

it before. Then, very wearily, she took her hands from the bowl, and passed them over her face, which was worn and white. Geraldine's mocking mood was gone. In silence she laid the fee for both upon the table, and made a sign to Dye, who had risen, and stood mute in confusion and dismay.

It was dark out of doors. Geraldine put her hand within Dye's arm, and felt that she was trembling. A strange feeling of awe overcame her as she hurried her companion along the High Street, and she wished that they had never carried out their plan. Coralie had given them both an unpleasant thrill. She was not in the least like the woman they had expected to see, and she had made them feel as they had never felt before.

They walked at the top of their speed, and soon found themselves at the heavy iron gate which opened into Mrs. Pearson's carriage-sweep. A rising wind was rattling the bare boughs overhead as they hurried up the drive and reached the portico. Geraldine pulled the bell with an eager hand, and a loud peal resounded through the house.

"You naughty children," came a high-pitched voice from the drawing-room. "You don't deserve hot tea and nice tea-cakes. Come and have some directly."

"Mrs. Pearson, you are perfectly delightful!" cried Geraldine, suddenly recovering her spirits. "We are too faint and famished to express all we

feel, but we'll tell you everything by-and-by. It's my fault, of course; it always is. I've dragged Dye with me, and knocked her up."

"Oh, I hope Dye is not knocked up," said Mrs. Pearson effusively. "Sit in this comfy chair, dear, and you'll soon feel better. Here is a little table for your tea and cake."

They both felt that they had never appreciated Mrs. Pearson's luxurious room before. The thick, rich curtains shutting out the cold; the bright fire; the lamps burning steadily under rose-coloured shades; the pretty litter of dainty trifles and books and magazines—all seemed so pleasant and familiar that their hearts began to revive.

Upstairs it was quite as comfortable. There was a door of communication between their rooms, and they could talk at ease.

"Dye, you must forget all about that woman and her dark sayings," Geraldine said seriously. "It was a mad whim of mine that took us there. Depend upon it, she is only a clever actress."

"But she has depressed me awfully," Dye answered, standing, brush in hand, with a rich veil of chestnut hair descending below her waist. "Why did she say such horrid things? There's nothing I hate so much as that word 'renunciation': it has such a dreary sound that it rings in one's ears like a knell. But I'll never give up anything I've set my heart upon—never!"

"I don't think you ever will," said

Geraldine with a little smile and *moue*. "And I daresay you'll get all you want. You are really a splendid-looking girl, Dye: and your hair ought to be photographed, just as it is at this moment. Make haste and coil it up: the dinner-bell will ring in a few minutes."

Geraldine was generally sparing of compliments, and Dye flushed with pleasure and surprise. After all, the woman must have spoken at random: doubtless she had said the same discouraging things to other clients. It was only the wayside gipsy who gave you a fine fortune for a piece of silver nowadays. Pessimism had come into fashion. It was all nonsense from beginning to end.

They were quite gay at dinner. Mrs. Pearson received their confidence with much amusement, and promised never to betray them. She had been to a dozen fortune-tellers in her younger days, and not one thing that they had told her had ever come true. As to Mademoiselle Coralie, she was just as great a fraud as the rest. People had run after her in London until they were tired of her, and now she was going through the provinces.

"Of course," said Geraldine, peeling an orange, "I wasn't moved by her in the least. But Dye took her more seriously than I expected, and so I regretted having dragged her into the business."

"Oh, but I have quite got over it," said Dye.

(To be continued.)

HOW WE STARTED OUR HOCKEY CLUB.

By the Author of "How we Managed without Servants," etc.



from London smoke and bustle would be the best for him. It took us some time before we could settle on the "ideal" spot we had all

determined to find for our future home; but as "all things come to him who waits," so did our ideal cottage come to us.

It stood at the top of a long hill on the borders of a wood, where the spruce trees were already clad in their bright green foliage the first time Cecilly and I saw our new home. The garden was full of spring flowers, and from every side came the singing of the birds. Farther up, the hills, covered now with yellow gorse, rose high against the blue sky; while to our left ran a road through the woods literally carpeted with wild hyacinths. It was, as I have already said, an ideal spot. Not far from London, so that Jack could run down to see us now and then, and within three miles of a first-rate school, where the boys could go as boarders and yet be able to pass Sundays with us. Jack's marriage was now in the near future, and until he had a home of his own Aunt Mary had offered him one with her. We were not far from a village, and our neighbours, few though they were, made us very welcome. I think if we live till we are old, old women, Cecilly and I will always look back on our first summer in the country as the happiest in our lives. Our friends were all ready to visit us, and during the summer holidays three of our oldest friends found lodgings in some of the farm-houses for themselves and families. But the summer quickly passed into autumn, and with the early autumn days came the rain. Oh, the beauty of that first autumn! The yellow

bracken on the hills, the crimson briars across our path, and the varied tints of the trees were all wonders to our town-bred eyes. Even on the dull or rainy days a walk through the wood upon the crunching leaves would send gladness to my heart, and I was ever ready to echo mother's cry, "Who would choose to live in London rather than in God's own unspoiled country lanes?"

One afternoon late in November Cecilly and I were returning from a long walk over the hills. It had been dull and lowering all the day, but now the sun was setting the clouds had rolled away, showing long lines of purple and crimson across the sky, promises of a bright to-morrow.

Below us stretched the long dark pine-wood, its sombre tints varied by an occasional oak-tree, whose leaves shone out in the rays of the setting sun like burnished gold, and among them, almost hidden from sight, we could see the tall chimneys and the red-tiled roof of our own most happy home.

"Oh, Cecilly," I cried, "how lovely it all is!"

"Yes, Kitty," she answered, "very, very lovely, but very, very dull."

"I know it is very wicked," she continued passionately, as I looked at her in surprise, "very wicked to feel as I do. It is lovely to see father and mother so well and happy, it is lovely to see all these beautiful skies and woods, but, oh, you don't know how I long for the old Hampstead days when there was

not a minute that was not full of work or fun. Here there is nothing for me to do. The people here are very good and kind, but they have their own work and their own friends, and don't want me. You are happy in talking to and working for the cottagers, but I pine for my old girl-friends and all our foolish, laughing nonsense. You don't know how cramped I feel, Kitty; I am growing narrower and narrower every day, and there is no way out of it. What good is my music to me here? I practise and practise for what? To give a little pleasure to father perhaps. Oh, you don't know how I am hating this lazy, do-nothing life," and Cecilly threw herself down on the moss and sobbed aloud.

I stood by her utterly silent and astonished, unable to console or comfort her. I had been so happy, so perfectly content in the peaceful calmness of our present life that I had never for one moment dreamed that to Cecilly it might be different; but now I could only wonder why I had never realised what the change must be to her. Cecilly was so clever, so energetic, so full of life and spirits that everyone among our friends had sought her, and no party was ever considered complete without her presence. Her music pupils had been her delight, and no matter how cold or wet the day might be, she had never failed to go out to give her lessons. Our walk home was a silent one. Cecilly was cast down and ashamed at her outbreak, and I was too troubled and perplexed to talk. However, she regained her spirits as soon as she joined mother and father in the drawing-room, though, now that my eyes were opened, I noticed her laughter lacked the true ring of merriment. It was not till the following week that my perplexities were lightened. I took Bob into my confidence concerning Cecilly, and he it was who made the brilliant suggestion, "Start a Hockey Club." I shook my head at the time, for it appeared utterly unfeasible in so small a place as Newhurst; but when he repeated his advice to Cecilly, she was determined to give it a trial.

"But where are we to get eleven players?" I asked. "It is no use counting on our boys; we can only get them on an occasional Saturday."

Cecilly was ready with a string of names, but I would not be convinced. There was Madeline Burton, the Rector's daughter, far too fragile-looking to connect with hockey or any kind of sport, and whose whole time was given up to parish duties. True, Dr. Symes and his wife always seemed ready for anything, but Mrs. Symes's mornings were devoted to babies and housekeeping, while every afternoon she drove her husband out on his rounds. They had a nursery governess, but she was French, and so in my idea quite hopeless. Then came Mrs. Durrant and her daughter, the busiest people in the parish. Not only did they keep a school for Indian children, but Rose Durrant was constantly away lecturing. However, as Cecilly said the four Indian children with their governess more than brought up our required number, I would not be the proverbial wet blanket any longer, though the governess was the heaviest-looking "Fräulein" I had ever met. As soon as we had finished luncheon the next day we started off to the village to seek our recruits, Cecilly certain of success, I far more certain of failure. We went straight to Mrs. Durrant, as, if she refused to second our plans, there would not be much chance of our hockey club ever coming into existence.

Cecilly was right, and I was wrong; we could start a hockey club. Mrs. Durrant was charmed with the idea—"it was exactly what the children required!"

"Fräulein is very good and kind," she said; "but she is not lively enough to start a game.

Rose is away so much; and when she comes home I am always sorry that she feels it her duty to romp with the little girls, when I know she must be tired. She I know will join your club."

And as Miss Durrant then came into the room, she confirmed her mother's words. In fact she was as keen about it as Cecilly, and offered to come with us to stir up the other people.

"We are sure to see Madeline in the village. She always spends Monday in looking up absent Sunday school scholars," Miss Durrant said, as we walked down the hill; and in a few moments we caught sight of her coming out of a cottage.

But nothing we could say or Miss Durrant urge would convince her of the delights of hockey. She hated all sorts of rough games, she said, and had no time to spare.

"How anyone can like standing about in a damp field in the cold winds I never can understand," she continued; and, though we all declared she would soon find there was not much standing about, she went back to her old cry of not having time. So we had to give her up as hopeless.

But victory was to be ours that day, for Mrs. Symes was not only at home but enthusiastic on starting our club. She had played hockey on the ice in her younger days and remembered it being capital fun.

"We will make Mademoiselle play," she cried, laughing. "She wants to be as English as possible; and if Dicky and Max can hold a hockey-stick they shall be the first members."

The doctor came in while we were at tea, and heartily promised his support.

"It is the very thing for these small country places, it brings neighbours together, and we meet others at a distance that we should hardly see till the 'garden-party craze' is on again. I can often get a free afternoon, but for the life of me I don't know what to do with it." He grew quite cross over Madeline Burton's refusal, and declared he would go up to the Rector and insist on her joining. "It would be the saving of that anæmic girl."

He took us to look at his field, where we could play until "the club" could afford a better ground. Before we parted it was decided to have a meeting during the week at Mrs. Durrant's, where we drew up the following rules:—

NEWHURST HOCKEY CLUB,

1898-1899.

President :

Rev. James Burton.

Vice-President :

John M. Denyer, Esq.

Captain :

Roland Symes, M.D.

Treasurer :

Miss Rose Durrant.

Secretary :

Miss Cecilly H. Denyer.

Committee :

Mrs. E. B. Durrant, Mrs. Roland Symes, Miss C. A. Denyer, Fräulein Von Rosco.

RULES.

1. That the Club be called the "Newhurst Hockey Club."

2. That the affairs of the Club be managed by a Committee consisting of a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Captain, Secretary, and four others.

3. That the Officers be elected annually at a General Meeting.

4. That the subscription be 2s. 6d. per annum, payable in advance.

5. That new members be proposed and seconded by an existing member and elected by the Committee.

6. That a General Meeting be held at least once a year.

7. That practice games be held, as far as possible, on each Saturday during the season.

8. That the colours be orange and white.

9. That the Captain, Secretary, and Treasurer select players for matches.

After the meeting our first game of hockey was played—played amidst much fun and laughter in a rough meadow at the back of Mrs. Durrant's house with a tennis ball and ash sticks cut by Dr. Symes and the gardener from a copse close by. The two foreign governesses were the most energetic of our players, rejoicing in the future fun and glory of teaching the game to their friends when again in their native lands.

By the following week we each had our own hockey-clubs, the children's costing 2s. 6d. each, the elder ones paying 5s. 6d. Our ball cost 3s. 6d. We paid Dr. Symes's gardener a small sum each week to keep our ground in order, and very few were the afternoons on which some of us did not turn up for a little practice. Before many weeks were over we received a challenge to play a neighbouring club in a mixed match, to consist of five men and six ladies.

The day named being a Saturday, our three boys were able to play for us, bringing with them a friend noted for his playing. Dr. Symes, of course, was our fifth man. Mrs. Symes, Rose Durrant, Fräulein, Mademoiselle, Cecilly and I were the selected ladies. The Saturday proved to be a most glorious afternoon, and no prettier picture could have been seen than our first hockey match. The Downton club colours of scarlet and grey mingled so well with our orange and white on the fresh green of the meadow, with our glorious hills for a background. It was a most exciting match, for our club, though still in its infancy, proved a formidable opponent to the elder one. The first goal, keenly contested, was won by the Downton's, but the second was ours, leaving, however, only ten minutes before time would be "up."

But a great deal can happen in ten minutes. Cecilly urged her side on, crying—

"We must get another goal. Don't let our first match be a 'draw.'"

As we took our places I think we each made up our minds we would win, if only for our little secretary's sake. The whistle blew. Cecilly, who was centre forward, began to bully. Once, twice, three times—the ball was off! Poor Cecilly had missed the bully, and the ball was travelling up towards our goal. But our half-back was down on it, and, with a tremendous hit, sent it far up the ground. On, on we rushed—it was inside the ring. "Shoot! Shoot!" cried our captain. I shot; but back again came the ball. Once more we tried, and missed the goal!

"Oh, do play up!" cried anxious Cecilly. "Only five minutes more!"

That was a hard fight. For five minutes we stayed in front of that goal, where the goal-keeper seemed to be made of cast iron. Every time we hit, back came the ball. I knew the time was nearly up; any moment we might hear the whistle. "We must get this goal!" I thought, as I gave a mighty hit, and—oh, joy, joy!—the cry of "Goal! Goal!" arose. The day was ours; but only just in time, for, as we leant upon our clubs to try to regain a little of our lost breath, the final whistle blew.

Brilliant as our victory was, I know that both Cecilly and Dr. Symes really rejoiced

more the following week, when Madeline Burton gave in her name as a member of our club. She had frequently come to watch our games, so her excuse of want of time no longer served her; and though Cecilly likes to think it was the charms of the game that overcame her objections, I feel sure it was simply wishing to please her father. She has never become one of our enthusiastic players like Cecilly and Rose, who go rejoicing over wounds and bruises as a soldier over his medals; but she does enjoy the game, and the healthy outdoor exercise, with the companionship of those of her own age and intellect, has done far more to restore her to

health than all Dr. Symes's tonics. Her parish work is none the worse, for in these days there are few but work better for a little share of play. Indeed our hockey club has been a success in all ways. As Dr. Symes foretold, it has been the means of bringing the immediate neighbours into close and friendly contact, it has widened our range of acquaintances and has given us health and friends. Our constant intercourse with Mrs. Durrant and her daughter enabled us to see how Cecilly's "idle talent" could again be used in helping poor overworked Rose by undertaking the many music lessons she had had to give before or after her heavy lecturing

duties. And the Rector, hearing of Cecilly's love and talent for teaching, enlisted her services in starting a boys' club, where she soon found a dozen or so of youths all ready to be taught anything she liked to teach them. There is no one in this wide world happier than Cecilly is now. "Work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is very true; but it certainly is as true that "play and no work" does not agree any better with "Jill." There is work to be found by everyone; but many, like Cecilly, know not how to find it, and to them I will say, as I say to all my friends, "Where there's a will there is always a way."

A FEW HINTS ON REPOUSSÉ WORK,

AND HOW TO USE OLD PEWTER PLATES, WITH TWO ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

I DARESAY many readers have tried their hand at beating copper—repoussé work, as it is called—but for the benefit of those who have not, but would like to try this charming and by no means difficult art work, these few hints may not be *de trop*. Copper is the metal usually chosen, but I have seen recently some of those old pewter plates, such as were used in bygone homesteads in lieu of earthenware, beaten up with simple designs with excellent effect. These plates are to be picked up very cheaply at times in second-hand furniture shops and general dealers'. Pewter can be kept clean with Brooke's soap, but it may also be lacquered or varnished when it has been cleaned, and it will then keep its colour for a long time.

Those who start repoussé work would naturally choose a small square that might do for a door plate or pin tray, and then, when they have got their prentice han' in, they can go on to more difficult work, such as a plaque. Not that a plaque is so much more difficult to work, especially if you beat up a pewter plate, as you then have not the trouble to beat out the hollow of the plate. If you start with a flat disc of copper, the first thing after bedding your metal upon your pitch block is to beat out the hollow. You will mark a circle on the copper and then punch down the metal, but this cannot be done by merely hammering on one side, as you must

beat down the edge from the other side, which means re-bedding the plaque on the pitch. But at the Technical School in Regent Street the teacher of metal work makes the students beat out cups and other hollow vessels from the flat upon a small anvil, and those who have a small anvil (all materials for repoussé work can be purchased at a good tool shop) could do a good deal of work upon it, such as the hollowing of the plaque. You will remember that the beating of copper hardens it, and to soften it it must be made red hot in the fire.

The design should be transferred to the metal with carbon paper, unless you are skilful enough to draw it out as you go; but I think it is safer to study your design on paper and transfer it, so that there is no hesitancy when you come to the work itself.

Take the first design, which is very simple in character, and only occupies the rim of the plaque. You start, of course, by punching an outline round the forms. This is done with a fine punch, and you move it along the design, at the same time giving it a series of sharp taps. At first there will be a little trouble in keeping the punch along the lines of the design, but practice will soon overcome this difficulty. One used to the work will put an outline round a plaque of this simple character with great celerity and certainty, keeping the punch along the lines and hitting it

each time it is moved along with the right force. The pitch upon which you work, being very yielding, offers no resistance to the bulging out of the metal which the punching causes. Where the background is punched over with a "star" or other patterned punch, this is now done, but the rim of a plaque would, I think, look better left plain, so you take it off the pitch and bed it on it the other side, in order to punch out the ornament to give it its requisite relief. Here you are working, as it were, backwards, and you must gauge how much relief each detail should have, for it is hardly necessary to say that some parts of the design should be beaten up more than others. In this case I think the flowers should be given more prominence than the leaves. A round-headed punch should be used for this part of the work, and it must be moved about as you tap it so that you hollow out a form without each punch mark showing.

What will astonish and delight amateur metal workers is the excellence of the effect they obtain in their first efforts. The fact is, beaten metal is so charming in itself that a comparatively small amount of skill seems to go a long way in this captivating craft.

The beating of the flat metal with a hammer upon an anvil gives it a choice surface, as the blows of the hammer produce

