

unlike the artistic damsel of nowadays there is no perplexed, abstracted look in the sensible face, nor general mien of limp weariness, and the hand that adjusts the delicate flower so tenderly is no attenuated specimen, but a healthy, well-shaped one that may be counted on as ready for any work needing its ministrations.

In the countenance of the father, seated in a garden chair by his daughter's side, the same restfulness that is apparent in hers may be seen—a restfulness as of spirit-strength. The older face bears traces of wrestling passed, of peace that looks beyond; the younger wears a thoughtful air, the result of having had that trying duty made hers four years back—the duty of endeavouring, as far as could be, to fill the place of a dear lost mother; yet in her eyes beams the hopefulness inseparable from healthy-minded youth, that sees gladness in a near as well as distant future.

The third member of the group wears no shadow of trouble on her sunny face, as, kneeling on the grass, with forefinger upraised, she exercises the patience of her little black and tan terrier, who, sitting with a piece of sugar cleverly poised on his nose, patiently awaits the command to toss and catch the coveted morsel.

Reginald Carrington had hitherto had little experience in family life, but from this time he began to learn more of the meaning of that sweet English word, "home," than he had ever known before. Three or four weeks went by, and still he was domiciled in Farncombe Vicarage. Many a sketch, it is true, had been made, but all centred round the one spot, and the proposed tour amongst the more widely known beauties was still postponed.

But a day came when Reginald must face himself, a rather difficult task sometimes! A letter from Mr. Gilbert Carrington arrived, informing his nephew that he should expect him in town at once, as with some inconvenience he had made arrangements which would enable him to comply with said nephew's wishes—namely, that they should together travel for a month or two in France and Germany, before Reginald settled down to hard work.

What would the kind, if somewhat tyrannical, uncle have said could he have seen the manner in which that missive of his, with its supposed satisfactory intimation, was thrown down with an impatient gesture? "Tried to persuade his uncle to start earlier than had been intended, that they might together enjoy a lengthened holiday." Well, so he had, but then he did not know—he did not think. Two whole years devoted to his loved art! How delightful the thought had been! Twenty-four months of separation from—what a blank prospect! But now he must face the question, What was the cause of this change in him? It had seemed quite natural he should care to linger on, with one who could tell him so much of that father of whose inner life he had so often yearned to know more.

And had it not been the most likely thing in the world that the kind host should persuade the "boy" of his former friend to "stay a day or two longer," seeing that his brush might be quite as well employed amongst Farncombe's choice "bits" as elsewhere?

And if the good vicar, with all his experience and spectacles to boot, had failed to see the hidden meaning of the little life-drama enacting beneath his eyes, was it surprising if Maggie and Isa thought it "extremely nice" to have a "kind of brother in the house?" But the arrival of the post had apparently revealed to more than one of the happy party that the past weeks had been momentous

ones in their lives, and that the old life could never be resumed exactly as it had been.

A few hours later the Rev. Cecil Brown and his guest were seated in that sanctum where we first were introduced to the former. Many a pleasant, confidential chat had been held there before, but whatever the topic now under discussion, it would be difficult for an onlooker to decide how far it was of a pleasurable nature, so earnest and anxious looked both the speakers.

"It is useless for us to talk farther on the subject, my dear Reginald," said the vicar, after a few minutes' silence. "My mind is thoroughly made up. No correspondence will I permit you to carry on with my Margaret, unless with your uncle's full consent. You owe this consideration to him, especially having already thwarted his wishes concerning your career in life. But if," he continued, laying his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, "when you have passed through the prescribed time you still feel the same affection for my child you now profess, and she reciprocates it, I shall then consider, believing you both to have been seeking Divine guidance, that neither I nor anyone else would have a right to hinder the fulfilment of your wishes."

Reginald looked rather crestfallen.

"You will write to me now and then, will you not?" he said.

His companion hesitated a moment.

"No, Reginald, it would be better not. Although I think my Maggie worthy to be any man's wife, however great and good, your uncle will take a different view of the case. She will be a poor parson's daughter in his eyes, and as I told you before, in all probability all I shall have to leave my children is a small jointure that was their mother's, not more than eighty pounds a year between them, since all I had beside was lost in the bank failure I told you of. I repeat it, your uncle's decision will be mine.

That the vicar's mind was made up was only too evident, nor could Reginald himself feel him unjust; yet it seemed rather a cruel fate both for him and for her whose love he had hoped was already won.

His journey back to London was made with considerable perturbation of spirit. How would this bachelor uncle of over fifty receive the confession about to be made? As it proved, with a sarcasm rather trying to the poor young lover.

After listening with almost irritating patience to the end of the tale, "I am glad," said Mr. Gilbert Carrington, "your reverend friend shows so much discernment. He knows very well what mushroom growth these fancies of young people are: a few days together, and they imagine themselves lovers for eternity; a few days separated, and they look back with amusement at the little episode."

Reginald's face flushed with indignation.

"I am not a boy," he began; "it is no passing—"

"I beg your pardon, I have had rather more experience of human nature than you have. At any rate, Reginald," added his uncle, sternly, "understand, if you engage yourself in any way but to your profession, for two years to come, I wash my hands of you. Of course you are at liberty to do as you like—choose poverty and the parson's daughter, and bring a life of anxiety upon her, or wait until by a term of hard work you have proved whether you have the stuff in you to make a creditable artist."

This was anything but satisfactory to Reginald, but he knew well it was no use gainsaying his uncle's dictum, for had he even felt inclined to oppose it, neither Maggie nor her father would approve.

Hence he had to leave England, content as

far as could be with just a few little written words that led him to hope that, even if twice two years passed before he again met her, he would still find her the same "Maggie Brown."

(To be continued.)

UNINTENTIONAL CRUELITIES.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."—Hood.

"The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,
Gloving together in the common work;
And man who lives to die, dies to live well,

If so he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not, but help
All things, both great and small, that
suffer life."—Arnold's "Light of Asia."



There be a more kind-hearted little girl than Lettie Lane living, or a better-disposed child, I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance.

Lettie and I first came to know each other more than four years ago, and in the following way: I was walking to Reading one evening about sundown, and had still about two miles of the road before me. I had just reached a somewhat gloomy tree-shaded hollow, a place where, it is reported, the mail-coach had been more than once attacked by footpads in "the good old times," when who should I see coming along on the footpath towards me but a tiny mite of a girl not very much bigger than my walking-stick, and trotting by her side a wise-looking collie dog. Where was she going, I considered, all by herself? There was not on all the road, up or down, another figure to be seen, and there were no houses anywhere near. She was well dressed, pretty, and looked intelligent; evidently no ordinary gutter child. The dog wore a beautiful leather collar with brass mountings, another proof of the respectability of the pair of them.

But where were they going? Now I would run a mile any day sooner than speak to anyone in the street to whom I had not been previously introduced, but this was a somewhat exceptional case. So I stopped in front of her, and addressed her in the words of the old song—

"Where are you going, my little maid?"

Her round blue eyes sought my face for a moment, then came the answer straight enough—

"I'm doing to Leading, and I'm tired. Cally me."

And she stretched out her little arms, and stood imploring.

"You are going to Reading," I repeated, "and you're tired, and want me to carry you? Eh?"

"Yes," she repeated; "cally me."

"But you are walking away from Reading," I said; "right away from it. Do you live at Reading?"

"Oh, no," she said. "I live at home. I'm doing to Leading to buy sweets."

It was evident the child was lost, and it was just as evident that it was my duty to take her somewhere. But where? A hasty inspection

of the dog's collar made me no wiser. There was neither name nor address thereon. However, I picked her up—she was no great weight—and resumed my journey. There was no use trying to question her in order to find out where she lived. She lived at home with pa and ma, that was all, and when I asked her pa's name, she got quite merry over the idea of his having any other name than "just pa."

"And what is your name, dear?" I asked.

"Lettie," she answered.

"What else then, Lettie?"

"Just Lettie," she persisted. "Lettie, nussin more."

And with this I was obliged to be content and wait for events to evolve themselves.

"I daresay," I said to myself, "I'll have to take her to the police-station, and give her into the charge of some motherly old policeman."

She told me a deal about the "dickie-birds" she had at home, and the "moo-cows," and the "piggie-wiggies," and the "tocks and hens and the big gobble-wobble," by which latter, I suppose, she meant the turkey-cock. This gobble-wobble, she said, was always naughty, and "never, never dood," and he sometimes chased her. Suddenly she looked down at her friend the dog.

"Poor Bounce," she said, "must be very tired; cally him, too."

"No, thank you, Lettie," I replied, "you must excuse me; one of you is enough at a time."

"Poor Bounce!" she repeated, the tears coming into her eyes; "if I was big I would cally him."

We had got within half a mile of Reading, when at a cross road the dog stopped and barked. I knew at once he meant me to turn down that path, and I did so.

"Go home, Bounce," I cried.

The faithful and intelligent animal barked joyfully, ran on a little way, then came back, wagging his tail and barking right gleefully. He was saying, as plainly as he could speak, "You follow me, sir, and I'll take you home right enough, only I won't go too far away from my little mistress."

The dog led us across country quite a long distance, and I was beginning to think we should never come to a house, when, at a bend of the road, we all at once came in sight of a substantial-looking farmstead. And I need not tell you that the parents of the little waif and stray I held in my arms were very pleased to see us.

That was my first introduction to Lettie. In walking to Reading I often go cross country and look in at Daisy Hill, to see Bounce and Lettie, and have a talk with Mr. Lane, who is one of the most intelligent farmers in our neighbourhood. Alas! though, I will never see Bounce again; for even as I write these lines he lies stark and stiff. Lettie is inconsolable, and no wonder, for kind-hearted though she is, the death of her playmate and favourite lies at Lettie's door. That is the saddest thing about it. It is bad enough, and sorrowful enough to lose a faithful, loving dog by death, to think that he will never romp or play with you any more, or rush to meet you on your return home with gladsome bark and rough caress; but if you harbour in your mind the sad reflection that you were not always so attentive to his little needs and wants as you might have been, or ought to have been—ah! then, indeed, I pity you.

It is thus with Lettie. The day before yesterday was fiercely hot, and it was the day on which Lettie was going away to the woods to a picnic with some little friends. She could not take Bounce with her, much though she might have liked to do so. But

Bounce would do well enough for one day, chained, for safety's sake, to his barrel-kennel.

When she returned in the evening her heart gave one great throb of anxiety, for as she neared the house there was no bark of greeting. "Bounce!" she cried.

There was no reply.

"Bounce! Bounce!" But never a sound, and when she ran to the spot where she had left him, behold he lay on his side, with his legs stretched stiffly out. The eyes were glazed, and there was blood about the mouth. The poor dog had died of a fit from the heat of the sun. There was evidence of this, too, for there was a hole he had dug to lie in, as if he wanted to cover himself up with the cool earth for comfort. Worse even than this: in his pannikin *there was not a drop of water*. Lettie, in her haste to get away, had quite forgotten that.

"Oh!" she weeps, "if I only had my Bounce back again, how kind I would be to him!"

But Bounce never will come back again. They will bury him near the old oak tree in the paddock, and many a flower Lettie will place on his grave, but she will never forget her sorrow, because, but for her neglect, he would still be alive and well and happy.

Now this mournful little story of Lettie and her dog put it in my mind to say a few words about what I call unintentional cruelties, for I assure you that with the best intentions in the world towards their animal friends, people are often unkind to them without knowing it.

I do not think that there are any readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who would willingly cause either grief or pain to a poor dog or cat, for instance. You see, I say grief as well as pain, because it is denied by nobody nowadays, who has the slightest pretensions to education, that nearly all animals—our domestic pets, at all events—have minds, and think and reason to some degree as you do, and are even more susceptible to a slight of any kind. Now very often a person, whether young or old, may happen to be out of temper, displeased, cross, or angry—call it what you like—and, at that very moment, his pet dog may come up to him or to her; then I think it is most unkind to show anger to the animal, or to speak cross or snappishly, because other people may have hurt your feelings.

"Get out of the way, dog, or I'll give you a kick." These very words I have heard over and over again from the mouths of people on such occasions towards the very animal that at other times they would fondle and make very much of indeed. And I've seen the dog, after one wistful look at the well-loved face, creep away out of sight and throw himself down in a corner with a big sigh, and a big cold lump at his heart, I have little doubt.

Never, I pray you, be cross with your poor dog, or scold him if he does not deserve it, just because you happen to be peevish. For no friend in the world can love you better, and certainly none will be so faithful to you as the dog that a kind Providence has given you for a companion. Others may turn from you, others may be angry with you for faults you have committed, he will never believe you in the wrong; you are always in his eyes the beloved mistress that can do no wrong, and, if you are in grief, he will share and try to lick away your tears. Short—alas! too short—are the lives of our poor dogs at the best. If, then, our hearts be not as hard as stones, we should feel it to be our duty to make them as happy as possible while they do live.

Dogs and cats are both jealous of the attentions paid by a master or mistress to other animals, therefore, in your favourite's presence you ought not to make too much of another animal, for he or she will think about it, and be unhappy over it for days together.

I am speaking advisedly when I say so. What I wish you, dear reader, to believe and remember is this: one does not do one's whole duty towards a domestic pet by simply supplying it with food, drink, and shelter. Because animals have minds. Dogs especially are gifted in this way, and they will not and cannot be happy unless they have a good deal of your society. You may take a dog or a cat into the room with you and let it lie beside you while you are at work. Well, to a certain extent this will be kind, because, while lying there at your feet, or near you, the animal is at all events easy in his mind because you are with him. A dog or cat thinks a very great deal about the absent mistress. This is why he is so excited when you return home after an absence of some duration. He has been thinking about you *all* the time; you have been in his mind by day and in his dreams at night. He may have imagined that you would never, never return. That evil had befallen you; some danger happened to you which, had he been with you, he could have warded off, or, worst thought of all, he may have imagined that you had forgotten him. And so when you do return, your faithful dog finds it incumbent upon him to take leave of his senses entirely for a time, and simply go wild with fun and joy.

You never should leave a pet animal when going from home without a kind word, even if it be but a bird. For even a bird right soon knows the meaning of those little words, "Good-bye, Dickie," accompanied by the kindly nod and smile.

Always see before you leave the house that your favourite has a good supply of food and water. The sufferings of poor dumb animals for want of water are sometimes so great that it quite harrows one's feelings to think of them.

Well, now there are two domestic animals at all events that never can be happy unless they have exercise daily, combined with fun—I mean the dog and the cat. The latter can usually make plenty of fun for herself, though she likes better to play with her mistress than with anyone or anything else. But she is a very imaginative creature, and can easily make herself believe that whatever she sees moving is an enemy of some kind to be waylaid and attacked and conquered. She can make a mouse of a moving leaf or a ball of worsted, and, if it doesn't move of its own accord, why then she sets it agoing and keeps up the sport on her own account. But even a cat will play with ever so much more gusto if she thinks anyone is looking at and admiring her. It is different with a dog; when he goes out with you he expects that you yourself must be his partner in a good game of romps. Never fail to oblige the poor fellow; it will do you as much good as the dog. I often pity poor dogs who are chained to their kennels all day without a chance of getting out; and so, wherever it can be managed, I advise the use of those chains with two or three swivels to prevent twisting. I wish to make this method of dog-chaining very common in England; will you try to do what you can to help me, by drawing the attention of your friends to it? Thank you, I feel sure you will.

It is unkind to keep a lot of puppies or kittens that you have no prospect of either selling or getting homes for. It is far more humane to destroy them, and this is best done by putting them in an earthenware pan full of clean water with something on the top close above to keep them down.

How about the mother? it may be asked. Whether a cat or a dog, will she not suffer if deprived all at once of all her offspring? She will want additional care and a little dose of castor oil, and rubbing three or four times a day with a little oil of camphor mixed with spirit. She will thus soon get over it.

Muzzles should never be put on dogs; it is better, if magistrates say they must be kept under control, to lead them by a string.

Horses are all too often the subjects of unintentional cruelties. These are too numerous to even mention in this paper. Working them too long, or driving hard uphill is very cruel. Too harsh a hand in driving is so also, or pulling them too sharply up, or jerking the reins to make them go quicker.

If a horse has to stand any time, the cart shafts should be propped up. Nose-bags should be hung on somewhere; it is pitiful to see a poor horse tossing up the bag in order to get the food at the bottom; this may lead to permanent injury of the eyes. Too great attention cannot be paid to a horse's feet, nor to his bedding.

The frog of the horse's foot should never be cut away. It is most unkind to do so. It is with this they feel their way; without it they have no confidence, and are far more apt to slip and fall.

Bearing-reins are both absurd and cruel.

The care of horses and dogs should not be entirely entrusted to grooms. The master or mistress should be master or mistress in reality, and not in name only. Horses when on a journey should often have a little drop of water, and it is a good plan to carry a light leather bucket for the purpose of giving them some.

Birds are often cruelly treated in cages; injudiciously fed, insufficiently watered, over-pampered, and *hung in the sun*, or in a stifling atmosphere. Want of good perches is another cruelty. Perches ought to suit the size of the bird's foot, be firmly fixed, and always clean. Feeding parrots on meat, or giving them bones, is cruel. Depriving any creature of *water, fresh and pure*, is both sinful and cruel.

Gold fishes suffer many species of cruelties, which space here forbids me from entering into. But no one should keep a pet of any kind without fully understanding its nature and all it wants to keep it happy and in health.

A word in conclusion to mothers: Never let your children make playthings of moths, dragon-flies, frogs, minnows, or tadpoles, or of anything, indeed, likely to suffer pain by their attentions; and if your children are permitted to keep pet dogs, cats, or any other species of domestic animals, pray see that they use them well, and feed them even before they sit down to their own meals.

GIRLS' ALLOWANCES, AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

CHAPTER II.

VARIOUS PLANS OF MANAGEMENT.

"She always had a natural taste for dress. The first thing I ever heard about her was that she dressed well—an excellent gift for a woman."—*Carlyle* (speaking of his wife).

My own particular girl, Mary—who honours me with her advice and assistance in this most difficult research—is a fountain of wisdom, though her years are few, and she is a long way from grey hairs. She has dressed for years, too, on £10 a year, and knows all the "ins and outs," and her profound study of economy puts one to shame. My other girl-friend, Ethel, who sits beside me, busily scanning the following lists for the hundredth time, is a model of goodness, too, in her way. She has passed the "Senior Oxford," has been through the "School of Cookery," and has two ambitions—one is to send up a

whole dinner of her very own cooking, and the other to know "how to make her own dresses;" in pursuance of which last idea she is now going through a course of scientific lessons, and makes her head swell daily over the most awfully deep calculations, made by means of a perfectly hopeless-looking chart. She is getting on, however; and after her lesson of to-day, assured me that she "thought she saw light through her back, but it was very difficult to learn a divided front!"

Mary has a more thrifty and economical turn of mind, and represents that class of girls who prefer a good thing, and do not mind so much about the fashion; but are willing and clever enough to turn and twist their dresses as long as they will last. Ethel belongs to the other set of girls, who prefer to buy cheap, fashionable things, which last a shorter time, but are put on and worn until they are worn out, without change of shape or form. These represent the two ideas of dress which rule amongst young girls in the present day; and very warm are the arguments between the champions of the two conflicting opinions. I hold a middle course, because I personally prefer a thing to be at the same time both good and fashionable, but like Ethel, I want very few things—two ordinary dresses a year, for instance, but good enough to look well to the last, and fashionable enough also to defy hostile criticism, too, or those meditative eyes which one woman turns on another, in the effort to find her out and judge of her social status by her outward apparel. These are, therefore, the three influences which have given their best consideration to the three lists that follow, which are made out on the basis of £10 a year.

But someone will say, how is that when the first list is £13 6s. 10d., the second £8 15s. 6d., and the third year £11 16s. 4d.? The first list given is really a kind of experimental list, for no girl when she begins her allowance, or commences a new year's wholly without something in her wardrobe more or less good. What these articles would be in each wardrobe it would of course be difficult even to guess; so it has seemed best to us to take a list of things wanted in any ordinary wardrobe for a year. If the owner were nearly "run down" and out of this list, each girl can select the things she has, and does not need, as well as the things she has not got, and must buy, to the value of her allowance of £10.

The second year's list shows the things that would be required in that year, were the chief expenses borne during the previous year. It will always be found that every second or third year will be a year of saving, and in this way we shall be able to accomplish the purchase of a new winter jacket, new furs, or to pay for repairs to those we have. Our spring and summer outdoor covering must sometimes be replaced by a light cashmere jacket or cape, and this must be done when the year of saving comes round. The third year's account, we all three have decided, could be very much reduced, for, as Mary says, "no one could have run through two winter dresses; and if the material were good, one of them should be on hand ready to do up, turn, or dye, for the third winter's use. All the boots, likewise, cannot be worn out, and a new pair should not be needed; and some stockings must be extant. The petticoat, too, may need a new top, which might be made so as to take off a worn-out edge."

FIRST YEAR'S SUPPOSED LIST.

	£	s.	d.
Four pairs stockings (Lisle thread, 2s. 10d.)	0	11	4
Four pairs woollen stockings (3s.)	0	12	0
One dozen handkerchiefs	0	5	0
One pair black stays	0	10	6

Two pairs house shoes (4s.)	0	8	0
One pair boots	1	1	0
One pair walking shoes	0	8	6
Gloves	0	15	0
Winter dress of serge and toque (3s. a yard)	1	10	0
Nuns' cloth dress (1s. a yard)	0	16	0
Linings, etc.	0	3	6
Washing dress	0	10	0
Bonnet	0	6	0
Summer hat, covered with muslin and lace	0	3	0
Ulster	1	1	0
Winter jacket	1	1	0
Fur cape	0	12	6
Umbrella (<i>en tout cas</i>)	0	7	6
Under-vests, winter and summer	0	4	6
Two flannel petticoats	0	10	0
Underlinen, each year 10s.	0	10	0
Sundries	1	0	0
Winter petticoat	0	10	6
Total	£13	6	10

SECOND YEAR.

	£	s.	d.
Handkerchiefs, half a dozen	0	5	0
Stays	0	10	6
Gloves	0	15	0
Boots and shoes	1	17	6
Winter dress	1	10	0
Summer dress	0	18	6
Washing dress	0	10	0
Bonnet	0	6	0
Summer hat	0	3	0
Renovating winter jacket	0	10	0
Underlinen	0	10	0
Sundries	1	0	0
Total	£8	15	6

THIRD YEAR

	£	s.	d.
Stockings	0	11	4
Woollen stockings	0	12	0
Handkerchiefs	0	5	0
Stays	0	10	6
Boots and shoes	1	17	6
Gloves	0	15	0
Winter dress	1	10	0
Summer dress	0	18	6
Washing dress	0	10	0
Bonnet and hat	0	9	0
Umbrella	0	7	6
Linen	0	10	0
Petticoat	0	10	0
Fur cape and repairs	1	10	0
Sundries	1	0	0
Total	£11	16	4

The following is a reduced table of charges, at which I find certain things can be procured which are too highly priced in the first list, perhaps:—

	£	s.	d.
House shoes	0	2	6
Boots (walking)	0	7	11
Oxford shoes	0	5	6
Winter dress (skirt made)	1	1	0
Ulster	0	15	6
Winter jacket	0	17	6
Winter petticoat	0	5	0
Total	£3	14	11

These things I have priced and examined myself, and thought them excellent for the money, and likely to wear well. Someone, however, may say, "Where are we to go to find such things?" Mary, on being consulted, says, "Oh, lots of places: Edgware-road, Oxford-street, Tottenham Court-road, Upper-street, Islington, and many other places, I daresay, that I have never tried." Mary, who lives in the country, adds that "she manages to come to town for her shopping, and does it when on visits, as London is cheaper than the country."

I have already mentioned the difference of