

"dearest men in the world," that they had just returned from their wedding trip, and had so timed their arrival as to meet Tom on his return from Europe.

"It was only last night we heard of your father's death, and then, dear Mary, I could not refrain from coming to tell you how sorry I am."

Tears filled Mary's eyes at the mention of her father.

"I am very much obliged to you, Louise, and heartily glad to see you. Are you going to stay here long?"

"Yes, we shall pass the winter in Mapleton, and being a stranger here, I shall often inflict my company on you if you will have me."

"The oftener the better, dear Louise," replied Mary sincerely.

She liked Louise. At the same time, she thought with some trepidation that these visits from Louise must result in her meeting Tom again, which she felt very reluctant to do; but pride came to her aid, and she asked herself why she could not meet a man with indifference, who could so meet her?

And so she resolved to avoid neither Louise nor him.

Perhaps Louise had a little project of her own. At all events, she appeared to have much satisfaction when she found Mary did not shrink from the mention of Tom's name, and accordingly he became her chief

topic of conversation. She even hinted at his unhappiness, and her fears that his disappointment would be a life-long sorrow.

"Ah! you dear, innocent Louise. Shakespeare knew men better than you, and he says—

"Men have died from time to time,  
And worms have eaten them, but not for love,"

Mary said, with forced gaiety.

At last Tom and Mary did meet, and then Mary found all her fortitude necessary, for Tom evidently had no intention of carrying matters off with dignity, but rather showed her in every word and look that she was the one woman in the world for him.

Can't every one guess the end? That Tom took an early opportunity of calling himself a fool and begging Mary's forgiveness, and Mary contradicted him, and with many tears shed on his waistcoat declared herself an unreasonable little vixen, not worth his love, and that she was willing to live in the very heart of Limeton if necessary.


"Too late, my dear," says Tom merrily, "for I have my eye on a lovely little nest in Mapleton, and am not going to have my plans upset a second time."

Then Louise came into the room.

"Blessed are the peace-makers," said Tom, going to his sister and kissing her.

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## DOLLS AND THEIR MANUFACTURE.



IT seems to be almost an act of sacrilege to enter upon the discussion of such a momentous topic as the manufacture of dolls without a due feeling of reverence. To doll-worshippers—and they constitute a very large and influential section of the community—the creation of these divinities of the nursery will probably appear to be a subject only one degree less sacred than the princes and princesses of fairyland itself. Yet it is an undeniable fact that all dolls, from the bride, who is resplendent in silks and satins, to the tiniest of little cherubs, clad in the scantiest of garments, had a beginning. We may here remark that there is a great misapprehension with regard to the making of dolls. Although run into the same mould, no two dolls are exactly alike; and the little or big girl, who joyously superintends the toilette of one of these waxen beauties, utters a more than half-truth when she gravely assures "Her Highness" that there never was a doll half so beautiful as her before.

Dolls are among the inhabitants of childhood's wonderful dream-world, and there are few diversions from the stern realities of daily life more instructive

than a glimpse behind the scenes of childhood's fancy. It would be an interesting inquiry to trace out the antiquity of doll-worship. Like most of our nursery traditions, it would probably be found to date from prehistoric times. It is difficult to understand how there could ever have been a time when there were no dolls, and the nursery would indeed be a dull world without these pretty puppets. The rare and enviable faculty possessed by children of all ages, known in childhood's language as the art of "making believe," is an inheritance that has been handed down from age to age in uninterrupted succession. The mothers of one generation initiate the mothers of the next into the mysteries of doll-life; and so the pretty play goes merrily on, never losing its freshness or its charm.

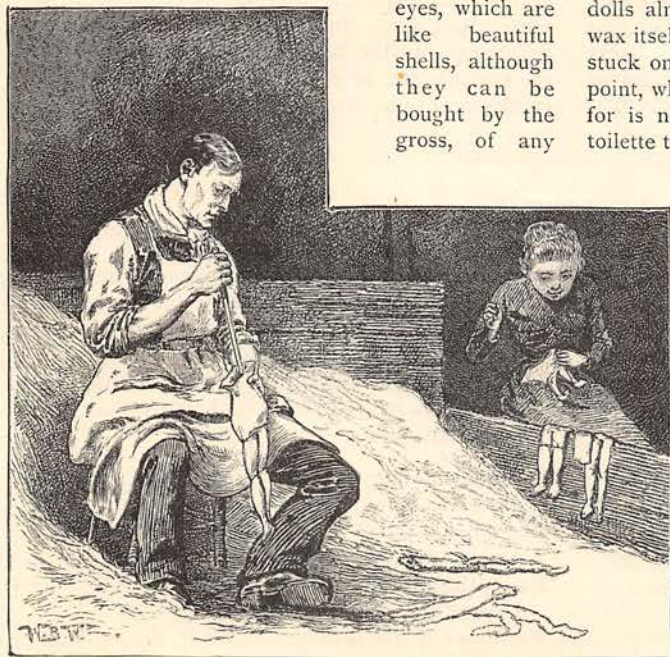
There is much that may be seen by a visit to a doll factory, that would have for many people all the force of a revelation. Few probably realise what a number of processes are necessary before even the tiniest of dolls is ready for the nursery. There is certainly a bewildering number of suitable substances. Besides the various kinds of wax from the best English to the commoner foreign sorts, there are spermaceti and various kinds of composition; india-rubber, gutta-percha, wood, and rags, not to mention various judicious combinations of these and other materials. But the best dolls are made only of the best English



wax. Then come the composition dolls, which are much more durable, and some of which have their faces protected by a thin piece of muslin, and so on through the whole list. It is, however, the waxen dolls that appeal most powerfully to the affections and the admiration of the girls of England.

The construction of the moulds in which these are made involves some knowledge of modelling. The moulds are made of plaster of Paris, the various sections being deftly joined together with such nicety as to leave but few marks of the joints. Into this the melted wax is poured, while still very hot, and a thin film immediately adheres to the sides of the mould, which is quickly inverted in order that the molten wax in the centre may flow out. But although this rough mask is fairly complete in point of outline, much remains to be done before it can be regarded as possessing those charms which are commonly believed to be a doll's rightful inheritance. The roughnesses have to be smoothed down, a distinctive character has to be given to the mouth and nose, the eyebrows have to be delicately pencilled in; and we may well cease to wonder that Shakespeare's lover should have written an ode "to his mistress's eyebrow," when we see the wonderful effect produced on a doll's face by various arrangements

of brow and lash. Then the eyes, which are like beautiful shells, although they can be bought by the gross, of any



MAKING AND FILLING DOLLS' BODIES.



MOULDING ARMS AND LEGS.

FRENCH DOLL.



COMMON ENGLISH DOLL.

colour and size, have to be fixed in, which is done by plastering them at the back with a little soft wax. The method of fastening the hair so as to give it a natural appearance, is one of the best tests of the care with which a doll has been made. In the best dolls almost every strand is attached separately to the wax itself, while in the cheaper kinds a wig is roughly stuck on the doll's head. This is a very important point, which doll-worshippers will properly appreciate, for is not the most delightful part of a doll's daily toilette the brushing and combing of her hair? Then there are many qualities of hair, from the best mohair to common flax.

We have said little about the tinting of lips and cheek, processes which involve a nice appreciation of effect. So far doll-fanciers seem to be believers in the ruddy hue of health, for we have never yet seen an "interesting" doll with cheeks of the colour of underdone pastry. But it would be rash to speculate upon the future, for the new science of taste may yet influence even the nursery and the doll trade. The composition of dolls' bodies is a sore subject. Who has not heard of that common tragedy of the nursery when, by mischief or mischance, the sawdust has come out of the body of a favourite doll, and witnessed how real was the anguish endured by the doll-mother?



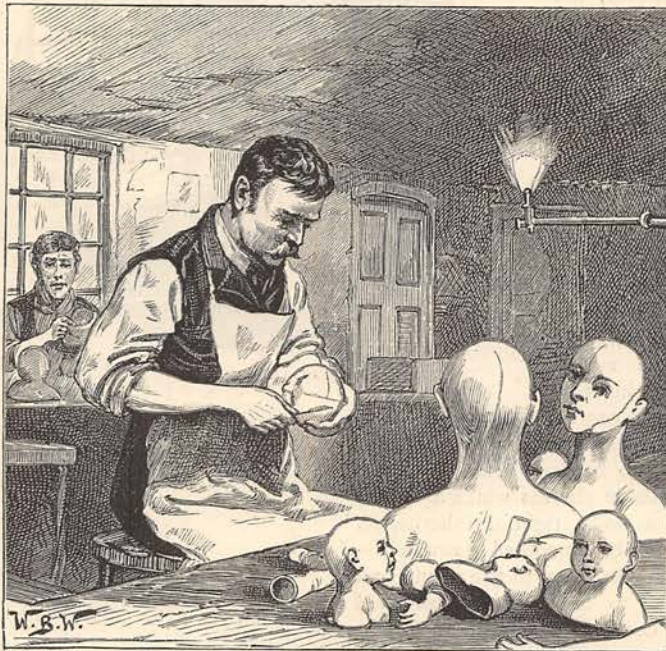
Of other dolls the most artistic are the French kid dolls with flexible joints. These are remarkable for possessing the best-modelled bodies, a feature which is certainly not a strong point in English dolls. They are, however, made in France, and are not very largely imported into this country. Then there are china dolls with saw-dust bodies, and china dolls with china limbs and wire joints, most of which are of German make. Rag dolls do not call for special comment, nor, of course, the time-honoured wooden farthing dolls, which are turned out of the manufactories by the million; they are the cheapest and commonest members of the species. Their

most distinguishable features are their painted faces and indispensable night-caps. It is scarcely necessary to go into the numerous classes of dolls that are got up as caricatures. These, although very realistic, possess but little attraction for children, and belong to the category of models rather than dolls. The

same, too, must be said for the mechanical dolls who talk and walk, shake hands, and play drums. They are never regarded as anything more than ingenious puppets. Dolls, properly so called, are very human in the eyes of childhood.

There is, too, a science in the dressing and nursing of dolls, which is every whit as profound as that of the nursery. Dolls have a multitude of ailments, their likes and dislikes are as marked as any of those that trouble real men and women. Their houses have to be very tastefully and completely furnished. Indeed the manufacture of furniture for dolls' houses is a trade of considerable im-

portance. Then dolls have their shoemakers, and their milliners, and hosiers, who follow the fashions with the greatest care. Indeed, if the study of dolls gives us a peep into the happy dream-world of childhood, the manufacture of dolls and of their wants affords employment to hundreds of working men and women.



FINISHING TOUCHES.

## YESTERDAY.

YESTERDAY, darling—only yesterday,  
The heavens were bright, and all the earth was  
fair ;  
Love's golden radiance fell upon our way—  
Love's dreamy music filled the scented air :  
A thousand wild flowers trembled round our feet,  
We saw the lilac boughs above us sway ;  
And heard the woodlark singing high and sweet,  
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,  
With lips apart and hair of russet brown,  
You came, dear heart, across the flower-decked way,  
Sweeping the grasses with your trailing gown ;  
Upon your cheek there was a wild-rose glow,  
And in your eyes there was a sunset ray ;  
You came with arms outstretched—you loved me so,  
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday,  
A soft breeze stealing from the sunny south  
Blew from your brow the tangled fringe away,  
And wooed the kisses from your crimson mouth ;  
The boughs caressed you as you came along,  
The red sun kissed you with its parting ray,  
The woodlark praised you in his happy song,  
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

Yesterday, darling—only yesterday ;  
Ah, me ! ah, me ! but yesterday is—dead :  
The sun still shines across the flower-decked way,  
And still the woodlark warbles overhead ;  
But in the shadows of a great despair,  
I weep, dear heart, upon the weary way,  
For love's bright dream, that made the earth so  
fair  
Yesterday, darling—only yesterday.

M. M. FORRESTER.