

"He is not rowing quick, and he's not rowing steady; why, where on earth is he going to?"

Going? He did not know. He knew only that the sweetest eyes he ever saw were lifted to his in some wondrous way that seemed to speak of a bright home—bright with love. They neither of them spoke, she nor Ned; they tried, but no words would come to either of them. The boat glided on at its "own sweet will," for one oar only was being used, the strong brown hand which had held it had imprisoned the little one which had been dipping its small fingers in the water. "Oh, I must go home. It is getting so late;" at last said a very timid voice. "See the moon is rising over Petersham Hill; what will mother say?"

"I will come and see her to-morrow, in the evening," and, turning the boat, which had gone on so far past the landing place, with a few vigorous pulls, they reached it. And as Ned handed out his little passenger, he whispered,

"Give me that rose."

And so the boat went back again with the silver moon making a ladder of light on the rippling water, and the young ferryman with a rose in his button-hole, his voice louder, brighter, with a strange ring of joy in it, was heard singing—"O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, who's for the ferry," reaching at length the irate old man on the bank, who lectured him severely for this shameful neglect of his duty as he ferried him over.

"The ages you've been paddling along with that—that young female! one would have thought it a journey to Twickenham town," he said, angrily.

"Did it seem long, sir? It seemed very short to me," said Ned, the brightness still in his face and in his voice.

"Ah! I daresay. For a pair of bright eyes a man will go through any folly. I might have been going to give you a sovereign to ferry me over—it might have been a matter of vital importance, and you might have been given some grand appointment for bringing me over. I might have been an emperor—"

"Or you might have been a king, sir." Ned felt irresistibly compelled to reply, with an amused twinkle in his eye.

"Of course, of course. I might have been anything, and you might have been hanged for keeping me waiting."

"Why I know who that is," said Ned, as he touched his hat for the penny, and the old man went muttering away. "I know; that's old 'might-have-been.' I've heard talk of him, and that that's the name he goes by; but I never had the pleasure of putting him over before—he is an oddity. Ah! well, I might have been a grandee instead of a ferryman; but I could not have been a happier chap, that is one thing."

Standing in the same pretty garden where we first saw Mary is a bronzed young sailor, with his arm round his happy mother, who is crying for joy at his return.

Such a surprise it was, too—her whole life seemed brightened. The little girl who helped Mrs. Stanley was sent out to get something good for supper; and all supper-time he talked and talked, and the principal subject of his conversation was his little cousin Mary.

Mrs. Stanley went to bed, thinking that soon a little, bright daughter would gladden her home, for they were to live together, Tom said—yes, always together.

The next morning early, as Ned Barton lay back in his boat, singing his cheery "O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho!" full of happy thoughts, a young sailor had hailed him, and, springing lightly into the boat, gave him a pleasant "good morning," sang merrily some sailor song as Ned rowed him with vigorous strokes across the stream and tossed him sixpence, refusing

the change, as he leaped on shore. "I shall be back in the evening," he said, and strode away into the town at a rapid pace.

Could it have been the same bright lad that Ned was soon summoned to ferry back again?—was it her bright, happy boy, who had been whistling and singing all the morning, that came back to his mother with heavy step and slow, throwing himself into the first chair he came to, speaking never a word? It is well, perhaps, he did not know who had won the little maiden he had gone to woo, or he might have been tempted to leave the ferry boat untenanted, to still for ever the voice which in such bright and sonorous tones woke the echoes with his musical call.

"Why, Tom, dear, what is it?" asked his mother, placing her hand kindly on his shoulder.

"She's got another chap, and I'm out of it altogether," he said.

"Oh! Tom, you don't mean it? She was here a day or two ago and never told me. Who is the man?"

"I don't know; I did not stop to ask. Never mind, mother," he said, jumping up, "I shall soon go back to sea, and forget all about her; but it does put a damper on a fellow."

Poor boy, he was very brave, but the wound had not gone very deep, and had he stayed on shore long enough, he would have danced gaily at his cousin's wedding.

The briar was in blossom when Ned Barton asked his bride of her parents, and led her through the church porch to make her his wife, and now many times was heard a sweet voice singing on the "silent highway," "O-hoi-ye-ho, Ho-ye-ho, who's for the ferry?"

Rowing quick and rowing steady in the same boat launched on the river of life, the young couple, with Hope at the helm and Love at the prow, faced bravely all trials and troubles. Good speed to them, and all such!

HOW TO EMBROIDER IN CREWELS.

"WHAT would become of dinner-parties if it were not for crewel-work?"

This speech fell from the lips of a lively girl-friend of mine, and at first I failed to perceive her meaning.

"Why, what connection can there be between the two?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, "have you not discovered at those dreariest of entertainments that crewel-work is a splendid subject to talk about? When you have exhausted the picture galleries, the weather, and all the other stock subjects, and conversation begins to flag—as it usually does about half-way through dinner—you can always start crewel-work; and with judicious management you can generally spin it out till dinner is ended, and you escape to the drawing-room."

This little conversation set me thinking on the wonderful popularity of crewel-work; but after all, it is not wonderful considering its great antiquity. Perhaps everyone is not aware that hardly any other fancy-work was done by the ladies of England till within the last few centuries. I have read somewhere that the Anglo-Saxons used to hang their walls with "clothes cunningly broidered with ye needle;" and there are records of this same sort of work amongst the early Egyptians and Greeks. It is also generally considered that the curtains of the Jewish Tabernacle were wrought with the needle, and from the skill displayed in the art of crewel-embroidery by the women of England from remote ages it might almost be averred that we have inherited the art from our Jewish ancestors.

As I said before, it is only during the last few centuries that crewel-work has been lost sight of in England, its place having been taken by a host of new fashions, many of them imported from abroad. But there is certainly no other description of work which combines so many advantages; the materials are cheap, and it affords ample scope for the display of the artistic taste and skill of the designer and worker. So, having resumed its sway, I sincerely hope it may never again be so completely banished.

Every girl in England must be familiar with at least the name of crewel-work; most of them will have some specimens of it, either in the form of room-decorations or dress-trimmings. For those who have not yet tried this interesting and simple embroidery, and wish to begin, I propose to give some practical suggestions about it, treating of materials, stitches, etc., in this paper, and in a future one giving some designs and suggestions for pieces of work.

To begin at the beginning, then:—The intending worker must get suitable needles; they are made on purpose, and can be bought anywhere at four a penny. The best way is to have a number of different sizes at hand, as the thickness or fineness required depends solely on the material to be embroidered; a thick needle used for fine close material would spoil the look of the work by the large holes it made, and a fine needle used on coarse, heavy stuff would cut the thread and very soon break.

The thimble may appear to the inexperienced a matter of no consequence, but it is really necessary to have as smooth a one as possible, as if it be rough it will constantly catch in the wool, and make it ragged. A pair of sharp scissors should be provided too; and these are all the implements that are really necessary, though sometimes others are used.

The colour of the wools is a matter of very great importance. I have frequently seen crewel-work of good design and excellent workmanship, the effect of which has been completely spoiled by defective colouring. Brilliant and decided colours must be avoided, and only those which will blend and harmonise well together must be used. For those whose artistic taste does not at once decide for them, I may say, as some sort of guide, though it is impossible to lay down rules on this point, that generally speaking, it is the *old-fashioned* shades that may be depended on for blending well together, and giving a subdued, soft tone to the work. The modern colours are usually so very bright and decided that, though pretty enough alone, they look most gaudy when worked in together. If there is any difficulty in buying the peculiar, rather *faded* shades, which are sometimes necessary, they may generally be obtained by taking the bright shade most nearly approaching the one desired, and putting it under a glass in the sun until it is bleached to the proper tone. There is a great variety of greens; different shades of sage, olive, and yellow greens, may all be used, but *blue-greens* should be avoided; in blues those shades known as "china-blue" should only be used. In reds care should be taken to exclude anything approaching scarlet; the shades to be used are more like those called "Cardinal" than anything I can describe. A useful colour is "salmon pink," for blossoms, such as apple, peach, &c.; it is very pretty and artistic, and is quite different from the ordinary pink, which must not be substituted for it.

Crewel wools are usually sold at one shilling per dozen skeins, though the price varies in different places. It is no economy to buy cheap and poor crewels, as the colours soon fade and the wool gets ragged in working; if a large piece of work be undertaken, it is cheaper to buy them by the pound. Those who have any difficulty in distinguish-

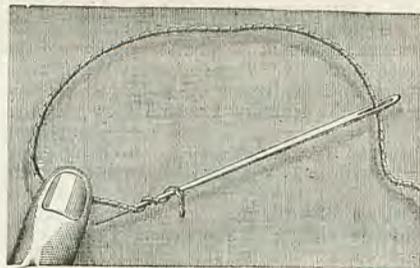


DESIGN FOR ANTIMACASSAR.

ing colours by gaslight are advised to tie the different shades of one colour together; for instance, all the sage greens in one bundle, and all the yellow greens in another, &c.—it will save time and trouble in hunting about for the required skein.

There is such an endless profusion of pretty materials suitable for working upon, that it is difficult to know what to recommend; but I think *beginners* should select strong, coarse-grained, rather stiff materials, such as crash, oatmeal-cloth, Bolton sheeting, etc., as they are less likely to become puckered in working. Puckering is, of course, caused by drawing the thread too tightly, and the softer the material the more liable one is to fall into this *fault*; therefore I advise beginners to make use only of the coarser stuffs till they have had a little

practice. On the other hand, if the thread be not drawn tightly enough you lose that smoothness which is so essential to good



work. As soon as the worker has acquired the happy medium between looseness and puckering she will find that there is hardly

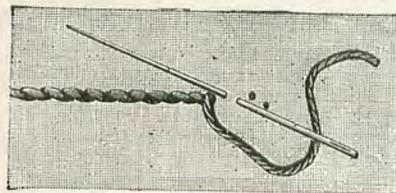
any material made on which she cannot display her art. The only difficulty is out of such a large selection to choose the one most suited for her particular purpose. The best plan for anyone who has not much opportunity for seeing new materials is to send for patterns to a good shop, where they make materials for art-needlework a specialty.

For a very large piece of work a frame is sometimes used, and is certainly useful to prevent puckering, and the injurious habit of stooping over the work, but I myself have never found one necessary, even for curtains.

If the work be found to be much puckered when finished, the best plan for smoothing it is to fill a basin with boiling water, hold the faulty parts over it in the steam, with the wrong side downwards, till saturated with the vapour, then stretch in a frame, or on a board, till dry. Another plan is to iron the work on the wrong side with a damp cloth between the iron and the work, but the first plan is the safer of the two.

We now come to the stitches. There is, strictly speaking, only one crewel-stitch; but others are sometimes introduced, such as the satin-stitch and the French knot.

The crewel, or stem-stitch, is made in the same way as ordinary back-stitching, only that



it is worked upwards instead of downwards. That is, having made a small stitch, pass the needle up through the material again, about the middle of the first one, at the left side, and close up to it. Then take another stitch a little higher up the work, pass the needle up again, at the middle of the second stitch, in the same way, and so on. The illustration shows the crewel-stitch as it should be when the design is only to be outlined. If the design is to be filled up, the stitch is precisely the same, only that it may be made rather longer. When the top of the design is reached, turn it round and work another row, exactly the same, and close up to the first row.

The satin-stitch, which is used for small flowers, leaves, and stems, is formed by simply sewing over and over the space to be covered, being careful to insert the needle on the outer edge of the traced lines, so as to entirely cover them, and making the stitches either straight or slanting, according to the shape of the design. The illustration represents a stem worked in satin-stitch. When this is used, there is, of course, as much wool showing on the *wrong* side as on the right.

The French knot is chiefly employed for the centres of flowers, or for fruit, such as the blackberry.

It is formed thus: Bring the needle up through the work at the point where the knot is to be; hold the wool down on the material with the thumb of the left hand, about an inch from where it comes through. Then, with the right hand, pass the needle two or three times over and under the thread, so as to twist it round the needle; then insert the needle again, nearly in the same place at which it came up, and draw it and the thread through to the back, leaving the knot, of course, on the top. This stitch will be found quite easy after a little practice, and is very effective. The size of the knot depends on the number of times the wool is twisted round the needle.

I have lately had the opportunity of ex-

aming a piece of tapestry presented by Christopher Columbus to the Cathedral of Carthagena as a thank-offering on his return from the discovery of America; it is a magnificent specimen, and covers the whole of one end of the edifice. The design is a representation of the fauna and flora of the newly-discovered continent. Columbus paid for its execution with the gold he brought from America, and had it hung on the walls of the Cathedral in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella. It was very interesting to observe that the stitches employed are precisely the same as those in use at the present day, the design being worked in French knot and satin stitch, and the background in crewel-stitch.

It may be well, in closing this paper, to describe one or two ways of washing the work. One plan is as follows: Put a large handful of bran into warm water, and leave the article to be cleaned in it to soak, pressing it together every now and then, but not rubbing it. When clean, hang it up till nearly dry, and then stretch in a frame, or iron. Another way is to simply wash it with soap in tepid water, into which a pinch of salt has been put; the actual work should only be very slightly rubbed, but the material all round can be thoroughly cleansed. Have another basin of clean tepid water ready, in which the work must be rinsed, then roll it up tightly in a dry cloth, and press immediately with a tolerably warm iron. This latter plan is the best in ordinary cases, but the whole process must be very quickly done, as any delay will cause the colours to run.

DORA HOPE.

ANTIMACASSAR IN CREWELS.

DIRECTIONS.

1. The material upon which the design is to be worked should be either canvas (called crash), or some nice coloured cloth, say dark olive or blue green. I should recommend a dark material, as showing up the design better, and looking richer when worked.
2. The leaves should be worked with worsteds of nice tones, carefully keeping crude, bright greens out of it. Where one leaf overlaps another, get one of the leaves dark and the other light.
3. The flowers should be worked in silks, as by this means a richer effect is produced, and the flowers *tell* well against the leaves. Do not make the shading too dark in flowers. The chrysanthemums should be worked with yellow, and then heightened with dark and light pink. The Christmas rose is white, with yellow anthers and small green petals in centre of flower, the large white petals being botanically false petals (called the perianth). The flower, when it is in bud, is a delicate light pink.
4. The veins of the leaves should be light if the leaves are made very dark, but dark if the other way.
5. A few touches of green worsted should be put at bottom of design to represent grass, as indicated in drawing.
6. The border might be worked in a golden crown if on canvas, turquoise blue if on olive green, and golden green if on blue green.
7. Fringe might be put on top and bottom if required.

CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

CHILD of the mountain, thy home on the heights
Lures thee afar from our summer-crown'd vale;
Here thou art weary of languid delights,
Longing in vain for the song of the gale;



Faint with the sweetness of myrtles and vines,
Tired of the burden and heat of the day,
Still in thy musing the voice of the pines
Sighs to thy spirit, and calls thee away!
Only one friend from that wild mountain spot
Clings to thee yet in thy loneliest hours,
Only the ewe that was born near thy cot
Follows thy footsteps through leaf-shaded
bowers,

O'er the lone passes that glitter with snow
Once she came gaily to bound by thy side,
Now in the walks where the red roses glow,
Still she is faithful whatever betide.
Gentle and steadfast she bears with her fate,
Here in the valley contented to be;
Learn by her patience to quietly wait
For the bright days that are coming to thee,
SARAH DOUDNEY,



HOW TO EMBROIDER IN CREWELS.

PART II.

HAVING in my last paper described the different stitches used in crewel work, and explained the manner of making them, I hope all my readers will have mastered these preliminaries, and are now prepared to act upon some of the hints I shall give them for the beautifying of their rooms and for their own personal adornment. And the first important step is to get suitable designs. For a beginner, all the minute details of the pattern must be distinctly traced, or the unhappy worker will find herself in hopeless perplexity as to whether certain lines represent a leaf or a bud, or are only an eccentric twist of the stalk. Some of the best workers I know do not trace the details of their designs at all, but only make a pencil mark here and there to give them a general idea of the direction in which the pattern should go and the limits to which it may extend; but, of course, this requires a considerable knowledge of art, and even with that can only be done after a great deal of practice. I strongly recommend every one to make their own designs. This may sound rather formidable to those who have had but little experience in drawing, but with perseverance and care the necessary skill can soon be acquired, and the effect will probably be much more free and graceful than if it had been laboriously copied from a pattern. Before beginning, it is best, if possible, to get a spray of the leaves or flowers to be represented, and carefully study the shape and principal characteristics of each. Then boldly set to work, and though the first attempt may be a failure, the second or third will very likely be a brilliant success.

It may naturally be asked by the uninitiated, "What is meant by the 'conventional designs' so much talked about nowadays?" This is rather a difficult term to explain, but as it is an important one, I will try to make it clear to my readers. There is a story told of two Greek artists who attempted to out-do each other in life-like picture painting. The day of decision arrived, and the two pictures were exhibited before a large assembly. One of them represented a bunch of grapes, which were so true to life that the birds came flying to pluck the fruit. The other artist had painted simply a curtain, but so closely had he copied the reality that his rival said, "Come, draw aside that curtain that we may see your picture."

Now, although nature may be imitated in painting so exactly as to appear almost like the reality, this is impossible in needlework; we cannot reproduce either the natural colours or the forms and curves found in a simple wild flower; and the most servile imitation in needlework appears clumsy in form and gaudy in hue when compared with its living original. This being so, it is thought advisable by the best designers to copy nature only sufficiently to suggest the reality to the mind, modifying both form and colour, and attempting to bring both within reach of our powers of imitation. This is what is meant by "conventional design."

For those who cannot be persuaded to try their skill, and prefer copying from paper patterns, some instruction will be useful as to the methods of transferring the design to the work.

One plan is to pick holes round the outline of the pattern, pin it on to the material, and rub powdered charcoal well over it; when done, remove the paper and the design will be found clearly marked through.

Before shaking it trace over the lines marked by the charcoal with white oil paint, ink, or coloured chalk pencils, the former being perhaps the best, as it does not

rub off easily; but it should not be used for any hairy material. When this is finished, beat or flap it at the back to shake off the charcoal, but it must on no account be rubbed.

Another plan is to place a piece of black or coloured carboic

paper (which can be bought at most stationers) between the pattern and the work; trace over every line of the design with a knitting-needle, or any blunt instrument, and on removing the paper a clear impression of the outline will be found on the cloth. It should

then be inked or painted over in one of the methods described. In case of a false line being made with the oil-paint, the only way of removing it is to apply a little turpentine as quickly as possible.

The favourite piece of work for beginners

broider each of these with a tiny spray or bunch of flowers, such as forget-me-nots or daisies. This fashion of drawing the threads improves linen and crash very much, giving it a light and lacey appearance. It may be applied to many other articles, such as d'oyleys and mats of all kinds.

Having heard that a great many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER intend competing for the prize offered for a worked bed-pocket, an illustration of which was given in the number for January 17th, I propose giving some suggestions on the best way of treating it.

The designs would look very well on dark green or peacock-blue, but should linen be used, it will have the additional advantage of being washable. If the competitor does not feel able to copy the flowers straight on to her material, she should make use of one of the methods for transferring I have described. First cut out the pockets and back piece; the smaller pocket is a

straight piece, the larger one is wider at the top than the bottom. The design will, of course, have to be considerably enlarged from the illustration. It will be very easily transferred to the lower pocket, but the peach blossoms will have to be very carefully done. Lay the small pocket on the back piece in the exact position it is to occupy, having previously turned in the edges, then put the design on, using either the charcoal or carbolic paper. Both pockets must, of course, be worked before fastening on to the back.

The poppies require two or three shades of red and black for the centres. The daisies are white

w i t h
c e n t r e s
o f a
m e d i u m
y e l l o w
s h a d e .
T h e
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b l o s s o m s
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brown, and the calyx light green.

When the flowers are done, the small pocket can be button-holed all round and stitched into its place. The top edge of the large pocket must be button-holed, and the

border of leaves worked round the other three sides and also round the back of the satchel. Then tack it in its place and button-hole it round, continuing along the edges of the back. The colour of the border leaves and the button-holing must depend on the material. If it is worked on crash or linen, use different shades of china blue; if on dark material, gold silk instead of blue would look well.

Now that Afternoon Teas are so fashionable, it is necessary to give some attention



FIG. I.

is an antimacassar. They can be done on any material, and a very simple design is quite sufficient for them. I have lately seen a charming one, a young girl's first attempt both at designing and working. It was a straight piece of soft, coarse linen, hemmed at both sides, and fringed at each end. The pattern consisted of a spray of wild roses, which is one of the easiest things that can be chosen; there were two or three full-blown blossoms, one or two half open, and some buds and leaves, with a small, thorny piece of brown stem from which the spray sprang.

The illustration (fig. 1) represents a branch of peach blossoms for working on a chair seat or a cushion. The stems should be dark brown, the leaves light green, and the flowers



FIG. II.

to the arrangement of the tea-table; and much thought and ingenuity are expended in the choice of pretty and suitable designs for the tablecloth and tea-cosy, which, of course, are made to correspond. The material generally used for both is either white or unbleached coarse linen, and where practicable a design should be chosen in which the colours will harmonise with the tea-set. For instance, at a kettle-drum the other day, where the hostess prided herself on her good taste, I noticed that the crockery was Japanese, with stiff red flowers on an ivory ground, and the tablecloth and cosy were worked with sprays of red japonica. If there is nothing specially characteristic in the china, any design of fruit or flowers can be used. Figure 2 shows one corner of a tablecloth worked with blackberries. The full-blown flowers are white with yellow centres, the buds pinkish white. The berries should be done in French knot, and of different colours, as though in varying stages of ripeness. Sometimes two threads of different colours are used together—for instance, black and red—which gives the effect of unripe fruit very well. Some of the leaves should be dark green and some shaded with warm reds and browns. The natural autumn tints of blackberry leaves are among the most beautiful we ever see, and reds and yellow-browns may be freely used in the imitation of them, of course supposing that the shades are well chosen. The latest fashion for tablecloths is to embroider them simply in outline, but of this we shall treat in another paper. The subject of tablecloths, however, would not be complete without mentioning the handsome ones which can be made of thick materials for ordinary use. One of the prettiest I have seen was in a lady's boudoir, the hangings of which were all peacock-blue. The cloth, of a rather dark shade of that colour,

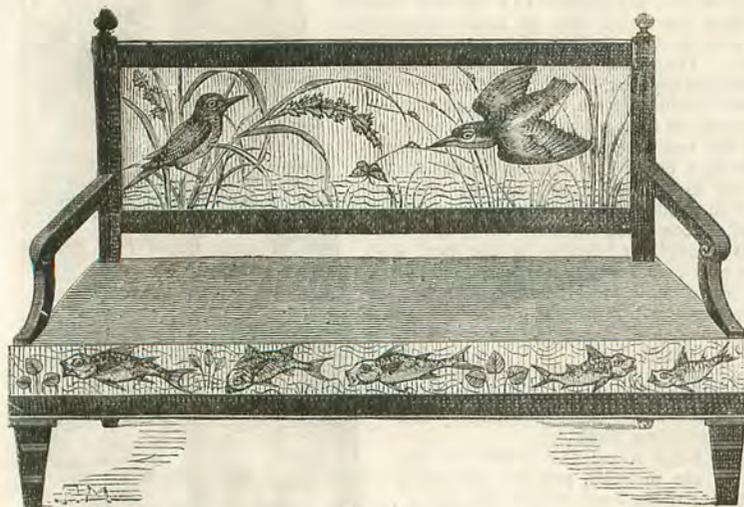


FIG. III.

salmon-pink, getting lighter at the edge of the petals, and yellow centres.

Another new and very pretty style for chair backs is to draw the threads of a piece of coarse linen so as to form squares, and em-

was worked in each corner with a group of yellow daffodils and moon-daisies, and the centre was occupied by an elegant monogram in yellow silk. For hard wear, table-covers are best made of thick serge or cloth, which is very pleasant to work upon and wears well.

The room altogether was so prettily arranged that I think I cannot do better than describe some of the other charming things I saw there. A glass door, which led from the room into a conservatory, was half hidden by heavy curtains. The upper part of the curtains was quite plain, but they were held back, about three feet from the ground, by broad bands of the material, with an outline arabesque pattern worked in yellow upon them. Below the bands were tall, very conventional sun-flowers, the work being continued quite to the bottom of the curtains, which, of course, only just touched the carpet, so that it gave the idea of the plants growing out of the ground.

The mantel-board was worked on velvet, with little bunches of primrose leaves and flowers, the bunches being about six inches apart, and the velvet curtains which fell from under it had each a yellow iris with leaves and buds.

The covers of the couch and chairs were also embroidered, and had a very good effect. Space will not allow me to describe all the other beautiful things I saw there; but I left the house fired with fresh enthusiasm for this style of decoration, which could transform an otherwise plain and unpretentious room into so charming and tasteful an abode.

A few words of caution may be necessary to those who think of decorating their rooms on a large scale and composing their own pattern.

For any large piece of work, such as a couch or a curtain, do not attempt to design it spread on a table. It is astonishing how different things look in different places; and you may be quite satisfied with your design while on the table, but when put into its proper place it will probably look small and insignificant. For a curtain, choose as heavy a material as possible, to insure its hanging well; and having cut it to the size you require, if possible hang it up where you intend it to be when done, before beginning to draw on it. If you cannot manage this, hang it over a door or screen and sketch in the design roughly with white chalk. You can then see the effect, and, as the chalk shakes off very easily, you can make any alterations you think necessary. Then take it down very gently so as not to shake off the chalk, and copy it over with ink or white paint, according to the colour of the work.

The picture at the head of this article is a design for a pair of curtains, valance, and bands. They may be made of any nice, soft fabric, the colour being either dark olive, green-brown, or peacock-blue. The carrying out of this design will involve a good deal of work, and therefore, to take less time, the flying wild ducks on the valance might be appliquéd on; this kind of work has not been mentioned yet, but will be fully described in a future paper. The upper part of the curtain is embroidered with alternate rows of conventional narcissus and chrysanthemum. The top row is narcissus, the flowers of which are creamy white, with yellow centres. Some of the chrysanthemums may be light yellow, the petals tipped with red; others should be of a darker yellow colour; in fact, almost any combination of yellow and red may be employed with advantage. The sunflowers, occupying the lower portion of the curtain, are a rich, dark yellow, the petals getting rather lighter towards the tips; the centres are brown, and give a fine opportunity for the practice of French knot. The small designs on the curtain-bands, and on the border at the bottom, may be of gold-coloured crewel,

or of any colour harmonizing well with the rest and with the material, and the same should be used for the lines separating the rows of flowers on the upper part of the curtain. The valance should be edged with handsome fringe, in which the chief colours employed in the work are blended.

A novel and pretty style for a sofa is to have it covered with embroidered cloth or serge. Figure 3 is an illustration of one worked on dark green art serge. The back has a design of grasses growing in water, with a couple of kingfishers. Along the front edge of the sofa water is represented by blue lines, with gold and silver fish swimming along it.

If this is considered too fantastic, a very pretty design can be made of oranges or pomegranates. Trace a long branch of flowers and fruit on the seat, and either a smaller spray of the same or a bird on the head. If flowers are used for the head, a swallow or some other small bird can be worked on the back. Oranges require some care in working to make the shape look natural. Begin them in rounds, starting from the point where the stalk joins the fruit. Having worked straight round two or three times, and come back nearly to the stalk, slip the needle under the work to the other side of the fruit, and continue up that side, nearly to the top. Then slip the needle under again to the opposite side, in the same way as at the stalk end, and so on till the rows of stitches form a sort of oval; and, by the time you get to the middle of the fruit, the rows will be straight up and down. A little practice will soon enable the worker to judge when she has worked sufficient rounds, and having once decided that point, she will find them very easy and pleasant to work. It is better not to attempt shading oranges unless you have a painting to copy from.

Generally speaking, fruit of any kind is the most difficult design to choose; as in nuts and cherries, &c., there is the same necessity for making the fruit a natural shape, and the same difficulty in doing so, as in the orange. The worker, therefore, who has little experience to guide, and no friendly advice to direct her work, will do better to keep to the simpler and equally effective floral designs, until she has acquired sufficient confidence to enable her to undertake more ambitious work.

(To be continued.)

A FEW HINTS UPON THE MANAGEMENT OF A WATCH.

1st.—Wind your watch as nearly as possible at the same time every day. Care should be taken to avoid sudden jerks.

2nd.—Be careful that your key is in good condition, free from dust and cracks. It should not be kept in the waistcoat pocket, or any place where it is liable to rust or get filled with dust.

3rd.—Keep the watch while being wound steadily in the hand, so as to avoid all circular motion.

4th.—The watch when hung up must have support and be perfectly at rest, or, when laid horizontally, let it be placed on a soft substance for more general support, otherwise the action of the balance will generate a pendulous motion of the watch, and cause much variation in time.

5th.—The hands of a duplex or chronometer watch should never be set backwards; in other watches this is a matter of no consequence, but to avoid accidents it is much better to set them always forward.

6th.—The glass should never be opened in watches that are set at the back.

7th.—Keep your watch-pocket free from dust or nap, which generally accumulates in the pocket when much used.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



DRESS.

PHELIA.—We think there is sufficient liberty in all the fashions of the present day to allow you to wear your own hair as you like it the best, and for everyone else to do the same.

AMY.—We think that dresses worked in crewels will be as fashionable this year as they have been, but there seems to be a doubt as to whether embroidered gloves and stockings will be fashionable, excepting for evening wear. How could we tell you "how long it would take to work a dress in crewels," or "how much it would cost," without seeing the design, the amount of dress to be embroidered and also knew how quick a worker and how practised in this art you are? In all fairness we advise you to reflect before asking such questions in future.

ELLA.—1. It appears likely that a kilted skirt, with a scarf, will continue to be worn; and the hat will be the small toque, with a loose crown, and a velvet brim. 2. Unless you know that the introduction will be mutually agreeable, certainly never introduce people in the street, nor anywhere else—not even in your own house, when coming in as chance visitors.

J. T. (Dalketh).—The pattern you enclose us would look well on a dark green dress as you suggest or on a navy-blue. We shall give an idea how a "Tam o' Shanter" cap is to be knit, at an early date, in "My Work Basket."

JULIA.—Hold the crape over the steam of boiling water, and that may remove the stains from it; if not, you must send it to a professional cleaner.

F. S. M.—Rabbit skins are more suitable for linings than trimmings. You could not dye them yourself. Send them to a furrier.

IRENE VERNON.—1. If a good velveteen, it is worth being sent to a dyer's. 2. The shortness of your hair in front has nothing to do with the eruption on your forehead. Wash your face with soap, and consult numerous answers to correspondents on this subject.

C. W. W.—We fear that a description of "how to make a Pinafore Polonoise" would not be of much use to you. A pattern could be purchased for a shilling. They may be made of any material from velvet to cotton.

DAISY.—The dark green cashmere dress for your little girl will look best if mixed with velveteen of the same shade. Make a new yoke and sleeves, and add a scarf to tie round the neck. You might also buy a shape, and make a little hat to match.

C. M. B.—See Rule 6. In London they may be obtained almost in any first-class draper's shop.

POPPE.—Dip a sponge into cold tea, and damp the black lace. Then place brown paper upon it, and iron it.

A YOUNG READER.—Try one of the shops in town for American paper-patterns.

CLEOPATRA.—We fear that if your serge show white when the mud stains are removed it cannot be a good one. Perhaps benzine might be of service, and is at least worthy of a trial.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NELLY NEWMAN.—You would have to be apprenticed to a milliner and either give a premium, or a certain amount of time. Make enquiries in the trade for yourself.

ADA, KITTY, and MABEL are anxious about their teeth. "Ada" is referred to an excellent recipe for dentifrice in No. 6, page 95, of this paper. In reply to "Mabel," ordinary brushes made of bristles will answer well for her use. Let them be narrow, and bevelled-off at the edges, so as not to rub the gums, and so inflame or make them recede.

MARY E. D.—1. We are much obliged for your

CHANGE.

WISHING for something new,
Vainly creation we range,
Searching the land and the ocean too,
For something, perhaps, neither worthy
nor true,
But that bears the stamp of change.

Is not the earth the same?
Morn comes first, then night;
And winter cheers with its mirth and
game
When summer has fled from sight;
And each new year rolls on again,
When the old one takes its flight.

My song, like the magic glass,
Shifts into figures rare;
Ye may watch the mystic fancies pass
Into forms more strange than fair;
But 'tis only a different grouping cast—
Still the same tune is there.

Then, while our good old earth
Ever the same form bears,

And rolls as it did from its early birth,
With its cycles of days and years,
Let us learn to value all good and worth,
Though time's dull use it wears.

M. M. P.

HOW TO EMBROIDER IN
CREWELS.

PART III.

I HAVE in previous papers briefly described a few of the many beautiful things which can be made for the house by skilful and industrious fingers. I must now say a few words on the subject of art embroidery for articles of dress. Generally speaking, this is more used for summer and evening than for winter dresses, as bright flowers are hardly appropriate to dull and wintry weather; but dark dresses can be handsomely and suitably adorned with coloured leaves and berries. For instance, a plain, dark material might be made into a pretty walking dress, with a fish-wife tunic, embroidered with either vine, blackberry, or Virginian creeper leaves, and a collar and cuffs to correspond. These leaves

are mentioned because they all take such beautiful tints in the autumn; but there are many other suitable subjects which can be selected by the worker. Girls who have plain winter dresses of which they are getting tired might entirely alter the appearance of them by working a spray of leaves here and there, on the pockets, collar, cuffs, &c., even if the style of the dress is not suitable for embroidering in a regular border. Should any portions of the dress be beginning to look shiny with wear, arrange the pattern as far as possible so as to cover those parts. Dresses generally give way in one or two places before the rest is half worn out, and we are often at a loss to know how to hide the shabby parts.

Unfortunately, it is impossible for us to emulate the deacon described by Professor Wendell Holmes, and to have our dresses made like his "Wonderful One Hoss Shay," so equally strong in every part that after a hundred years there should be merely—

"A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say."

So that—

"It went to pieces all at once;

All at once, and nothing
first,
Just as bubbles do when
they burst."

In spite of every precaution, they persist in wearing out unequally, and the only thing we can do is to make a virtue of necessity, and as we hear of clever architects converting an ugly buttress or arch necessary to the strength of the building into an ornament to the whole by their skilful workmanship, so we can comfort ourselves with the reflection that the necessary patches and joins, though ugly things in themselves, if made the medium for a little tasteful embroidery, will really appear to be the finishing touches to an elegant dress, instead of the unsightly necessities of a worn-out one. Fig. 1, a small design of apple-blossoms, will look pretty worked here and there on a dress of rather light-coloured material.

For evening wear any light material is used, even Bolton sheeting is often employed; though, without the addition of crewel-work, such a homely fabric would be quite inadmissible. One of the prettiest costumes for a dinner that I have seen was a long sleeveless polonaise of ivory beige, the skirt and sleeves being composed of pale blue satin or silk. The polonaise was ornamented down both front and back and round the bottom in crewel silks, with blue corn-flowers, wheat-ears, and fern-leaves, and the ivory satin slippers had each a spray to match. When



"WISHING FOR SOMETHING NEW."

short sleeves are worn, the long gloves, whether silk or kid, should be worked up the back to correspond with the dress.

Costumes for all occasions are similarly trimmed by enthusiasts for the revival of art-needlework. At a recent fashionable wedding the bride, instead of wearing the orthodox orange flowers, had her white satin dress embroidered with them, and wore the real ones only in her hair; while her bridesmaids were attired in dresses of cream-coloured camel's-hair cloth, made precisely alike, but each one embroidered with different flowers. One had wild roses and honeysuckle, another buttercups and daisies, with fern-leaves and moss, and so on. Amongst the bride's *trousseau* was a very handsome-looking dress of black silk, much embroidered in silk crewels. Upon my noticing it she laughed at my admiration, and told me it was one which she had worn till quite tired of it, and yet it was too good to cast aside, so she had transformed it from old to apparently new, by means of a little taste and industry.

It seems premature, while hardly out of the winter, to speak of summer dresses; but all who have not much leisure will do well to look forward a little, and employ some of the long, dark evenings in embroidering, in prospect of more genial weather. It is a drawback that the prettiest amongst light materials soil so quickly, but if good and carefully-selected crewels be



"LOOK AT MY ANTIMACASSAR."

outside cover only, leaving the lining untouched to make the inside neat, and join the seams up again as before. Many people make their crewel-trimmings in strips, which can be easily transferred from one dress to another; but the effect is not good, though it is certainly less trouble. When a new dress is to be embroidered get it cut out, fitted, and tacked together before beginning the design; with care you will find no difficulty in working over the seams, and when done it can be lined and finished off, looking neat both inside and out.

Lawn-tennis aprons should be made of coarse holland, or something of the sort, with a deep pocket to hold the balls. Either a trailing pattern or simply little groups of flowers are suitable for them; they sometimes have a couple of rackets crossed on the breast, and a net, or smaller rackets and balls, on the pockets; but these do not look elegant, and a floral design is usually preferred.

While speaking of aprons, I may mention that a winter dress which begins to look dingy may be brightened up wonderfully by the addition of a little apron. Make it

rather narrow, a good length, and it should be made of crash, and edged with torchon lace, or, failing this, it can be buttoned round with wool the colour of the principal flower. They are sometimes made to come high up on to the shoulder-seams, of course being hollowed out for the neck, and, if preferred, can be made much shorter, only the length of a jacket-body, and pointed or rounded according to the

shape of the dress body. It is pinned on to the dress where required; but the cuffs to match are generally made with buttons and button-holes.

Before closing these few hints on crewel work, I have been asked to suggest one or two more pieces of embroidery suitable for birthday or wedding presents. This depends so much on the requirements of each particular case that it is difficult to give any hints suitable for all.

A very handsome present is a set of embroidered bed-room hangings, but of course this involves a considerable amount of work, and would hardly be undertaken by any but a quick worker. I saw a beautiful set of this sort amongst a display of wedding presents lately. The ground was pale blue serge, and the embroidery consisted of a broad band of large buttercups and moon daisies, intermingled with every variety of grass and leaves. The valances and other parts which would not be seen very closely were worked more coarsely than the conspicuous parts, two or more threads being in the needle at once, and the stitches being made larger than would be allowable in finer work.

The effect of the whole was charming, and the gift was more admired than many which cost three times as much. The greatest care is necessary to avoid puckering in curtains; though this defect can to some extent be remedied by the method described in a previous paper, still the curtain will never hang well, and the appearance of it will be much impaired.

Probably, however, not many girls will wish to give such a valuable present, and for them I should suggest a straight-backed chair, with an embroidered seat, or, if that is too expensive, a cushion. The accompanying illustration, fig. 2, would do for either, and is a most effective design, and the colours would not look out of place in any room. It might be worked on almost any material; dark green silk sheeting would do very well. The flower-petals are pale yellow at the tips, getting darker, with a tinge of



FIG. 2.

used there will be no difficulty in washing them. Some colours are more apt to run than others, and, unfortunately, greens, which cannot be dispensed with, are amongst the worst. Be careful to buy only yellow-greens for washing purposes; they can generally be depended on to keep their colour, and china-blue and most of the reds and pinks wash well. It is a good plan to work in rather deeper shades than would generally be chosen, as then a little fading of colour will be of no consequence. For garden parties it is a pretty addition to the costume to embroider a piece of the material for a crown to the hat; the parasol, too, should be worked to match. This can be done by unpicking it at the spokes; then work a pattern on each separate division, on the



FIG. 1.

green towards the stem; the cup in the centre of the flower is deep yellow. The little sheath or "spathe," as botanists call it, at the junction of stem and flower is light-brown, tinged with green, and the stalks and leaves are different shades of yellow-green, none of them very light. Stem-stitch is the only one required in the working of daffodils, so they are recommended for anyone who has not yet mastered the more intricate stitches, some of which are necessary in most floral designs.

"WON'T YOU BUY MY PRETTY FLOWERS?"

By the Author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."

"There are many sad and weary
In this pleasant world of ours,
Crying every night, so dreary,
'Won't you buy my pretty flowers?'"

Words by A. W. FRENCH; Music by G. W. PERSLEY.



THE cold blast of a bitter east wind is blowing through the London streets—cold enough to make the men shiver and draw up their coat collars, and the women hold their mufflers up to their faces to shield them from the cutting wind. The spring has lost its way, surely, and winter come back to

take her place. Most of the passers-by are hurrying on to pleasant homes and loving greetings after the labours of the day. Many are coming out from home to some place of amusement, the brilliant gaslights giving an air of welcome and promise of warmth and pleasure tempting on such a night.

Beneath one of these brilliantly-lighted houses a star of gas is gleaming and glittering above the door, into which a crowd is rapidly hurrying. Standing on the kerb stone is a small child, with a thin, scant garment clinging to her naked limbs, red and chafed with the cold wind; a torn straw hat pretending to cover her head, which has a warmer covering provided by nature—abundance of gold-brown hair, tangled and rough, yet falling to her waist, attracting the attention of the passers-by more than the little wistful look in the sad, weary eyes, or the pleading cry, "Won't you buy my pretty flowers?" A child has been lifted from a carriage by her father, who, taking her by the hand, leads her up the steps of the brilliantly-lighted entrance. As she passes the flower girl, in her white frock and little scarlet cloak lined with fur, her silk stockings and satin boots covering her dainty little feet, she turns her head to give a look of pity to that wan and weary sister, which the child notices, and, springing forward, a ray of hope brightening her thin face, hands her a little spring bouquet of violets and snowdrops.

"Do buy one, miss," she says, in the rough voice come of long exposure to weather—of the constant supplication to purchase her flowers—pitched so high as to be heard above the roar of the carriages and din of the busy streets.

The little lady stops and says, "Oh, papa! do buy one."

"No, no, my dear, never buy those things in the street. Come along!"

"But give her a penny, she looks so hungry—do."

"Oh! my dear," said the gentleman impatiently, "I have no pence. I can't stop; but, there, there, child, take that and get out of the way. No, no, I don't want your flowers."

And he hurried his little daughter into the concert room, and the flower girl, pushed and jostled by the crowd, went back to her place again, and, with a little sob of joy, looked at the small silver coin in her hand, the only one she had taken all day. And the people hurried past, and the carriages rolled along, and the child stood in that bitter wind, growing gradually more violent, until the tender spring blossoms were blown out of her basket, and she was fain to drag her cold weary limbs to the place she called home. Home!—sweet sound to some, but to others—alas! many, many others—what is it? Too often it represents but plastered walls, in many places broken away, showing only the laths. A miserable window—panes broken out and stuffed with rag or pasted over with paper; hungry children crying for food and shivering with cold; a sick father in one corner of the room on a wretched pallet-bed, a broken mug with a little muddy-looking water for him to slake the awful thirst of fever, to moisten the dry parched tongue. All the rooms of the house in which the little flower girl lives were much like this. It is the second house in a court turning out of one of the large thoroughfares. Her father works for a large boot and shoe warehouse in the City. He has a bad cough now, a hollow, harsh cough; a sallow face, black, rough hair, and very dirty hands always.

She had no mother, that poor little thing—not that she would have been much the better for one if the mother had been like the women in the court. But though she had no mother, she had many little brothers and sisters to whom she played the part of mother; the brothers worried her the most, they were so troublesome. They would thieve and fight, would not let her wash them even on Sunday, used bad words, and altogether were a sad grief and care to the poor child. She was only twelve, and it was all too much for her, so she gave up the attempt to do more than feed them all as well as she could and tidy up the room once a day. That was a very difficult job too, for when you consider that her father and herself, two sisters and two brothers, all slept and ate in the room, and it was his workshop too, it was indeed an almost hopeless task for such young hands, such a young head. The children went in the daytime to a ragged school, but Patty thought it better to try to earn a little, for father's pay wasn't enough to keep so many. She had seen girls and women selling flowers in the streets and at the doors of the Opera, and so, asking her father to give her a little money to buy some with, she had that morning started to Covent Garden early, and had been all day in that bleak, rough wind trying to dispose of them. It was a very discouraging beginning. Others taller and stronger than herself elbowed her away as she strove to reach the ladies in their carriages waiting outside the grand shops, and the father of the little lady was the only person who had given her a farthing all that day.

Weary, cold, and footsore, she entered the miserable room. The children were crying and fighting, and her father, sitting at his work, took little notice of them.

"It wasn't no use saying anything to them. They'd got naught else to do but fight, as he know'd on," he would say to Patty when she tried to quiet them. "Put them to bed, lass, that's the best way." But this night Patty felt she could not even do that. She could not struggle with the boys, she could not contend with baby, who always preferred enjoying her dirty thumb until she fell asleep on the floor in preference to having her clothes taken off and being washed in a pudding-basin and dried on a coarse towel which was used for many other purposes during the day. She was so weary, so disappointed—a four-penny piece all the long day, and she had to

repay her father. She sunk down on an old broken chair with her basket of spring blossoms beside her (so strange a contrast in their sweet beauty to the wretched home), and with a little sob said,

"I can't pay you back, father. I've only got this here fourpenny bit; but I'll go out again to-morrow if the flowers are not dead by then."

"Ah! I reckon they *will* be in this here room," said her father, not unkindly. He never was unkind to any of his children; he did them little good, but he did them no harm. He worked on daily and *uncomplainingly* for their support and his own, laid down on his wretched bed at night and slept till morning, went without food if they had none, still uncomplainingly, and, in short, seemed a mere machine. His hard life, the monotony of wretchedness, had taken all spirit, all manliness out of him, all hope of better days. But as he spoke the last words he stooped and, picking from the basket a little bunch of the fragrant flowers, looked at them—looked at them long and earnestly, till the dreary, wretched room faded from his sight, and a cottage garden, gay with spring flowers, took its place—a garden which had been his pride to keep neat and free from weeds, a garden on which he spent any coppers he earned for seeds and bulbs to please his mother, who loved flowers so—his mother, at whose knees he said his prayers. What was it he said then? It is so long ago; but as he thinks he seems to feel a soft hand laid on his head, and to hear a tender, loving voice say—

"Go on, Johnny. 'Give us this day—'"

Patty is frightened. Is father ill? He has fallen on his knees, clasping the little bunch of flowers to his breast, as two large tears roll down his thin, wan cheeks. She goes to him, and lays her hand on his shoulder.

"What is it, father? Are you bad?" she asks.

"Kneel beside me; say it after me. I'd ought to have taught you when I knowed it all. I can't get no farther than this; and the wondering child, in obedience to her father's command, knelt beside him and repeated the words—strange ones, alas! to her. But as she repeated after him the last words he could remember, the supplication for the daily bread they had found it so hard to earn, a low tap at the room door arrested their attention. Patty said "Come in," and the door, opening, admitted a woman in a black cloth cloak and black straw bonnet, with a full white cap beneath it, surrounding the pleasantest face, which seemed to light the room as she entered.

In a voice as bright and pleasant as her face, she said,

"I beg your pardon for intruding, but have you not a little flower-maiden here? I think this is the house I was directed to."

Patty paused a moment before answering, and then said in her husky voice and with a rough, defiant manner,

"I've been a-trying to sell flowers to-day, if that's what you mean; and it's no use you coming after me, for I ain't picked no pockets nor done nothink."

"My child," answered the visitor, taking, with a gracious smile of thanks, the chair offered by the father, "I am sent to you by a kind friend to help and comfort you, I hope. She wishes, as God has blessed her bountifully, to help His poor, and it has occurred to her to establish a flower-girl brigade; and I, with a few other ladies, am trying to help her. Some poor girls who sell flowers in the street are not so well off as you, with a father and a home."

Poor Morris stired up the small fire, and a bright blaze shot up the chimney, lighting up the little room, so that Patty thought it had never looked so comfortable before. "Many,"