pany him. Not that he was angry with his friend for failing to sympathise with his grievance, but he was conscious that it was better for him, just then, to be left to Nature, in her kindly summer mood. To commune with his own heart and be still, was what Arthur desired that day.

Quick footsteps pattered down the road behind him, and Mary Berrithorne's little hand was laid lightly on his arm. The large grey eyes that looked straight into his face gave him the frankest assurance of being perfectly understood by one person in the world.

"*Arthur, I am sorry,*" she said, simply. "I am sorry for you, and a great deal more sorry for Kate. O how I wish that she could borrow Ithuriel's spear!"

"Then you think that Kate does not see Glendon as he really is?" said Arthur, wondering at the girl's perceptive powers.

"Cassie would say I had no right to judge people," replied Mary, after a pause. "I may be quite wrong—I'm very young, you know—but I am afraid he is not what he seems to Kate."

"Well, Mary, I have tried to use the spear, but she will not have it."

"Never mind, never mind," said the soft, half-childish voice. "We can't always make people see how kind we mean to be, but God knows."

Without another word she turned and ran up the avenue again, and he stood still mechanically, to look after her. The sunshine, flickering and falling through the oak branches, lit up the small flying figure and flossy brown hair, that hung in waves rather than curls. On she went, neither pausing nor looking back, a sprite-like shape that almost seemed to claim kindred with the "good people" of long ago.

"A most unique child," he mused, as he passed out of the lodge gate. "Soon to be a woman," he added, striking into the high road; "Cassie is one already, I think, and they are nearly of the same age. Mary is a thinker as well as a dreamer, and one wonders sometimes what will come of the thoughts and dreams. Not so pretty as Cassie, of course, yet I like the large, clear, grey eyes better than Cassie's almond-shaped dark ones. Well, well, these girls will be like sunbeams in the old house when Kate is gone."

(*To be continued.*)

ABOUT GLOVES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

THERE are numerous associations clinging to the ancient hand-covering, more than you dream of, girls! The glove, as we shall presently show, was a symbol of power, a token of love, or a gage of defiance, according to circumstances.

We must go back to eastern history for the glove; but in those days when Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz the term "shoe" was used for the hand-covering. We have this title still preserved in the German language. There is good authority for saying that the "shoe" mentioned in the fourth chapter of Ruth was a glove, for amongst eastern nations no traffic was complete until the glove had been transferred from seller to buyer. "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe" has also been quoted in support of this theory.

The first form of the glove was without fingers, and the Persians wore gloves; but our word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *glof*, a "hand-covering," and here we have testimony to the antiquity of this article of costume which in later years developed into such a costly adjunct, and even now tends to "sweetness long drawn out."

Gloves now have to pay duty when they are imported, but in the tenth century the manufacture was exclusively German; for five pairs of gloves was part of the duty paid to Ethelred II. by a society of German merchants for the protection of their trade, "a proof," says Strutt, "of their great rarity and consequent limitation to the most exalted personages."

In the Anglo Saxon times ladies used to thrust their hands into the ends of their mantles, which were conveniently shaped for that purpose; but when the Heptarchy was dissolved the German glove or "hand-shoe" came into fashion, and with the Normans came the warlike gauntlet. But the fashion was not immediately followed as fashions are nowadays.

It will not at first appear that gloves could be made instruments of vengeance, but the bold spirits of Norman days could devise poisoned gloves by which the life of an adversary was quickly taken. The costly and rare present infused the subtle poison into the veins of Conan, the Duke of Brittany, on the suggestion of the future "Conqueror," William of Normandy, who devised this very "handy" way of ridding himself of an adversary.

Jewelled gloves were worn in the fourteenth century as insignia of rank, and the clergy would change them according to the colour of their vestments. The beautiful gloves of William of Wykeham are still preserved at Oxford; they are of red silk embroidered with a "glory" on the back. Such hand-shoes were very costly, and naturally limited to the upper classes; indeed, it was not until the sixteenth century that gloves were so generally worn; in pictures of that period they are represented, and allusions to them are more frequent in literature.

So, in the time of "good Queen Bess," gallants used to swear by their gloves; and the Queen herself had a weakness, if we may apply the term to such a strong-minded sovereign, for perfumed gloves. We read that Edward Vere, the Earl of Oxford, on his return to England, presented the Queen with a pair of such delicately scented and embroidered gloves that she named the scent "Lord Oxford's perfume," and further honoured the Earl by having herself painted—in a picture only, please—with these gloves upon her royal hands.

We may here remark that Queen Bess looked upon the bestowal of her gloves as a mark of favour; and when bestowed thus as a token, it was worn in the cap of the fortunate recipient at all tournaments and jousts. Queen Elizabeth one day dropped one of her fine gloves, and the Earl of Cumberland picked it up. The Queen at once bestowed it upon him, and he chivalrously had it adorned with costly jewels and fixed in his helmet.

There is a story told of Shakespeare, who very cleverly avoided giving offence to his sovereign when favoured with her glove. This glove-giving seems to have been a favourite manner of rewarding her subjects, as we have seen.

On the occasion in question Shakespeare was acting the part of a king, and performed his *rôle* to Her Majesty's satisfaction. She thereupon threw her glove upon the stage, perhaps with a little desire to make him forget his assumed character, and exact his homage to herself as the "Great Queen." But the poet was equal to the occasion. He raised the dainty token, and gracefully returned it to the Queen with the words—

"Although now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove!"

Never forgetting the character he represented, nor the dignity (and vanity) of the lady Queen.

Do any of you girls remember the tale of the cruel lady in attendance at the Court of Francis of France? This high-born ladye was beloved by a worthy knight who had borne her name and token unvanquished in many a hard-won field. One day the King and Court were spectators of a contest between some wild beasts, and with a view to test her knight's courage, the lady heartlessly threw her glove into the arena, bidding him reclaim it from amongst the savage animals. Without hesitation the knight leaped down from the gallery, and recovered the gage.

"The leap was quick—the return was quick—
Soon he regained his place:
Then threw the glove—but not with love—
Right in the lady's face!"

The lady lost her knight, and we think, as did the King and his courtiers, that she was rightly punished for her heartlessness.

Gloves were customary New Year's gifts in the sixteenth century, and when in consequence (says Planché) of the expense they could not be purchased, "glove-money" was given instead. Sir Thomas More once gained a case for a lady, and she rewarded him with a pair of gloves containing fifty "angels." The Chancellor replied, "It would be against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; the *lining* you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere!"

We must just refer to the use made of the glove as a gage of battle, and also in the part it has taken in regal and martial ceremonies. The gauntlet was the token of defiance as the lady's glove was of favour. A challenger threw his right-hand gauntlet upon the floor, or on the ground, and anyone who picked it up was understood to accept the challenge. At the king's coronation a knight casts down his glove as the king's champion. The English law for a long time permitted the "trial by battle," and, even so lately as 1818, the right of decision in this manner was demanded. It was in a trial for murder. The accused pleaded "not guilty," and declared he was ready to do battle with his accuser. The challenge was duly enforced by the prisoner throwing his glove upon the floor of the court-house; but the prosaic usher took it up, and the combat was forbidden.

A lady in olden time could choose a champion, and, casting her glove upon the ground, demand the ordeal of battle. This custom is illustrated by Sir Walter Scott, when Rebecca, the Jewess, names Wilfred of Ivanhoe as her defender against the accusations of the Templars.

Again, at coronations, the glove has its significance. The Duke of Norfolk presents our ruler with a right-hand glove supporting the arm while it is put on, while the Primate presents the sceptre. The Duke of Norfolk is the oldest title of British dukedoms, and accordingly has the privilege of making submission for his order. At French coronations gloves are blessed, and presented to the monarch.

Gloves have always been more or less expensive. The old proverb says three countries should make the proper glove—Spain to dress the leather, France to cut it, and England to sew it. At the Earl of Arran's sale in 1759, very large sums were paid for old gloves. Three pairs which were given by Henry VIII., James I., and Elizabeth to members of the Denny family, went for £38 17s., £22 4s., and £25 4s., respectively!

HENRY FRITH.