

moment Edith and May were forgotten by all but Meredith, who was watching for them. Why did a sharp pang of something akin to jealousy shoot through him as he saw the trio in such earnest and pleased discourse? Nevertheless, he stood aside and waited.

"Papa! Will you come here?" said Edith to a gentleman who was approaching the spot where they stood. "This is the clergyman who wrote to old Evan about his grandchild," she added in a whisper, as Mr. Richards turned round. "My father—Mr. Everton," she continued, and the gentlemen bowed and raised their hats.

Mr. Richards was between fifty and sixty years of age, large, tall, and substantial-looking. He was what people called "a fine man," and he certainly carried weight, both physically and metaphorically, for his word was a heavy law that none sought to break, save, occasionally, old Evan. He was so much pre-occupied that he had forgotten all about "Evan's grandchild and the clergyman who wrote to him," and Mr. Everton was, therefore, as much of a stranger to him as was May, who stood trembling by his side. She had imbibed a certain fear of Mr. Richards from the young people about her, to whom he was a sort of *bête noire*, at whose presence they fled. The truth was, he, like many other busy men of this restless age, had more on his shoulders than they could well bear, and was very sharp upon those whose shoulders were not quite so broad as his own.

When he looked, inquiringly, from his daughter to Mr. Everton, she explained matters, pointing to May as she did so. "Oh, to be sure. I recollect. I wasn't at home at the time," he said, in an absent sort of way. "Very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Everton. You will come and have some luncheon. I am trying in vain to get the people together. Edith, bring Mr. Everton at once; the four o'clock meeting will begin before luncheon is over."

"I hope you will come," said Edith, as her father disappeared. "Our house is not very far."

"Thank you, I shall be glad; but how am I to see May's friends?" he replied.

"There is great-grandfather and uncle Laban," supplied May, who was struggling with disappointment at the prospect of so speedy a separation from her friend.

"Run and tell them, May," whispered Edith.

The child went, and was not satisfied until she had found, not only the pair mentioned, but her grandmother and Meredith, who all surrounded Mr. Everton, and welcomed him with expressions of grateful joy. Evan's hearty hand-clasp and "God bless you" spoke at once to Mr. Everton, who promised to meet him again that afternoon. There was so much talking and bustle on all sides, that no one noticed May's regretful little face as Mr. Everton and Edith, together with many others, both rich and poor, walked off in the direction of Derwen Fawr. It was open house there

for all who came from a distance, and as Evan had been specially asked to head a table in the hall appointed for some of Mr. Richards's men, he also followed.

Meredith came forward and offered his grandmother his arm, and May followed, quite dejected. She could not understand how it was that Mr. Everton, who belonged particularly to her, and had, as she fancied, come all the way from London to see her, should leave her as soon as she had found him.

"Why do you keep behind, May?" asked Meredith.

"Because I am thinking of Mr. Everton," she replied.

"He seems well enough off with Miss Edith," returned Meredith in a huffy voice, and she was left to follow at pleasure.

Her mind was much exercised between Meredith and Mr. Everton during her pensive walk home, for she was beginning to live more in the human beings who surrounded her than in the imaginary creatures of her fancy or of the stage on which she had seen them represented. She could not understand either why the one should leave her for new friends, or the other's brow should be darkened by some sudden and unexplained cloud.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

"To all whom it may concern. The attendance of all members of the S.P.G.F.C.T. is particularly requested at a meeting of the society, to be held this afternoon at the usual hour and place. No further particulars can be thus publicly given, as the proceedings will be strictly *sub rosa*. God save the Queen."

"ROSE RANDALL, President."

This notice appeared one morning, about a week before Christmas, affixed to a bedroom door in a small house in London.

Since it is nearly a year ago, its meaning may, perhaps, be divulged without breach of confidence. The "usual place" was the bedroom of Rose Randall, the President, and the "usual hour" appeared to be about half-past two, for at that time all the members had arrived, and the door was shut and locked. Before proceeding to describe the object and working of the society, a brief description of its members will be allowed.

First, then, there was the President, the eldest daughter of the house, aged eighteen years. Then two younger female branches of the same family, Julia and Kate, aged respectively twelve and fourteen; then a cousin of fifteen years, who was spending her winter holidays at the house, and had thus been admitted to the privilege of membership. She was also named Kate (usually called Kate the first, in distinction from Kate Randall the second). Thus there were four members, and all were pledged to secrecy as to the object of the society. The shortest way to explain this, will be to write out the name in full. It was the Society for Providing a Grand Family Christmas Tree, and to-day's meeting being the final one, for the *fête* of the tree was to be held on Boxing-night, there was not much time left.

Some weeks before the younger children, of whom there were several, had been clamouring for a Christmas party, which they said nearly all their schoolfellows had every year.

"Mamma," said Rose, "it does seem hard

for them not to have anything of the sort, and you know they have been asked several times to our friends' children's parties, and yet we never entertain them in return. Could we not possibly manage one?"

"It is no use thinking of a regular party, such as rich people give, for we cannot afford it, so it is useless disguising the fact. But I

have been thinking, Rose, dear, that they might have a few of their little friends to tea on Boxing-night, and have a romp afterwards, if they like."

"Oh, mamma! I have such a good idea. How much do you think we may spend on the whole affair?"

"I am afraid I cannot spare more than ten shillings, dear, though it is very little."

"Well, if you will let me manage it, I think I can arrange such a nice evening; there shall be a little

surprise for them, too, and I will promise that it shall not cost more than you say. It will save you all the trouble if you will give it up into my hands. Do, mamma, dear."

"That I will, certainly, if you are willing to take the responsibility; and I will promise to keep my eyes shut, figuratively speaking, till Boxing-night, and then it will be a surprise for me as well as for the children."

Thus it was that Rose formed her society for providing a Christmas tree for their little party, to which, besides her own brothers and sisters, several young friends were invited. The members used to meet in her room on any convenient afternoon, and there concoct and carry out their plans. On this occasion, the last one, there was quite an array of pretty things, finished and ready, though much had still to be done.

"Now," said Rose, "let us see how many are provided for; I have made a list, so that no one shall be forgotten. First of all, mamma; is her present finished?"

"No, not quite; Julia is putting the last touches."

Mrs. Randall's eyesight was not very good, and when working or reading at night she required a lamp to be close to her on the table. Her present was a lamp shade; it was made of six pieces of thin tinted cardboard, cut out of one penny sheet, the shape of Fig. 1. On each piece was traced and cut out a spray of flowers and leaves, and behind each of these was pasted a piece of thin paper, painted according to the colour of the flower or leaf whose outline it filled in. These six pieces, finished and dry, were joined together by small strips of narrow ribbon, not quite meeting, so that the shade would fold up. Finally, a piece of fringe was added round the top and bottom, and the shade was completed at an outlay of sixpence only. When it was finished, mamma's lamp was surreptitiously brought, and the effect of the shade tried. It was charming, the light being nicely subdued by the cardboard, whilst it shone through the transparent coloured paper filling in the flower sprays.

"Next, grandmamma," Rose went on; "whatever did we make for grandmamma?"

"Spectacle rubber," said Kate the second, producing the forgotten article from under the heap of things on the table. This was com-



FIG. 1.

posed of two little pear-shaped pieces of kid, about two inches long, and one wide in the widest part, cut from the back of an old glove; they were lined with washleather, bound round with ribbon, and fastened together at the stalk ends with a small bow of ribbon, the washleather being, of course, inside.

"I hope grandmamma will not ask how much her present cost," continued Kate, "for it only amounts to three halfpence altogether; but I flatter myself that the grey kid outside looks rich and costly."

"Then there is Aunt Jane; we were obliged to ask her, as the cousins are coming, and we have nothing for her yet."

"She is rather difficult, certainly," said Julia, musing; "but I tell you what would do; you know she always likes to dust the drawing-room herself, and keeps a duster on purpose in one of the sideboard drawers. At one house I went to, I remember seeing a pretty little sort of chintz bag hanging against the wall, and could not imagine what it was for, until I unfortunately became so absorbed in wondering that I spilt my tea, whereupon the lady flew to the cause of my disaster, and drew out a duster to wipe up the tea with. I am sure Aunt Jane would like one, and you know, Rose, there was some of that pretty blue pompadour left that we had for our summer dresses; that would be the very thing to make it of. I took an opportunity to peer in and discover how it was made; rather mean, wasn't it? But you shall reap the benefit of my depravity. The bag was apparently an oval piece of cardboard, covered with chintz. In the middle of this, beginning half way down and extending to the bottom, was another piece of cardboard, shaped like the support under a bracket; this was sewn on to the back, thus dividing the bag into two parts. A piece of chintz formed the front, filled into a kind of frill at the sides, and drawn in, after the manner of an ordinary bag, by a piece of ribbon at the top, ending with an elegant bow in the middle, with another to match on the top, and a loop of the ribbon to hang it up by. We can use the lid of that old bonnet-box instead of cardboard; but I suppose we cannot afford all that ribbon, can we, Rose?"

"No, I am afraid not, but the bows will look almost as well made of the material, and for the string to draw it up with we can use some of the braid we had left. But what was the division in the middle for? People never use two dusters at once."

"Very true, but you must know that my old lady had a good many silver ornaments about, and as she was always imagining there was a speck of dust or tarnish on them, she kept a piece of chamois leather in one side to polish them up with. She observed my admiration of her bag, and told me that she sometimes made them for friends with a lid of cardboard, covered like the back, to rest upon the middle division, but where that is done the front of the bag must also be made of cardboard, which I think would be an improvement on the whole, as it would keep in shape better, and the covering could be filled over it all the same."

"Yes, I quite agree," said Rose. "Let us begin that next, it completes the list for the elders. Now we come to the young folks," she added, consulting her list.

Of these there were a considerable number.

As far as they could, Rose and her helpers made something suitable to the characters of each individual, though this could not be fully carried out in every case. For one of the elder boys a game of ship coils was provided. This made a considerable show, but in reality cost little more than the others. The game comprised a pole (an old long broom handle), pointed at one end, and painted in different colours, something like an overgrown croquet peg, and six rings made of ropes. They took for each about half a yard of thin rope, at one halfpenny a yard, stitched the two ends together, and twisted round it, so as to hide the rope, any odds and ends of coloured braid. These completed the set. The game is this: after fixing the pole firmly into the ground (or, in the winter, propping up in the hall against the bottom of the bannisters), the players divide into two parties, and each one, standing at a fixed distance, tries to throw the rings, one by one, over the pole, and counts to his side as many as he succeeds in getting on. The rules



"GOOD-BYE, MY DEAR," SHE SAID."

were written out clearly on a card, and attached to the game.

One of the youthful Randalls had a strong taste for nautical matters, and was the owner of quite a fleet of boats and craft of all sorts and sizes. For him there was a little parcel of flags, very neatly made, the groundwork of ribbon, whilst the device was usually cut out in paper, and fastened on with gum. A ghastly representation of skull and cross bones, on a black ground, was particularly successful, and was destined for the adornment of a small vessel of piratical propensities. There was the Union Jack, Blue Peter, and several foreign colours, the selection depending not so much on the merits of the country as on the simplicity of the design of the flag.

(To be concluded).



THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XI

A MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.

"MILLY, tell me quick, how much do you weigh?"

There was such eagerness and anxiety in Helen Edison's tones as she asked the question that Milly Wilmot started up in her bed in affright and exclaimed—

"Seven stone nine when I was weighed last holidays in the hay scales; but oh! what's the matter? Am I too heavy. Is the floor giving?"

"It's not you that are too heavy, but I that am too light," was the quick answer.

"My body does not weigh enough for my spirits to-night. Do jump out of bed, please, and hold my feet down, for my spirits are getting lighter every moment, and I am quite dreading to feel my head bumping against the ceiling."

Thus exhorted, Milly did spring out of bed and run to her friend with a face full of alarm, which was visible enough even in the moonlight. She had heard of people being seized with fevers in which they talked strange nonsense, and she certainly thought that her favourite schoolfellow was seized with one of these fevers now. And the worst of it was that Clara Boswell, the sensible senior, was away on a two days' visit to some relations just returned from a foreign residence.

With the exception of the inmates of that room, the whole of Crofton House was wrapped in silence and slumber, for the hour was one o'clock a.m. The night was

beautifully calm and bright, and, for March, very mild. Milly had been asleep for three hours, when she was disturbed by the shaking of her bed, to see her companion, wrapped in her crimson cashmere dressing-gown, standing in the middle of the moonlit floor, and giving little springs up and down, which set the whole room vibrating. Then came the startling question.

Milly was trembling as she took hold of her friend's hands instead of her feet, and implored anxiously—

"Do stand still! do get into bed again! Then you know you can't go up to the ceiling."

"Unless I went up flat, pancake fashion, you know. No, I really can't risk that, I might happen to knock my funny bone."

And with that remark Miss Helen Edison freed her hands from her companion's grasp, put them on to her shoulders, or rather, to be quite correct, clasped them both over one shoulder, and turned her into a sort

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

II.



THE skilful fingers of Kate the first were kept occupied in painting on little silk pincushions, which were made by one of the other members of two rounds of cardboard (old post-cards) the size of a penny, and each covered with ribbon or scraps of silk, and then stitched together all round and filled with pins. On one side Kate would paint a little picture or flower, and on the other the initials of the recipient. On

these they expended fourpence; threepence for half a yard of broad ribbon and one penny for pins. They were made for one or two of the girls, and for two others there were pocket-handkerchief cases. This idea

originated with one of the Kates, and was much applauded by the other members, as being at once pretty, useful, and cheap. Two pieces of white cardboard, five inches square; and four pieces, an inch and a half wide and five inches long, were first cut out. These were all bound round with narrow blue ribbon, and then stitched together into the shape of a shallow box, into which handkerchiefs would just slip easily; the square of cardboard for the lid was, of course, only sewn on at one side. A little rosette of ribbon was then stitched on to the centre of the lid, and a loop by which to raise it, and the case was complete. One sheet of white cardboard (costing fourpence) and five and a half yards of ribbon (at one penny a yard) was sufficient for the two cases, so they were not very costly.

There were one or two little maidens of very tender years to be provided for, not yet emerged from the age when soft playthings are preferable to hard or angular ones. Julia undertook to make for one of these small guests a dog of harmless nature, with nothing injurious to baby life about him; in fact, a very

in fig. 4, was first stuffed, and then sewn into its wonted position. The dog was stuffed with scraps of all sorts, and was very successful in appearance, though Julia found it difficult to satisfy inquirers as to the breed to which it belonged.

A youth of some three summers was likewise presented with a dog, but, unlike that destined for the little girl, his was a ferocious-looking animal, made of black serge, with fiercely glaring red-bead eyes.

And for a boy of six Rose constructed a set of reins. She bought a quarter of a yard of American cloth for threepence halfpenny, which she sloped out so as to form a point in front and one at each side. This was bound with red braid, and had a little halfpenny bell stitched to each point. It was made to tie round the waist, and at either side of the back were attached long loops of braid, each a yard and a half long. This braid made the reins rather expensive, but Rose found that she could buy it by the piece of three dozen yards for one shilling and fourpence halfpenny, which was much cheaper than buying it by the yard, and she found that she required almost the whole of that quantity, as so much was needed for the ship coil rings. A finishing touch was added to the reins in the shape of a prancing steed cut out of red flannel and securely gummed on in the middle.

"We have nothing at all for Fanny Bliss yet," said Julia, despairingly; "and she is so clever and feels herself so grown up, I am sure she will despise anything we can make. Could we not buy her a book?"

"No," said Rose; "that would take more than her share of the money. And besides, I had an idea for her while I was out this morning, so went straight into a shop and bought the materials. Here are the bills:— 'One sheet of thin millboard, threepence; half a yard of blue glazed lining, twopence halfpenny; one yard of narrow blue ribbon, one penny.' There is more lining than we need, as it is so wide; but I thought we could cut the remainder into very thin strips, with which to tie up the parcels and hang them on the tree, and hope the company will think it looks like blue ribbon. Kate, will you kindly bring mamma's patch-bag, and see if there is half a yard of material of any kind in it, and then I will expound my idea?"

The bag contained several pieces of suitable material, from which Rose picked out a strip of dark coloured serge. "Now, Kate," said she, "if you will begin to make this into a roll for carrying music, I can go on with the list. The cardboard must be cut long enough

and should be placed between the serge and the lining. But to return to the list. Next comes Cousin Tom. It is really no use making anything breakable for him, or it will be in pieces before the evening is over, and probably he will have injured himself seriously with it at the same time. That boy's fingers seem to have a mysterious affinity for sharp knives and pieces of glass and anything else he can cut or bruise himself with. I met him yesterday returning from a slide on the pond, and he looked like a wounded hero after a battle."

"A brilliant idea, Rose; that will be the very thing."

"What will? A field of battle?"

"No; but my imaginative soul instantly conjured up a picture of wounded men being carried by compassionate doctors to the ambulance in the rear of the army; which, not to compare small things with great, suggested to my mind a case of sticking plaster."

"That would do splendidly; but I do not know how to make one."

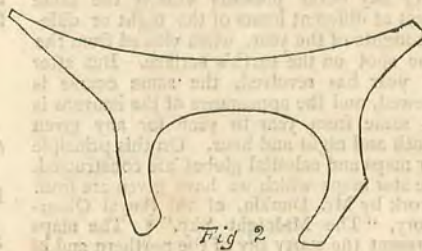
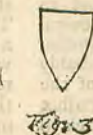
Oh, I will manage that; I will use those little scraps of coloured cardboard, left from the lamp-shade, cut two pieces into oblong shapes, bind them with ribbon, sew them together at the bottom and two sides, and there is the case. We might embellish it further by writing on one side some appropriate sentiment, such as 'I heal all wounds but those of the heart,' and on the other sides paint an elaborate monogram. You can buy pieces of the best court-plaster for one penny each, and if we get two of those—one pink and one black—we can enclose them between two pieces of white paper, tied together at the top by a tiny bow of ribbon, which will also serve to draw the whole out from the case. If we could have afforded it we could have sewn on to one side of the case a sheath of silk, with a tiny pair of scissors in it to cut the plaster with; but, after all, it would be no kindness, for he would cut himself with them so often he would use up all the sticking-plaster in no time."

"Then, lastly, we come to Maggie Grey. You are making the little white muslin apron for her, are you not, Julia? Do you think it will be pretty?"

"Yes, I am sure it will. This piece is for a bib, and these long strips are for a frill to go all round the apron; it has only taken one yard of muslin, and has cost sixpence three-farthings so far, but I think we might afford three-quarters of a yard of ribbon to make two little bows under which to pin the bib on to the shoulders, it would be such an improvement."

Rose happened to have bought a yard of ribbon by mistake that morning, so gave it to Julia, which was just the last touch needed to make the apron charming. This completed the list of gifts the illustrious quartette had

made, or were in the act of making. The meeting had to be prolonged somewhat beyond its usual length in order to finish off everything. Presently Julia looked up from her dog, whose tail refused to take the graceful curl she desired.



much improved edition of the animal. After a great many trials, of which the funny results provoked much laughter and fun, she succeeded in producing a first-rate dog, whose skin was made of part of an old brown velvet dress, his eyes of boot buttons, and his teeth stitches of white worsted. His skin was in four pieces, and when spread out flat half of the outside was the shape of fig. 1, whilst fig. 2 represents half the under part. The ear, fig. 3, was gathered in a little at the base; and the tail, half of which is shown

to go once round the pieces of music, but not to lap over. Then the serge must be an inch larger than the blue lining, so that it can be hemmed down on to it all round. But as soon as you have cut it out, before you begin to sew it, if the other Kate will display her artistic skill by drawing Fanny's initials on the serge and a little spray of flowers, or something of that kind, we can work it over in blue crewels, and it will be by no means a present to be despised, even by the proud and haughty Fanny. The ribbon, of course, is for strings, and I presume it is unnecessary to explain that the cardboard is for stiffening,

"Rose," she cried, "we have quite forgotten ourselves! We really do deserve presents after slaying for everybody else as we have been doing."

"Yes, I think you do deserve them, and I should not be at all surprised if you find that Santa Claus has sent you something after all."

"Oh, you good, sweet creature, to make

us things. Have you given yourself anything?"

"I should think not, indeed. I am a great deal too old to have things off a Christmas Tree," answered Rose, with a fine air of dignity.

"Well, you are not much older than mamma and grandmamma, I should imagine, are you? And I should not be much surprised if there is found to be something for you, too, on the branches. By-the-bye, Rose, where is the tree to come from?"

"That we shall have to hire. I have spoken to the florist about it, and he has promised to let us have one large enough for our purpose for ninnence, provided it does not catch fire too often."

"Could we not have something new in the way of lighting up the tree?" asked Kate the first; "an arrangement of magnesium wire would be good, I think."

"Or a dish of burning brandy and salt concealed in the pot would impart a beautiful bluish-grey tinge to everyone's face that would be at once novel and pleasing," suggested Julia.

"Now, Julia, don't scoff," said Rose. "I should rather like something new, Kate, but considering our very limited means, I am inclined to think nothing would serve our purpose better, or look prettier than the time-honoured little coloured candles, and they are at any rate cheap and easy to manage. What is the opinion of the rest of the meeting?"

The meeting, on the whole, agreed with Rose, who went on to inform them that, as their whole expenditure, including a shilling reserved for candles and ninnence for the tree, and even a reel of sewing silk, only amounted to six shillings and three-halfpence, she felt justified in suggesting that they should spend a few pence more on two ideas of hers. The first was that they should give a trifling present to their servant off the tree, that she might not feel left out in the cold while everyone else was enjoying themselves; she had thought of an apron of checked muslin, to wear in the afternoon. She said it would only need three-quarters of a yard, and would not cost more than fourpence halfpenny. The meeting agreed to this at once, and Kate the second volunteered to make it.

"I was obliged to take for granted that you would agree to my next idea," Rose went on, "as there was no time to lose, so I have bought the materials for it, consisting of a fourpenny packet of plain white cards; and what I suggest is that we should give with each present a card with a little picture or device in one corner, if Kate the first will kindly paint them, and then a verse with a good wish for the new year, or something of that sort, each made particularly appropriate to the recipient. What do you think?"

"Oh, lovely! if you will hire a poet for the occasion; but, failing this, where is the poetry to come from?"

"Oh, I don't mean real good poetry, of course; but—well, I manufactured one or two just for samples. For example, for Harry I thought something like this would do:

'For you, my trusty schoolboy, my prophetic eye

Twelve months of play and study doth foresee;

Think more of *this* than *that*—to *work* your mind apply,

So shall the prize next year your portion be."

I am sure we can manage plenty of couplets of that inferior quality, so we will have a select committee to-morrow morning to manufacture and write them out. Now we have everything arranged, and there is still three shillings and twopence left for the purchase of lemons and sugar for lemonade, currants and the other ingredients for home-made cakes and buns, and all the other eatables likely to charm the youthful mind. I propose that, while Julia and I are invoking the poetic muse to-morrow morning, the two prosaic Kates employ their leisure in the making-up of the said cakes into the most elegant forms they can devise, and I would humbly remind them in particular of the charms of pastry pigs, with currant eyes. And now, ladies, as Her Majesty would say, 'It is with satisfaction that I find myself at length enabled to release you from your arduous labours,' and I declare this meeting prorogued till to-morrow morning."

RESULTS OF PRIZE COMPETITIONS. IV.—PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

Examiners:

MARY LAYBOURN,
MARIE KARGER.

THE result of the knitting contest has proved a great and unexpected success, both as regards number of competitors and style of work. The regularity of the stitches clearly testified that the homely art of knitting is largely practised among English girls, indeed more so than is generally supposed. All the workers certainly deserve hearty thanks for their industry and charity.

Every stocking or sock underwent examination in five distinct points, the most faulty one being the heel, which was often deficient both in width and length. Some, otherwise good knitters, had allowed barely $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches when from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches would have been the correct length in proportion to the size of their stocking. The insufficient breadth was due either to the bad division of the instep and heel stitches or to the extreme tightness of the strengthening, whether when using double wool or the alternate slipped stitch. A few other heels, on the contrary, were far too wide, although as stiff and thick as a board. The favourite turning seemed to be the heart-shaped one.

Here and there a stumpy foot evinced a poor knowledge of proportion and want of judgment, precisely the same drawbacks which characterised last term's Night-dress Competition, though not so prevalent this time. The natural inference of this remark is that many girls, full of good feeling for the poor, ply their nimble fingers without using their eyes or their common sense.

As bad training must be partly blamed for this, every effort will more than ever be mainly directed to counteract it by definite plans and specimens. Surely the perseverance of our dear girls is well worthy of the warmest encouragement!

STOCKINGS.

FIRST PRIZE—TWO GUINEAS.

Florence Downs, Orphan Working School, Maitland-park (14).

SECOND PRIZE—ONE GUINEA.

Ada Rees, Wainfelin, Pontnewnydd, near Pontypool, Monmouth (18).

SOCKS.

FIRST PRIZE—TWO GUINEAS.

Margery E. Cuyler, Ballybot, N. S., Newry, Ireland (17).

SECOND PRIZE—ONE GUINEA.

Elizabeth Rose Hayes, Fairfield Cottage, Clifton-road, Winchester (26).

STOCKINGS AND SOCKS.

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Minnie Eves, Orphan Working School, Maitland-park, Haverstock-hill (17).

Mary Mundell, 56, Grove-street, Cowcaddens, Glasgow (20).

Margaret Fraser, The Manse of Petty, near Inverness, Scotland (15½).

Lizzie Fowler, Aston Clinton, Tring, Bucks (13).

Ada Sharpe, Aston Clinton, Tring, Bucks (14).

M. C. Rayne Nicol, School House, near Braintree, Essex.

Jane Hope Grierson, 1, Athole-gardens, Kelvinside, Glasgow, N.B. (17).

Rosie C. Humpidge, 10, Theresa-place, Bristol-road, Gloucester (17).

Isabella Anderson Tuke, 7, Viewforth-terrace, Edinburgh (14).

Annie M. Lacklans, Fort William.

Hannah Finney, Milton House, Broad-walk, Brixton (19).

Charlotte Watson, 90, Regent-terrace, Stirling-road, Glasgow (16).

Lizzie Giles, 28, Loman-road, Jackson-road, Holloway (17).

Alice C. C. Scott, 15, Glenton-terrace, Hillhead, Glasgow (17).

Mary T. Roos, 136, High-street, Merthyr Tydfil.

Annie Crawford, 1, Northumberland-place, North Shields (19).

Laura Hoggan, Campbell, Glasgow (18).

Jane Taylor Ewen, Mill Bank, Forfar, Scotland (19).

Jessie Louisa Robertson, Struam-park, Cupar, Fife, N.B. (20).

Mary A. Tanqueray, Tingrith Rectory, Woburn, Beds (20).

Minnie Goldfinch, Harbour-street, Whitstable (18).

Henrietta Dixon, South Brook, Great Ayton, *via* Northallerton (17).

Matilda Huddleston, Arthington Mills, Otley, Yorks (18).

Rosetta Hill, Royal Hotel, Bath (17).

Emma Jackson, Fernslope, Belper, Derbyshire (17).

Emily Alderson, 10, Peck-lane, Nottingham (16).

Ellen Billing, Orphan Working School, Maitland-park, N.W. (13).

Annie Leigh, Orphan Working School, Maitland-park, N.W. (13).

Emily Christina Buttensham, Smeton Rectory, Leicester

Lucy A. Jones, 26, Ashburnham-grove, Greenwich, S.E. (19).

CERTIFICATE OF THE SECOND CLASS.

M. A. Henderson,

Edith M. Hamilton, Silverdale, Werter-road, Putney, London.

Amy Robertson, North of Scotland Bmk, Macduff, N.B. (17).

Kate Clements, Cream Hall, Highbury-park, London, N. (19).

Elizabeth Lucy Stone, 40, West-street, Farnham, Surrey (15).

Elizabeth Adams, 45, Buckingham-place, Brighton (19).

Margaret L. H. Edmondstane, Ordale, Shetland Isle (15).

Louisa Smythe, 33, Fitzwilliam-place, Dublin (18).

Jane H. Gibson, Certificated Mistress, Waltera Winter Warrenner, West Gate, Haltwhistle, Northumberland (15).

Agnes Robina Reid, 515, New City-road, Glasgow (12).

S. A. Smith, York-street, Leek, Stoke-on-Trent (18).

C. E. Costell, The Rectory, Whitehouse (18).

Emmie Booth, 2, Scarcroft-terrace, York (11).

Alice Blair, Brewery House, Longton, Staffordshire (17).

Pollie Steventon, Post Office, Ettinshall, near Wolverhampton (15).

Mary D. Wylie, 24, North Fort-street, North Leith, N.B. (17).

L. Griffelles, Smith Bros., near the Station, Hoyle, Cheshire (21).