

her father on the loggia watching the sky changing in the sunset and dusky, golden lights playing over the ochre houses and dark roofs, and she would tell him everything she had seen. She would describe the walks in the villas, the lights so manifold, the colours of earth and sky and ruin; she would paint in word-pictures the glories of his favourite artists—the triumphs of Raphael, the tender grace of Murillo, the pathos of Sassoferrato, the living colour and energy of Guido, back to the older masters, whose devotional pieces are like translations of holy thoughts into human language. The statues, too, of faun and nymph, of Venus and Cupid and Psyche, who become the more familiar that we are with them, like friends we have always known—perhaps only so far in our dreams—but infinitely more than mere representations of a dead mythology.

Carina's face as she spoke was always a joy to her father. Often he thought of how she got her name. Of the little English child who used to come and play with her, and who, having picked up some Italian, called her Carina in such witching tones that Signor Servi had her christened Carina. One day a card was sent in, and reading an English name Carina's heart beat high for a moment as she let hope reign there, and as she swiftly, tried, woman-like, to prepare herself for disappointment.

But she was not disappointed. It was the stranger, and soon Max Hamilton was sitting on the loggia, revelling in the afternoon sunshine of a Roman December day. The loggia, I may explain, is at the top of the Italian houses, like a large balcony, where the happy possessors of such an appendage to their apartment generally spend much of their time. Signor Servi was sitting there; a large bunch of cyclamens was on a table near him, and a plate piled with huge bunches of purple and white grapes. In a short time Max had become acquainted with the old father, talking to him in his fluent Italian, unspoiled by any Anglicisms, and raising his eyes now and then, with a shyness unknown to him before, to the beautiful maiden in her soft, clinging gown something the colour of the cyclamen blossoms, as she sat working and joining a little in the conversation.

It was very pleasant to Max to see her face changing so rapidly from delight at seeing her locket to the sad look of sympathy when he told of his illness. The latter look discovered to him the likeness that had worried him all through his illness; accounted to him for the fact that Carina's face was not altogether unfamiliar. It was the Naples Psyche she was like, and the more like when the sorrowful expression that makes the marble so infinitely pathetic came into her sweet, human lips.

After a while the shyness passed off, and Max talked, and talked of art and Rome in a way to delight his listeners. Signor Servi had not looked so well for a long time; it was like rich wine to him to hear and speak to one like Max of the things he loved, and he asked his visitor to come again. And Max came again and again, every time growing to love Carina more and more deeply. It was first love, and in Max Hamilton's true heart and noble nature it found a shrine worthy of it.

And Carina. She hardly dared try and understand why such intense delight had come to her, greater, deeper than the simple joys of her childhood, than the half-fearful hopes of maidenhood, when the great unknown lies half hid in golden mist. Joy such as the supremest pleasure felt so often by her while in the sacred presence of Nature or Art was as nothing to it. In real gladness there is little or no dissection of cause—simply an exultant existence, and Carina's eyes had a light in them which Max, hardly daring to

hope the truth, sometimes answered his longing, and made him more than glad.

They wandered about Rome together, propriety, in the shape of Lucia, keeping in their wake, and Carina, as she listened to him, or stood silently before some marble or picture or view they both rejoiced in, felt that a new glory was added to all, that she was with the interpreter standing, with more fully-opened eyes, on the threshold of the house beautiful.

But still no word was said, and the Christmas feast passed with all its colour and music, and function, shrouding the glad message of the Incarnate God coming amongst men, and January came.

Lady Hamilton had paid but little heed to Max, who had told her of his new acquaintance. She had been astonished at his "scraping acquaintance" with "such people," and raised her black eyebrows and opened her blacker eyes wider in surprise. "Such people" being a term equivalent to Catholic for embracing anybody who was not on exactly the same social ground as Lady Hamilton's, artists and workers generally being specially included in its denunciation.

A warning look in Max's eyes silenced her, and sighing over his degenerate tastes, she held her tongue. She and Dolly were "doing" Rome, and rather glad to be spared so much of Max's company, as he soon discovered. He bored them just as much as they wearied him. They having found a kindred spirit in a young cousin, who was seeing half of Europe on sumptuous means and a paucity of ideas, Max found himself free.

One day he had to go with them to Subiaco, and while wandering there, listening to Lady Hamilton's anathemas of Italian dirt and cheating, and her perpetually expressed opinion that Italy generally was much overrated, he made up his mind. He would put his fate to the test, and it was like him to write instead of speaking. He felt somehow or other as if it was the best.

(To be concluded.)

LUSTRA PAINTING.

WE are always glad to draw attention to any of the minor arts that serve to develop talent and industry, and provide a useful and pleasant occupation for some of the spare time which ladies with no fixed duties are occasionally overburdened with. Any description of work that has artistic claims and can be used for the improvement of household decoration is to be commended, and when these conditions are joined, as in Lustra Painting, with no great amount of labour in execution, and with a moderate outlay for materials, we feel sure our readers will like to learn something of the art, and that some of them will try it, particularly when we inform them that it has attracted the attention of the Princess Beatrice and is used in the adornment of one of her rooms.

Lustra painting is the art of painting flower, fruit, and arabesque designs in metallic and powder colours upon velveteen, Roman satin, and linen fabrics. As its name points out, the colours employed throw out a metallic lustre, and therefore the painting accomplished cannot be after nature, and has to consist of conventional colouring; but the rich artistic effects obtained by the various shades of gold and silver, relieved and softened by being shaded with crimson, purple, and green powder colours, are just the tones required for the articles that the work is used for. At the first glance some affinity to tapestry painting might be assumed from the fact that both arts consist in colouring textiles, but the two are quite distinct, the colours used in tapestry being virtually dyes, applied to a peculiarly

woven canvas and sinking into that so as to be incorporated into it. The lustra colours remain upon the surface of a material, which need not be made on purpose for the work, and are kept raised by the medium used with them, which at one and the same time prevents them from sinking into the fabric, and securely attaches them to it so that no rubbing or pressure injures them. In other essentials it also differs: in lustra the material supplies the background, and only the design has to be painted (hence its greater quickness of execution), and as we noticed before, the colouring is limited and not realistic.

The materials used are the colours sold in little bottles, ninepence to one shilling the bottle, which consist of four shades of gold, from a bright gold to a deep red gold, one shade of silver and one of green, black, white, blue and purple. A bottle of medium, price one shilling, a china palette divided into compartments, sable brushes for work upon linen, and for fine lines, and hoghair brushes for work upon velveteen and satin sheeting. The handsomest articles painted are—portières of velveteen and screens of the same; next to these, mantel-borders, curtain ditto, counterpanes and tablecloths, either of velveteen or satin sheeting; and for small things, d'oyles and chair backs in fine white linen, wallpockets, cushions, mats, handkerchief-cases, &c.

The lustra is warranted to wash when executed upon fine white linen, but it looks equally well when the design is painted upon grey Zulu cloth. Deep olive greens, maroons, and rich browns are the best colours to select for velveteens and Roman sheetings.

With regard to the designs, those known as conventionalised fruit and flowers, such as are used upon really good crewel-work patterns, are the ones to select. The pattern must be distinct, with well-defined, large, well-shaped leaves, such as the vine, oak, virginia creeper, orange, pomegranate, iris, lillium lancifolium, nasturtium; while the fruit and flowers of these plants are all good. Good arabesque and well-shaped antique conventional patterns are also suitable.

To paint upon satin sheeting, trace the outline of the design upon linen tracing-paper, lay the material upon a piece of plate-glass, then lay down some carbonised tracing-paper, and over all the linen tracing-paper. Mark out all the outlines by going steadily over them with the point of a fine knitting-needle, and see that the hand does not shake, nor the material move during the process. When tracing upon white or grey linen, use blue carbonised paper, as the blue will show upon light grounds; but for dark Roman sheetings or velveteens use white carbonised linen cloth, as that is the only material which will make an indelible white line upon these stuffs (it can be obtained at Francis's, Hanway-street).

The tracing complete, pin the material out flat upon a drawing-board, and if the ground is dark, work in the flowers in gold and silver; pour some of the lightest gold colour on the palette, and mix it with the medium until it is a thick liquid; paint this on all over the petal of a flower, and put it on very thickly and yet with an even surface. While painting, hold the brush more upright than slanting, and rub the colour well in. Work in all the petals of a flower where any light falls on them with the lightest shade of gold, and work in the petals more in shade with the deeper golds. Leave the gold to dry, and paint in another flower with silver only, or with a mixture of silver and gold; while that is drying paint the leaves over with the metallic green. The great secret of the work is to put on sufficient paint and medium so as to entirely hide the textile beneath the colour, and to give an even solid mass of gold or silver; therefore, go over the first painting again as soon as it is dry, should it look poor and mean; should

it not, proceed to put in the shadows upon leaves and flowers. These are formed by working in over the metallic colours the plain powder colours, either rubbing them on without mixing them with metallic, or adding a little of the latter to them. Purple, black, and white use to shade silver with, crimson and black for shading gold, and black and white for shading green. The powder colours are more gritty than the metallic ones, and require their lumps being broken with a palette knife before the medium is added to them. Shade but slightly and only enough to take off the flat appearance of a design executed in single tones only. Lightly touch the lightest parts of a silver flower with white, and where the deepest shadow upon it should fall work in *some pure black, and mix* silver and black together to make an intermediate shade between the black and the silver ground. Silver and black make a good grey tone with a lavender reflection; silver with purple rubbed in over it, a very rich purple, particularly good when painting bunches of grapes, purple iris, and large conventional flowers. Over the gold paint work in pure crimson as an intermediate shade between the gold and the shadow, and use black and crimson mixed together for the darkest part. A few touches of silver upon the highest light of the gold will help to throw it up. Pomegranates slightly open look well with their skins shaded in the different gold colours with a slight touch of crimson over them, and where the inside of the pomegranate shows a crimson ground with silver seeds. Daffodils with outer petals of gold and the inner cup of silver, oranges, some shading to red and others to silver, with the ground colour of gold, and poppies with gold and red petals. The leaves, when a *design* has much flower or fruit about it, will require but little shading, a few touches of black to strengthen the dark parts, and some white to throw out the highest lights being sufficient; but where leaves are the chief motives of the pattern, as in virginia creeper, oak leaf, and vine patterns, the metallic gold and silver colours are used freely upon them, and autumn shades given, by mixing crimson and black with the green, and by washing over the green, red golds and silver. When the painting appears finished let it dry for a day, and then retouch the highest lights and the deepest shades, and bring out any stamens and pistils. Wash the brushes in turpentine and soap and water before putting them away.

Work executed upon velveteen is done like that upon satin or Roman sheeting, except that less shading is necessary about the flowers and none at all over the leaves, the shade upon the velveteen pile giving the necessary lights and depths. The green is either put on pure, or is altered by being mixed either with white, crimson, or black, before it is rubbed in, and bronze leaves are made by mixing it with the different red golds. Painting upon velveteen is much enriched by being supplemented with needlework. This is done by working over the chief outlines of leaves and flowers in rope or crewel-stitch, with old gold, bronze brown, or art green filocelles. This blending of painting and needlework gives to the bold designs used upon counterpanes and curtains a mediæval look, and is particularly recommended.

Upon fine white linen, and grey Zulu cloth, many useful articles for bazaars, &c., can be manufactured, either with simple lustra, or by lustra and needlework combined; and as the grounds are light, the powder colours can be used about the flowers without the groundwork of gold and silver beneath them, and a more natural effect thus attained. By selecting purple and pink flowers, such as the purple iris, pink liliun lancifolium, and poppy, and washing the colours in, first thinly, and then strong for the shadows, a flower can be

painted with great effect simply from the one powder colour. Metallic colours are also used upon linen materials and are applied as before explained. Sets of d'oyleys upon very fine linen look well, also chair-backs, toilet tidies, and four o'clock tea tablecloths. The lustra is warranted to wash. Very pretty chair-backs are made by painting a bold flower pattern in lustra and inclosing it with a border of lines and dots worked in crewel-stitch with washing silks, while a run line or trellis background, also worked with washing silk, will finish off the flower part of the design. A darned or run background if of close lines is better worked before the painting is commenced, as it is more speedily executed before the colour is applied.

In conclusion, we wish to point out that this painting is done very quickly, a chair-back taking but an hour to paint, and that therefore it is much to be recommended to ladies who are working for bazaars, or to those who wish to produce artistic effects, and whose time for ornamental work is limited. The lustra paints are procurable at Mr. Elliott's stall, 391, Soho Bazaar.

B. C. SAWARD.

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.

WINIFRED found it hard to keep up the zeal with which she began "steering the domestic barque." At first the novelty of the work interested her, and with her good resolutions fresh in her mind she threw herself eagerly into the work of domestic reforms; but when the first freshness had worn off, though there was no doubt about the increased comfort of the house, she began to long for the old careless days, when no sense of responsibility disturbed her enjoyment of her books. Her leisure for study was now very limited, for not having yet learned the art of portioning out her time, she found that there were always some household matters which required her attention directly she sat down to read; but having determined that everything should give way to the daily duties of which she so clearly saw the importance, with a strong effort she kept to her resolution, and did not complain; and it was only through Lulu's chatter that Margaret heard how Winnie contrived to fill the whole day with household duties, to the exclusion of everything else. Knowing that this must be secretly a great trial to the studious girl, Margaret took an early opportunity of asking Winnie, alone, to have lunch with her, in order to have a little time for a confidential chat.

Winnie was naturally reserved; and never talked willingly about her own affairs; so Margaret began the conversation by inquiring how the housekeeping plans succeeded.

"Pretty well, aunt, thank you," replied Winnie, "the ordering of meals is my greatest difficulty; I never can think of anything suitable. I ask the servant for a suggestion sometimes; but she has no ideas of any sort, and always replies the same. 'Well, miss, there ain't nothink but beef and mutton'—as if that information was any good. And that reminds me, aunt, that I wanted to ask you which you think the most economical meals to have, late dinner or meat tea, or tea and supper. Jack prefers dinner, because he comes in hungry from business, and besides we have always been accustomed to it; and the other girls say they think it would be cheaper than dining early."

"I do not think it makes a great deal of difference in actual cost either way," replied Margaret; "but I certainly advise you to have a meat tea. It is a good deal less trouble than either dinner or a separate tea and supper, which is a great considera-

tion with only one servant, as you would not require either vegetables or pastry, and it is a meal to which Jack might bring in a friend whenever he felt inclined, without you feeling uncomfortable at the bareness of your table. You can so easily add little dishes of potted meats, or biscuits and preserves, to your tea table at a moment's notice. A separate tea and supper would not answer at all for you. For one thing, as Jack gets home at seven o'clock, it would be too long for him to wait till half-past eight or nine with nothing to eat, and supper breaks up the evening so, it would not give him time for anything, besides giving the servant the trouble of preparing two meals instead of one. But if you decide to keep to a meat tea, I think you should take care to have something substantial for Jack; boys at his age require plenty of good food."

"That is just one of my difficulties, aunt. It seems silly to have a joint, we might as well have a proper dinner at once. We have cold meat very often, but sometimes there is nothing but scraps left, and Jack grumbles at that. It was the difficulty of knowing what to provide, that made me think of going back to late dinners."

"I used to have a recipe book somewhere," said Margaret, pondering. "I wonder where it is? You know before I was married we always had meat tea, and I found just the same objection to it that you do, so whenever I met with a nice dish suitable for tea I made a note of it. I will go and see if I can find it."

So saying she went off, and after a time returned with a small pocketbook.

"This is it," she said. "See, here is my list of dishes. 'Timballes.' I used that when we had company, it looks so nice although it is not at all expensive. 'Take any cold meat, chop it quite fine, and pound it in a mortar with a little gravy. Soak two ounces of crumb of stale bread in some rich brown gravy, or fresh milk, then press all the moisture out in a cloth and put it in a saucepan over a gentle fire till the bread is dry without burning; mix it while hot with an egg, and season with a little mace, salt, and pepper, then mix with the pounded meat till quite blended. Put into a plain tin shape, first lined with boiled macaroni; the shape must be well buttered for the macaroni not to stick to it. Steam it in the shape, and turn out when hot, and serve it either with or without gravy or white sauce.' I am sure you will like that dish. Then you can use up any scraps of cold meat, by putting them through the mincing machine with a slice of ham or bacon, and a little seasoning, and press the mince into a small pie-dish or a mould, and turn it out when you want it for the table. Or you can cut cold meat into rather thick slices, either dip them into batter, or simply spread on each a little pepper, salt, mustard, and butter, and fry a light brown."

"Thank you, aunt; with this new idea we shall get on for a time at any rate, and I will study cookery-books rather more for the future, to get ideas."

But Margaret had several other matters she wished to talk over with Winnie besides cookery, and after some hesitation as to the best way of broaching the subject, she plunged into it at once, and told Winnie what had been in her mind, that she thought it would be a good thing for her to have family prayer in the mornings.

"I, aunt? I couldn't do it. I never did such a thing in my life," cried Winnie, aghast.

But Margaret was nothing daunted, and explained her reasons. "You know, Winnie, it would be such a good thing to know that every member of the family had heard at least a short portion of the Bible every day; some of them are careless, and apt to forget or neglect to read themselves."