

Good-bye! Love to dear Lady Baillie and your sisters. Say I am dying of grief at being bereft of their company for another day. And do you thank your stars because you are getting out, even for twenty-four hours, of 'a beastly hole' like Kensington."

"Not if I have to leave you behind. I declare, Miss Bennet, I believe you are frightened at that forward, domineering little girl of a cousin of yours."

"Frightened at Flora! No, indeed, though she is not a little girl. She is taller than I am, and she has twice as much sense; but I could easily let you see that, except for mamma and papa of course, I am my own mistress." She took a step forward towards the tempter and the open carriage door; then as he held out his hand, calling, "Make haste—we shall be too late," she thought better of it. If she was not afraid of Flora, a sudden fear of Gus Warren and of herself took possession of her; she

stepped back still more decidedly, and in doing so caught sight of her cousin. In place of betraying the least anger, she uttered an exclamation of relief, and hurried towards Flora, catching hold of her arm.

"You here, Flora! Come along! Good-bye, Mr. Warren," she threw over her shoulder to the discomfited gentleman as he stepped into the train, now beginning to move.

Not a word of enquiry, explanation, or apology did the girl address to her cousin, whose sudden appearance on the scene Dorothy might, from her manner, have been fully expecting. As the two walked back to Kensington Square, Dorothy talked volubly of every subject under the sun except her escapade; and as for Flora, her heart was beating too fast, and her thankfulness was too great, for having, as she put it, "got Dorothy," to leave Flora the power of interrupting her cousin.

Before Flora had time to make up her mind whether she ought to speak to Dorothy about what was certainly great heedlessness and indiscretion, both the girls were startled by some chance words of Dick's at dinner—"Oh, by-the-bye, Lady Baillie and her party did not go to Brighton after all—at least, she stopped her carriage on the way to the station to hail me, and ask if mum knew the address of any good lodging at Hastings. As if I keep the maternal address-book! She said they had changed their minds since they left the house. The postman had just delivered the letters, and her ladyship had opened one and found that her dearest friend was at Hastings, and off she must go to her without more ado. Quick work, wasn't it?"

Flora was bending a crimson face over her soup-plate. When she could look across to Dorothy, as Dick took up some other topic without noticing their silence, her face was very white, and a slight shiver went over her.

The first moment Flora and Dorothy were alone in the drawing-room, Dorothy crossed the room and sat down on a stool beside her cousin, the better to hide her face, even in the firelight, on Flora's knee.

"Oh, Flora!" she whispered, "I am so much obliged to you. You have saved me from such a dreadful situation. What should I have done if I had been such an idiot as to go with Gus Warren to Brighton, and learned when we arrived that his family were not there? Of course he did not know. He is a fool, but he is not a wretch; only he is so stupid that he would not have known what to do, any more than I. Mamma would have been so grieved and mortified, and papa would have been so displeased. Papa can be dreadfully displeased when he is roused. There might have been a talk and scandal, which would not have been forgotten, for a piece of nonsense. For I need not say I don't care a bit for Gus Warren—I should think not, a poor creature like that—only I wished to tease you and that prying old goose Amelia. I will never do such a thing again, never; I will be ever so much more careful in future. You can tell mamma if you like—I think I would rather she knew; I don't seem to care for her being angry when I have deserved it. I don't seem to care for anything after having been permitted to escape from such a terrible punishment. And Flora darling, I can never thank you enough for having come after me."

(To be continued.)

CLOISONNÉ
ENAMEL



PLATE.

CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL.

SOMETHING that can be done by ourselves to please our friends, and something that will at the same time give scope to individual taste, is work sure to be appreciated by girls who live in the country, and have many leisure hours that they are glad to turn to account when thinking about birthday presents. In recommending to their notice Cloisonné painting we are not addressing the clever ones who can paint well with oil and water-colours, or upon china, but we are speaking to that much

larger class of humanity, who have a keen appreciation of colour and of what is artistic, and yet are stopped in all their aspirations after painting by the want of a knowledge of drawing, of design, and of the technicalities of colouring.

Cloisonné is an imitation of Moorish, Rhodian, and Renaissance pottery, and resembles Japanese Cloisonné by reason of the gold line that surrounds the designs. It is in reality a painting upon terra-cotta backgrounds with enamel colours that dry hard and shiny, and require no firing-in. The ease with which the work is accomplished arises from the pattern being already traced, and only requiring to be filled in with colour. These patterns, which are copies of original and classical subjects, are cut into the terra-cotta when in a soft state, and burnt in with the clay, therefore they are indelible.

The articles that are sold for decoration consist of plates of from three to twenty inches in diameter, vases of many shapes and sizes, wall-pockets, pen and card trays, tea-caddies, photo frames, candlesticks, and a great many small knick-knacks. Some of these are expensive, and others cost sixpence and a shilling, therefore the work is within the reach of all pockets.

The enamel paints are cheap, costing two-pence halfpenny a tin, or two shillings and sixpence a box of twelve colours; but as quite sufficient effects can be painted in with six colours, it is just as well to buy the tins separately, and commence with only a few. More than forty shades of colours are sold; but as the enamels bear mixing together, we recommend the following six, and advise their being mixed. They are—White, black, terra-cotta, grass-green, light blue, and scarlet lake. For extra colours, light and deep green, deep blue, orange, pale yellow, and deep red will be found useful. Besides the paints, a tin of

Cloisonné lacquer, one of thinning medium, and one of liquid gold are required; also three small camel's hair brushes. A mahl-stick made with a piece of cane, or a hand-rest such as is used in china painting, are serviceable while painting, as they keep the hand from touching the colours while they are wet.

Before painting the terra-cotta, see that it is free from any dust, and cover it with an even coating of the lacquer. Put this on quickly, and let it be well spread over every part; its use is to enable the gold and the enamels to adhere to the material, and therefore it must be laid on over every bit of surface that is to be covered. As soon as this lacquer is dry, take the tin of gold paint and the smallest paint brush and paint the gold over every incised line of the design. Put the gold on fairly thickly, and keep the tin it is in well shaken while using it, as the gold is heavier than the liquid that keeps it in solution, and sinks to the bottom of the tin. When painting in the gold lines, do not trouble if the gold overflows on to the surrounding terra-cotta; the enamel colours that are painted over these parts, being thick, will conceal any dabs of gold. Examine the gilded lines when they have all been done, and should any of them look poor and thin, repaint them, and put the article on one side until dry.

Leave the design on the terra-cotta to be painted in last of all, and commence the colouring with the backgrounds. Upon small articles use only one colour for the background; but upon vases, nine-inch plates, etc., use two or three, painting the rim of a plate one colour, the centre another, and the space between these a third. It is upon the selection of a suitable background that much of the artistic effect depends, and beginners should study the various kinds of china and pottery they have access to, to give them an insight into the best arrangements of colour. Flesh

colour and pale blue for the centre tones, relieved by a deep olive-green edge, will look well; also a centre of pale yellow, with an edging of deep blue, and the design painted with white shading to pale blue greys and deep greys, and relieved with small ornaments of orange and pure blue.

In the plate given as an illustration to this article, the centre background is terra-cotta just slightly mixed with white; the edge of the plate is painted with a black background, and the part between the two with a terra-cotta largely mixed with white, but not sufficiently mixed with white to take its own colour away and turn it cream. The pattern on this plate is finished as follows:—Picking out the centre of the plate it is black, curving round between the two terra-cottas and outlining them it is a band of gold, while between its curves the spaces are alternately filled with two shades of a soft green made by mixing more or less white with blue-green. Upon the rim, the crosses are painted alternately green and terra-cotta, the space round them left entirely uncoloured, and the outer band filled in with gold.

While working at the colours they are apt to thicken: this is stopped by pouring a few drops of the thinning medium into the saucer and mixing it with them. Always allow the colour to dry well before retouching it, or the glaze upon it will be hurt. Any colour when hard can be repainted, so that any mistakes as to the position of colours and their harmony with others are easily remedied; and this must always be a consoling thought to beginners. In fact, the work is extremely easy, and very attractive to neat-handed people who like painting.

Always wipe the brushes on a cloth and then wash them in turpentine, and with soap and water, and wipe away, while still wet, any colour not used upon the palette or saucer.

B. C. SAWARD.

GRANNIE'S GINGHAM; OR, MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "Miss Pringle's Pearls," etc.

CHAPTER V.



UNNING was out of the question with an uncovered can of milk to carry. All Susie could do was to step forward steadily and briskly. She had taken the precaution to pin her shawl under her chin, but it

was very small, and her thin cotton frock was no protection from either the wind or the snow. She felt cold, and wished she could walk faster. The snow was coming down heavily; it lay thick on her shawl, and after a while she began to feel it melting through.

"It's very well I did not bring either of the children," she said to herself. "I should never have forgiven myself if either had got wet and taken cold. And, my word, it *is* coming down! It's well I know my road, and could tread it blindfold, for there's not a bit of a path to be seen. I wonder where mother is now. But Mr. Braithwaite will be sure to help her on the way. He's always so good-natured—and so is she. Only think of her

giving me all this good milk just to save me a journey!"

After a while she began again—

"Dear me, how thick the snow is getting, and how it clogs one's boots. How thankful I need be that they are stout and strong, and don't let in the wet. God has given us some good friends if he has taken father. It would cost mother a lot to keep us all in shoe-leather as good as Michael makes for us. I'm very glad he is getting on so well. I'm sure he deserves it for his kindness to us. Really, it's quite time I was within sight of the cottage. Oh, ah! there's a light shining through the window. I am so glad, for I'm downright tired!"

It was well she did see the light, though it was not from the window, for she had strayed from the path, and had a good step to traverse before she reached the wide-open door, where Kate was already anxiously on the watch.

The children set up a shout at the sight of her, for she was white from head to heel. She laughed as she gave herself a shake and stamped her feet on the flag in front of the step, so as to clear herself before entering the clean kitchen. But the snow had been beforehand.

"You had better not have held the door open," she said to Kate; "you might take cold as well as let the snow drive in. Shut it now and let us put the candle in the window to light mother, for she will be on the road soon, and she can see it a long way off," she said, with womanly thought.

"Oh, what a nasty floor you are making!"

cried Eliza, pointing with her finger to the little runnels of wet from her sister's skirts, as the snow melted in the warmth.

"I think you had better take off your frock and dry it," suggested Kate. "I'll soon mop the wet off the floor."

"Did Mrs. Braithwaite give you any currant loaf for me?" asked greedy Tommy.

"No; but she gave us a lot of milk. It has tired my arm to carry it."

"Oh, I don't care for milk; we always have milk! She's very stingy, or she'd ha' given you some cake for me," he grumbled.

Susie was unfastening her frock, which was wringing wet, when she thought to ask, "Did you feed the fowls?"

"Yes, and they're gone to roost."

"Did you bring in a store of turf?"

"Oh, I forgot! But I'll go now," answered Kate.

"Nay, stay where you are. There's no use both of us getting wet. Here, 'Liza, you come and stand by the back door to take the turves from me as I get them from the stack."

Eliza hung back, and shook her shoulders. "I don't like to, it's cold."

"It will be colder if there's no fire," said Kate, and gave her a push towards the door; whereupon the amiable miss threatened to tell her mother.

She thought best, however, to take the square turves Susie handed to her on the step, and fling them into the recessed corner by the fireplace all in a heap.