

faintly called Dottie, panting far behind.

"I am taking the 'short cut for walkers,'" responded Evelyn, proudly, as she ascended the path that leads steeply from turn to turn of the more gradual carriage road.

But let walkers to Engelberg beware, especially if they are deep in poetic reverie; for after being landed safely on fresh turns of the road two or three times, Evelyn took a path which was not a genuine short cut at all. She climbed on and on, surprised that she did not see the familiar level of the high road loom before her; and at last, as her path narrowed off, she became aware that she was encompassed by forest alone; in fact, that she was certainly lost.

This situation, however acceptable from its poetic side, was not without its practical drawbacks. Evelyn was fortunately too sensible to run hither and thither, and get more and more bewildered; neither was she enticed by the lovely profusion of yellow foxgloves and tall dark-blue gentian around her, the trailing ivy and the luxuriant moss on the rocks. She quickly decided that she had better go back by the path she

had taken; and, descending it with no little trepidation, she was at length rewarded by seeing the high road again. The great thing now was to overtake her party. She toiled along, fearful lest she should never reach them; but at last she came upon a woodside hostelry, with tables on the opposite side of the road, at which Mrs. Lancaster, Miss Wentworth and Dottie were sitting. The expression of dismay upon their faces quickly gave way to delight when they saw Evelyn.

"Oh, we thought you were lost, Evelyn! Now we can have our tea in peace. Where have you been?" cried Dottie, making room for her cousin.

"Oh, my dear girl, I have been so terrified!" ejaculated her aunt.

"A short cut is not always so very short," remarked Miss Wentworth. Evelyn was too tired to do anything but accept the situation. She wished somehow that she were not always showing, in some little way, to a disadvantage before Miss Wentworth, who continued to utter gentle gibes at the poetess and the unpoetic beaten track. But after all it was but a trifle.

And soon they were driving along

"Pferd-Himmel;" so called, perhaps, because of the ease with which both horses and freight could quit the present life. Yet with the practised Swiss drivers there is no danger. Down, down, shot the precipice to the raging torrent incalculably far below, and the man poured into Evelyn's ear the gratifying intelligence that he had driven along the brink once at midnight. The great thing to prepare for *Pferd-Himmel* was, he said with emphasis, to drink enough—not too much, but enough—that was really necessary! Evelyn was an abstainer, and tried to improve the occasion, but in vain. And poor Mrs. Lancaster's terrors were not of long duration; for the road now turned abruptly to the left, and a fair green Alpine valley spread out before the travellers. Above, the snowfields of the Titlis stretched in dazzling whiteness high into heaven, and farther on, rocky pinnacles stood up from regions of snow and ice, seeming to shut in the narrow vale. It was a scene of peaceful loveliness, and the monastery bell was ringing out the Ave Maria. For it was toward evening, and they had now reached Engelberg.

(To be continued.)

THE MARY WARDELL CONVALESCENT HOME FOR SCARLET FEVER,

By ANNE BEALE.



THE jubilee of our beloved Queen, June 21st, 1887, was variously celebrated all over the world. On that auspicious day a touching little ceremony took place at the Mary Wardell Convalescent Home, Brockley Hill, Stanmore, which not only gives a pretty

scene to the imagination, but shows the reality of the isolation necessary in cases of recovery from scarlet fever. The foundress of that noble institution wished to mark the day; but how? She organised a little *fête champêtre* among the trees, to which all the convalescents were bidden, but to which no extern could be invited. Adults and children, nurses and servants, matron and sister, however, formed a goodly company, and "the lame, the halt, and the blind" managed to gather to the feast. A prominent feature was a splendid cake, properly sugared, and ornamented with a V. R., and other royal emblems, presented by the baker in token of gratitude for a child restored to health at the Home. But the prettiest feature of the *fête* was the planting of a rose, a shamrock, and a thistle, by three of the juvenile convalescents, the youngest of whom was just three years of age. All the party wore medals commemorative of the jubilee, and if the reader will conjure up the scene, he or she will understand something of what scarlet fever means.

Such patients as were able to walk reached the spot set apart for the little festivity readily enough; but there was one to whom the fell disease had left the heritage of spinal-com-

plaint, and who had to be carried; others who were blinded for life, one crippled; and all more or less shaken, albeit on the road to recovery. Their benefactress, Miss Mary Wardell, moved fearlessly amongst them, and the nurses looked like so many big poppies in their costume of Turkey red. Of course they had white caps and aprons, but the scarlet predominated. This colour suggests more than meets the eye. There was a terrible panic in the neighbourhood when this Convalescent Home was first proposed, for everybody knows how infectious is scarlet fever. Even the nurses would spread the malady! So they were attired in this most conspicuous of colours, which made them visible from afar to all who feared contagion. And who does not? Every one, apparently, except the doctors and the invulnerable few; for the fine house and grounds have been isolated by high walls and a cordon of orchard, over which the patients may not pass.

As they sat, grouped about on that auspicious day, they saw only the said house and grounds, and thanked God that there was a receptacle for those who, when dismissed from hospital or otherwise situated, were tabooed by their fellow creatures. It is estimated that 20,000 scarlet fever patients annually infect our already fetid London atmosphere. It is no wonder, therefore, that all the celebrated medical men in the metropolis rallied round Miss Wardell, and that one of the patriarchs of that benevolent brotherhood said—

"I wish I were a young man, that I might plant my foot into the work, and help you with all my might."

To return to the jubilee party and what they surveyed. A large, roomy mansion on a hill, with one storey for private patients, who could afford to pay three guineas a week for convalescence, and another storey for those who are admitted for fifteen shillings, and for

children who may, with God's blessing, be restored at the smaller charge of twelve shillings. Those on-lookers knew that the process of disinfection went on from morning till night; and that even the drainage was, so to say, isolated. In the outcry of the public, it was stated that drains convey infection, and so an expensive system of drainage has been carried out which communicates with no outside drains. Everything, in short, that philanthropy, aided by modern science, can do has been done to render Stanmore Convalescent Home an isolated place of recovery from a fell and infectious malady.

While our jubilee party enjoy their *al fresco* retreat, we will glance through a few of the rooms they have vacated. They are all tastefully painted and furnished so as to please the eye of the invalid. Pictures and portraits, presented by friends, adorn the walls, and in the rooms named after different benefactors, their portraits are conspicuous. Books, toys, ornaments have been presented by many generous benefactors, and various firms have given of their manufactures. Of the liberality of the heads of great London establishments one cannot write too warmly; for they seem ever ready to contribute to the well-being of the multitude. Here is even a piano given by Messrs. Brinsmead, and as to books! the Religious Tract, Christian Knowledge, and Bible Societies have all helped to form a library. Indeed, we are inclined to believe that good overrides bad in this happy England of ours, for no sooner is a great work contemplated than means to complete it flow in. Scarcely ten years ago Miss Mary Wardell first imagined this Home, and in four years she had collected £12,000, and it was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, ever "ready for every good work." Meetings and a Rose Show at the Mansion House; Concerts at Grosvenor House and Dudley House; a Drawing-room Meeting at Mr. Gladstone's; a Lawn Tennis

Tournament, and helps everywhere, aided our foundress in her arduous work. She had seen poor children rejected from charitable institutions, and grown-up people returned to their homes to spread infection, because there was no retreat such as this for the convalescent; and it was "laid on her heart," as she expressed it, to find some place of refuge for the infected until all danger of contagion had passed. And thus, from the efforts of one lady, this Home arose. Medical men tell us that such places should be multiplied; for it is when the poor patient has spent his allotted time in the hospital and is dismissed, that the Home steps in and sets him on his feet again to resume the work for daily bread. Numbers of working-girls, stricken by contagious disease and sent off to fever or small-pox hospital, return to their business before their health is set up, or the disease radically cured. They spread infection even through the very work they do; and it is to avoid this and complete their cure that convalescent homes are such inestimable boons.

At Brockley Hill there is even a private omnibus to fetch the patient, and so prevent the terrible calamity of taking the disease in railway carriage or cab. The carelessness of the world is great, and amounts to intense selfishness. Friends carry off a patient for change of air, heedless of consequences to others. An unsuspecting fellow-passenger, or successor in cab or omnibus, takes the disease, and perhaps loses a life. Or the lodging-house keeper lets rooms, non-disinfected from germs of a disorder left by some previous inmate, and

the new-comer falls ill. Therefore we cannot be too thankful for the omnibus that travels almost from Dan to Beersheba, or in common parlance, from Edgware to Earl's Court, from Whitechapel to Watford, to bring patients to Stanmore free of expense. If, however, the distance be great enough to require a second horse, the patient pays for the additional animal. As for the omnibus, it must be tired of the disinfecting process, for it performs this species of quarantine between every fresh journey. The poor vehicle must be tightly closed, while a solution of hydrochloric acid is poured upon half a pound of chloride of lime and placed in an open pipkin inside it. And as for the house, it takes one's breath away to hear of all the acids, sodas, carbolic soaps, sanitas, and what not employed in rooms and laundry. Truly a convalescent home for fever patients is no sinecure.

Passing from the jubilee year to this year of grace, 1889, just five years since the Home was opened, we would ask our readers, far and near, to help it on by their prayers and alms, and to make it generally known, so that the patient may be restored to health, and the spread of disease arrested. Miss Mary Wardell will herself gladly communicate with friends interested in her work. She resides at 55, Stanley Gardens, Belsize, London, N.W.

It is difficult for people who have not themselves suffered to realise the various legacies left by scarlet fever. Not, alas! such as we receive thankfully from departed friends, but such as a partially defeated enemy may be

supposed to leave behind him. He generally makes himself remembered, and many a life-long bodily ailment may be traced to him. Truly his legacies are not to be desired. It behoves us, then, to strive to be independent of them. We should observe to the utmost of our power, the laws of health, cleanliness, sobriety, and "moderation in all things." The scriptural motto, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," should be written up in all our houses, and followed, as all scripture ought to be. Then, both disease and death would often be averted. Let our girls especially take this to heart, since much depends on them. Each woman can do something to make home, however poor, clean and attractive.

We seem to be straying from our subject, but we are not. No one has a charmed life, and uncleanness ministers to all sorts of infection. Even the doctor, nurse, Bible-woman, and other workers among the poor have taken refuge in our Stanmore Home after scarlet fever, caught while doing their duty. But lately a Christian doctor and his wife have left, convalescent; and during one year, 1887, the report records "eight trained nurses and nineteen nurses or relatives, who had been in attendance on patients," as having been at the Home. These were out of a total of 306, of whom nearly 200 were children.

Thus, we see the necessity of all the disinfecting, care, cleanliness, and isolation practised at the Home, and would urge on the multitudes outside liable to the disease to use every precaution against it, since "Prevention is better than cure."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

INDUSTRY should boil all the marmalade chips first—in water, of course.

MAYBLOSSOM will find "Oatmeal Scones" on page 607, vol. vi.

MADGE.—To make oatmeal or wheaten cakes take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coarse oatmeal, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, or $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of coarsely-ground wheatmeal, one dessertspoonful of sugar, one heaped teaspoonful of baking powder, mixed together; melt 2 oz. (or 3 oz.) of butter or lard in half a teacupful of milk, make a light paste, cut it into cakes, and bake in a moderate oven. The oatmeal or wheatmeal should be sifted to get rid of the chaff. If intended for use with cheese, of course there should be no sugar in the cakes.

MARGERY.—A "toad in a hole" is made thus: Beat two eggs, stir in two tablespoonfuls of dried flour, half a saltspoon of salt, and a pint and a quarter of milk. Beat the batter for twenty minutes, grease a pie-dish, pour in the mixture, and bury in the latter $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of beef or mutton, then bake in a moderate oven for an hour and three-quarters.

P. CHUMP.—The reason that the icing on your cakes becomes brown after the baking is because you employ too hot an oven. Perhaps, also, you do not cover it with white paper. Keep a cool oven, at a steady heat, and take a longer time, throwing into the recipe a little more of patience, which is a very valuable ingredient in cookery, as in everything else you undertake. It is perfectly legal to marry a first cousin, or any cousin, provided that he be not also a brother-in-law.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MAORI.—You can make the mixture of Epsom salts for frosting the window more satisfactory and permanent by adding a little gum to the water before you put in the Epsom salts. Only enough water should be used to melt them. Apply with a brush. There is nothing to prevent your making a pattern on the panes, by using a long ruler and the end of a pencil, and scraping the salts off in lines, so as to form diamonds or squares on the pane. This will give you more light, as you suggest, but unless carefully done the thing will certainly look "home-made."

BRITOMART.—Rub the saucers with a little ammonia and water.

WATFORD.—A little lemon rubbed on the fingers, or rubbing with a piece of smooth pumice-stone, will generally take off stains of all kinds.

NINA.—"To take ink-stains from linen" see page 607, vol. vii. "Iron moulds," see page 95, vol. ix. The leather bag may perhaps be improved by a little benzine: see also page 95, vol. vii.

MATILDA R.—The vinegar plant makes the cheapest vinegar, we think, and is used as follows: Take a large white glazed jug, holding three or four quarts of water, mix in it half a pound of coarse brown sugar, half a pound of treacle, and two and a half quarts of water. Stir the mixture till all be melted, then put in the vinegar plant on the top, and tie a paper over the top of the jug. If the weather be warm, the vinegar will take about six weeks to make; if cold, two weeks longer. Strain it carefully, and then boil for about ten minutes, and when cool pour into bottles for use. Yes, the plant grows certainly during the making of the vinegar, and it can be used many times over.

WORK.

M. M. R.—The best gymnasium suit is made with a pair of trousers, like a divided skirt, and a long, loose jacket, reaching nearly to the knee, with a belt. Some people prefer a combination, and a small skirt, put on over the combination, with a belt.

COLWYN BAY.—Some articles on the rearing of silkworms are now being given in the "G.O.P." It is a most interesting subject.

LADDIE'S DARLING.—A bicycle cap is generally made with a round crown and a straight band round it, without a peak—a smoking or military cap, in short. We think if you are clever, and have the size of the head which it is to cover, you will not need a pattern.

GRACE.—To clean beaver fur, you should use hot bran or oatmeal, which should be well rubbed in to take out grease. Brush, and beat it with a rubber afterwards.

RES AUGUSTA DOMI.—The infant's clothes to fasten in front can be made like a princess shape. This was the idea; and you could easily carry it out yourself by getting a small shape and cutting out one or two patterns to try.

BESSIE LAMBERT.—Take up knitting for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, or work for the Kyrle Society, or for the poor near you. Or if you do not like any of these fields of usefulness, join a correspondence class, and take up a regular course of reading and study. As you live in the country, can you not keep bees or poultry? Both of these are interesting and profitable pursuits, and lead to much out-of-door life.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. S. S.—You write very sweetly and freely, with a poetic fancy. The emphasis is wrongly placed at times, and the number of feet incorrect; but you should study the rules of metrical composition, and persevere, we think. The poems sent are rather long for insertion, and would need too much correction.

A. P. L.—There is an institution for trained nurses for Leicester in Ayleston Road. You could inquire there as to age and terms.

H. S. B. writes for a hospital for incurables in London; but does not say for what disease, age, nor what sex; nor whether the patient can pay. Unless we knew something more we could not answer.

BROKEN-DOWN COOK has our hearty sympathy. Why not consult a doctor and get some proper treatment? All the symptoms she mentions point to the liver being out of order, and she must diet herself to avoid such breakdowns, and leave off beer, if taken. Many thanks to her for thinking of the recipe.

ROSEBUD.—Over-watering is the general rock on which amateur window-gardeners come to grief. No water should be given till the earth feels dry to the fingers, and no water should be allowed to stand in the saucers.

LA PETITE.—Of course your brother should avoid colds and coughs, should wear flannels, and take cod-liver oil to keep up his health and strength.

M. B. B.'s poem of "The Dying Child" is very sad and dreary, and also very incorrect in every way. The use of "I'll," "you've," "he'll," is quite wrong, even in writing prose.

MARIE ANTOINETTE; A NORTUMBRIAN.—The verses do not scan correctly, and lack originality of thought.

A TROUBLED ONE appears to have entered upon an engagement of marriage which her conscience and her common sense do not approve in any way. We can only advise her to be guided by them; but we fear, by her writing to us, that she does not want to listen to them, and would like our advice to be of a contrary nature.

LILITH.—We were glad to get your letter from that far off "City of the Angels," and you have our sympathy in all your troubles and afflictions.

AN OLD MAID.—"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand," is from Tennyson's poem, "Break, Break, Break." "The good unasked in mercy grant," is a line from a hymn by Merrick.