



BY MADAME DE LORRAINE.

"THE decorating and furnishing of our drawing-room give far greater opportunity for the display of our 'artistic talents' than the more sober arrangement befitting a dining-room," said Mrs. Tremaine, as a prefatory remark to the consultation regarding the drawing-room of the new vicarage.

"There are a hundred little elegances requisite to make our *salon* something beyond a state reception room. This an upholsterer can do, but it is the little evidences of a lady's occupation and of her personal assistance in beautifying her drawing-room that really give the refined and home-like charm, which is the greatest it can possess."

"That is just what I always say to Mabel," exclaimed Nora, delightedly; "a room looks so much more home-like with a piece of fancy work on a table, an open piano with some music on it, etc., etc."

"There is a medium, young lady," said Mabel; "when there are nine or ten half-finished pieces of work in as many different places, music on the desk, on two or three chairs, and on the floor. No room can look elegant with such untidiness."

"What you call untidiness I dignify by the name of artistic disorder," said Nora laughing; "but we are wasting our lecturer's time."

"We have, indeed, no time to waste," rejoined her cousin, "for before we come to the extras to which I alluded, there are the necessary articles of furniture—which must be as much as possible our own work—and the decoration of the room itself. If the floor is to be completely covered with carpeting, it passes out of our jurisdiction, but if the carpet is to be in the centre only, showing a border of the wood, that border may be entrusted to us to stain and polish. The parquet flooring bought by the foot is the most elegant floor bordering, and wears admirably, but as we have decided on being as independent as possible of other persons' work, we are debarred from the use of this."

"There are many varieties of stains for floors, and as they are all sold with ample directions for their use, I will not take up your time with a description of them. The permanganate of potash I have already taught you how to use in staining the hall floor in your present house; of all stains this is by far the cheapest and the easiest of application."

"Now for our walls," said Mabel; "I must own to being very anxious about them; they *must* be papered or painted—I suppose there is no other way; either is very expensive to have quite nice. A really good paper will cost a small fortune for so large a room as ours."

"That depends entirely where you purchase it; but I must disabuse your mind of the idea there is no choice but paper or paint. What I am going to recommend you is much superior to paint and much more serviceable: it is the 'Crete enamelling process.'"

"Enamel!" said Mabel: "that sounds very costly. What does it look like?"

"Like the background of a china vase or plate, it is so beautifully smooth; it may be much more or less glazed according to taste, and any colour you choose. It is a species of paste applied to the wall, which hardens as it dries, and really forms an enamelled surface."

"We must not have it too light. I suppose it would show the least soil immediately?"

"It does not do that," answered her cousin, "and even if it should, it would be of no consequence, as it may be washed with a soaped flannel and water a dozen times a day, without these having any other effect than to cleanse it. It has another great and peculiar advantage, that is, it is thoroughly waterproof; no damp, therefore, can come through a wall to which it is applied."

"Really; we must strain a point to have this, the last quality alone would repay the extra outlay."

"As to 'extra outlay'—a very natural conclusion on your part, by-the-bye—the cost of Crete enamelling is about *half* that of paint."

"That is a marvellous but very decisive fact," said Mabel; "the only thing now is to decide on the colour, and that of course depends on that of our upholstery."

"I fancy I *should* have liked a paper better," said Nora; "one of those *straggly* patterns, that don't seem alike in more than one place."

"Prettily constructed sentence!" said Mabel; "will you oblige the company with a translation?"

"I mean," said Nora, blushing, "a flower here, a butterfly there, a dragonfly every now and then, and—"

"And a small bird sometimes," interrupted Mrs. Tremaine. "I know exactly what you do mean, and there is no reason your walls should not possess the charm of rarity and beauty you desire for them. The Crete enamel shall be the background on which all the objects you mentioned shall be depicted; it will form not only the most beautiful you can have, but by far the pleasantest to paint on."

"To paint on!" said Nora, in a delighted but awe-stricken tone. "Won't that be very much beyond us, and where could we get copies big enough?"

"For our copies we must search every picture-book and cretonne pattern we can get and procure the loan of; whenever we find a 'bit,' as artists say, that we like, we must draw it in a suitable size and just give it a rough colouring. When we have a sufficient collection of these we will paste them on our enamelled wall, arranging them according to taste. We need only put a little paste on, just at the upper edge, so as to admit of our removing and rearranging them till quite satisfied with their effect."

"By this means we shall be able to form a

very fair idea of the future appearance of our walls when finished. When quite satisfied that each design is exactly where we should wish, we must outline the edges on the wall before taking it off, then number each portion thus designed, and put a corresponding number on the copy. This entails a little extra trouble at the time, but prevents much confusion after."

"When you come to the colouring of all these subjects, you must bear in mind they require treatment more decorative than pictorial; a general broad effect should be produced, as the highly-finished shading and elaborately grouping that would be charming in a framed picture hanging on the wall would be quite unsuitable to the decoration of the whole wall itself."

"I should suggest the ceiling being coloured and decorated precisely in the same manner, the subjects, whatever they may be, carried on to the ceiling from the wall to form a cornice. The arrangement may be in separate panels, these being defined by shaded lines, a little scroll work at the top and bottom of the panel, a spray of leaves and a flower pendent from the top or rising from the bottom, a continuation of scroll designs, partly on the ceiling and the wall, and a similar one as a narrow dado, the scrolls every now and then resolving themselves into an oval or circular frame in which your objects can be introduced."

"If this be too formal a style, you can make your walls resemble those of a conservatory by introducing ferns and foliage plants, with a few tropical flowers on the lower portion of the wall, and carrying graceful creepers up the corners and continuing them round the ceiling, allowing slight trails and sprays of leaves to hang gracefully and uniformly from them on to the wall."

"A similar arrangement may be carried round the doors and the looking-glass—if you have a looking-glass, that is to say."

"I fear the advocates of rigid formality and straight lines will greatly disapprove of your last suggestion for wall decorations; but it seems to me that it would be very beautiful, and if you really think we could achieve it we will certainly try."

"If you do, let me advise 'Virginian creeper' as the principal subject; the leaves and tendrils and the whole growth of the plant indeed, are exceptionally graceful; and, if we choose it just as it is beginning to put on the autumn tints, it will give us some lovely colour effects and prevent the monotony of too much green; these red and yellow tinted leaves, however, must be sparingly employed."

"I suppose our doors and all the woodwork must be the same colour as the ground of our walls?" said Mabel.

"Certainly, with the mouldings picked out with different shades of the same."

"Pray don't forget that you promised us some gilt panels to our doors," said Nora, clasping her hands imploringly. "After these lovely walls you could not have the heart to bring us down to common paint."

"You shall have your gilt panellings on your doors and your window shutters; but let me advise you to defer these until everything else in the room is done, then try one as an experiment in effect; it may be that when your room is completely decorated and furnished you would find so great a mass of gilding out of character. I should then advise you to paint the panels in question without the gold background, you would find them very elegant even on the despised common paint."

"You shall have your promised lesson on painting on a gold background all the same, for there is no more elegant or more fashionable decoration than this. We can let it into the

front of our piano, the doors of our cabinets, and, in fact, apply it in a variety of ways most effectively. As we are on the subject, I may as well give you the necessary directions at once.

"We need not take into consideration painting on panelling gilded expressly, as the material is too expensive for us. We therefore have in its place gold paper, which we must attach to cardboard or a thin piece of wood if we paint our panels apart from the articles they are to adorn. If, on the contrary, we are sufficiently sure of our success, the paper may be pasted at once where we wish it to remain. The paper is from two to three shillings a yard, and twenty-one inches wide. It can be had either plain or craped. Ordinary moist water-colours are used with red sable brushes, and no preparation whatever of the paper itself is required before the painting.

"As it is impossible to rub out or alter any mistake in the design without removing the gilding at the same time, your best plan will be to draw it on common paper and transfer it in the usual manner.

"All the parts to be painted on should be filled up with Chinese white, made the consistency of ordinary cream, but, for any large surface to be thus covered, to prevent its cracking you must use with the Chinese white a very small quantity of water-colour megilp, or, what I far prefer, the new 'Veloutine' me lium used for painting on the materials.

"When this white is perfectly dry, the colours are painted over it exactly in the ordinary manner for water-colour drawings.

"When everything is finished and quite dry a thin coat of the 'Veloutine' over the painting will preserve and brighten your colour.



"OUR OWN DECORATIONS."

"Your crevel patterns will furnish you with suitable designs, and water-colour flower copies supply you with the requisite colouring and finishing details. You must remember to have a piece of soft chamois leather on which to rest your hand while painting, or you will find it has removed some of the gilding, and as this cannot be patched, your work is useless. It is on account of the delicacy of this gold background that I advocate your painting being done apart from its future destination, as, if any accident happens, you can then easily bestow your picture somewhere where its defects will not be so conspicuous, and begin another attempt. Almond blossoms, bulrushes, honeysuckles, wild roses, lilies, convolvuli, and many exotic plants tell very effectively on gilt backgrounds, and you will find field grasses and foliage not only always beautiful in themselves, but harmonising with everything else.

"If you decide on keeping these gold panelings for the decoration of your furniture, and painting the door and window panels on the wood itself, or rather on its painted surface, this must be done with oil colours.

"The panel requires no preparation, and the design can be transferred, and the outlines must then be gone over with brown paint, using a fine brush.

"With the exception of crimson lake, all the colours must be opaque, and you can apply them just as you would on ordinary canvas."

"Supposing we should like to use our gilded pictures for our doors and windows and shutters, how are they to be stuck up?" asked Nora.

"The panel must be very accurately fitted, and either glued or fastened with small tacks into its place, the joins being hidden by a small moulding. I do not think I can say much more on these till it comes to the practical working. What shall we arrange next?"

"Window curtains and carpets, I propose."

"Our carpet cannot very well be our own work; all we can do is to choose whether it shall be dark with a small running pattern. I saw one a few days ago with a nearly black ground, on which were small bunches of field daisies lightly tied together by narrow ribbons; the ribbons were constructed in pretty curves, with a little bunch of loops and ends to each set of flowers. If we can get this, we could hardly have anything prettier, and it will harmonise with any furniture we are likely to have. I must arbitrarily insist on a Persian rug, or one of the long-haired mats—a grey one would be the most effective—in front of the window, it will prevent the sun fading the carpet, which, without this precaution it is sure to do. Either rug or mat will be much less injured, and it is easier to replace one of them than get a new carpet.

"A few Persian rugs about the room in other places will greatly add to its effect. The great charm of the Oriental colouring is its perfect harmony, which shows everything else to advantage. I have lately seen and greatly admired some furniture covered with these Persian rugs. The sofa, of which no wood was shown, was covered with black velvet, and on the back and seat were fastened two Oriental rugs, leaving a margin of black velvet at each end. The seat was trimmed round with a handsome border of the same, and a deep fringe reproducing the colours.

"The square armchair was made to match, and a border surrounded with fringe laid along the top of each arm. I do not advocate them for your drawing-room, I merely describe them to show you how effectively such things may be used."

"Order, order!" exclaimed Nora; "we were to talk about carpets and windows, and you have meandered into sofas and armchairs; oblige us with a few ideas relative to our bay window, if you please."

"The predominant idea about your window, Nora, is that, as your room faces the sun, you will be obliged to have some outside blinds as shades. They should be made of the striped blind material, and must be properly shaped and fastened on frames, so they are beyond our province; they will be a great addition to the comfort of your room, and prevent the sun damaging its contents; you can have them fitted complete from 1s. 4½d. to 2s. 3d. the square foot. It would hardly be worth while going to Italy to fetch the awning materials from thence, but if you could once see the red and white stripes used at the Lago Maggiore, the deep yellow and white of the Lago d'Orta, and some others I could mention, the staring stripes in use in England, would shock your taste afterwards. If you prefer Venetian blinds, these are much cheaper, as you can have them completely fixed from 7d. to 10d. a foot.

"Of what material do you wish your window curtains to be made?"

"To match the covers of the furniture," answered Mabel, and we want them of twilled or, if we could afford it, sateen cretonne. What is the difference in price?"

"Twilled cretonne of good quality ranges from 9½d. to 2s. a yard. Sateen cretonne from 1s. 6½d. to 3s. 6d. Of course in both cases you may go higher, but your wants can be perfectly supplied at the prices I have mentioned."

"I think I should advise you to expend the extra sum, to have the sateen cretonne, as, on account of its lustrous surface, it does not retain the dust as the twill does, and being softer it is not so liable to cut wherever creased. You may get an admirably wearing quality, and an immense choice of patterns from 2s. to 2s. 3d. a yard."

"Roman satin, or satin sheeting as it is called now, I believe, would be, I suppose, quite beyond our means?" suggested Mabel.

"By no means, it is no dearer than the cretonne I have just mentioned, as it can be got in many shades for 4s. 6d. or 5s. a yard, and is double width. Why not have your furniture a combination of the two? Have your curtains and the principal part of your furniture covers of satin sheeting and ornament them with the sateen cretonne."

"That sounds lovely," exclaimed Nora. "Gentle stranger, prithce how?"

"Purchase a few yards of cretonne, with handsome stripes; many of these stripes have scroll work borders. It would not be so very difficult or long a task to cut out these edges and *appliquer* the stripe as a border to your curtains in the way I have taught you to do the cretonne embroidery; they would require very little if any working over with silk, and the effect would repay the trouble a hundredfold."

"I should think they would be remarkably elegant," said Mabel, "and certainly not ultra-expensive. How can we make our sofa and chairs to correspond?"

"Patience, please. The curtains are not yet finished; we require a valance, and this can be of the same material as the curtain, lined with something rather stiff to keep it in shape; the lower edge must be shaped and trimmed with the same border as the curtains; a band of this also on a stiff lining will form the curtain holders. Your inner curtains will be of light-looking lace or plain soft muslin, écu, white, or cream, as you prefer; my taste would be the last named. Now for your chairs and sofa. The former are by no means obliged to match; suppose, therefore, we content ourselves with six, in which the wood is shown; the back and legs of them we will ebonise and gild, the seats shall be of our satin sheeting *capitoné* (tufted), in the manner I have described in the first of these 'lectures,' as Nora calls my modest hints. Any material wears three times as long tufted as plain, and the effect is infinitely richer. These chair

covers will be entirely of the satin sheeting, the only ornaments being the buttons with which they are tufted, and the fancy gimp put round to conceal the fastening on of the material.

"For our other chairs we will have one rather large, with a round seat and back; the latter, about four inches thick, is covered at the back with plain satin sheeting, and a band of the same, tufted, is put round the frame of wood forming the back of the chair. The front shall be of plain satin, and on it we will *appliquer* a group of flowers cut from cretonne and buttonhole stitched on, with silks to match; a few silks in the veining of the leaves and defining the petals of the flowers will be quite worth our while in this case. The circle of satin when completed must be sewn to the tufted band which surrounds it, and a cord of corresponding colours used to hide the join. The back, which consists of two circles of thin wood attached by a frame four inches wide, must have three or four thicknesses of wadding covered with a lining canvas, tightly stretched, and all this must be sately nailed on before the cover is put on. As this stuffing increases the size, it is better to finish these preliminaries before cutting out the satin for the cover. The circle sewn to the border is then put on the frame, the border being left sufficiently wide to allow of its being securely nailed on the back; this done, the piece of black satin to cover the back is put over it and sewn to the back edge of the border, the stitches being hidden by a cord. The seat must, of course, have spring or horsehair stuffing, which is not in our power to accomplish, but the cover is made precisely like that for the back, with the addition of a fringe hanging below the *capitoné* band that goes round it.

"Then we will have a low lounging chair with a high sloping back; this shall be covered with the satin sheeting tufted, 'that goes without saying,' and the side of the back and band round below the seat shall be of the cretonne bordering to match the curtains."

(To be continued.)

## THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Music and Words by COTSFORD DICK.  
A BALLAD STORY.



HERE is a river, my dear reader, down which you and I are floating, each in his own little bark, floating as fast as the stream can carry us to the great Sea of Eternity. You, perhaps,

are just beginning to learn to take the

young aspirant followed us so far? Here is another thought for her before we close. It tells what one of our latest singers, Frances Ridley Havergal, thought on this subject:—

“Little one, what are you doing,  
Sitting on the window-seat?  
Laughing to yourself and writing,  
Some right merry thought inditing,  
Balancing with swinging feet?”

“’Tis some poetry I’m making,  
Though I never tried before—  
Four whole lines! I’ll read them to you.  
Do you think them funny—do you?  
Shall I try and make some more?”

“Think you, darling, nought is needed  
But the paper and the ink,  
And the pen to trace so lightly,  
While the eye is beaming brightly,  
All the pretty things we think?”

“Poetry is not a trifle,  
Lightly thought and lightly made;  
Not a fair and scentless flower,  
Gaily cultured for an hour,  
Then as gaily left to fade.

“’Tis not stringing rhymes together  
In a pleasant true accord;  
Not the music of the metre,  
Not the happy fancies sweeter  
Than a flower-bell honey stored.

“’Tis the essence of existence,  
Rarely rising to the light;  
And the songs that echo longest,  
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,  
With your life-blood you will write.

“Every lesson you shall utter,  
If the charge, indeed, be yours,  
First is gained by earnest learning,  
Carved in letters deep and burning  
On a heart that long endures.

“Will you seek it? Will you have it?  
’Tis a strange and solemn thing,  
Learning long, before your teaching,  
Listening long, before your preaching,  
Suffering before you sing.”

So wrote one whose verse was for the most part sunny and hopeful. We doubt whether “suffering” is an essential part of poetical education; but the question is one it may interest our readers to determine for themselves, by such knowledge as they have of English literature.

(To be concluded.)

## OTHER PEOPLE'S HAPPINESS AND OTHER PEOPLE'S THINGS.

It is a shame, girls—yes, it is a great shame, that we should make ourselves miserable by envying other people's happiness and coveting other people's things. Of the envious and covetous no one has spoken respectfully since the world began, and if you would only reflect—which, at the giddy age of some of your highnesses, is perhaps hardly to be expected—you would be nothing but patterns of sweet content.

I have often thought of quoting to you the example of a man with whom it was a custom

every evening before he retired to rest, to sit quietly for a time in his chair, endeavouring to discover whether he had done anything wrong during the day, even to the extent of coveting what was not his own, and, if he fancied he had, he did his best never to fall into the same error again. If that were your practice how good you would grow and how much more charming you would be. I, for one, would then pin my faith to you for ever.

As it is, to speak but of one fault at a time, how envious you sometimes are of others' good looks. If women were able to cast the evil eye, as it is said the gipsies do, the reign of beauty would soon be over, and only homely features would have a chance of existence. My dear, don't be ridiculous; you are good enough looking for me, and, if not the prettiest I ever saw, you are by a long way the most agreeable. Beauty, you know, is but skin-deep, and to be envious of another's loveliness is to be no more sensible than a child crying for the moon.

It is just as wrong to be envious of affection. “Why,” said a girl once, making a confession to me, “I was in love with Tom when Julia came along, and she actually did her best to win him away; not that she cared for him a bit, but she was envious at seeing me so happy.” Could anything have been more shabby? But there is no end to the mean things that envy will do.

Envy has made a home for itself everywhere, and whether we live in peasants' huts or in kings' palaces, it is pretty sure to be at least our next-door neighbour. The ignorant envy the educated, the poor the rich, the low the high, and the high the low. Only the other day I read of a girl, nobly born, envying much the happiness of those milkmaids who pass every morning over the dewy grass, sing sweetly all day, and sleep soundly at night, and who have the privilege of bestowing their affections as they please, and of wedding “those who are high in love though low in condition.”

Success of any sort is sure to stir up envy. A girl, for example, has worked harder than her associates, and proved herself a better scholar: up jump immediately a crowd of ill-natured feelings excited by the honour she receives. She has, indeed, a noble spirit who can at such a moment deliver her congratulations without envy, and rejoice sincerely at the reward of the deserving. Life, my friends, is too short to spend any portion of it in fretting at the success of others. Succeed for yourselves; that is by a long way better than indulging in a passion that can never do you or anybody else a single particle of good.

Covetousness is a companion vice to envy, and quite as wicked, quite as foolish. In the young it is not always so observable, your opportunities for indulging in it not being so numerous; but it is common enough for all that. If there were not many greedy girls there would not be so many avaricious women, and one's acquaintance is in a very limited circle if she cannot from personal observation furnish several who are far from models in this way. I know at least one girl so greedy that the deep sea is nothing to her—one who wishes everything that others have her own, and will stick at no craft or intrigue to obtain what she desires.

If either envy or covetousness ended in happiness it would be something, but both are enemies to happiness, like all other vices. The envious step-sister in the fairy story always in the long run came off worst, and so it will be to the end of the chapter in the real world. As we grow older these passions grow stronger; in fact, there is a proverb which says that “covetousness is the last vice which dies.” Once they take root, they never fail to wither the best natures; for neither generous thoughts, nor wholesome ambition, nor sincere

love can exist in the same heart alongside of them.

On the whole they are the vices of little minds that have little to do. When one is occupied with work and engrossed with thought, she has no time and still less inclination either for envying other people's good fortune, or unlawfully desiring other people's possessions. Here we have perhaps the reason for envy and covetousness, especially envy, being much less common amongst men than amongst women; they have more to do. Be never idle! this is as good a rule for mental health as to take plenty of exercise is a sound law for the health of the body.

It is a great antidote to envy to think that things are not always what they seem. Indeed, most often after we have summed up the happiness or prosperity of other people, we find we have seriously miscalculated. We are like the woman who longed to get into a Court circle, which appeared to her the most desirable of all companies. At last she did, and “I wish,” she wrote soon after, “I had never seen anything higher than the flowers of the field.”

Another, who attracted envy enough in her day, has confessed to the same feeling. “How much,” she says, “have I regretted that ever I was born even when I have been surrounded with all that could gratify the ambition of woman.”

As for covetousness, the mere desire to have what our neighbour has, and so deprive her of the possession, should never be one of your failings. Happiness does not lie in possession, and to covet mere worldly goods—money or anything else—is but to make a treasure of a dust-heap. Let us all then cultivate content and be of one mind as to making the beautiful lines of the old poet our own:—

“My conscience is my crown;  
Contented thoughts my rest;  
My heart is happy in itself,  
My bliss is in my breast.”

JAMES MASON.

## THE DRAWING ROOM.

By MADAME DE LORRAINE.

### PART II.

“We must also have a *folding chair*; the frame may be made of bamboo, or the Austrian bent wood; the cover must be the same width as the chair, and sufficiently long to go over the top of the back and hang halfway to the ground. Below the seat in front the cover may be of the Roman satin, embroidered in Oriental designs in stripes with coloured crewels; there should be four stripes, the two outer being the broadest, and at the end hanging in front there must be a lattice work fringe with tassels of the colours of the embroidery.

“There is no necessity for this chair cover matching the others if you prefer more variety; it might be of patchwork, crewel work on serge, cross-stitch on linen canvas, outline embroidery, or stamped velvets with the designs worked or merely outlined in colour.

“One or two small wicker work chairs blacked and gilded will be comfortable additions also these can have loose seats of the silk sheeting tufted, and cushions of the same tied on at the backs.”

“Do not forget we are to have a Turkish ottoman made of cushions on a wooden frame, like the one you arranged for our other drawing-room,” said Mabel.

“I need not recapitulate all the directions for that,” said Mrs. Tremaine. “As you can

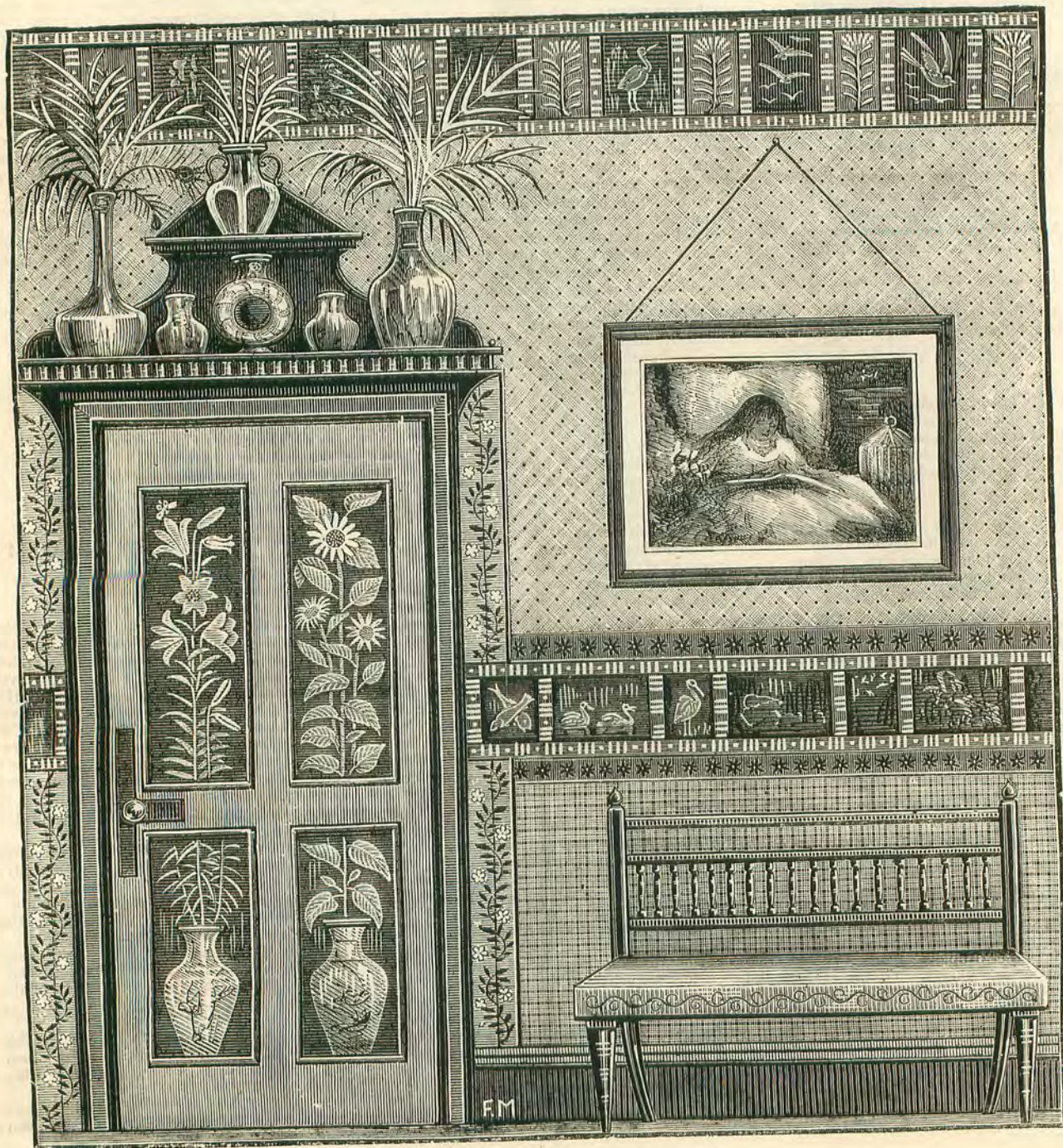
refer to your notes for them, all I shall say is we will have the cushions of the Roman satin and a border of the cretonne stripe used on the curtain to head the fringe surrounding the frame of the ottoman. We will have another Turkish seat also, made of two very corpulent square cushions, placed one on the other crossways, so that the points of the one beneath come just in the centre of the straight lines of the one above; this is a very fashionable and most comfortable seat. The cushion may be covered with any handsome-patterned material or fancy work, and should be edged with cord with a tassel at each corner. Now for our sofa."

"Do you really think it possible for us to cover our sofa?" asked Mabel.

"I see no reason why you should not. I have seen a sofa covered by a lady with no

more experience in upholstery than we have, and my motto is, "What woman has done woman can do." We shall buy our sofa fitted with springs and stuffed, covered with the canvas used for the purpose, the whole frame being so covered and showing no wood at all; the saving effected by doing without the carved wood is very considerable, as the frame, being hidden, need only be made of deal. If we wish our sofa stuffed we must, of course, order this to be done in the pattern of the seat, back, and arms in some soft, cheap materials—an old print skirt will do as well as anything—and allow sufficient material over the exact size for all the turnings in and the tuftings. We cut out our material—the satin sheeting—lay it on the seat, put a few tacks lightly in at the corners of each

edge, and then put in the centre row of tufting. You will remember this is done with strong thread or fine string and a packing needle; the needle is brought through from underneath, and the button threaded on it; it is then taken back through the same hole, and the string is tied together, firmly and tightly, so as to draw the material down in a little dent. Then proceed to the other tuftings, taking great care so to arrange them that every row of buttons comes exactly *between* those at each side, or you will not give the proper diamond-shape to the puffs. I say, put the outside tacks in *lightly*, because, as you draw the material down in the dents made by the buttons, you will find you have to allow more for this extra fulness than you contemplated, and therefore have to remove the tacks every now and then."



"Would it not be less injurious to the material to put it on without the tacks, just keeping it in place with the buttons as you do it?"

"I have tried that, but I find it pulls all out of place without being held at the edges, and the principal thing is to get the material quite straight, or it will neither set nor wear properly."

"I propose putting a border of the cretonne round the top and sides of the back, on the arms, and round the frame below the seat. At this part it must be finished by a fringe reaching to the ground. By-the-bye, with any of our furniture thus edged with a fringe, we must put under this a piece of something the same colour; it need not be of good quality, as it is only needed in case of the fringes separating; the latter looks much thicker also when hanging over a material of the same colour."

"The tufting can be continued on the bordering, or this may be quite plain, so as to display the pattern of the cretonne to greater advantage, whichever you prefer. In either case the bordering must be edged with a cord on each side. This serves to hide the joins of the two materials. The border is *nailed* down over the edges of the other material, and the cord *sewn* on to the two."

"We must have some dear little chubby footstools," said Nora; "they look so cosy, I think."

"I think three will suffice, and they shall be very soft and luxurious looking, as you wish," Mrs. Tremaine responded.

"Frames of footstools ready stuffed are by no means expensive purchases, and we shall only require two. Our third footstool shall be a miniature reproduction of our double-cushion seat, and will require some elegant decoration selected from the thousand and one varieties of fancy work. The framed footstools will also require your work; one will be of Roman satin capitonné—*Anglicé*, tufted; across this we will put two narrow strips of the cretonne, from side to side, so as to cross in the centre. The stuffed centre takes out of the frame, so that nothing is easier than to cover it and put it back. The frame may be of carved or plain wood; if the former, we shall ebonise and gild it; but if plain, we will put a broad stripe of gold between two narrower ones of black, and on the gilded stripe paint with black some continuous design, such as hawthorn flowers and twigs, treated in the Japanese fashion."

"For the other footstool we will make a centre to match those of the easy chair with round back and seat of cretonne embroidery. When this centrepiece is finished, it must be lined with cardboard, and the back covered with some firm material; the why and wherefore of this precaution you will understand presently. This round of embroidery must reach to within two and a half inches of the edge; to cover the remaining space you must take a strip of the Roman satin twice the width of the frame left uncovered, and nearly twice as long as the circumference; this must be joined at the ends, and then gathered at each edge; one edge is sewn to the lining covering the cardboard of the centrepiece, and the other gathering is sewn to the stuffed frame at the back."

"You must take great care to equalise the fullness; dividing it in halves and quarters is the best way. The satin border will then hang in a full puff round the embroidered centre, and droop a little over the frame of the stool."

"I really think you have had a long 'practical' lecture to-day, so I will defer our piano, folding and banner screens, mantelpiece, tables, *étagères*, brackets, and other necessaries and luxuries till the next time we meet."

## THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

### CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN the three were all comfortably seated, Josephine waited a minute, staring gravely into the fire.

"Can you see your little hero in the coals, Josie?" asked Helen at last.

"N-o-o," murmured Josephine, slowly, in deep thought. Then, more quickly, "But how do you know that he is a hero?"

"How do I know?" repeated Helen, half laughing. "Why you said that you were about to tell me the story of a little boy; so I suppose the little boy is the hero of your story, is he not?"

"O-h-h, yes, I see; but he is a hero too, Helen; a very wonderful hero. If he were a man, and had done this thing, he would be thought a hero; but he is only a little boy of ten years old, and so it is quite glorious. About six weeks ago he was standing at a railway crossing, waiting for a train to pass. All of a sudden, just as a train was in sight, a baby escaped from its mother and ran right between the lines. The mother stood still, shrieking, so did the other two or three people by her. It was only little Harry who kept his presence of mind and noble self-forgetfulness. While the guard blew his whistle, shouted frantically, and tried to stop the train, Harry flew to the baby, threw his arm round it, and brought it and himself flat on the ground just as the train passed over them."

"When the train was brought to a standstill at last, just beyond them, the baby was picked up unhurt, but a loose hanging chain had broken Harry's leg, and the shock and strong excitement have made this accident more serious."

Josephine paused again. Helen's eyes were glowing, as they always did when she heard of any action that she thought noble. She drew a deep breath, and asked in low tones, "And do you know this noble little fellow?"

"Yes," was Josephine's answer. "Just lately I happen to know something of him and his family. Young as he is he has seen a great deal of sadness. Up to two years ago he was the youngest in as happy a home as I should imagine could have been found anywhere. There were four children, a father and mother; they had several servants, horses, carriages, and heaps of hothouses, and all sorts of luxuries. Then a bank broke, the fortune was all lost, and in a few weeks the father and younger sister were dead, and the elder brother taken from Eton to be a clerk in a merchant's office."

"Through all these bitter trials the elder sister had behaved most bravely and beautifully, comforting her mother, striving to comfort her father and sister, and cheer them back to life, soothing their death-beds with firm assurances that she would with her labour support those they left behind, strengthening her brother to face boldly his great

reverses, and so tenderly loving and cherishing the little Harry that his previous affection for her grew into the strongest love I have ever seen a child have for anyone. Oh, Helen! it is so sad to hear the poor little fellow, even in the unconsciousness of fever, sobbing for her to come to him."

"Then why doesn't she go to him?" demanded Helen, with tearful indignation. "How can she let him even have to ask for her?"

"Because," answered Josephine, in a low voice, "because, Nellie, she has to earn the food and medicine for him, and the doctor's fees, although her heart is almost breaking to be with him. People might be gentle with her now, poor thing. I think, under her present circumstances, I could bear anything from her myself."

"I should think so," grunted Helen, huskily. "So could anyone."

Josephine turned to her with a strange, keen glance, and went on with her history. "The brave, kind elder sister was engaged to be married when the bank broke. She thought her lover was such a fine, noble sort of fellow, and she was so proud of him. A few days after her father's death he came to her, and—her mother told me all this—freed her from her engagement."

"He had seemed very much in love with her while she was rich; he didn't want her now she was poor. And she said good-bye to him quite quietly, and never got ill, or anything. But from that day her mother says she grew hard and bitter to all the world but little Harry, and her very face changed. She had lost trust in everyone."

"I should think so," growled Helen a second time. "I wonder where that man is. I should like to tie his head under a pump."

Again Josephine looked at her curiously, and went on—

"There is little more to tell you of my pitiful tale, except the most pitiful ending. Of course, it became necessary for the elder sister, who had been hitherto accustomed to be surrounded with luxury and deference, to work for the support of her mother and brother, and she went out as a governess. At first she found it hard to get profitable positions, because people distrusted the power of the elegantly-brought-up young lady to submit herself to the duties of her changed position. But she loved her mother and little Harry too much not to strive for success, and though the accumulation of troubles had warped her nature, poor thing, to harshness and bitterness and impatience, she worked so steadily, so conscientiously, and successfully with her pupils that at last when a first-rate position, coveted by many, was open she succeeded in obtaining it, and rejoiced in the prospect of being able to pay for her young brother's education. Unhappily, in her new position she met not only with the hundred and one usual trials sure to be felt so keenly by one with her over-tried spirit, but amongst her pupils was a girl who had never learnt to think that she ought to be patient with other people, even sometimes to submit, for love's sake, to hardness, irri-