

to when I gave that shilling so unwillingly," thought Miss Angel; but she said aloud—"Tell me where you have been all these years."

"Almost everywhere," he answered.

"And you never thought of writing to or coming back to your old friends all these years?" she asked, with a touch almost of reproach in her voice.

He made no answer, and she looked up timidly into his face.

"Don't think that I reproach you," she said, "I had no right to expect it; but somehow I thought I might have heard."

"And what did you think of my silence?" he asked at last.

"That you had found new interests in a new life beyond the seas. Had you wished me to know, I knew you could have written."

"Shall I tell you why I didn't write?" he asked, slowly, and half pausing, and looking full at her.

His manner was so very grave, and there was something in his tone that almost startled her.

She withdrew her hand from his arm, and became white to the lips, as she tried to hurry after the vicar and his boy. A thousand thoughts rushed through her brain as she vainly strove to think what she ought to say. Perhaps he had a wife and children in that far-off land; or had brought them with him to see the old country. At last she said—

"I hope you did not think that I expected you to write; but I think you knew me well

enough to know that I should be interested in anything that concerned you."

"What I was going to say concerned you," he said, slowly.

"Me!" she answered.

"Yes; in the papers I saw that which I do not care to name."

She guessed what he meant, but guessed quite wrongly. "And you believed it?" she asked, sadly.

"I could hardly do otherwise," he answered.

And drawing from his pocket a worn letter-case, he took from one of its recesses a small cutting from a newspaper and handed it to her.

She trembled so that she could hardly read it, and the tiny scrap was worn and rubbed with age and use. Yet there it was—the announcement of her own death some thirty years before.

"I cannot understand it," she said, pressing her hand to her brow to try and gather her thoughts. "It must have been when my only sister died, and her name was Merilina."

Ewan's eyes were bent on the paper. "It was a cruel mistake to have substituted your name for hers, even if it was through carelessness," he said at last.

They were interrupted by Frank running back to them with a message from the vicar—

"Father says he hopes you will come and have dinner with us," said the boy, breathlessly. "You know," he added in half a whisper to Miss Angel, "that they could not enjoy the feast without me, so they put pud-

ding, and snap-dragon, and all the rest of it aside. But now, you must come; and you, too," he said, turning to Mr. McReady; "and we will all be happy together." And without waiting for an answer he darted off, leaving the two standing where he had found them.

It was Miss Angel's turn to be disconcerted now. There were a thousand questions she longed to ask her companion, but she did not know how to begin. How could she with the bitter memory of their last parting before her, and all the subsequent years of loneliness (which need not have been loneliness) for his sake? Ewan McReady saw her embarrassment, and hastened to relieve it.

"You asked me," he said, slowly, "what brought me home? I answer, a Divine Providence; and a Divine Providence not only gave me your address in a most unlikely way, but led me to enter the church where you were. Magdalene, dear, the old wall of separation is broken down between us. As a repentant wanderer I have come back to you, and now, will you not let me make up to you for all the thirty years of pain and loneliness that I have caused you?"

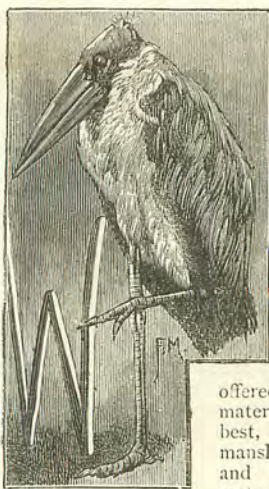
He paused from extreme emotion, and stooped to listen for her answer; and certainly she did not say "no" this time.

That was Miss Angel's last Christmas. I leave my readers to imagine what her next one will be.

[THE END.]



HOW THE WORLD IS PROVIDED WITH SWEETS AND BONBONS.



It may be sure that if any article of necessity or of luxury has obtained a world wide reputation, it has not been reached without many a struggle.

To gain the world's good opinion it is necessary to prove first the excellence of that which is offered, then that the materials used are the best, that the workmanship is perfect, and that the character of those who

offer it can bear scrutiny.

Step by step must this position be reached; rarely is it effected by what is called a lucky stroke.

Competition is so great, and society's demand for the best of everything so urgent, that it is useless to enter the battlefield unprepared for the fulfilment of these conditions.

One has only to visit any large manufactory to see the giant efforts which are made to

obtain and keep a footing on the world's platform. The expenditure of brain power, of money, and of labour is appalling.

When all this is put into operation to supply us with the necessaries of life we are not so astounded, but when it is to provide the world with what are known as sweets and bonbons, it is marvellous that it can pay, and yet there is no doubt that it does so.

I will simply place on paper what I saw at my visit to Stollwercks, in Cologne, the largest manufacturers of sweets in the world, in order to show that to supply the universe with certain articles, no matter what they be, requires giant strength, giant capital, giant brains, and giant reputation, and that it requires all these to work well together if the supply is not to fail either in quality or quantity.

The world, as I have said, is careful in placing suppliers on a pedestal, but when once there it is the suppliers' own fault if they do not retain their position.

Chocolates, bonbons, sweets of all kinds have become articles of commerce. The amount consumed in a year, the number of people occupied in their manufacture, the vast machines employed, the amount of sugar, of cacao, of fruits worked up, the branch trades employed—such as printing, paper making, casting of moulds, illustrating, and packing—the duty paid on the sweets consumed, the number of clerks employed to keep the accounts of such a consumption, would each and

all form subjects of most interesting papers, and cause no little surprise at their vast proportions.

It was as a great favour we were permitted to see over this manufactory, which is a Gothic building near one of the gates of Cologne, and close to the Rhine. It occupies an immense space, and is altogether stately and imposing.

The outer door through which we entered was of stained glass, with the mottoes engraved in various colours on it: "Zeit* ist Geld" and "Eile mit Weile."

Through this we gained admittance into a gorgeous office, with handsome mahogany desks and brass rails, pillars supporting the roof, curtains of rich-looking stuffs and stained glass windows, where sixty-seven clerks were zealously writing or moving to and fro with quiet haste.

We noticed that the heavy account books were arranged upon shelves peculiarly constructed, which drop and form both drawers and desks—an invention of the firm.

So many books are daily in use that a truck is kept for the purpose of moving them about. While waiting in this office till one of the Brothers Stollwerck could speak with us, our attention was attracted by an enormous eagle on a pedestal. It is made of pure chocolate, and weighs about three cwt.; it measures four feet across its wings, and stands seven feet high.

We were shown into a small, round room

* Time is money. Haste with forethought.

opening out of the office, whose walls were hung, as we thought at first, with tapestry, but we found that it was cunningly painted, and was in fact a fresco.

The large stained glass window, with the trade mark wrought in glass, was, however, a reality, so were the velvet chairs, the parquettèd floor, and the motto over the portal, "Vor beginnen wohl besinnen, lässt gewinnen." *

In a few minutes we were introduced to a Mr. Schilling, who undertook to guide us through this vast domain of sweets and bonbons.

Following him out of the office, we came into the immense courtyard, the air of which was laden with the perfume of chocolate.

This was no ordinary courtyard. It was so full of interest that we could not hurry through it. In it was the chemist's laboratory, the engineer's and draughtsmen's office, the gas works, and the engine room, with its tiled floor and monster engines, one of which is the largest in the world.

These machines are automatically fed with fuel by a device of the firm's own invention. A machine brings the coal up from the cellars—a hundred-weight at a time—and disperses it through the various channels, and then drops down again for another load, acting with perfect regularity through the long hours.

The engines so supplied were made on the premises, and work the three hundred machines in operation in various parts of the factory.

From this engine-room there is electric communication with at least fifty parts of the building, and in case of accident these monster engines can be stopped in a moment. This was done while we stood there in order to make it clear to us.

Last, not least, there is a splendid restaurant for the employés, two hundred of whom on an average daily make use of it. Coffee, soup, meat, and vegetables are served at a very small sum, and in an appetising manner, and a really good dinner can be had for fivepence or sixpence. This is found to be an immense boon to the workpeople, and would prove so equally in England if our great firms would adopt it.

Our first visit is to an immense room, to which the cacao nuts or beans are brought in sacks to be cleansed and roasted. These nuts are brown, somewhat greasy, and about as big as cherries, only a little longer. They are the fruit of a tree growing in the tropical parts of America, and are found twenty or thirty together within a fleshy pod, something like a cucumber in shape.

From time immemorial they have been employed as money in various parts of America, and were first made into chocolate in Mexico. The room to which these are brought is full of wonderful machinery. The process of cleansing is done by a giant cleanser in perfect silence, and the roasters, which are simply enormous, also perform their work in quiet.

We pass on from this to the room where the famous *Brust* bonbons or cough lozenges are made. It was the manufacture of these, by the father of the present proprietors in

1839, which first established the reputation of this firm. They are well known in all parts of the world, wrapped up as they formerly were in an old-fashioned yellow paper covering.

The machine by which they are made is extremely clever and intricate in its construction, and yet when seen at work looks so easy and simple that one thinks a child could work it. It is supplied with little round hollows, and a sheet of clear amber citron and sugar being put in at one end whole, comes out at the other in the form of round bonbons all slightly connected one with the other, but easily detached.

We are next taken to another large room, scrupulously clean and mosaic-tiled, where the cacao beans having been cleansed and roasted below, are here being crushed to powder and mixed with sugar at the rate of five tons a day. It is called the first chocolate room.

The cacao and the sugar fall into the machine through shoots from the ceiling without being touched by the hand.

All the machines, hydraulic presses, rollers, and mixers in this room, as elsewhere, are of the firm's own invention.

We pass on to where the chocolate is made and formed into a variety of shapes, and placed on marble slabs to cool and harden.

Five tons a day is the average amount made by means of the excellent machines, and from beginning to end the hand touches the material but once.

Some of the devices are most artistic; there were elegant antique vases, busts of famous men on pedestals, eggs for Easter beautifully painted and stencilled by artists, and containing all kinds of charming surprises.

Here, too, you might have fancied yourself in a toy factory; there were children's tea-sets, railway trains, little animals for Noah's arks, bundles of cigarettes, and a variety of games, all made of chocolate, and presenting a perfect fairyland to children if they only had a chance of entering there.

As soon as these articles were cold they were trimmed with a penknife in order to give them a smooth and polished appearance.

One thing particularly struck us in passing through the chocolate rooms—viz., that there was just as much trouble taken to make the peasant a good cup of chocolate as to provide the tables of the rich with dainties. The same good cacao and sugar are the foundation of both, and are worked in the machines in exactly the same way, the difference in the price arising from the mixture of vanilla and the elegance of the packing.

The cheapest chocolate costs 1s. 2½d. a pound, and makes sixteen cups, costing therefore three farthings a cup.

Vanille chocolate varies from 1s. 7d. to 5s. The last is known as Princess chocolate; a pound makes twelve cups, and costs therefore 5d. a cup.

A new kind of tonic chocolate was being made by the introduction of a decoction of acorns into the cacao and sugar.

English peppermint lozenges are made here in immense numbers, and are so called because they are manufactured of Mitcham peppermint.

At the end of the room where these are made stand two rows of huge cauldrons which

turn round incessantly, making as they do so sugar almonds and caramels, or what children call "hundreds and thousands."

Another room was devoted to the making of ice wafers, and a peculiar kind of bonbons of which by some wonderful machinery a man and two girls can make 40,000 a day.

The next department we enter is the packing room, occupied almost entirely by girls, under the superintendence of forewomen, whose business it is to put the bonbons and chocolates into various bright-coloured papers with pictures and mottoes on the outside.

There were five hundred bright-looking, earnest German girls in this room working in sets of twelve at a table, each set with its own particular part of the packing.

We watched the sealing of all these packages with great interest, as it was by a process quite new, and enabled the girls to do it with the utmost rapidity and efficiency.

Room after room we passed through, seeing the boiling of the sugar, the making of biscuits, preserving fruit, extracting the syrup, manufacturing sparkling bonbons for making various drinks, till we were overwhelmed with the vastness of the work.

Nor was this all. There were the printer's rooms, where they turn out 300,000 labels a day, the carpenters' shops, the store rooms of papers and boxes, the pattern-making room, and many others. And yet the utmost order pervades the whole factory—no hurry, no confusion anywhere.

Owing to the number of self-acting machines in use, the Brothers Stollwerck are able to carry on this immense business with about 814 workpeople, a large number of whom are girls between the ages of thirteen and twenty, all under the care of staid, trustworthy women.

The sum paid in wages varies between £700 and £900 a week, and the weight of cacao and sugar used annually amounts to several million kilogrammes.

The duty alone paid on articles exported amounts on an average to £11,450 a year, which will give some idea of the enormous mass sent out into the world.

There is an ambulance corps attached to the factory, and composed of the operatives themselves, directed by a surgeon. The factory chemist is always on the spot to give aid in case of accident, which, however, is not frequent. Such as do happen arise generally from carelessness, and consist mostly of fractures of the arms, or loss of fingers. Three or four a year happen, rarely more. A chemist's shop is on the premises, so that no time is lost.

There is a home industry connected with this firm which employs many hundreds of people in the Black Forest and Thuringia, in the making of paper boxes.

This is but a rapid glance at the immense and complicated machinery employed in order to provide us with what are called sweets and bonbons. There are hundreds of points of interest connected with it which I am unable to touch upon, and which go towards making a result such as we have seen. If it call attention, however, to the fact that whatever is to be done in the world with success must be performed with every power we have, something will have been gained.

* To consider well before beginning ensures success.

