

disastrous in its effects. Is her presence really always so disagreeable, so baneful to enjoyment? is her advice never needed? The world has always sided against her; it does not stop to consider the double characteristics of legal maternity which are involved when both sons and daughters marry; it still persists in viewing her only in her character of wife's mother, and repeats and revivifies from time to time all the malicious denunciations or witty epigrams that have become associated with her name.

Thackeray even, who, with his large knowledge of the world and of the human heart, might have been expected to be more lenient to the unfortunate race of mothers-in-law, goes out of his way to draw the horrible Mrs. Mackenzie, pitying his sweet, silly little Rosie and the much-injured wives of her acquaintances, without reflecting that they might in their turn become mothers-in-law. Does not this fact suggest food for reflection to the young husbands of to-day, who a quarter of a century hence may find their loving wives unavoidably drifting into mother-in-lawhood? And again, is it not rather unreasonable in a young man to object to her who has had the greatest share in moulding the character and training the habits of the one woman he has chosen from all others to be his companion for life? How strange it is, when one looks the question in the face, that a lady who is considered harmless enough until her children marry, should after that happiest of family events be elevated to such a painful pedestal of disagreeableness!

As a matter of fact, in spite of all that novelists and playwrights have written, the mothers-in-law of sons generally get on with them far better than with their daughters-in-law.

There are plenty of instances in every one's knowledge where men are deeply attached to their wife's

mother, and she to them, but it is not every daughter-in-law who really becomes a daughter to her parents by marriage. She may at the same time be on excellent terms with her father-in-law, so much so that one may hazard the supposition that in every position in life people of opposite sexes get on best together. The mother-in-law is often prone to think no girl is good enough for her darling boy, and thus begin her new relationship with a prejudice which the daughter-in-law, confident in the love her husband bears her, may do nothing to dispel.

A greybeard once remarked that it would save half the family squabbles of a generation if young wives would bestow a modicum of the pains they once took to please their lovers, in trying to be attractive to their mothers-in-law, and the advice might be followed with advantage in many cases.

As a rule, it may be said that sons or daughters-in-law who complain of their wife's or husband's mother, are not themselves such good husbands or wives as they might be. A man who has a cranky, fractious temper, may let off his venom on his mother-in-law because he dare not or cannot vent it upon any one but his wife or her mother; and in the same way a young married woman who fails in controlling her servants, who lets Master Tommy over-eat himself, and who runs into a thousand foolish extravagances, may lay every disagreeable to the door of her mother-in-law—the upset in the house, the child's illness, and the increase in the bills. There are other points of view from which the luckless relationship of mother-in-law might be studied, but it may help many in making life smoother to look at the matter with a calm judgment, and simply attend to St. Peter's advice "to be courteous," remembering that "when the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong."

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## A WEEK ON THE WEST COAST.



THE silver lining which the determined optimist looks for under every cloud made itself clearly manifest to tourist perceptions in the exceptionally cloudless summer of 1884. For the cholera scare and the less visionary horrors of quarantine saved many a holiday-seeker from the delightful discomforts of an ordinary Continental tour, and set him on lovely, long-neglected routes nearer home. We ourselves were to have visited Swiss mountains and to have sauntered by Italian lakes; our guide-book was bought, and our portmanteaux reduced to smallest Alpine proportions, when the fiat went forth which curtailed our imaginings, but oh! so happily extended the vista of our possibilities and prettinesses in cool "things." And all those long,

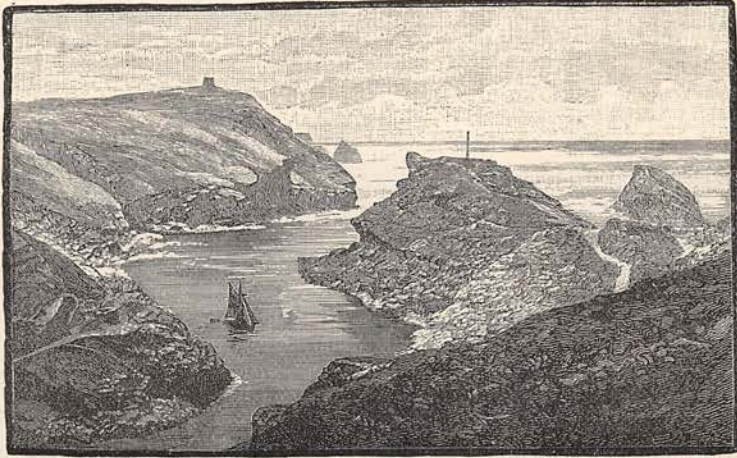
sweet summer days which followed, as we lay in our hammocks within sight of a sea which we had not to cross, and with the comfortable consciousness of a big box which would neither be weighed nor grumbled at, we felt little longing and less regret for those wider views which our cowardice had closed to us. The days slipped into weeks, and still we lingered on, one of us, at least, well content that our holiday this year should pass away, like the annals of happy nations, unrecorded into history. But unconsciously we must have become infected with the 'Arry fever of the 4th of August. That "come-along" Bank-holiday tendency which, after satisfactorily slaking its thirst at the sign of the Spotted Dog, irresistibly moves on for its next drink to the identically sanded bar of the Blue Boar, asserted itself in us in another form. It showed about the third day in a distinct desire for "change," at the end of a restless fortnight it was fully developed, the substitution of the west coast for the south was settled, and one sunny morning towards the end of the month



found us at Salisbury, in possession of tourist tickets for Truro. We took the little steamer down the Fal, and enjoyed a charming bit of river scenery, the boat winding between wooded banks of changeable green, and the narrow water presently broadening out into the mast-dotted harbour of Falmouth. On board, the picnic basket influence, or the sunshine, or both, had made the less talkative one of us relax and chat with some fellow-voyagers, and finally consent to join them in a carriage excursion to the Lizard. A rash consent it turned out, for the three (all men), with the usual double set of eyes, legs, and arms, proved to be decidedly deficient in the complementary single organs, and our liking veered to each in turn as he

carpeted in violet and yellow, and with an occasional clump, like a high art rug, of the white heather which is peculiar to the district. And so we arrived at Lizard Town—though, save for a small hostelry and for some few stone-built cottages, town there was none. The resources of the place, however, proved equal to the production of a cup of particularly nice coffee, and then we got into the carriage again and drove back the twenty miles through scenery not striking enough to make us regret overmuch the increasing darkness, till we reached our hotel at Falmouth, when one of us went to sleep at once, without waiting for the long-kept dinner.

Another brilliant sunshiny morning found us on



HEADLANDS—BOSCASTLE.

(From a Photograph by Hayman, Launceston.)

took the box seat. Half-way, at Gweek, we made a halt for lunch. Then, on Goonhilly Downs we left the carriage, and walked a couple of miles across the moor, which shelves down abruptly and stonily to the famous Kynance Cove. And there we were, among the great black boulders, the tide going out, and the cruel, creeping little waves seeming loth to leave the warm white sand. On just such rocks one may fancy Gilliatt to have sat, unmindful of the tide which touched first his feet, and then his hands, and then his heart, as he watched the ship that bore Deruchette from his undetaining clasp. But we were not left long to our imaginings, for a guide was in attendance, and our fellow-tourists impatient to be informed as to the Lizard Lights, and to be shown the Parlour and the Kitchen and the Post Office, as the variously-shaped caverns have been called. Very curious are these dark recesses in the rocks, and very terrible they must look when the white foam beats up against them and the surf hisses in their depths. But on the day of our visit the waves quivered only to the touch of the sun-god, and it was impossible to conjure up any visions of wreck or of disaster.

Presently we walked across the wide, hilly moor,

the esplanade at Penzance, the beautiful bay stretching out before us, with St. Michael's Mount to the east, and a fringe of low green hills to the west. So smooth and shining it looked that a sail was suggested, but one of us so much prefers the sea from any land point of view that the suggestion was instantly negated, and instead, we started off in a nice-looking phaeton for the Land's End. The extra seat was asked for this time by a more promising-looking companion, an old gentleman who had shared our compartment from Truro, and in whom one of us had fancied and telegraphed to the other the discovery of a likeness to a quaint character in a recent story. We drove through fern-clad lanes and down stony sharp descents, which reminded us of Devonshire, and presently, after turning a sharp corner which had let in the loveliest sudden "view," we got down at the Rock Inn and walked across the fields and over the stone stiles to the Logan Rock. A stiff scramble it turned out over the huge slippery stones, and our guide's helpful arm was as welcome as his racy chat. He showed us the famous Logan Stone, and told us the story of the lieutenant who, sixty years ago, proved himself a distinguished member of the class who find



a curious satisfaction in cutting their names on walls and window-panes. He told us, graphically enough, how "the lieutenant". (his name, after all, has *not* been preserved, which seems a sort of retributive irony) "sat astride that very bit o' rock you see above you," whilst the men, under his orders, toppled the wonderfully balanced boulder into the sea. He told us how it was replaced, at infinite cost and pains, and all at the sole and solitary expense ("thousands o' pounds it cost him") of that nameless lieutenant, whose baptismal cognomen, at any rate, one would guess to have been Harry. Whether the pendulum

evitable Truro, where, at the station, a dog-cart and our letters were awaiting us by appointment. For the first half-dozen miles of our drive to Newquay, we were inclined to agree with the advertisements which tell us that "the climate of the West of England in some parts is only a degree less warm than Cannes," but for the remaining nine we could only conclude that we must have got into the other parts. For the sky grew overcast, and sharp, squally showers came on, and the scenery grew bleak and bare as if in sympathy. One of us had been chilly for some time, but did not like to mention it till the other and more susceptible began to shiver. It



BEDRUTHEN STEP, NEAR NEWQUAY.

(From a Photograph by F. Waren, Newquay.)

properties of the big stone were injured in the process we cannot say; we certainly did not see it sway, though our guide assured us that the slightest touch was sufficient to stir it. We would not, however, give his willing nimble feet the extra scramble, but contented ourselves with seeing him set the Lady Logan, a rock shaped wonderfully like an uncrinoletted female figure, trembling in our presence. Then on again through three or four miles of barren-looking country, which would either reconcile one to leaving it or would suggest on entering that things must improve, and we were at the Land's End, on a big bare rock, the sea-gulls skimming over it, and with our faces turned westward in full view of the Atlantic. We ought, perhaps, to have risen to the associations of the First and Last Inn in England; but, as sad matter of fact, we did or said nothing more remarkable than to drink a cup of tea within its precincts and to pronounce it good. We left Penzance next day, halting again at the in-

seemed a pity to admit that the wonderful weather was breaking up at last. But it too surely was so, and the three days of our stay at Newquay were of alternate storms and sunshine, a "minor" effect, though, which was the very best possible for bringing out the bold, rugged beauty of the cliff-bound coast. Newquay, with its sheltered shore, and wide, wind-swept moors, seems destined to become the Scarborough of the West; but happily, at present, it is in a very undeveloped stage of fashionable watering-place. One may lounge on the sands, or scramble over the rocks when the tide is down, or walk to the very end of the old town—it is not an exhausting distance—or wander over the great green cliffs and hear the surf break beneath, always in view of the wide Atlantic, and always with a sense of almost solitary possession.

Once we wandered out beyond Porth, getting ever higher and higher, and meeting all the way only a few sheep, and, at last, one young lad loitering close



to the little level plateau which was the summit of our ambition.

We threw ourselves down on the soft green moss, and became aware of the presence of a solitary spectator, who, with hat off, stood seemingly drinking in the beauty of the great glistening sea beneath us, in its wonderful setting of peaceful hill and frowning rock.

Impulsively we moved nearer to him, with an eager "Isn't it a lovely view?"

"You all tell me so," he answered, with a smile; "but I am blind!"

It was such a quiet, cheerful acceptance of a hard fate, we could have cried for our thoughtlessness, but we answered him never a word. We held his hand a minute, then, still silent, turned away with a little more thought, it may be, for the rest of our lives, for the patient eyes that do not see, and the hardly less pathetic ears that do not hear.

After a day of almost ceaseless rain the sun was shining brightly, when we set out from Newquay in a small waggonette for a thirty-five-mile drive to Boscastle. The air was delicious with its briny, earthy smell, and our drive was a great success. The road wound by uplands of rich pasture, dotted with red cows, and by wide fields of yellow stubble with the ripe corn ready stacked, and skirting great stretches of hilly moorland, looking like the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," gorse-covered and heather-hedged, and always with peeps, or glimpses, or broad views of the never far-off sea. We walked through the picturesque little village of St. Columb, which is perched on one side of a hill within full view of the other, and of the narrow intervening valley and its blue-roofed cottages. We let the horses wait whilst we went into the quiet old churchyard and the square-towered church, and tried to make out some of the half-obliterated records of lives that ended so far back in the benighted ages as the reign of Henry VIII.

At Wadebridge we waited for an hour to change horses, and a particularly well-cooked mutton chop helped us to enjoy the scenery for the remaining fifteen miles of our drive. Gradually the landscape widened and broadened and stretched itself out before us like a huge, crumpled, parti-coloured map of some wondrous country, where, in the most literal sense, all flesh was grass. The brown of ploughed fields was divided by thin hedge-lines from the tender contrasting greens and yellows of growing crops and pasture lands, whilst here and there a clump of dark fir copse or a field of emerald-green rape would give its tone or its touch of vivid colour to the great piece of unæsthetic patchwork which nature had on view. Even bits of waste uncultivated land saw and seized the opportunity to look interesting and effective, and plots of prosaic cabbage became poetic in perspective.

Down a long winding hill, so long and so winding that meeting it abroad we might have mistaken it for a mountain pass, and we were at Boscastle. But a disappointment was awaiting us at the bottom of the beautiful hill. The tiny hotel was full; what was to

be done? It was too late to go back; too far to go forward. Poetic "longings for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still" take with some folks, on some occasions, a prosaic and some-



POST-OFFICE—BOSCASTLE.

(From a Photograph by Hayman, Launceston.)

what trying form. Thus now vain "longings" were heard for that vanished inn at Wadebridge where they cooked that delectable mutton chop, and deep regrets for having disregarded the "sound" of the coach's horn as it took that turning to Tintagel. However, things came right; a room, looking clean and comfortable, was found at the post-office, and one of us, who has a weakness for letters, was quite pleasantly excited at the idea of staying a few hours in such close contiguity to their headquarters. We were off betimes next morning for a walk to Tintagel Head; following the course of what we took for a mountain stream, trickling down the stony village street, we found it suddenly broaden out into a harbour, and then into the sea. Some spirit of the ocean, tired of his solitary state, must, at some remote date, have pushed his way here through the narrowing rocks in pursuit of a Cornish Undine. The sun above, and the sea at our right hand, we came by-and-by to the very old town of Tintagel, where the ancient post-office, now disused, looks like a relic of the stone age; and, a little further, we come to a Black Gang-like gorge, and climbing with some effort about midway up a steep and slippery bit of tall cliff, there, in the air as it seemed, were the battlemented remains of King Arthur's Castle. The precipitous ascent seemed to slope straight down to the sea, and one of us has no great liking for a climb under such conditions.

From Tintagel we took the coach to Bude, finding it to be, as the guide-books describe it, a "rising watering-place," with rather less though, it seemed to us, than the average allowance of rock. We were in time to join the little *table-d'hôte*, which hardly, however, proved a success. The diners were few, and looked as if they "would answer to Hi! or any loud cry," but were hardly up to any less startling or more sustained effort at conversation. So we ate our



dinner in audible silence, and the crumbling of our own crusts was the only sound we heard.

And that was the last scene in our week on the

West Coast. A couple of hours' drive the next day brought us to Bideford, and from thence the records of our travels are written in the railway time-tables.

KATIE MAGNUS.

## TOUCH AND GO: A MIDSHIPMAN'S STORY.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE, M.B.



WHAT is there in all nature which is more beautiful or more inspiring than the sight of the great ocean, when a merry breeze sweeps over it, and the sun glints down upon the long green ridges with their crests of snow? Sad indeed must be the heart which

does not respond to the cheery splashing of the billows and their roar upon the shingle. There are times, however, when the great heaving giant is in another and a darker mood. Those who, like myself, have been tossed upon the dark waters through a long night, while the great waves spat their foam over them in their fury, and the fierce winds howled above them, will ever after look upon the sea with other eyes. However peaceful it may be, they will see the lurking fiend beneath its smiling surface. It is a great wild beast of uncertain temper and incalculable strength.

Once, and once only, during the long years which I have spent at sea, have I found myself at the mercy of this monster. There were circumstances, too, upon that occasion, which threatened a more terrible catastrophe than the loss of my own single life. I have set myself to write down, as concisely and as accurately as I can, the facts in connection with that adventure and its very remarkable consequences.

In 1868 I was a lad of fourteen, and had just completed my first voyage in the *Paraguay*, one of the finest vessels of the finest of the Pacific lines, in which I was a midshipman. On reaching Liverpool, our ship had been laid up for a month or so, and I had obtained leave of absence to visit my relations, who were living on the banks of the Clyde. I hurried north with all the eagerness of a boy who has been abroad for the first time, and met with a loving reception from my parents and from my only sister. I have never known any pleasure in life which could compare with that which these reunions bring to a lad whose disposition is affectionate.

The little village at which my family were living was called Rudmore, and was situated in one of the most beautiful spots in the whole of the Clyde. Indeed, it was the natural advantages of its situation which had induced my father to purchase a villa there. Our grounds ran down to the water's edge, and included a small wooden jetty which projected into the river. Beside this jetty was anchored a small yacht, which had belonged to the former proprietor, and which had been included in the rest of the property when purchased by my father. She was a smart little clipper of about three-ton burden, and directly my eyes fell upon her I determined that I would test her sea-going qualities.

My sister had a younger friend of hers, Madge Sumter, staying with her at this time, and the three of us made frequent excursions about the country, and occasionally put out into the Frith in order to fish. On all these nautical expeditions we were accompanied by an old fisherman named Jock Reid, in whom my father had confidence. At first we were rather glad to have the old man's company, and were amused by his garrulous chat and strange reminiscences. After a time, however, we began to resent the idea of having a guardian placed over us, and the grievance weighed with double stress upon me, for, midshipman-like, I had fallen a victim to the blue eyes and golden hair of my sister's pretty playmate, and I conceived that without our boatman I might have many an opportunity of showing my gallantry and my affection. Besides, it seemed a monstrous thing that a real sailor, albeit only fourteen years of age, who had actually been round Cape Horn, should not be trusted with the command of a boat in a quiet Scottish frith. We put our three youthful heads together over the matter, and the result was a unanimous determination to mutiny against our ancient commander.

It was not difficult to carry our resolution into practice. One bright winter's day, when the sun was shining cheerily, but a stiffish breeze was ruffling the surface of the water, we announced our intention of going for a sail, and Jock Reid was as usual summoned from his cottage to escort us. I remember that the old man looked very doubtfully at the glass in my father's hall, and then at the eastern sky, in which the clouds were piling up into a gigantic cumulus.

"Ye maunna gang far the day," he said, shaking his grizzled head. "It's like to blow hard afore evening."  
"No, no, Jock," we cried in chorus; "we don't want to go far."

The old sailor came down with us to the boat, still