

almost the same thing, say you? Not so. The one deals with the inner life, the other with the outer world. A 'soul atmosphere' is what I strive to create. I may fail—that understands itself—I do fail when there is not the ear to comprehend, the heart to feel; yet I strive all the same."

"And you succeed," murmured Evelyn, who had intensely enjoyed the Reverie. She thought Herr Lichtenstein must be something like the Abbé Liszt, and longed to hear him play again; but the rattling of billiard balls that had begun in the adjoining room brought a determined refusal from him to have any more music; nor would he let his wife take his place at the instrument.

"Music and billiards do not harmonise; it is sacrilege," he declared. Then he began to talk to his little group

of friends about the organ in the monastery church.

"Mendelssohn played upon it," he informed them. "He visited this vale and loved it well. For his sake I love the place already, and I must see if the good monks will let me play upon the organ 'hallowed by the Master's touch.'"

Evelyn had enjoyed the evening after all, in spite of the crushing blow that three hours since had made her feel as if the brightness of life were over. So delightful is it to come in contact with those who can charm by art, or teach by language—so refreshing is the intercourse with stranger minds.

When she withdrew for the night she opened "Day-dreams," and sat with her candle looking out. The lights in the village were almost all extinguished, the mountains brooded over the sleeping

valley. She read a page here and there. Was it fancy? or was there in reality something lacking of the old charm? Here was a poem on "Sunrise" that used to delight her. But the description of the mists fleeting away seemed tame and inappropriate. Here was another on "Music." Did it convey anything of the emotion she had lately felt? With a shock of disappointment Evelyn recognised that her own delight in her work had undergone a sensible diminution; her resolve to write to the *Critic* died away.

"That wretched review has put me out of tune for enjoyment to-night," she thought, as she closed the book. But there were other reasons; and Evelyn's new experiences were fast carrying on the work of education.

(To be continued.)

THREE WORTHIES OF BETTWS-Y-COED.



AMONG the places which Her Majesty will probably visit during her stay in North Wales this summer is Bettws-y-Coed, that "sheltered spot in the woods" (as its name implies) which was first made known to the world of artists and tourists by the pencil of David Cox, some half a century ago. Its church and churchyard, dedicated to

St. Michael the Archangel, contain the dust of, at all events, three local worthies, whose names are well deserving of a wider fame.

As you cross the stile near the church porch, you see the last resting-place of Maurice Ap-Hugh, an ingenious blacksmith, who died, as the gravestone tells you, in 1735, at the age of sixty-six. He was indeed a cunning artificer; for by a process of his own, which he never would reveal, he was able to weld steel in such a manner that not a flaw could be detected after the closest inspection. Old women used to bring to him their broken darning needles, and he would give them back to their owners next day as sound as ever they had been. One summer day, the local story says, there arrived at the little inn at Bettws-y-Coed a gentleman who seemed to be greatly troubled and distressed. He had been climbing about the cliffs on the mountain side, had fallen into the mouth of Davy Jenkins' Cave, and had broken his trusty sword, which he valued as much almost as his life. The sword had been his companion in the wars under the great Duke of Marlborough, and had done duty at *Blenheim*. His name was Robert Wynne or Wynne, and it happened that he was a distant relation—a Welsh cousin, probably—of the Wynnes of Gwydir. The landlady of the inn told him that he need not make himself unhappy about his sword, for that there was in

the village, and a small village it was then, a man who could join it together so that neither its master nor anyone else could detect the fracture. The old smith was called, and the sword was handed to him in two pieces. The gentleman followed him closely as he carried it to his workshop in the wood. "No spies, and no witnesses, if you please, sir," said the smith; "I always do my jobs apart from every mortal eye." The gentleman hesitated a moment, but thought it better to comply with the smith's request. In a few hours Maurice Ap-Hugh returned, with the sword welded perfectly, as he had promised. Unfortunately he died not many years after this; and, being a bachelor, and a man of few words and of no friends, and living the life of a recluse, he quitted this world without having imparted his secret to a single soul. The stone which marks his resting-place, and the inscription upon it, were placed there by Captain Wynne, the owner of the sword.

Another noted character of the neighbourhood was a bard and harpist, who flourished here in great fame about the dawn of the seventeenth century. His name was William Owen, and Pencraig, the place where he lived, is still in the hands of his family. He is said to have been outlawed, because he had incurred the displeasure of the king. The story goes that one day, when he was at Conway, playing on the triple harp, an instrument made by his own hands, in an assembly of the bards, a person entered the room and privately whispered that a writ of outlawry had been issued against the bard, and that, if he valued his freedom, he had better quit Conway at once. One of the bards present was a sailor, and his boat being moored near the harbour, he offered to take him off privately to Flanders, for which land he was about to make before daylight on the morrow. Owen had no time to send home any message to his wife and children, beyond the fact that he was forced to go abroad, and that he would return in the course of time, be it weeks, or months, or years, when the king's wrath had passed away. So saying, he locked up the harp, put the key in his pocket, and made his way on board.

Fifteen years passed away, but no news of William Owen's whereabouts came to Pencraig, and his wife, having given up all hope of seeing him again, had cast her eyes round the neighbourhood of Conway and Llanrwst for a second partner. On reflection she found

no one better fit than a man who had been in the employ, and stood high in the confidence, of her former husband. The wedding day had been appointed and fixed, and indeed was just at hand. But on the very day before the widow and her second spouse were to be made one at the altar, there came late in the afternoon to an inn at Bettws an old man, of way-worn and tattered appearance, like the minstrel in the opening lines of Scott's "Marmion." He walked up the street, unknown and perhaps unnoticed, and asked who now lived at Pencraig. "A Mrs. Owen lives there," was the reply; "she is a widow; she lost her husband many years ago; he was supposed to have been killed in the French wars. His widow is to be married again to-morrow morning." These tidings, it may be supposed, smote his heart; but he quietly made his way to the door of Pencraig, where he knocked, and asked admittance for a poor bard, and a lodging for the night. The request was granted, and the supper being laid upon the table and finished, he asked permission, or was asked, to try his skill on the harp. "Unfortunately we have no harp here," was the reply, "but that of William Owen, and that is locked up; for when he left Conway he carried the key with him." He still expressed a wish to see the harp, and his request was at once granted. While no one was looking, he then quietly took the key out of his pocket, and began to tune the strings, and then struck on it a favourite air. With his very first touch the stranger convinced all who were present that William Owen had indeed returned to his own; and the wife, having looked closely into his face to see that there was no deception, recognised her long lost husband by a scar on his temple. The house was at once in commotion; tears and laughter and joy abounded; and the intended bridegroom of the morrow made his retreat from the scene, and was never heard of again in North Wales. It was the story of Ulysses and Penelope retacted, without the intervention of the faithful dog or the shepherd or the intervention of any Homeric deity.

The last of the three "worthies" of whom I tell was Cadwallader-y-Clogwyn (Cadwallader of the Rock), a man whom perhaps I had better have styled an unworthy, for he was a notorious character in many ways. He lived on the rocky hill through which a tunnel is cut on the road leading to Pont-y-Pant and

Festiniog, near the Beaver's Pool. He was a desperately wicked man, held in check by no consideration of shame, justice, law, or humanity, and he was a most formidable because a most unscrupulous enemy. There was nothing that he liked so much as to revenge himself on those who had offended him, no matter whether intentionally or not; and yet he would work out his wicked ends so cleverly and so secretly as never to come into the clutches of the law. Two neighbouring farms, both the property of a man to whom he owed a grudge, were fired the same night, and in

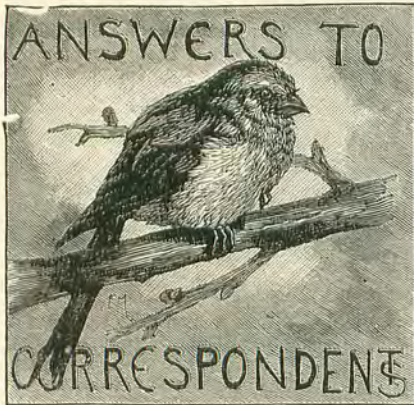
one of the two farms the cowsheds were burnt while all the kine were fastened up within them.

It was indeed an awful scene, and one which local tradition hands down with perfect accuracy. But an end comes to everything at last; and one day it was clear to Cadwallader-y-Clogwyn that his end was very near. Whilst lying on his deathbed and wandering in his mind, he shouted aloud at intervals "Let loose the cows! They are burning! Let them loose! Ah! ah! I see before me the bottomless pit; I look down into its depths! I see they are filled to the brim with fire!"

Oh! save me! help me from falling! Oh! the kine, the kine!"

All his cries were vain. He died in great agony of body, but in still greater agonies of mind. A few ruins of the hut in which he lived and died yet remain on the bleak hillside; but the old people in the neighbourhood never mention his name with a blessing, it may be supposed; and after dark no one, old or young, likes to follow that path which he used to tread, for fear that he or she should see Cadwallader's ghost.

E. WALFORD, M.A.



EDUCATIONAL.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—The "Swedish drill" is taught by Madame Bergman Osterberg, Hampstead Physical Training College, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W., close to the Finchley Road Station. Write to Madame Osterberg for information about classes, as there are others held, perhaps, in the neighbourhood you prefer.

AN INQUIRER.—The United Telephone Company employs a large staff of women, the conditions being akin to those of the Post Office and Telegraph appointments. They must be the daughters of professional men, or men not engaged in business. The salary begins at as low as 10s. weekly, and does not increase quickly. There is a lady superintendent, and there are many applicants.

FRAUD, A MEMBER OF THE HEXAGON, we think, must first have her parents' consent to enter a hospital, and be trained. Perhaps they might like the idea better if you looked forward to becoming ultimately a "Grey Sister" for Army nursing. London hospitals are rather full, and it would be, perhaps, better to try for an opening in the provinces. St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, W. (London), or the Royal Hants County Hospital, Winchester, might answer.

BRILLE.—You do not need any knowledge of art to help the blind by means of the "Braille writing." The cost of the whole of the needful appliances amounts to 5s. 6d., and Dr. Armitage, British and Foreign Blind Association, 30, Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, W., from whom they may be obtained, undertakes to correct the first exercises of those who wish to learn. It is a great charity towards the blind, to provide them with suitable reading; and the "Braille system" can be worked in this way. A lady makes a first copy of a book; then this copy can be copied again by the blind themselves, and so multiplied many times. But the first copy must be made in the "Braille writing" by those who see.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BUSY MRS. B.—The "Tauchnitz Edition" is solely for the Continent, and it is not permitted to bring the book to England nor sell it here.

KITTY'S poem on the daisy is pretty and well written. She will do well to persevere.

"JUST AS I AM."—Your letter is very neatly written, and you express yourself well. We are glad to hear that even in South America we have friends amongst the readers of the "G. O. P."

KATHLEEN could paint some heartsease with her text in memory of her brother. 2. She had better inquire at a photographer's as to how such positions are obtained; generally by advertisement, we believe.

MARGERY DAW.—We think that the Bible Guild in connection with the Christian Women's Education Union would be what you require. The hon. secretary is Mrs. C. H. Waller, 16, South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead Heath, N. Your writing is not yet formed.

SNOWBIRD.—The verses have much merit, but no poems can be published that have not a certificate of age with them, as well as an assurance from parent or guardian that they are the unaided work of the writer.

ALPENROSE.—There are no merits in the verses, and the English is involved and difficult of comprehension.

J. E. W.—As you are very young, you may grow out of such pains. Your mother will know better what causes your pains in the head than we can. If residing in a very damp place or house, they may be either rheumatic or neuralgic, or else purely constitutional.

KATE KNOWLE.—Answer all invitations in the style in which they have been written, whether in the first or third person, with "compliments" or "kind regards." If the host's name be included with that of the hostess, address them both in your reply, but direct the envelope to the hostess. If there be only one man at your dinner or supper party, bid him take down the chief lady present; and on no account reserve him for yourself, being the hostess.

SAILOR asks "What would be the best thing to stop stoutness, and full in the face?" A dentist would show you how to "stop" a tooth, but not to "stop" "full in the face." We strongly advise you to "stop short" in your pursuit of leanness, or you will destroy your health.

MANTEL.—We believe that what is called the "Bigamy Act," which provides for the punishment of bigamy, allows the marriage of a woman whose husband shall have been continually absent for seven years, and is not known to be living at the time. In the case just decided, which will be a precedent, no doubt, it seems that provided a wife can show that she has a reasonable ground for her belief that her husband is dead, she may marry again, even though the seven years have not elapsed since she was deserted by him. In a case like yours you had better take legal advice.

JOYCE.—Edna Lyall is an English authoress; you will find her "Story of a Slander" a wonderful lesson on the dangers of social life and of careless words.

BABBSIE should brush the straw well, and make a weak solution of gum arabic to wash over it; this will restore the colour and brightness. Yellows, terra cotta, reds, and greens would suit your complexion and stature.

MAUDE.—The lines are not poetry, but a poor attempt to rhyme very unoriginal prose.

NINETEEN.—Your handwriting seems careless and scribbly, though fairly legible. We do not profess to delineate character by the handwriting, so that if you wrote on that subject your letter would be destroyed.

EDITH.—It is not true that "domestic servants are looked down upon"; truly respectable ones who know their place and are not foolishly "above it" are always respected. It is the silly and ignorant class amongst them that kick against the wise dispensations of that Providence that ordained for them the circumstances of their birth, and gave them their special place in His church on earth; their special duties, trials of faith and contentment, and their distinctive pleasures. All are very evenly balanced. The cares and the restrictions of classes above them are quite as trying, in their own way, as those which domestic servants are called upon to bear. St. Paul had far more to bear, yet he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

A LOVER OF FLOWERS.—The Virginia creeper would be the best and hardiest, if you do not like the ivy.

DAPHNE.—The dictionary definition of love is "an affection of the heart excited by that which delights or commands admiration."

J. E. S.—The little sonnet is very neatly turned and prettily written. We think you could do better; and we congratulate you on having escaped from any young person who could behave as related in regard to your note.

HILDA MAY.—Velvet and plush are not very suitable materials to put together, and either of them would be better with silk, satin, or cashmere.

POPPIE.—We cannot say, as we have never tried it, but the instructions given on the bottle would be the best guide.

DORKING.—You can sometimes let your neighbours have the use of them and get something in return.

GERDEINAR and EDITH.—We cannot read your letter—the handwriting deserves to be put into a museum, so extraordinary is it, and so impossible for anyone to read. Have it copied in round hand, and get the copyist to give you a few lessons. No one has a right to inflict such horrors on either friends or enemies.

L. G.—The verses have but little merit, but have given you pleasure in the writing; so they have performed their office.

IVY.—Yes, the use of back and face boards simultaneously might be of use to you; but at the age of eighteen, and having ceased growing, as you say, your chance of improvement is not such as it would have been two or three years ago.

S. A. SWEETING might apply for "temporary relief" to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and state whole case to the secretary, Charles W. Klugh, Esq., 32, Sackville Street, London, W. There is also the Horbury House of Mercy at Wakefield, where you might obtain help or advice as to where you should apply for it.

SEVENTEEN, MINUS THE SWEETNESS (New Zealand).—We are very sorry we cannot help you with your quotation, but your own little poem deserves much praise and admiration. Unfortunately it is not certified by parent or guardian, nor is the age given by them. Go on, and do not be discouraged.

EFFIE (South Africa).—Money can be sent to England by postal order, but you must see that an English order is used, not a Colonial one.

ENID G.—The little story is a pretty and fanciful one, but is not suitable to our columns.

ONE AUSTRALIAN-BORN (Victoria).—Poems both good, and fairly well written. Prose not so good, but there is promise in all.

DOLLY VARDEN seems a vain little girl, and must try to be steady, and improve both mind and character, "for the night cometh," and we must all of us work "while it is called to-day."

NIL DESPERANDUM.—There is a small instrument usually combined with a fine file for pressing down the skin from the nails. But the simplest way of pushing it down, is to do so with the damp towel whenever you wash your hands. This ought to be enough, and after a little time and patience you would find it answer very well.

BUSY BEE.—The grand centre of the "Time and Talents" department in connection with the Y. W. C. A., which has lately been organised, is at 16A, Old Cavendish Street, W.; the hon. president is the Lady Victoria Buxton; there is a branch established at Putney. For the information of any who have not heard of the institution, we may observe that the idea is to promote the better employment of time and talent amongst girls of the upper classes, for the benefit of those in a sphere beneath them.

WYNIFRED.—Yes, there is a branch of the Guild of King's Daughters in England, just recently established. It has been started at Southampton, and the address of the president is Mrs. Stephenson, The Vicarage, Birkdale, Southampton.

M. U. L.—You must keep the mackintosh in the open air for a little time to take the smell away; not in the sun, of course.

MIRIAM MAY.—Judging from the length of your letter, you have too much time on your hands, and grow morbid and fanciful. Your handwriting is so bad that it is a cruelty to send forty pages of prose and poetry to any heavily-burdened editor to read. The first thing for you seems to be to practise your personal duties, teach yourself to write, and lay out a course of reading to strengthen your mind, and give yourself something useful to think about, and do not write any more letters till you know how to do so with pleasure to others.

A DALREITH LASSIE will probably be more comfortable with shoes in the house than boots. 2. Wire brushes should be cleaned with flour or oatmeal well rubbed into them.

A SOJOURNER BY THE SEA appears to need good medical advice as to diet. She has allowed herself to get too low, and has probably overworked and underfed herself, and has taken no healthful exercise.