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AT THE SEASIDE.



"You wouldn't like me to say such a thing of your mother, would you?" Paul asked.

"You couldn't, because it wouldn't be true," Phil replied, ramming her hat on to her head in most unbecoming fashion, a sure sign that she was troubled in her mind.

"There's no telling what I might think, but that is no reason why I should hurt your feelings with my thoughts."

Phil preserved a stony silence, and Paul turned away, evidently more than half offended. This was not exactly the adventure that she had anticipated with such relish. Had she really been guilty of rudeness? Phil had never been in the habit of picking her words. She had never troubled her head to think whether they pleased or displeased anyone. She had held it, indeed, as a thing to be proud of that she never hesitated to say anything she thought, however unflattering it might be. Now for the first time it was dawning upon her that it might be a greater virtue to keep her thoughts to herself than to speak them out.

Phil had a much greater virtue than her outspokenness, of which she was barely conscious, which was an aptitude for seeing when she was in the wrong, and an honest desire to acknowledge her fault. The fearlessness of character which prompted that fearful candour rendered it easier in her case than with many people to confess an error, and the blunt honesty of her nature made it impossible for her to do otherwise. With Phil to see she was in the wrong was to publish it to all the world.

She waited impatiently till Paul threw down his hat, when she went straight to him, without a moment's hesitation.

"It was rude of me to say that, just now, about Mrs. Clyfforde," she said, readily. "I can understand that no one can like to have their friends spoken badly of; and I'm sorry I said it."

"You ought to be a boy," Paul said, approvingly. "I never thought a girl could say a thing like that."

"Then you do girls a great injustice," said Phil, grandly. "They're quite as magnanimous as boys."

By this time the rest of the party were gathering up their property previous to turning homewards.

They walked down the road very amicably together, and when half-way home Phil suddenly perceived Margaret coming towards them.

"There's Meg!" cried Bob. "Won't she be astonished!"

Astonishment was hardly the word. Margaret was horrified. The Clyffordes from Clyfforde House walking side by side with Phil in a tumbled gingham, tangled hair, and hat all awry; Bob and Lenny in the grimey galateas, and Katie, though a trifle better, nothing to boast of.

"Why, Phil," she cried, looking askance at her, "how shockingly untidy you are!"

"Not worse than usual," replied Phil, with fearful honesty. "Besides, who cares? One can't be always thinking about clothes."

Paul seemed very much amused at this little episode. Margaret was piqued, and wondered whether he was laughing at her or Phil. She would have given much to know, for Meg did not like the idea that anyone should be laughing at her, at all.

"Now I have found you I may as well turn back," she said, leaving them to infer she had come in search of them. Phil knew better, and was on the verge of saying out what she knew, when the remembrance of Paul's reproof came back to her mind, and she held her tongue.

To her mind the adventure was ended. Margaret was proper and dignified, and paid great attention to her appearance, not with-

out reason, for she was a very pretty girl, and in all the bloom of her girlhood. But these intolerant young people looked upon her as quite an outsider. They had no sympathy with her ideas, and hugely pitied her for being so dull.

She was as pleased as possible to make the acquaintance of these Clyffordes, and was trying, Phil could see, to give them a good impression of the superiority of the Delahayes, which, Phil was saying to herself, was absurd, for were they not as poor as possible, and what was the good of pretending they were anything else?

"To think you should have gone out that figure with them!" Margaret said, in high reproach, when they had parted from their companions. "What a good thing I met you! They must have thought we were savages."

"It wasn't you they wanted to play cricket with," retorted Bob, "so you needn't give yourself airs, Meg."

"Hold your tongue, child," said Margaret. "I do wish, Phil, you'd learn to be a little more decent in your appearance. How absurd it is for a girl of your age to tear about like a great boy and never be fit to be seen. You disgrace us. I shouldn't be surprised if those Clyffordes aren't quite disgusted with you all, and how nice it would be to know such people."

"Poor things!" cried Phil, perversely; "you talk as if they were angels because they're rich. Poor creatures, they're as dull and miserable as Dutch dolls. With all their money Paul can't go to college, and they don't even remember their mother. Poor things, I don't envy them." And Phil flung upstairs in something like a rage.

(To be continued.)

## NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

*Little Wanderers.* Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Elizabeth Philp.—Charming words set to appropriate and beautiful music. Two little homeless wanderers, pausing forrest on the threshold of an old church, find a refuge there, and listen to the wondrous song they had ne'er heard before—"Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace."

"And the angels bore them home to God, Ere they reached the glad Amen."

*The Starlings.* Duet for mezzo-soprano and contralto. Words by Rev. C. Kingsley. Music by J. L. Hatton.—A rather difficult but exceedingly pretty duet; requires great care in the singing, and good execution in the rendering of the accompaniment, which is rather elaborate. It is well worth all the attention that is needed in acquiring it.

*Moon-Spell or Dolly.* Song by D. F. Blomfield. Music by A. M. Wakefield.—A simple love tale, most effectively set to appropriate music. The melody is good and the accompaniment easy, the concluding verse recalling the well-known words of our immortal bard—

"We all are players for our day,  
On the stage of life we fare,  
Each with his little part to play,  
Each with his mask to wear."



## AT THE SEASIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

### INTRODUCTORY.



AM going to let you into a secret, dear girls. The title of this paper ought to be, "*Seaside Lodgings, and How to Make them Comfortable.*" This title, just as it stands above, was supplied to me by our mutual friend, the Editor, as the text for my contribution to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

I assure you I sat down intending to be faithful to my trust. I meant to go straight—mentally, of course—to the seaside, look into the lodging-houses, observe their various recommendations and disadvantages in a housewifely way, as well as in a proper business-like fashion. I meant to have examined the faces of the landladies straight off, and reported accordingly. But instead of that, imagination no sooner packed its imaginary trunk, and prepared to obey our "mutual friend's" behest, than it became rebellious. "Am I," it said, "to be confined to a single sitting-room, or two at most, and three bedrooms, one double-bedded? Am I to travel down to various seaside places and spend a mental holiday in one or other of them, without giving a glance at the ocean itself, and revelling, for the time, in realities instead of pictures and memories? Am I to enter into all the details of housekeeping and marketing, to discuss furniture and table appointments, and give you a list of all the odds and ends you must bring with you, yet have no dip in the buoyant waters, no long, delicious ramble, to bring me back with appetite to the table which I have catered for? Am I to have all the prose and others all the poetry?"

Imagination pauses, but only to break out into more open rebellion. "I will do the lodgings part of the business. I will tell you about furniture and landladies, eligible situations and sites to be avoided, and, for your sakes, touch on subjects too numerous to mention."

Only I must not be compelled to travel by even an imaginary express train, or be expected to take the very shortest cut to "Sea View Terrace" or "Marine Crescent"—the paradise of lodging-houses. If I choose to chat with a fellow traveller or spend the length of a paragraph on the road, who shall say me nay?

At the very outset I felt a longing to rush over the prescribed lines and look into some country lodgings. The very name of these brings a whiff of lavender-scented linen to our



"imaginary nostrils," and we hear the roses tapping at the window-pane, and giving us, in the name of the soft breeze that sent them, a call to come out into the moonlight and see Nature as she looks when sleeping, whilst Luna watches.

But this will not do. Introductory remarks must not assume too much importance, or run on until they fancy themselves equal to regular chapters. We will turn over and begin at the beginning, promising, however, to reach seaside lodgings and tell you all about them, as well as of various matters which will help to give comfort indoors and enjoyment outside during a summer holiday.

## CHAPTER I.

### WHERE SHALL WE GO TO SEEK LODGINGS?

ALL dwellers in large towns, no matter how comfortable or even luxurious may be their surroundings, have periodical yearnings for a country holiday. Human nature that lives habitually amid bricks and mortar does not merely want to inspire sea breezes, taken in with all the accompaniments of town life, and the ocean, by way of variety, in front. It does long for green fields and a bit of unadulterated Nature, if such can still be found.

The sight of a budding tree suggests some far-away woods in all the tender glory of early spring or the leafy canopy of summer. It pictures the masses of autumn foliage in all their many coloured beauty, glowing in the sunshine with endless tints only just before they fade and fall.

What a delight it is to tread on cool grass instead of the heated pavement! To feel the springing turf under one's feet instead of the uncompromising flags, or many-cornered granite setts, which girls cross and recross so often on the way to school.

If I may judge by the City girls with whom I come in contact, and they are not few in number, a country holiday opens out a new world to them.

Not only the young, but the older people know but little of the thousand wonders that are spread around them, so lavishly and openly that they seem to ask for notice, yet rarely receive it.

Our girls now are taught from books a great deal about the operations of Nature. They have a fair abstract acquaintance with the wonder-worker which goes by that name. But when they are set down with Nature's own wide book always open before and around them, they find out how little they know about her. The humblest husbandman could tell them a thousand things of which the book-learned student is ignorant, and which only observation can teach.

A brief illustration of this was furnished to me when staying in the country a couple of years ago. A City gentleman, hearing of our whereabouts, dropped in for half an hour, and was induced to spend the day with us. He was a great student, and had gained many university distinctions. I cannot tell you how many letters he was entitled to put after his name, and in the world of books we should all have been lost had we attempted to company with him.

But out of doors, and turning over the leaves of Nature's volume, he was utterly lost. Our acquaintance, who could have told us anything we wanted to know about the language, habits, government, dress, and surroundings of nations that had ceased to exist, did not know the name of a single English tree. I beg his pardon. No doubt he had read of oak, elm, ash, willow, and chestnut, of the tall poplar and the feathery larch. But he could not tell one from another when he saw

them, or recognise one of the feathered songsters that filled the air with melody when it alighted near his feet.

I feel sure he would have discoursed eloquently about the site of ancient Babylon, Nineveh, or Troy, but his notions of British geography were singularly hazy. Many places really near together were separated in his mental maps; whilst others, widely sundered, were as recklessly brought into companionship without regard to impossibilities.

Before I can help the young people to choose apartments we must decide where we will go.

Now I have run on about the country in an apparently aimless way, but all the time with a view of suggesting that in choosing our holiday resting-place we should try to combine certain advantages which are not to be found in all seaside places.

There are some of these where the sea is fine, the air bracing, and supplies abundant. But when we have looked at the mighty ocean, we have seen all that can be furnished in the way of beauty. True, the changes in its aspects are endless, but we tire of watching for them, especially where the artificially-constructed promenade and the wide sands comprise all the available walks.

Behind the town itself, and for many a mile, there is perhaps a barren, almost treeless flat, offering no inducement for excursion or research. Now, as these summer holidays open out so many opportunities for verifying by a rummage in Nature's storehouses the information we have obtained from books—for enjoying living realities instead of only mental pictures drawn for us by others—it is surely well to have as wide a range as possible. We must be within reach, if we can, of several volumes in Nature's unlimited library, and look into them by turns, as opportunity permits and inclination prompts us.

To all who are asking the question, "Where shall we go?" I answer: try to combine sea breezes and a pretty surrounding country if possible. Study the locality. Find out if there is mountain scenery in the background, what picturesque or notable places are within easy reach, what excursions you may make without great fatigue or cost, if the latter be of consequence to you, as it is to the majority of holiday-makers.

Seaside places that are within a moderate ride of large manufacturing centres are usually very town-like in appearance and customs. They suit those who wish to have everything around them when absent from a city home, very much like what they have left behind. Who do the sands in the morning, but who like to have winter gardens, concert-rooms, and amusements in the evening, or the holiday would be a dull one for them. In such health-resorts there are many advantages as well as drawbacks. Should the weather prove treacherous, there is something to be seen and heard under cover. There are city neighbours within reach with whom visits and confidences can be exchanged, and time passed pleasantly. And by far the best of all, the being near the large business centre enables mamma and the youngsters to look for the presence of husband and father, if not every night, at least for the week ends.

### "THE HUSBANDS' TRAIN"

leaves the city after the heat of the business day, and whirls the tired merchant at extra express speed, stopping not until it lands him in the bosom of his family by the seaside.

The veriest old bachelor and the most indifferent of spinsters will soon know all about the "husbands' train," unless they draw

their blinds down or resolutely shut their eyes to what is passing.

At a certain hour on most evenings, say from five to six, and notably on Fridays, *materfamilias* and the youngsters are in a flutter. Mamma looks bright, both in face and dress, and hurries stationward, perhaps accompanied by some of the girls, whilst nurse, baby, and the smaller fry advance more slowly in the same direction.

In consideration for young legs, which have been on the paddle through all the long day, they only go half way to meet the paternal kiss.

Papa comes down on Friday evening and gets two clear days, but the boys who are in business, or absorbed in professional studies, are not generally able to get away from town until noon on Saturday, when what may be called the "brothers' train" comes in, and the girls meet it.

Judging from the pretty attire donned by these last, the youths rejoice in very affectionate sisters, for truly there is a bevy of bonnie lasses on the platform to greet the arrivals by this train. It is really very nice and sisterly of them to come down, despite the hot mid-day sun, to meet brothers Jack, Regy, or Charley. But sometimes Jack, Regy, or Charley brings down with him his particular friend Dick, Tom, or Harry for the week end. Then the bright flush on a young face will grow deeper still, and the loveliest of eyes, whether blue, black, brown, or grey, flash out a look of welcome, and then drop shyly before the rejoicing sight of the "brother's friend," who has run down with him "just to have a whiff of sea air, and to get the city smoke blown out of him between this and Monday morning."

(We hope he will not add to the tobacco-smoke, which masculine promenaders generally puff into the faces of those of the other sex, in all places where people most do congregate. You would not like your mothers and the girls to smoke, dear boys, and some of us find it very trying to swallow your smoke, stale and secondhand, when we are wanting fresh air.)

It will be understood from the above that not only do one's own brothers come by this convenient train, but the brothers of our friends also. Ah, well, we know this is only another of the little pictures which are ever illustrating an old story—a story which passes through countless editions, and is being brought out daily in fresh covers, that is all!

Matrons smile sympathetically, and glance at kindred pictures several chapters back in their own life's volume. Mothers may be middle-aged and inclined to stoutness, but were we not once young, loving, uncalculating, and perhaps as fair as the fairest of our young daughters? Can we not sympathize with them as they repeat, with variations, the experiences of our own *girlish* days? If we cannot do this, alas for our young daughters!

Probably these convenient trains reconcile some who would like less of town associated with their seaside holiday, and make them indifferent to the fact that they render the place equally accessible to swarms of excursionists. To people desiring quiet and a complete change, the town-like character, uninteresting scenery around, the frequent inroads of thousands of day-visitors, and the sight of familiar faces at every turn, are the drawbacks to a watering-place near town. But *mammams* and girls will not forget the advantages and conveniences named, and may think them sufficient to counterbalance the list on the opposite side.

It may, however, happen that we decide to

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seek lodgings in a watering-place of my favourite type. One of those quiet spots innocent of fashion's vagaries, entirely destitute of places of evening amusement, with no promenade to speak of, and owing all its charm to the refreshment it affords to world and brain-weary folk and true lovers of Nature. In such a place the weather is of the first importance, as on it we largely depend for our outdoor enjoyments, our opportunities for making excursions, climbing mountains, and exploring the country around. If this is only favourable, we are astonished to find how much we can do and how far we can go without fatigue. We come home after a long day's tramp less wearied than we should be with a walk of a couple of miles in the smoke-laden atmosphere of town and on the hot, hard pavement.

It is, however, when we choose a quiet place with a beautiful neighbourhood that two matters require special consideration beforehand. These are, first—

THE LIVING ITEMS WHICH MAKE UP OUR PARTY.

We do not go from home *merely* on a health-seeking expedition, or because we have a longing for change. We want our holiday to be a happy one; that when memory recalls the roar or murmur of the sea it may also bring back the pleasant converse with dear friends, the merry laugh that mingled with ocean's voice, the bright faces that brought social sunlight, while the golden rays from above illumined them; that every mental picture of fair scenes visited during our holiday should have living figures in the foreground

which have helped to make all the rest the brighter to us while it lasted and more pleasant for memory to dwell upon when we are scattered again to our several homes.

We elders need to plan for the young people in this respect if we take them to some place where we have not a single resident acquaintance, especially if they are girls and boys out of the nurse's hands, in their teens, or, in short, any age from twelve to twenty-one. We may be a very happy family at home, and thoroughly enjoy each other's society; but when at home we are not confined to it only. We have our friends and school companions, our daily occupations and sources of amusement, and we should so arrange beforehand that our seaside holiday should not be the most lonely and wearisome time to look back upon which a past year can furnish.

(To be continued.)

THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT NED KNEW OF HIS CHARACTER.



ATTIE! Oh! Kattie, do just listen!"

And if ever a pair of light blue eyes were seen brimming over with mischief, such a pair decidedly belonged to a certain boy, by name Ted Carmett, at that minute.

Kattie looked up from her work with a doubtful air.

"Well, what now?"

"Oh! Kattie, I've learnt something quite

delightful on my way home from school to-day, I have really."

"Nothing worth the learning then, I can be sure, or your head would not have kept it in. What is it?"

"Why, a woman was standing in a doorway calling to a small, ragged little chap, making mud pies in the gutter, and she called, and she called, to no good for ever so long, and just as I got close up to him he muttered—what do you think?"

"I don't want to think. It was sure to be something naughty."

"Well—" with the tousled, red-haired head held on one side in a reflective attitude—"well, it wasn't exactly good, certainly, but it was only a little bit of information, you see, and he said it so nice and softly too,—'The more's you calls, the more's I won't come.' It sounded so pretty, you can't think."

"No, that I certainly can't," was the prompt answer from a pair of red lips, that tried desperately not to let their quivering grow into a visible smile. It was not that the words of the one impudent small boy, thus repeated by another impudent small boy, were in themselves so wonderfully comic, no doubt, but the air and the accent with which they were uttered, and the comment on them, proved very nearly too much for

the sister's gravity, however well you might have borne the trial.

Master Ted came farther into the room, stood in front of his sister, stooping with a pair of grubby small hands on his knees. "Kattie, you can't think how funny you look when you are nearly laughing, and don't want to. It's not only your lips that twitter, but even a little bit of one side of your nose—There—" with a delighted shout—"it's doing it now!"

Badgered Kattie started up. "I'll box your ears, Ted, if you don't take care, I really will."

"Oh! do, Kattie. You've said you would so often, and you've never done it yet. I really should quite like to find out if you could make me feel."

Miss Kate Carmett raised her hand, and struck out—with a tolerable amount of resolution too, to judge by the sound that followed. But the sound was not produced by the contact of Miss Kate's hand with her brother's cheek. As the begged for blow was falling, Ted had suddenly brought a wooden bat from behind his back, and presented it as an unexpected substitute for his ear, and the colour which might have been expected to flush into Ted's cheeks flushed into his sister's instead, not from pain possibly so much as from vexation. It is horribly annoying to be used as an instrument for making oneself ridiculous, especially when the contriver of the feat is nothing but an impish small bundle of impudence.

Kate sat down again, and bent hastily over her knitting. "Go away, Ted. You are an excessively naughty boy, and I shall not speak to you again until you have begged my pardon."

"Umph!" muttered Master Ned, thoughtfully, with a reflective gaze down at his bat. "That's the worst of girls, they are so awfully different from boys. When I played that trick on Fred Mackenzie he just tried to hit me another crack, and there was an end of it, but with girls the cry is always, if you try any fun with them, 'Beg my pardon!'"

"I don't see much fun in trapping me into hurting my hand on your bat," was the somewhat indignant expostulation. "And as for a scrap of rubbish knowing anything about the difference in character between boys and girls, why, you don't even know anything about your own as yet!"

"Oh! but I do though," was the ready retort. "I know there's something in it that makes me hate saying I'm sorry, or begging people's pardon. It's something that makes me feel quite—quite—"—with an excited burst—"quite donkey-ish when I have to."

"Quite what?" exclaimed Kate. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Why"—more calmly—"like kicking, you know. Not exactly kicking anybody, you know, but just kicking away as donkeys do. On and on and on, I should like to kick till I had kicked away having said it."

Kate looked up with a good-tempered smile on her brunette face once more.

"Oh! well, young donkey, if you really find begging one's pardon such a disagreeable dose as all that, I'll forgive your taking it this time. But I do think that you ought to promise not to give me that bat, or anything else as hard, to box another time?"

Ted pondered a moment.

"You see, Kattie, promises that have to go on over the day *are* such horribly dangerous things. They are worse than the best teacups—one is sure to break them. I really think that you had better try to find some promise that I can get done with straight off."

Kate laughed.

"Well, as you say it might perhaps be safer. I must see if I can think of something to be kept quickly."

But Ned's thoughts worked more rapidly than his sister's.

"I have it!" he exclaimed. "I'll promise to wash my hands ready for dinner, and brush my hair this very minute, if you'll promise to tell me a bit of a story directly I come down again, and finish it after dinner, or this evening."



## AT THE SEASIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.

## CHAPTER II.



If you are a family party of, say, six—father, mother, and four young folk of varying ages and sex—do not go to a quiet place to spend your month unless some of your children's young friends are going also. If you do, and no happy chance brings any familiar faces to your neighbourhood, you will have a dull time of it. The elders will not like to be constantly on the move or out of doors. They will be afraid of letting the girls go rambling away without a proper escort, and boys, especially youngsters, have pursuits of their own, and like to live an amphibious life during the greater part of the day. They have joys with which even the most favoured sisters may not intermeddle with impunity.

Under such circumstances, what are the girls to do with themselves? We know that the circulating library is usually the one resort open to them, and they sit out of doors from early morn to dewy eve, drinking in the sweet and wholesome air, but sometimes mentally swallowing much that is anything but beneficial in the shape of sensational novels.

So, I say by all means endeavour to provide beforehand for the happiness of the girls' holiday by insuring suitable companionship for them. Not necessarily under the same roof, but within reach, so that there may be enough of these young folk to make up little parties, and to join in all the innocent pleasures which truly make the best part of the holiday.

I write *feelingly and from actual experience* on this point; for our own young folk once had a rather trying time of what was meant to be an enjoyable one, for want of the pre-arrangement which I advocate to insure suitable companionship for them.

We chose a seaside place for its loveliness. It had everything in the way of scenery, and was an artist's paradise, besides being within easy reach of more pretty places than one could well count.

But we knew nobody in it, and during a whole month not a single young friend of our children ever came to stay near us. We had a great deal of rain, which hindered many a plan from being carried out, and made our excursions few and far between.

Lesson books had been purposely left behind. Music books in plenty we had with us, and how we should have enjoyed these if we could have procured a piano! Being a quiet place and not a town, pianos for hire were few in number. We were in pursuit of one which was perpetually advertised on

sheets of note-paper stuck up at the post-office and elsewhere for three whole weeks out of the calendar month we spent in the locality. But we never even came within sight of it!

Of course, when we commenced the last week or so of our stay we gave up the hope of instrumental music at home. A visitor came from town, and a few fine days enabled us to scamper over some lovely country in company, and make plans for more leisurely journeys in the same neighbourhood at some future time.

We elders did well enough all the while, but we were sorry for the children. So, dear mothers and girls, lay your heads together, benefit by this experience, and arrange that the young ones may have congenial holiday society.

Now I want to impress two things on your minds—

HOW TO PROVIDE INDOOR OCCUPATION  
AND AMUSEMENT;

Also,  
HOW TO BEHAVE IMPARTIALLY TO THE  
FIVE SENSES.

Everybody takes something in the shape of work, or looking like work, but requiring little attention. A trifle to have in hand in case we want it, though I am bound to confess that healthy, ramble-loving girls generally make enough of actual work for themselves in repairing the rent garments that are the usual consequences of mountain excursions.

But I would say to every girl, *always leave your work indoors*, and, with one exception—to be named hereafter—your books also. I consider it *perfectly atrocious* for city girls and their mothers, but notably the girls, to sit stitching, knitting, or novel reading on the beach.

They are gratifying their lungs by breathing the pure air, but this they do unconsciously. It fans their cheek; but they only notice it, if it calls too rudely for attention, by throwing a wrap around them, and going back to their book or work.

Listen to me, dear girls! If you are so ill-advised as to act as above described, I am very sorry for you, for it is evident you are unaware of your privileges and the world of enjoyment which is open to you. I had very nearly written that I should like to punish every young offender who habitually works or reads out of doors, by fine or imprisonment to one room on the finest day of the season. The blinds to be drawn down, and only knitting or needlework for half the day, and books for the other half, to be permitted.

Instead of that—for I have a very soft place in my heart where the young are concerned—let me close the book or put away the work, and coax you to listen to me for a little while. You were not behaving well, dear, to your five—or, as Paddy sometimes insists, your *seven senses*. You were not getting a bit of enjoyment out of all the brightness and glory that are spread around you when you sat knitting on the beach.

Use your eyes to take in the picture which the sea presents. You will hardly ever see it twice alike. Gratify your sense of sight by fixing a few of the pictures in your memory, so that you may bring them before your mind's-eye at will in after days, and amid different surroundings. It is by thus using your eyesight that you learn to judge whether the artist's work is true to Nature or not.

I remember being at an exhibition of pictures once. There I heard a gentleman of refined taste, and an art critic whose opinions were listened to with respect, answer a question in a manner which taught me a lesson. He was asked to pass judgment on a picture which seemed to most of those who looked at it unnatural in its colouring. "Can that be true to Nature?" was asked again and again in our critic's hearing, and his reply was anxiously waited for.

He took time, observed the painting carefully, and at last answered, "I cannot tell."

"Not tell! If you cannot, who may be trusted to give an opinion? We all made up our minds that the tinting is unnatural, but we wanted to hear what you would say about the thing!"

There was a little contempt in the speaker's tone. Whether it referred to the painting itself or to the hesitancy of the authority which paused before giving judgment about so small a matter, who could tell?

"I do not know," was the perfectly good-humoured reply. "Whoever may take it upon him to judge that picture I cannot, and for this simple reason. It represents a scene in a country little visited by travellers, never by myself. We have every reason to think that Nature would present herself under very different phases there from those she shows us in this or any portion of the world which I have had a chance of observing. How can I tell you whether this colouring is unnatural or not when I have never seen Nature's own way of painting in the country of which this landscape professes to be a partial likeness?"

Ah, girls! that critic's modest reticence took a large share of conceit out of me! I had been going on chattering about pictures, and calmly condemning some as too highly coloured, others as untrue to Nature, as if I had seen more than a very few of the myriad varieties which she can produce by a difference of time in the day, season, sunshine, cloud, rain, or fair weather, frost or heat, calm or tempest, and all in a single landscape that the eye can cover with a look.

On that day at the exhibition I registered a solemn resolution never again to show alike my ignorance and presumption by daring to say that a picture is unnatural. If I had studied in the closest manner not only such a scene as the one before me, but more than one of the many phases it could present, I might then venture to speak.

I had turned up a hypercritical nose at a seaside view in that very exhibition, and declared the colouring unnatural. A year later I saw the same effects when by the sea itself, and cried out, "There is the original of which the picture I despised was a copy."

I felt properly ashamed of my presumption in judging, and wished I could beg the artist's pardon. So, dear girls, give your eyes a fair chance, and in time you will educate them to judge intelligently of a painter's work by mental comparison with that of Nature.

And your ears! Why should *they* be ill-used? No one likes to be really deaf; then wherefore make yourselves practically so by not heeding the many voices around you? I do not want to call your attention to the German band which has invaded our quiet spot on its way to a fashionable resort a few miles off. Even if, for once, the instruments are in tune, their sound can be spared just now.

But listen to the voice of the sea as it ascends from ripple to murmur, from murmur to roar! Hear what the wind says. Its variations are as many. Let the voices of bird, insect, every living thing that speaks, speak to you, and let the merry laughter of the playing children bring a smile of sympathy to your face, that they may read in it a tender message of goodwill to them.

Enjoy the briny smell of weed and wave; breathe the pure air, not heedlessly, but thanking God for the privilege; take in as much of beauty as you can, with all the powers you have, and as to those other senses of taste and touch, you will realise the value of them when you go home with quickened appetite, and lie down at night weary, but full of delightful memories, on your pillow.

About those indoor comforts and employments for spare hours and rainy days. If you are musical, secure your piano when you take your lodgings; if you draw or paint just a little, let your materials for practice accom-



pany you. And though I urge on the young the importance of leaving school behind when they profess to take holiday, by all means have two or three handy little books with you relating to any favourite study which may be illustrated in your rambles.

For the student of botany, geology, or other natural science it is pleasant to have a compact little book for reference, on occasion, but not for close study.

You should also have the materials for indoor games. A backgammon board judiciously packed will hold chessmen and dominoes, beside the furniture belonging to it, which includes draughts. If you have, beside these mute appliances, the society of pleasant friends as recommended, you will not complain of monotony in a very quiet place, or look forward longingly to the close of your seaside holiday.

We will now make a few calls, and look critically at as many landladies. We will begin with the

#### LANDLADY WHO HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.

There are many varieties of this class, and some of them shams, but ours is that sweet, motherly-looking little woman with the good, true face, whose dress bespeaks the widow. She has known sorrow not so very long ago, and yet there is along with the chastened expression a brightness on the face, a gleam of light from above, which tells where she has gone for strength and comfort.

As you look round the rooms you see that the furniture is not of the cheap, showy sort which is associated in one's mind with lodging-houses. Some of it may be rather old-fashioned, but the sofas and chairs are comfortable to lie or sit upon. The doors of the sideboard do not fly open, if you touch them with the skirts of your garments in passing, because of the shrunken wood and worthless fastenings. Upstairs the furniture does not look as if it had been picked up in all sorts of incongruous oddments from as many different houses as there are items. They date from the same day, and in looking at them we somehow picture the sweet-faced widow as a young wife, starting amidst these household goods in a sunshiny home, and with her young husband's strong arm to lean on. *She would lean in those days*, but, though gentle, she is not weak. She will not sit down with folded hands to grieve over the unalterable, and wait until she has come to the end of her resources before she makes an effort to increase them.

This is not what she looked forward to a year ago. It is not what she likes for her girls; but she understands no business, and if she did, has not capital to start one that would support them all. So the eldest will help her at home and the two younger go to school, and—blessed thought!—they will keep together by working together.

So the brave little woman makes her start, looking upward for strength and getting it. In the winter the young people use their nimble fingers in many ways, so as to increase the family income. Visitors who have stayed with them once go again, and there is seldom a card in any of the windows. This little widow never entertains her visitors with tales of former days, or moans out that she never thought she and her children would come to keeping a lodging-house!

She is far too busy in caring for the comfort of her temporary family for that, and she leaves you to read the rest for yourselves and judge by results.

People do read, and they accord the respect which is merited, not asked for. They show little kindnesses to the widow's children, feeling that their own will be rather bettered by such example and companionship. They go away, determining to come again and to send their friends, and thus the tide of visitors is kept flowing.

Remember I am sketching from nature,

though with pen and ink. I have met with more than one dear little mistress of a lodging-house who might have sat for this portrait. If you are fortunate enough to stumble upon such a one, stay with her. She will be so tender to that delicate household plant, for whose sake you are all remaining quietly at the seaside, instead of getting a long-promised peep at Swiss mountains and glaciers. And when you want little table or bedroom requisites not usually to be found in lodging-houses, they will be forthcoming.

We will call now on the

#### SEASIDE LANDLADY FROM THE COUNTRY.

She has been housekeeper at the Squire's, and when the old master died and left her a little legacy, she resolved to have a house of her own, and as she has nobody but herself to keep, she thinks she can add to her savings by letting lodgings.

She has ten or fifteen years of work in her yet, she calculates, and does not feel that it would be the right thing to retire from active service, though she will not take another place. She has had her own way at the Squire's, and after twenty years of it she would not like to begin learning new lessons under another master.

You find out at once that no anxiety need be felt on the score of cleanliness. She is, in fact, painfully clean. She has old-fashioned ideas of comfort, whereat you may rejoice, as you will benefit by them if you take her rooms. But the ways of seaside visitors will make the "season" a domestic purgatory to our country landlady, who is the very soul of order, and likes to keep everybody else up to her standard of perfection.

What looks she will cast on the rows of boots soaking wet, muddy without, or sandy within, which await the cleaner! How she will long to cart out the litter of shells and seaweed which the youngsters keep bringing in, and with which they strew the sideboard and fill the dressing-table drawers!

She wonders the parents will let them do it. *She would not.* (But then she never was a parent.) And she knows quite well that these treasures of the hour will all be left behind for her to clear away. When packing-up time comes, mamma will not fill another box in addition to the dozen she brought with her, in order to carry home that rubbish.

How detestable those sandy spades look in the umbrella-stand, and those little buckets on the pegs intended for hats. And yet papa hangs his wide-awake and mamma her shady bonnet over the pails as if they were in their right places.

Yet our landlady cannot grumble *straight out* as she would like to, for her soul is vexed within her, because she sees that this is the normal state of things in every lodging-house where children are to be found. She relieves her feelings a little by audibly scolding her servants who are not to blame, and who suffer vicariously for the misdoings of the visitors. However, they know her ways. One of them lived under her at the Squire's, and both are from the country, so there is not much harm done.

You will find many excellences in our country landlady and her serving maidens, and, amongst others, thorough uprightness, and a degree of interest manifested in you and yours which seems a natural outcome of their previous associations. Having been accustomed to a small circle of faces in a country place, and to know all about everybody, they cannot see you depart without a little manifestation of family feeling. You feel sure there is a gathering moisture in the honest eyes as you shake hands and say "Good-bye." Your youngest pet says her "cheek is wet," after the farewell kiss of the good woman who has often popped home-made cakes into the small hands belonging to those work-making, pattering feet during your stay.

And when you are fairly in the coach and moving stationward, it is discovered that there is a whole bagful of similar dainties which Jack is holding in his arms. "They are to eat on the road," he says, and, in dutiful obedience to the instructions given, he puts in his hand, draws out a cake, and begins to munch the same forthwith.

The great girls laugh, and so does mamma, but they have obtained a new insight to the heart of that kindly, country-bred landlady who could not turn out her guests of a few weeks without a little parting pang, and who manifested the undying motherly instincts that were born with her by providing for the possible wants of the children during a two-hours' journey!

Mamma is silent for a moment and looks out of the window. This little act has revealed a good deal. When she does speak, she tells the girls that she hopes to find room at Miss Smith's when they next require lodgings at Sandypoint.

In great contrast to the picture last drawn is that of

#### THE EASY-GOING LANDLADY.

She is pleasant enough to talk to, and agrees with you in everything. She always has liked young people in the house, they make it so cheerful, and she is a mother herself. The sound of voices and a scuffle on the kitchen stairs would have told so much, if the sight of a couple of unkempt heads, and noses innocent of a pocket-handkerchief, had not been playing bo-peep and struggling for the best view of your party round the banisters, or flashing through the cellar doorway as each got a temporary advantage over his opponent.

You look round the lobby, and one glance shows you that your children's pursuits are not likely to be interfered with. In fact, they will be spared the trouble of collecting marine specimens for themselves, as there is an accumulation of such spoils ready to be taken possession of by the next comers.

A rapid survey of the furniture illustrates the easy-going government. The attempt to ring the door-bell had been a failure, as the first touch showed "no connection" between wire and tinkling apparatus. A hat-peg or two lie loose on the slab; there is a wooden prop under one sofa-leg instead of a castor, and broken chimney-piece ornaments are turned best side first, only the mirror is not quite dusty enough to prevent our seeing that the broken side is towards it.

Our easy-going landlady complains of the dust and the difficulty of keeping things as *she would like them*.

But "Thank you, we will not go upstairs; we do not think the rooms will suit us."

We are not exacting, but there are some indispensable things with which we are sure the easy-going landlady will not be able to supply us. She sees us depart, with a feeling that nobody is so unlucky as she is. A person with a family cannot have everything in such spick-and-span order as those who have not.

She goes down to take off the cap, hastily slipped on to receive inquirers and cover her untidy, straggling locks, but which, being awry, made bad worse.

We must leave her complaining of the way in which her hopes have been raised only to be disappointed, and that nothing will please some folks!

Our easy-going landlady will have her house full during the press of the season, and when hers is the last card left in a window to announce "lodgings." And though she will make those who have now only Hobson's choice—hers or none—pay very high terms for the accommodation, they will probably after all get a good deal more than they bargained for both upstairs and down.

(To be concluded.)



Captain Delahaye's turn came soon after Paul had gone, and there were more farewells. Months passed of quiet watching and waiting, and then suddenly news of disaster and danger, bloodshed and siege, in which no letters came, and only an occasional scanty intelligence of those who were in the thick of the fray. Still, the news was comforting—of brave deeds, hardships cheerfully borne, horrible dangers safely passed through. Phil and her mother discussed these things when the others were in bed, for her mother alone could understand the keen, terrible anxiety that was underlying all the girl's brave thankfulness.

And at last when all was over, and two officers—an old one and a young one—received distinguished service medals and well earned promotion, what more natural than that they should come first for congratulations to those who knew best how to rejoice and be proud of such honours—Major-General Delahaye to his invalid wife, Lieutenant Clyfforde to the brave-hearted soldier's daughter who had given him his mission?

"Paul, we are so glad," she said, heartily, holding both hands out to him by way of heartier greeting.

"You have been my good genius, Phil," he

said, earnestly, "and must ever be to the end of my life. Will you take your money back now?"

"No, nor ever," Phil answered, quickly.

"I can only keep it on one condition," he replied. "There is, too, only one thing for which I value it, and that is, that if it had been yours now I should never have dared to say what I am going to. So it may be a blessing to us both, after all, if you will have it so; if not, it may go. I never have, and never will touch it."

So the fortune was Phil's after all.

[THE END.]



### "AS THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING."

By SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

WHEN, in the east, the golden light  
Of morning rises fair and clear,  
After a dark and weary night,  
Perchance of anguish and of fear,  
Brings not the dawn a holy calm,  
A lulling sense of peace and rest,

As if it owned a mystic balm  
To soothe and heal the troubled breast?  
Faint picture of the King who waits  
To save and bless the storm-tossed soul,  
And, passing through the long barred gates,  
Will make it once and ever whole!

### AT THE SEASIDE.

By RUTH LAMB.



**I** SHALL only give one more sample of the genus landlady, though I could give a score or even a greater number, including hybrids. This last will be—

#### THE "HAVING" LANDLADY.

The adjective "having," as used above, is such a veritable treasure that if it is not a classical expression, it ought to be. It expresses so much in so little. I am not at all sure that it is not classical. I must ask the girls when they come in, for they, being much more highly educated according to modern notions than I, are sometimes appealed to. They

are always ready to rummage for authorities on behalf of "Little Mother."

No. It seems "having" is not used by Sidney or Shakespeare in the sense it is meant to convey above; but is a very expressive provincialism. As used in Lancashire, it denotes a grasping person—one who can never get or have enough; one whom every acquisition encourages to try for more still. Of such a person it is sometimes said, "He or she comes from Havington," and a broad grin on the face of the hearer shows how well the term is understood.

We call upon our landlady, who hails from those parts. We like her rooms; the whole place is suggestive of order, cleanliness, and comfort. She is a business woman, fully alive to the effect of first impressions, and she meets your eye after it has made a tour of scrutiny in a fearless fashion, as if she would say, "Look as closely as you like, you will find all right. The more you examine the better you will be satisfied."

We ask the price. It startles us, and we say so. The "having" landlady is used to this. She calmly says that there are undoubtedly rooms to be had at a cheaper rate—even corresponding ones in the same terrace—but they are not like her rooms. We may have seen some of them already, she intimates, and as she looks steadily at us, we feel the hot flush on our faces, and know that she marks the rising colour, which tells that the little shaft has struck home. She is quite easy apparently, and suggests that we may like to see still more, and call again if we cannot get suited on our own terms.

Everything looks so nice, and the landlady's coolness helps to make us more anxious to secure such eligible apartments. Perhaps if we go elsewhere we may lose the chance.

We think we will stretch a point, and that it is worth while to pay more where so many advantages are combined. So we ask, rather timidly, or rather "*we presume that these terms are inclusive.*"



"Well, there are always a few little extras. Gas, for instance." Considering that we are early folk and may probably light it in our bedrooms only, we think that cannot cost much, and we say so. "Five shillings a week. We charge the same to everyone. If little is used, they please themselves; if much, we do not complain."

"Anything else?"

"Attendance, five shillings; fire, the same; boots and shoes cleaning a penny a pair, so that need not be much," adds Mrs. Having.

"Fire! We shall want none such weather as this, and as to boots and shoes, we are not used to going out with dirty ones. I suppose you charge for attendance and engage your servants with the understanding that they are paid by yourself, and are not to expect gifts from visitors in addition."

Mrs. Having explains that the fire charged for is in the kitchen and for cooking purposes. The shoe-cleaning would be, at one pair per day each, 3s. 6d. a week. The allusion to servants' payment she quietly ignores; but we find there is yet another extra—the washing of bed and table linen, charged according to quantity used, of course. We can change the things every day if we like. She is glad to say, "There is no scarcity of good linen in her house."

Another of our weak points attacked. Lodging-house linen is often a great source of discomfort. Sheets too narrow for beds; towels not larger than a good pocket-handkerchief, and too few in number; blankets and quilts which will not tuck in, and which, if you draw them up high enough to be comfortable about the shoulders, are pretty sure to leave the feet uncovered. This is especially the case with new beginners in the lodging-house business and in new neighbourhoods.

Mrs. Having's boast helped us to swallow the extras, and we agreed to take the lodgings.

"I never let for less than a month certain. It would not be worth my while," and again we yielded.

The first week there was another extra in the bill for "castors," three shillings. We had sent in every article, we were certain, that could be required either for table or cookery, so we timidly asked what "castors" represented?

We were told there were always little things needed for seasonings which the cook could not come bothering us for, and to save visitors trouble and worry, this uniform charge was made in all cases.

There were two daughters who did the waiting, though the servants carried everything to the doors. The Misses Having were worthy of their mother. They looked astonished when the greater part of a leg of lamb was asked for, and carelessly intimated that the class of visitors they were accustomed to did not generally ask for *cold bits*! They were afraid our "bone of lamb" had been given away amongst some broken victuals to a poor woman who was in need, and whom they sometimes helped.

It turned out the "bone" was there. The meat was gone; but we could hardly suppose the poor woman had eaten it on the premises and left the bone to be picked by somebody else!

As our month drew to a close, we were almost ready to pay for the remaining time and leave a delightful place to get rid of the ever-increasing extortions of Mrs. Having. Valuable articles of underclothing were lost in the wash! We could not surely be so hard as to make the poor laundress pay for them! She was nearly killed with work, and amongst so many articles mistakes would occur. The laundress's terms were frightfully high, but she was paid through Mrs. Having, who, I doubt not, levied a high percentage on the bill, as well as on articles sold to us by the

tralesmen she recommended, but with whom our dealings did not last long.

As to servants, they took care to let us know that they benefited nothing by the charge for attendance, and we were frankly told by Mrs. H. that though no one was obliged to give, yet she had never had a visitor under her roof mean enough to go away without liberally remembering the servants!

The young ladies did not actually say that they expected something handsome. They were careful to show us articles of jewellery and feminine adornment—tributes from former grateful lodgers.

To their hints we turned a deaf ear. The servants we duly "remembered," as it was our custom to do without being asked, and at length we said what we resolved should be a final "good-bye" to Mrs. Having and her family.

I have given these sketches from nature—two pleasant, two otherwise—for the instruction and guidance of those who seek seaside lodgings. But I rejoice to say that I have only known one Mrs. Having proper, and another with a slight family likeness to her; only one easy-going landlady, and the acquaintance went no farther than her front parlour and lobby; but I have known, and remember with true respect and affection, many of those dear, good women whom I have tried to describe under the type of "the landlady who has seen better days" and the "landlady from the country."

I hope all the girls who read this may meet with some specimens of my favourite varieties when they go with paterfamilias or mamma in search of seaside lodgings.

Landlords are not supposed to count, but if I had time and space I could show you how unobtrusively useful they are, how neighbourly to the landladies who have no sons or husbands, and how they interest themselves in the boys' games, or tell them long tales of high tides, winter storms, shipwrecks, &c., to which the lads listen, open-mouthed and happy.

#### THE LODGINGS THEMSELVES.

Their situation has to be considered. Before engaging them, if we are not good walkers, we must notice how far they are from church, beach, market, and shops. Also, if paterfamilias goes to business now and then, we have to think of his convenience for getting to the station in the early morning.

Excursionists rarely penetrate to the quieter and more select portions of our large watering-places. It is a curious fact that, coming from town, they are to be found wandering about amongst the shops during much of the time, and spending the hours that should be passed in the pure air, hesitating over cheap trumpery in the covered markets, taking short drives in overcrowded carriages, or, perhaps, sitting in the too-familiar public-house. The being conveniently near the places where we have to make our purchases often involves the seeing too much of these things.

If possible, and you are going to a place for the first time, run down and see it and the lodgings before engaging them. Get information if you can from friends who have stayed there. Do not let the idea that you will spend most of your time out of doors make you careless as to indoor comforts. You want these for meal-times, rainy days, and social evenings.

Notice the sanitary arrangements; avoid any place where odours, suggestive of bad drainage, are ever so faintly perceptible. In choosing between dining and drawing-room suites, think whether the climbing of stairs will be an object to any weak ones of the party.

I have never yet had cause to complain of nightly marauders in any private lodgings, though we have occupied many, both in ultra-fashionable and quiet resorts. But when engaging with strangers, we have sometimes

had an understanding that any want of cleanliness in this respect would be regarded as a notice to quit, and acted upon accordingly.

Pillows are rather a grievance to visitors located amongst new beginners in the lodging-house business. They are so small in length and width, so flat that they might be mere pincushions which have been mangled out. And if you sleep singly you sometimes find that the two with which you began have become one without increasing in size. There has been a press of visitors, and your second pillow is gone to help towards the improvised resting-place of the one too many in the house. In choosing apartments notice quality of beds and pillows.

You can seldom get bedrooms with a sea view unless you go very high up. Front apartments are wanted for day use. Well, you cannot look at the sea and sleep, and if you have taken my advice and opened your eyes to it in the daytime, you will be ready to close them when night comes, and let the murmur mingle with your dreams.

If you wish your rooms to be home-like, let your boxes contain a few things to make them so. A little set of bright toilet mats and a pincushion for each bedroom, with one or two spare matters for the personal use of visitors. If you do not like to risk breakage by carrying perishable articles of much value with you, there are numbers of graceful things in glass, Parian, or china which may be had for the merest trifle. By a very small expenditure you may have a vast increase of brightness in your temporary dwelling, and give it a more homelike character. A handsome growing plant in the window, a vase of fresh flowers on the dinner table, a few mats on the sideboard, a really artistic bit of crewel work in the shape of an antimacassar, with the piano, games, and books will transform a bare-looking room into a pleasant family one.

Remember there will not be accommodation for many things; let the few be judiciously chosen and arranged. I would not advise your taking one needless article if you were moving from place to place; but we are discussing a rest of weeks at the seaside, and, after all, we enjoy it the more amid attractive and harmonious surroundings.

As to prices, they vary greatly according to place and season. It would be quite impossible to give a reliable standard even if required accommodation could also be specified. Only it is always advisable to have inclusive terms, or a distinct understanding as to what extras are charged for, and at what rate. In some places it is the regular custom to charge for shoe-cleaning and kitchen fire. In others these items are included in the terms. So with the trifles called "castors" in the bill, but I never knew any landlady except Mrs. Having charge more than a reasonable amount for odds and ends supplied. Indeed, we have often felt that our seaside hostesses have acted in a spirit of liberality rather than otherwise, and that any grasping or over-reaching temper manifested has been the exception, not the rule.

#### ON PACKING-UP.

A sensible mother with whom I am acquainted once gave me her views on this subject. She had no little children, and those she had were in their teens.

"I furnish each of them with a box of reasonable size," she said, "sufficient to accommodate all that they can really need. If what they require is not to be found after our arrival, the one who has omitted to pack will have to go without. I say, to girl and boy alike, pack for yourself. You are old enough to do it, and to think of what you will want. Mind, I shall not send home for anything that you may leave behind, so consider well beforehand. You have only your per-



sonal wants and likings to bear in mind. I will do all that the common weal demands, and pack for papa and myself."

My friend told me she adhered to this rule, and had every cause to be satisfied with the result. The young people learned self-reliance by it. The desire to take as many things as possible taught them to be good economists of space in packing, and able to do their mother's share on occasion as well as their own.

"And did they never leave anything behind of which they discovered the want on their arrival?" I inquired, anxious to know how the experiment had succeeded.

"I am not sure about this," was the laughing answer; "but if they did, I was not told of the omission."

I give the above as an example worthy of imitation.

Many mothers imagine that they ought to do everything for the girls as well as for themselves. They are wrong to do it, and girls have no right to expect it.

Still, in arranging all for the comfort of the family, the mother's eye and hand are usually indispensable. She will take in at a glance what others would be a long time thinking over, and will direct others, if she does not do it, so to pack that fewer boxes will be needed.

It is a good plan to make a list of the articles you will require, running over those of in and out-door clothing—taking care to provide for changes of weather—music-books, work, writing materials, ornaments, toilet requisites, and games.

Girls should take their tennis shoes and racquets. If Jack rejoices in a cricket set of his own, make him a long, narrow canvas bag to convey it in. This or coarse linen is better than a woollen material. It will bear a greater strain, will wear longer, and wash—a matter of importance in a bag for a lad's use.

There is often a piece of ground which can be hired for tennis, cricket, or archery purposes at a small sum per hour. If players join at the expense, the share of each will be very trifling.

Always have a fair supply of underlinen. Seaside laundresses during the season are often so pressed with work that they find it hard to be punctual. And in case of sickness or accident of any kind, it is very unpleasant to be short of such things.

I name sickness or accident. Perhaps even mamma may smile when the girls tell her of some of the items I advise her to pack, and without which I never go from home. These are some sticking-plaster and court-plaster; a bundle of old linen rag, including a soft handkerchief or two; a narrow bandage three or four yards long, and, if we were going to a country place at a distance from shops, I should have some old flannel and a length of two or three simple, domestic medicines, the use of which should be thoroughly understood.

Don't forget a good-sized bottle of pure tincture of myrrh. I know of nothing to equal it for taking out the soreness of a bruise or cut, to say nothing of its value in other ways.

I learned the importance of having some of these little appliances a number of years ago, when one of my girls, a child of seven, fell over the banisters from the second floor to the entrance in a lofty house at Llandudno.

The distance was thirty-seven steps by the stairs, and the child was saved almost miraculously by being knocked from side to side between the banisters in her descent. The blows broke the directness of the fall, and she got off with her arm-bone bent, a dislocated wrist, and cuts and contusions in various places, none of which left serious mark or permanent mischief. But the linen, the bandage, the soft handkerchiefs were really precious

that time. So take them, by all means, but I hope you may never require them during your summer or other holiday.

If bathing be thought of, there are the dresses to be taken. None are so good as woollen serge; not too heavy, or it will absorb too much water, and of that dark blue which neither sun nor sea will alter, made to fit easily and comfortably. You may insure this last by taking care that the material is well shrunk before it is made up.

The very cheap, ready made articles cannot combine the advantages named. Though wonderfully good for the money, it is far better to choose reliable material and have them made to fit and last.

Mamma can include two or three little matters in linen in that one extra box, which will hold more than all the little additional luxuries suggested. One pair of large sheets, large Turkish towels for the bath, a nice table-cloth for a special occasion, if there is any doubt about the supply, and table napkins, which are rarely provided in lodgings. The girls must exercise their taste, so that the fruit may come on the table looking as attractive as possible. *Pocket fruit-knives are always useful in lodgings.*

Take also a few articles for supplying the first meal or two. It is so unpleasant to have to go out shopping when weary with the journey and all the incidental preparations. But do not have huge packages and hampers of consumables to last for weeks. This is unfair to shopkeepers, who often complain of the practice, and say that visitors would think it very hard if they found no reliable shops, and the tradesmen feel it equally so if holiday-makers only buy what they cannot possibly bring with them.

Is there anything else to be thought of? If there is, we will leave the girls to remind mamma of it.

## THAT BOTHER OF A BOY.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c.

### CHAPTER III.

"WHAT NEXT?"



It was Wednesday in the first week of December. Mr. and Mrs. Carmett had driven off to spend the day with some old friends recently come to an estate near the town, and Kate had an engagement to spend the afternoon with a very dear friend of her own. She had obtained permission to include Ted in the invitation, and only waited to write some letters, after their early dinner together,

before telling him of the pleasure in store for him, for he liked pretty, merry Florence Elmslie almost as much as she did herself.

"Find something to amuse yourself with indoors, Ted, for an hour, and be a very good boy," she said, as she prepared to leave the dining-room, "and then you shall be rewarded with a first-rate treat for the rest of the day."

Ned's eyes brightened. Nearly every half-holiday was made into some sort of a festival for him, but, of course, the elements of the affair were generally trifling—leave to help the gardener dig potatoes, or permission to meet his father at the railway station, and take the reins in driving home. But this was evidently to be something grander. He ran across the floor, and clasped his sister's arm as she was leaving the room.

"Do you mean really, downright first-rate?" he asked, gravely.

"Really, downright first-rate, if you are good," was the laughing answer, and then Miss Carmett went off to get her letters written, and her young brother turned back into the dining-room with a very thoughtful face for a few minutes.

"Be a good boy, and don't trouble

your sister more than you can help," his mother had said when he went away to school that morning. And now Kattie promised him a reward for being good.

Altogether it was decidedly worth while to try to be something out-of-the-way praiseworthy. If he had sat himself down with his paint-box to paint pictures, or to read a story book, his sister would have considered that being a superlatively good boy, provided he had not taken somebody else's book to paint in, nor somebody else's book to make dirty little thumbmarks in. But this negative sort of goodness was not enough to satisfy Ted's aspirations just then. At last a thought occurred to him. A glorious thought, he considered.

"That's it," he exclaimed, and dancing a sort of war dance round the housemaid, who had come in at the moment to clear the table. "That's it, Ann. I've got the very thing."

Ann gave him a little impatient push. "Well, Master Edward, if you've got it, I'm sure I wish you'd keep it instead of keeping me. I've double tides of work to do to-day, and cook an' Jane