

men, keeping up a connection with their *alma mater*. Every day these units are increasing or becoming centres of attraction for other students who come after them, ready to take advantage of their proffered introductions and experiences. Morally and physically the life they lead at their training-school must inculcate manly independence and self-reliance, for men learn there to measure themselves by the side of their fellows

in honest work and so to form their character. Opportunities seemed to me to be presented there which, provided they be taken advantage of, would enable a man to realise that wherever he went he had trained capacities and trained muscles to sell that would stand to him in the place of capital, and that would be honestly worth their full value in the vast open market of the world.

CUTHBERT WITHERS.

HUNGARIAN EMBROIDERY.

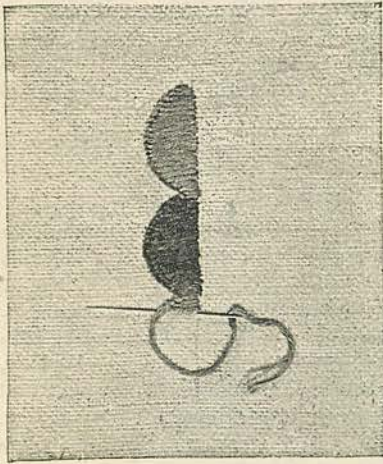


FIG. 1.—THE BUTTONHOLE STITCH.

and red, shows so well against the clay-coloured background and the boldness of the design strikes us as particularly effective.

If we go nearer and take the work into our hands, we see, to our surprise, that the material upon which this beautiful work is executed is nothing whatever but unbleached calico, and that the embroiderer had used for this excellent effect in carrying out her design, nothing but coloured cottons.

If we wish to trace this novel embroidery to its original source, we must go east and south of the Danube, and there, among the uncultured peasants, we shall find most exquisite taste and a luxurious wealth of fancy exercised in their needlework. The colouring is so good, the patterns they use so true to artistic laws that it is surprising that the work has not been imitated more by those who have seen it than heretofore. In England it is one of the newest embroideries, and we feel sure our readers will be glad to try their skill upon it.

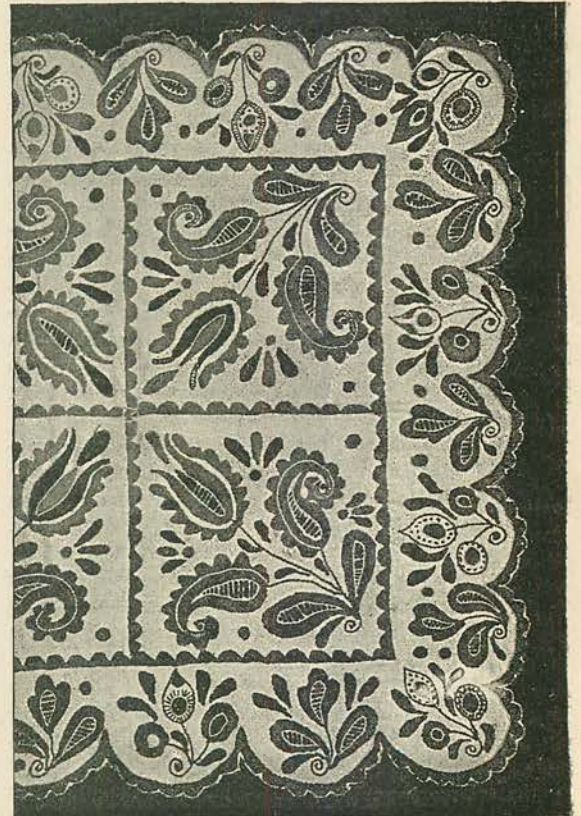
Bedspreads, table-covers, side-board cloths, aprons, cushions, etc. etc., all can be worked in this manner, and the great charm of it is that it is most inexpensive. Bulgarian work is costly, as that is done on velvet, and silk and gold are used. But for the true Hungarian work nothing is needed but the unbleached

AS we look at the beautiful little table-cloth of the pattern of which we have here an illustration, if we are at a short distance from it we think we are looking at a magnificent piece of brocade; the heavy pattern, done in

calico, holland or linen—the coarser the better—and the cottons. In the calico there are two colours, yellow and grey, the former being the better, but though coarse it should be of the best quality.

The cotton used is the *reprise* cotton marked with the initials D. M. C. and this is sold in little balls at fourpence each. A small cloth, such as you see in illustration, twenty-eight inches square, would take about six balls to do.

The cotton is in strands, like filoselle silk, several threads being wound together. In working you cut off the length required and work as evenly as possible with it, remembering that it is necessary to keep the



DESIGN FOR TABLE-CLOTH.

outline true, and that neatness is a *sine quâ non*. Easy as the stitches are the whole work is spoilt if they are carelessly done, and patience is required by the tyro in the work until excellence is attained.

Before speaking of the stitches themselves employed in the work we will think of the pattern. The stitches can easily be learnt from the samples here given, and with a piece begun no fear of failure need be anticipated by anyone who does embroidery fairly well.



FIG. 2.—SATIN STITCH.

There is very little variation in the designs. They are usually bold and large, small patterns not lending themselves so effectively to this kind of work. In the work still done in Hungary you will see simply variations of much the same leading idea, and the same three colours are always used—red, blue, and yellow.

You can take off your pattern with carbonised paper, or else, after pricking it, pounce it and then draw it with a pencil or oil paint. The methods of putting on patterns are many, and most people know how to do them in one way or another.

The cotton falls softly and evenly and the stitches employed are French knots, satin stitch, buttonhole stitch and stem stitch; the small bars across, seen in many parts of the pattern are done with one long stitch.

You will please note that in the cloth before you the scalloped edge is done in buttonhole stitch, not in satin stitch.

In Fig. 1 you will see that the buttonhole stitch is simple enough, one exception being made, however, to the usual method of working, inasmuch as it is not padded.

In Fig. 2 you see a drawing of satin stitch and will note that here again is no padding. The stitches, it will be observed, do not go straight over the leaves but obliquely, and each stitch lies close to the other. Where satin or buttonhole stitch is used it is a serious fault to let the stitch part so that any trace of the foundation is seen.

In Fig. 3 you see how the long loose stitches form bars across the leaf which is outlined in stem stitch.

If you use a fringe with this work you can make one of the material itself.

This work, it will be seen, is very charming, and it has a further recommendation that it cleans easily.

The pattern here given for a cloth would adapt itself extremely well to a bedspread and be very handsome indeed when used in that way.

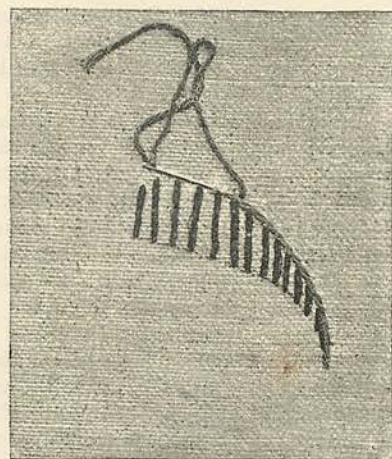


FIG. 3.—LOOSE STITCHES FOR LEAVES.

** The illustrations to this article are from original designs specially prepared by Mdlle. Nörregaid, 12, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.

THE ROCK OF KAZIM.

A STORY IN ONE CHAPTER.

THIS is the true story of the rock of Kazim. I am not referring to the story of how we got it from the French, though that is a good story in its way.

This is that other story of the rock of Kazim, which has been told so often by one Anglo-Indian to another, that it has ended by assuming mythical proportions.

As I was the chief, I might almost say the sole, actor in the original episode, I propose to give here a short unvarnished account of what really happened, and as I am not a literary person, and don't find writing an easy task, I shall have to begin at the beginning.

My cousin, Jack Dallow, and I have been firm friends since the first day my mother took me to Dallow Court.

Jack was an only son; his father was dead, and Jack was the head of the Dallow family. He lived at Dallow Court with his mother, my Aunt Lavinia, and an unmarried Miss Dallow, our Aunt Emily.

My father, Colonel Dallow, was a younger brother of Jack's father. He was a half-pay officer, with little money and a superabundant number of children. I was the youngest of six boys, who followed closely on one another's heels, then came my two sisters, and lastly a little adopted daughter, an orphan niece of my mother's.