

being deeply sunk in the centre would seem to lend colour to the story, as it is easy to understand that such depressions would be a natural circumstance.

St. Catherine's Hill, rising just beyond St. Cross, and easily distinguishable by its solitary clump of trees, also goes by the name of the Dulce Domum Hill. The story is that a runaway lad from the college passed the night here, and employed the long hours in carving out a plan of the city—on which the grass never afterwards grew—chanting, as he worked, the old Wykehamist song, "Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum." It is much more probable that the hill was a favourite resort of the college-boys, and gained its name from this fact simply, the song "Dulce Domum" being a sort of watch-word among the Wykeham scholars. From this point also a view of Winchester which will well repay one for the toil of climbing may be had. Beyond, stretches away far and wide a charming and unbroken expanse of country, and in the course of a twenty minutes' walk from the town itself we find ourselves among corn-fields and green lanes, with no sign or sound of a town or village anywhere discernible.

We cannot close this brief and necessarily incomplete sketch without devoting a few words to one or two of the immediately surrounding villages.

Hursley, four miles from Winchester by the road, is rendered noteworthy by its connection with the gifted author of "The Christian Year," as well as for having been the refuge and beloved home of Richard

Cromwell, whose name occurs in a tablet erected in the village church, containing a long list of Oliver Cromwell's descendants.

Otterbourne, near Hursley, is distinguished as the home of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the well-known authoress. The village of St. Cross, barely twenty minutes' walk from Winchester, is small and insignificant in itself, but rendered famous by the ancient institution, founded by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen. The old walls no longer respond to the echo of monkish chants, nor the stone-floors to the tread of sandalled feet; though, standing in the perfectly kept courtyard, removed from sound or sign of the outer world, with the beautiful old church on one side of us, and the small, ancient-looking houses of the brethren, the refectory, and Beaufort Tower, and the Hundred Men's Hall closing us in, it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine ourselves back in mediæval times. In the Hundred Men's Hall, in olden days, a hundred poor men from the surrounding villages and towns were daily fed. The institution, which is described as a "Home of Noble Poverty," provides accommodation for thirteen aged men who are supposed to have seen better days. The charity also provided that any traveller or wayfarer applying at the lodge should be regaled with bread and beer. Visitors are still given the dole, and the "wayfarers" thus relieved include the names of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and many others.

## THE ART OF HOUSE-CLEANING.



**T**HAT dust and dirt are the worst pests of mankind, and do more to destroy health and happiness than anything else, would seem to be an obvious truism. It is not a little to be wondered at, that more attention has not been given to their consideration, and that greater value has not been set upon the laborious and continual toil they cause. At present we try to ignore their existence, and cleansing operations are put down amongst the most menial duties. Housewives

who leave these matters entirely to domestics, and exercise but a scanty supervision over them, incur a very grave responsibility, and have yet to learn that there is nothing degrading in keeping a house clean. It is the wise and virtuous woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." To the honour of the women of England, however, it may be said that most of them earn more thanks than they receive for their ceaseless services to their families and their country. If it were not for the crusade which is daily carried on by them in nearly

every household, we should not maintain wholesome conditions of life for a single day.

Those of us who have no share in, or care for, cleansing operations, do not realise the magnitude and importance of the daily tasks so uncomplainingly and unobtrusively done in our own homes, until our attention is directed to the fact. Again, many careful housewives pursue a certain rule of cleanliness, without understanding the reason, and with a feeling of monotony and weariness, arising from the fact that they do not know the real importance of such apparently insignificant and unrecognised toil. In common fairness all the workers in this busy world should have their reward, and have the true worth of their work fully understood. Nothing is more depressing than unrequited labour, and it is surely but a scanty guerdon to give our wives and mothers a few words of hearty thanks for their work of love. It would at the same time, perhaps, make those labours sweeter, and less toilsome, if we recognised and acknowledged their immense value.

It is a fact, well known to scientific men, that damp, which collects invariably, and almost imperceptibly, on the varnished walls and surfaces in every house, has a peculiar affinity for sewer-gas, and the other noisome

vapours which are always about us. It is unnecessary to dwell here in dry detail on the technicalities and deductions of science. It is enough to say that the "fungoid growth," which may thus be produced, is in the highest degree injurious to health, and that it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of its continual removal. Many men may possibly remember witnessing, with ill-disguised contempt, the apparently superfluous waste of energy bestowed upon the varnished walls of halls and corridors, and it may be new to these to hear that it is scientific good sense which prompts these operations. Many housewives may, at the same time, read with a new feeling of pleasure that work of this kind, which their instinct of cleanliness alone induces them to superintend, is based upon a scientific fact, and is an absolute necessity to the preservation of the health of their households.

It is not until a beam of sunlight shows us the floating particles with which the air we breathe is laden, that we realise the fact of their existence; and we are, perhaps, too apt to underrate the importance of our chairs and tables being properly dusted, and of our rooms being kept as clean as possible. Few of us, too, ever think of furnishing our houses with a view to their being cleaned easily. There is a growing taste for crowding a quantity of things into the rooms in which we live, without regard to their usefulness, and under a mistaken idea of ornamentation. It is possible to combine utility and beauty in our daily surroundings; and, if this were more generally done, a great step would be gained, both in comfort and in cleanliness. Useless and incongruous articles of *vertu* make the task of cleaning most rooms tedious and lengthy.

Again, in furniture, modern taste is developing in a manner which must prove injurious to health. "Fluffy" things are now the fashion, and so long as they are pretty in colour, and new in shape, few people think of their effect as dust-collectors. It is a startling assertion to make, and many tasteful housewives will dispute the justice of the conclusion, but it is undoubtedly true, that all woollen, plush, and velvet things are better out of our rooms than in them. On woollen antimacassars, plush chairs, and velvet cushions, all day long a heavy cloud of dust is settling; from their texture and character it follows, almost as a matter of course, that it is all but impossible to clean them; and, although they may receive the greatest care and attention, they are in fact resting-places for ingrained dust, and perhaps for the worst and more dangerous growths of an unwholesome and vitiated atmosphere. Many upholsterers, too, construct articles of furniture apparently upon the principle of forming them into the most convenient receptacles for dust. Wardrobes, for instance, are made with deep ornamental cornices, which serve no other purpose than this. Of course it is easy to guard against this evil by covering the top with a thin board, or cardboard, but in how many houses is this never done, and dust allowed to accumulate there for years! Again, ponderous pieces of furniture are made with the apparent object of making them as solid and im-

movable as possible, the fact that dirt must accumulate in the inaccessible nooks and corners, behind and underneath them, being altogether lost sight of. This would be easily remedied if they were put upon castors so as to admit of their being moved without difficulty.

Curtains, too, are of doubtful utility, except perhaps in winter; but they are so much the pride of every housewife, that to advocate their abolition would raise a storm of indignation. It would, however, be as well if they were more frequently taken down than, judging from appearances, is the case in most houses. We are, of course, now referring to the heavier curtains, rather than to those made of muslin, Swiss lace, or guipure d'art, which are, for the sake of appearances, generally changed as soon as they become soiled.

We shall probably never know the real effect of dust upon health. It is by no means improbable that many ailments, which are now ascribed to other and more remote causes, are really due to it. Professional and business men would perhaps be more hale and hearty if they worked under more cleanly conditions; but any housewife, even the most careless, would be horrified if she saw the state of dirt in which by far the greater number of offices are left from one year's end to another. In many of the busiest parts of London, and other cities, it is an almost universal custom to have the windows cleaned only once a year, and their grimy and sooty appearance during the other eleven months must be familiar to every one. In many offices the dusting operations are wholly limited to the desks in use, and to the removal of the surface dirt and scattered scraps of paper from the carpet. Books and papers, which notoriously accumulate more dust than anything else, are very rarely dusted at all. It is true that now-a-days professional and business duties are performed upon a "high pressure" system, but it is to be regretted that more care is not taken to minimise the dangers to health to which an enforced sedentary and in-door life exposes the great majority of men; and a great change for the better may reasonably be expected if the charwoman or care-taker is required to do something more than the present quantity of work, and periodical and thorough cleaning of offices is insisted upon.

Numerous suggestions for an improvement in domestic arrangements have been made which are worth mentioning here. It is the fashion to put muslin half-blinds on the lower sash of the bed-room windows. If these were fastened on the window-frame they would still serve their ostensible purpose, and, at the same time, act as a dust-blind when the window was opened to air the room. Incredible as it may seem to be, this plan is objected to by some on the ground that it would require them to be changed more frequently than is now the case. A far better contrivance, for bed-rooms as well as dining-rooms, exists in sheets of stained or tinted glass; these would act as perfect screens, and would still allow of the room being aired, creating a strong up-draught when the window was opened. They cannot be objected to on the ground of cost, since that is entirely at the buyer's option.

It is a good sign of the times that carpets in bed-

rooms should be gradually falling into desuetude. They are at best unsatisfactory in a sleeping-room, collecting dust and "flue," and, unless the room is properly ventilated, acquiring a fetid and "stuffy" smell which is most unpleasant as well as being most unwholesome. Parqueterie is no doubt the best substitute, but its cost, and its being necessarily permanent, are in most cases fatal objections to its adoption. Some kinds of linoleum, however, form an excellent and inexpensive floor-covering. It is not too cold, prevents any draught from the floor, and, if rugs are placed where they are most required, it would be

difficult to find anything more satisfactory. In nurseries it is especially essential to preserve the atmosphere as free from dust as possible, and it is most important to do away with the now old-fashioned nursery carpet.

There is room for greater cleanliness in our daily surroundings. The duster, and the brush, might with advantage be taken more frequently into hidden crannies and dark corners; for, although there is an old woman's saw that we must eat a peck of dust before we die, it is not desirable that we should eat much more than that if we can help it.

W. M. C.

## AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SWIM FOR LIFE."

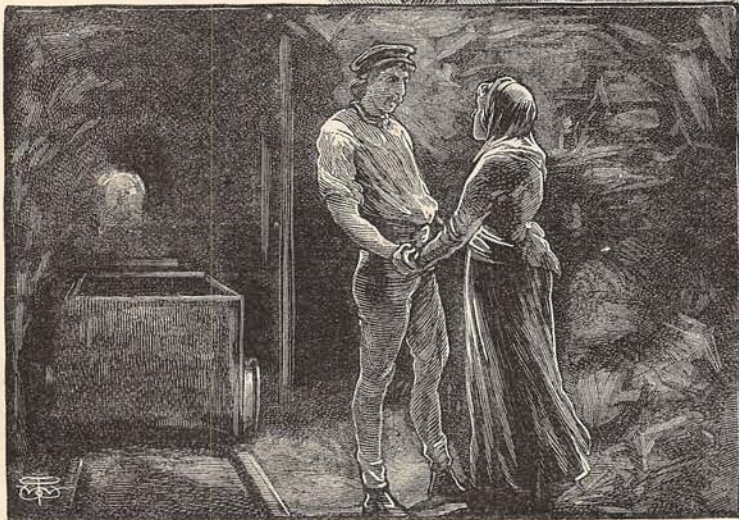
### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

TOM RATHBONE.

"I AM sure that we shall be very happy, Kate!"  
 "Yes," I replied frankly, as I looked up into his handsome brown face,  
 "I think we shall, Tom."

Tom Rathbone was a fine young fellow, and I was the happiest girl in our parish. Not that ours was a very large parish either for that matter, but somehow or other we had got into the habit of saying so, and the saying stuck to us. We

town, where cotton mills and furnaces sent up a black cloud that sometimes hid the sun itself. Tom was a factory hand, and a steady one. I was then



employed in a milliner's business, and was learning to support myself.

You wonder if I was pretty. Well, Tom said so, and he wasn't the first, but don't you think I ever cared for any one but Tom. Not a bit! But I do wish that some people had kept their opinions to themselves; for they made a deal of mischief, as you shall hear.

So Tom and I were engaged, and were very happy. Nobody minded us, and we used to enjoy our rambles by the river and the sweet partings at our house. We always had a

had been engaged, Tom and I, for a month nearly, and oh! the sweet times we had after work, wandering through the fields far away out of our smoky

engaged, and were very happy. Nobody minded us, and we used to enjoy our rambles by the river and the sweet partings at our house. We always had a