

"Three cheers for Dorothea!" said Blanche. "I am doing her good. She is improving."

"Blanche, be quiet," said Maud. "Let us have a clear understanding. Auntie shall say what she likes, but we will say what we think as well. We will have a conversation, not a sermon."

"That is understood," said I. "I assure you I no more wish to preach than you wish to listen. But I confess there are two or three things which I would say if I had an opportunity."

"What shall we discuss at our next meeting?" said Ethel.

"Let us talk about girls at school," said Maud. "Auntie says, deserve a good character and you will have it. I don't think it is so altogether, and I should like to state my views to the society."

"That will do very well," said Blanche, "I don't mind so long as you don't all agree."

"Then I will come next Saturday prepared to be attacked," said I rising. "Now we will say good night."

"REAL WHITBY JET."



TWO centuries and more ago, Drayton wrote in his "Polyolbion" of the "perfect jet" that was produced from one part of North Yorkshire, and still that district is the source of our British jet. The industry is in this country an old one, and singularly

origin of jet? It is of two species, hard and soft, the former being the most valuable, and it is found in the strata known as the jet rock. The largest pieces discovered have been about seven feet long, five inches wide, and above a foot thick.

A curious mode of arrangement for the working of the jet-pits prevails; royalty is not paid, but for a given sum the jet-masters obtain from the landowners on the hills the right to work a length of foreground on the hill-side. The number of men that may be employed is limited, but the jet-master may work as far into the hill as he chooses. Into the hill-side he drifts, making a passage for fifty or sixty yards, and from this cross-drifts are made till hard rock is met with. Then the miners pull down the roof, retreating before it, for the bulk of the jet is thus found—found usually laid horizontally in long and narrow seams. When found, in its rough state, it has much the colour of glue; it is, as extracted, placed in bags suspended in the workings, and removed thence to the jet-master's house till a quantity sufficient for sale is accumulated. The demand being a fluctuating one, the numbers of pits rise and fall, and possibly it is long since so few were working as at present. For the past year the official "Mineral Statistics" give the quantity of jet produced in Great Britain at 6,720 lbs. only, and the value at £672. A few years ago, when there were two dozen mines at work, and about 140 workmen employed, the production was greatly above that amount, and the value also; one seam, found near Guisborough, being estimated at about £1,000—the weight being above six stone. Payment of the workmen, it may be added, has been by the week and by the piece, and by a sort of co-operative method, but by the great bulk stated work and wage has been preferred. It is not highly paid—little above that of a labourer—the hours are long, the distance to the jet "mine" often great; but it is healthy work, on the whole, comparatively safe, and conducted in remote districts where living is cheap, and labour plentiful. Hence the occurrence of a demand, following the freaks of fashion, or Court mourning, is one of the great benefits to the agricultural labourers and their kindred in that part of North Yorkshire which fringes the Cleveland Hills.

enough its records are traceable to one district, to that in which Cædmon wrote, near which Bede (who also names it) lived, and in which jet beads have been found in company with the skeletons of the Romans. The trade of jet-working has flourished for ages in the quaint and pleasant old town of Whitby, and near it for a dozen miles northward along the coast, and thence inland along the range of hills to near Northallerton, the jet rock occurs in the lias formation, about thirty feet above the main seam of Cleveland ironstone, the utilisation of which has so changed the character of the North of England. This jet, then, is found irregularly in layers, and it is said that under a microscope its structure is shown to be that of coniferous wood. Along the coast from Whitby to the singular little fishing village of Staithes, are to be seen the dark holes in the cliffs from which jet has been extracted; and along the sides of the hills from Swainby in Cleveland, past Stokesley to Ingleby Greenhow, there are marks of jet-mining in the openings in the hills, and the accumulated earth that has been wheeled out and tipped on the hill-side below them. In the doubt as to its origin, in the method of mining, and the mode of payment of the workmen, as well as in the irregularity of the demand for the finished article, jet is surrounded with singularity. It is generally considered that it has been wood; vegetable, and even bones of fish, are found in it at times; and the miners have a belief that it has been in a previous stage liquid in form; so that, with geologists and practical miners differing, who shall decide as to the

Thus gathered, the jet is conveyed to Whitby, where its manufacture has long been one of the staple trades,

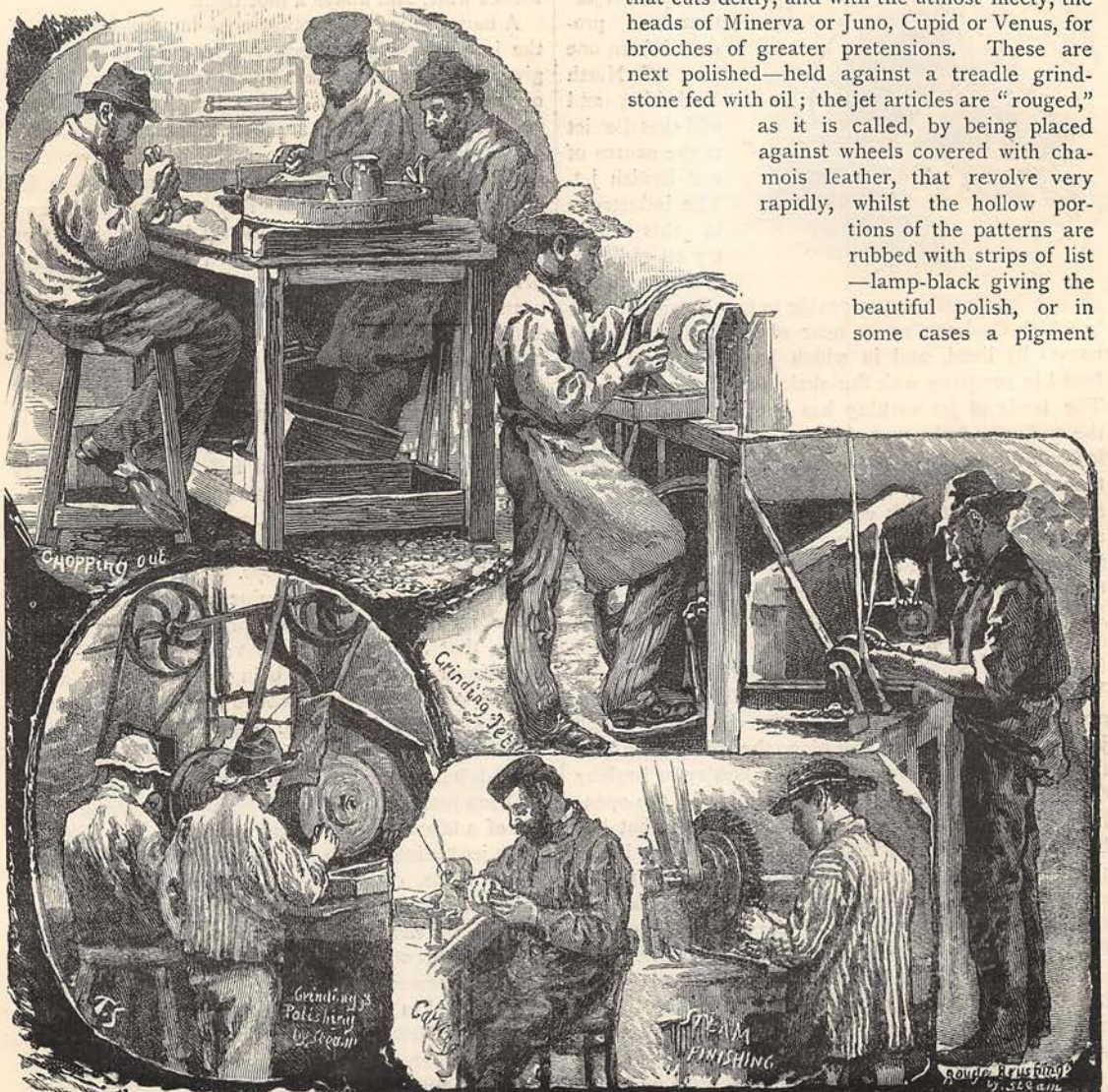
and where at one time a twelfth part of the population was employed in the craft. The visitors to that town can appreciate its importance from the multiplicity of shops for its sale, and of establishments small and large for its manufacture. It is said that the trade was anciently carried on there, but practically its growth is that of the present century, and for its revival the credit is generally given to two men named Jefferson and Carter, who fashioned articles of jet with file and knife, and by whom, at the suggestion of a naval pensioner named Fremlett, lathes were a little later introduced. Thirty years ago the manager of one of the works wrote to a gentleman interested in artistic matters for advice as to the class of jet ornaments to be shown at the Great Exhibition, and by the public attention thus given to the trade, and the artistic stimulus afforded, a vast impetus was

given to the manufacture. Gradually the number of persons employed in it grew, until it was computed that over 1,400 were so employed in Whitby alone.

When the jet is taken to the manufactory it is peeled by chipping with a chisel, then sawn with great care into the sizes that best suit the articles to be made from it. The pieces thus made are delivered to the workmen who first take off the roughness and the angles with grindstones that revolve very rapidly, driven by a foot-treadle. Thence the jet passes into the hands of the carvers, who with knives, sharp little leather-bound chisels, or small gouges, speedily cut the piece of jet to a pattern placed before them. It is very curious to watch the process of the manufacture in the well-lit and ventilated carving-rooms; to see young lads with blue-striped overalls on, cutting quickly brooches of scroll or other simple pattern; to

note the drilling by foot-driven lathes of the holes in flowers, or to watch the dextrous hand that cuts deftly, and with the utmost nicety, the heads of Minerva or Juno, Cupid or Venus, for brooches of greater pretensions. These are next polished—held against a treadle grindstone fed with oil; the jet articles are "rouged,"

as it is called, by being placed against wheels covered with chamois leather, that revolve very rapidly, whilst the hollow portions of the patterns are rubbed with strips of list—lamp-black giving the beautiful polish, or in some cases a pigment



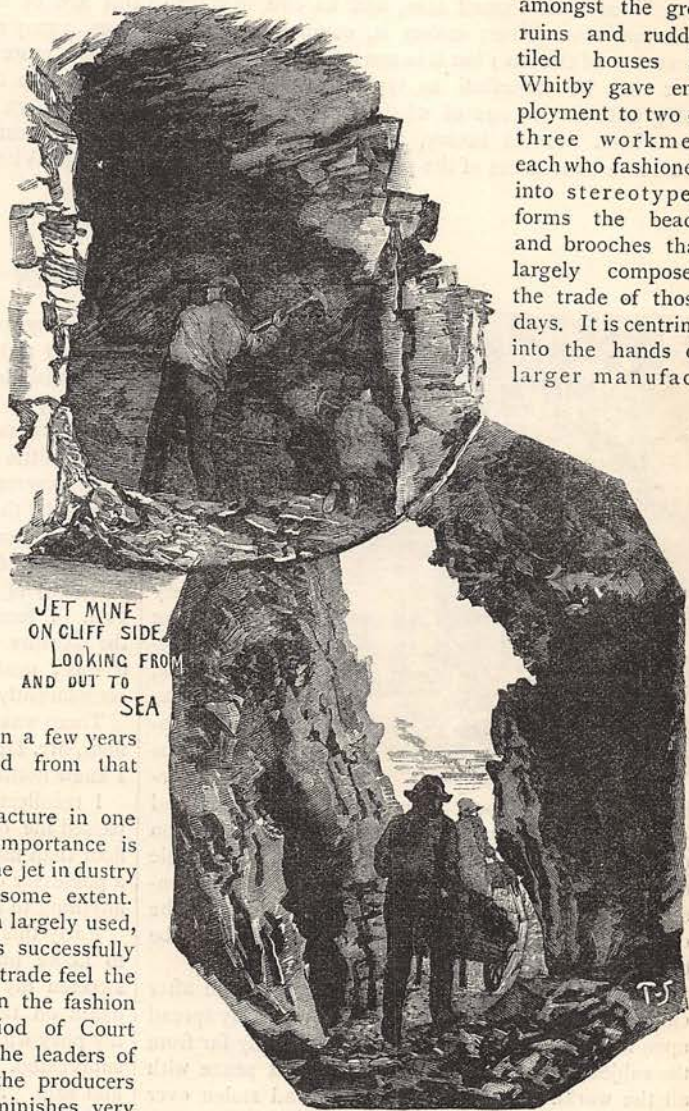
mixed with oil. Next the articles are set, if needed, and taken to the warehouse, where young women card or string them if needful, and then priced and packed, to be stored for the inspection of purchasers, or to be sent to any part of the world in response to the orders of travellers constantly moving. And it is worth the remark that whilst the value of jet in its rough state varies from two shillings to ten shillings per pound, according to its size, and to the extent of the demand, it acquires such value by the work that is given to it, that it will not unfrequently happen that a necklace weighing under half a pound will sell for thirty shillings or even higher, according to its finish, and to the extent of the carving that has been needful in the pattern, as well as the quantity of waste that the pattern causes. Gradually, instead of the rough old patterns, stereotyped and often ugly, there have been brought out others of countless variety, and of artistic taste as well as of exquisite workmanship; and whilst these have raised the manufacture, they have also materially contributed to the raising of the tone of the workmen, and to the introduction of their productions into parts where "real Whitby jet" was long unknown. In this connection much has been done and is being done, though in the depression that set in a few years ago the industry suffered greatly, and from that dulness it has not yet fully recovered.

Located both in origin and in manufacture in one small portion of the country where its importance is overshadowed by great mineral trades, the jet industry has yet had competition to meet to some extent. Soft jet, principally from Spain, has been largely used, and it is claimed that it now competes successfully with the English. Much more does the trade feel the influence of those periodical changes in the fashion that set in ever and anon. A period of Court mourning, or the use of jet goods by the leaders of fashion, proves a mine of wealth to the producers of jet, whilst the absence of these diminishes very materially the trade, and keeps up the stocks in the store-rooms of the manufacturers. Despite this, the trade has grown and grown with some rapidity, for whilst the annual value twenty years ago was about £50,000, it rose to fully £100,000 yearly, and though in the fluctuations referred to it has since slightly fallen, yet there is a yearly-widening market, that will further expand the trade. The introduction of steam machinery, the entrance of some jet-makers into the jewellery trade, and the increasing use of jet bracelets (worn as a preventive of rheumatism in the arms), all have given recent expansion to the trade.

This trade is centred in a quaint and beautiful locality; it may be described as an old-world industry,

but it is one that adapts itself now rapidly to the changes in the times, and it under these circumstances is becoming artistic in its requirements and results. Gradually it has left that phase when many small

sheds dispersed amongst the grey ruins and ruddy-tiled houses of Whitby gave employment to two or three workmen each who fashioned into stereotyped forms the beads and brooches that largely composed the trade of those days. It is centring into the hands of larger manufac-



JET MINE  
ON CLIFF SIDE  
LOOKING FROM  
AND OUT TO  
SEA

turers, who, in clean lofty work-rooms, employ scores of work-people, who educate them to some extent in artistic requirements, and who produce a countless variety of goods in this ornamental trade. There is greater subdivision and more skill in the labour, and consequently greater cheapness in the production, regard being had to the extent of the work that is included. And another phase of the trade has been entered on since Whitby jet was so largely made known at the Great Exhibition thirty years ago. Some of the chief makers have opened out retail branches at many of the watering-places and in some of the great towns, whilst there has

also been an introduction of it into other countries, so that the sale is over a wider area, which lessens the extent of the fluctuations that have been glanced at. It is impossible that the jet trade can become one of the great industries of the North. The material is distributed over a small area, and its cost in collection and manufacture makes it, comparatively, the ornament of the few; but it is one of those industries that may be described as typical ones—typical of the growth in this age of what a century ago would have been deemed luxury, typical also of the increased artistic tastes of the people, and of the efforts

that are made to meet it; and typical of the ornamental industries that cluster round the pleasure resorts of the people. If not “ruined by Chinese cheap labour,” the industry is nevertheless one that has felt the effects of foreign competition; and in this age of the encouragement of British manufactures, it may reasonably be expected that the demand for the more enduring home production will grow, and that in the future as in the past there may be found an era of prosperity for the trade in the article which is best known from its place of manufacture as “real Whitby jet.”

### THE HEIRESS OF GARDEN COURT.



ARS of sunlight lay across Garden Court, Temple; they glinted in the spouting waters of the old fountain, and fell refracted on brick and coping grey with the smoke of ages. Out-at-elbows folk, listening to the drowsy flapping of the leaves overhead, occupied the benches under the plane-trees, and stretched forth their legs luxuriously after the fashion of their kind. High on the wall, hard by, a venerable dial told how *time tarrieth for no man*; but, in consequence perhaps of their liberal allowance of the commodity alluded to, the intimation appeared to be of little account to those below.

I was standing at my window taking a respite after close application to the open volumes which lay spread upon my table, and letting my thoughts stray far from the subjects therein expounded. I felt at peace with all the world. A pleasant lassitude had stolen over me, and the assurance that I was a distinct success ministered soothingly to my mind. Only nine months had passed since I had quitted Queen's College, Oxford, and the alluring—too alluring—charms of its Harmonic Society, for London, and established myself in chambers; and during that time no less than five several briefs had fallen to my lot.

Yet it was not merely the material success in life which was affording me food for pleasant rumination; there was something over and beyond that. For the sake of a dear old uncle—gentlest of men, tenderest-hearted of attorneys; one to whom I owed my five briefs and all else that I possessed—I had been keeping a good resolution. For three whole months my fingers had not touched the strings of the beloved

violin, my passion for which had been the cause of many a head-shake; and I had devoted myself assiduously to the acquisition of legal lore. Thus it was that, as I stood at my window, I felt that I had ground for satisfaction.

In a little time the seats under the plane-trees became deserted. Feeling that I could enjoy a lounge outside by the fountain, I sauntered down-stairs.

I had come to know the faces of most of the occupants of the place, and I rarely neglected the ceremony of reading over their names on the doorpost. I found that doing so, in deferring, enhanced the pleasure of reading my own. “Third floor,” there it was; neat, euphonious, invitational. I gazed at it complacently, approving the omission of any flourish.

There was yet another storey above mine: “Fourth floor, Mr. Demosthenes Coke.” But beyond his name I knew nothing of this gentleman.

I recollected that from time to time a child had passed me on the stairs, journeying up to a higher floor than mine; a little creature of some twelve years; a possessor of marvellous dark eyes. Could she have anything to do with the great man?

Early this morning I had been to the flower market to make purchase of sundry bunches of roses to sweeten my chambers, and returning, I had met her again on the stairs. The great eyes had fallen on my posy with a look of longing admiration, instantly suppressed. It was resistless. I held out the bunches, and said, “See, they are for you.” The little creature had put out her hand coyly, and had then half withdrawn it, conflicting thoughts swaying her. Then she had looked up with a shy smile and said sweetly, “You are very good. I think perhaps I ought not to deprive you of your flowers, sir; and yet I will, for Mr. Coke is coming home this evening, and he loves them.” Then a quaint modish curtsy, and I was left standing at my door, wondering who the fairy was, and how she came there. Well, Mr. Coke was coming home, as she expressed it, that night. Perhaps my curiosity would be satisfied.

“Six—seven—eight!” Thus the clock in the Hall Tower; and for the next minute the time was tolled forth from all corners in jangling rivalry. We have a very plethora of clocks in the Temple.