

"I cannot. This letter of Monseigneur's," he said, giving her a paper, "ought to have been delivered when conducting you hither. I lacked the courage. I will return again after a while," he added hastily, going from her presence forthwith, Ermance the while trembling over the missive, which contained these words.

"Your elder daughters no longer exist. I deemed it wise to abstain from telling you until now that Aloyse and Berthe both died during your sojourn at Champvent. As for Gabrielle, she survived only a few days. I should perhaps have been able to endure the child Gizèle, now that she is the only one, but for your own audacity in provoking my anger, and the vow which you dared to take. All the world believes you dead, and you are dead to all effect—you and your little Gizèle. I cannot revoke what has been done, even if at times a remnant of tenderness for you—but no, you do not merit it; and the children brought up under your guidance would have learned to fear and detest their father. If you submit without murmuring to your lot, nothing of absolute necessity will be wanting—and you will live, as I would make all women live, in captivity, having enough to care for in the care of your child.

"GRIMOALD,
Duc Azzoni, Seigneur
de Vufflens."

At first Ermance stood amazed, experiencing that heartbrokenness which only a mother's

heart can feel. The sweet consoling hope which had so relieved the keenness of her captivity must now be confined to the child, who might also die—to leave her a desolate, disconsolate prisoner. On reflection she thought, "My other children have found a Father in Heaven. The good God be thanked a thousand times!" On Gizèle she would concentrate the whole tenderness of her tender heart.

"Thou shalt not die, dear one. I will so watch over thy life that my treasure will be preserved. Happy, a thousand times happy, in the sole charge of thee!"

Raymond returned and found her in this mood of exaltation.

"No longer compelled to endure a cruel captivity," she said. "Their home is in Heaven, and there I hope to be re-united to them."

(To be continued.)

CORONATION DESIGNS FOR FANCY NICKNACKS.

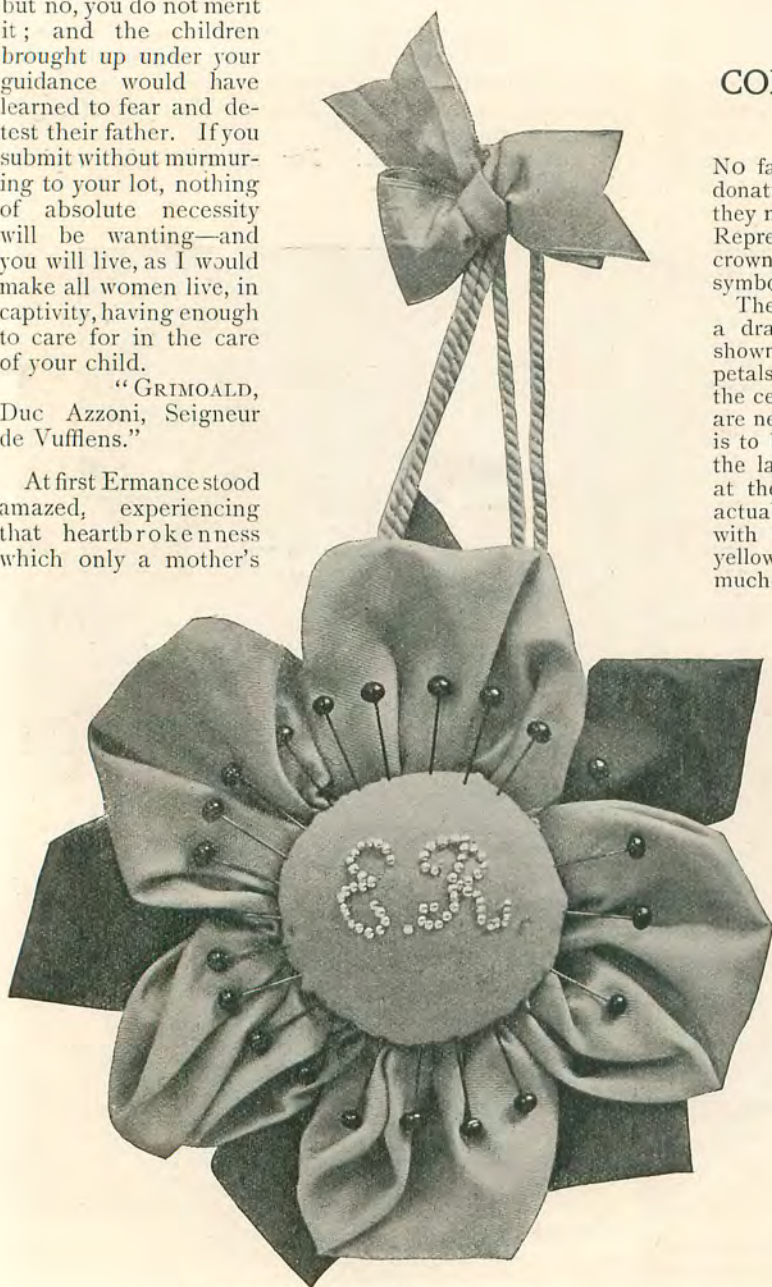
No fancy trifles, whether for bazaars or for private donation, are this year considered complete unless they more or less distinctly refer to the Coronation. Representations, more or less inaccurate, of the crown appear on everything—indeed, every national symbol is used for decorative purposes.

The Rose of England pincushion will hang on many a drawing-room wall this season. The example shown at Fig. 1 is worked out in natural colours, the petals being of pink and the leaves of green silk and the centre yellow. For this centre two round cards are needed, each measuring two inches across. One is to be covered with lining and put aside until quite the last thing, when it is sewn on to make all neat at the back. The other card is the base of the actual cushion for the pins, so is to be heaped high with bran and covered with lining and then with yellow sateen or silk to fit it for its position as the much-raised centre of the flower. Each of the petals

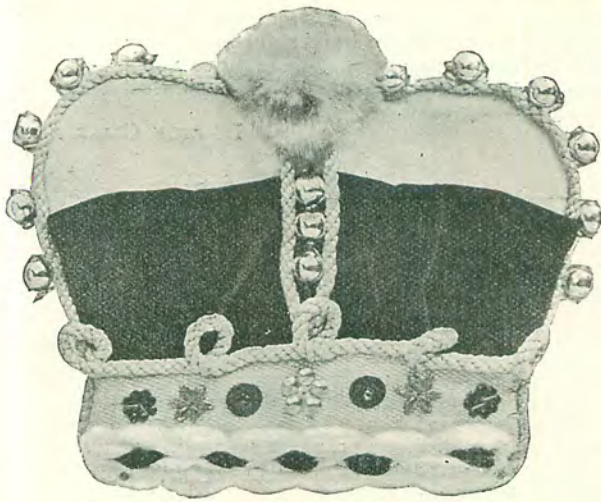
is a five-inch square of pink silk folded in half and gathered in all round except along the fold. These petals are sewn on to the wrong side of the yellow centre, and five leaves of green silk alternate with them. The leaves are oblong strips of silk, doubled to measure two and a half by one and a half inches; the two upper corners are turned sharply in and meet at the back to form a pointed tip. A suspension loop of yellow cord or of ribbon is added, also on the wrong side of the back, which is now made tidy by stitching on the covered round prepared for the purpose. Tack the cords to the back of the uppermost petals, or the heavy cushion will lean forward instead of hanging flat.

For stamens stick in pins with large heads round the outside of the bran cushion. Yellow-headed pins are the best, and are procurable from shops that stock also other materials for lace-making. Smaller pins should be stuck in the centre of the cushion to form the initials E. R.

The crown needle-case forming the subject of the second illustration is an attractive trifle for the present season. For the foundation two crown-shaped cards are cut and covered with gold silk. These measure about four and a half by three and a half inches. On the section that is for the right side of the case sew down a purple velvet cap in



THE ROSE OF ENGLAND PINCUSHION.



CROWN NEEDLECASE.

much the same way as for the silk bag (see Fig. 3), but for copying Fig. 2 a larger piece of velvet is required. Form the rim of the crown of gold braid sprinkled with "jewels" and sequins, and the bands, ornaments, and arches of fine gold cord. The ermine is represented by white wool couched down with white silk and marked with large single chain stitches of black wool. Round the arches sew on large beads and on the top of all a yellow silk pompom.

Hinge this crown to the plainly-covered shape with a band of gold braid run along the straight or bottom edges and line both sections with flannel, drawing this tightly or it will pucker when the case is folded. Add flannel leaves for the needles and, if liked, bands of ribbon to hold packets of needles. Close the case with a loop of cord coming from under the pompom and passing over a button sewn on to the plain side of the crown.

It is easy to arrange the inside of this case as a pen-wiper or photo-holder or small note-book, if either of these is thought more useful than the needle-book.

Our third illustration may be considered representative of the nicknacks of the year. It is a small bag or purse suitable for presentation

or for use at important functions. It measures five inches in width and nine or ten in depth, with a turn-over top that, counting to the tip of the point, is five inches deep.

This vandyked end is ornamented, as is shown in Fig. 3, with four diagonal lines coming in opposite directions and interlacing to form nine rectangular spaces. These lines are worked in chain-stitch rather heavily: that is to say, with crewel silk in black or royal blue, the former being preferable if the purse is made of white silk, the latter colour looking best if pale blue silk is chosen for the foundation. In each little space is put a bright gilt sequin sewn down with a crystal bead. Small rings put on at close intervals under the turn-over top are threaded with blue cords finished with gold silk pompoms.

Lastly we come to the embroidered crown, which needs careful working to produce a satisfactory result. It is best to line the silk with a small piece of soft material and to work in a frame. The cap of the crown is to be made first. This is of royal crimson velvet—an oblong piece three inches long by an inch and a half deep, and with all raw edges tucked away. Along the upper edge the cap is straight, but at the base is gathered into an inch and a



CORONATION BAG WITH CROWN.

half in width. The frame and arches are of fine gold braid; one row of this sets flat, but outside it is a band looped into picots all along to simulate the gold-work of the crown. Gold sequins form the top of all, and coloured sequins, pearls and other "gems" stud the rim below. Under everything else is the ermine brim, cunningly con-

trived of four or five rows of darning worked with white wool, and with a centre running of black that appears on the right side of the work at due intervals all along. The result, if the crown is evenly made, is quite satisfactory on the light silk ground.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

AN EXTINCT DISEASE.



ow that hydrophobia seems to be stamped out of the land it is interesting and instructive to read the following account of its ravages in a little town in Wales many years ago. This account is taken from the Diary of Miss Anne Beale, the well-known writer of stories for girls.

August 9, 1850.—As Anne and I

were coming through the town, a dog fell upon poor little Gyp and bit his neck. We tried to get him away, but he bit him again and again. At last I got Gyp up in my arms, and the strange dog fell upon another dog near him, and another, until the people began to say he was mad. We took Gyp home in fear and trembling. The strange dog had been biting all the dogs in the town. Gyp's mouth was full of blood, but there was no external wound. His foot also was hurt. Gwynne Lewis came down and begged us to shut him up at once, which we did, in Mr. Thomas's stable. When he had the rope round his neck to lead him away, he sat up and begged, looking so pitiful that it made my heart ache. Then he yelled all night, till poor Elizabeth declared it was wretched to hear him. He spoiled my pleasure, and they all tried to laugh me out of it. George Price almost won me into a good temper by declaring he could himself cry at any time for the loss of a favourite horse or dog. He condoled with me, but I am determined not to allow him to suppose that he may amuse himself with me as with the rest, so I am colder than ice. I daresay he doesn't care for it. He walked home with us. I ended by a regular good cry.

August 10.—Kind Mr. Rees came down whilst we were at breakfast, and declared the strange dog to be one of Early the keeper's dogs, and not mad, but worried. He had just seen him prowling about the market for meat. I nearly cried again for joy. We released poor Gyp, and his joy was beyond all bounds. He jumped about like mad—I am sure he would have gone mad if he had been chained up much longer. We must be careful, however, as we are not quite sure about the dog. Gyp will not leave my side, and seems to be fearful of imprisonment and conscious of something wrong.

August 11.—We all went down, after Llandefeisant Church, Williams with us, to ask about Early's dog. We saw him tied up. He looks sulky, but the keeper says he is not mad. Gyp is fonder than ever. He had a good dose of medicine. I hope he will be kept from that terrific hydrophobia.

August 12.—A stormy day. Anne and mamma came to meet me. The post-master says Early's dog is mad. I

am in sad distress about Gyp, whose leg continues bad, and who seems more affectionate than ever.

August 14.—Mrs. Williams came to the schoolroom on purpose to tell me that Early's dog is raving mad. Mr. Williams had seen him. Tartar, one of the Llynhelig dogs has also died, supposed to be mad. She said she would get a collar and chain, if I would tie up Gyp. Came home, and met Mrs. R. Hughes. Asked her to tea. Met brother Tom, who went with me to get the collar and chain. Poor little Gyp came jumping about me, as well as his sore foot would let him. He shrank at the sight of the chain, intuitively. Brother Tom went to try and get an old barrel to serve as a kennel. Could not succeed. Fastened the collar on poor Gyp, who looked into my face so entreatingly, and crept up my side so pitifully, that I could not bear it. We fastened him to the railings for a short time and he lay down and literally sobbed. Jackey came home with mamma's chain, and went and procured a barrel. Meanwhile Maria Thomas, Miss Chesterton, and Mrs. Hughes came to tea. We put the barrel in the garden, and fastened Gyp to the wall. It made my heart ache to see his misery when I left him to go to tea, and to hear him whine. No one could understand my feelings but those who knew how nearly human Gyp was, how much better than human in his attachment. Mr. and Mrs. Rees and Mrs. Price came after tea, and with them intelligence that Early's dog had bitten nearly every dog in the town, and was shot raving. Gyp's howlings and strainings at his chain were unbearable. I could not keep from him, and he was like a child with me; sitting up as I had taught him, and begging to be let loose, till Mr. Rees declared that if he went mad I should surely be bit, and entreated me to have him destroyed. I said I would rather have him killed than doom him to three months' misery, tied up as he then was. Elizabeth could bear his pitiful howl no longer, and let him loose. Then she heard that the postmaster and three other people had destroyed valuable dogs that had been bit, and they all declared that if I did not kill mine, they would. As my poor Gypsey was loose and quiet I was comfortable for the time, and managed to keep up for the evening. About 11 o'clock I went to the kitchen for something. Elizabeth was out. I did not see Gyp, and asked Mrs. Hughes's servant, who was there, if she knew anything of him. She did not. I did not dare to ask more. When they were all gone I said to Elizabeth, "They have killed Gyp." She denied at first, almost in tears, for she was nearly as fond as him as I. At last it came out. They had given him prussic acid. Mr. Rees took it upon himself, and mamma sanctioned it. I know I am very silly—very wrong—but I have lost a dear and devoted friend, and I cried till I was ill—cried till, like a baby, I fell asleep. Mamma and Anne were nearly as bad. As soon as I composed myself, and they reasoned me into believing it right, some one of the dog's merry clever ways came before me, and I began again like a child. It seems so cruel to have killed him. I should not have cared so much had he died a natural death, but just in the midst of health and enjoyment, to stop his happy innocent life!

August 15.—Arose with almost as sad a heart as when I went to sleep, and missed Gyp's regular scratch at the bedroom door, and joyous meeting. Anne walked with me. Had a return of all my sorrow when I met my pupils, whose indignation and sorrow at Gyp's murder were unbounded. They could not let the matter rest, and I had