—a pleasant meal in the pretty panelled dining-room—which was scented deliciously by the great banksia rose which climbed round the windows and was one sheet of delicious yellow blooms.

To Génie the country fare was excellent; the bread-soup, the *bouillie,* the fresh lettuces and fruit and cream-cheese. The soft sweet air blew in, and from outside all sorts of pleasant noises came to their ears—the lowing of cows, the cackle of hens, the deep-breathed plaint of pigeons and doves, the clink of Jeanne's *sabots* and the lilt of her *patois* song as she pattered about in the *basse-cour.*

Génie's feeling of rest and security in the welcome she had received was infinite; but yet as the last dish was removed from the table, and Dr. André rose to his feet, a sudden terror came over the lonely girl. He was her only friend in the world, and he was going away. What should she do without him!

Dr. André got up very quietly, he put together a few belongings; he called out of the window to Maturin to bid him bring round the trap, which was to take him to the station, and then he came up to his aunt and tried to speak brightly and gaily.

"*Adieu, dear maman,*" he said. "If I can do anything for you in Paris you need only send me your orders."

"Will you come down soon again, André, my boy?"

"Perhaps. I will see. I am very busy."

"Ah, bah! Paris is empty now. In the fine season everyone takes a holiday."

"The very poor have no fine season," said Dr. André gravely. "And all the doctors are away."

"And are you then to have no holiday, my boy?"

"Who knows? perhaps later. *Ma tante,* you have not forgotten the hamper you promised me—the flowers and fruit for Mère Perronet and the children?"

"It is ready. I will see to it," she said, hastily leaving the room.

Génie and Dr. André were alone. He came up to her quickly. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I want you to

promise me faithfully this—if you are not happy, if you want anything, if you have need of a friend, you will write to me. See, this is my new address."

Génie glanced at the envelope he held to her.

"You have changed your address!" she said. "Why have you moved to such a wretched street?"

"A man does not care where he lodges, and there is so much poverty just now," he said quickly.

The tears rushed into her eyes. "I shall miss you," she said. "And I do not know how to thank you."

"You can reward me best by being happy here," he said. "You will soon get used to my aunt. She is not demonstrative, but she has a heart of gold."

"I love her already," said Génie brokenly. "But—but you have been so good to me. I wish you were not going! You will come and see me sometimes?"

He took her hand in his. "I will come when I can, or at any time if you want me," he said. "Meanwhile, be as happy as you can, my little friend."

Génie turned away to hide her tears. When she came back he was gone, and Madame Féraudy was standing at the door shading her eyes with her hand as she watched the little trap disappearing in the distance.

Dr. André went back into the midst of the sordid surroundings of city poverty. Times were bad, the workmen were, by thousands, out of work; illness, caused by insufficient nourishment and sultry heat, was rife among them; the

wants of the people, of the little underfed children, of the haggard mothers, taxed his slender resources to the utmost. He had given up his large cool room with its convenient little surgery, and moved into a squalid attic in the very midst of his people.

When he had mounted the long steep stairs and seated himself in the large wicker chair which was the one luxury the place possessed, he rested his head on his hands and thought it all out. This new love, which was beginning to shine like a golden light in a dark world, was very beautiful, but it must be quenched. There was work for him to do, and he knew and realised that the joys and hopes of life were not for him.

(To be continued.)

LEARNING TO FEEL.

IN reading a book the other day, I was much struck with one line which said that "people should be educated to feel."

This is vastly true; much of the want of sympathy and compassion we come across in our daily life springs from a deadness of feeling—an absolute deadness, not indifference merely. And this is but the outcome of checked sensibilities in early youth, for a child can be made hard-hearted if brought up to look on suffering and misery unmoved. If the child be poor, and not of gentle birth, there is some fear that she may be taught to consider that the rich have no need of sympathy, because they have so many of the good things of life.

It is surprising how little true feeling there is in some people, and how much misery is caused by the want of it. However much the old philosophers tell us, in their works, of innate pity and compassion, the sad experiences of life daily teach us that this belief is false. Pity and compassion for the sufferings of others needs development in most cases, and, in some few melancholy cases, not merely development, but an implanting in the human heart. In reference to one of these last mentioned "melancholy cases," I remember once hearing a woman say most piteously, "Oh! how I wish I could feel. Sometimes the only feeling I can rise to is feeling sorry for the want of feeling in myself." Yes, truly, want of feeling; want of heart-feeling is one of the many causes of unhappiness in this world. How sad and lonely is the sorrowing one who in grief flies for sympathy to another's heart, and, instead of meeting with some warm response—some echo to a wailing cry—finds instead but a cold, dead heart and placid conventionalities. How many a home is cheerless and loveless, from the inmates' inability to understand one another; from their never entering by sympathetic feeling into each other's sorrows or rejoicings. Oh! we all talk much of the unhappiness, misery, and evils in this world, but here, at least, is one evil which is in the power of each individual to eradicate, for, believe me, this bluntness of feeling is one of the great evils of the day, and should be checked and rooted out from every home.

Let all who educate strive to make the young remember they have hearts as well as heads; and that the heart must feel before one noble act is worked or any good attained. Let children be brought up to feel on all occasions, for even our sensibility is better than no feeling at all.

Cultivate in them sentiments of pity and

compassion, for only those who truly feel can help another, or work for good in this hard age.

And to those just entering the wilds and wilderness of life, to them I say, educate yourself into the habit of feeling for the sorrows of others. Do not pass them by in the hurry and bustle of the world's claims, hardening yourself by selfish indifference to the cries and tears of your fellow-creatures. They have a claim on you—a prior claim; if not upon your purse at least upon your heart, linked as we are one with the other by the broad chain of humanity. It is a barbarous act to turn away in scornfulness from the pleading sufferer at our side, fostering within our hearts the latent cruelty of our nature which must be rooted out.

Oh! there is great need in this age (amidst the clamour and struggle after a higher education for women with college honours and degrees) for women to pause awhile to remember that a woman's heart was given her to use, to soothe, comfort, and relieve the destitute and suffering.

There is an education of the heart with its affections more necessary than algebra or Greek, for the perfect fulfilment of those duties to which nature has called woman. Commence, therefore, oh ye young, standing on the threshold of life and womanhood, to force yourself to feel for the misery and suffering around you. Day by day real sorrows pass our way, sad, harrowing news comes to us in our daily papers; sorrows so widespread and distant quite beyond our reach, yet let the heart be moved and touched for the woe so far away—let an inward prayer rise and the soul strain upward in its human sympathy to the great God pleading for those in need. I think it may be truly said that nearly all celebrated women have become renowned through the greatness of their hearts rather than by the erudition of their mind. And in saying this, I am not "running down" the mental powers of women but am only stating a fact. The file of women which rise up to mind in proof of this statement staggers one with its forcible truth. In all this "file of women" it has been generally the great feeling heart leading them on to glory, some even to a martyr's death. Their great deeds have been the outcome of some strong affection either given to the individual, or to humanity at large, like the great-souled Mrs. Fry, who from her great feeling heart entirely reformed the prison system for women in England, and whose noble services were so lovingly recognised and lauded by the King of Prussia in 1842, who once knelt with

her in prayer during her Bible readings in Newgate Prison surrounded by the prisoners—strange scene, but, still a true one.

No character in history can ever match or compare with the character of this extraordinary benefactor of mankind—this large-hearted woman.

And in stating the fact that woman's power lies in her heart, I will not confine myself merely to English women, but specially wish to note the Savoy family of Italy. This family down to the present time has been singularly conspicuous for the saintliness of its women, and amongst the number I might mention Maria Teresa (mother of Vittorio Emanuele*) and Maria Adelaide (wife of the same king). Both these women led simple, unostentatious lives; and consecrated all their virtues to tempering the bitterness of party differences, which at that time agitated their country with "reforms" and revolutions. Maria Clotilde and Maria Pia follow next; equally endowed with great virtues, inheriting the large-heartedness of their predecessors.

Maria Pia of Portugal stands out prominent from her strong, courageous heart, for not only in 1873 did she save her two sons from being drowned in the waters of Mexilhaeiro near Cascaès, but in 1888, at Oporto, this courageous woman hearing a fire had broken out in the theatre rushed to the spot, and amidst the smoking *débris* and burning ashes gave all the assistance in her power to relieve her suffering subjects. And whilst mentioning all these noble women in the House of Savoy, I must not omit the Queen of Italy, Queen Margherita, for in her all virtues seem to meet; and love and peace to follow in her steps. How many a sick child and dying mortal has been cheered in hospital and home by the loving sovereign's sympathy, her smiles and tears. And perhaps it is not generally known that from her own private purse she supplies to a large school in Rome an extra dish of meat weekly. This may seem a small thing to mention as charity by a queen, but I notice it because it shows the thoughtful, loving heart in little things; the loving care that these poor children should once a week, at least, enjoy a good dinner and not suffer from the usual meagre fare.

Lamartine has said it was the will of God that all the genius and greatness of woman's nature should spring from her heart. And truly history is full of examples illustrating this truth.

CONSTANCE HELEN ALEXANDER.

* Father of the present King of Italy.



A LOVE TOKEN.

(From the painting by Gerald Leigh Hunt.)

FAIRIES.

By CONSTANCE MORGAN.

HAVE you seen the fairies dancing in the sunlight near the spring,
Underneath the waving lindens where the trees their shadows fling,
With their little arms akimbo, tripping lightly in and out,
Hither, thither, helter-skelter, up and down and roundabout?

Have you watched them in the moonlight at the green enchanted ring,
Over there beneath the lindens near the murmur of the spring?
Have you seen them flitting gaily to the music of a tune,
Fit for no one but the fairies on a silver night in June?

Do you know them? Do you know them? Have they crowned you with a smile?
Have they touched you with the sweetness of a charming fairy wile?
Have they sung to you and loved you? Have they whispered happy things?
Have they dazed your mortal vision with the sunlight on their wings?

Have they kissed you in your slumber? Have they breathed upon your lips?
Have they touched your sleeping eyelids with their magic finger-tips?
Have they waked your ears to listen to the secret of the wind?
Does the heart of Nature answer to the music of your mind?

The fairies, oh, the fairies, they are beautiful and true!
They are dancing in the sunlight far away beneath the blue!
The nightingale has seen them with the glitter on their wings,
He will tune his evening anthem to a dream of fairy things!

You may listen in the twilight to a song of silver bells,
You may hear it up the valley as it nearer, nearer swells,
'Tis the fairies who are singing to a rhythm wild and sweet
As they dance among the raindrops with their little twinkling feet.

Oh, I hope you know the fairies, for they ope the gates of gold
To a wonderland of beauty which is never dark and cold;
If you listen in the gloaming you may hear the song they sing,
And they always dance at twilight 'neath the lindens near the spring.



SOME USEFUL NEW MUSIC.

GIRLS who are good workers and good players will find these pieces worthy of their attention. We will take the most difficult first.

"A Theme with Variations," by G. Fauré (Metzler), is capital practice, for ear and fingers, in its unique and strange harmonies, which are indicative of the modern French school, also in its novelty of variations, some of which might be taken singly with good effect; it challenges earnest study in uncommon keys, and gives an insight into abstruse but interesting combinations.

"Concert Study in C Minor," by Arthur Somervell (Weekes), is fine and effective for practice and performance, and like this writer's work it is musicianly and full of interest while in a lighter style. Angelo Mascheroni's "Grand Valse Brillante" (R. Cocks) is to be highly recommended to players who are in search of a "taking" and brilliant piece with good work in it.

"Danse Fantastique," by B. Godard (Metzler), is more than fantastic; it is certainly weird with an impressive sustained movement

in the middle of the dance; it is a good lesson in precision and staccato.

A bright presto movement of excellent worth is "A Caprice," by Wilfred Davies (Woolhouse), and a "Scherzo Valse," by M. Maresto (R. Cocks), is tuneful and dainty with brilliant running passages all well fingered where needed.

The following are of medium difficulty. "Sérénade Andalouse," by Strelzki (Ashdown), melodious and characteristic, and an exercise in touch and taste; "Jeunesse" (Metzler), a short poetical posthumous work of Benjamin Godard's, needing smooth and graceful playing; a refreshing sweet little "Valse Caprice," by Felix Borowski (R. Cocks), and "Caprice," by Theresa Beney (Cramer), which is original, pleasant and piquante.

"Aquarelles" (Ashdown) form a pretty set of three moderately difficult sketches, by Frédéric Garnier: *i.e.*, 1. "Pastorale," a happy sylvan theme, and the simplest; 2. "Idylle," very melodious; 3. "Le Brisant

du Mer," a good and most pleasing study in execution. A brilliantly effective little "Mazourka Russe," by Felix Borowski (C. Woolhouse), is "Treasure Trove," to those who require something light of the kind while they are working up heavier pieces, and "Widmung," by Otto Goldschmidt (Ed. Ashdown), in a very legato style, with a tender melody, would be suitable too for his.

"La Croix du Sud," by Antoinette Roeskylyde (Weekes), has a pretty subject; "Frühlingslied," by Wilfred Davies (Ashdown), is a fresh, light-hearted spring song, grateful to the learner and refreshing to the listener, and "Romance Sans Paroles (Cocks), by Arthur Godfrey, is a little poem of simple sweetness, playable by the most modest performer. "Strolling Players" (Weekes), is the title of a small well-written entr'acte, by Myles B. Foster, in gavotte measure, and this and the dainty and elegant "Danse des Etoiles," by J. M. Glover (Ascherberg), will unflinchingly please the home circle.

MARY AUGUSTA SALMOND.

SISTERS THREE.

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

CHAPTER XXVII.



THE weather continued so warm and sunny that Mr. Bertrand and his party lingered in Thun day after day, enjoying the Indian summer, and loath to tear themselves away from the lovely surroundings. Lettice remained silent and subdued, but there was no longer any coldness between her and her companions, and her face had lost the strained, despairing expression which had been so painful to behold. The news from London moreover was as satisfactory as could be hoped for under the circumstances. A friend of Arthur Newcome's, who was also engaged to be married, had come forward and offered to take the house and furniture at a valuation, while his father had recalled his business manager in America and was sending Arthur to take his place for the next two or three years. Every one felt that the change would be the best cure which the poor fellow could have, while it was an immense relief to know that there would be no danger of painful encounters in London. Even with this dread removed, Mr. Bertrand was in ten minds about his plans for the coming winter. There seemed many reasons why it would be better to remain quietly in Westmoreland for another year. He puzzled over the question in private, and finally confided his difficulty to Mr. Rayner with startling and unexpected results.

"You see, the boys could go on as they are for some time to come, Norah is not over anxious for the change, and I cannot say I am willing to let Lettice go much into society just now. She is so very lovely that she is bound to attract attention, and after this painful business it would be in better taste to keep out of the way until it is forgotten. All things considered, I think I should be wise to give up the idea of coming to town until next winter."

Mr. Rayner's face had clouded over

while his friend was speaking, and his answer came in dry, irritated tones.

"When you say, 'all things considered,' you forget of course that you have entirely overlooked Miss Hilary's feelings in the matter. As your eldest daughter, I should have thought that her wishes might have been consulted, but it appears that all the others are put before her!"

"Halloa, what's this? And pray when did you constitute yourself Hilary's champion?" cried Mr. Bertrand, turning round in his seat with a laugh, and an amused expression on his face which gave place to one of blank astonishment as he met the flash in his companion's eyes, and heard the firm tone of the answer—

"How long ago? I don't know! But I am her champion, now and for ever, if she will have me!"

"Rayner! What is this? You cannot possibly be in earnest?"

Herbert Rayner laughed shortly. No one could look at him for a moment and doubt that he was deeply in earnest, but there was a bitter ring in his laughter which showed that he misunderstood the reason of his friend's surprise.

"I don't wonder that you are astonished! A fine lover I am—am I not, to dare to aspire to a bright young girl?"

"My dear fellow, you misunderstood me. I know to what you refer, but that never even entered my mind. What I can't realise is that you can possibly entertain any feeling of the kind for Hilary. You! If I ever thought of your possible marriage it was always with some clever, charming woman of the world who would help you with your work and enter into your plans. Hilary is a mere girl. She has no special ability of any kind—"

"No?"

"Not the slightest literary gift!"

"No."

"Absolutely ignorant of your world."

"Yes."

"You are ten years older than she is."

"Yes."

"Well—well—well—"

"Well, Bertrand, we can't argue about these things. There it is, and I can't account for it. I want Hilary, and I don't want the 'clever, charming women.' She satisfies me, and—"

"Have you spoken to her?"

"Certainly not! I don't know that I should have ever summoned up courage to speak to you, if you had not taken me by surprise. It would be different if I were now as I was ten years ago, but I feared you might think my health an insuperable objection."

"No—no! I can't say that. If you have really set your heart on it. How long has this been going on?"

Mr. Rayner smiled—a quick, whimsical smile, which was like a flash of sunshine.

"Well, you have heard the story of the scarlet slippers? That evening,

after you left, I went to look for them behind the curtains, and smuggled them downstairs beneath my coat. I don't know what possessed me to do it, but I did, and I have them still!"

Mr. Bertrand threw back his head with a burst of laughter.

"Oh, after that! If you have got the length of treasuring worsted slippers, there is no more to be said. Rayner, my dear fellow, I suppose I ought to be distressed, but I believe I am—uncommonly pleased and proud! Little Hilary! It would be delightful to feel that you were one of us. And have you any idea as to whether she cares for you in return?"

"We have always been great friends. I cannot say more. And do you really give me permission to speak to her? Would you give her to me, in spite of my weakness and infirmity? How can I ever express my thanks?"

"If Hilary cares for you, I will put no hindrance in your way; but we must have no more mistakes. I will not allow an engagement until I have satisfied myself as to her feelings. There is one comfort, she knows her own mind uncommonly well, as a rule. You can speak to her when you will—"

Although the conversation lasted for some time longer, the same things were practically repeated over and over again, and when the two gentlemen came in to lunch, the girls and Miss Carr all noticed the unusual radiance of their expressions. The last few weeks had contained so much trouble and worry, that it was quite inspiring to see bright faces again, and to hear genuine laughter take the place of the forced "ha, ha," which had done duty for so long. Even Lettice smiled once or twice in the course of that meal, and Norah's eyes lost their dreamy far-away look and twinkled with the old merry expression, while Hilary nodded gaily across the table in answer to her father's searching look, and chattered away all unsuspecting of the great event which was so close at hand.

When Mr. Rayner asked her to take her work to the seat overlooking the lake, in the afternoon, she said, "Won't you come too, Lettice?" and tripped after him, humming a lively air.

It was a very different Hilary who returned to the hotel two hours later, and went to join her father on the veranda. Her face was pale and serious; she looked older and more woman-like, but there was a steady light of happiness in her eyes which told its own tale.

"Well, Hilary," he asked gravely, "and what is it to be?"

"There is no doubt about that, father. It is to be as he wants—now and always!"

"I thought as much. But you must realise what you are doing, dear. When most girls are married they look forward to having a strong man's arm between them and the world: they expect to be

shielded from trouble, but if you marry Rayner this will not be your lot. You will have to watch over him, to spare him fatigue and anxiety, and take the burden on your own shoulders, for he is a man who will require constant care."

"I know that. It is what I long to do. I should be so happy looking after him."

"And perhaps—it seems unkind to mention it, but, the possibility must be faced; he might not be spared to you for many years. A delicate fellow like that—"

"Strong men die unexpectedly, father, as well as weakly ones. Everyone has to run that risk. I would rather be his wife even for two or three years, than marry any other man. And I will nurse him so well—take such good care—"

"Ah, I see your mind is made up! Well, dear, some people would think I was doing a foolish thing in consenting to this engagement, but I do consent. I do more than that, I rejoice with all my heart in your happiness, and in my own happiness, for it will be a joy to every one of us. Rayner will be a son-in-law worth having, and a husband of whom any woman might be proud. Ah, well, this is something like an engagement! That other unhappy affair was nothing but trouble from first to last. You know your mind, my dear, and are not likely to change."

"Never!" said Hilary. And her eyes flashed with a bright, determined look at which her father smiled.

"That's good hearing! Well, dear, we will have another talk later on, but now we had better go and join the others. They are curious to know what we are whispering about over here."

Miss Carr had come out of the hotel after her afternoon nap, and was seated on the verandah beside the two younger girls. Mr. Rayner had joined them, and was listening with mischievous enjoyment to their speculations concerning Hilary's conference with her father.

"How interested they seem. Now he is kissing her. Why don't they come over here and tell us all about it?" cried Norah, and, as if anxious to gratify her curiosity, Mr. Bertrand came

towards the verandah at that very moment, and presenting Hilary to them with a flourishing hand, cried roguishly—

"Allow me to introduce to you the future Mrs. Herbert Rayner!"

The excitement, joy, and astonishment of the next few minutes can be better imagined than described. Miss Carr shed tears into her teacup; the girls repeated incoherently that they had always expected it, and that they had never expected it; and Mr. Bertrand was as mischievous in his teasing ways as Raymond himself could have been under the circumstances; but the lovers were too happy to be disturbed by his sallies. It was both beautiful and touching to see Mr. Rayner's quiet radiance, and to watch how his eyes lightened whenever they lit on Hilary's face, while to see that self-possessed young lady looking shy and embarrassed was something new indeed in the annals of the family! Shy she was, however, beyond possibility of doubt, hardly daring to look in Mr. Rayner's direction, and refusing outright to address him by his Christian name for the edification of the listeners.

"What is there to be frightened at? I am not frightened! Herbert, do you take sugar, Herbert? Will you have two lumps, Herbert?" cried Lettice saucily, and everyone smiled, well-pleased to see the lovely face lighted up by the old merry smile, and to hear a joke from the lips which had drooped so sadly.

"Will you put me in a story, Herbert, if I'm very good, and promise not to tease?" said Norah, determined not to be outdone, and the new brother looked at her with admiring eyes.

"I think I rather enjoy being teased, do you know, it is so very new and satisfactory! But I shall certainly make a heroine of you some very fine day, Norah, when I have manufactured a hero worthy of the occasion!"

Norah's laugh rang out merrily, but as she turned her head to look at the distant mountains, a little film of moisture dimmed her eyes. Impossible to see two people so happy together as Herbert and Hilary, and not think of the long years which must pass before such a joy

came to herself. But Rex was true—he would not change; he was worth all the waiting—

"Well, Helen," said Mr. Bertrand, to his faithful old friend as the young people moved off at last and left them alone together. "Well, Helen, and what do you think of this latest development? Are you satisfied? Have I been wise? Do you think he is the right man for her?"

Miss Carr looked at him with a little flash of disdain.

"I think," she said slowly, "that Hilary has improved so much during the last few years, that there is now some chance of her being almost good enough for him. My dear Austin, he is a king among men. Hilary may be a proud woman that his choice has fallen upon her. They will be very happy."

"I trust, I think they will! It seems strange that it should be Hilary, who was always so careful of her own interests, and so bound up in herself, who should have chosen to marry a delicate, crippled fellow who must be more or less of a care all his days; but I believe it will make a splendid woman of her, draw out all the tenderness of her nature, and soften her as nothing else could have done. Yes! I am thoroughly happy about it, more especially as it has the honour of your distinguished approval. These engagements come thick and fast upon us, Helen. Let us hope there will be a breathing time now for some time to come. Lettice is bound to marry sooner or later, but we will pray for 'later,' and as for Norah, I suppose her future is practically settled. Poor child, it will be a long waiting, but Rex is a fine lad, and is bound to succeed. He knows his own mind, too, and will not be likely to change, while Norah—"

"Yes, she is one of the steadfast ones, but she is only a child, Austin, and will be none the worse for the time of waiting."

"And I cannot regret it, since through it I shall be able to keep one of my little lasses with me for some years at least. I shall be a lonely man when they all take flight! Come, it is getting chilly. Let us go into the house!"

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

SHE COULDN'T GET BY.

"I tried to climb Parnassus high,
But gave up in despair;
For at the foot 'twas crowded by
The asses grazing there."

It is much more easy to disbelieve than to believe. This is obvious on the side of reason, but it is also true on that of spirit, for to disbelieve is in accordance with environment or custom, while to believe necessitates a spiritual use of the imagination. For both these reasons very few unbelievers have any justification, either intellectual or spiritual, for their own unbelief. Unbelief is usually due to indolence, often to prejudice, and never a thing to be proud of.—*Thoughts on Religion*, by C. J. Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. Edited by Canon Gore.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

"Seek to be good but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;
Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a
light"—*Lord Lyttleton*.

GRATUITOUS SERVICES.—A merchant in Glasgow, who recently retired with a large fortune, gives the following advice:—"Never let people work for you for nothing. Many years ago a man carried a parcel for us to Paisley, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since."

AN EMPEROR'S HANDWRITING.—The great Napoleon wrote a hand so illegible that his letters from Germany to Josephine were at first taken for rough maps of the seat of war.

A WELSH EPITAPH.

In a little churchyard near Llanymynech in Wales is a tombstone with these lines upon it:—

"In crossing o'er the fatal bridge,
John Morgan he was slain,
But it was not by mortal hand,
But by a railway train."

John Morgan was a huntsman for the Tanatside harriers, and paid the capital penalty for taking a short cut along the Cambrian line.

THE POOREST GIRL.—The poorest girl is not the one who has the least, but she who wants the most.

MOTHERS' WORK.—The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

DOROTHY EVANS; OR, PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH.

CHAPTER II.



IT was hard to wait, and Dorothy was very glad when Hilda came home, for there was much more hope of something like sympathy and encouragement from Hilda than from Lucy. Ready as Lucy was to find time for Dora's favourite pursuits, she had no faith in their ever yielding any practical results. "It pleases Dora, and she has been really good about helping me." That was all Lucy thought of her sister's studies.

But when Dorothy found that even Hilda had no confidence in her chance of success, her own hopes sank to a very low ebb, and she almost wished that the paper had never been sent, to bring her, perhaps, such a keen disappointment as she knew failure would be.

Hilda's month's holiday soon passed away, and she went back refreshed to her work with Miss Graves, leaving Lucy and Dora to their household cares.

"How shabby we all looked beside Hilda," Lucy said to her sister a few days afterwards. "I can't think how she always manages to be so well-dressed. I'm sure you and I are not fit to be seen, and Alice and Emily have quite outgrown those faded blue frocks; I really can't bear to see them going to church in such things. We must have new dresses and save in something else."

"Take care, Lucy," rejoined Dora cautiously, "I would rather go without a new dress till Christmas if I were you, than have such a fuss with father about money as you have had sometimes. Indeed, for my part, I don't mean to have one. I think it is better to be ever so plain than to be worried and anxious about how to pay for things."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Lucy, "you will go in with the rest. We had better have them all alike, and when one is cut out with the other, they won't take nearly so much material. As to the making, that is a comparative trifle. Oh, Dora, I should like Miss Simpson to make them this time; she is a little dearer, I know, but her fit is lovely. Don't look so grave about it, it is easier to live cheaply in the summer-time, you know, and we shall save a lot in the housekeeping. I'm pretty straight now, and this afternoon you and I will go and choose the stuff."

In vain Dora objected that it was already the middle of August, and that the summer would soon be past. Lucy was so much set upon the plan that the younger sister at length suffered herself to be overruled, and the two went out together on their shopping expedition.

The pretty inexpensive grey stuff which Lucy selected was soon measured out, but Dora, standing by, was shocked and surprised to hear her sister request that the goods might be entered, instead of paying at once for them.

"Oh, Lucy!" she said, as soon as they had left the shop, "why didn't you pay now? It would have been ever so much better."

Lucy looked annoyed.

"There were some other little things entered that I had the week before last," she answered presently. "I thought these might just as well be put down too, and then Mr. Scott can send us a bill at Michaelmas; it will come to just the same as though we paid now."

"But I am sure it will not," responded Dora, "and you never told me that you had bought any other things at Scott's; why didn't you let me put them down in our book?"

"What a dreadful preacher you are getting to be, Dora," grumbled Lucy. "The money will be all right, I tell you. Between you and father I have no peace or rest; it is shocking to be continually worried about every shilling one spends. You will be glad to wear your new dress, although you make such ado about its being bought."

Dora shook her head, but she thought it useless to say any more, and the sisters went the rest of their way in almost total silence.

Miss Simpson surpassed herself, and Alice and Emily were delighted with their nice new dresses; but Mr. Evans looked surprised and hardly pleased, when on Sunday morning he saw his four daughters arrayed for church.

"New frocks!" he said to Lucy. "I hope, Lucy, you are paying your way and not getting into any difficulties. Remember there is no more money to come than you have had already."

"Oh, it will be right, father," said Lucy quickly. "Don't you think we look very nice in these dresses, and they are made of such cheap stuff that you would hardly believe how little the material cost?"

That was quite true, but Lucy herself was staggered when Miss Simpson's bill came in. There were so many extras, and the charges for making were so high, that the total looked positively alarming, and Lucy began to experience that late repentance which her thoughtless purchases often caused her.

"I almost wish we hadn't had these dresses," she said to Dorothy. "Miss Simpson's bill is much more than I thought it would be, and there is Scott's to come. Oh, Dora, it is miserable to be so poor!"

Dora thought the present misery lay rather in imprudence than poverty, but she was too kind to say so, and besides, she blamed herself for having yielded about her own dress, and for not having withstood Lucy more upon the whole question. She could only wish more and more for September to come, with its delightful possibility of success. "If the judges only knew what the money would be to me," she thought. "But, even if they did, of course they would not be influenced by any such consideration. I can only hope that the paper was good enough in itself to impress them."

But when September came there was a sad disappointment for Dorothy, though not a final one.

Opening the *Teacher's Magazine* to read her fate, she found under the heading, "Essay Competition," the following words: "The Editor sincerely regrets that, owing to the number of papers sent in, and to the indisposition of one of the judges, the award in the Competition cannot be announced this month. The result will now be made known in our November issue."

Two months more to wait! Dora felt how true it is that "hope deferred makes the heart sick." For a day or two she was quite low-spirited, and could hardly force herself to go through the daily tasks, which were heavier than usual just at that time. Mary Anne, the maid, had had an accident to one of her fingers, and for a week or two was nearly disabled, and Lucy and Dora found it almost more than they could manage to get through everything themselves.

But perhaps the extra work prevented Dora from dwelling too much upon the

disappointment, and she was soon quite herself again.

As the end of September drew near it became very evident that Lucy was suffering under some ill-suppressed anxiety. She parried her sister's inquiries about money, and, though she still allowed the daily record of expenses to be made, she absolutely refused to say how much of the quarter's allowance remained in hand.

"Do be quiet, Dora!" she answered pettishly, one evening, "I am fearfully worried about things, as you might see, and I am expecting every day that Mr. Scott will send in his bill for those wretched dresses. If father sees it there will be no end of trouble."

"But I thought you meant to save it out of the housekeeping, Lucy," said Dora, with a heavy heart. Was it possible that her sister had not done so?

"Save it!" exclaimed Lucy, and without further explanation she burst into sudden tears.

Dora was distressed and frightened.

"Lucy, dear," she cried, "you had better tell father about it yourself. He will not be so vexed as though you concealed things from him, and I shall take care to say that I was partly to blame."

But Lucy shook her head. "I shall not say a word, unless father finds it out," she answered as soon as she could speak. "Mr. Scott would wait, I should think; I know people who owe bills for six months, or even a year, and don't think much of it either. Besides, if one could only get a little time something might turn up."

"I don't know what you think might turn up," said Dora with indignation; "unless the money dropped from the clouds there is no chance of its coming."

As soon as she had spoken she remembered that barely possible ten pounds, but she had too much good sense to hold out such a vague hope to Lucy.

The dreaded bill duly arrived, but Lucy took it herself from the postman, and put it carefully by with Miss Simpson's unpaid account, trusting, as people of her temperament so often do, to the chapter of accidents, and hoping that the quarterly settling with her father might pass over without any uncomfortable questions.

It was a foolish hope, and one not likely to be fulfilled; preoccupied and absent as Mr. Evans often was, he had not forgotten the grey dresses.

"Is this all, Lucy?" he said as Lucy finished her statement, which showed a little money remaining in hand. "What about those new frocks which you and the other girls had? Have you paid for them, and yet got something over? It is a new thing for you if you have done so?"

Lucy was far from being a high-principled girl, as her previous conduct will have shown, but even she could not tell a direct falsehood; she coloured deeply and was silent.

But her father's suspicions being once aroused, he insisted upon knowing the whole truth, and the matter ended, as might have been predicted, in the production of the bills, and in poor Lucy's total discomfiture.

"This is shocking," Mr. Evans said, going once more over Miss Simpson's long list of trimmings and extras. "I have no means of meeting these charges myself at present. If you go on like this you will soon make me insolvent; I don't feel that I shall ever be able to trust you again. Why, if you and your sisters were really in need of clothes, did you not tell me that you had no means of getting

them, instead of running up a bill like this upon your own responsibility. This woman's charges are quite unfit for people in our circumstances."

A good deal more Mr. Evans said, for he was thoroughly grieved and angry, and it was with tearful eyes and a heavy heart that Lucy went to her rest that night.

Dora had listened in trouble and distress almost equal to her sister's; she had tried to take some share of the blame, but her father would not hear her.

"Lucy is the person responsible," he said at once. "In future, I shall pay for all your things myself, and nothing but the bare house-keeping money shall go through her fingers."

It was some time before the sisters began to feel that the cloud had, for a time, passed by, and even then they were both painfully aware that their father was troubled and perplexed, and that the unpaid claims pressed heavily upon him.

Altogether, October was rather a miserable month, and Dora had so many less pleasant things to think of, that she did not often recollect the "Essay Competition" until the first of November really came.

"I am going to Mrs. Stanley's," she said to Lucy, on the afternoon of that day, "to see if the *Teacher's Magazine* has come; there is something in it I want to read."

"Oh, very well," rejoined Lucy. "Only please make haste back. It is Mary Anne's afternoon out, you know, and we shall have to finish ironing the starched things ourselves, if they are not to get too dry."

The fate of the starched things seemed of small moment to Dora just then; now the time was really come she could hardly restrain her impatience, and she almost ran to Mrs. Stanley's shop.

The *Teacher's Magazine* was on the counter, and the words "Essay Competition, Award of the Prize," were conspicuous upon its pale pink cover.

Dora often stayed to have a chat with Mrs. Stanley, a pleasant, elderly lady who had been, as she said, "much reduced," and whose agreeable manners largely contributed to the marked success of her little business. But the girl was glad now to pay for the magazine, and to get out with her purchase as quickly as possible.

She did not dare to stop in the street and look at the announcement; she went rapidly home again, and, disregarding Lucy's call, ran straight upstairs to her little back bedroom and bolted herself in. She could not bear that anyone should see the keenness of either joy or sorrow which that innocent-looking monthly was sure to bring.

Even then she took off her hat, smoothed her hair, and sat quietly down, before she looked at the momentous words.

"We have much pleasure," ran the notice, "in awarding the Essay Prize of ten pounds to the paper bearing the motto 'Dum Spiro Spero.'" On opening the envelope bearing this motto, we found that the paper was written by Miss Dorothy Agnes Evans, Eglantine Villas, Wedgbury. Miss Evans is therefore entitled to the prize of ten pounds, a cheque for which sum she will receive upon application to our office."

Dora dropped the book and buried her face in her hands. For a moment she was overcome by the sudden joy of success. It was only with a great effort that she could compose

herself sufficiently to read that there had been nearly two hundred competitors for the prize, and that a large proportion of the papers had shown marked ability and appreciation of the subject. It was with an added thrill of delight that she went on to the bottom of the page, and saw that the successful essay would be printed in a future issue of the *Teacher's Magazine*.

She was so absorbed in thinking of the pleasure of seeing her own paper in print, that Lucy's continued calls were quite unheard, and it was not until her sister, wondering and impatient, ran hastily upstairs and knocked loudly at the bedroom door, that Dorothy started from her reverie, and returned to the everyday world around her.

"Whatever is the matter!" exclaimed Lucy, as soon as the door was opened. "I've called and called, and you never answered; and you look I don't know how; have you been laughing, or crying or what?"

"Oh, Lucy!" and Dora rescued the magazine, which had fallen face downwards upon the carpet. "I have had a great success—you will hardly believe it when I tell you—I have won the Essay Prize: only look here and you will see."

Lucy read the announcement with a sort of envious sigh.

"Oh, you lucky girl!" she said. "You will have all that money. All the good fortune there is comes to you and Hilda; there is nothing but worry and trouble for me."

"Dear Loo," murmured Dora, laying her hand affectionately on her sister's arm, "this will be your good fortune as well as mine—I shall share it with you, if father will let me."

"Now you have won it yourself, it is surely yours to do what you like with; but father is vexed even now about those wretched bills. Only think, Dora, this is as much as both of them come to."

"Yes, I know," said Dora, and she became all at once silent; she could not resist the thought that came into her mind with Lucy's words. Here, in her own hands, were the means to relieve her father of his anxieties, and to remove the cloud that still hung over Lucy. But was it possible that she really ought to give up all her own cherished plans and purposes? In a moment she had thought of them all again; the books she had intended to purchase, the other means of improvement that this money would have brought. Surely it would not be selfish to retain the half for herself, and to give the rest towards smoothing the home difficulties. It was too intricate a question to solve just then, that was certain.

"I will come down and help you with the ironing now, Lucy," she said slowly. "It will be time enough to write the letter of application this evening, when I have told father, and we cannot settle at once what should be done with the money."

But while Dora's fingers were busy all the afternoon with collars and aprons, her mind was at work upon that one question, the question of her duty as to the ten pounds. Words she had herself written kept coming with a strange emphasis back to her memory; words about the blessedness of self-sacrifice, about the high duty and privilege of giving up one's own interest or advantage for that of others. "Did I mean all those things?" she

asked herself, almost indignantly; "did I mean them, or were they only cant, only fine writing put upon paper, in order to impress others and to get something for myself. I did try, when I was writing the paper, to put down my real thoughts and feelings; but, if I can't act up to what I have said, how false the whole thing will become."

She was so absorbed in these and similar reflections, that a good many of Lucy's speeches fell upon deaf ears, and the rather noisy entrance of Alice and Emily, fresh from the walk that followed their afternoon lessons, seemed to Dora an awakening from a troubled though pleasant dream.

Before her father came home in the evening, to be surprised and pleased by the wonderful news, Dora had quite made up her mind as to the course to be pursued.

"Father," she said to Mr. Evans, when the younger ones had retired, and, after writing her letter to the Editor of the *Teacher*, she sat with Lucy over the mending-basket, which often kept both sisters employed the whole evening, "father, I have been thinking that, if you will let me, I should like to pay Scott's bill and Miss Simpson's with this money; it would be enough, and—"

She stopped abruptly, unable to say any more, and her father did not speak for a minute or two, then he said in a voice not quite free from signs of emotion—

"It is too much for you to do, Dora. I do not feel that I ought to take for such a purpose the money you have won so honourably. As I said at the time, the blame of incurring that expense did not lie with you."

"But you would be glad to know that the bills were paid," pleaded Dora, "and Lucy would be glad, she is always vexing about them. Indeed, indeed, father, I would rather do this with the ten pounds than anything else, if you will only let me."

Mr. Evans rose and took some papers from a pigeon-hole in the old-fashioned bureau, which nearly filled one side of the family sitting-room. For a minute or two he turned them over, and then spoke again—

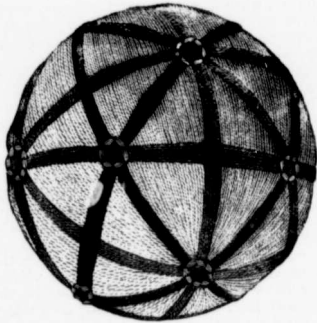
"At Christmas," he said, "I should perhaps be able to pay these bills, but it would only be by exercising great economy, and by making some one else wait for another sum that is owing; some one too who can ill-afford to wait for his money. I confess, Dora, that if you are willing to make such a sacrifice, it would be the greatest possible relief to me to feel out of debt again. I have blamed myself very much, since I knew of the matter, for leaving one so young and inexperienced as Lucy too much to her own devices, too often without advice and assistance that I might have given her."

This was a great deal for Mr. Evans to say, and it was some comfort to Lucy to know that she was not regarded as being the only person to blame in the unhappy transactions with the draper and dressmaker.

Not many more words passed between the father and daughters that night, but when, in a day or two's time, Dora duly received the cheque for ten pounds, and when, accompanied by Lucy, she went, the very next afternoon, and paid, first Mr. Scott's bill and then Miss Simpson's, there were not many happier girls in the United Kingdom than the winner of the Essay Prize.



A NEW LIFE FOR AN OLD BALL.



WHAT numbers of worn-out tennis balls accumulate in most country houses where there are young folks fond of that pleasant pastime. And what untold pleasure these same worn-out balls can give to many poor or sick children, if a very small amount of time is spent upon doing them up in a new

dress. For this new dress, most people who do much fancy work can produce all sorts of odds and end of wool left over from various articles, either crewel work, crochet or knitting, for it matters very little what kind of wool you use so long as you make the balls bright and attractive-looking. We shall describe exactly how the model was covered because the design upon it is a particularly successful one, which might be carried out in many different schemes of colour. Its first coat was composed of white Shetland wool, left over from crocheting a baby's jacket. It was firmly and evenly wound round the tennis-ball, until it was covered completely. This winding was done entirely like the meridians on a globe, never like the parallels of latitude, but some discretion had to be used not to mark the north and south poles too strongly, by allowing the wool always to cross upon one particular spot. The end of the wool was fastened off by running it a little way into the winding with a wool needle. This small globe was then divided into four quarters by scarlet bands of winding, which crossed one another at the poles, and a scarlet equator was added. Some black wool further divided the quarters made by the scarlet wool, and marked the ball into

eighths. Our globe was then turned on its side, and two dark blue bands were wound which crossed one another half-way between the red bands, making the general meeting-places on the spots where the red bands crossed on opposite sides of the ball. It was then turned round till the next crossing of red bands came uppermost, and two light blue bands also crossing one another were wound there. The ball was now divided all over into a number of triangles. Last of all a needle was threaded with some bright yellow flosselle, and a small circle was neatly stitched at each spot where either three or four bands crossed, and that made all quite firm.

It matters little what colour you choose for the ground work of these balls provided the other colours all form a good contrast to it. As small quantities do for the encircling bands, it is therefore better to begin the foundation with something you are sure to have enough to finish with, in order not to run short in the most important part of the design. These balls cost so little that they can be sold very cheaply at bazaars, and are always, in consequence very popular with tiny purchasers.

SUSAN M. SHEARMAN.

TWO DOMESTIC SANITARY APPLIANCES.

THE DUSTBIN.

LOOKING out from a back window on a sultry day in July, over the smoking chimney-pots in every stage of dilapidation, the slated roofs, the solitary aspen-tree with leaves of a dirty brown colour (or what was left of the leaves by the hosts of caterpillars that had striven to eke out their monotonous existence earlier in the year by eating the rest), and the various other features, not forgetting the cats, which constitute a London landscape, my attention was drawn to an incident that was happening in the courtyard of a neighbouring house. A servant was standing in front of a lidless "sanitary" dustbin and deliberately emptying the contents of a teapot—leaves and stale tea—into that sanitary emporium, which was already half-filled with fishbones and cabbage-stalks.

A sanitary dustbin is only sanitary if it is used in a sanitary manner. Do not think as this girl apparently did, that as the thing was sold as a sanitary dustbin there was no need for caution. She is not the only person that I have seen misuse a dustbin in this manner. A "sanitary" dustbin without a lid, filled with cabbage-stalks, fish-bones, tea-leaves and water on a hot day in July will not remain sanitary for very long. If this is the way you use the bin, it is better far to return to the old-fashioned wooden dusthole, for this, at all events, lets the water run away.

The sanitary dustbin has proved a great blessing to London, and if it is used carefully it is as sanitary as anything put to such unsanitary purposes can be. It is no mystery how to use it. See that it has a lid, and that the lid is always on it; have it emptied as often as possible, and do not put liquid of any kind into it. The position of a dustman is not an enviable one, and I have been told over and over again by dustmen that they did not mind the dust but that they did object strongly to have water from the rubbish trickling down their backs. They all agreed that this pernicious method of emptying teapots was the

chief cause of fluid in the dustbin. Surely it is very little extra trouble to pour off the water from the tea-leaves—and it is exceedingly important to keep the contents of the bin dry, both for yourself, your neighbours and also for the dustmen.

I will now leave that subject and go to another household utensil which is still more misused, and of which, indeed, the use in any way is misuse. I refer to the filter.

THE FILTER.

Of all the nonsense that we have heard I do not think that any other subject has had so large a share as filters.

First, let us see what filters are made for. To filter water of course. But to filter it from what? From microbes, don't you know that? Then why are they used in London houses? Because London water is swarming with germs! This is totally untrue. There are no pathogenic (disease-producing) germs in London water,* so why use a filter?

Now let us take the disadvantages of filters. You say that filters remove the germs from water. Do they? Just come into my laboratory and see for yourself. Those little tubes over there, plugged with cotton wool, are "cultures" of various organisms. Tube No. 1, you see, contains nothing but a clear mass of gelatine at the bottom. That, I can tell you at once contains no organisms. It is a culture of a drop of London water taken from my own tap. You see in tube No. 2 that the gelatine has been liquefied, that it is of a dirty yellow colour with an abominable odour; it is swarming with organisms. It is a sample of the same water as No. 1, but it has been passed through a carbon filter. You seem surprised and incredulous, but to me nothing can be more natural. If you look at a carbon filter from any point of view it is obvious that

* In times of epidemics organisms are occasionally, but very rarely it is true, found in London water.

it must foul and not purify the water. Now you are going to say to me "that cannot be true, for the other day I saw for myself that filters did purify the water." I will tell you what you saw, two baths or two vessels arranged like opera-glasses or some such object, one filled with London water, the other with the same water filtered. The former was pale green in colour, the latter a beautiful blue. Of course the latter is the purer water! Not a bit of it! The yellowish colour of the unfiltered water is due to a minute trace of peat, which is not of the least importance. You cannot tell from inspection whether or not water contains germs. You have seen other tests exhibited, but they can all be explained in much the same way. The filter decolourises, that is all.

There is one form of filter that is really useful—the "Pasteur-Chamberland Filter." It consists of a cylinder of unglazed porcelain which is screwed on to a tap, and the water is forced through the porcelain absolutely freed from any impurity that it may have contained. Its disadvantages are, however, numerous; it has to be screwed on to a tap and requires high pressure to force the water through it, so that it can only be used in large towns where filters are unnecessary. Again, the cylinders must be thoroughly scrubbed out and then baked occasionally, as they soon get covered inside with slime.

Of other filters two kinds are in common use. One of these consists of a block of carbon or some other substance and two glass vessels. You all know these by sight. They are perfectly useless, as the carbon soon gets crowded with organisms. The other kind is filled with small lumps of charcoal with interstices for stagnant water and germs. This is called the cottage filter and is the most objectionable of all.

So both the dustbin and the filter are used for the reception of stagnant water. Might I suggest that the proper place for the latter is within the former?

T. N. D.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

LADY MATILDA asks, "Why, when I pay a doctor to visit me, does he not tell me the name of my complaint and its probable duration and termination? And why does he write his prescriptions in Latin? Is it so that I should not read them? Is it from fear, lest they should be criticised, or is it merely from habit? It seems far more rational for a physician to tell his patients everything, and so secure their help towards curing themselves."

Many people, beside yourself, have asked these questions, and, as far as we are aware, they have never yet been answered. That it would be better, in most cases, for the physician to tell his patients everything we most readily admit; but there are two sides to the question, so we will consider the pros and cons of each part of the argument.

Should the doctor tell his patient the nature of the disease from which the latter is suffering?—Yes; for it gives the patient a better idea of his own condition. It tells him if his state is serious and if it is advisable to appoint a substitute to do his work during his illness; or, if the disease is a very serious one, whether he should make or revise his will, and make other preparations before leaving this world. Everyone, when he is ill, imagines that his complaint is very serious, and it is a relief to him to hear that it is more trivial than he imagined. No; he should not tell his patient the name of his illness, for the latter may be thoroughly unnerved by hearing that he suffers from cancer or consumption, and in serious affections it is always necessary to keep up the patient's spirits. Again, tell a man that he has consumption, and he imagines that his case is hopeless, whereas it is often not so.

Is the physician to tell his patient how long the illness will last?—Yes, decidedly, in all cases, if he knows himself. It is rarely possible to tell how long a disease will take to run its course, and to hazard an opinion in such cases is disastrous to the reputation of the physician, and of no value to the patient.

Ought a patient to know what will be the probable termination of his illness?—Yes, everyone should be warned of approaching death or encouraged by the assurance of a speedy cure. Again, where an operation is considered necessary, the clear understanding of his condition will enable the patient to accept the chances of operation or to refuse to allow its performance. The probable results of the operation should also be clearly laid before the patient. Against these arguments the ever-constant factor of uncertainty must be laid. We can never be certain of the

results, either of a disease or of an operation, so why tell a patient that he will die from his affection when it is possible he may recover?

As regards writing prescriptions in Latin, personally we thoroughly disapprove of it. One must know one's own language better than Latin. Again, it is not always possible to express one's meaning in Latin, and it is not rare to see such meaningless jargon as "to be coated cum sacch." on the prescriptions of the most eminent physicians. Why do we put the sign "R" above a medical prescription? Now we take it to stand for "Recipe" (take of), and so force ourselves to put the names of the drugs used in the genitive case. This sign R is really an invocation to Jupiter, and was used by the classical physicians, but nowadays it is as much out of place as it is out of date to use it. We thoroughly disapprove of this method of writing prescriptions in a mixture of English, Latin and jargon, and now we always use English alone. The old bugbear, the apothecary's weights, is going to give way to the metrical system of weighing when the new pharmacopœia is ready.

Medical men are not charlatans, and do not write their prescriptions in Latin to prevent criticism. It is simply a piece of foolish conservatism.

In conclusion, we must remember that the physician himself does not always know what is the nature or duration of every morbid condition, and that there are many ailments that have not got a name. Another reason why medical men do not confide in their patients is that the patients make a bad use of the information. For instance: we tell a girl that she has anæmia. A friend comes round and tells her she should take Dr. Quack's pills, which are wonderful. Our treatment is neglected; the patient takes the patent pill, of which neither she, her friend, nor ourselves know the action or the composition. It seems to us, however, that patients take patent medicines and nostrums whatever the diagnosis—and why not? Do not Dr. Quack's pills guarantee to cure everything? Fortunately most patent drugs are harmless as they are useless; but we have seen great harm done by a patient taking an antibilious pill to cure typhoid fever.

It is a matter of experience that it is not wise for the physician to implicitly confide in every patient, but when he is called to a healthy-minded individual, really anxious to be cured, he tells his sufferer everything he knows himself, warns him of approaching danger, and confides in him any uncertainty connected with the diagnosis or termination of the malady.

T. N. D.

HERMIONE asks, "Will you kindly tell me to what Tennyson refers in the following lines from 'Margaret'?"

"Exquisite Margaret, who can tell
The last wild thought of Chatelet;
Just ere the falling axe did part
The burning brain from the true heart,
Even in her sight he loved so
well?"

We are very glad to receive questions of this order, which show that our correspondents read poetry in an intelligent spirit. The allusion, we must confess, has a little perplexed us, for there seems no Chatelet known to fame to whom the quotation would be in the least appropriate. Everything points to the name "Chatelet" being interchangeable with Chastelard. Pierre Boscol de Chastelard was a grandson of the chevalier Bayard, a youth of romantic spirit, and a writer of amatory verse. He fell in love with Mary Queen of Scots during her sojourn in France, and followed her to England on her widowhood. He was compelled, however, to return to Paris, where he passed a year of misery, apart from the object of his adoration. He then joined her court in Scotland, and was at first kindly received; but as his importunities for the Queen's favour became too urgent, he was condemned to lose his head. On the day of execution he walked to the scaffold reading the ode of Ronsard, "*A la Mort*," and finally turning towards the place where the Queen was, he cried aloud, "*Adieu, la plus belle et la plus cruelle princesse du monde!*"

The heroine of Tennyson's early poem is supposed to be secluded from the sorrow and stress of the world in a sort of charmed reverie.

"You love, remaining peacefully,
To hear the murmur of the strife,
But enter not the toil of life."

"What can it matter to you," the poet seems to say, "that brave men suffer, that lovers break their hearts and perish, as did the Queen's minstrel-suitors in days of yore, for love's sake? You know nothing but dream-sorrow—"

"A fairy shield your Genius made,
And gave you on your natal day.
Your sorrow, only sorrow's shade,
Keeps real sorrow far away."

There is a hint of reproach in the words quoted by our correspondent, and yet there is admiration, as for one aloof from the common woes of earth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDY AND STUDIO.

PIRATE QUEEN.—We must repeat the censure of a recent answer. The matter of your poem is excellent, and your pictorial description shows that you have talent; but the "form" is defective, and the metre bad. Your lines should be assimilated in length and measure to this one—

"Come with thy cold clear stars, oh, dusk of the northern night!"

T. C.—1. The accidentals are placed in each clef separately, the treble clef not affecting the bass, and *vice versa*.—2. Your example is written as two half-bars, and we cannot therefore answer your question. If they are intended as two bars, they are inconsistent with *time*, as there are only four quavers in each. Have you not copied incorrectly? FORTY-NE.—Your design is excellently done. We should think you ought to be able to get work. Apply to one of the weekly "home" magazines.

A. E.—Your stories are very nice considering that you are only fourteen. Study hard, and read good authors; then in days to come you may be able really to write something worth reading.

PRIMROSE.—1. Your quotation—

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

is from Byron's *Don Juan*, canto 1., stanza 194.—2. Your letter is a very kind and pleasant one, and you ask for criticism of your story so modestly, that we feel sorry it cannot be favourable. The composition is faulty, as the sentences are far too long. Then we demur both to the curate's singling out a special member of his congregation for notice while he was officiating at Divine Service, and to his advising a girl to marry a man given to intemperance. He would have known, had he been a person of any experience, that the hope "I can influence him for good," is in such cases, often, if not invariably, a delusion.

A CONSTANT READER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—The verses you enclose are decidedly above the average of those sent for criticism. In the "Reverie by the Seaside" there is one halting line, viz.—

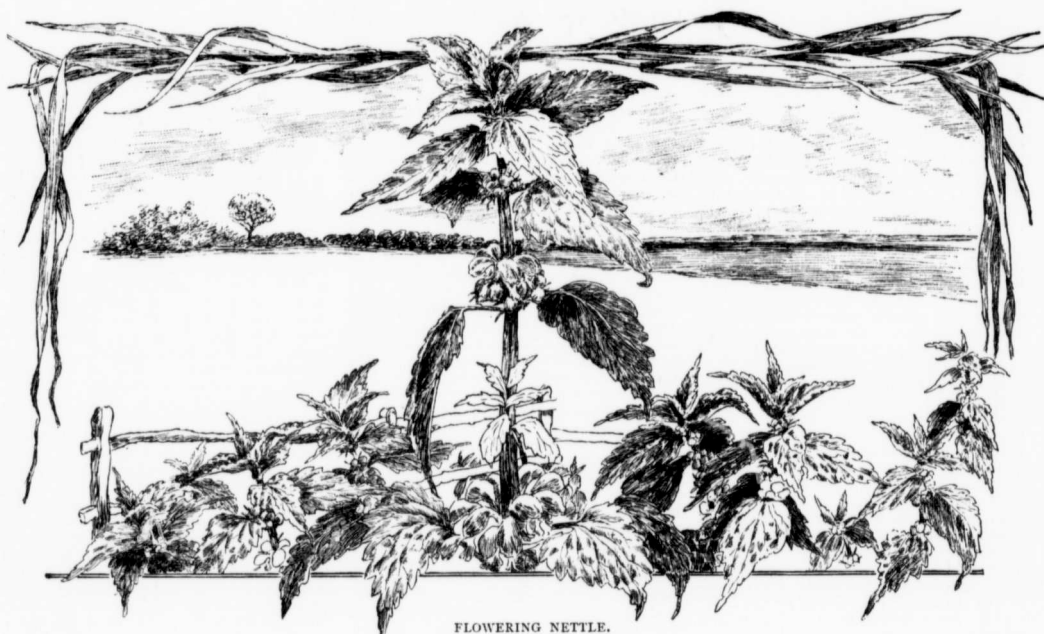
"Some of the gladness God gave."

We like the lines—

"For I would go home laden,
Could only my burden be
Some of the fancies whispered
In that music from the sea."

The sacred poem is also good. The last verse of all is the least perfect. We should advise you to persevere.

F. M.—1. We mentioned in this column the other day (see page 224) an elementary Greek class, conducted by Miss Lilian Masters, Mount Avenue, Ealing. You had better write to her for full particulars, as we should suppose it is conducted by means of correspondence.—2. February 10, 1876, was a Thursday.



FLOWERING NETTLE.

MEDICAL.

FAIR ISABEL.—1. Pimples on the face are one of the manifestations of acne. We have over and over again given advice on this subject, and we will repeat for the last time the nature and cure of this ailment. Acne is the name given to certain abnormal conditions of the sebaceous glands (i.e. the glands that secrete the sebum or natural oil of the hairs). "Blackheads," "whiteheads," "skin-worms," pimples (usually), comedones, and pustules on the face or, indeed, on any part of the body, are the manifestations of acne. The condition occurs in about twenty-five per cent. of adolescents between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. It is less common in women than in men. It rarely persists after twenty-five, and is very amenable to treatment. It is a local disease due to local causes—a skin affection dependent upon changes in the skin, it has nothing whatever to do with the condition of the blood. It is obvious, therefore, that the treatment must be local and that nothing taken internally will have any effect. It is useless to take drugs or to diet yourself for this condition, neither of these measures will in any way influence it. The right treatment is the application of some antiseptic substance and of a drug that possesses the power of softening the skin. Both these necessary qualities are possessed by sulphur, and this is therefore the most valuable substance for the cure of acne. It should be used in the following ways:—always wash your face with warm water and sulphur soap; rub your face briskly after washing, and if you observe any extra prominent blackheads squeeze them out. Before going to bed apply sulphur ointment to your face, thickly covering those parts most attacked, especially the lips, cheeks, and temples. Place a piece of linen or a dry towel over the pillow at night to prevent the pillow-case from being soiled. In the morning wipe off as much of the ointment as possible, and then wash your face thoroughly with the sulphur soap. Remember that many so-called sulphur soaps do not contain sulphur and are quite useless. The ointment, which is very cheap, can be obtained from any chemist. In our experience no other measure is half as efficacious as sulphur. Cure is practically invariable. Now, as regards your own case, follow the above directions and take nothing internally. If you had used the sulphur externally instead of internally you would, probably, be all right now. What makes you think that sulphur produces constipation we do not know, for it is a laxative.—

2. Read the answer to "Maud" below.

ANNE.—Calomel, taken in the small doses that we give at the present day, does not in any way affect the teeth.

A LOVER OF THE "G.O.P."—The small spot on your nose is most probably simply an acne spot. Read the answer given to "Fair Isabel" above.

MAUD.—Many of our readers are troubled with superfluous hairs on their faces. It is very annoying for a woman to discover that she is growing a moustache, but we think that many worry over this far more than is necessary. After all it is not a terrible disease, it is only unsightly—which we were told the other day is quite as bad—for a woman! Of the cause of the condition we know nothing save that it is most frequent in dark women, and that hairs almost invariably grow on pigmented patches of skin, especially on moles. We can divide superfluous hairs into three varieties:—first, hairs growing on moles; second, downy hairs on the lips; and third, long hairs, usually dark in colour, growing chiefly on the lips and chin, but occasionally on other parts of the face. The second variety, down on the lips, is practically always present in adult women. If it is light in colour it is unnoticeable except in very strong side lights. If it is black, or dark brown in colour, it is more noticeable. As regards treatment, removal must first be considered. Can we permanently remove superfluous hairs? Yes, to a certain extent we can permanently remove the long solitary hairs, but we cannot do so to the downy hairs. What varieties of superfluous hairs are amenable to epilation, as it is called? Only long thick hairs which are growing solitary, or of which there are very few. Electrolysis is the most used method of getting rid of hairs. We have heard that it never fails, but our experience tells us decidedly otherwise. It usually succeeds for a time, perhaps a year or so, and then the hairs return. Perhaps our experience may be different from that of others, but still there it is. Another method is to destroy the hair-roots by the red-hot electric needle. This is not a bad plan, but each puncture leaves a minute scar. Both methods are exceedingly expensive, and except in a very few selected cases, we recommend neither. All the forms of superfluous hairs can be temporarily removed either with the razor or by pulling them out by the roots. In either case they will grow again. Many women object to the use of the razor, but it is cheap and efficacious. None of these methods being adopted, the hairs may be rendered less prominent by bleaching. The best agent for this purpose is peroxide of hydrogen. This is a perfectly innocuous fluid and is by no means expensive. It should be applied every day with a camel-hair brush or small piece of rag. It is usually, but not always, successful. Never use any such preparation as sulphide of barium, or other chemical agents, so many of which have been lauded from time to time. All are ineffectual, and most are very dangerous. We have seen a girl's face literally peeled by the use of one of these so-called chemical epilators.

P. B.—It is an absolute myth that wearing ear-rings strengthens the eyes. It is true that in certain diseases of the eyes we do apply leeches or blisters behind the ear, but this is not the same thing.

NANCY.—1. The dark line round your neck is probably nothing but a slight pigmentation of the skin. It is by no means unusual for the neck to be darker in colour than the rest of the body. Mere exposure to the light often causes the pigment to disappear. You might try peroxide of hydrogen to bleach it, but we cannot promise that the treatment will be successful.—2. Read the answer to "Maud."

LUCY.—Hammer-toe is invariably caused by ill-fitting boots. Therefore the first necessity is to get boots that fit. If you do this your toe will probably get all right again. Get boots amply large with square toes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SALT AND IGNORAMUS, and "R. E. J."—Nothing is more vulgar, according to the laws of (English) good-breeding, than to convey cheese or anything else to the mouth with a knife. It is an appliance exclusively designed for cutting on the plate or carving. Only the fork and spoon or the hand should convey food to the mouth. It is a necessary appliance at the cheese course, and biscuits (or bread) and butter are served with it; and you should break a small piece of biscuit and butter it, and with your knife cut a small piece of cheese, place it on the bread and so convey it with your left hand to your mouth. We have certainly seen some (otherwise well-bred people) guilty of a breach of the rules of society, in reference to the use of a knife in eating cheese. But amongst persons of the higher class of society to raise a knife to the mouth would stamp one so doing as half-bred and ill-trained.

LOVER OF CATS.—White leather belts are cleaned with pipeclay, but if of satin-ribbon, any require cleaning, you might try to do them yourself with some benzine; but we fear they would only be spoilt.

ONE IN DIFFICULTIES.—You do not say whether "your lamentable ignorance" is your own fault? If it be, why not begin to improve yourself? Perhaps the young man you mention does not care for a clever wife, in that case you would just suit him.

A CONSTANT KEAFER.—Your canary is suffering from the effects of lice. Give the bird a good bath every day in salt and water. Let the bath be fairly deep, a toothbrush-dish or a soap-dish makes an excellent bath. Do you keep the bird in a wooden cage? This is not an uncommon cause of vermin. If the cage is wooden, thoroughly wash and scrub it with soft soap and water, then rinse it in clean water and dry it in the sun.

E. M. M.—The address of the *Musical Times* is 1, Berners Street, London, W.C. The information you desire you can obtain in it without doubt.

FACIT.—We think you might obtain in what you require by writing to Mrs. Angus Hall, 4, Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.