

"Well, I shall set my face resolutely against it, for both their sakes," remarked Mrs. Pelham. "He would be doing in a moment of passion what he would regret all his life afterwards. He has no idea what it is to live with a girl so nearly helpless."

"Perhaps it's a medical experiment," sniggered Dolly. "I have heard of a man marrying a deaf woman. He was an aurist, and——"

And then a long tale of Munchausen truth, of the doings of this probably apocryphal pair followed, in tones too low and rapid for Angela to catch. She fell asleep in the midst, and dreamed a multitude of confusing dreams. Eric was beside her, and Frances and Dolly were trying to drag her away from him. He had a pair of forceps in his hand, and apparently had some design upon her eyes. He was very strong, as usual, and seemed to get the better of them all easily enough, for he approached her with the horrid-looking instruments and fixed them in her eyes! They seemed to burn in their sockets; there was a sudden shock, as

though the whole place were coming down, and she was violently thrown on to the floor, bed and all.

It was like a hideous nightmare. There was a heavy weight on her chest, which she struggled to move and could not. There was a difficulty of breathing, as though there was a scarcity of air. She strove to cry for help, but her voice seemed smothered, though muffled screams, as she fancied, sounded all about her.

It was as though she were in a partially darkened room, for she imagined light on her eyelids! Was it all some awful dream only? Or were they really doing something to her eyes, after all, and was this the awaking after the anæsthetic? Angela had had previous experience of chloroform, and the effects had been unspeakably terrible. Yet, were they not on the hillside, where operations would have been impossible?

Nevertheless—and it was no illusion—the clumsy outline of the wooden bed-post began to take form before her eyes. The next minute she saw——

END OF CHAPTER THE SECOND.

NEW PAID OCCUPATIONS FOR WOMEN.

BY ELIZABETH L. BANKS.



HERE are hundreds—even thousands—of girls and women to whom the earning of money is a necessity, yet who, from the fact of their having been brought up to no particular employment, feel themselves utterly incapable of turning their hands to anything that shall result in money-getting. Belonging to that class known as "gentlewomen," and having

lived homely lives, which seem to have unfitted them for taking an active part in the bread-and-butter struggle, the all-important question to them is not, "What shall we do?" but, "What *can* we do?" In their fearfulness of coming into contact with the rough outside world, they themselves are apt to answer, "Nothing!" while they settle down to starve or be dependent on relatives. I do not know of anything more pathetically touching than the sight of a woman gently reared suddenly thrown out on the world with a living to make, and no practical way of making it. That she is not fitted for any particular calling is not her fault, but the fault of those who have had her in charge since childhood. They have allowed her to grow to womanhood with no end in view except that of "marrying her off." If she fails to be "married off," and is without an inheritance, or, once married, becomes a widow, whose sole legacy is a number of children, her plight is a pitiable one indeed. To be sure, there are enough trades and professions in which

women may embark: almost as many as for men in these progressive times; but there are women who cannot type-write, book-keep, practise medicine, or take a part in the thousand other professions that are open to certain women of certain talents. Even if they learned these things, their bashful, shrinking dispositions would lead them only to make sad failures. They have a smattering of French, a small knowledge of music, a slight taste for embroidery, but they are unable to turn these superficial accomplishments into money. That a woman should grow to be twenty, twenty-five, and thirty years old without having been taught some one thing that would fit her for taking care of herself, if necessary, is a disgrace to our modern civilisation, and one that will be speedily blotted out. The coming generation of girls will all know how to do something, and do it well; but the question now is, What can be done for those who are already grown and in that state which the court describes as "without visible means of support"?

Perhaps if these very women who continually assure us that they are eminently qualified to do nothing would set to work to get better acquainted with themselves, they would discover that, after all, there are numberless quiet genteel occupations in which they could engage that would be neither very difficult nor distasteful to them. Let them run over in their minds a list of all the things they like to do, trivial and unimportant as they may appear, and meditate upon the possibility of turning these trifles to account.

A few years ago, a New York girl, brought up in luxury, found herself motherless, fatherless, and without means.

"What can you do?" asked a friend to whom she had confided her penniless state.

"Nothing!" was her answer.

"Well, what do you like; or what did you like most in your old life?"

"Horses and dogs. The only real work I ever did was to comb and brush the dogs and take them for exercise." Then suddenly a thought occurred to her, "Why, I wonder if I couldn't hire out as an attendant on dogs?" she exclaimed.

A week afterwards, the same girl, stylishly dressed, and looking as happy and prosperous as possible, was to be seen several times daily in Central Park, always accompanied by two, three, or four dogs. She had gone the round of her friends and acquaintances who had canine pets, and offered to groom and exercise them for a dollar a-week each. As early as eight o'clock in the morning she visited her first customer, washed the faces and paws of the animals, brushed and combed them, prepared their breakfasts, and then, with poodle, pug, and greyhound arrayed in bracelets, collars, and ribbons, took them to the park for their morning constitutional. In families where there was more than one pet placed in her care the charge was somewhat lowered. The young lady had a strong silver bracelet on to which she fastened the several chains of the dogs as she led them to the park. Arrived there, if the park policeman was not looking, or if his good-nature made him short-sighted, the animals were allowed a romp over the common. In an hour they were taken home, while their attendant went to other houses for more dogs. It is said that there are now over a hundred young women in New York who make a very snug income in this way. For girls who are fond of animals the occupation is an agreeable one, and is in every way much pleasanter than being a nursery governess. Neither aprons, caps, nor any other "badges" are imposed upon them, and when seen in the parks their appearance is that of well-dressed girls out for a walk with their pets. They are not in any degree looked upon as menials, and many of them move in good society.

In London I should think this plan might be carried out with great advantage. Household pets are numerous, and the majority of English girls are fond of them. Many a lady would be only too glad to pay out a few shillings a week for the sake of knowing that her beloved Fido was in reliable hands when taking his morning walk. In this business there is a chance for the "horsey girl" as well as the quiet girl to earn money and be happy; and the fact that in London dogs are recognised as having certain rights in the streets and parks that must be respected makes the task much easier of accomplishment than in New York, where the irritating sign of "No Dogs Allowed," is continually meeting one's eye.

Another occupation, started two or three years ago by an American woman, is that of "breaking in" new boots. Every woman—and every man too, for that matter—knows the discomfort of first putting on new boots. Even if they are not so small that they pinch the feet, the stiff unbending feeling is most disagreeable.

A few hours' wear daily for a week would put an end to the trouble, but it is that first week that we all dread. So the woman referred to, understanding this bugbear, sent about to well-to-do ladies the announcement that she and her two daughters were ready to break in boots at the rate of twenty-five cents a pair. In her notice she gave the sizes of the boots usually worn by herself and daughters, so that only those of a similar size and shape were sent to be broken in. In a short time she was not only taking in a goodly sum of money, but her family became noted for always going clad in the finest of new foot-gear. To be sure, this method of earning a living has its uncomfortable features, in that the boot-breaker may have feelings as well as the owner; but those who have gone into the business (the widow has naturally had a number of imitators) assert that one may become so accustomed to wearing new boots as not to mind it.

An English woman of title is making a good income from table decorating. Her love for the beautiful in nature and art is put to use in the laying of tables for luncheons and dinners, and with a few flowers and ribbons she is able to perform wonders. All her friends know of her talent, and do not hesitate to employ her in preference to a florist. Her work is now in such demand that she has engaged an assistant to help her in the less elaborate decorations. This is an employment that might well be taken up by a large number of ladies. The remuneration is at the rate of from two to four shillings an hour.

I do not know whether scientific dusting is at all in vogue in London, but in most of the American cities, where fewer servants are employed, the work of dusting the drawing, dining and best bed-rooms is often done by an outside help, who, from her knowledge of the value of handsome furniture and *bric-à-brac*, performs her duties with more care than can be expected from ignorant servants. What housewife has not had the experience of lifting from the mantel a vase or statuette, and having the top or head come off in her hand in a most miraculous way? Mary Ann, questioned as to the cause of the dismemberment, sometimes denies, or often boldly confesses to having knocked it, while she declares that: "It don't matter, mum. I put it on again and it's only a little thing!" Tell her that the "little thing" cost all the way from five to a hundred pounds, and she will look at her mistress in amazed doubt, which plainly says: "I don't believe it!"

Such ornaments placed in charge of a person of refinement and education rarely meet with these mishaps. It would pay the majority of mistresses to expend a few shillings in this way on "turning-out" days and at house-cleaning time. That it is the housemaid's business to attend to the washing and dusting of *bric-à-brac* we shall all agree, but it is certain that she will never do it properly until she has a different home or school training from that given her at present. The care of nice furniture and ornaments is something that many gentlewomen understand intuitively, and I would recommend that this branch of female industry be given over to them. The work is, neither difficult

nor unpleasant, and delicately moulded hands are particularly adapted to it.

The subject of tasteful window draping is one that English women might consider with great advantage. The ordinary servant seems utterly incapable of arranging the front windows in an attractive manner, and the result is that London houses are noted the world over for their ugly windows. The blinds are frequently awry, the lace curtains hang unevenly, and the heavy draperies are as often upside down as right side up. All this is the work of servants, who, although they may be able to scrub or sweep, have assuredly no talents in the direction of making home beautiful. The draping done by the professional upholsterers of London is not much improvement on that of the servants. In America this part of the house work is frequently done by the lady of the house herself, who does not scorn to mount a step-ladder in order to perform the feat. I am sure that many gentlewomen might find window draping a profitable means of livelihood. It is more than probable that many of the decorating establishments would be only too glad to engage women for this work when once convinced of their superiority over men. The matter of climbing a step-ladder becomes an unimportant one now that the patent spring steps are coming into use. The old-fashioned steps are always in danger of shutting up suddenly and sprawling the occupant on the floor, and, of course, must be done away with.

"Lady cooks," with a knowledge of all the mysteries of the culinary art, are becoming popular, and there is no reason why the profession should not be followed by genteel, or even delicate, women who are specially gifted in dainty cookery. The position of a cook-general would not be an agreeable one, but in a family where a kitchen or scullery maid does the harder and rougher work, the duties of the cook are not at all unpleasant. On account of the peculiar qualifications required to make a good cook, we may expect that ere long many women of gentility will be thus employed. Far be it from me to say that all women are natural cooks. Many could not learn the art, however hard they tried; but, on the other hand, there are numbers well fitted for it, and their skill in preparing tempting sweets and savouries will be readily turned into golden sovereigns. This work would not necessitate that the person so engaged should live with the family that employed her. She could go to her duties in the morning, and return after dinner was served, arranging that she should have one holiday each week.

The washing and putting away of valuable china and plate is another department of domestic work suitable for gentlewomen. The washing and mending of fine laces which the owners are unwilling to trust to the rough handling of the laundries makes still another branch of quiet industry; and house decorating, such as the painting of door panels and the placing of dadoes, is a business in which not a few women would excel.

Some have very successfully taken up the business

of shopping for country people, who, on account of residing at some distance from large towns, find it impossible or impracticable to make their own purchases. The person thus engaged must needs be a woman of taste, and well-versed in the art of "bargain-hunting." I believe that ten per cent. is the usual amount of commission agreed upon.

My attention has recently been called to another employment for women by the receipt of a neatly engraved circular from an enterprising Englishwoman, who announces that she will inspect and choose suitable apartments for intending visitors to London. Throughout the year, and especially during the season, there are thousands of foreign visitors in the metropolis who would gladly pay the required fee of five per cent. on the first month's terms for the sake of knowing that on their arrival in London they would be shown to comfortable and suitable apartments, without the trouble of searching for them. A thorough acquaintance with the different neighbourhoods, the healthfulness of the various localities, and a quick observance of the advantages and disadvantages connected with boarding houses and apartments, would be essential qualifications in one who essayed to successfully undertake this sort of work.

Inspecting a fashionable dress-making establishment one day last week, my attention was attracted to a young French girl who occasionally threw out suggestions in regard to a lady's gown which the modiste was fitting. "Madame is too short for that," remarked the girl, when the lady suggested a certain style of hip drapery. It was discarded, and a skirt of an entirely different order was pinned together. "Ah, that is better; and Madame looks much taller," the girl observed, as she critically examined this last effect.

Shortly afterwards, a young lady, very tall and thin, entered the fitting-room, and began to discuss a striped piece of goods from which she was about to order a dress, when the French girl said: "If Mademoiselle will excuse me, she is too tall and slight for stripes;" and picking up a sample book, she quickly turned to a bit of plaid material, which she suggested was just the thing for the young lady. On inquiring why this girl was in the fitting-room, I was told that she was a "suggester." The dress-maker informed me that she was unable to so much as stitch a straight seam or manipulate the scissors in fitting a dress; in fact, could do nothing in the way of the simplest kind of needlework, but that her little head was full of valuable ideas concerning fashions. She could tell at a glance the style of dress most becoming to the different customers; she knew just what must be done to hide Nature's defects or to show off her special gifts. When a new customer visited the shop, the girl made a careful study of her figure, and then proceeded to select a becoming costume for her. It occurred to me that here was another occupation for which some women are especially adapted: that is, the furnishing of ideas for other people to use. Ideas mean money, and originality is something that always commands a high price. There are women in

the world whose minds are brimful of ideas, whose brains are continually conceiving plans which their hands are unable to carry out. "Why don't you write about so and so, or invent such and such a thing?" is a question such women are continually asking. They have ideas for stories, plots for novels, subjects for journalistic "write-ups," conceptions for new fashions, new inventions. And they are not all idle dreamers. Their thoughts have a commercial value, and there is a market for them if they will take the trouble to find it. In the literary world originality is much needed, and wide-awake editors are usually willing to pay well for ideas that are brought to them. The gift for writing is one that many people possess, but the gift of originality does not always go with it. It is the same in nearly every line of work; and I would suggest that the woman with ideas take the "children of her brain" to people who can dress them up and give them to the world. The milliner, the dressmaker, the inventor, the musician,

and the editor can make use of them, and will divide the profits.

I have spoken of only such of the quiet occupations for women as have occurred to me. A consideration of them will perhaps turn the attention of the thoughtful to many other methods of using neglected talents. Those that I have described are not such as would suit the emancipated working woman, who demands the world for her workshop. Small doubt that with journalism, farming, civil engineering, stock-broking, medicine, the law, and hundreds of other professions, she will fight her way through, and put man—her supposed adversary—to flight. But to the uncombative, retiring, modest, home-loving woman, with a "row to hoe," and no visible hoe at hand for the purpose, I would earnestly recommend a trial of some of these vocations, or others of the same order. All the morning papers are open to advertisements for this kind of work, some of which may perhaps meet a hitherto unexpressed "long-felt want."



COMING KINGS AND QUEENS.—II.



ERY rarely does it happen that a child is born a king; but as Alphonso XII., King of Spain, died November 29th, 1885, and his son was not born till the 17th May, 1886, the babe was proclaimed king, under the title of Alphonso XIII., on the very day of his birth, his mother, Queen Christine, being declared his guardian and Queen Regent of

Spain during his minority. He was a very delicate child—which was not to be wondered at, as his father, the late king, had been in bad health for some years, and died of consumption. A peasant woman from the Asturias was his wet nurse; and during his babyhood it was quite one of the sights of Madrid to see her in her national costume driving about in a carriage with her infant charge. The little fellow, like most other royalties, was baptised by a long string of names—Leon and Ferdinand being traditional in Spain—and very early discovered himself to be a most important personage. His mother, Queen Christine, has nursed him devotedly through many childish ailments, the last of which was scarlet fever of a mild kind, and, as is occasionally the case, the boy has appeared stronger than before, ever since he got over it. His baby dignity was pretty in his earlier years, but he is now

becoming rather petulant and self-willed; and the Queen Regent is likely to have many anxious days and nights before she sees him fitted to take his place on the throne of what was once so grand and prosperous, and is still so important, a nation.

She was the Austrian Archduchess Marie Christine Henriette, daughter of the Archduke Charles Ferdinand and of his wife the Archduchess Elizabeth, who was daughter of the Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary, and widow of Ferdinand of Austria-Este-Modena. The home of her childhood was Gross-Seelowitz, and her parents were devoted to their children. The Archduchess Elizabeth frequently visits her daughter at Madrid, and as she is a very sensible and strong-minded woman, she is a fit and reliable counsellor to the young widowed queen. Alphonso XII. had no children by his first wife, who died very young, and was sincerely lamented by him. He was married to the Archduchess Marie Christine at Madrid in 1879, and their first-born was a girl, the little Infanta Maria de las Mercedes, Princess of the Asturias. It was a touch of Nature that went to all hearts when the child was named after Donna Mercedes, the love of her royal father's youth. She is a very intelligent girl, now nearly fourteen, with a marked likeness to her mother. When her brother was born she was quite able to understand that she was no longer heiress to the throne of Spain, and is said to have taken it sweetly. It was not a very enviable position, for Spain has had a great deal of feminine rule in the person of Queen Isabella, in whose favour the Salic law was abolished in 1830, though she had to leave the country in 1868, in consequence of a revolution