

had he looked in a mirror, and then the reflection of his seamed, scarred, livid face staggered him. On no one had the disease made such fearful ravages; yet not a soul who survived in the village of Millbay but blessed every seam, and revered every purple scar, and found a beauty in them that might be coveted by an angel. Surely it was their prayers and blessings, their looks of love and tears of gratitude, that reconciled him at last to his terribly altered appearance. "If my love was hopeless before, it's doubly so now," he said to himself one day. "Did any one ever hear, I wonder, of a pock-marked hero? and yet it was all wisely ordained. My duty lay straight before me, however it may end for me."

It was Christmas before the doctor thought it perfectly safe to return to his cottage at Broadbay. His own had been the last case of the disease in Millbay, and all signs of infection had long since disappeared. He had recovered his strength too, his step was as light and free as of old, his voice as cheery, his smile as genial; but the deep discoloured scars were still on his face, indelibly printed there, and it was only those to whom he had ministered in their sore need that saw a radiant beauty in them. For himself, he had almost forgotten them. What was a scar or two on his face to the deep, deep, sore scars on his heart? Who would care a jot whether a poor solitary country doctor was ugly or the reverse? Such were his thoughts as he drove up to his cottage, with Mrs. Norton, the poor solitary widow, beside him. She insisted on following him and serving him, and she was so utterly alone that he had not the heart to say her nay. A blue line of smoke curled from the chimneys, a cheery glow of fire-light danced on the window-panes, the door stood hospitably open, to his unbounded surprise.

"Ah! this is like coming home. What good fairy has been at work, I wonder," he said, stepping into the light and warmth.

"Madgie! oh, my darling, is it indeed you?"

"Me, Phil! why, of course; who else should it be?" Then drawing closer, "Dear Phil, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Madgie?" he said huskily, "forgive you what?"

"My folly. I'm wiser now, Phil, and I think I know the value of the treasure I once despised."

"Come nearer to the light, Madgie, and look at me. I'm less like a hero now than ever!"

"Phil, I wouldn't have one of these changed," and she laid her hand lightly on his cheek. "I would not give one unsightly scar for the Cross of the Legion of Honour. You are the hero of my heart now: long ago, I wanted the hero of my fancy and imagination. Forgive me, Phil, and let us forget all my folly, for I'm heartily ashamed of it."

Just then the bells of Broadbay Church rang out a joyous peal, and friends gathered round to welcome back the doctor and wring his hand heartily, looking the praises they could not speak. To go forth bravely in search of honour, and return victorious, is a great thing: to go forth and brave death at the call of duty is a good thing. And as Phil Bentick glanced round at the kindly faces about him, he felt he had his full reward.

A few weeks after, Madgie and Phil were married; and when Nellie Grahame came to pay her long-promised visit in the summer, and heard by degrees the whole story, she was forced to admit that Madgie's hero was a real hero after all, and one "whose like" we do not meet with every day.

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## EVERY HOUSE ITS OWN MUSEUM.



IN connection with the great movement for art in the house which now pervades good society, and can assuredly be developed in almost any cultured family, the hint has been thrown out that, while the English dining-room should remain the formal, dignified scene of the English dinner, without any material modification in its furnishing (except in the "style" of the several pieces of furniture), the drawing-room should be treated as a domestic art museum. The object of this short paper is, first, to endorse—with a slight variation—this admirable suggestion; and, secondly, to give a few hints how to carry out so desirable, so interesting, so instructive an idea.

In the first place, let us take a sufficiently broad notion of the word, or thing, "museum." Ordinarily, and till the recent awakening in English homes to the love of the smaller developments of art, a museum has been associated too exclusively with antiquities. In

the British Museum, to which we all go, and where we unconsciously derive our notion of a museum, mummies and ancient statuary are so prominent, and the objects of antiquarian interest so abundant, that we are apt to forget that a museum is a place for everything connected with "the Muses," including art as much as science, and objects of modern as much as those of ancient origin. Those of us who have travelled abroad will remember how very different a scope is assigned to Continental institutions to which the name is given—how full the museums there are of pictures, as well as of antiquities and scientific specimens.

Let me, then, deprecate the notion that I am about to suggest turning our drawing-rooms into reception-rooms for cases of mummies, or other dusty or musty objects of antiquity. What I think might be aimed at in nearly every family, is the formation of a little domestic museum of science and art, and especially perhaps of art.

"Too ambitious a proposal," I think I hear the reader say; to which I reply, "Not at all;" and in order to show that this is so, let me describe, for the possible imitation of the culture-loving readers of this Magazine, what has been actually done in my own house, where the stocking of a little "Domestic Museum of Science and Art" has been a source of interesting employment, as well as a stimulus to observation and search, simply invaluable to the female and the younger male members of my family. I ought to say at the outset that we live in the country—a circumstance which is not essential to success, though it may make the task more pleasant. It should be added, too, that we preferred to constitute the hall, not the drawing-room, our repository, and we decided to make our collection not so much a small aggregation of general objects of science and art as a sort of miniature local museum.

We began by getting an Ordnance map of our locality, on the six-inch scale; this was supplemented by a geological map, also of the immediate neighbourhood only. Both were mounted and hung on the walls of the hall, as a sort of preliminary definition of the topical extent of our operations.

We then laid out for ourselves the task of illustrating, by degrees, the topography, the geology, the botany, the zoology, the architecture, the antiquities, and the natural features of our neighbourhood. We have made some progress under each head, and hope to make more; for one of the good features of the plan seems to me to be that it is practically inexhaustible. Let me state briefly something of what we have done under each head.

In Topography, we began by carefully marking on the six-inch map our own house, which being new, had not been shown in the Ordnance Survey. We also added houses of our neighbours which did not figure on the map for a like reason, and a new church built within our limits a year or two since. This section has perhaps not been a very fruitful one, as nearly all the work had naturally been done beforehand by the Ordnance Survey. We have it, however, in view shortly to make plans of our own house and its grounds, with drains, water-pipes, and other constructional features accurately shown, in such manner as to be quite conceivably of much practical, perhaps sanitary, use.

In Geology we had a large scope, which is not exhausted yet, if it ever will be. First, specimens were collected in our walks of the several strata shown on the geological map; if these were what geologists call "loose rock," and other people speak of as sand, earth, clay, &c., they were put into white glass bottles—in truth, doctor's physic bottles—or otherwise set apart. The sinking of a well on a neighbour's land gave a further opportunity of collecting specimens of the several soils thrown out, which we placed in a long white glass bottle, disposed in layers in the order of their actual occurrence in the well, somewhat after the fashion of the bottles of coloured sands which are made up at Alum Bay for visitors to the Isle of Wight.

It now became time to start our "Descriptive Catalogue of the Sunnyside Domestic Museum of Science and Art." For this we obtained a stout MS. book, dividing it into sections for the several subjects involved in our proceedings. The bottles of strata were duly ticketed with a short titular label, on which was also a number referring to our "Descriptive Catalogue." In this latter was written, after two or three drafts, and much inquiry of books and men, a full and, as far as we could make it, a scientific description of the strata, &c., in the vessels. The knowledge acquired by the younger members of the family in connection with this alone was very considerable. Like most people, we have neighbours, of whom one is learned in this, another in that; and we drew upon them in our casual visits for much of the requisite knowledge. Ordinary books of reference helped us, of course, materially; but we count among the most decided advantages of our scheme that it gives point to many a morning call which otherwise would be perhaps more of a duty than a pleasure, or possibly not be made at all. We found a few fossils and other earth-treasures, all of which we duly examined, labelled, and described (including an object which the village people insisted was a "thunderbolt"), and other natural curiosities. At present these specimens lie upon a table in the hall, but I see that before long a cabinet must be provided for them.

In regard to Botany, our task was as pleasant as it was obvious. We set ourselves to collect specimens of the wild flowers, ferns, grasses, &c., which we dried—in well-known ways—and placed in a portfolio, with proper descriptions and specifications of habitats. These also are increasing in number and interest, so that before long we shall have to get a set of portfolios, and classify our collection into separate sections. It has been suggested as a possible extension in this department that, taking a six-inches-to-the-mile Ordnance map, we should construct a botanical chart of the neighbourhood by filling in the habitats of the most noteworthy ferns, flowers, and aquatic and marsh plants. This part of our labours has, I may mention, its more strictly artistic side, in that we devoted one portfolio early in the history of our undertaking to ornamental arrangements of dried leaves and flowers, irrespective of botany. Into this portfolio we admit the cultivated flowers of our garden, and the result is verily delightful, acting besides as a stimulus to the amateur gardening of the establishment.

In Zoology, I saw a field likely to be only too wide. The boys began with fishing, and one day, not to my surprise, though a little to my regret (for the thing now began to get a little too expansive), one of the boys who had caught a somewhat rare fish proposed to have it stuffed and mounted. Not long after I had given in to this, a village youth shot a kestrel, and sold it for a few pence to another of my boys. This was added to the objects on the walls of the hall, though at first I demurred, and thought of laying it down that only things collected with our own hands should have a place in our museum. A fox's brush and a trophy of

game-birds' feathers came next, and obviously more may be expected. Butterflies are accumulating; a mole is now being stuffed (a beautiful creature it is!); and a hedgehog (scarcely less interesting) is expected home. A batch of coloured snail-shells is amongst our prettiest acquisitions.

In Architecture, all we have done as yet is to get out a plan (from actual measurement, by kind permission of the vicar) and elevations of our new church, to which my daughter has added a water-colour view in perspective. Rubbings of some monumental brasses in the old parish church are talked of. Now that domestic architecture is looking up, and the attention of the lover of this art is not exclusively turned to churches, I expect, when in our walks we give eye to it, to find here and there a bit of house-building worthy of being sketched and examined. In some neighbourhoods where Queen Anne is being revived, or the builders are otherwise awaking to the desirability of building picturesquely, there would certainly be scope in this direction.

Our neighbourhood is not very rich in Antiquities; but we have three old coins, discovered during excavation, a fragment of Roman pavement, and some similar objects, all described at length in the Antiquities section of our catalogue by my eldest boy, aided by a resident antiquarian, who is never so

happy as when the boy goes to him for information.

The Natural Features of the locality—which happens to be a very pretty one—are illustrated by a few photographs (bought), and a growing series of sketches from nature, by my daughter, in pen and ink, and in water-colours. Some of the black-and-white bits we have essayed to translate into etchings, not without partial success, for etching is by no means an abstruse mystery or a difficult process. Where the family includes an amateur photographer there is, obviously, another field of operations with the camera.

The whole thing, I must again say, is so fruitful, so interesting, and so capable of being connected with refined pursuits, that it seems to be difficult to overestimate its value. At every point it stimulates to knowledge and culture. It gives interest to every walk we take, and every call we make. To the ladies of the family it is, especially, a source of occupation and pleasure; and as for the boys, no sooner is ground broken within a mile or two for a drain, or a new house, or a chalk-pit, than they are on the spot looking out for "fossils" or "antiquities."

The formation and maintenance of a little domestic museum, in short, seems to me to constitute a very efficient means of education, while it is at the same time comparatively inexpensive, possible to every family, and as agreeable as it is useful.

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## PAINTING ON SATIN AND SILK.



WITH the revival of art in the present day, painting on satin has become deservedly popular. It is very effective, by no means difficult, and it can be utilised in various ways. It is particularly suitable for large folding screens, hand-screens, table borders, tennis aprons, and dress trimmings. Some of the hand-somest court dresses have lately been prepared with sprays of flowers painted on them, and ladies have begun painting little bouquets on their long kid gloves to match their dresses.

We will now give a few simple instructions in the art. To begin with colours:—

Transparent:—Carmine, Prussian blue, purple lake.

Semi-transparent:—Burnt sienna, terre verte, Vandyke brown.

Opaque:—Flake white, Venetian red, cobalt, vermilion, chrome yellow, Nos. 1, 2, 3.

You will find these sufficient to make a beginning. They are prepared in tubes at any colourman's. You will also require a bottle of turpentine, a wooden palette, a palette knife, and some sable brushes, Nos. 4 and 5.

The satin may be cotton-backed, but the finer

the grain the better. It can be procured at any draper's shop. Now for your design. If you are able to draw, you will prefer taking a flower and copying it as you go along, and indeed this is much the best way; but for those who are unable to make a design of their own, I should suggest their utilising their old crewel patterns. Honeysuckle, jasmine, ox-eye daisies, apple-blossom, and any other flowers with a good deal of white or yellow in them always come out well on black satin. We will now imagine you are going to paint a piece of apple-blossom. Take your palette; squeeze out of your tubes a little carmine and a good deal of flake white for the apple-blossom, and terre verte, chrome yellow, burnt sienna, and Prussian blue for the green leaves. Begin by putting in the high lights with flake white, using a little turpentine, and while the work is still wet, apply a little carmine mixed with white to those petals that require it. For the calyx use terre verte mixed with yellow chrome, and put in the stamens with orange chrome. You will now begin the leaves, using the paint as thin as possible and working the way of the leaves, instead of putting on a flat tint as in water-colour. If you wish to show the under-side of a leaf, use a little flake white with the green. The stalk might be of Vandyke brown mixed with white, burnt sienna being used in places showing the knots in the wood. Do not