

The next moment he was gone, and Monica, left alone, stretched out her hands in the darkness.

"Oh, my love! my love!"

It was the one irrepressible cry from the depths of her heart; the next moment she repeated dreamily to herself the words that had lately passed her husband's lips—

"Whatever happens, we are in God's hands. Remember that always." Randolph, I will! I will!"

A ringing cheer told her that the boat was off. Nobody had seen the slim figure that had slunk after

Randolph down to the beach. No one, in the darkness and general excitement, had seen that same slim figure leap lightly and noiselessly into the boat, and crouch down in the extreme end of the bow.

Conrad Fitzgerald had witnessed the parting between husband and wife; he had heard every word that had passed between them; and now, as he crouched with a tiger-like ferocity in the bottom of the boat, he muttered—

"This time he shall not escape me!"

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

ON GROWN-UP BABIES AND OTHER HUMAN PHENOMENA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE IMPRESSIONS OF A NOTICING EYE," ETC., ETC.

GROWN-UP babies are not rare enough to be shown off in the travelling menagerie and under the tent at the fair, like the fat woman and the living skeleton; yet, as wonders of human nature, the fat woman and the living skeleton, figuratively speaking, could not hold a candle to the babies. They are of great variety, and sometimes possess a sharpness compared to which needles are blunt, and nettles comfortable.

True children are simple. We once heard of a little girl, an earl's granddaughter too, who had been carefully kept ignorant of all distinctions between poor and rich, and who would say, "Mother, this old lady has asked me for a penny," and "Why does not our new nurse have her dinner with you? She is grown up, and she tells nice stories." To which my lady would answer, "Nurse would not like that; she has a particular liking for dining with the cook."

Now the very opposite to this type is the grown-up baby, who looks like a little figure cut out of a fashion plate. She is a society baby, and she has been so much with older people that she has grown up too, and the basis of her happiness is the fact that she is very pretty, and so are her dresses. This child detects beggars with a sagacity that leaves the house-dog nowhere. She shrinks from a ragged coat; she dislikes a shabby one. No old sailor will ever show her a

boat and give her a finger to shake when she goes to the seaside. No gardener will ever play at pretending that she helps him to drag the garden roller. There is a broad division between this dainty little drawing-room lady and the common world; and in all gay folk and showy things she is prodigiously interested—not in kindly, poorer folk. There is no use in giving her toys unless they have cost money; she is proud to possess a great deal of riches of her own in a money-box, and finer nursery treasures than any of her friends can show her. If the little Jenkynses (with a *y*, mind, always) had a larger china tea-set than hers, she would weep aloud—and

very much aloud—till she got one at least twice as large as the Jenkynses'—which is exactly, in miniature, what happens with all her grown-up acquaintances, who have no happiness in this world and worry everybody else unless their china dolls, of a grown-up sort, are twice as fine as those of the friends they love and play with—in their own way. Altogether, the little lady is a miniature woman of the world; she left off being a child a long time ago, and is con-

sidered at home to be perfection in embryo. She will look down upon her teachers by-and-by. "Learn Mozart!" she will say in placid ignorance—"Is Mozart nice, grown-up music?" "Yes, every one likes Mozart." "Ah! then I would rather not; Mozart must be common." She will be *blasee* at



"SHE WILL BE BLASÉE AT ELEVEN."

eleven, and despise everything — from chocolate to Christmas-time. At twelve she will be the victim of *ennui*. "It is an empty world; let me buy a new hat!"

At the other end of the scale there is a species of grown-up baby with which we have much sympathy. The varieties of human nature have their localities and times, like plants have, and poor grown-up babies may be found on any Saturday abounding on stone steps of small streets. They grow in bunches on stone steps, as mussels grow on weedy rocks; but the great difference is that the mussels have an easy time of it, and are not expected to scrub their rocks, or to carry about other mussels as big as themselves.

The faces of these poor babies become careworn very early; they get a thin, old look, when they ought



"NO OLD SAILOR WILL EVER SHOW HER A BOAT" (P. 332).

to be as round as peaches, and soft as roses. Their shoes are of stupendous size, well ventilated, and kept on in a marvellous manner when they go on their shopping expeditions. These extraordinary creatures begin to shop, nurse, and scrub as soon as they can walk. But the high spirits of a child are a magnificent treasure; when the organ man comes down the lane at dusk, the children have still two feet to stand on, and to dance on—without losing their shoes. They develop quickly into poor housewives and mothers; they grow old early. No doubt it is a sad state of things, as unavoidable as poverty; blessings, all the more, on those who help the grown-up babies of the courts and alleys to have some red-letter days!

Another wonder of human nature is the most clever child in the world. Not the *one*, but the thousand and one, who are all regarded by delighted families as the most clever boy or girl in existence. It is a terrible



"USES THE PIANO AS AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE" (P. 334).

thing to be the uncle or aunt of the most wonderful boy in the world. It costs a good deal to give tips suitable to his genius, and then he has to be placed in life in a position to which you are expected to hoist him. It is not even pleasant to know intimately the parents of these phenomenal children; and though the parents pretend to be always amused by them, it must be hard at times. You lift the four-year-old phenomenon upon your knee, and he wants to know instantly, "Can you take your teeth in and out? My papa can!" Besides such unfortunate remarks, there is a good deal to be borne when the champion boy is



"THE CHILDREN STILL HAVE TWO FEET."

dragged forward to recite, and the champion girl is requested to play. The most clever boy in the world jerks up his collar and pulls down his vest, and takes a good breath, and makes a sign-post of his arm, and gets his voice well up into the top of his head, and seems to think that he is addressing a very large and deaf assembly. He gets slowly through some popular verses, leaving the poem to become a thing of horror and a bore for ever. Then the most talented girl in the world uses the piano as an instrument of torture; and if you don't like it, and make a bad attempt to pretend you do, she sees through it, and in her juvenile

heart is sorry for you as a "man who hath not music in his soul." She knows all the "ologies," and hopes to be a Bachelor of Arts some day.

But somehow in the last generation there were quite as many specimens of the most talented boy and girl that ever had been, and yet the world of to-day is not bristling all over with genius. There must have been sad disillusionings since these boys and girls grew up; and, after all, the ordinary Polly and Tommy seem to have had most in them, though they were never told of it when they and we were young.

HOURS IN MY LAUNDRY.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

IN THREE PAPERS.—THIRD PAPER.



FLANNELS and coloured things are the next consideration; and here it may be remarked that the time when these articles should be taken in hand ought to be determined by the weather. It is most desirable that, when the day is fine, clothes should be hung

out to dry. Of late years the importance of this detail has been forgotten, and in large establishments where linen is washed wholesale, it is usual to have drying-closets, hot-air chambers, and other contrivances, where linen can be dried without being hung out of doors at all. This is unfortunate. There are no purifiers like fresh air, wind, and sun, and an experienced laundress could tell at once whether clothes had been dried in-doors or not.

Clever housekeepers, accustomed to washing, often speak strongly in favour of flannels and prints being washed at the commencement of the washing-day's proceedings; and they find the plan convenient, because they say that coloured things can be washed in the same water as flannels, and the water used for rinsing flannels will serve for "firsting" the best whites. All this is true; and yet, when we come to practice, we find it is best to let the state of the weather determine for us when flannels are to be washed. We have to remember that though linen and calico may lie for awhile after being washed without injury, yet flannel and coloured goods must be quickly dried, or they will spoil. To dry flannels slowly causes them to shrink; to dry coloured prints, chintzes, &c., slowly, is apt to make the colours run. Flannels and coloured things, therefore, should not be touched until there is a prospect that they can be dried off and be done with; and this is why we should consider the weather in deciding when they shall be washed.

Flannels should be put into a good, warm lather—that is, into soapy water, only a little warm; but on no account into cold water. As much as possible, rubbing should be avoided with them, because to rub flannel makes it thick. Wringing also is harmful to them, and it is better to squeeze and press the water out of them than to wring them. Soda also should never be used for flannels; and, if they are to be kept in good condition, they should be neither mangled nor ironed. Coloured goods, too, should not be put into very hot water, and soda should be dreaded for them. They should neither be starched with hot starch, nor ironed with a hot iron. After washing, they should be rinsed in cold water, in which a good handful of bay salt, or a little alum, has been dissolved. They should not be dried in the sun. Neither flannels nor coloured goods must be boiled. Many laundresses put several handfuls of common salt into the water in which coloured things are rinsed. This helps to make them look clean and bright, but it also tends to make them turn limp speedily. This objection does not apply quite as much to bay salt as to common salt.

In these days, when so much attention is paid to sanitary matters, thousands of persons have accustomed themselves to wear sanitary woollen undergarments, made entirely of animal wool without any mixture of vegetable fibre. The manufacturers of these garments declare that not only do the garments wear out more quickly than they ought to do, but also that much of the benefit to health which might be obtained from wearing them is lost, because they are so seldom washed properly. Curiously enough, the method of washing recommended for these garments by the makers thereof, is quite different from that usually adopted for ordinary flannel. For the information, therefore, of persons who wear sanitary wool, and who do not know how to wash it, I copy from their pamphlet the directions there given for washing:—