

The man's heart was softened. "You may leave it," he said, at the same time tossing three half-crowns on the counter to her.

Nora gathered up the money. Then she left the shop quickly, not wishing to let the man witness the emotion it caused her to part from this last reminder of bygone times.

The three half-crowns were jingling in her pocket. One she changed at a baker's shop, buying a new loaf, then she went into a grocer's store and got a pot of jam. Unheard-of delicacies! How the little ones would eat! They hadn't enjoyed a treat like that for ever so long. She almost smiled as she conjured up the delight which would overspread their eager hungry faces at sight of her purchase.

"Miss Dennis."

She was startled from her reverie by hearing herself addressed. The voice was not wholly unfamiliar. A ruddy glow suffused her face, and she trembled with an undefined fear.

"Miss Dennis. Is it you—Nora Dennis?"

She looked up now. Her eyes met the speaker's with a truthful steady gaze. The arm that held the bread quivered visibly, the pot of jam almost fell. She either could not, or would not speak, but moved rapidly towards her home.

The speaker did not attempt to follow her, but a look of pain and incredulity contracted his brow as he saw the little figure move out of sight.

"I must have been mistaken," he mused, "and yet that glance, how strange it was, how curiously like."

Breathless and fatigued, Nora did not turn to right or left until she reached her abode,

11, Southey Street, E. She looked at the tattered blinds, the unsightly, red-painted, mud-bespattered door, the worn steps. Then she entered, gave a cheery word of hope to her father, and cut bread and jam for the children, until their listless eyes grew bright with glee, and the very hollows in their cheeks seemed less cruel and pronounced.

When she had put Peggy to bed and sung her to sleep, she crept softly into her own room and sat down by the window. There was a rumbling of waggons in the street below, children were crying, men swearing and hustling each other, women scolding, but up above all was calm, serene, and beautiful. The young moon was throwing silver beams on the slate roofs, the stars were appearing and disappearing one by one in the firmament, the tiny fleeting clouds were fringed with light. Nora's eyes remained fixed on these clouds, but she did not notice their beauty, for her mind had conjured up another scene—a scene of velvet-clad hills and star-blossomed hedges. A man was at her side, not a very handsome man but one whose face was full of keen intelligence and noble resolve. He had her hand in his, and was placing on her finger a ring of curious design.

"This is our compact then," he said. She looked up. He had turned his head aside, his face was white and, strong man though he was, the tears glistened. "Say good-bye, little one," he pleaded.

"No, not 'good-bye,' but 'God-speed.' Oh, Leonard! why should we part?" and she laid her head caressingly against his rough coat.

"Because, darling, I have a fight to fight;

because union with me would only mean deprivation and discomfort. How could I steal you away from your comfortable home, when I could only offer you poverty in exchange? It is because I love you so much that I am not coward enough to expect of you this sacrifice; but I am young and strong, and your image will spur me onward to success, then one day I will return to claim my brave and beautiful darling."

He had kissed her, and was gone. She could hear the ring of his horse's hoofs in the clear moonlight.

In the streets below a woman, in thick guttural tones, was scolding a child. He had spilt the beer he had been carrying home for supper. Nora was awakened rudely from her reverie. She rose from her seat and pulled down the blind. The glare of the paraffin-lamps seemed to quite obliterate the white, clear light of the stars. The noise and clatter of traffic had deadened the sound of that beloved voice in her ear. She looked round her room for a match, and having found one lit the yellow dip which was standing groggily in the candlestick. Then she felt about a drawer of her table. At the extreme corner was a tiny square box. She opened it with trembling fingers. A heavy gold ring was nestling on the velvet cushion inside. The design of the ring was curious. Two hands were placed together, knuckle to knuckle. Snakes without heads entwined round and round the gilt rim, and inside in old English characters was written the word "Forever."

(To be concluded.)

THE NAMES OF HOUSES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



THE names of houses have always seemed to me a most interesting study. In England especially they are full of suggestions, for their origins are drawn from all parts of the globe, and bear full testimony to the

"globe-trotting" propensities of the Anglo-Saxon, and the wide-spreading tendencies of the race. Not only this, but we may also gather the opinions, political and otherwise, the favourite authors and books, and even the employments of the owners or present occupiers if they be the givers of the names. On this last question I am rather in doubt, for it appears that some of the names are given by the builder, some of them by the ground landlord, and others by the owner or the tenant; so perhaps they may be said to represent more fairly the opinions and thoughts that are "in the air" at the time, into which we all must, more or less, enter if we would be at all "up to date."

Others may be named from sentimental causes, and represent some especial "light of other days," and the romantic side of some one's nature is shown by the selection of "Rosebank" for a spot where roses are distinguished by their absence; "The Limes," where that tree is non-existent; and "Sunnyside" for a house which faces the north.

Any watering-place will furnish one with numberless examples of the popularity of saints' names. They seem perhaps rather more popular on the south coast, where, during a walk of very moderate length, I made a note of seven or eight. The most popular are St.

John, St. Hilda, St. Ursula, St. Cyprian, St. Alban, St. David, and St. Olave's. Nor are these connected in any way with the names of churches in the vicinity; they are simply chosen because the name sounds well and is imposing. St. Catherine's Villa, it is needless to say, is probably occupied by a young lady who is by no means desirous, nor even likely, to braid St. Catherine's tresses.

If we wanted to gauge the fervour of political championship we should be rather astray however, for, unless the name happens to sound pretty like Harcourt, or grand like Cavendish, you will not find them popular; I have seen Rosebery and Primrose, but not often a Gladstone Villa, though I notice a name that resembles it in Gledstone, which is a Yorkshire name. There are many aristocratic names, apart from politics, which are popular, as Warwick, Greville, Beaufort, Devereux, Vernon, Pembroke, and Brandon; and Shirley and Rochester may be gleanings from Charlotte Brontë, or may be chosen only because they sound well.

In places like Cheltenham or Malvern you will find a great tendency to adopt the names of great soldiers or battles—Douro, Blenheim, Alma, Raglan, Trafalgar, Oudenarde, Anglesea, and Inkerman, even Agincourt, Cressy, Hawkesbury, Evesham, and Glendower—memorials of ancient history as they are—have a turn; and a walk in St. Leonards or Hastings is an expedition into the "making of England"—Saxon, Norman, Mercia, Harold, Senlac, Stamford, Battle, Gundreda, and Godwine—all jostle each other in every road, to say nothing of Pevensy, Lanfranc, Anderidæ, Wedmore, and Anselm.

Several well-known names of bishops, professors, and martyrs are commemorated in

various parts of England—Selwyn and Pattison, Newman and Melanesia Houses or Villas can all be found, and so can the older martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer; also Atterbury and Sidney. A great many Gordons testify to the sympathy felt with the hero-martyr; and the other day I found a Khartoum Villa and also one called Mahdi, and another Darfour, I have also seen as well as Coomassie. And in Southsea I recognised the house of a Canadian friend at once, because it was called after the Indian hero and warrior, Tecumseh. Kurrachee, Trebizond, Bellary, Alcira, Gwalior, Poona, Malabar, Honduras, Orinoco, Quetta, Belize, and Queretaro I have found applied to houses—the latter being the place where Maximilian was executed.

When we come to Italy we find a great many recruits to our "residential nomenclature." I found Alassio and Quisisana in the Isle of Wight, and plenty of Florences everywhere. I have also a note of San Remo and Sorrento; also Marino, and the Portuguese Marinka. Marica is the name of a place in Brazil, and the origin of Mariposa will be found in California. Bellvue and Bella Vesta, Belvidere, Belluno, and Bellaggio are all names of Italian origin. Thelasse I have seen as the name of no less than three villas at various seaside watering-places. Cannizaro, a name that appears to be of Italian origin, belongs to a beautiful villa near Wimbledon.

The poets and writers of fiction have all a place in this world of out-door names. Melrose and Maida, Abbotsford and Montrose, Kenilworth, Waverley, Rokeby, and St. Ronan all speak to the remembrance of Scott; Newstead by Byron; and Tennyson—in various spellings, with and without the "y"—to the memory of our late Poet Laureate. Rydal

Mount and Grasmere recall Wordsworth, Aldworth the house of Tennyson in Surrey, and Hathaway House is evidently a reminder of Shakespeare. One of the names which astonished me the most was, I think, Roxabel House, the name being that of one of Mrs. Sherwood's least-known but most able stories.

The names of houses, when we come to the more sentimental description, are full of a different kind of interest; and to understand the method of their formation, and their meaning, we must betake ourselves to very early days, and a perusal of some of the writers on words and their histories. In Taylor's book we find a list of words which he calls "Teutonic suffixes," which will explain their origin. This list is as follows: Borough, by, den, bourne, don, ton, have, thorpe, cote, hurst, hill, ley, stow, sted, wick, fell, law, dale, holm, gay, ey, stone, and beck. This element in names is called by the great German writer Förstemann, the *grundwort*, or groundword, the other component part being that which distinguishes one river, island, or village from other neighbouring islands and villages.

Thus you will see that many of the names to which you have become accustomed are generally "made-up" with an honest desire to suit the locality in which the house is situated, or at least to suit the tastes of its occupants with something a little original, or a little descriptive of them, their tastes, or their interests in the past. Taking the words from our list indiscriminately, we will begin with hurst. This is from the Anglo-Saxon *hyrst*, and means a thick forest, and we find Peshurst and Lyndhurst amongst the English names of places made from it, while it allies itself to many words which may be descriptive of a private house: Inglehurst, Glenhurst, Pinehurst, Maplehurst, and Oakhurst are all pretty, and may be safely chosen by any one. "Wood" and "holt" are nearly the same in meaning as "hurst," and the first can be turned in hundreds of pretty designations for a house: Blythewood, Beechwood, Elmwood, Roughwood, Woodcliffe, Woodlands, and Ravenswood, with its reminiscences of the master and his fate. Orchardwood, a good name for a farm, and Rotherwood must certainly be a Sussex wood situated by the Sussex river, while Merlewood or Maviswood as certainly shows us a wood where, as Drayton says—

"The merle upon her myrtle-perch,
There the mavis sings."

Sir Walter Scott also has a verse on the merle and the mavis, and in Scotland I found a house the other day called Mavisbush.

In that vast tract of Kent and Sussex which is now called the "Weald," are the remains of a Saxon forest called the *Andredesleah*, which was 120 miles long and 30 miles in breadth. There almost every local name ends in hurst, *ley* or *lea*, *den* or field. The hursts and charts were the denser parts of the forest; the leas were the glades where the cattle loved to lie, the root of this word being the *verb* "to lie." The word "chart" is allied to a proper name, as Chart-Sutton in Kent, and would be a good name for any house near a wood, with the owner's name following it. The word "holt" is also found here, and means a copse, and the Holt, as the name of a house, is not uncommon in any parts of England, as well as Overholt, Northholt and Ryeholt. The dens were the deep wooded valleys where the swine pastured, and is, not improbably, a Celtic word, adopted by the Saxons. You will remember that the Ardennes is the great

forest in Belgium, and the use of nearly the same word in our Arden, which great forest tract was in Warwickshire, where we find the name. This word den is a popular house name in England, where many people, I have no doubt, connect it with the den of the lion or the tiger; as I find "the Den" a name much affected by gentlemen as suitable for a bachelor residence, or for the special chamber which is devoted to their use at home. The name with an "e" added to it is rather a favourite, as I have found Brook Dene, Fern Dene, Deepdene, and Willow Dene amongst my notes. The word "by" is from the Norse "byer," and means an abode, and I find many house-names made from it—Enderby, Westby, and others. Bourne or burn means a stream, and we find it is rather popular, as Hackbourne, Millbourne, Winterbourne, and Oakbourne.

"Ton" is the Anglo-Saxon word for an enclosure. From this we have Alderton, Ashton, or Acton. "Ham" means a home, and thorpe is Norse for a village. In England you find many names in which thorpe is used as a prefix, as Thorpe St. Andrew, Thorpe-Ashton. "Cote" seems to be nearly as popular as hurst, and means only a mud cottage; but we see it applied with an addition to the finest and biggest of houses—Northcote, Southcote, the Dovecote, Woodcote, Walcot, or Waldcote, or the Cote alver.

"Holm" is an island in a river, and "eyre" means the same thing; "ey," you will, I am sure, immediately associate with the eyots (which is pronounced "aits") of the Thames. Any of these are available if you own an island; but I have found the Holm, Holmby, and Holm Clyfe as names of houses.

And now I may turn to the names of houses which seem peculiar to certain places. In Yorkshire I have found the "Edge," as the name of a house in the country, also the "Clough," a word which means a stone; the "Hatch," a word meaning a door, or half-door, common in England where the great forests were located; the "Haigh," a park or park-like enclosure; the "Chase," the "How," a mound, or the "Howlet," which is said to mean more properly an owl; the "Knoll," the "Gables," the "Craig," the "Knoll," a small round hill, the "Knock," a hill also, the "Krall," which is quite South African, the "Bungalow," the "Hoo," a spit or point of land, the "Shaws," the "Glen," the "Birket," the Arabic name for a lake, the "Mere," a marshy lake, the "Croft," the "Court." The large number of houses named from trees, plants, and flowers—Elms, Oaks, Poplars, Chestnuts, Myrtles, Ivies, Maples, Lindens, Ferns, Roses, Rosary, Lilacs, Clover, Willows, Alders, Larches, Ivy, Holly, Pines, Beeches, Brown Beeches, and Four and Seven Oaks, are all pretty names.

Amongst purely romantic names or names of this order, we find the Ingle Nook, Fernside, Mossy Hollow, or Ivy Dell; but in this branch the Americans appear to beat us "hollow." In a list of the houses of the wealthy people at a fashionable watering-place, I find some very fanciful examples, *i.e.*, Aldersea, Ocean Breeze, Sea Breeze, Nor-Nor-West, Sou-Sou-West, Blue Bay, Mossy Hollow, Grassmead, Shady Nook, Heartsease, Clover-nook, Happy Heights, and Lowland Ledge.

Any locality blessed with original local colour, as it may be called, the possession of a ruined abbey or monastery, is happy indeed, for then we can have Abbey Woods, Abbey Lands, Abbey Lanes, or Gray Abbots, Grey Friars, Friars' Gate, Brown Friars, White Friars, or White Ladies, in case of an ancient

nunnery. Grey Ladies and Grey Priory have also been known; and one of the prettiest of alliterative names is Grey Gables. There are also Greystones, Greystead, and Greymead, which are pretty; but we must use the word "clere," Highclere, Burghclere, and Beauclere, with a certain reverence, as they properly belong to a Royal, or Episcopal residence on a high hill, and said to be our only Norman suffix. The use of the word "gate" is also not uncommon. Thor's Gate, Norman's Gate, Edge Gate, and a pretty Sussex name is Faygate, near which was an ancient house, called "Carylls," a delightful old name.

The word "over" has been made use of in England as a means of forming some musical names. It means a "shore," and is Anglo-Saxon, I am told. From it we have Westover, Southover, Landover, Shotover; and as a suffix, Overton, Oversea, and Overbrook. For a house on a hill, we have Claymount, The Highlands, The Crest, The Blue Ridge, Stone-edge, and Rockledge.

In Chester we find the famous "God's Providence House," so named from the text engraved on its face; and a somewhat unfortunate selection in Regent's Park seems to be North Aspect. In Ireland a beautiful old country place is named Favour Royal, because it was given by a reigning sovereign as a reward for faithful service. The Rookery and Scarcity Cottage seem names of evil omen. Idlewild we get from America, and so we do Houselet and Homelet, the Button, and Small Quarters. *Mon Répos, Prê Choisie, and Bien Content* all sound pleasant places, and I have found *maisonnettes* in France, Switzerland, and England.

There is an old family residence in Quebec which has been called for many generations Darnoc, and if we spell this over we shall find that it makes the name Conrad, a Christian name which has been bestowed on the eldest son of the house for the many years the family have been dwellers under its roof. This idea seems to have taken in America, and Senga, Trebor, and Aidyl, are amongst the names found; the name Trebor I have seen in England as Trebor House. At the sea-side I have recently found "Nilbud House," which you must translate for yourselves, I think. In Scotland some of the names made from women's names are very pretty, such as Gracelands, Marylands and Maryville, Blanchelands and Blancheville, Ellenlea, Helenlüst, and Anne Arbor, are all from Irish or American houses, as well as Shirley, Bryn Alice, and Altadora.

I see in an American paper that the name of a celebrated villa at Cape May Point, is one made up from the names of the two daughters of the house. It is called Lillennyn, the names being Lillian and Minnie. Another name of this sort is mentioned, Kajim Lodge, made up of the two names of the master and mistress, Kate and Jim. Edwyl sounds well, also made from Edith and William.

Amongst peculiar names I have recently found in London are *Grata Quies, Quemè Misiesta*, this last evidently meaning "my nap"; not a bad name for a real house of rest and peace.

To conclude I will give the inscription on the simple house of Ariosto the poet, which he built for himself and occupied for the last years of his life in Ferrara; it is his own composition—

"Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulla obnoxia,
sed non
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen acre
dormus."

