

Fanny laughed her short, sarcastic laugh—offensive to most people.

"You and I are different," she exclaimed, "yet we have some similarity. My remedy for Edward was a very different one. I had hoped he would fall deeply in love with a gentle, high-principled girl, not an amiable doll like Thackeray's Amelia, but one who would be really fond of him, yet not blind to his faults, or else how could she help him against them?—one who would influence him to work for her sake, and be content to wait perhaps for years, for such a reformation is not to be worked in a day. It is a Utopian character, is it not? I have come now to the conclusion that such a girl does not exist—at any rate, among my acquaintances. Helen Dalrymple is a good girl, much less worldly-minded than many I know. But she is not the strong character I had thought of, and, moreover, she has money, which is a fatal element, to my mind."

Grace looked up hastily with a quick, sensitive blush on her face. She was indeed an unsophisticated, simple-minded girl, for the suggestion that Fanny had spoken out so broadly came to her almost with a shock. And yet anyone else must have guessed at a first glance what had come to her as a revelation.

"Will he ever work for her?" Fanny went on, quite unconscious of the tumultuous confusion throbbing in Grace's heart and brain. "My mother, I think, is contented, believing that he is doing wisely; at any rate, she sees nothing which would not be the case if she objected," she added in a whisper. "I am half-contented, half-disappointed. It is a settlement of his difficulties, and he might have made a far worse choice."

"I am very fond of Helen," interrupted Grace, indignant for her friend. "She is a thoroughly good girl, far different, as you well know, from the girls at Granville House. She never did a mean thing, and was always upright. She was kinder to me when I first came than you were, Fanny. You snubbed me very much at first because I was poor."

"There you are mistaken," Fanny replied, by no means offended. "It was my nature to snub. I cared nothing for poor or rich so long as a girl behaved as a lady, and you will allow that when I took a fancy to you I never allowed any other girl to snub you."

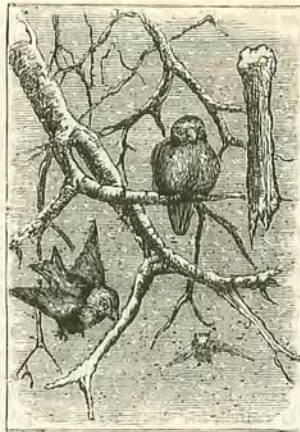
"That's true enough," Grace admitted, laughing in spite of herself, "but I always considered that it was Helen's good offices that gained me your friendship in the first place."

"Was there ever such modesty!" Fanny remarked, turning from Grace with a half-dissatisfied air as her father and Mr. Mackenzie entered the room and the former demanded some music for his friend, who was an enthusiast about that as well as his own branch of art.

(To be continued.)

## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.



WONDER what is going to happen to us next!" said Lulu Lancaster, breaking into the silence which had reigned in the room for some quarter of an hour.

No one responded to the ejaculation, which,

being addressed to the world at large and no one in particular, could not be supposed to require an answer.

"Oh, I say, do talk, somebody!" went on the young lady, who, by the way, was not noted for her elegance of speech. "It is so horribly dull with everybody but me buried in their books. Winnie, darling Winnie, do look up. Don't you wonder what will be the next vicissitude of this family? I feel, for my part, exactly as if we were part of an interesting novel, only I'm unusually anxious to know what the next chapter is about."

Winifred, thus directly appealed to, laid down her book with a resigned sigh, and leaning back in her chair prepared for a chat with her talkative sister.

"I think I know pretty well what we have to do at present," she said, in her quiet voice, "and that is simply to wait till Uncle Wilfred comes. And that will not be very long, for in his telegram from Malaga he says he shall come to us as fast as possible, so that we may expect him to-day or to-morrow, I should think."

"Poor uncle!" Lulu exclaimed, in a sympathetic tone, after a moment's pause. "I wonder whatever he will do with us! We certainly are a nice little legacy!" and she looked ruefully round on the other members of the family, who, it happened, were all present.

Winifred, the eldest, a tall, handsome girl of eighteen years, had, previous to Lulu's interruption, been poring over a book of Greek roots, which language she had lately set herself to learn. Her only pleasure was in study, and every spare moment was given to reading, which she did voraciously, devouring every kind of literature which came in her way, and what is more, remembering all the leading facts of what she read. Her face was pale and sad now, for the shadow of a great trouble was still hanging over the household. Some years before their father had died, and now, but a few short weeks ago, their mother had been taken from them and they were orphans indeed.

Evelyn, the second in the family, a pretty, frail little creature of seventeen, lay on the sofa listlessly turning the leaves of a novel which apparently altogether failed to interest or amuse her.

Lulu herself came next in age, and her personal appearance was something of a trial to her, for she was at that trying age between childhood and girlhood, and fancied herself a terrible hoyden. It is true that her curly brown hair was unruly and rarely tidy; her hands and feet were perhaps rather large than small, and Evelyn called her bright, rosy cheeks "very milkmaidish;" but, neverthe-

less, her face was very pleasant to see, with the clear brown eyes which looked straight at you, and from which honesty and truth spoke out so plainly.

Near her, sprawling at full length on the hearthrug, lay Jack. He was resting on his elbows, with his hands clutching wildly at his shock hair, which was in colour of a cheerful auburn (an enemy might even have called it red). He was frowning fiercely, for he was reading of an encounter with pirates as told by his favourite author, and any specially critical juncture was made evident to the rest of the party by the excited waving of a foot in the air, and the utterance of a sort of suppressed growl. Jack and Lulu were twins of fifteen—or nearly sixteen, as they preferred to be called—and much of the latter's roughness of demeanour and freedom of speech were doubtless due to the close comradeship which existed between the two. Their small conflicts were frequent, but their differences were very soon made up, and each found the other a most reliable companion in any favourite pursuit.

The youngest of the girls was Madeline, a small, pale, brown-eyed little damsel of thirteen, always perfectly neat and precise in dress and habits, very industrious and quiet and ladylike, and consequently the joy of her schoolmistress's heart.

The youngest member of the family was at this moment invisible, and a certain ominous silence in the corner of the room where he had last been seen now aroused the ready suspicions of Lulu, who exclaimed, suddenly, "Where is Julius, I wonder?" for such was the name which had fallen to the lot of the most mischievous and unprincipled little mortal of five years that can be imagined. "He's up to some naughtiness or other, I'll be bound."

"No, I'm not, I'm not, Lulu—I'm not doin' nothin'!" cried a shrill, piping little voice from the corner. "Don't you come, Lulu. I thall cry and thream if you do, and I'm not doin' nothin', only thayin' my hymn and textes over."

"All right, there's a good little boy," replied Lulu, meanwhile, however, creeping on tiptoe towards the curtains behind which the child was concealed. Drawing them suddenly apart, he was revealed crouching in the corner, with an album on his knees, the pages of which he was embellishing with original designs, using an old stump of lead pencil which he had abstracted from the pocket of his brother as he lay absorbed in his Marryat, and unconscious of all around.

"Oh, you little imp!" cried Lulu; "saying your hymn, indeed! Winnie, only look at your beautiful book! Now I shall punish you! Come along, sir!" and she began dragging him out, screaming and kicking with all his might, and, considering how elfinly small and thin he was, his powers of resistance were remarkable.

At length, finding he was losing the day, he ceased struggling, and began to wail and call for his mother. "Oh, mam, dear, I do want you tho! Lulu, take me to mam, dear, and I won't be naughty no more."

Lulu at once left off hauling the culprit towards the door, but gathered him up in her strong, young arms, and began to comfort him in her girl fashion. "Poor, little laddie, you can't go to mam just now, but never mind, Lulu will give you a sweet, and two biscuits as well." (The cries ceased at this.) "And if you will be good and smile at her, Lulu will let you wind up her little clock—there!"

This was irresistible, and the spoilt child departed radiant and smiling. Such scenes were too common in the house to attract much notice, though Evelyn was heard plaintively saying, "Oh, how nice it will be





when Julius is old enough to go to boarding-school!"

Mrs. Lancaster was a half-sister of Wilfred Trent's, some years his senior, and having married *very young, not altogether* according to the wishes of her parents, there had been very little communication between the families since. It was a surprise and shock to Wilfred Trent to receive a letter from her, in a faint, tremulous hand, written from her death-bed, and, indeed, not posted till after her decease. In it, she besought her brother to be a friend to her children. "When life is ebbing away," she wrote, "one naturally turns and clings to one's own people"; and though years had passed since they met, she still felt she might trust in him to guard her children, praying that heaven would reward him for the kindness she knew he would show. "I have, perhaps, been foolish," she wrote, "in not preparing them better to face a rough, work-a-day world, but I loved to see them happy and free from care; I have always been so strong, this illness has come so suddenly, I have never thought that I, too, should be taken from them. So you will find that they are ignorant of much that they will now require to know, and if they do not find friends in you and your wife, I dare not think what will become of them."

Upon receiving this letter, Wilfred, who was abroad at the time, telegraphed to his nieces to say he was coming as fast as he could, and then set off with all possible despatch, staying on the way at his own home to talk over with his wife this new care and anxiety.

It is eight years and more since we last saw Margaret and her husband; Margaret looks a little older, and there are some grey threads showing among the dark of Wilfred's hair. Things have prospered with them, for they now occupy a more imposing and commodious house than the little modest, semi-detached cottage in which they began their married life.

*Dorcas*, the sometime general servant, is now cook, and has two companions in the housemaid and nurse, which the increased family has rendered necessary. For there are

now three bonny children in the household—Claud and Hugh, and baby Cecily, who, with the unsteadiness of two years old, totters and staggers in her progress to meet her father at the door.

"Poor, poor things!" sighed Margaret, when she had learnt the cause of her husband's premature return home. "How very sad for them! I have heard you speak of that sister, Will, but you never mentioned any family."

"I really knew very little about them, for there was a sort of estrangement between poor Kate and our parents, and though I was too young to be concerned in it, still she and her husband never appeared anxious to have any more communication than we had by the exchange of a letter perhaps once in a twelve-month," returned Wilfred. "I have been thinking the matter over, and I believe the best thing would be (unless the children have other plans, which is not likely, as they are so young and inexperienced) for them to come and live near us. They might take one of those small new houses on the Estwood Estate, as it is called, for they have all possible modern improvements and conveniences in the way of bath-rooms and hot water laid on, and are to let at a very moderate rental."

"Capital!" cried Margaret, "if they will agree to come. But is their income very small?"

"They have been well off hitherto, and now I imagine they will have enough to live comfortably if they are strictly careful, but they will certainly have to be economical; and, as I gather from Kate's letter, they have been taught nothing of how to manage, but have left everything to their mother, it will be a great advantage to them to be near you, for there was a time when you had to be content with a tiny house and one servant—wasn't there, Madge?"

"Yes, and very contented I was, too. But I really think I might help these poor girls. Do you think I had better go with you to them?"

"No, I think not; but if you will be here to receive two of the girls, I will send them to you to decide upon a house, and see that it is

ready for the furniture and the rest of the family when they come; I shall have plenty to do there, I dare say, in settling their affairs and arranging for them."

"Yes, and Wilfred, if they have a great deal of large, old-fashioned furniture, do let them sell it there, so as not to have the useless great expense of moving it up here, for you see they cannot expect to find room in a little, cheap house for very large pieces of furniture. And do not let them bring *rubbish*, for the moving costs so much that it is really cheaper to give away doubtful things. And—, but I think I had better write to them, for I'm sure you wouldn't remember all these details if I told you; and having moved twice in the last few years, I can tell from experience that these little things are worth knowing."

So Margaret wrote to her unknown nieces and nephews, beginning by heartily and affectionately offering her sympathy and help, for her kind heart yearned over these poor children left so alone in the world. Then turning to more practical matters, she advised them to pick and reserve furniture enough for an eight-roomed house, which was the size of those upon which she had fixed as likely to suit them, and to consult their Uncle Wilfred about selling all the rest. They were not to waste time and labour by having anything cleaned before removing, for the things would be tenfold dirtier by the time they reached London. The carpets they decided on keeping (Margaret advised that only enough, and that really good carpet, be kept to make squares for the centres of the rooms) were to be sent direct to an upholsterer in the neighbourhood of the Estwood Estate, who would clean and remake the carpets to fit the new rooms. "Then when we have found a nice little house near here, we shall put a charwoman in to finish cleaning it nicely, for the landlord does not always quite do that, and we shall send for the furniture and the rest of you. Some of us will be at the house when the vans arrive to tell the men where to take each thing as it is unpacked, and thus you will very soon be straight and settled down, as I hope and trust, very comfortably and happily."

(To be continued.)

## STRONG AND TRUE.

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "In Mischief Again," "Loving Service," &c.

### CHAPTER II.



THE next morning when Hattie, before she left her room, opened her window to let in the fresh, sweet, morning air, she remained standing before it for a few moments drinking in the beauty of all around her.

It was the lovely month of May, and the laburnums and hawthorns in the garden below were in full bloom. The sun had not yet had time to disperse the dewdrops which glittered on each blade of grass, whilst the soft shadows cast by floating clouds lay here and there upon the distant hills, which otherwise were bathed in sunshine. The birds were making a perfect chorus of song, and the tinkling of sheep bells and other rural sounds might be heard, for Hattie's window looked far away over the country, and not

towards Refton. All was so still and peaceful, she felt soothed for the moment. But she had awakened with a troubled sense of something weighing heavily upon her mind, which could not be altogether accounted for by the news Agnes had told her the evening before. However, in a few moments the breakfast bell rang, and she hastened to descend to the dining-room. Agnes followed a minute or two later.

"Father is not as punctual as usual," remarked the latter, after they had waited a little while, and still he did not appear. "He generally is here almost before the bell has finished ringing."

"Yes, he is always a model of punctuality," rejoined Hattie. "I think I will go and see if he is coming."

"Oh, he is sure to be down in a moment." But two or three minutes more went by without bringing any signs of him, and then Hattie, unable to wait longer, and with an undefined sense of dread upon her which she tried to shake off, proceeded upstairs and knocked at her father's door. She fancied she heard him say, "Come in," and accordingly entered the room. Then she understood

the reason of his non-appearance downstairs. He had had a paralytic seizure, and was helpless for the time being.

What a changed aspect life wore at the Hollies that day! Agnes's radiant face of the evening before was changed into an anxious, tearful one; and though Hattie shed no tear, her heart was sore and heavy. The weight of the trial fell chiefly upon her as the days went by, for Agnes proved but a broken reed, being too nervous and wanting in self-control to be of much use in the sick room. Besides, Captain Egerton expected his claims on her to be acknowledged, and considered he had a right to a good deal of her society. Hattie often sent them off for a walk together, "to put some colour into Agnes's pale cheeks," as she said, whilst she remained at her post beside the invalid, though her cheeks were far paler than her sister's, and her face was looking worn.

But it was very sweet to her to wait upon her father, and to feel that he liked to have her by him, which he certainly did. Her beloved studies had been abruptly interrupted, and now were laid aside altogether, at any rate, for the time being. With the same



think of settling. Clergy of every denomination are to be found in Canada. In this way you will not feel so lonely, and will secure to yourselves friends at once in the new country.

You may like to make some purchases before we leave Montreal, and therefore we will change some English gold and silver into dollars and cents. In exchange for 1s. you will get 24 cents, each cent being worth a halfpenny; for £1 you will get 4 dollars 87 cents. In rough reckoning you may state the worth of a sovereign to be 5 dollars.

(To be continued.)

## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.

A PRETTY and snug little home was the one in which the Lancaster family found themselves some weeks later. Thanks to the exertions of Margaret, assisted by two of the girls who had come for the purpose, the new house was made habitable before the arrival of the rest of the family, who spent the interval with some friends.

A charwoman had been sent in to thoroughly clean the house (generally very imperfectly done by the workmen). Then the carpets were put down and the furniture principally arranged, and the other members of the family were sent for. When all had come they fell to with a will to put finishing touches and make the rooms look home-like and pretty, though it would not have occurred to them that they could do much in that direction themselves.

Six months before they would have ridiculed the idea of staining and varnishing floors, making and hanging curtains in the hall and over draughty floors, upholstering shabby rep chairs with new cretonne, and improvising mantel-boards out of apparently useless scraps of coloured stuffs. Yet, with the energetic encouragement of their aunt, and the knowledge that what they did not themselves do their new straitened circumstances would prevent being done at all, all this and more was accomplished.

Jack was fond of carpentering, and was the happy possessor of a box of good strong tools; and very useful did he make himself in the hanging of pictures, brackets, and so forth.

When everything was at length fixed in its place, and the little household settled down to the routine of daily life, then it was that the difficulties of managing became apparent.

The trim parlour-maid and cook of former days had been dismissed, whilst the housemaid, a strong, willing girl, consented to stay on and fill, to the best of her ability, the posts of all three. The household in which affairs run least smoothly is that in which there is no acknowledged head. In the Lancasters' case each of the four girls was equally fitted, or rather unfitted, for the post, for all four were quite ignorant of domestic economy. Mrs. Lancaster had been so anxious for her children to be admired and sought after, and, above all, to lead a happy life; but her mistaken idea of attaining this end was to let them have their own way, follow their own favourite pursuits, and not "waste their time" in the house attending to matters which she preferred superintending herself.

Hence, when she was so suddenly taken away from them, they were left truly like sheep without a shepherd; and in the new household, there being no mistress, and but one inexperienced maid, the result was—muddle.

One morning, a sample of all the rest, Winifred sat in the dining-room with the remains of breakfast still upon the table, though it was ten o'clock. She had a piece of mending in

her hands, but her eyes were more often fixed upon a book lying open before her. Evelyn was practising in the undusted drawing-room; her voice was a high, sweet soprano, and she prided herself upon and devoted herself to this her one accomplishment. Madeline has walked off demurely to school more than an hour before, for the irregularities of the family breakfast do not prevent her being punctual at her much-loved seminary.

Jack is in his "den," a combination of workshop, play-room, and general lumber-room. He is busy measuring wood for some kitchen shelves, and he is cheered at his task by the presence of Lulu, who, perched on a packing-case, is reading aloud.

Jane, the servant, is meanwhile rushing about the bedrooms dusting and tidying up in general, persecuted almost beyond endurance by Master Julius, who finds that newly-made beds are excellent grounds for turning somersaults upon.

The poor girl has a most distracted expression as she opens the door to Margaret, and answers dejectedly to her cheery greeting.

"Oh, Aunt Meg, dear, how good of you to come so early!" said Winifred, who, it must be confessed, looked a little ashamed of her surroundings. "I declare, I've let the fire out! Will you come to the drawing-room? Evelyn, depend upon it, has kept up a good one there." And she truly had done so, for the fire was roaring up the chimney.

Margaret felt herself in rather a difficult position. She longed to act to these girls as a mother would have done, but was terribly afraid of appearing to find fault and intrude too much upon their affairs. She fancied they would readily take offence at anything approaching interference or even advice; yet here was the household in an uncomfortable state of confusion which a little judicious help might set right, and she felt she must speak, though it would require much care and tact in the doing.

"It is a fire indeed," she began, timidly. "But do you know I cannot afford a morning fire in the drawing-room? Coals are so dear in London—a very different price, I daresay, from what you have been used to in the country."

"It never struck me that coals had to be paid for," said Winifred, cheerfully, not at all offended so far. "It always seems as if they grow in the cellar, like mushrooms. But Evelyn has to practise every morning, so that the room must be warm."

"Your uncle likes me to keep up my poor apology for singing, so that I make it a rule to practise a little every morning too," rejoined Margaret. "But I slip on an old jacket and loose mittens and do not feel the cold at all. Then I have the fire lighted about half-past two, and the room is nicely warmed before any callers come. Now, you will excuse me speaking, won't you, dears?" she went on, laying a hand gently on the arm of each niece; "but I've been wondering whether your maid (what a nice girl she is, by the way!) manages her work quite as well as she might. You see, the ordinary every-morning work—breakfast, the bedrooms, &c.—ought to be all finished by this time, and Jane at work on the especial day's duties. Then sometimes when I have been in an afternoon, she has not been dressed, and she seems hardly to know which way to turn. Perhaps we could help her rearrange her work on a better plan."

"Oh, she does look very untidy, I know, aunt, and our meals are unpunctual, and things are not as they ought to be; but I do not see what is to be done," said Winifred, helplessly. "I have spoken to her, but she says she cannot help it. There is more than she can possibly do without some one to assist

her, and I suppose that is out of the question now we are so poor, isn't it?"

"Why out of the question, when there are four strong girls with plenty of time and ability to do anything they lay their hands to?" asked Margaret, boldly.

The girls stared. "We never have done any housework at all, aunt!" said Winifred, at length. "We have never been taught, and our time, as it is, seems to be filled up with—other things we are more interested in; and dear mamma always thought it rather a pity for educated girls to spend their days in work which other people can do as well or better."

"That is true, dear, to a certain extent. If there were means for employing sufficient servants to do everything for you, it would be foolish, if not wrong, to devote your own time and energies to those duties, though I believe every girl in every rank of life ought to be able to help in a house if need be. And with you, dears, it is a case of 'need be,' so let us have Lulu up and talk the matter over."

Hearing her aunt's call, Lulu came flying upstairs, and bounded into the room. Her hair was at its roughest, and was decorated with an accidental shaving or two, which plainly told what her last occupation had been.

"Oh, Aunt Margaret, darling," she cried, kissing her again and again, and finally settling down on a stool at her feet; "I was planing when you called me, and it is such fun doing a long piece of wood, you have to race along the whole length, just as fast as you can go. Just look at the blisters on my hands, all the fruit of honest, hard work, mind you."

"Ah, we are going to blister your hands with a different sort of hard work in future, and leave the carpentering to Jack."

"Oh, aunt, you are not one of those people who don't approve of girls doing anything jolly, are you?" asked Lulu, in dismay.

"Well, I am not very fond of the word 'jolly' from a girl's pretty lips, to begin with, dear," Margaret said, gently; "but I do highly approve of girls being able to carpenter and turn their hand to anything, in fact; only, with such an able resident joiner, I think you might, perhaps, employ yourself better. Do you know, Miss Lulu, your poor Jane has more work to do than she can possibly get through, and if we do not make a change, we shall be having the anti-slavery people down upon us. So we are trying to arrange things a little better. Madeline, we must suppose, has her time fully taken up with school, excepting that she might, I think, keep her own room always dusted and tidy."

"Oh, she does that," chimed in Lulu, "she is as neat as a new pin. I share her room, you know, and if there is anything left about, it always happens to be mine, somehow. But between us we might manage to keep our room nice, if that will be any help."

"I was going to suggest, Winnie dear, that you should turn your attention to cooking. I shall be pleased to come one or two mornings a week to give you a few lessons, if you like, and then when you have mastered the art by practice, one of the others might take their turn. But, at any rate, Jane ought to be released of all the pasty making, and a knowledge of the other departments will be no disadvantage to you."

"We must be prepared for an occasional grammar or dictionary cooked up with our pies and puddings then, aunt," said Evelyn, "for Winnie never does anything without a book in one hand."

"She will very soon learn that to do one thing at a time, and that thoroughly, is by far the quickest, and to give the mind wholly to the thing in hand is the way to get it speedily and well done, so as to be able to pass on to more agreeable duties. You look frightened already at the cookery lessons, Winnie," Mar-



garet resumed, "and I have not quite finished yet. I think you must take your place more decidedly as mistress, and let all orders be given by and asked of yourself. I do not mean that you must necessarily get very dictatorial and fierce, and rule your little kingdom with a rod of iron. I expect you will all consult together about everything, as you do now, but I assure you that it is better and more comfortable for all parties if there is, at least, a nominal head, and you, as the eldest, will naturally take that place."

"As a matter of fact it ought to be Julius," put in Lulu; "he certainly rules us all at present."

"To get through your housekeeping duties easily you will find it best to be very methodical, and have a time and a day for everything," went on Margaret. "I advise you to write out a plan of work for each day for Jane, so as to get all comfortably done in the week. I will help you do so another time. Then, for yourself, you should have one morning fixed for looking over linen and mending, a morning for buying in stores, and a time for accounts, which ought to be unalterable, and as you are anxious, I know, to get on with your studies, I recommend you to set apart a certain time each day for reading, but do not let it encroach beyond its own appointed time. And now for Lulu. Your share should be, I think, to make the beds with Jane, and yourself keep all the bedrooms dusted, and the boys' room tidy. You might also take charge of their clothes, see that they are mended, and the buttons all on, and their collars, cuffs, gloves, and handkerchiefs neat and whole. That is not much for you to do, but we must remember that you have your violin and German lessons twice a week to prepare for."

"My precious aunt, I—I never made a bed in my life," cried Lulu, aghast at what she thought an overwhelming amount of work. "They will be so lumpy! I would much rather make the pastry, please."

"There, that is settled," said Margaret, laughing, but otherwise ignoring Lulu's dismay. "Now, Evelyn, what shall we give you to do?"

"Evelyn!" cried the other two in a breath. "Aunt, she simply could not; she never does anything but sing!"

"Why not?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, I don't know; because she's small, and—pretty, I suppose," said Lulu, adding the last words in a loud whisper, making a trumpet of her hands.

"Excellent reasons, no doubt," laughed Margaret. "But I think she must consent to undertake the dusting every morning, directly after breakfast, of the drawing and dining-rooms. You will find a good deal of tidying-up necessary, even in this orderly family. Then you are fond of flowers, so supposing you take charge of the vases and flower-pots, keeping them clean and ready for use when wanted. And you might look to the writing-table too, Evelyn, dear; every Monday, say, see that there are stamps, paper, envelopes, and post-cards, and that pens, ink, and blotter are all in good order. In some houses it is impossible to write a letter in comfort, for there are no materials fit to use. The same morning you might look over and sort all magazines and newspapers, putting away those to be kept, and sending down the waste for fuel. And thus, by dividing these little duties amongst you all, they will not, I hope, fall heavily on anyone, and poor Jane will smile again."

The girls groaned, and looked quite crushed under their respective loads. But perceiving it to be really necessary for them to "buckle to," they agreed at any rate to try the new plans.

"But, aunt, there will be nothing left for Jane to do; I am sure she ought to pay us

handsomely for living here if we take all the work off her hands."

"You will find there is plenty left for Jane, quite as much as she can manage to do properly. I should advise you to get an alarum for her bedroom, to begin with, as you say she is so late in the morning; she must be early, or there is no chance of getting the work done properly. She ought to get the kitchen fire lighted, and the dining-room window thrown open first thing. Then you know she has the breakfast to prepare, the dining-room to dust and put tidy, the stairs to sweep down, and some of the boots to clean for those of you who go out early, all before you are down in the morning; so you see she must be early and get a fair start. What time do you have breakfast?"

The girls looked at one another. At last Winnie said, "To tell the truth, aunt, we have not any particular time, I am afraid we are rather irregular."

"Well, of course, you are hardly settled down yet," said Margaret, kindly. "I advise you, just at first, to have it at half-past eight, till Jane gets accustomed to her early morning work. And then, Winnie, you will have finished in half-an-hour, and can arrange with Jane to be always ready to go into the larder with her at nine o'clock. Of course, when Jack goes to business you will have to be earlier, and I think if I were you I should make a great point of all being punctual at meals, particularly at breakfast."

"Impossible, aunt," said Evelyn. "Mamma always said I had not a particle of punctuality in my nature, and besides, I hate being tied down to regular minutes for everything, it is as bad as being at a boarding school."

"But, Evelyn, do you not see how disorderly unpunctuality makes the family? I think I should try if I were you; you see how everything depends upon your each doing your part to make the house comfortable. Suppose you were to start a box for fines; and agree that everyone who is late shall put in a penny."

"And then give the box to me at Christmas," broke in Lulu.

"No," said Margaret; "I was going to suggest saving up the money to buy that easy-chair you have set your hearts upon. But I cannot stay many minutes longer, and I want to try if we could write down a list of the things you have to attend to each day."

Evelyn groaned. "Poor Evelyn, do not look so woe-begone; I assure you there is nothing like a little method for making work easy; and you will find it much pleasanter to know what you really have to do. Besides, this plan devolves principally on Winnie as mistress of the house. Here is a pencil, Winnie; will you write it down?"

Winnie found a piece of paper, after a considerable search, and prepared to write.

"You will never have a hunt like that for a piece of paper after Evelyn has taken charge of the writing-table," said Margaret. "But now to business. Monday there is the laundress."

"We are not to wash at home, then?"

"I should advise you to wash little things such as dusters, and pocket-handkerchiefs, but I think you will hardly manage the larger pieces, at any rate till you get accustomed to all you have to do. Well, on Monday, Winnie, you will have to look over the house linen, and see what must be sent to the wash, and what requires mending. Some of it, such as tablecloths, should be mended before sending, so that you will find yourself fully occupied on Monday mornings. It is a good plan to have at hand a needleful of coloured cotton, to put a stitch in a conspicuous place on the other linen which will require mending, so that when it comes home from the wash you can see it at once without unfolding every-

thing to look over them. Of course you will make out the list of the linen yourself, with Jane's help; and if you are not very careful over it you will find you lose a great many things."

"But, aunt, you surely do not mean me to do all the mending myself?"

"Oh, no, of course you will all help one another, only there must be one person responsible for the work being done, and you are naturally the one. I think that is all the extra work you will have on Monday, except of course giving out clean linen in place of that sent to the laundress. Dinner napkins and tablecloths will have been given out for Sunday."

"Then on Tuesday you will have to look round and see that Jane has collected all the little things which require washing, and one of you must be at hand to answer the door in the morning, as she cannot possibly leave her washing to go to the door if she is to finish and be dressed by half-past one. Which day do you take out your week's housekeeping money?"

"Whenever I happen to want it, aunt."

"That is not a good plan, as you never know how much you are spending. If I were you, I should draw out your allowance for the week on Wednesday, and take that day also for balancing your accounts and getting in your store of groceries. So many of the shops close early on Thursdays now, and Saturday is always a busy day for them, that it is better to fix upon some other day for your principal shopping; so suppose you put that down for Wednesday."

"Then on Thursday you will have nothing extra to do except to put away the clean things which Jane has washed, and put away in the store cupboard all the groceries you ordered on Wednesday."

"I do not think of anything particular for Friday, but on Saturday there are a great many little things to do. The clean linen to put away from the wash, silver to look over, clean dinner napkins and tablecloths to give out, and all sorts of little preparations to make for Sunday."

"It is not a very alarming plan, after all, aunt," said Evelyn.

"No, it is certainly not alarming so far," said Margaret, "but you see it is only what might be called a skeleton plan as yet. We have left a space on the paper after each day, for you to fill in all the other duties as you find most convenient. You will have to consider which is the best day for one of you to look over and mend Jack's socks and clothes; and for all the other little things which you will find have to be done some time; so take my advice, and each bit of work that arises, fix a regular day for it, and write it down on your plan. When you have been housekeeping regularly for a year or two you will not need to be so particular to fixed times, but to begin with there is nothing like method. I assure you, method and punctuality are your only chance of preventing your household from getting quite unmanageable."

At this moment a diversion was caused by a noise outside, in which Julius' shrill voice was distinguished clamouring loudly, and he presently broke into a storm of cries and screams, which it took a great deal of bribing and caressing to stop, whilst poor Jack was rebuked for not having given the child what he wanted and so prevented the uproar. Jack rather rebelliously declined to give up his most treasured paint-brushes, with which Julius had expressed a desire to clean his boots; and Margaret, feeling sorry for the long-suffering elder brother, was glad to make her escape, taking him off with her to luncheon.

That evening she had a proposal to make to her husband.

"I do not know what you will say, Wilfred,"



she began, "but the only hope for that child Julius is to take him away from his sisters. They spoil him absurdly, and he will grow up a real torment to his friends. It will be like introducing a fire-brand in this peaceable household, but—I should like to have him for a few months!"

"As you will be the person most concerned, and you are not afraid of undertaking it, I shall make no objection," said Wilfred. "But I hope he won't prove like the 'one sickly sheep that infected the flock and poisoned all the rest.' That is my only fear."

"I will take care of that. We can tell the girls it would be an advantage for Julius to be educated with other children, and as it is high time his education was begun, I feel sure they will let him come."

(To be continued.)

## CHARITY.

### A BALLAD STORY.

The Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

The Music by CRO PINSUTI.



HE heard the jail gates close behind her with a feeling, not of relief, but of strange terror. She was free! The world lay before her! Ah! there was the rub! The world lay before her.

What had the world to give her now? What would the world say to her now? The world had been once kind and bright. Would it be so still? She had ceased to hope for that, and it was because she had no hope that her freedom was a terror to her. They had been merciful to her in the jail

on this, the day of her release. She was allowed to shelter within the walls till the darkness came—the friendly darkness through which she might steal unnoticed into her new life.

She stood half dazed at the corner of the street, looking so wildly and doubtfully in various directions that a policeman questioned her. She gave an evasive answer and passed on. There was nothing else for her to do now but to pass on—whither she knew not. Her home—her old village home—was far away. She could not, she dared not go there. Her home—the last, the recent home, where a few months of unnatural gaiety and reckless happiness had ended in her disgrace—what of that? That too was closed for her. Anywhere, anywhere rather than there! How could she go there and meet all the phantoms of the miserable past? They were vivid enough here in the dark street, but there they would crush her.

And so she again stood wavering, not knowing where to go. Again a policeman spoke to her. His voice was friendly, and she asked him to direct her to a quiet place for a night's lodging.

"Lodging?" he said. "Why, haven't you got a home?"

"Not now," she answered in a low voice. He understood her.

"What! Just out then?"

"Yes, sir," and her tears almost came, for his voice, in spite of his abruptness, was kind. He gave her an address, and she left him hastily.

The lodging was poor, almost squalid; but it suited the girl's means, and it was quiet. No questions were asked, and wretched as she was, she slept soundly. To-morrow, she told herself, to-morrow she must begin her

new life. To-night, she would sleep as sweetly as she might.

And to-morrow came. But it only brought disappointment. She fancied that she would easily obtain employment of some sort. Before she left her village-home, she had some skill with needle and scissors. Surely, in the great city, in one of the big shops, there would be room for her. But at one shop, where she applied, they dismissed her summarily, with a supercilious stare at her homely dress: and at another, they asked her for a reference. And what reference had she? Only the chaplain and the matron at Millbank. Not the sort of persons to whom the proprietors of any establishment are likely to refer for workpeople.

One shop after another she tried, passing down the scale of grandeur, in hopes that perhaps at the meanest and smallest she might find employment. But the result was the same in all. What reference had she? And the reference she had was worse than none.

Night came once more, and the pittance granted her on her release had shrunk. And to-morrow came, and many to-morrows. But no work. In despair, for her money was now all gone, she asked her surly landlady to keep her for a few days, and let her work out in some menial services the miserable little sum which to her seemed so great. But the woman had no need of her. There were plenty such as she. She was not wanted. And where her labour might have been of use, there a character also was required.

At last, even the lodging-house door was closed against her, and she stood once more in the street, one in the midst of so many.

Begging now was all that was left her. But she was ashamed. Hopeless, almost hardened as she was, some of the old pride of her young independent days still was left her; and the words froze on her lips when some one kinder than the majority of the passers turned to look at her, as she stood gazing vacantly across the street.

The night closed in. She had eaten nothing. Half dead with cold and hunger, for the snow had been falling all day, she shrank into a corner and crouched down to sleep. A gentleman, stopping to light his cigar, saw her and put sixpence into her hand. She scarcely thanked him. She just realised that it was the price of a morsel of food and a night's lodging, and she struggled away, knowing it was one escape from death.

But the next day came, and it was but a repetition of the same story. There was work in the mighty city for the thousands. There were food and shelter for the thousands. But there was neither food nor work for her. And the only shelter was that of door or archway that escaped the light of the policeman's lantern.

Where was the God the chaplain had told her about? What was the heaven of which he had spoken? Where was the honest livelihood and the new work that the matron had told her would be ready for her? Had she not sought for it? There was no God, or He would not let her starve when she was so willing to work. There was no heaven. There was no work for her. She could not be an honest woman again. The world would not let her.

That is how she talked with herself, her mind growing dull and slow to think, from the weariness of her body; and her heart growing hard and cold, as her last hopes vanished.

She leant over the parapet of the bridge, and watched the river below. It was dark, and cold, and racing wildly; but it would end all her misery. No one was near her. She dropped her shawl hastily. She set her foot upon the ledge; and, raising herself, stood

swaying on the verge. If she will do it now, she must do it quickly.

Suddenly through the arch beneath her, shot a boat, bearing two men and a boy. It was but for an instant she saw them; but the sight brought back to her, her home by the sea, her father, her uncle and brother, and the days they used to go fishing together. Were they yet alive? Would they, could they, hold out their arms to her, if she crept back to them, even now? And as she stopped to think, she got down from the parapet. God had pitied her. A second time she was saved from death.

Once more she moved on through the crowd, seeking she hardly knew what, hopelessly, listlessly. She reached a great church. Even in the din of the streets she could hear the organ within. She went inside. The choir had ceased, and the organ now was only softly played. One voice thrilled the place as she stole in and stood behind a pillar. What did they mean, those words the boy was singing?—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The music thrilled her, but the words did not move her. They meant nothing to her. She had laboured, she was heavy laden, but she had found no rest.

The words were a mockery, she thought.

Presently the preacher began, but his sermon was not on a subject or in a strain to give her any better hope, for it was about the condemnation and doom of the lost.

And she who stood behind the pillar listening, turned away. The world had nothing but misery for her, and the world beyond was to be misery too.

Why should she fight against her destiny? Why strive to live a new life? Why struggle back into the ways of honesty and purity again? She was condemned, and one fate alone awaited her. And so this woman, who had been before a hopeless, prayerless wanderer, went out of the church a reckless fatalist.

Late that night, as she stood in the glare of a gin-palace, wondering wistfully what the magic draughts within could be for which these hundreds came crowding, a poor woman passed her, turned, and looked at her; then, with an instinctive knowledge of the girl's temptation, said, "Come away, come away, my girl."

It seemed so strange that anyone, even the poorest, should notice her, that she followed mechanically.

"What's your trouble?" the woman asked.

And the girl told her.

"Come home with me," she said.

There is no need to speculate why one poor woman herself in want should stop and rescue another from want and temptation. God be thanked there are thousands such! She took her home. She asked no curious questions. She listened as the girl told her all the story of her struggles. She shared her scanty meal with her; and then when the wanderer turned to go—though whether she knew not—a hand was put into hers, and a voice said, "No, my dear, you shall stay with me as long as I've a bit to eat and a bed to sleep on."

The girl's arms were thrown round the woman's neck, and she wept as she had not wept since the night she turned her back upon her home. Then, her tears had fallen through fear of the new life she was plunging into.

Then, had she listened to the voice that made her tears flow, she might have been saved from all the misery of the time that followed.

But, now, her tears flowed in repentance, as they had not flowed before—repentance that was drawn from her, not by the coldness of a pharisaic world, not by the terrors of priestly anathemas, but by the Christlike love and pity of another suffering heart.

F. E. WEATHERLY.



## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.



"If you please, m'm, will you come and see what Master Julius is doing in the garden; he won't pay no attention to me no more than if I was a wooden doll," said Margaret's nurse, in indignant tones, one morning about a fortnight after the little fellow had taken up his abode with his aunt.

Margaret went to the window, and beheld Julius on the garden-wall, which was high, throwing stones, branches, and anything else he could reach over at some invisible foe, whom he was inciting to retaliation by warlike cries, and

taunts, "Oh! look at the holes in his coat; he'th nothin' but a little beggar boy. You haven't got no boots on, yah!"

And Margaret beheld to her horror that it was her eldest child, the one whom she had been accustomed to consider the most lamb-like of the flock, who was scouring the garden for missiles, with which he kept the tyrant on the wall supplied. The baby Cecily stood looking on, her little face expressing interest not unmixed with admiration; whilst Hugh, the second boy, who was really tender-hearted, and a timid, gentle little fellow, stood weeping in a corner, thinking that all sorts of slaughter and bloodshed were being enacted around him.

It must be explained that this wall separated the garden from a narrow lane, a short cut between two thoroughfares. The lane was patronized chiefly by errand boys and the like, who found it a capital play-ground, as it was not often traversed by their natural enemy, the policeman.

It was the sight of some poor children engaged in the pleasant pastime of making mud pies that had roused Julius' magnanimous spirit, as soon as he espied them from his perch on the wall.

Margaret was really grieved to think that he should have such a bad disposition as to feel bound to torment the children simply because they were ragged, and to see her own child waiting on the little rascal was quite a shock to her.

She threw some halfpence over to the unfortunate little creatures in the lane (although they had not been at all backward to take up arms in their own defence), and took the two culprits to her own room for a serious talk, which she thought had really impressed them.

A few days later, however, she was again called by the nurse, who declared that "since Master Julius came there was no doing nothing with any of the children, and there they'd got all the ragamuffins of the neighbourhood a-playing in the garden."

It was indeed a droll spectacle which presented itself, for the party in the garden was increased by the presence of a very small butcher-boy, whose empty tray was deposited in a corner; another, who appeared to be a chemist's errand boy, and two more bootless and hatless urchins, apparently of no profession. These were all solemnly capering round the garden, under the direction of Julius, who, as general, was leading his company of horse soldiers to battle. At sight of Margaret the visitors one and all speedily fled over the wall.

"Julius! Claud! How can you be so naughty; how could you ask those dirty, horrid children over the wall?"

Claud hung his head, but Julius answered quickly, "Why, Aunt, you thaid th'other day they wath ath good ath we wath, and we wath'nt to make no differenth whether they wath poor or rich, cauth the God don't make no differenth, you thaid."

Here Claud plucked up his courage and chimed in, "Yes, mamma dear, you did; and those boys are perfect gentlemen, or else we shouldn't have asked them over."

Margaret could hardly help laughing, but she tried to make clear to the children how and where to draw the line in their relations with these little outsiders; she mentally resolved at the same time to prevent further difficulties of this sort by having the top of the wall furnished with formidable iron spikes.

It had always been Margaret's pleasure and pride to educate the children herself, but Julius' coming had opened her eyes to a good many objections in this plan. Her other engagements and frequent interruptions had prevented her having the children at their lessons with perfect regularity, in itself a bad thing; though hitherto the children had played happily enough by themselves when she was compelled to leave them in the middle of their lessons. Now Julius seemed to have roused up an unruly spirit in them, and she never dared to leave them a minute without either herself or the nurse to look after them.

"I am so disappointed," she said, when telling Wilfred her troubles; "I did hope I should have been able to reform Julius, and make him like our own; but I feel sure that my forte is not teaching and managing children. I have only done well in the past because our children are unusually good, but I certainly cannot have trained them rightly, for here, on the first temptation, they are quite willing to follow Julius in any mischief; in fact, the naughtier he is, the more they look up to and admire him."

"You don't think you are hard on the little chap, do you?"

"Oh, I hope not, poor little orphan; I do try not to see how very naughty he is, and how much better our own children are."

"I expect where you make a mistake with him is that you think everything is naughtiness which is really only the effect of an energetic and excitable nature. He is much more energetic than our own children, and has been left to his own devices to find amusement, so that he finds the quiet play that satisfies them rather tame. It seems to me that he is the kind of child who wants plenty of occupation, and not too much scolding; and I believe you will find praising him for doing right have much more influence over him than scolding him for doing wrong."

"Perhaps I have been hard on him, though really he is very trying. But, Wilfred, I have been thinking it would be better to have a daily governess, and then their lessons could be regular, with nothing to interfere with them. I really have not the time, even if I had the ability, to teach them properly, and the boys are getting too old to be much with nurse."

And so it was settled, and Margaret was fortunate in very soon hearing of a suitable lady to undertake the work. Miss Baines seemed young for the post, but there was a look of firmness about her mouth and chin, and withal a kindly, sunny smile, which reassured Margaret. She was the eldest of a large

family, and through the death of her mother and reverses of fortune which befel her father, the care and education of her younger brothers and sisters had fallen upon her; so that her experience in managing and teaching children had been considerable.

Margaret and she had many talks as to the best way of planning out the day, for owing to the very different capabilities of the children it was a little difficult to arrange their work; but after a few experiments they made out a plan which proved quite satisfactory.

Miss Baines came at half-past nine in the morning, till which time all the children played together, either in the garden or the nursery, according to the weather. On her arrival, for half an hour they had marching, drilling, and singing, in which even little Cecily joined, toddling after the boys, and waving her tiny arms in the exercises with the greatest possible enjoyment, if not with military precision.

The singing was made a great point, for Margaret was most anxious that her children should sing well, and before they could speak quite plainly she had taught them little hymns and songs. Miss Baines agreed with her, not only because she considered it a delightful amusement for the children, but because she thought the training of the voice could not be begun too young, having, as she told Margaret, been assured by musicians, who were in a position to speak with authority, that it is under seven years of age that the ear of a child can be best educated, not by teaching them to sing from notes, but by training them to imitate musical notes correctly.

After this, baby Cecily went back to her nurse, her studies for the day being over.

Julius, in spite of his superior age, was considerably behind four-year-old Hugh; in fact, he knew nothing at all beyond what an intelligent child will pick up for himself. But he was quick and had a good memory, and it was evident he would not be long in overtaking the more leisurely Hugh. Their small intellects were not equal to a whole morning's application, so they had various kindergarten games and exercises, as well as ten minutes' music-lesson each, while Claud continued his more advanced studies.

An hour before lunch was spent in a brisk walk in the park, or along some pleasant open road.

After lunch the little folks were sent into the garden or nursery for twenty minutes' play, while Miss Baines arranged the afternoon lessons. These were not very severe; each boy practised for fifteen minutes the music he had learnt in the morning, and the rest of the time was occupied with drawing, natural history, and some form of handwork. Claud only had some lessons to learn to repeat the next day.

As Wilfred said of her, Miss Baines was a lady "with theories;" but as her ideas all seemed to be very good ones, Margaret was only too pleased to agree to them.

One of her great points was that though children must necessarily learn a good deal from books, the more information they could acquire from their own observation the better. Consequently she trained them to notice everything both in the garden and in the streets, and tried to make them think for themselves. Frequently some of the regular afternoon lessons were entirely omitted, in order that she might give them an explanation of something they had met with in their walks. For instance, one day they saw some Italian women, probably artists' models, who greatly excited the interest of Julius, the country boy;



so on that afternoon she gave them a map of Italy to find the place whence these people came, describing the country and people to them, showing them pictures and telling them tales till they felt quite at home with the subject, and were not likely soon to forget it. Another day she found two of them having a discussion on the nature of a piece of coal. This gave her the opportunity of teaching them of the chief places where coal mines are found, and describing the method of getting it, and the dangers to which the miners are subject, which she did with so much vigour that poor little Hugh burst into tears at the recital of their hardships, while Julius declared he would be a coal-miner himself when he grew up. A walk in the park generally resulted in a simple little lesson on botany, insect life, or some kindred subject, as she encouraged the boys to bring her any curious leaves or insects they saw; and in fact everything they met with was turned to account in their lessons, either as illustrations or a motive.

Another theory Miss Baines held very strongly was that boys as well as girls would be much happier if they were taught to do something with their hands. She assured Margaret that they would learn any kind of manual work much more quickly than reading or writing, and that it was not only a pleasant and very useful training for them, but, by making them observant, would really sharpen their wits. She taught them to draw, to cut out cardboard models, and endless other things which even a tiny child can learn, promising them that as soon as they had become tolerably proficient in working cardboard she would ask that they might have fret saws, and make real wooden things. Hugh's hands were not strong and steady enough yet for cutting thick cardboard, so he had to content himself as a general rule with making paper boxes and boats, copying over texts with coloured chalks, and other easy tasks. On fine, bright afternoons Hugh did not return into school, but went out either with Margaret or the nurse, as it was considered that the morning's lessons were as much as his little brains could bear, except on wet days, when it was a relief to have some occupation.

A second walk filled up the afternoon till tea-time, which they took with Miss Baines in the school-room. That lady then left them, and the children looked forward to this little time after tea as the pleasantest part of the day, for Margaret made a rule of having them with her then till their bed time.

Miss Baines soon found she had a difficult subject to deal with in Julius. He had been so accustomed to have his own way in everything that it was some time before he could understand that he must do what he was told, and that he would never get anything by screaming for it. His little fragile form and pale face moved one to pity, and his large dark eyes had at times a wistful and pathetic expression which went straight to one's heart. He would sit with a heavenly expression, his whole soul in his eyes, apparently in rapt attention, as Miss Baines taught them some Bible lesson, and she could congratulate herself on having for once made some impression on his stony little heart, when a shriek from his next neighbour would betray a hidden pin, and Miss Baines would experience a considerable revulsion of feeling towards the sweet-faced little rascal.

She tried patiently to discover a way to his heart, or anything by which to get a hold upon him. One small step she made in finding out that he was very fond of animals, and she could ensure his good behaviour for a short time at any rate by the promise of an elephant story, or the sight of an animal picture book. On the days for natural history, if he had been good, she would let him choose what should

be the subject of their lesson; and at her investigation Margaret promised him that if he would really try to be good and obedient she would give him a real canary in a cage for a Christmas present. This promise was a great help to Miss Baines, as it enabled her to coax him along the paths of virtue with considerably more success than had attended her efforts before.

After Miss Baines had been coming to the house for some weeks, Margaret took an opportunity to tell her how pleased she was so far with the result.

"I often think I am a very bad mother," she said, half in jest. "I am afraid I am not at all fitted to have children to bring up; and I am so pleased to have met with you, for your influence over them seems so good. How do you manage to keep them in such perfect order all day?"

"I do not know exactly, Mrs. Trent, and when I first had the care of my little brothers and sisters it was difficult. At first it seemed as though I must either let them grow up carelessly, with their faults uncorrected, or else be always finding fault. I fell into that mistake at first, and irritated both them and myself by perpetually scolding; but after a time I found it was necessary to strike a line between the two courses, and insist on prompt obedience, for there is no peace or comfort with disobedient children, and yet guard carefully against constantly 'nagging' at them."

"But one must tell them when they are doing wrong."

"Yes; anything serious must, of course, be stopped at once, but I think it is better to overlook little failings sometimes; only when one does speak, one must be obeyed on the instant. If I tell one of the children to stop doing anything, I satisfy myself that they do stop immediately; disobedience and disorder creep in when a governess is constantly scolding or giving directions, and then does not trouble herself to see that her instructions are obeyed. Another great mistake my dear mother warned me against was being inconsistent with the children, taking no notice of bad behaviour at one time, and then being angry with them whenever they happened to inconvenience me."

"I do not quite understand you."

"For instance, a lady told her boy to leave off playing with some ornaments in the drawing-room; but as he was not accustomed to obedience, and she did not take any further notice of him, he went on doing it, till one day he quite accidentally dropped a china figure and broke it, whereupon the lady was excessively angry, and sent him off to the nursery in disgrace. That is what I call inconsistent; she allowed the child to disobey her without hindrance till her neglect brought about the breaking of the ornament, and then she punished him severely for what was a pure accident. But I do not believe in scolding children at all, except very rarely; very few children can be influenced in that way. The majority are much more easily brought up by praising their efforts to be good and reasoning with them when they are naughty."

Margaret regarded her companion with wonder and almost envy, for she looked almost a girl, and yet talked so calmly about the prompt obedience which she required, and what is still more, always received from her pupils. And it was plain that she obtained it without any undue severity, for the children loved her already, and even Julius, though he made no demonstrations of affection, still apparently did not look on her with disfavour, which for him was saying a good deal.

Margaret's heart felt so warmed towards her during this talk that she asked her to remain for the evening.

"We have the musical class here to-night, Miss Baines," she said; "you know

we meet at each other's houses in turn, and as we are pretty well up in our parts, I think you might enjoy it. We are singing 'The Ancient Mariner.'"

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Trent," Miss Baines replied; "it is very kind of you to ask me, but my father is so invalided that I hardly like to leave him so long alone, unless I can be of any use to you in playing the accompaniments."

Margaret would not press her to stay, respecting her motive for refusing.

These musical evenings were a pleasant institution, got up amongst a circle of friends. One gentleman was appointed conductor, and to him also fell the task of selecting the music, subject always to the approval of a majority of the members. Everyone provided his own music, and it was announced each evening where the next meeting would be held.

They met at eight o'clock, and all being supposed to have dined, no refreshment was provided till nine o'clock, when there was a short interval for rest; and tea, with biscuits, rice cakes, and other plain fare was handed round, but no bread-and-butter, that there should be no danger of greasing the music. At Margaret's house, home-made lemonade was provided also for those who objected to tea.

After this there were solos and glees, the more solid practice being completed during the first hour.

Since Wilfrid's nieces, the Lancasters, had settled in the neighbourhood, their presence was permitted. Jack sat among the basses, but his voice being at the awkward stage of cracking, his singing powers were of an uncertain nature, and it was only because of his great fondness for music that he was admitted at all. Evelyn's soprano was an acquisition, and she enjoyed the opportunity of displaying it before so large an audience. Lulu's alto was not to be despised. She shone chiefly after tea, however, when she would, at request, bring out her violin and play some simple air with considerable power and feeling. Jack used to say it was a pity she should not be always playing the violin, for she looked better then than at any other time.

When the other friends had gone on that particular evening, Evelyn, who was in high good humour, her rendering of a difficult solo having been evidently admired, began to tell Margaret of some new protégés of Lulu's.

"You know, aunt, Lulu always has some one on hand in whom she is violently interested for a little while. Just before we left home it was a very dirty, disreputable-looking old woman, who convinced Lulu that she was a countess in reduced circumstances; but we thought it odd that one in so exalted a position should have such a weakness for snuff, with which Lulu kept her supplied till we left."

"It was not snuff, Evelyn; how can you say so! It was tea, and she really was of good family, aunt; for she showed me her crest. But these people I have found out now are really so interesting; it is a Polish refugee, at least I think he must be one, for he has one of those odd names with a sneeze at the end. He is in consumption, and has the queerest little girl of six years old. They keep a sort of attempt at a tiny music shop, and I buy my violin strings there; and I mean to make everybody else I know do so too."

(To be continued.)





his young sister's heavily-tried heart. Possibly Jane guessed as much. At any rate, there was no lack of brightness now. Her master's study lamp was companion to the dining-room lamp on the table; on the mantelpiece burnt a couple of wax candles, and a couple more flared away in the most shockingly extravagant manner in the draught of the door on the sideboard, while a splendid fire blazed away merrily in the grate. The best tea-things were set out on the best tray.

Nothing was too good for the gentleman who provided her young mistress with flowers after the royal fashion of that afternoon. A dish of the most daintily-cooked mutton cutlets and mashed potatoes, some slices of cold beef (to-morrow's dinner!) garnished with holly, fresh butter, Vienna bread, glass dishes of marmalade and apricot jam, with golden lights in the fire-glow; a pound-cake, wreathed with holly; tea and coffee, hot milk and cream.

Mr. Gordon regarded the table with an air of pleasant satisfaction and a glance of very strong approval at Jane.

"Really, Miss Gladys, I shall have to write a word of warning to my mother, for if this is the way your comfort is looked after, I fear—"

"Oh! but it isn't," hastily exclaimed Gladys, with most unintentional honesty.

The next moment she would have been well-nigh thankful to bite her tongue out, if that would have recalled the words. A deep blush burnt in her cheeks so hotly that it was almost pain.

Jane withdrew and closed the door. Mr. Gordon took the small hand in his once more.

"Gladys, dear, do you think I don't know? Do you think I have not learnt what a sad, grim, sordid life you have been strengthening yourself to bear so patiently?"

"Not strengthening myself," whispered back Gladys. "I—I have only tried to—to—"

"To what, Gladys, dear?"

"To learn our Father's lesson. I used to think I was so good because I was happy, when there was nothing to make me otherwise."

And then she drew her hand away and took her place at the tea-tray, while Mr. Gordon showed disapproval of only one of Jane's arrangements by bringing his chair from the bottom of the table to the side, very near the top, and the hot plates and dish of cutlets with him.

"I hope you are hungry, Miss Gladys?"

"I was," said Gladys, honestly.

"And I both was and am," was the laughing retort. "So, as you are hostess, you will be obliged to eat if only for politeness' sake."

And helping her as he spoke, and beginning to give a graphic description of an exciting incident of his travels at the same time, she soon found that happiness and a healthy appetite were not at all necessarily at war with each other.

The jam stage of the meal had just been reached when there was a tap at the door, followed by Jane's entrance, bearing a large tray, holding several flower-vases and a mass of flowers. She looked rather reproachfully at her young mistress as she said, gravely—

"I was afraid, miss, that they might fade if they were left out of water any longer, and they are too fine to waste."

And then she placed the laden tray on the end of the table and took herself off, while Gladys was still murmuring, as it seemed, to her coffee-cup, "I am so sorry." A few moments later a pair of rather dim grey eyes were turned to Mr. Gordon, with the earnest apology—

"Please forgive my seeming so ungrateful."

"On one condition," was the reply, with a smile. "I do think I have a right to make a condition—have I not?"

A little nod granted that much, so he continued, in rather a lower voice—

"I will freely forgive if you can tell me that you forgot the gift through thinking of the giver."

There was a pause, and then at last those great honest eyes bravely met the brown ones, and then the crimson lips said simply—"Yes then."

"And it's understood that I can leave out the 'Miss' before your name for the future?" asked Mr. Gordon a few minutes later as the two were busy together in the arrangement of the flowers.

Gladys raised her face for a moment. "It seems to me you have been profiting by the permission before you got it," she said, with a merry sparkle in her eyes which they would not hide, and a low laugh on her lips which they would not smother. The next instant her head bent lower than ever over the tray as she said—

"But—Mr. Gordon—you have not told me yet, properly, my father's will?"

Hubert Gordon drew a letter from his pocket. "I should have given that to you at once, Gladys. Now, you had better keep it to read when you are alone. Meantime, I may tell you that your father says the sooner his little Christmas rose is safe in my keeping the happier he shall feel."

"What will Hugh say, I wonder?" murmured Gladys to herself. But those sharp ears near her heard the murmur and answered it.

"I have seen your brother, and settled everything with him. I met him on my way here this afternoon, before I went for the flowers. The only thing he said when I told him how soon I was going to carry you off was, 'She will make you lose the train!'"

Gladys laughed. But a little pained sigh followed the laugh. She had so tried to love her step-brother and brighten his life, and to teach him to love her and happiness. She pitied him so deeply, and all other poor creatures to whose hearts Christmas and its message of love, joy, and peace had never penetrated. But Mr. Gordon was determined to keep sadness away from that smooth young forehead just now, and so he very quickly spoke again with a light laugh—

"Do you think that you really shall make me lose the train, little Gladys?"

"Well, I suppose that depends," was the laughing answer. "If you wish to be at London Bridge or Victoria Station by six o'clock," with a glance at the timepiece, "I expect that I have made you lose it already?"

"But I have no such wish," said Mr. Gordon, with sudden gravity. "Gladys—you asked me in the first minute of our meeting where I had come from, and I said truly enough from your father, and almost as straight as was possible—but not quite. I landed this morning."

"Only this morning!" with a glad look up; "and you have come—"

"Yes, come here already. Seeing that I came to England for the express purpose of coming here, that is not so very strange, is it? But you see I was especially bound to hurry just now, seeing that Christmas Day is like the rest of time, and the tide—it waits for no man. Arrived at Liverpool, I took the express to Hampshire, then posted to my mother's to beg her to be ready for you and me to-morrow, then post, train, and hansom here. I sleep at Nelson's to-night, and come for you to-morrow morning at half-past nine, do you see?"

"Oh!" gasped Gladys, in a breathless way, as if the hurry had been hers in the past, as it certainly would have to be in the immediate future. Then another thought came to her in the midst of her happiness, and she said, earnestly—

"But, no, Mr. Gordon, please, I cannot

leave like this. I must stay till after Christmas."

"You mean that you really cannot get ready?"

The red lips quivered for a moment with a little smile.

"No, I don't mean that. I would make myself be ready. But"—earnestly again—"I could not leave Hugh to eat his Christmas dinner alone. To be so selfish would make him think more than ever that—that—Christ's religion is not a religion of love."

Hubert Gordon turned quickly, and walked away to the other end of the room. Gladys stood where she was, trembling. Her companion returned to her almost as hastily as he had left her.

"Gladys," he began, rather bitterly, "you need have no scruples. Your brother told me that he should be glad for you to be away. He has accepted an invitation to join a shooting party, which will take him out of town from to-morrow evening until after New Year's Day."

During the next six hours of needlework, packing, and arrangements, two short sentences kept up an unceasing echo in Gladys Osmani's brain: "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." And when good-tempered, helpful Jane had left her at last when her box stood ready packed and strapped, and all arrangements were complete for her early departure in the morning, Gladys knelt with a pair of weeping eyes hidden against her bed, praying that the One who had once condescended to become a child on earth would, of His mercy, condescend to touch all hard hearts, to teach men, wrapped in their own strength and wisdom, to become as little children—teachable, loving, and meek. And so she prayed on, forgetful of her own new happiness in pity for another, into the first hours of the Christmas Eve.

Hugh had come home meantime, and growled over his scrawled, almost unintelligible, notes for his next week's lecture, still lying uncopied on his desk. Poor Gladys had utterly forgotten them, or the work would have been done, in spite of the sudden press of employment for her fingers on her own behalf.

(To be concluded.)

## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.

"OH! we have had such a talking to, Evelyn," cried Lulu, as she and Winnie came in from an afternoon spent at their aunt's. "We have come back feeling the most worthless worms that Isaac Watts ever dreamed of. Where is Madeline? I must call her, and then you two must sit and tear your hair (as we have been doing all the afternoon) whilst we tell you; for you two are just as culpable as we are."

"What a pity it is that you always use such strong expressions, Lulu," said Evelyn languidly, as though the effort of getting thus far through the day had been too much for her affected little nature. "I daresay there is really nothing at all the matter."

"Oh, isn't there, though! Just wait till you hear. What do you suppose we have been guilty of doing? Why, *living beyond our income!* Which is to say, we have been spending more money than we have got."

"Well, that is rather clever of us, I should think; isn't it, Winnie?" asked Madeline, who came in at that moment.

"It sounds so, certainly; but Lulu has rather misstated the case."

"You know Uncle Wilfred was there," broke in Lulu, "which we didn't expect; and the first thing he did was to ask Winnie how we were getting on, and if her accounts were all right and straight. You *should* have seen



her looks of agonised confusion at that. I could not have helped laughing if the Queen herself had been there. Just fancy Winnie with a huge ledger, balancing our family accounts."

"I think you had better let me take up the tale, your narratives are too highly coloured," said Winnie. "It seems, girls, that uncle really is afraid we have been spending too much; because he had no idea that we did not keep strict accounts, so that we might arrange our expenditure according to our income. Of course I knew we ought to keep accounts, it has been mentioned to us before; but we seemed to be getting on quite happily as it was, so I thought it was no use taking the trouble to do it. Uncle says, however, that it is most important, and I see that it is too, now; for do you know, girls, in this one quarter we have spent twenty pounds more than we ought to have done, and of course there will be that much less to come in for the rest of the year. And the worst of it is, as we have kept no accounts, we do not know what we have been extravagant in, whether it is housekeeping, or clothes, or anything else, and so we cannot tell where to begin to economise. Whereas, if we had kept accounts of 'every department of domestic economy,' as uncle says, we should know all about it, and which item had consumed more than it ought, as compared with the others."

"Oh dear!" groaned Madeline, "doesn't it sound dreadful. I feel as if we had been defrauding somebody, and were in danger of being taken up."

Evelyn threw herself back in her easy chair, and languidly wet her forehead with eau-de-Cologne, as though the consideration of money matters was a question in which she could not be expected to take any interest.

"You know," Winnie went on, "in the matter of our dress, for instance, we have no idea how much we each spend; for whenever we have wanted anything we have just taken the money out of the cashbox, without considering whether we could afford it or not."

"What are we to do then?" asked Madeline, with an anxious gravity beyond her fourteen years. "I thought we had been living very economically, though I don't know much about it."

"I thought so too, but aunt pointed out that it is the trifling things that run away with so much money. She says we should hardly believe, till we came to put it down, how much money one may spend, for instance, on flowers, and little ornaments for the house, and magazines, and small finery for ourselves. Each one seems to cost such a trifle by itself, but if you come to think of it, we do spend a great deal in odds and ends. Aunt advises us to have a slate and pencil hung up in some convenient place, say inside one of the cupboard doors, and on this every one must enter every item they spend. There must be permanent columns cut on the slate—we can get Jack to do them with his knife, for each regular item of expenditure, like this," and Winnie showed them a plan, which was to be copied on to the slate.

	Butcher.	Baker.	Grocer.	Milk.	Greengrocer.	Etc.	Total.
Monday . . . . .							
Tuesday . . . . .							
Wednesday . . . . .							
Thursday . . . . .							
Friday . . . . .							
Saturday . . . . .							
Total . . . . .							

"We must make as many more columns as we want for the housekeeping, one for stamps, one for stationery, literature, charity, and anything else we require, and then leave two or three spare ones for extra expenses. Then, at the end of each day, we shall add up all we have spent, put the amount in the total column at the end of the list. At the end of the week we add up the separate amounts at the bottom of the columns, and enter in a large account book how much each item comes to, so much for the butcher, for fish, for stationery, and everything else. Then, you see, at the end of the year we shall be able to tell exactly how much everything costs."

"But you haven't told them about our dress money," put in Lulu.

"No, I am coming to that. Well, uncle says we had better go through our money matters all together, and see how much we think we should spend on each thing. You know there are regular rules for dividing one's income, and though uncle says they cannot be followed strictly, as circumstances vary so much, and house rent and the cost of living are so different in different towns, still they will be some guide. He says, as our income is limited, if we do not keep strictly to the sum allotted for each department, we shall get into a state of hopeless confusion, and find our resources all gone, and have nothing left to cover the expense perhaps of some absolute necessity. As a general rule, the rent and taxes ought not to take more than a sixth part of the income, then a third goes to housekeeping, which means food and washing and small household expenses, a tenth to charity, a tenth must be kept in reserve for illness or any unusual expenses; and for the rest, dress, servants, coals and gas, there is no regular proportion, as of course so much depends upon the number in family, and what manner of people they are; and of course, if there are children, there is schooling to add."

"Then we went through our income with uncle; we could not do it properly without the rest of you, but he says, in proportion to our income we ought not to spend more than £15 a year each on dress. Aunt says those Burton girls do it on that, and you know we have often said how nice they look."

"Why, mamma used sometimes to pay £15, our whole year's allowance, for a single dress," said Lulu; "it is absurd to think we can buy everything for that."

Evelyn roused herself sufficiently to chime in, "I do not think life is worth living if we are to be in this chronic state of balancing and account-keeping, and going mad over a farthing deficit. And this absurd dress allowance, to crown all; it is too ridiculous."

Poor Winnie felt inclined to give up in despair. She had been as much dismayed as any of them at having to calculate every half-penny so carefully; but, seeing that it was really necessary, she had been making up her mind on her way home, regardless of Lulu's chatter, that she would do her very best to keep their affairs in order, and that she would take upon her own shoulders all the household accounts and management; but then she had reckoned upon her sisters doing their part, and giving her their encouragement, at any rate, in her efforts to be economical. Now, after she had made up her mind that she was going to be a martyr for the sake of her family, they all grumbled at her. It was very trying, certainly.

"You can dress on £15 if you like," Evelyn went on; "if you wish to make a fright of yourself there is no reason why you should not do it, but I shall not attempt to do with less than £25."

"Oh, yes, Winnie, let us have £25, or we shall never be able to wear anything but blue serge dresses, which I hate, and hobnailed boots," added Lulu.

"It's no use fighting against the inevitable, girls," said Winnie, when after a struggle she had driven back her rising vexation. "We ought to be thankful we have lived so long in clover, and now times are changed we must make the best of it. There is no more money to have, so it is no use insisting on having it, Evelyn; and, particularly now we have run into debt, we must not spend a farthing more than is absolutely necessary till we are straight again, so we three must take our £15 and do the best we can with it. As you are at school all day, Madeline, and cannot look after your own clothes, you had better not have any regular sum, and the rest of us will attend to your dress and that of Julius."

"Aunt has been giving us a few hints, too, about making our money go the farthest. She says the theory of having good things and few of them is a very good one, and she has often heard economical people say they cannot afford to buy cheap things."

"But some expensive things are at the same time very flimsy, and how can you buy anything expensive on £3 15s. a quarter?" said Evelyn.

"Of course, not expensive things, we must avoid those; but what we do buy must be good of their kind, for not only will they last twice as long, but they look decent to their very last thread, whilst common, cheap things show that they are poor directly the first gloss is worn off."

The clouds had by this time passed from Lulu's face, where, indeed, they never held dominion long, and she leaned back in her chair and indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Oh, it is so funny to hear our Winnie talking in this moral strain!" she cried. "Winnie, whose thoughts are always up in the clouds, who hardly knows whether she has a dress on or not, and is utterly above such trifles as gloves and boots!"

It was true that Winifred had hitherto bestowed on her attire as little attention as was possible. As long as her collar was fastened she was satisfied, and cared not if it was crooked, or if large white pins were showing. Wrapped up in her books, she had really cared for nothing else; and Winnie's untidy cupboards and drawers, as well as her personal appearance, were a standing joke in the family. But she was now roused to the importance of attention to these details, and saw that the household could no longer go on in its accustomed happy, reckless carelessness. She was resolved to try her best, and to cease giving undivided attention to her favourite pursuits in order to take the helm herself, and steer the domestic barque clear of those shoals and shallows into which, unconsciously, it had been drifting.

It was hard work at first, but she kept to her good resolves, in spite of the difficulties in the way. It was no use depending for help or encouragement upon either Evelyn or Lulu, for the one was selfishly indolent, and the other, though generous and warm-hearted, was utterly thoughtless, and quite contented to let things go, and take their chance of coming right, while Madeline was still occupied entirely with school duties.

As to the dress allowances, they found it very hard work at first to keep within the allotted sum, but Winnie stood firm upon her authority as mistress of the house, and refused decidedly either to take herself, or to allow the others to take, more than their fifteen pounds. Experience taught them that cheapness and economy are not the same thing; and they soon found that their aunt's plan of good things and few of them, was the best to go upon. Taking the advice of "those Burton girls," who had tried it themselves, Winnie and Lulu spent a guinea each on a course of good dress-making lessons, by the aid of which they were able to make their gowns them-



selves without at the same time imparting to them that dowdy "home-made" air which so often discourages would-be economists. Evelyn developed a very pretty taste for millinery, and in return for plain work done for her, she became chief hat-trimmer to the household. Lulu liked working the sewing-machine, and though her impetuosity resulted in not a few broken needles, she generally did her work well, and was always ready to machine any number of long seams, in return for the trimming and ornamentation of her garments, for in dainty drapings and finishing touches she did not shine.

But there was one member of the household who did not at all appreciate the new order of things.

Jack had lately gone to business, and night after night he came home ravenously hungry, as befits a healthy boy with plenty to do, and full of tales of his exploits during the day, which he was eager to tell somebody. But the rooms were deserted, the fire often out, and even if the cloth was laid there was no sign of the near approach of a meal.

"Where are they all, Jane?" he shouted down into the kitchen one evening.

"Oh, they're all at work upstairs in Miss Winnie's room, and they said they'd ring when they were ready for tea."

"I know I'm jolly ready for mine now," Jack muttered, going back to the dining-room, where he whistled, and grumbled, and helped himself to cake which Jane had unwarily placed on the table.

"I say, girls," he shouted at last from the bottom of the stairs with his mouth full. "Lulu, come on down, I've got something to tell you."

"Can't, I'm being tried on," responded the unseen Lulu.

"Well, come down, some of you; Madeline will do."

"We are *all* being tried on," shrieked Lulu again; "we shall be down in half-an-hour, go and carpenter till we are ready."

"Carpenter!" he repeated, in a tone of intense disgust; "you are a jolly set of people; I thought tea was supposed to be at seven, and it is a quarter past now. It's a horrid shame, it's always the way every night, there's not a creature to speak to, and never any tea ready, and all because of your horrid old dresses. I'd rather be in lodgings, there *would* be a landlady, at any rate."

He was the best-natured boy in the world, but his patience was tried rather too far. His sisters, in their new zeal for saving money by work at home, forgot that it was no less their duty to make home pleasant to their brother.

"Goodness!" cried Lulu, rushing to the window at the violent slamming of the front door. "Where can he have gone to? He is rather young, or else I should say he had gone to spend the evening at the club, like the neglected husband always does in books. But really it is too bad, we do treat him horribly; for my part this working mania has so occupied me that I've quite forgotten the boy and— and everything else too!" and she looked as if something else had recurred to her memory.

At tea that night, Jack, who returned after a short walk, still wore a very persecuted air, and when he spoke, which was seldom, it was in the tone of an unwilling martyr. At the close of the meal he said: "As you're all going to keep being 'tried on,' whatever that may mean, all evening, I'm going out with one of our fellows."

"Oh! no, Jack; don't go to-night, because I want you. We are not, at least I am not, going to work in the evenings any more, and I want you to help me in the garden, it is in such a wilderness state; and I've been thinking that we might rout about in it, and get it into order, and then plant seeds in the spring, and

save heaps of money by growing flowers, and fruit, and things."

It is to be feared Lulu's remark that she had "been thinking" was not strictly true, as the idea of gardening had only that minute flashed into her mind. But to see Jack cross was such a new and alarming sight that she felt a desperate anxiety to suggest something soothing and pleasant, and she felt very crest-fallen when Jack laughed at her suggestion, remarking that, as it was pitch dark and very cold, he would prefer some other entertainment. He was too good-natured, however, not to be willing to respond to her evident wish to make friends with him again, and so suggested that as gardening was quite out of the question when there was not even a ray of moonlight, they should go out and buy some second-hand garden tools he had noticed in a window, and be ready to begin work on Saturday afternoon.

Lulu's remorse at her neglect of Jack had recalled to her mind another matter in which her forgetfulness had destroyed any good which might have arisen from the promptings of her kind heart.

The *protégés* about whom Evelyn had teased her at the singing-class had vanished from her mind as completely as though they had never existed. When they were recalled to her mind, however, she resolved to go to the little music shop again on the first opportunity. The snapping of an E string that afternoon gave her an excuse, and as Jack seemed inclined for a walk, she asked him to go there with her before buying the garden tools.

It was a queer little tenement, squeezed in oddly between two more imposing structures. The shop itself was small and dark, and had evidently not been originally intended for the purpose it now filled; for it was nothing more than a little sitting-room. In the window was suspended a case, containing strings for different instruments; whilst a small and fly-blown card bore an inscription in a very un-English hand, to the effect that—

"E. Cronetyki wish to tune pianos, string the harps, and give lesson on the most of musical instruments."

The "E. Cronetyki" who thus modestly set forth his numerous accomplishments was a thin and haggard-looking man of some forty years old, on whom the fatal sign of consumption was but too plainly visible. He lived here alone with his little girl, trying to turn to account his musical talents, though it was apparent that he was the merest amateur at this form of earning a livelihood.

"Doesn't he cough frightfully, Jack?" said Lulu, after they had left the little dark shop. "I'm sure he is very ill, and poor too; and that poor little child, she can't be more than six or seven, and yet she seems to know more about the business than he does."

"Yes, he looks pretty bad," assented Jack; "but I advise you to be careful; these foreigners in reduced circumstances are often rather queer customers."

"Oh, for shame! you are a thorough prejudiced Englishman, and think no one can be honest unless they are born on our little island. I did so resolve to help the poor things if I could, in the way of getting people to go there for things, and to order music through him; only I forgot. But I hope I shall not forget again; I am certain he is all right. I went to another shop down there one day for something, and said how ill he looked, and asked if he had been there long. They said, no, not long, and that they were exceedingly quiet and 'superior,' and no one ever went there except customers, and they never went out except on Sundays, when they never failed to go once, and generally twice, to church."

"That looks bad, very bad," began Jack, knowingly shaking his head; "you will find ——" but Lulu interrupted him, and refused

to hear his "bigoted insular remarks," as she called them.

For a week or two she was eager to send customers to the shop, and to render them help in any way; but alas! something else diverted her attention, and the sick man and his child were once more forgotten.

(To be continued.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### WORK.

FANNY A., A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P.," VE, and BETA.—We have given a recipe for making a jersey in crochet at page 318, vol. ii. For one in knitting we have not given any directions, though we have for a knitted vest. In fact, we do not recommend the making of them in this way, as "stockingette-cloth" looks much better and finer for the purpose, and jerseys are to be had ready-made, woven just like the finest knitting, at so trifling a cost, and of all degrees of thickness. See "Knitted Petticoat," page 41, vol. ii. Scotch fingering would make very thick, warm vests for boys. It would be too clumsy for a girl's underclothing.

MOTHER MANIKEN.—1. A suitable border for an eis-wool shawl will be found at page 269, vol. iii. 2. We cannot give recommendations of registry offices.

TWENTY-SEVEN.—Many thanks for your kind note and the directions enclosed for knitting.

FLORA.—The dress of the period of Charles II. in England is fully described in "Pepys' Diary," and is to be seen in the pictures of Sir Peter Lely. The petticoat was of satin, and over it was worn a gown and pointed bodice of a different material, with short sleeves and low neck, and the hair was worn in ringlets.

ELLEN ROSA.—You should go to an Indian outfitter's to ascertain the description of clothing required, which would probably prove equally suitable for a residence in Zanzibar. Purchase a sample of every garment, and then procure materials at some wholesale house, if you can, or wherever you may obtain them at a reasonable price, and get the articles made. This is the best plan which we can suggest when economy is an object.

SNOWFLAKE.—The dress you name will be suitable, we should think, for the purpose you name; but the bows on the black grenadine tunic should match the colour of the dress, or you will present a patchwork appearance. Of course, a black skirt would suit the tunic far better, and then you could trim the latter with pink, blue, or ruby bows. Ruby would look the warmest for the season. Your writing is good for a little girl of fifteen.

GUELDER ROSE.—We think that you could make an eis-wool shawl in crochet-work after the directions given at pages 477-8, vol. iii. On referring to our indices, we do not see any special method prescribed for the employment of this description of wool.

LARA.—Shoes and stockings for evening wear should be selected to match the dress; but this is only for formal occasions when a full dress. Black shoes would, otherwise, look very well.

TRUE BLUE.—We advise you to read our articles entitled "Occupations for Invalids," pages 75, 202, 364, and 715, vol. ii. and page 332, vol. iii., which we hope will supply you with some suggestions that will prove acceptable to your aunt. You write an excellent hand, and we feel obliged to you for your kind letter.

A DARNER.—Keep strictly to the terms of the competition. We did not prescribe the use of a hand-knitted foundation, nor "a piece of an Angola stocking." We expect the samplers to be worked on ordinary woven cotton stocking material. "Stocking-web" means a web woven in the style in which stockings are manufactured. We are grateful for your thanks.

MAGGIE TULLIVER.—The marking of a bride's trousseau, either in her maiden or her newly-assumed name, is perfectly optional. Many prefer to leave them unmarked until after the marriage has taken place.

CLARA HARFORD.—See page 623, vol. iii., where directions are given for the cleaning of velvet.

MINNIE.—We are very glad to hear that our instructions, on the subject of dress have enabled you to make most of your dresses yourself. When you remove the crape from your present gown, you may replace it by a trimming of satin, or else of moiré silk. You write neatly.

JOSEPHINE.—Perhaps the following recipe for cleaning lace without friction may be useful to you if yours be very old and tender. Make a lather of yellow soap cut into thin slices; place in about two pints of boiling water; add of spirits of turpentine and spirits of ammonia one dessertspoonful each; pour this mixture over the lace and then rinse it in cold water. The cost of the spirits will not amount to more than about fourpence to supply a bath for your lace two or three times.

M. GOUGH.—For a "Little Child's Crocheted Paletôt," see page 149, vol. i.



whether more heights would hide the prospect from my gaze, and urge me on my voyage of discovery. But my meditations were here brought to an end by the increasing steepness of the hill, and I was obliged every now and then to stop and rest myself. It was in one of these moments my attention was drawn to a large bird which flew in circles above me. I judged it to be a species of hawk, and presumed it had its nest somewhere near. Not having any hostile design towards it, I paid no heed to its reiterated cries, but quietly continued my walk; and it was not until I had reached some distance farther, and was in rather a perilous position amongst the crags that I observed the angry movements of the bird, which were evidently directed against me. He flew round and round in gradually decreasing circles, until at every moment I feared he would fly at my head. Being loath to descend after all my fatigue in coming up, I brandished my staff, hoping thus to frighten him away; but this only served to infuriate him more, I was therefore obliged to fire, and he fell dead at my feet.

It was the first life I had taken since killing the snake, and I regretted it, as the bird was not fit for human food. However, the feathers might be useful, and possibly Wolf would not object to eating the remainder.

I lost a good half-hour in this manner, and on once more starting, my vexation was great on discovering that the ascent on this side was impracticable owing to a high precipice, and that therefore my toil was wasted; I resolved, however, before turning back, to search for the nest of the slain bird. Should it contain eggs they might be eatable, should there be young ones it would be kinder to kill them than let them die of starvation. After looking about for some time, I saw a mass of sticks on a ledge of rock about eight feet above me, which I presumed was a nest; and, managing to climb up, I found my surmises were correct. There were some eggs, but their appearance was not at all tempting to the appetite, so I left them and began the descent. I had no sooner placed my foot over the edge when, a shadow being thrown upon the rock, I turned my head to ascertain the cause, and saw the companion bird rushing with outstretched wings to defend her home. My position was perilous, as I held on with both hands, and had no means of defending myself. I tried to regain the ledge, but ere I could do so the bird was upon me and in fear I released my hold, and fell to the ground, a distance of eight feet. Here I lay at the mercy of the enraged bird, who would probably soon have attacked my eyes had it not been for my good dog, who came to the rescue and seized the angry creature, just as she was in the act of pouncing on me. A few struggles and Wolf was victorious, after which he came up to me, and seeing me lying there, he began to whine and lick my face profusely, as though deeply concerned about me.

Fortunately my injuries were not serious—no bones were broken; but I was much shaken and bruised, and had received a warning not to attempt to

attack the home of such a bird again. All hope of reaching the mountain top was at an end for the present, it was as much as I could do to crawl down to the shelter of the forest. I stripped both birds of the plumage, and, after Wolf had made a hearty meal, I shouldered what I could of the remainder, making an ignominious retreat as well as my bruised limbs would permit.

I rested that night in the branches of a large tree, Wolf lying at the foot, and, before falling asleep, planned to return on the morrow to Cave Castle.

(To be continued.)

## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

BY DORA HOPE.



OW miserably pale and wretched the children look to-day, do they not, Miss Baines?" said Margaret during one of her morning visits to the schoolroom. "And they seem out of sorts too; for several days they have been so peevish and troublesome, I cannot tell what ails them."

"I remember your telling me once of Charles Kingsley's theory that children are subject to bad fits, and have naughty days in the same way that there are stormy days in nature sometimes," answered the governess, with a smile; "but I should think that the party they were at last night, and those they have attended during the last few festive weeks, are answerable for their want of health lately. You will excuse my saying so, Mrs. Trent, I know; but I do think the excitement and late hours of modern children's parties are very bad for them."

"Oh, I quite agree with you, Miss Baines; it seems to me that soon there will be no real children left; they are treated more and more as small men and women," answered Margaret. "Why, when I was little, to have on our best things, and go out to tea, play some romping games, and a supper of half-ranges and biscuits, was considered the acme of excitement and delight; whilst now, such an entertainment would be considered very slow work, compared with the absurdly elaborate affairs which are prepared. Last week my children were invited to a party, which fortunately I refused, I heard afterwards that it had taken the form of a regular dinner, with four or five courses, and wine, and footmen to wait; whilst no party is ever given without a conjuror or performance of some sort, and dancing, and a great supper of pastry and creams and everything unwholesome."

"It seems to me that it is often the parents merely vieing with each other, forgetting the real good and enjoyment of the little ones," said Miss Baines.

"The thought that I must have a number of children here some night (in return for invitations given to mine) is quite a weight on my mind," sighed Margaret. "I do not mean to have an elaborate affair, for I so plainly see the folly and the actual harm of it; but can you suggest any medium course, Miss Baines?"

"I believe a very happy afternoon might be spent, with nothing at all elaborate," the governess answered, after thinking a few minutes. "It would be a good plan to invite Claud's older boy friends on a separate afternoon from the little ones."

"Yes, they might come at three, have a nice but plain tea at four, and as much romping and playing on the gymnasium and swings as they like; and then, after a little refreshment, fruit, lemonade, and plain cake and biscuits, they shall go home at six or half-past, and then no parents can blame me for white faces and upset health next day. But for the little ones and the girls?"

"They might come at the same hour on another day, and the entertainment take the form of a 'dolls' tea party.' Each child should be asked to bring a doll; it is so pretty to see them all, and there is no lack of amusement and play to be had with such a number of them; and the little guests are kept busy from the time the invitation is received, arranging their dolls' best dresses, so that the pleasure lasts much longer than that of an ordinary party."

"I think that is a very good idea. I wonder what sort of invitations we should send out?"

"Those I have seen have been worded something like this: 'Cicely Trent and her doll Dinah, request the company of Miss Nellie Brown and her doll at a dolls' tea party on February 3rd, at three o'clock.' At an occasion of this sort I was at not long ago, there was a Christmas tree; and every child received from it something for her doll—a hat, muff, or bead necklace; but perhaps you would not approve of this?"

"Yes, I do; I like Christmas trees, and I think it makes the young hosts and hostesses generous to prepare presents, however small, for their guests. Thank you for the suggestions; I think my 'reformed children's parties' will be a great success."

It must be said that Margaret had been somewhat inconsistent in letting her boys have so much gaiety and excitement, for in other respects their health was her constant care, and she rather prided herself upon the extent to which hygiene was considered in the nursery arrangements. These rooms were light, airy, and well-ventilated, without being draughty; for light and air is as essential to growing children as to young plants. In suitable weather, here and in the schoolroom, the windows were constantly open in the children's absence; and during the night fresh air was admitted by ventilator or window. The furniture was strong and plain, and the floor bare save for a square of warm carpet in the centre. No curtains or valances hindered the free current of air round the little iron beds, but there were screens at hand to prevent possible draughts. At one end of the day nursery was a small gymnasium, for use upon days when bad weather prohibited outdoor exercise. But excessive indulgence on the "giant's stride," horizontal bar, and kindred delights was not permitted till the little bones and muscles of the gymnasts were well matured. When they were a year or two older, the boys were to have lessons from a neighbouring sergeant in fencing, single stick, and other exercises, which, with drilling and gymnastics, are splendid for muscles, chest and lungs, besides giving an easy, graceful carriage; but at present the home drilling and daily use of chest expanders were deemed sufficient.

The two elder boys, Claud and Julius, had a small bedroom to themselves, and they, like every one else in the house, slept upon mattresses, which give more refreshing rest, and are healthier than the more luxurious feather-beds. In connection with these may be mentioned a little device which the housemaids highly appreciated. The mattresses were all bordered with a double piece of ticking, and to this was stitched very strongly loops of webbing, one at the top and one at the bottom on each side. By means of these, the disagreeable task of turning over the beds, so painful to nails and finger tips, and so apt to soil and



tear the edges of the mattresses, was performed both easily and quickly.

The maids were instructed to keep a needle and thread always at hand whilst engaged in bed-making, &c., so that a rip in the pillows, mattress, or other bed-furniture might be repaired on the spot and at once, and thus much subsequent mending was avoided. In the little boys' room, to facilitate the keeping of it tidy, the cretonne dressing-table cover was made with pockets along the front in which the various toilet articles were kept. There was a pocket for brushes and combs, another for nail scissors and button-hooks, and so on; and thus, without unduly taxing their patience and powers, their dressing-table was, as a rule, kept tolerably neat.

Margaret's brother Tom and his wife, who lived at the other side of London, had two little children, whose tall, thin forms, pale, pretty faces, and unnaturally gentle quietness gave the impression of extreme delicacy. But Margaret thought differently, and felt sometimes honestly indignant that strong constitutions such as theirs should be so weakened and spoiled. "Why, if you keep a sturdy daisy in a hothouse and do not let the breath of heaven blow upon it, it will become weak and frail and delicate, as though it were to the manner born," she would say. "And I do believe that is just what Laura is doing for her little ones."

Laura of course considered she was doing the best for her children; having been always rather delicate herself, she took it for granted that they must be frail also, and coddled them accordingly.

On one occasion when she was to bring them over to luncheon with their cousins, the morning was fresh and fair and exhilarating, with a fine breeze and bright gleams of sunshine, the very day to put fresh heart into a sickly child; but the hours passed and they did not come, till, upon the stroke of one, Laura walked in alone. "But where are the little ones? Not ill, I hope?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, they are about as usual, and I was sorry for them to miss the treat of coming; but I really dared not bring them out to-day. The wind is so boisterous, and I fancy there is a touch of east in it."

"Afraid of this splendid health-giving breeze! I never heard of such a thing in my life," cried Margaret, almost out of patience.

"Why, every breath of it does one good, and I'm certain if you let them have a brisk run every day of this sort, they would soon look very different. You should have seen little Julius before he came to us; he was the most miserable, white-faced little creature you can imagine, for he never went out at all unless the fancy took him. Now, going out every day, in all weathers, he is as different as possible."

"But you surely do not mean *all* weathers?" cried Laura, aghast.

"Oh, if it really rains much and is very foggy, or if there be a bitter east wind, I keep them at home, but not for a trifling amount of either. Of course, they are well wrapped up, and if their clothes seem at all damp when they come home, they are changed, and with Claud, who has a tendency to bronchitis, nurse is very particular about this; but, taking these precautions, the more fresh air and exercise they have the better they are. Nurse is very wise and sensible in preventing their taking any chill; for instance, after their cold bath every morning they always have a few turns or swings on the gymnasium, and come down looking rosy and bonny."

"I always thought your system of training was very heroic, but I do think a cold, daily bath is too severe, even for your strong boys."

"They would not be so strong if it were not for that," returned Margaret. "People

are so particular about babies and small children being daily bathed, yet as they grow older and acquire a remarkable capacity for getting 'dirty,' the ablutions are decreased. I think that absurd, and let them have the daily cold bath as long as the weather permits, because it is so much more strengthening (with some gymnastics afterwards); when the winter sets in really cold, the water is tepid. But come to the nursery and see them; I'm sure you will approve of my heroics then."

The children had returned from their walk and were hard at work—or rather, hard at play—with a great number of unpainted, wooden bricks, their favourite building implements.

"How happy they seem all by themselves, and they have no toys apparently, either," whispered Laura, after speaking to each.

"I don't allow them to have many toys," said Margaret. "They take no care of them at all if they know that one will be replaced directly it is broken, and they cease to value anything if they have such a number. It is a comfort that they can amuse themselves, for those children who are brought up to require playing *with* and constantly amusing must be a perpetual tax upon one's time and patience."

"What is that wonderful affair on the cupboard-shelf? It looks like an ideal representation of our first parents in the garden of Eden."

"Oh, Laura, the children *would* be offended if they heard you say so," said Margaret, laughing. "That is one of Miss Baines's suggestions. She has a great idea of letting the children make their own toys, and, as they had been intensely thrilled by the reading of 'Robinson Crusoe,' she proposed their making a model of the desert island. There is a piece of wood for foundation, you see, and the seashore consists of sand and pebbles sprinkled upon a gummed surface round the edge. The forest undergrowth is of dried moss, and these tropical-looking trees, you see, have natural twigs for trunks, fastened into gimlet-holes in the main land, with brilliant crevel-wool foliage waving on the top. The cardboard 'castle' was rather difficult, as were also Crusoe himself and Friday; but their construction appeared to be intensely interesting, and still the children often spend a wet half-holiday in studying the book and finding fresh objects to be added to the island, and I daresay when that is quite finished, there will be something similar to be done."

Laura could not but admire and almost envy the bonny looks and healthy, happy natures of her nephews and nieces; and she secretly resolved by gentle degrees to make her own little ones more self-reliant and contented, and if possible more robust too.

Claud, Hugh, Julius, and Cicely always had their midday meal with their mother, that she might see for herself that they ate well and contracted no slatternly habits at table. They lived very simply, having porridge, bread and milk, or rice, or sago milk for breakfast; and for dinner a little meat, or fish, with potatoes and gravy, well cut up and mashed, and a plain pudding, of which suitable varieties are abundant. It was always a treat for them to have "a whole pudding each!" as they would rapturously exclaim, and the cook often managed this by beating an egg for each, adding half a tumbler of milk, a little sugar, and the least pinch of salt. Baked in buttered cups for about twenty minutes and served hot, or turned out cold, with a morsel of jam on each, these made fascinating little puddings. At other times she would break stale bread into cups, soak it with egg and milk, and bake it. Then there were corn-flour or sago shapes, eaten with sugar or fruit syrup; or apples, boiled for about ten minutes, which method of cooking them is much preferable to the usual baking, which is apt to dry them up.

Margaret had a vivid remembrance of the discomfort and often squalor of the "nursery teas" of her childhood, and was anxious to save her little ones from a like infliction. It was therefore arranged for them to have it with Miss Baines in the schoolroom, and as it was the last meal of the day, there was generally some little substantial adjunct added to the usual bread-and-butter bill of fare, such as a lightly boiled egg, or a mould of rice with golden syrup or sugar. Oatmeal scones, gingerbread, or plain cakes also formed a wholesome variety to the children's supper-tea.

(To be continued.)

## CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.



To the Romans again must we go for the naming of March, so called in honour of Mars, the god of war. Until January and February were added to the calendar, the Romans made it the first month of the year, and in France it

was so reckoned until the year 1564. The Saxons called it Lenet Monat—i.e., length month, in reference to the lengthening of the days at this season, which is also, some affirm, the origin of the term Lent. There are several proverbs relating to the month, based upon its character. Thus it is sometimes said that "a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom," and "a dry March never begs its bread." Both these sayings signify that a dry March is favourable to the gardener and to the agriculturist; and this is borne out by another wise "saw," which says that "March grass never did good."

The 1st of March is dedicated to St. David, the patron saint of all Welshmen, who are the pure descendants of the ancient Britons. The custom of Welshmen wearing leeks in their hats on St. David's Day is said to owe its origin to their having gained a great victory over the Saxons, from whom they distinguished themselves by wearing leeks during the battle. The tutelary saint of the Irish, St. Patrick, is also commemorated during this month, on the 17th day, and they wear a sprig of shamrock in his honour. The origin of this is related as follows:—When he first endeavoured to plant the seeds of Christianity in Hibernia, he found great difficulty in persuading the people of the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity, and, therefore, holding in his hand a leaf of the shamrock, or trefoil, he thereby represented the divisibility of the divinity into three distinct and equal parts, together with its perfect union in one stem. Truly a beautiful illustration!

The symbol of March is a young man of fierce aspect, with helmet upon his head, intended for Mars, the god of war. He holds in his right hand a ram, typical of the sign of Aries, because the sun enters that constellation on the 20th day of the month, when Spring commences.



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."



"But, aunt, I should never know what to read."

"That is easily managed. There are many lists made, giving certain portions of the Bible to be read every day, or you might read the Psalms for the day if you preferred it. Then there are many very suitable books of prayers, written especially for family use, so that you would find no difficulty in that way."

"But, aunt, they would all laugh at the idea so; we never had it at home even."

"I do not think they would; Madeline would not, you might be sure of her; nor would Jack, or if he did laugh at first, I am sure he would approve of the plan. If you like, I will ask him privately what he thinks of it. I cannot speak certainly of Evelyn and Lulu, but, dear Winnie, we must do what we think right, even if we do get laughed at for it. Come, I will get a book of prayers for you and a list of suitable portions to read, and then you will begin next week, will you not?"

Winnie still hesitated, but after a little more conversation she promised to try it for a month, if Margaret would speak to the others about it for her.

That matter being settled, Margaret asked Winnie what books she was reading, and offered to lend her any of theirs.

She replied, rather reproachfully, that she had followed Margaret's own advice, and given up studying to attend to the house. "But it does seem to me sometimes that I am equal to something more exalted than the ordering of dinners and mending linen all day," she added, sadly.

"But, my dear child," cried her aunt, "I advise you to undertake the management of the house, but I never dreamt of your giving up your books. 'There is a time for everything,' you know; and certainly there cannot be so much work in your house as to leave you no time at all for reading."

"But, aunt, if ever I do sit down to read my conscience is pricking me all the time with the thought that there is some work still to do, so that I do not enjoy my book at all."

"But it is just as much your duty to take care of your mind as to take care of your house, only everything must be done at its proper time. Take my advice, and have a fixed time for reading every day. It is wonderful what one can manage to do with a little method. To begin with, if I were you I should fix a time to go into the kitchen every morning and keep regularly to it. Then have a time for going out to your morning shopping, and for the sewing and other household work you have to attend to, then, as that will generally fill up the morning, you ought to be able with a clear conscience to devote whichever part of the afternoon you fix upon to study."

This was a new idea to Winnie, who had felt that she could not do her duty to her family without making a regular martyr of herself, and giving up all her own pleasure, so the thought that it was not only allowable but an absolute duty to make time for reading was a great comfort to her.

After a little more conversation, Margaret suggested walking home with Winnie, so that she might, if opportunity offered, speak about the morning prayers at once. But they found no one at home but Evelyn, who was lying on the sofa, reading a novel, so there was no opportunity for anything but a desultory conversation, in the midst of which Lulu burst into the room like a whirlwind, as usual.

"Oh, aunt, who do you think I have just met?" she began, without stopping for any ordinary greeting; "that poor little Audine, looking as grave and old-fashioned as a woman of eighty with the weight of nations on her shoulders."

"That is the Polish music-seller's child, I suppose?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, aunt, I am a wretch; the resolves I have made to befriend that child and her father (though I have not the least idea what form my befriending could take beyond buying things at the shop), and then I straightway go and forget all about them. You know my bad memory is quite a misfortune to me, and not a fault, aunt dear."

"What sort of child is she, and how old?"

"Oh, she only looks about eight, but I should think she must be older, for she is precocious and old-fashioned to the last degree. She keeps the tiny house and shop so neat and clean, though no doubt the father helps in that. And actually, aunt, she goes alone into the city on errands for the shop! Jack saw her some time ago, threading her way through the crowds on Ludgate Hill, looking very anxious and important, with an immense roll of music in her hand. I told her father he had seen her, and asked how he could trust her alone like that. He said 'Mees, what can I do?' (He speaks so funnily, you know.) 'I myself am healthful and strong while I remain in the inside of my warm house, but without, in the noise and the largeness of the street, I fall and faint, I am no longer of any use. As for my Audine, the little body is frail, but the heart and the spirit are of a marvellous strength, and the good God has always watched her with a gentle eye, and while we two depend on his grace we no longer fear for the little one of us to go forth alone.' He really does seem such a pious man, though Jack says that is a bad sign."

"What did you say to that?" asked Winnie.

"I did not know what to say, but it does seem a shame for that poor little dot to have all the anxieties and cares of a grown woman instead of being a merry, jolly child. If only I did not always forget all about it, and if I knew what to do, I should like to do something for them."

Lulu was such a merry, warm-hearted girl, and confessed her shortcoming so frankly, that it was impossible to be angry with her, so instead of scolding her for her forgetfulness, Margaret contented herself with explaining that she thought it was the duty of every girl to try to brighten the lives of those round her, and that everyone ought to be able to feel that at any rate *one* person was the better for her having lived.

"I have often thought about it in connection with you girls," she said; "and I have been wondering if you do all you can for those about you. You know you are all clever girls, and so have all the more opportunities of being useful; Winnie has her hands full at present."

"But it isn't exactly doing good, aunt, getting dinner ready for my brothers and sisters."

"Oh, yes it is. 'Charity begins at home,' you know, though that does not mean that it must stop there, but till you get a little more used to housekeeping, so as to get through your work more quickly, I do not see that you can do much outside work; except perhaps making little dainty dishes and taking them to any sick people the district nurse you know might tell you of. You could begin that by giving Lulu some good beef-tea for her Polish friend; and by that means you can improve your knowledge of cookery, and do a kindness at the same time. Madeline too, has her time taken up with school work. Her object in life is clearly for the present to learn all she can, so as to become a good and useful woman. But you, Evelyn, with your accomplishments, might do so much."

"Oh, I sing for charities, aunt."

"Well, that is better than nothing, though I fancy sometimes there is a little danger of love of praise and display being mixed with

the purer motives in that kind of singing. Could you not manage to teach some of the children to sing at the night school at our church? It is always such a difficulty to get good singers to help, and singing soothes children's wild spirits more quickly than anything, so it is a pity they should not have it. And you might get up a little choir amongst your musical friends, and give entertainments occasionally in the coffee palace and work-houses and other places. Speaking of teaching singing reminds me, Winnie, of an old schoolfellow of mine, who was as fond of study as you are, and a really clever girl, but she lived in a country place where there were very few poor people, and there seemed nothing for her to do for others, till she found out that the wife of their curate, who had a very small stipend, and a very large family, had to teach the younger children entirely herself, as they could only afford to send the two eldest boys to school, and the poor lady was completely worn out with the incessant hard work of attending to the house and teaching the children, too. So my friend offered to go for three hours every morning and teach the children, the only stipulation she made being that no one, not even the children themselves, should know that she was not paid like an ordinary governess."

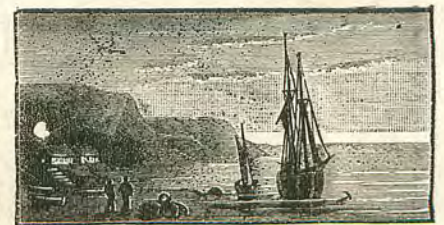
"What a capital plan, aunt; I wish I could do something like that, for I don't feel as if I had the least vocation for teaching dirty children to darn their stockings, but I could teach Latin, or German, or arithmetic, or anything interesting like that. Did the plan answer?"

"Yes, she taught them for several years till one by one they went to a grammar school to finish, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that they could hold their own against anybody. I daresay you have not a vocation for teaching poor, dirty children, but there are plenty of people in the condition of that poor curate, who want help far more than the majority of the lower classes; and when you have got quite accustomed to your duties at home, so that they are not a burden to you, we will look about and see how you can turn your clever little brains to the best account."

"Now aunt is coming to me, I know," said Lulu, getting behind the curtains. "Aunt, I am so busy with my fretwork and china painting, and so on, that really you need not speak to me; and my object is most exemplary, the elevation of my family's taste."

Margaret could not help laughing as she rose to leave. "Unfortunately, Lulu, I must go now, and have no time left to give you the scolding you deserve; but there is no doubt about your mission; your vocation in life seems to be to make melancholy people merry, and the sooner you begin on that lonely little child the better. If I were you I should try to find out what the man can do, and if he is too ill for hard work, teach him to do your favourite fretwork or anything else he seems capable of, and if you like I will give him an order for some brackets, I was just going to buy some; but at any rate you can give the child a little pleasure of some kind now and then."

(To be continued.)





"Yes, papa," and Geraldine drew her chair close to his, took his hand in both of hers, and patted it tenderly.

"It seems, my little maid, that we have been interlopers all along, and that Grattan Anderson is the true Anderson of Dallamore, and Desmond only an impostor."

"A most innocent one," put in Mrs. Anderson.

"True, Rachel, but, nevertheless, an impostor; the chain of evidence is complete, and declared by the highest authorities to be irrefragable. I may think myself fortunate not to be required to refund anything. Grattan has behaved handsomely, he declined to put in any claim, and even desires that we should consider Dallamore ours as well as this house, till we can conveniently leave it. To Dallamore I could not go, so I told him it should be given up to his agent at once; but I accepted his offer of this house until such time as we three poor penniless creatures can see what we are to do."

"It is a great comfort, papa, that Mr. Grattan Anderson was not nasty about things," said Geraldine. "Of course, it was quite natural that he should like to have what is his own."

"It was his duty to clear his grandmother's good name," said Mrs. Anderson.

"His great-grandmother, my dear," said her husband with a smile.

"Anyhow, Desmond, she was a sort of grandmother, and a very ill-used woman by all accounts."

"True, Rachel, peace be to her ashes! I have no doubt there will be a beautiful monument set up to her memory in Dallamore Church beside that thing of her husband by Nollekens. For my part, if it were not for you and Alda, I could find it in my heart to be grateful that the fellow is to be credited with one sin the less. He was small credit to the family at the best, a wild rip who thought of nothing but the pleasure of the moment; trouble enough he has given us, but we'll talk no more of him. The question that concerns us is what are we to do? where are we to live?"

"Have we really no money at all?" said Geraldine, slowly trying to realise what that meant.

"We need not quite starve, Alda, we can buy bread to eat," said Mr. Anderson, smiling sadly.

"There is a little money, Alda," broke in Mrs. Anderson, "a little of papa's and a little of mine; it seemed almost nothing when papa was rich, but now it is a mine of wealth, and will buy us all we really want."

"But we must live hard lives, Alda; no music, no parties. I am afraid, dear mamma hardly knows what she is willing to encounter. Those dainty hands were not made for hard work."

"What does mamma want to do?" asked Geraldine, eagerly; "if mamma wants to do it, it must be right."

"Thank you, my daughter. Now, listen. With papa's money and mine, that is his, of course—I have not spent it because I never wanted it, papa was so generous, but it's all the better now, for it is nearly twice as much as it would have been. With this money papa will buy land in one of the great new countries on the other side of the world, and we shall have a Dallamore once again quite new, and all our own, and we shall be able to keep all together."

"If we do that," said Geraldine, slowly, "we shall want the servants to keep things in order. That will be very nice. If we have our own people it will only seem like being in the country without visitors."

"Poor little maid!" said Mr. Anderson, looking sadly at his wife; "how can one expect her to take in what it all means."

"She will learn soon enough," said Mrs. Anderson, cheerily; "and never fear, but she will do her best to bear her part bravely. Now, let us have a little music."

Two hours later, when Geraldine lay in her pretty bed, glad to be at rest, and trying with all her heart to comprehend the duties of her new position, her mother came softly into the room and sat down beside her.

"Mamma," said Geraldine, raising herself to kiss the kind face that was now darkened by a shade of anxiety, "you will help me to know what I ought to say and do, so that I may not trouble papa, or bring that sad smile to his lips."

"You will soon understand, darling. It is all so new and strange, so very difficult to adapt oneself to. It is hardest to papa, who has always been so generous and so indulgent. To me it seems that the trouble is really small, if we can only keep together, an unbroken family."

"But, mamma, what could have parted us?"

"Alas, my child, a thousand things! It is one of the saddest trials of poverty, that it breaks through the bonds of family life, and drives the young and the tender from the haven of home to dependence on strangers. At least, my dear, we shall be spared from that trial."

"Oh!" said Geraldine, softly; "if Nora and Eileen and Pat could only come, wouldn't it be fine?"

"Ah! we must not think of that. It would be easy to unsettle them, no doubt; but Patrick will be well-to-do, better off than ever. Papa spoke to Mr. Anderson about him, and he'll be only too glad to keep him on. You must, on no account, Alda, breathe a word of the possibility of their going with us; remember how kind and good they have always been, they'd be for leaving Dallamore at once."

"And must we go right away, where we shall never see them again?"

"We must go in the first instance alone, dear, for everything is uncertain and difficult. We are like ivy plants torn down from the old wall against which we have grown. I hope we may be able to strike root elsewhere; but it would not better our chance, if we were to uproot neighbour plants, would it, dear?"

"No, mamma; but how can we live without Eileen and dear Nora?"

"We must try, at all events, dear;" and Mrs. Anderson kissed her daughter, and bade her "Good night."

"Live without Eileen and Nora!" sighed Geraldine, weary of lumps and heart. "Live without Eileen and Nora! Can it be done? Oh, to think of never seeing them again!" The tears came flooding to her eyes, and she sobbed till for very weariness and sorrow she fell asleep.

(To be concluded.)

## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

BY DORA HOPE.

"Is it not provoking, girls? Ann has just been telling me 'The coals is very low,' and on going to look I find that means that there are just about two spoonfuls of coal dust left, so I suppose we must have some more in at once," said Winnie, coming hastily into the room where her two sisters were sitting.

"I hope you will not buy any more dust; it is about a month since we saw a real lump of coal," said Evelyn.

"I am afraid that is owing to our bad management. Ann's mother came to see her last night, and when I went down to speak to her I found her in the middle of giving Ann a long lecture on the subject, so I begged her

to go on, as I should like to hear what she had to say too. It seems we ought to have used the small and the lumps together. I knew we had not very much coal left, so I asked her which she thought was the best kind to buy; she did not seem to know from her own experience, as she says poor people only buy a sack at a time, as they have to keep it on the landing, if they live in upstairs rooms, and it is rather in the way if they have much of it; and it costs so much, that very often they can only afford to buy a few penny-worth, instead of a sack. But she gave me some good advice about it. She says that the lady with whom she lived when she was in service was very careful with her money, but liked things very nice, and she used to buy the best Wallsend coals; but she always had at the same time some coke, and a sack of slack; but then, as Mrs. Jones beautifully explained, they want mixing with brains, by which I suppose she means using with discrimination."

"Will coals keep any length of time?" asked Lulu, looking up from her employment, which appeared to be some sort of illumination upon a large white card.

A chorus of laughter greeted the query. "How absurd! You might as well ask how long flint stones will keep."

"Oh, well, I don't see the absurdity of it; for salt is a mineral, too, and that goes wet and nasty if you are not careful, so why should not coals? But I was going to say, if it will keep, I should say it is a very good thing our coals have come to an end now, instead of in the winter. They are sure to be cheaper now, for I have noticed the advertisements, at summer prices."

"I did not think of that; but I believe you are right, Lulu. I remember now that we used to always have our coal cellar quite filled in the summer, as to last through the winter. You are certainly improving in domestic matters. Where did you say you had seen an advertisement at summer prices? Let us look how much Wallsend costs. I wish we could get peat here; I have always heard that where it is to be got, peat and coal together make the cheapest and pleasantest fire. Dear me!" and Winnie stopped abruptly.

"What is the matter?" said Lulu, looking up.

"Why, I never thought of it before; of course, it is the end of the Great Wall."

"What is it? My dear Winnie, is your mind wandering? Do you feel ill?" And with an air of great concern, Lulu snatched up Evelyn's Eau de Cologne bottle, and made as though she were going to bathe Winnie's temples with it.

"Don't be alarmed, you silly child; I have not quite lost my senses; but don't you remember, in that book we used to have about England in ancient days?"

"Never read it," interrupted Lulu; "it looked so dull."

"That it described a very ancient colliery, somewhere between Newcastle-on-Tyne and the sea, at the end of the great Roman wall. Well, don't you see, that is how the coal found there got the name of Wallsend, because it was at the end of the wall."

"Oh, Winnie, Winnie," exclaimed Lulu, laughing; "I always knew you were an incorrigible bluestocking, but I didn't think even you could squeeze history out of our empty coal-cellar. But I must go out, it is getting late, and I feel myself becoming as blue as you are, through being in your company too long."

"What is that you are doing?"

"Oh, I thought I would write out a fresh copy of the notice Cronetyki has up in his window, the old one is so dirty, and almost invisibly small too. Now, do you think this style is likely to attract and charm the public



eye?" and she held up her work for criticism. The bold and graceful lettering met with general approval. "It is finished now, so I am going to take it to him at once, before my good resolutions fade; though I don't know whether he will not be offended."

"Do not forget that the three children and Julius are coming to tea at five o'clock; you must be back for that, as I want to retire with Miss Baines into the kitchen; she has promised to give me a few ideas, and Evelyn will never be able to manage all four children alone."

Lulu set out on her errand of mercy with rather a trembling heart. She was truly anxious to befriend the poor man, and yet his extreme reserve and evident dislike to any conversation, more than was necessary between buyer and seller, rendered it very difficult.

The idea of making a better notice for the shop window had struck Lulu as a possible way of beginning, and she had at once acted on her happy thought. Her courage almost failed, however, as she approached the queer little shop, and she paused outside the door to consider the best way of making her little offering; but, at last she went boldly in, and plunged at once into the subject of her visit.

"Oh, good morning," she began; "I have not come as a customer exactly, but to tell the truth—I hope you will not be offended—that little notice in your window is rather small and dirty, one can hardly see it, and I am so fond of illuminating, and I had nothing particular to do, and I thought I should like to write out a fresh one, if you will let me put it in the window instead of that;" and with much hesitation, and many blushes, she produced the card which she had been carefully hiding behind her.

If Lulu was embarrassed, the man was more so; and in the pause which ensued so many varying expressions passed over his face, that Lulu heartily wished she had not obeyed her charitable impulse. At length he appeared by an effort to banish the haughty displeasure which had at first showed itself in his face, and he answered, quietly and gently—

"Madam, your kindness is too great, it exceeds all thanks. My little Audine already looks upon the days of your visits as the bright spots in her life, so friendly have you shown yourself to the little friendless one."

His thanks were so fervent that Lulu was glad to break in: "Oh, do not thank me, it is nothing at all; I should be too glad if I could make her happy, or help you in any way to get on. I am afraid there is not much custom here for a music shop; the people are so very unmusical."

Again she was afraid she had offended him, for he flushed up painfully; but he answered with his constant melancholy smile, "Yes, it is a struggle here, and—Madam, you show yourself to have a kind heart, and I may say to you, it is well, nay, it is necessary, that I should make progress with my business; for though we might live, my Audine and I, upon our little income, there is an object ever before my eye for which I work and strive, and work and strive again, and I must succeed. Yes, it is necessary I must succeed, and I shall, it is my belief, if it be God's will," he added, reverently, with a patient sigh; and, as though forgetting Lulu's presence, he stood for a few moments wrapt in anxious thought.

Lulu's curiosity was greatly aroused, but she feared to betray how much she longed to hear the story which she felt sure this strange, suffering man could tell. Some day, perhaps, he would be more confidential, and tell her what the one object of his life was, she thought; but for the present it seemed to be her duty to try and ease the burden of poverty and illness which pressed upon him and the little girl, if possible; and with this reflection she took her departure, revolving in her mind

a scheme for giving lessons to the child in her spare time. She had previously mentioned to him her aunt's suggestion that he might learn wood-carving. He had accepted her order for brackets with evident delight, and in the execution of it had manifested not only considerable talent as a wood-carver, but sufficient artistic skill to produce very novel designs, which had so pleased Margaret that she had given Lulu several further orders, and obtained others from her friends.

When Lulu reached home she found that the children had already arrived, and were anxiously looking out for her, as they were eager to begin tea. Miss Baines had suggested that she should begin giving her cookery lessons at once, so, leaving the children under the charge of Evelyn and Madeline, who had just come in from school, they had gone straight into the kitchen.

"First you said you wanted me to show you how to make batter," said Miss Baines. "Have you anything we could fry in batter? It seems a pity to mix it if you cannot use it."

"I am afraid not," said Winnie, pondering over the probable contents of the larder. "But if you would not mind just looking round; I really am so very ignorant I do not know what would be suitable."

Miss Baines assenting, Winnie led the way to the larder, and was beginning to apologise for the emptiness of the shelves, when Miss Baines interrupted her, saying, "Why you have just the very things we want; how fortunate! May I take some of this nice-looking rhubarb? and there is actually some boiled rice; I thought no one used that but ourselves. These two things will be plenty for you to practise upon, but that cold leg of mutton would make a delicious dish cut in slices and dipped in batter and fried."

"Now we want a little butter, flour, salt, baking powder, and half a pint of milk. As you really want to learn, I am not going to do anything myself, I shall only watch you. Put three good tablespoonfuls of flour into this basin, and pour the milk on to it, gradually mixing it smooth as you go on, till it is perfectly free from lumps; now add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder, stir it well, and then it can stand till we are ready for it. What shall we make first?"

"Oh, let us have something simple, Miss Baines, that the children may have for their tea. Aunt Margaret will never forgive us if we give them anything unwholesome."

"Well, suppose we try some rice fritters then. Fritters are not exactly a suitable dish for five o'clock tea, but as it is the only time I ever have at liberty to show you how to do them, and the children are not likely to be particular, we may as well try. Have you a lemon, and some clarified dripping?"

"We have some lemons, but I am afraid there is no dripping; our servant always uses lard."

"My dear Miss Lancaster, excuse me, but that is very extravagant. If you are making anything for a very special occasion, it would be worth your while to use lard, or, better still, oil; but in that case you could make a better batter, too, according to the recipes given you in cookery books; but for ordinary home use, when you wish to be economical, this batter is quite good enough, and well clarified dripping is just as nice as lard. For almost all cooking purposes, you can use dripping and baking powder, instead of butter and eggs."

"But, Miss Baines, we never have any dripping; where ought I to get it from?"

"Whenever you have roasted joints, there are the real 'drippings' of the meat; but in addition to that you often get joints on which there is more fat than will be eaten. These fat ends should be cut off, and put into a covered jar in the oven till the fat is all melted, then it should be strained, and can be

used for all kinds of pastry, or cooking of any kind for which butter would be employed; and if you insist upon having all the surplus fat on the joints rendered into dripping you will find a wonderful difference in your outlay for butter and lard. But as you have none to-day we must use lard."

Winnie brought it, and watched Miss Baines as she cut off some thick pieces and put them into the frying-pan; but after observing in silence for some time she could not help remarking what a large quantity Miss Baines used, considering that she had condemned the use of it all as extravagance.

Miss Baines explained that this was not really an extravagance, as the fat could be strained and put aside to use again, and it was essential to have a good quantity to prevent either the fritters or the fat itself from burning. She also showed her how to make sure that the lard was sufficiently hot, the most important point in the whole process of frying, as the substance to be fried must be immersed in the boiling fat at the moment when it is hot enough to brown and slightly harden the batter instantly. The best way to test this is to dip a piece of bread into it for two or three seconds, and if it is not crisp when it is removed the fat is not hot enough. It will not be ready to use till it has ceased bubbling, and has no steam but a sort of bluish vapour rising from it.

"Now for the rice," went on Miss Baines. "To make the fritters properly the rice should be only partially cooked, so as to keep the grains separate; but this will do to try with. We must sweeten it with a little brown sugar, and flavour with lemon juice, and then it can either be formed into small round cakes, which are dipped into the batter, or else the rice may be stirred into the batter, and dropped in to the boiling fat as you would do with pancakes. You should send a lemon to table with them, as some people like an extra squeeze after they are cooked. You will hardly care to make more than two or three rhubarb fritters, as we have a good dish of the rice; but that will be enough to judge if you like them. First of all, we must pare this rhubarb, and cut it into pieces about an inch and a half long."

With Winnie's help this was soon done, and each piece, as it was pared, was thrown into the basin of batter. They were then taken out with a fork, and put into the boiling lard for five minutes. When sufficiently cooked they were taken out and put in front of the fire on a sieve for a few minutes, as Winnie's resources did not include any kitchen paper to drain off any superfluous fat which might adhere to them. The rice fritters were served in the same way, and both dishes met with general approval.

"Now you know the whole secret of frying," said Miss Baines, when they had done their work. "You can make fritters of almost anything; slices of cold cooked meat, potatoes, fruit, or anything else you want to use up, can be dipped in batter and fried; only remember the great essential that the oil or fat must be hot enough, or your dish will be certainly spoilt; and while we are on the subject, let me advise you, when you can, to buy a wire frying basket. It is more convenient in every way, if you are cooking fish, or anything else not dipped in batter, to arrange it first in the wire basket, so that it can be immersed altogether in the pan and lifted out without any trouble."

The visit of the children was a great success. The change in Julius' conduct since he had been under Miss Baines' charge was extraordinary; Lulu always affirmed that previous to his going to his aunt's he had been "brought up by jerks," like Pip, in "Great Expectations," and that it was the change from the jerking system which had so improved him.

(To be continued.)



## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.

"WHAT is the matter with everybody, Madeline?" asked Jack Lancaster, as, coming home rather earlier than usual one evening, he found his youngest sister alone in the drawing-room, and the house altogether upset. "First thing after I came in I fell sprawling over a roll of carpets or something, and landed on a lot of crockery ware, and made a lively smash; that just serves them right for leaving things lying about; and then Winnie came rushing up with her head in a bag, and just said, 'Oh, Jack, how tiresome of you; I thought it was the carpet-beater!' and flew off again; she might at least have had the civility to ask how many limbs I had broken. And then Lulu looked over the banisters, and when I called her she said, 'Oh, if it's only you, I can't stop to come down.' There's a way to treat a fellow when he comes home. And actually Evelyn is on her hands and knees nailing down a carpet or something of that sort. What queer people women are, to be sure, and yet they all seemed in their right minds when I left this morning!"

"It isn't very nice, is it, Jack? I think they have this sort of upset every spring, you know; and if I had not my lessons to do, I suppose I should be helping them too," said Madeline, in her usual quiet, deliberate tones.

"Well, I don't like it, and I shall not allow it when I am twenty-one. I am sure the house was all right before, but women never can be content without routing about, and rushing round, and dusting and moving things out of their places. I shall just go and tell Winnie to stop it." And the young potentate of sixteen strode from the room with a cloudy look of determination on his round, good-tempered face; but on joining his sisters, instead of putting a stop to their work, his help was soon enlisted in taking down curtains and moving heavy furniture.

The reason for all this sudden upset was that for the last few days the sun had been shining brightly, and had revealed to the girls the fact that some of their curtains were getting very dirty, and the rooms looked generally dingy and in want of a little brightening up. Margaret, whose advice had as usual been asked, had recommended them to have a regular old-fashioned spring cleaning. For though, she said, she considered it a relic of barbarism, and entirely unnecessary if a house was kept properly clean all the year; still, as the girls and their servant had been inexperienced, and had allowed their carpets and hangings to get very full of dust, and some of their furniture was sadly in need of an extra spring polish, she thought it would be best for them to have a thorough turn-out, and then, when they had once got the house into perfect order, they would be better able to start fresh, and by cleaning one room at a time, whenever it required it, prevent any necessity for such a general upset in the future.

Servants always enjoy a spring cleaning; in spite of the extra work it entails, they never seem in such perfect good temper and so completely in their element as when the whole house is turned topsy-turvy. Ann was no exception to the rule, and her face quite beamed with pleasure when Winnie announced her intention of having a regular turn-out.

Winnie had long ago discovered that charwomen are, as a general rule, to say the least a doubtful advantage. Why this class of the community should be such voracious eaters she could not determine, but the fact remained. It was true that Mrs. Moore would come to work for eighteenpence a day, but then Winnie had calculated that she broke an average of two plates and a jug every time she came, and always ate up everything there was in the house; so it did not seem very

cheap after all. However, she thought the extra work would be more than Ann could manage, so felt obliged to offer to have Mrs. Moore for a couple of days; but Ann's reply relieved her.

"Don't you have no chairwoman for my sake, miss, not without you wishes it yourself," said this outspoken damsel. "For my part I like my kitchen to myself, and then you don't get nothink broke."

Winnie was only too pleased to consent, so the girls and maid set to work with a hearty goodwill, and found plenty to do.

Since the re-adjustment of their income and expenditure, the girls had been compelled to be very economical, for a time at any rate, to make up past deficiencies; and no work was put out to be done that they could possibly manage to do themselves. Winnie began to be a good cook; she was of that happy, strong constitution which seems never to tire; and having, with an effort, torn herself from her devotion to study, she began to get more accustomed to the ordinary occupations of a busy house-mother, and no longer thought them the dreary drudgery they had seemed at first. Evelyn had been lately more inclined to rouse herself too; perhaps the sight of Winnie's unselfish determination to make them all comfortable had made her ashamed of her own selfish indolence, and she had astonished her sisters by volunteering small services in the house occasionally, though as a rule the duties her aunt had allotted to her were as much as she cared to undertake. Lulu remained much the same thoughtless, kind-hearted, impulsive girl she had always been; but when she took a fancy to undertake a piece of work, it was wonderful how much her strong energetic zeal could get through.

There was plenty of scope for all their varied talents during the next week, for after the smoke and fog of a long London winter, everything in the house seemed in want of polishing and brightening up.

Winnie had set her heart upon removing their thick carpets for the summer, and replacing them by Indian matting, as Margaret always did, but was deterred from doing so by motives of economy, which feeling was strengthened by the reflection that in their small house there was no room for storing the unused carpets. So she had to content herself with sending them away to be beaten, and one of them, which had a light-coloured ground, and was very dirty, to be scoured. In the meantime the stained floors were re-polished, and the bare boards under the carpets scrubbed with salt and water at Ann's suggestion as a safeguard against insects, of which Winnie had a great dread. Ann told her that they had once gone to live in a house which they found afterwards to be infested with vermin, and her mother had found the use of brine so successful in exterminating them, that she always used it occasionally even in the cleanest house, as a precaution, and as Ann said, "With Master Jack going in and out of goodness knows what dirty places, there's no knowing what you mayn't catch in your house; and anyhow it can't do the boards no harm."

The thick winter curtains were taken down, well shaken, brushed, and put away, wrapped in coarse, unbleached calico, to prevent moths, and with the additional precaution of a piece of camphor enclosed in each. Then Ann, mounted on a pair of steps, washed the Venetian blinds from top to bottom. She well dusted them first, and then carefully washed each lath with a flannel and a lather made with warm water and extract of soap.

Then there was the furniture to polish. A good deal of it was old-fashioned mahogany, which could only be made to look nice by dint of hard rubbing—"elbow grease," as our grandmothers would have said. Lulu undertook this, as suited to her style of work,

which she considered to be energetic and determined, but which Evelyn denounced as violent and jerky. She found, however, that, as a result of her energy, she was perpetually knocking her knuckles against the edge of the tables and chairs; so, necessity being the mother of invention, she invented a new rubber for herself. She found an old cork, belonging to a wide-necked pickle bottle, and enveloped it in several folds of an old duster. When it was thus converted into a soft pad, she tied a soft cloth over it, in uneven folds, so that it would go into all the crevices of the furniture, and with this rubber she polished all the furniture famously without any further injury to her knuckles. Her inventive genius also devised a means of cleaning such of the painted walls and varnished paper as would bear washing. She got a piece of wood, part of the lid of an old packing-case, about a foot square; to this she nailed a broom-handle, and then covered the square part with a fold of old baize, over which a damp cloth was tied, to wash the walls, which had been previously dusted with a cloth tied over a broom. When they had been washed all over with the damp cloths, dry ones were tied on to the wall-cleaner, and they were again wiped all over. The painted woodwork was washed with cold-water soap, which cleansed without injuring the paint.

All the mirrors had an extra polish. They were sponged over first with diluted spirits of wine, which was washed off again with clean water, and they were then rubbed with a soft cloth, and finished with an old silk handkerchief.

Some steel fire-irons, which had become slightly rusted through careless use during the winter, were rubbed with emery-powder, moistened with a few drops of turpentine, and afterwards with a warm chamois-leather.

The chimneys, too, were swept, and when all the dirty work was finished, the girls set to work to put up clean curtains. Those for the dining-room, which looked on to the road, were cream-coloured Madras muslin, made to meet at the top and tied back with broad pieces of coloured satteen, edged with lace. For the drawing-room, which was a rather dark room, and required all the light they could give it, they used, in summer and winter alike, the rich, heavy curtains brought from their old house; but these were drawn right back, so as not to cover the window at all, and on either side of each window was one of those thin, narrow Syrian curtains, now so much used, tied back with ribbon, so as only just to cover the woodwork, and only projecting very slightly across the window at the top.

The girls had been very busy for some time making summer quilts, and as the weather was warm, they decided that as many as were finished should be put on the beds at once. Unfortunately Evelyn had undertaken rather more of her favourite fancy work than she could manage, and the spare room, which she had volunteered to decorate, had to be left unfinished a little longer. As far as she had done it, however, it promised to look exceedingly pretty. She had made window-curtains and bed-hangings of Bolton sheeting, with a bold design appliqué on them in red twill, to form a border; but the counterpane and toilet-cover, which were to correspond, were still unfinished.

Some linen sheets, which had been thought too thin for winter, were now brought out, and the light of day showed symptoms of mildew, very alarming to Winnie, who had never had to deal with anything of the sort before.

"Perhaps it will wash out with strong soda," she suggested to Ann.

"Bless yer 'art, miss, that would just fatten it in as tight as Timothy, as the saying is; but they used to do it with starch and lemon at Cripps's," replied Ann. Mrs. Cripps was her



previous mistress, and seemed to have been a perfect model of a housekeeper from Ann's account, though she always spoke of her in this irreverent way.

Winnie did not in the least understand what she meant, but told her to try to remove the stains as she had seen it done before, and if it was not successful she would go and ask her aunt for advice. Ann accordingly tried first by leaving the linen sheets to bleach for two or three days in the little garden behind the house, and frequently sprinkling them with water; but finding the stains were of too long standing to be removed in that way, she mixed some soft soap and powdered starch, adding a few drops of lemon juice, and spread this on, and again left the sheets in the air for a few days; this time, on washing out the soap, she was rewarded by finding the marks completely gone.

Winnie felt very much ashamed of the bad management, which could allow any of her linen to get into this condition. The cupboard must be dreadfully damp," she said to Ann, "but I don't see how we can remedy that."

"No miss, only by drying everything well before it's put away, and leaving the cupboard doors open whenever there's a bright sunny day."

It must not be imagined that all this was the work of a day. For many days the girls worked hard from morning till night; poor Jack had his patience sorely tried by the discomfort of the house, but he bore it with his usual amiability; and they were all rewarded by seeing their house look so fresh and bright, that as Ann truly said, "it seemed as if summer had come inside as well as out." Jack too, though he had been rendered rather uncomfortable by the commotion, had still enough of the boy nature left in him to secretly half enjoy the disturbance, and withal he was man enough to see and appreciate the way Winnie gave up her own pleasures to devote herself to their comfort.

One evening, the very day the last touches had been put to the spring cleaning, Jack came home with a small parcel, which he handed to Winnie. "I say, Winnie," he said, "I saw these in a shop, and I thought as you were getting so devoted to housekeeping you would like to know what was the proper thing to eat each month, so I bought them for you."

On opening the little packet, Winnie found twelve cards, one for each month, on which were printed a list of all the things especially seasonable for that month, each furnished with a loop at the top, so that they could be hung up in the kitchen, and a housekeeper who was short of ideas might get some suggestions by looking over the list, as to the cheapest and most plentiful dishes. The one for May was as follows:

*Soup.*—Julienne, spring, tomato (tinned), and carrot soups.

*Fish.*—Cod, soles, smelts, whitebait, mackerel.

*Meat and Poultry.*—Veal, lamb, pigeons.

*Vegetables.*—Spring cabbage, spinach, young carrots, turnips, salads and radishes.

*Fruit.*—Rhubarb, late apples and pears, bottled and dried fruits.

Winnie was delighted with them, and often found the lists very useful, but she was still more pleased with Jack's thoughtfulness in bringing them for her.

One day, when Lulu was busy fixing up a light crewelled mantel-border, which had been replaced in winter by a darker and heavier one, less likely to be damaged by the smoke from the fires, Evelyn called her to her aid. "Look here, Lulu; do leave that a little while and come and help me with this counterpane. This design for the border looks so small and weak, it wants some of your bold touches to make it effective."

"You generally tell me I am too bold, even to audacity, in my designs," said Lulu, good-naturedly drawing a chair up to the table, and spreading the quilt out before her for inspection. "I can't stay long, for I promised to be at Cronetyki's at eleven."

Evelyn rarely let slip an opportunity for jeering at Lulu's interest in "those Polish impostors," but being in good humour at Lulu's timely assistance, she graciously inquired after their welfare.

"Oh, they are getting on a little better, I think; you know I persuaded three or four people to let him tune their pianos regularly, and they have told others, so he has quite a number of tuning engagements, and actually the Websters are going to let him teach their two boys the violin, and the girl the harp. Poor man, I pity him, for I know they haven't a speck of musical taste. He said he would so like to see and try my violin, so that is why I am going this morning."

When Lulu reached the little dark shop, Audine greeted her as respectfully as usual, but without the quick smile which generally lighted up the little pale face when Lulu appeared. Her father was worse, she said, and she was minding the shop while he sat coughing by the fire, in the little back parlour. As Lulu was regretfully turning to leave, Cronetyki, looking white and thin as a ghost, appeared at the door, and begged her to go in, if she would condescend to their humble parlour; he felt better again, he said, and his cough had abated. She gladly consented, and he held the door open for her, and handed her a chair with a quiet, almost stately dignity of manner, as though it were a drawing-room of a palace, instead of a small dark shop parlour, in which he was receiving a guest. Soon Lulu's treasured violin, a bequest to her from an old relative, was taken from its case, and its points duly admired. Cronetyki asked her to play, and anxious to gratify the sick man she complied, saying as she began:

"Now you must not praise me, unless you think I deserve it; for you know I am only a beginner, and of course I don't play well."

When she ceased playing he said, "That is good, very good, Miss Lancaster; you have the power, and the firm, decided touch, and a portion of feeling too, but,—excuse me,—you require the fineness, the delicateness, the small tendernesses; but that will come in time, one cannot feel the soul there is in the violin, how it speaks to one's heart, before you have lived long, and known the sorrow and sadness there is in the world."

So saying, he took the violin from her and played a simple, plaintive air, the same one she had herself attempted, but with such power and withal such intense feeling, that Lulu could find no words to thank him; and Audine stole gently up to him and slipped her little hand into his, in silent sympathy for the sorrow which was breathed through the music, though he never uttered it in words.

He roused himself after a few moments from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Ach! that air," he said; "I should know it well. It was almost the first I tried to play when a child of six, in my happy home; but I did not understand it then. My fingers played the notes, but my heart felt not the melody."

"You come from Poland, I suppose?" asked Lulu, very anxious to hear something of the man's history, and yet fearful of appearing curious.

"Yes, madam, from the country near Warsaw, where with my father, mother and brother I lived with nothing left to wish for, as one might suppose, and where I might be still living in comfort, and respected for my father's sake, but for my own folly and sin."

Again he stopped, and Lulu, feeling that she ought to say something, replied, gently—

"But we are all sinful, and we may all repent and be forgiven, if we will."

"Yes, thank God! and I believe my sins are covered in His sight, for He knows how sorely have I suffered, and sorrowed, and wept. But my earthly friends, my own people—yes, I must see them again, and prostrate myself before them. As you have been kindly interested in my little Audine and in me, I may perhaps tell you how it comes that we are in this state of struggling for a living, if it will not displease you."

Lulu gave a look of assent, but said nothing, and the sick man went on.

"Our home was all that was happy and comfortable, even luxurious, and my brother and myself the objects of all the affectionate care of our parents. But with me the passion for music was strong, and instead of ennobling my soul and purifying my life, it led me on and ever on into gay society; first the opera, then the dance, and all the excitements of gay company, till the peace and purity of home seemed wearisome, and, like the prodigal son in the Bible, I was set to go abroad and enjoy my life in my own way. I was the younger son, and had no claim to the inheritance of my father; yet was there, I knew, a portion for me. I did a greater evil than that other prodigal; I did not ask for my portion, but the occasion came, the temptation was strong, and I took it. Yes, madam," he went on, seeing Lulu's startled look, "yes, it is true. I was a thief, and my saintly parents, the people from whom I stole. I went to Paris, squandering my money in pleasure, then to London, where I met my wife, a fair, good English girl, who did not fear to join her fortunes to mine, and whose heart I was near to breaking. But for her sake I invested the small wreck of my fortune, and on the proceeds of that we contrived, as we still do, to live. Her sweet patience and heavenly goodness caused me to repent and turn from my sins, humbly trusting, with her help and the good God's mercy, to live a new life. But she died, and I was left with Audine. I wished she had gone with her mother from this wicked world, but now I see the work of God in that too. But for my Audine I must soon have sunk back to my evil ways, for, indeed, then there would have been nothing to link me with thoughts of heaven. But, with her, how could I again sink? So I have struggled on, and am still struggling, and but for my health I might hope to be not unsuccessful."

"And your friends; what of them?" asked Lulu.

"Ah! madam, that is for what I work so hard, to have money to take us, we two, to seek the old home if, perhaps, they are still there, and to crave forgiveness, which they could not withhold from their son, who is a true penitent and with but a short time to live."

"But why not write to them?"

"Madam, I know not if they live even. I know not to whom to write; they also might not see the true sorrow of my heart in a letter, having known me only as a deceiver. No, I cannot write. But a doctor whom I have once seen, he says the consumption will be slow; I may live a year, perhaps even two, and in that time I trust to save and to replace some little of that which I took from my father, that he might see that I truly sorrow. If not—if I must die without again seeing my fatherland—"

"If not! Why, of course, it will all come right," cried Lulu, impulsively; "you must not think of failing. I am sure I shall be able to get you some more lessons to give and tuning to do, and you will soon have money enough. God will make you strong and well again, I am sure, and let you get home to your people. He would never take you away



before this has happened, and I am certain it will be all right. I am so glad you have told me all this, for I shall feel such an interest in your success, and try so hard to help you. Excuse my asking, but I suppose your income is enough for you and Audine to live on, and the proceeds of the business go to the other object, the getting home and returning your father's money?"

"That is it, madame; and that is what I hope, I pray, I long for," said Cronetyki, with such an earnest, craving look in his hollow eyes that Lulu felt determined, come what might, that he should succeed.

She felt more deeply touched than ever in her life before, and was almost provoked at the patient calmness of his tone as he added, reverently—

"But while I long, with a longing that words cannot speak, to see my father and my fatherland once again, I hope and pray that whatever comes I may still have grace to say, 'God's will be done;' yes, though He deny me my heart's desire."

(To be continued.)

## THE IVY GREEN. A SEQUEL TO "T'WAS IN A CROWD."

By Mrs. J. A. OWEN.

### CHAPTER IV.

'TIS DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.



NORAH broke the seal of her letter from home, enclosing one from Mrs. Russell, saying that Jack and Ethel were ill with scarlet-fever, therefore at present it was not desirable for her to return to her situation; though upon their recovery she must be in readiness to resume her duties. The madre wrote saying how delighted Uncle Arthur and she were to think of having Norah with them for some time, and begged her not to delay her return.

Mrs. Maxwell tried to persuade her to remain at the camp a week longer, but some indefinable feeling now drew her longings towards home, and in spite of the gay campers, and the glory of the yellow corn and flowing river, she eagerly anticipated the little house in London with the faces of her dear ones.

"Well, if you really must go," said Mr. Maxwell, "we will take you down in the boat and see you off from the station." So there was much fun and laughter as a farewell chorus to speed Norah on her homeward way.

She arrived there as the madre was busy setting the tea-table, and very loving was the welcome she received.

"How well you are looking, darling!" said the madre; "and how ill you are looking!" cried Norah, in the same breath.

"I will run and make tea," said Norah, "while you rest in this easy chair. I can see where I am most needed now." And away she ran, soon reappearing with the teapot; and her mere presence seemed to bring some new life into the madre's tired face.

"When will uncle come in?" asked Norah, as she cut some slices of thin bread and butter.

"Not before seven," replied Mrs. Grey. "How glad he will be to see you in your old

place! He is so well, and now takes quite an interest in the business of his office. I cannot understand why lately I have felt so unlike myself: everything seems a trouble, and anxiety presses me down even while I tell myself that all is going on well."

"You have been too much alone, dear madre; you want a tonic labelled 'Norah;' that will soon rouse you up."

And before Mr. Grey returned, Norah's recital of her camping experiences had won many smiles from the madre. But though on the following days Norah relieved her aunt from all domestic care, she still felt languid and even ill; until one night she complained of such feverish pains all over her body, that Mr. Grey slipped out and returned with a doctor.

He wrote out a prescription, and then ordered every precaution to be taken against infection.

"What do you fear, doctor?" asked Norah, as she went to let him out at the front door.

"There is a good deal of diphtheria about, and Mrs. Grey shows some of the symptoms; it may pass off in a feverish attack, but her throat looks bad. Are there any children in the house?"

"No, doctor."

"Well, give her plenty of jelly, beef-tea, anything in fact that she can swallow, till I come again. Place plenty of Condy's fluid and acetic acid about, and keep all the windows open a little way."

Mr. Grey was quite unnerved by the doctor's visit, and Norah needed all her self-command to settle Mrs. Grey upstairs without showing anything of the fear that had fallen upon them.

Mr. Grey went out to buy jelly, and several things Norah thought were needed, and after his return she got him to nail a sheet wet with disinfectant before the sick-room door, and for many days this was never allowed to dry.

Oh! those terrible days of anxiety when Norah and Mr. Grey thought the treasure of their hearts would be taken from them; and the outer world was unheeded in the absorbing watch within one narrow room. Oh! the unspeakable relief when medical skill and careful nursing, under God's blessing, made the enemy Disease retire, and the madre, though but the wreck of herself, was still again "out of danger."

Norah had never allowed Jane, the servant, to enter the room, but had shared the entire nursing with Uncle Arthur. Yet on the very day upon which Mrs. Grey was pronounced out of danger, Jane, poor girl, complained, just as Mrs. Grey had done; and Norah's heart sank within her, as she thought of a second patient, ere the first could leave her bed.

She said nothing to Mr. Grey that night, but she made the girl gargle her throat, left a tray with wine and jelly within her reach for the night, and then returned to Mrs. Grey's room.

Several times during the still hours she stole up to see how Jane slept, and as morning advanced could not doubt of its being diphtheria.

The doctor confirmed her fears. "This throat," said he, "is malignant; you must send her to the hospital."

"But, doctor," said Norah, "auntie never would allow any servant from her house to go to a hospital; we must nurse her here."

"How long will it take you to put on your bonnet, Miss Norah?"

"Two minutes, doctor."

"Then please put it on; I will take you, for you must see the matron of the hospital at once, and arrange with her to receive this girl directly. If not, I shall be having you on my hands next, and then there would be the piper to pay."

So Norah put on her hat at once, and the doctor's carriage soon drew up before the hospital door, and thanking him for his kindness, Norah went in search of the matron, who, having a small ward quite empty, could fortunately receive Jane that day.

Before returning home, she engaged a man to bring a cab to convey her to the hospital, upon her promising the fee necessary to ensure its fumigation, and then Norah hurried home to relieve Uncle Arthur of his guard over the two patients.

It was difficult to keep the madre in ignorance of Jane's illness and departure; and what would have been reasonable for Jane to do was too much for Norah now, almost worn out with nursing.

Mr. Grey had procured a woman to do the kitchen work, but nothing would induce her to run any risk of infection, so the days of the madre's slow recovery were very painful to Norah.

She set off one afternoon to see Jane, who was now recovering after a fearful illness, and left the ward feeling worn in body, and distressed in mind. She felt so tired upon reaching the bottom of the stairs that she sat down to rest, in the still white lobby.

She heard a door open close beside her, but took no notice of a tall man who passed her, with an open book in his hand, until the fact of his suddenly stopping and looking at her drew her attention to himself. She raised her eyes, usually so bright, but now dimmed with anxious tears, to meet the steady, reassuring glance of Lawrence Marshall.

"Miss Grey," he said, concealing his surprise at finding her alone in such a place of suffering, "pray come into this room and rest." And he led the way back, and closed the door.

"I did not know you came here, Dr. Marshall," said Norah, timidly.

"Did you not? I visit here twice a week in my professional capacity, and this is my private room. But to meet me, a sober medical man, in a hospital cannot be one half the surprise to you as it is for me to find the presiding fay of Pangbourne woods in such an uncongenial sphere. What can have attracted you hither?"

And so Norah was led to tell her troubles to her sympathetic listener, and very grave was his noble intelligent face as he followed Norah's recital.

"If you will allow me, I should so much like to make Mr. Grey's acquaintance; you see his wife is an old friend of mine, and we old Californians do not like to forget old friends."

So Norah told him where they lived, within a walking distance of the hospital. Without further delay, he coolly took up his hat, and accompanied Norah to her door.

"I will call later on," he said, "when Mr. Grey is sure to be in," and Norah with a lightened heart entered her home.

She laid aside her hat before going in to the madre, and, as she opened the door, could not repress a little scream of delight, as she saw her aunt sitting up in an easy chair, and met Uncle Arthur's triumphant look as he complacently carved a fowl which stood on the tea-table which he had erected in the sick room.

"Was there ever such a man as this husband of mine?" asked the madre, as she daintily ate her chicken. "Doctor came while you were out, Norah, and said I might get up, so Arthur found my clothes; and besides all that he brushed out my hair for ever so long, and concluded by fetching this large tea-tray upstairs."

"Yes," said Mr. Grey, solemnly, "and as I mounted those stairs, I nearly dropped it, from a sudden quail, as I wondered what



## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

BY DORA HOPE.



**D**URING the winter and spring, Margaret's three children, with their little adopted brother Julius, had been steadily improving under Miss Baines' care, both in point of knowledge and general behaviour; her plans of education

and management had succeeded admirably, and she had contrived to gain the hearty affection of all, including even Julius, to conquer

whose rooted objection to anything like discipline had been a hard task; but she had steadily persevered, and to his sisters' surprise had been able to a great extent to cure his trick of lisping. Her unvarying patience and kindness, even in his most troublesome moods, combined with gentle firmness whenever her authority was in question, and persistence in watching for and encouraging all his good qualities, had at length begun to make an impression on her turbulent pupil, and though he was as vivacious and full of mischief as ever, he began to have a faint perception of the fact that there are times for lessons as well as play, and occasions when obedience is more suitable than rebellion.

As the holiday time approached, the question of the summer outing began to occupy the minds of the elders. As soon as Wilfred was able to fix the time when he would be able to leave town, Margaret arranged with Miss Baines that she should take her holiday at the same time; and then following the advice of several friends, she inquired at a Governesses' Home for a holiday governess. There was no difficulty in finding one, in fact Margaret was quite bewildered with the number of applications from teachers who, not being required during the vacations, and having no home to go to, were anxiously looking out for a temporary situation. A French governess was fixed upon at last, who agreed to go with Margaret without salary, in return for having all her expenses paid. She was not required to do any regular teaching, but just to help Margaret in taking care of the children, to talk French with them always, and hear them practise the piano for a short time every day, only occasionally giving them a short lesson on wet days. Before making this arrangement, however, Margaret ascertained that Miss Baines had an invitation to visit some friends in the country, as had this not been the case, Wilfred had suggested that she and her mother should be asked to stay with them, as their guests, during part of their visit to the seaside.

The next difficulty was to decide where to go. Wilfred advertised in the newspapers for a furnished house, within an easy walk of the sea, to which he received several replies, and they fixed upon one, within two hours' journey of London. The owners of the house wished their cook to remain in charge, to which Margaret made no objection, as in fact it suited her plans particularly well. She arranged to take her nurse with her for the

whole time, and for the first half, the housemaid also, and when she returned the cook was to take her place, so that both her servants would have the advantage of a fortnight at the sea. As for her own house, the maids were to divide the cleaning between them, and a poor woman was engaged to sleep at the house the whole time, and assist in the cleaning whenever she had no other work.

The party at the seaside was to be a large one, for the house was roomy, and Margaret was determined to make good use of it; so she had invited Tom's wife and two little children to go down with her and stay as long as they could be comfortable away from home, and Tom himself promised to join them from Saturday till Monday each week.

As soon as they were fairly settled down, and had declared themselves more than satisfied with the place, Wilfred left them, and started on a yachting cruise with a friend, and Margaret, finding she had still a room to spare, wrote to her nieces, the Lancasters, to come to her, two at a time, so that Jack should not be left at home alone. Accordingly, Evelyn and Lulu joined the party at once, and a very merry party it was, for Margaret threw off much of her matronly dignity and gave herself up to enjoyment. Her fondness for boating exploits returned with its old vigour, and her town-bred nieces became infected with the same tastes, and under her tuition were soon expert boat-women. Lulu especially took to the water like a native, for having learnt to swim, dive, and otherwise disport herself in the water several years before, she revelled in this unexpected opportunity for her favourite exercise. She alone of the party had been taught the principles of saving drowning people, and many merry bathes they had whilst she tried to impart her knowledge to her companions. Evelyn, having only just mastered the art of swimming, declared it would be as much as she could possibly do to save herself, and she would have to leave her drowning friends to their fate. Margaret was a strong swimmer, but she could not manage the saving business. She would grasp the make-believe drowning girl by the hair, and, keeping her head with apparently studied care under the water, she would get along bravely enough till Lulu, shrieking with laughter, rescued the panting and indignant victim, who usually refused to be practised upon any more, whilst Margaret was intensely astonished that her system of life-saving was not approved by all concerned.

Wilfred was particularly anxious that his boys should excel in all manly sports, and had made arrangements with a young fisherman, before he started on his cruise, to give Claud and Julius some lessons in both swimming and rowing, and he had promised a reward to the one who should have made the best progress when he came to fetch them home. Accordingly, their new instructor called for the boys every morning and gave them a good swimming lesson three times a week, on the alternate days taking them with him in his boat, letting them help him with his fishing-nets and lobster pots. Then, giving them each a light oar, while he himself sculled, he would make them keep time with him, and though at first their rowing did not materially affect the speed of the boat, they presently acquired such skill that they were quite able to pull the boat alone, though slowly, while the fisherman acted as coxswain and gave his instructions from the stern. On the days when the boys did not have a swimming lesson, they bathed with the other children, under the supervision of Mademoiselle Piton, the governess; but Margaret herself was generally somewhere near, and the nurse had strict injunctions to see that the children were thoroughly warm before their bath, and if

there was any doubt about it, or the day was chilly, to send them for a run first.

By being careful on this point, and seeing to it that the children were trying to swim, or otherwise exercising themselves all the time they were in the water, Margaret was able without fear to let them bathe even on somewhat chilly days, for as long as they were exerting themselves in the water they did not feel the cold, and the moment their energies seemed to flag they were called in, the nurse being ready to dress them as quickly as possible, and they were sent off for a run before they had a chance of shivering. Poor little Hugh was the only one who did not enjoy this daily bath, and he could by no means be induced to enter a bathing machine without tears. Margaret insisted at first, but finding that the child really dreaded it, and judging truly that the unhappiness would do him more harm than the sea-water would do good, she desisted, and instead of sending him with the other children out of the bathing machine into comparatively deep water, she let him play unmolested on the edge of the tide, and by coaxing him to sit down on the sand, close to the water, though not in it, so that an occasional ripple would wash over him, she gradually accustomed him to the shock.

Before they left he had quite conquered his nervousness, and though he still had a violent aversion to the machine, yet if allowed to run in from the beach, and to take his own time about it, he would go in quite as far, and enjoy himself almost as much as the others. Of course, as Hugh did not attempt to swim or play games in the water, he could only be allowed to bathe on warm days, and, except when the weather was very hot, remained but a short time in the water.

Claud and Julius were old enough to join in most of the excursions of the elders, whilst little Cicely spent the whole day with her nurse, paddling a good part of the day bare-footed on the sands, digging holes, building castles, and chasing with eager fingers the unwary shrimp. Hugh wavered between the two parties, sometimes going with the elders boating, in which his joy was mingled with fear and trembling, and sometimes staying with Cicely, which in his heart of hearts he enjoyed the best, for he could dig the most elaborate system of trenches, and he and Cicely were ever a most harmonious little couple.

Tom's wife, Laura, did not care for boating, and preferred to keep her children with her, so they rarely joined in any of the excursions by water, though she was always ready for a drive or very moderate walk. She generally spent the day under a tent-umbrella on the sands, she herself reading or working, whilst the children played about, with strict orders not to stray far, nor upon any account to take off their shoes and socks.

"Paddle, Margaret!" she said, when one bright morning it was suggested that the little ones should join the young Trents on a grand bare-foot shrimping expedition. "No, indeed, I do not wish to lay up a store of rheumatism for them when old."

"But it does not injure them, I assure you, Laura; the salt water, as long as they keep running about, can do them nothing but good. You know you were grieving only this morning that little Ethel's ankles were so weak; I know you bathe them with salt water every day, but running about bare-legged on the sand would strengthen them far more quickly."

This argument touched a tender point, for one of Laura's most constant sources of anxiety was a fear lest her children's legs might not grow perfectly straight, and after a little more coaxing and arguing from Margaret, she at length consented to it for a short time every day. Laura was a most devoted mother, and would do anything for



the good of her children, but having been always rather delicate herself she had got into the way of fancying everyone else must be the same, and she gave herself endless trouble and anxiety to prevent any possibility of the children taking cold, instead of hardening them so as to be able to resist it. She had so carefully guarded against a breeze ever blowing upon them, that they had become really delicate, and in need of constant nursing, so that it was with considerable nervousness that she consented to let them run about as they liked with their cousins.

"And then, Margaret," she added, "you must excuse me, but I do think it is a pity not to let your little ones have large hats; their complexions will not be right again till Christmas," and she looked complacently at her pale little girls, whose faces, never without the shade of a large brimmed hat, were guiltless of a freckle.

"Why, Laura, I love to see them tanned; I think it is beautiful to see a lot of fine brown faces when one gets back to town, and at any rate it is better than teasing the children and spoiling their holiday by thinking of their complexions."

"My nose is peeling, Aunt Laura," said Lulu, in complacent tones. "I am very anxious to get brown, and have always exposed my face as much as possible, with this happy result to my most prominent feature. I shall be as brown as a nut in a week's time."

"I suppose you prefer to be mistaken for a fisherman's daughter, and you may certainly hope to succeed," said Evelyn, who agreed with her Aunt Laura, and was perpetually anointing her face with cream and butter-milk, and all sorts of other unpleasant remedies for sunburn.

They were all sitting under Laura's tent for a chat before starting off on some excursion; the children were enjoying their bath, a short distance away, in charge of Mdlle. Piton. This lady was of opinion that bathing was an unpleasant and barbarous institution, and the most she could be persuaded to do herself in that line was occasionally to join the children (the elders took to the water too energetically to suit her), when she would remain upon the bathing machine steps, just touching the water with her toes.

From her post here this morning she was directing her charges to plunge and wet the head, not to venture out any further, and so on, in shrill and voluble French, repeating her injunctions in English when she found they did not understand. The laughter and screams of the children themselves were unceasing as they frolicked and splashed about, to the amusement of the party in the tent, who could hear their merry voices, and the sharp tones of the governess, as they turned now and then to watch the number of sleek little heads bobbing up and down.

Suddenly Lulu started up with such violence as to over-turn the tent, and send her aunt's books and work flying in every direction, half burying Evelyn in the wreck. With a quick cry she sprang away, and before anyone had time to recover themselves or reproach her, they saw her flying across the sands, tearing off hat and cloak as she ran. On she fled like lightning, over the rocks to the little wooden breakwater; another moment and she had reached the end, and, pausing only an instant to snatch off her shoes, she leaped into the sea.

Without speaking, the watchers knew it was a drowning child. Evelyn burst into hysterical weeping and wringing of her hands, which with an effort she subdued as Margaret, with a white face, ordered her sternly to be quiet and run to the lodgings, get some hot blankets, and fetch a doctor; then, gathering up some wraps, Margaret was down at the breakwater in less time than it takes to tell,

whilst Laura, unnoticed, had quietly fainted away.

Meantime, the children had all, save one, gathered frightened and crying in the machines. Mademoiselle Piton seemed paralysed with fear, the nurse only kept cool enough to hurriedly dress the shivering children.

Meanwhile, the little figure, whose struggles had caused Lulu's sudden terror, had sunk and reappeared once. When the small black head rose for the second time, Lulu was within arm's length of him. The boy (of course, it was Julius) struggled frantically, but to Margaret's horror, Lulu, instead of seizing him, swam a stroke away and quietly watched him without an effort to help, till with one more struggle and cry he sank out of sight. A groan burst from the crowd who had now gathered round Margaret. Some fishermen, who had seen from a distance that something was the matter, and had run as quickly as possible along the beach, now reached their boat, and, pushing off, prepared to row with all their might towards the spot where the child had disappeared. But before the boat was fairly launched the little head appeared once more, this time still and motionless, and Lulu, catching his hair, turned him over on to his back, and supporting him with one arm, swam slowly to the shore.

Margaret received the cold, motionless little body, wrapping him in her cloak, and pressing him to her bosom as she ran the short distance across the sands to the house. Lulu's strength was gone too, and she sank trembling on the beach after trying to walk a few steps, hampered by wet clothes and the shawls which some women had hastily thrown round her. A dozen strong arms were eagerly offered to carry her home, and to this indignity, as she afterwards called it, she was compelled to submit.

Evelyn's nature for once had seemed to wake up into life and self-forgetfulness, and she had quickly and quietly done all that was possible. A doctor was hurriedly sent for, and at his direction she provided hot blankets and hot bottles for Lulu, and made her drink a cup of coffee, while he himself did all in his power to induce some sign of life in the motionless form of little Julius; but twenty minutes passed, and still there was no movement. Margaret had almost given up hope, when there was a little sigh and a twitching of the lips, and the doctor looked up with a smile.

"He is saved," he said; "now you can help me. Get some hot blankets, and we will try to bring back warmth as well as life."

Margaret, who had been watching in an agony of fear, was thankful to be told to do anything, and soon their exertions were rewarded by reawakening life. A little longer, and the doctor stopped rubbing the cold little limbs, saying, "There, he is safe now; give him a few days' coddling and he will be playing about and getting into fresh mischief."

A little languor and sense of weariness for a couple of days were all the ill effects Lulu suffered, and what the doctor had said about Julius came true, for in a week he was quite as lively as ever again, though his adventure had taught him a severe lesson of obedience which he did not soon forget.

"How was it, my boy?" asked Margaret, as soon as he was well enough to talk to her.

"Oh! that old Piton won't say her h's, you know, aunt, and she called out to me not to go along that way to the breakwater, 'cause there's an 'ole there, and I said, 'What is an 'ole, madamose! I don't know what you mean,' and she said, 'Jules, it is a hole, I say,' and I pretended I couldn't make out what she meant, and went on, and all of a sudden I popped under into a deep place, and the water all got in my mouth, and I

never knew no more about it till I felt the doctor thumping my chest."

"Oh, Julius, when will you believe that older people know best—when will you learn to be obedient?"

"I'm not going to be naughty never no more, aunt, 'cause Evelyn says I nearly drowned Lulu too through being naughty; only it was madamose's fault this time, she oughter sounded her h's and then I shouldn't have gone, and please aunt may me and Claud have a donkey ride?" The aspiration of the "h" was the one and only good thing to be said for poor Julius' manner of speech, and this fact probably caused him to be so critical on the point.

After this, Margaret was extremely careful that the children should never bathe except under the charge of some older person who could swim, and would keep a strict watch upon them, though there was no longer any cause for anxiety, for the children were now as timid as they had before been rash. She was especially careful, too, that none of the party should bathe when the tide was going out, the careless neglect of which precaution had been a great cause of Julius's misadventure.

She could not help remonstrating with Lulu when she was perfectly recovered, for having allowed Julius to sink again when she could easily have caught hold of him, thus running the risk of his not rising again.

"Didn't you notice, aunt, when he came up he was struggling and kicking so, that as I was weighted with my wet clothes, if he had caught hold of me he would have dragged me under, and we should certainly have both been drowned. I knew if I let him go down he was sure to come up again, and if for any reason he had not, the water was perfectly clear so that I could watch him all the time, and I should have dived after him—in fact, I was just going to do so when he came up."

One day towards the end of their holiday the boys came home in triumph carrying between them a large conger eel, a present from their friend and tutor, the fisherman. Margaret was pleased with it at first, particularly as the boys were so proud of their contribution to the housekeeping; but after having a dish of it at every meal for some days, the unusual fare began to pall. First they had a thick slice boiled, but though they all tried to like it, it was so very tasteless that no one cared to eat much. The next day it was served with lobster sauce; and as Mdlle. Piton said, *La sauce fait passer le poisson*. Another day it was curried, and again, made into fish pie, with the addition of a whitening to give flavour to it, and well seasoned with mace, nutmeg, and very finely chopped lemon-peel, so that they at last succeeded in eating all the fish, though in truth it must be said no one was very sorry when they came to the end of it.

The month's holiday slipped away so quickly that all the party were dismayed when Wilfred wrote reminding them that their time was nearly up, and suggesting that he should return from his cruise a day or two sooner than he had intended, in order to escort them home. The boys were heart-broken at the idea of leaving the sea, and not even Margaret felt quite the proper amount of pleasure at the prospect of being at home again. The children were partly reconciled, however, by a promise from Wilfred that if he was satisfied with their progress, they should go on with their swimming lessons at some baths near home, and the elders had various ties in London, the thought of which gradually reconciled them to returning, so that by the time Wilfred arrived they had recovered their good spirits, and were all ready to accompany him home.

(To be continued.)



## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.

THE approaching marriage of Margaret's cousin, Elsie Colville, was the event to which all the family circle were now looking forward. The engagement had been a long one, and the time of the wedding had been fixed from the first, so that her friends told her if her things were not nice it would be her own fault, for she had had plenty of time to think over and plan her affairs.

At last the eventful day was drawing very near, and Elsie was dining for the last time with her cousins Margaret and Wilfred.

"A sort of valedictory dinner, his has been, Margaret," said Elsie, with a little anxious sigh, as the two sat toying with their cups of coffee in the drawing-room. "Do you know, we mean to have lots of little tiny dinner parties just like yours, instead of one or two big ones a year, and I only hope we may have everything as perfect."

"But you surely don't consider this a dinner party," said Margaret, disdainfully.

"No, that is just the beauty of it, you never have those immense heavy affairs, which cost so much, and which no one enjoys; your plan is so infinitely more enjoyable of having just a few friends in to dinner without any ostentation. How many do you generally invite at once?"

"Not more than eight, that is the most our own servants can wait on, and I do not care to have strange waiters, it seems so much more pretentious; but as we have these little dinners very frequently, I have a woman to help in the kitchen, so that the servants are not so much upset in their regular work, and in the evening she carries the dishes up to the table in the hall, so that the two who are waiting do not need to go downstairs at all."

"I am afraid the waiting will be the greatest difficulty with us; you know we are going to begin economically, and shall not give high enough wages to get an experienced waitress."

"That is always the troublesome point with everyone; but given a quick active girl, tolerably light on her feet, she can soon be trained to wait well."

"I should not know how to set about training an utterly inexperienced girl, even though she were a fairy for lightness and speed."

"I have heard it said that the best way is to seat her at the table, and take the place of waitress yourself, but I fancy the victim would be so very nervous and flurried during the meal that she would be conscious of nothing but her own misery. My plan is to make the best use of opportunities when you are alone with her, at lunch, for example, and let her do everything correctly, and hand the same dish again and again if needful, till she does it exactly as you wish, and have the table laid, and the sideboard arranged as carefully as though you had a dinner party. And then try and make her use her eyes, if you see anyone at the table lacking anything, call the maid to you, and very quietly tell her to look round till she finds the one who requires something, and what that something is. Of course, you can only do this when you are either alone, or have only your sisters with you, or someone of that sort who would not mind being practised upon for the benefit of your waitress; and then, if you speak quietly and kindly to her, and do not expose her mistakes before strangers, or flurry her, she very quickly begins to notice for herself, and take a pride in her quick attentive waiting."

"Talking of waiting reminds me that mother and I called yesterday on those new people who have come to live next door. They seem to be wealthy, and try to make a great show, but nothing was really nice. To begin with, we had to ring these times before being ad-

mitted. That annoyed mother, who said a gentlewoman would pocket her pride and open the door herself, rather than keep visitors waiting if the servants are tardy."

"And at least the mistress can always touch the drawing-room bell to call their attention if by chance they have not heard," put in Margaret.

"Well, we went in, and the servant omitted to ask for our name, so mother called her back to tell her, as we were strangers. Then she came back, and applied a match to the fire, which I do think a most unpleasant proceeding. As mother says, if the family is occupying some other room, it is much more polite to receive visitors there, even though it is not the best room in the house. Then the tea! I distinctly heard the lady whisper to the maid to bring some at once; but instead of a nice little table with a pretty pot and cups and saucers, the girl carried in a large tray full of cups already filled with tea, which had spilt over considerably into the saucers, and which was already supplied with milk and sugar, quite regardless of the tastes of the guest. Wasn't it horrid, Margaret?"

"Yes, indeed, though when one is alone, I see no objection to having a cup brought from the kitchen tea-pot, if it is handed on a nice tray, with a small cream-jug and sugar-basin, it is quite as pleasant as having it made specially for you, and saves the servants a little trouble. But unless you have things done nicely always you cannot expect maids to get out of their customary habits when you have visitors."

"Yes, that is a maxim which mother is constantly impressing on my mind. You know at our house we do not have an elaborate dessert every day, but we always have the plates and glasses and everything spread in detail, even though there is only a nut or two and a shrivelled orange to tempt our appetites, because mother says, how can Fenton be expected to spread it correctly upon special occasions, when she gets no practice between. But to return to your dinner parties, Margaret; it is not only the waiting that charms me, but your dishes are always so light and simple and unostentatious, and yet everything so nice of its kind that it could not be improved if a princess were to suddenly join the party. Do you always have just one *entrée* as you had the other night?"

"We rarely have more than one; as most of our friends are not gourmands, I think that is quite sufficient. I consider the idea of inviting guests to spend almost the whole evening in eating and drinking is an insult to their better natures, and altogether wearisome, and as, fortunately for me, Wilfred is quite of my way of thinking, I aim to get the actual dinner as short and simple as possible consistently with making my table attractive, and having abundant provision for the wants of our guests. I am told that many of the 'upper ten' are introducing lighter and simpler banquets, so I am reforming in good company. But it has taken some time to get cook into the way of making these simple dishes in the best way possible; long heavy dinners are really less trouble to arrange, for the fewer dishes there are, the more they are liable to criticism; but I generally have creams and a few other troublesome dishes sent in from the confectioner's; the difference in expense is very trifling, and it saves cook a great deal of trouble, and me a great deal of anxiety."

The dinner to which Margaret referred especially was one given in honour of Elsie and her *fiancé* the previous week, to which eight guests had been invited. The decorations of the table were simple and pretty. Instead of the usual embroidered cloth down the middle of the table, a plain strip of

crimson Roman satin was laid down, the edges covered with trailing sprays of green, Virginian creeper, Japanese honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. The centre of the table was occupied by a large old china punch-bowl, filled with roses, and on either side of it a flower-pot with a growing strawberry plant, covered with ripe red fruit. All the floral decorations were low, so that the guests could look at their *vis-à-vis* without craning their necks to see round a large flower-vase, as one so often has to do at large dinner parties, like children playing at bo-peep. The menu was as follows:

Soups: White, and Julienne.

Fish: Red Mullet, Salmon in Mayonnaise.

Entrée: Savoury Omelette.

Joint: Fore-quarter of Lamb, with Green Peas, New Potatoes, and Mint Sauce.

Game: Golden Plover.

Sweets: Raspberry and Red Currant Tart and Cabinet Pudding, Strawberry Cream and Lemon Jelly, Cheese Straws, Dessert.

The finger glasses had each a few blossoms floating on the water, of stephanotis for the ladies, and heliotrope for the gentlemen.

This dinner being short, was quickly over, and allowed time for an agreeable evening in the drawing-room, enlivened by music and singing, as nearly all the party were musical.

"There is one little hint which you will find useful if you have rather clumsy servants, Elsie. I have found from sad experience that if the cook sends up a dish rather full of gravy, the chances are that an untrained servant will spill it on the stairs, so now I always have a thin edge of mashed potatoes put round little dishes of stews, or anything else with gravy; it improves the appearance of the dish and prevents accidents. But we are wandering away from the subject of your house, and you promised to tell me all your arrangements. Are your kitchen necessaries provided yet?"

"Some of them; all the cooking utensils are ordered, and mother and I are going to-morrow to buy brooms and that kind of thing. Which do you consider the best brush shop about here?"

"I really do not know, for I get everything of that sort from the Institution for the Blind. I wish you could get yours there, Elsie, they are just as good as anywhere else, and it is such a charity."

"But you can get them so much cheaper at the regular shops."

"There is never more than a few pence difference, and it is the only way blind people can earn a living; you know nothing would please your generous heart better than to give them a handsome subscription, but it is a far greater charity to help them to help themselves, by buying their work. If people will not encourage them to work, they have to be supported by charity or go into the work-house, so do give them a trial like a sweet girl as you are; I am sure you will not regret it. But how about your table-linen?"

"That is all ready, and I am longing for you to see it; it is all so dainty and refined, I think. You know Hugh asked mother and me to choose everything for the house, so we are spending all our days in shopping. Some of my table-cloths are heavy linen sheeting, fringed and knotted six inches deep all round; and some have a border worked in red and blue ingrain cotton, with serviettes to match; and then of course there are some ordinary damask cloths. I am having a great quantity of serviettes, because we mean to use them at every meal. I do not see why one should be so particular about having them for lunch and dinner, and do without them at breakfast."

"You must not be too lavish with your linen, Elsie, though I admit unlimited clean white cloths are an immense temptation, but the washing bills mount up alarmingly. Do the



wedding presents come pouring in as fast as ever?"

"Yes, we have had a great many within the last few days, people are so very kind. The most unique one I have had was from that poor old crossing-sweeper, whom I have always been interested in. It is a very handsome Castor Oil plant. Hugh at once, of course, suggested it must have been stolen from a neighbouring florist, but it is not, for the man says an acquaintance in the gardening profession gave him a tiny plant some years ago, and it has grown to its present perfection. The curious thing is, the old man tells me, that flies will not go near it, at least if they do they soon repent it, for it poisons them, and in the weather when flies are most teasing and troublesome, the room with this plant in has been kept quite clear of them, and a circle of dead flies has been found round the pot; so you see this present is both useful and ornamental. By the bye, how does Lulu's sewing-basket answer? I have promised to buy some things from it for our house."

"Poor child, she works desperately hard, and to tell the truth is a perfect worry to her friends. But she is so earnest about it, and the object is such a good one, one cannot help trying to encourage her, and it will not be for long, I suppose."

"Why? Is the man worse?"

"I do not know that he gets rapidly worse, but he cannot possibly recover, and unless he succeeds in getting to his home shortly, I fear whether he would be able to bear such a journey."

This sewing basket was a scheme of Lulu's for raising money to assist Cronetyki and his little girl to go back to Warsaw, according to his own earnest desire, and to pay back the sum of money of which in his early youth he had robbed his father. At first he had absolutely refused any definite help of this sort, declining it with all the proud reserve of his former life; but at length, after a great deal of reasoning from Lulu, and feeling his own strength rapidly failing, he consented to take a sum, strictly as a loan, and he insisted upon signing an agreement to repay it, if possible, during his lifetime, and if that by the grace of God were not permitted, that it should, by instalments, be repaid from the slender provision he would leave for Audine.

Having accomplished this much, Lulu set joyfully to work to get together the required sum, and, with her usual impulsive energy, left no stone unturned whereby she might gain a trifle for her protégé. From henceforth she abjured tea and coffee, and stoically drank water at all her meals; she left off sugar too, of which she had hitherto taken a considerable quantity; and on the strength of these sacrifices demanded 8d. a week from housekeeper Winnie. She patched and mended away at old clothes, to lay by the sum which would otherwise have been spent on very necessary new ones, going about in dresses and hats that Evelyn declared would disgrace a crossing-sweeper's daughter. She was always offering to perform different duties for her sisters; but insisted upon being paid handsomely for her services.

"Winnie, I will darn your stockings, and mend your dress, and go over to Kensington for that wool for you this morning, for sixpence," she suggested one day, with an air of bestowing a favour.

"Thank you, I can do them myself, and I have not sixpence to spare."

"Oh well, I'll say fivepence-halfpenny, as it is you, Winnie; why, it will save you that in shoe-leather."

"Fivepence-halfpenny will not go far to pay your favourite thief's debts," chimed in Evelyn, who was rather ruffled about something or other, and could not forbear having a hit at poor Lulu's Polish friend.

"Every little helps, though," said Lulu, who was wise enough not to take any notice of the taunt. "Come, is it a bargain Winnie?" and on receiving an affirmative reply, she flew upstairs for the dress, and had half finished her task before Winnie had time to explain what wanted doing to it.

But the most important means of gaining money was the sewing basket of which Margaret and Elsie had spoken. A few sympathising friends spent an afternoon with Lulu once or twice a week, and made a number of useful and ornamental articles, with which she bravely tramped about to every friend and acquaintance she possessed, cajoling them into sympathising with her object, and thence into buying something from the basket. Everyone who knew Lulu, knew also that she threw herself with entire fervour into whatever she undertook, and that having resolved to get this money, she would persevere, and neither give herself nor her friends any peace till it was obtained, and this knowledge, combined with her frank enthusiastic way of stating the case, disarmed displeasure, and enlisted many friends in her cause, so that her success was considerable.

She was already within sight of the desired sum, and frequently went to talk with Audine and her father of the happy reunion with their people that lay so close before them.

"Audine will be such a pet to her grand parents, won't she, Mr. Cronetyki? and she will soon forget all her English, too, and will get as plump and rosy-cheeked as possible, running about the orchards and gardens you have described to me. And the troubles you have been through will be just like a dream to you, for you will be so happy that you will quite forget you have ever been anything else."

"Yes, mademoiselle; if indeed the good God permit it to come to pass, but my great sins do not deserve that I should see my home once more; and I sometimes wonder—and fear,—I am in truth weaker the last month, —His will be done."

"Oh that is generally the way with sick people, they feel their weakness most when they are getting better. Indeed you have looked much better lately, you have such a colour and you must not talk so, or even think so, for it is a great mistake of yours to say you are worse. Why, God has helped me to get very nearly enough money, in a fortnight the sum will be complete, and He will not, cannot disappoint us now. Oh no, it is wicked to think of such a thing, it makes me quite angry, Mr. Cronetyki."

(To be continued.)

## NEW MUSIC.

DAVID SWAN.

*Dream Whispers.* Waltz. By V. H. Zaverthal.—Three nice waltzes with good introduction and finale; very easy and well marked.

MOUTRIE AND SON.

*Barcarolle de Marie.* Poésie par E. de Planard. La musique par Maud M. Whitmore.—A very pretty little French song; the air is simple and the accompaniment graceful.

F. PITMAN.

*The Long Good-night.* Sacred Song. Words by Miss Jane Borthwick. Music by M. Moses.—The sentiment of the words is good and the music simple.

DUFF AND STEWART.

*Lost Awhile.* Words and music by Louisa Gray. With *ad lib.* violoncello accompaniment.—A quiet and easy song of moderate compass. The accompaniment of the violon-

cello greatly adds to the interest and effectiveness of the composition.

SHEPHERD AND KILNER.

*Scarlet Poppies.* Song. Written by Oliver Brand. Music by P. Von Tugginer.—This song is written in three keys: No. 1 in E flat; No. 2 in F; No. 3 in G. A simple little story song put to music in character. The compass is moderate and the song easily learnt.

METZLER AND CO.

*Between Ourselves.* Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A pleasing and simple ballad set in this composer's usual happy style.

*The Angel that Cometh.* Song. Written by Adelaide Procter. Composed by Michael Watson. In three keys: A, B, and C.—The composer has caught the spirit of the poetry. The short recitative—"Who is the angel that cometh? Life!"—introduces a melodious and expressive strain; there is great variety in the composition, and it is skillfully harmonised.

*Ben the Bosun.* A nautical ditty. The words written and the music composed by Michael Watson.—A good, bold, and characteristic song.

*Yesteryear.* Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Lady Arthur Hill. In four keys: A, C, E, and F.—An expressive and melodious ballad, with a most effective accompaniment, at the same time not difficult.

*Think of Me.* Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A pretty, simple song, well put together, although not very original.

*Réve Charmant.* Berceuse. Composed by Gaston de Lille. Transcribed for violin and piano by Berthold Tours.—A pleasing and graceful composition, most successfully arranged for violin and piano by this popular writer. Also by the same composer.

*La Colombe.* Entr'acte de Ch. Gounod. Arrangée pour violon et piano.—A charming and effective arrangement for the drawing-room.

*Sweet Lavender.* Words by Hugh Conway. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A simple song, by no means destitute of charm. It is written in three keys, and may easily be acquired.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

*Love never Sleeps.* Serenade. Words by J. F. M'Ardle. Composed by W. H. Jude. In two keys: E and G.—A charming song, much above the average; we can recommend it to any of our young friends who have a tolerable knowledge of singing.

*Yonder Silent Shore.* Words by Gertrude Ferrier. Music by J. Stuart Crook. Written in two keys: E and F.—A pleasing drawing-room ballad, not very original, but agreeable in character, presenting no difficulties.

*Sever'd the Tie.* Words by Herbert Haraden. With *ad lib.* accompaniment for violin, concertina, and violoncello. Composed by Ethel Haraden.—The melody is simple and appropriate; the addition of the violin and violoncello will add a great charm to the whole composition.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

"Hush!" Morceau de Salon. Composé pour piano par Etienne Claudet.—A well-written and effective piece, by no means difficult; will suit moderate performers.

*St. Eustache.* Reminiscence for the piano. Abridged from 2nd Grand Offertoire for the organ (L. Wely). Arranged by Carl Mahler.—This composition, having been originally composed for the organ, must necessarily lose much of the grandeur and effect intended by the composer in the arrangement for the piano. We can recommend it as an étude.



"It does one good to see such happiness."

"But, oh! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes," Frank quoted, half gaily and half sadly, as Mary moved towards the house.

(To be continued.)

## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

BY DORA HOPE.



SAY, Win, what do you think that old fellow that wrote the Political Economy book says about women?" asked Jack one day, when, holidays over, everyone was settling down at home again.

"I don't know, I'm sure. Something rude, I daresay."

"No, it wasn't, then; he says no man ought to marry a woman until she can make good bread, and quite right too, I consider," said Jack, with the air of one who has studied his subject.

"Oh, are you looking out for someone who can, then? You are a trifle young yet, are you not?" answered Winnie comedically.

"No fear; I've seen too much of the sex in my sisters!" said Jack. "But I was just thinking, don't you see, you girls had really better learn to bake, in case any fellow ever should be lunatic enough to—"

The rest of the sentence was unfortunately lost to posterity, owing to a sudden rush towards and forcible suppression of the speaker by Lulu in her usual vigorous way. "You rude ridiculous boy," she cried, apparently doing her best to smother him with a crumpled up antimacassar; "it's only because men are so stupid and blind that they don't come in hundreds to marry our Winnie, though certainly she never, never could be spared; and as to the bread, you are thinking of the loaves at the seaside, with those lovely little nobby crusts of which you used to take every scrap yourself, just like a boy; and it is not for the sake of our learning the art that you said that, but simply that you may have the enjoyment of nice home-made bread to eat, and you know it, sir!" and Lulu emphasised the closing words with a parting pommel or two before releasing her victim.

"Oh, but I say, you really might as well make some, though," persevered Jack, panting and red in the face from the recent combat. "It is such jolly stuff, so much jollier than what you buy, you know. Do have a try, Win, there's a dear."

"Well, that landlady of ours did give me detailed directions, which Lulu wrote down; and if I can only find them, and if our oven is big enough, I would not mind trying some day when I have time," said Winnie, wavering.

"Oh, just go and look for that recipe now, won't you, and I'll go on with that tating work for you, and then you can start baking to-morrow, don't you see?" said Jack, insinuatingly, taking up Winnie's crewl work, which was, however, prudently removed from his fingers before much damage was done. Winnie presently found the slip of paper with the directions for bread-making: the wording was a little odd, for Lulu had taken it down literally from the good landlady's lips, and she had not arranged her language as she would have wished for publication.

"You see, m'm," the directions ran, "for to make nice light bread, the three things you've got to mind is have your flour

dry and smooth, which it mustn't have no lumps whatever, your yeast fresh and your milk and water loo-warm, not too hot on no account, as would make it heavy, but just a nice loo, as one may say. You take and warm your earthenware crock before the fire, first go off, and then put in your flour, say 12lb. with three tablespoonfuls of salt well mixed in, dry. You make a hollow in the middle then, and pour in your 2 quarts of milk and water, loo-warm, as I were a-saying just now. You must have your yeast ready by now, which you take 1½ ounces of German yeast, and a teaspoonful of moist sugar in a basin and pour a little warm water on them, say a good half pint. You can crush your yeast with a fork for to help it dissolve. When it have dissolved, cover your basin with a plate and leave it 6 or 7 minutes, when you will find it have rose, and now's your time to pour it in on top of your milk and water in the crock. You mix this liquid now with some of the flour round it, but don't mix down to the bottom of the pan, nor yet to the sides, but keep it in a batter like, in the middle. When it's mixed to a smooth thick batter, sprinkle a little flour from the sides over, cover your pan with a warm cloth, and leave it three-quarters of an hour for to rise. Then comes the mixing and kneading, which you mustn't spare your labour but require a light hand. When you have kneaded it to a nice light dough, you take and leave it for an hour say, till it have rose again, and then make it into loaves and put them in your tins, which is all ready warmed and lightly greased. But before you put them in your oven, let them stand where they are for 15 minutes or so. Your oven have got to be well hot, though not to say scorching hot, you can try it with a bit of flour thrown in on the bottom, and if it goes black without burning, that's right for your bread. Put your loaves in the bottom part of the oven, shut your door quick, and that's all about it. You can open the door three or four times to turn your loaves, and after three-quarters of an hour you can move them up on to the shelf, but don't you open your door any more than is obliged, for it lets out the steam each time which you want to keep it in. They takes from an hour to one and three-quarters, according to the size of your loaves, and when they are done, take them out of the tins at once and stand them on their heads in your cool larder."

"Well, we cannot bake to-day, certainly," remarked Winnie, having read the above production aloud, sentence by sentence, for the benefit of the rest of the family; "for nothing is ready, and there is that china to do."

"How troublesome! I declare there always is something horrid waiting to be done in this house! What is the matter with the china?" asked Lulu, dejectedly, without looking up from a tile which she was engaged in painting.

"Oh, never you mind about it, Lulu dear," said Winnie. "I will not disturb you in your tile-painting, for they are nearly finished, and when Mrs. Smith pays you what she promised when ordering them, the sum for Cronetyki will be made up, will it not?"

"Yes, is it not splendid! If you really can let me work on, I shall finish them to-morrow, and then I shall take them to Mrs. Smith at once, and the next morning rush round to Cronetyki, and put the money into his hand."

"That is capital, and so you shall, Lulu; Evelyn, I must ask you to help me with the china instead. Suppose we go downstairs now and get it done and off our minds."

"It is not an hour since you asked me to make a pocket to hang in the drawing-room to hold a duster, and considering that your last command will take me all day to carry out, I do not see how I can come down with

you as well," answered Evelyn in her leisurely tones. She was much annoyed at being asked to perform Lulu's work, and her way of speaking was always the most quiet and unexcited when she was inly ruffled; as oil, when boiling, becomes quite still and smooth on the surface.

"Oh, I did not think of your making such an elaborate affair as that, though. Really, it is very pretty," said Winnie, pacifically, taking up the dainty arrangement of dark brown serge and lace, mounted, in the form of a pocket, on a Japanese-leaf fan, which would be hung to the wall by a large bow of ribbon and lace. In the centre, outside the pocket, amongst the lace and folds of serge, nestled a bunch of artificial bright red berries and autumn leaves, which would keep clean a long time and were easily renewable. The pocket was destined to hold concealed the duster, soft polishing cloth, and small feather brush, with which it was Evelyn's morning task to dust and tidy the drawing-room. "But you might leave that for to-day," Winnie continued. "The china cannot be left any longer."

"What do you desire me to do to the china?" asked Evelyn, folding up her work and addressing Winnie as though she were a slave-driver, thirsting for her blood.

"Oh, it is only to look through the tea and breakfast sets and see what new pieces are really required, for our last maid broke so very much that we have not sufficient even for our own use. Aunt Margaret, you remember, when we bought them, advised our getting a very simple pattern, just the plain white with rosebuds, so that there would be no difficulty in matching it at any time. And now we find the advantage of the plan, for if we had an uncommon, unmatchable design, we should be compelled to go to the expense of a new set altogether, whilst as it is, with our pretty plain pink and white, we shall only have to replace the broken things, at a very small cost."

"How is it, Winifred, that one person breaks so much more than another?" asked Madeline, gravely, always seeking reliable information on every sort of subject.

"Why, to begin with, some are so much more careless than others, little goose! Then our old Anne used so much soda in washing up, which certainly softens the glaze and makes china brittle. It is not required at all save for greasy things, and then a very little is sufficient. Another reason for Anne's many accidents was, that she had an earthenware pan for washing up in, and used to fill it full of china and often broke the things against each other and the sides of the pan. Now we have a wooden bowl, and our present Anne has sense to put in only one or two articles at a time."

"I have sometimes noticed that she has two bowls of water upon the table at once, Winifred," pursued the little student.

"Yes, with the dinner things; I like her after cleansing them well with a cloth in hot water and soda, to plunge them in clean cold water, before putting them in the rack to dry; it makes them look so bright and nice. This Anne has such capital ways of washing the silver and knives, too. Before she came to us, the spoons, forks, knives, and everything were plunged at once in the dirty greasy water, and left to soak whilst the china was put away, and then they were considered clean!"

"Why did you not tell the maid that was not right?" asked Madeline.

"Oh, I did not like to, and I did not know any better myself, though I could see that our things always looked and felt smeary and disagreeable. But this Anne is so perfectly nice and clean in everything. She has a wide jug, just tall enough for the forks and spoons, and she puts a little piece of soda in, and then the silver, and then pours boiling water from the



kettle upon the silver, so that you can see the dirt run down to the bottom of the jug. She leaves them a few moments and then wipes and rubs them very quickly, and they are a bright and shiny as they can be. And the same jug just takes the knives, to the top of the blade, without wetting the cement at the joint. She dips each one in singly several times and——"

"Do you mind telling me when you expect to have finished your conversation with Madeline?" observed Evelyn, in the dulcet tones which, with her, betokened wrath within.

Winnie's small domestic lecture was thus abruptly cut short, and the two girls proceeded to their task in the china pantry.

It was some days before an opportunity occurred for the baking experiment, but presently, when a leisure day came, Winnie set to work very eagerly, with an interested audience of the rest of the family and Anne, all full of suggestions and offers of help. It was found that the quantities mentioned in the recipe were sufficient for 7 or 8 loaves; for a first attempt, it was thought prudent to try a very small batch, and the amounts were proportionately reduced. Lulu was torn asunder between a great longing to assist at the kneading of the dough, and the pleasure

which was awaiting her of taking the money, collected at last, after almost superhuman efforts, to Cronetyki. She had almost resolved to leave the latter expedition till the afternoon, so strongly did her vigorous young arms yearn to be exercising themselves on that anticipated dough.

"And yet, Win, it will be so lovely to see how pleased he is, and Audine will so jump for joy, and you see we shall bake again, shall we not, if this attempt turns out anything like success, and then perhaps you can let me do it entirely myself. I really cannot resist going to Cronetyki's with the money, it seems to burn a hole in my pocket until he has it!" And off she ran, singing gleefully, on the glad errand for which she had been working and stinting herself so long.

"I hope the excitement will not be too much for that poor man," observed Winnie, as soon as the banging of the front door told that Lulu was fairly gone. "Aunt Margaret thought him much worse last week, though Lulu cannot see it; in fact aunt thinks his weeks are numbered. It would be dreadful for Lulu if he did not live to reach home after all."

The bread-making progressed satisfactorily, though the result did look decidedly small, as the two minute loaves, which constituted

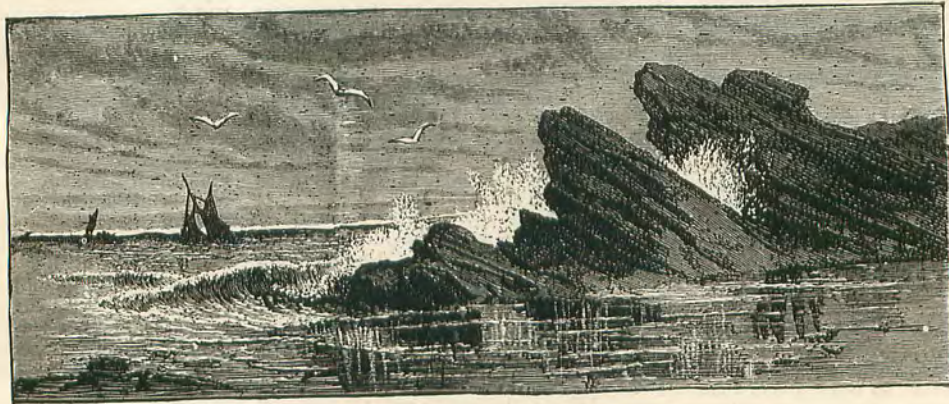
"the batch," were conveyed with much pomp and importance to the oven. The bakers then entered upon three-quarters of an hour of very trying suspense, till the loaves should be baked, and at this juncture, Lulu was seen flying up the road in her most headlong style. She rushed into the house, and, heedless of anyone, threw herself down in a heap in the sofa-corner, a shabby, cosy, motherly sort of corner which was always a refuge to these motherless girls in their troubles. The others stood by aghast and wondering, for her form was shaken with sobs or emotion of some kind. Presently Winnie touched her gently, and said, "Lulu dear, what is it? You must tell us quickly, for you frighten us." At that, Lulu started up, her cheeks burning and her eyes aflame, but there were no tears—

"Don't speak to me!" she cried, vehemently, panting and trembling. "It's hateful—cruel—wicked. He's dead, Winnie! died this morning—And I'll never, never try to do any good again as long as I live!" And with the last passionate words, she threw her poor little purse of money desperately to the ground, and the coins, so bravely tried for and so hardly earned, were stamped beneath her feet.

(To be concluded.)

## WHITE SAILS.

By MARY ROWLES.



OVER a changing sea we go  
To shores where change comes never,  
And hope and joy are our sails that glow  
In the light we would keep for ever.

When skies are bright and the winds are fair,  
New sails we open daily,  
And spread them forth to the morning air  
Until, as they flutter gaily,

We think too much of their breadths outspread,  
Each wandering breeze enfolding,  
And forget to gaze on the shores ahead,  
Their silvery curves beholding.

But out of the west, on pinions dark—  
Dark and swift as a raven—  
A tempest follows our white-winged barque,  
So far away from the haven.

And billows rise, and the storm prevails,  
Above the hope and the rapture,  
And we hastily furl our shining sails  
Which the angry blast would capture.

With masts all bare, and of wings bereft,  
We lose the joy we would cherish;  
Yet are we therefore forsaken and left  
Alone on the deep to perish?

Ah, no! for awhile our hopes may be  
Close-reefed under clouds of sorrow,  
And our Captain's purpose we may not see,  
Or know His plans for the morrow;

Yet we are not lost, for with compass true,  
By breeze or by whirlwind driven,  
We shall keep the haven desired in view,  
And anchor at last in heaven!



## MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

BY DORA HOPE.



“Winn<sup>ie</sup>, what a long face, Winnie!” exclaimed Margaret, meeting her eldest niece one afternoon in the park. “You must have some very heavy trouble on your shoulders, if this lovely day cannot lighten it.”

“It is very ungracious of me then, aunt, for I have no particular trouble to complain of, but lots of things to be thankful for, only—well just at

that minute I was thinking what a constant struggle and worry it is to have so little money.”

“Is it some special thing you have set your heart on having?”

“Oh no, though of course there are several things I should like; but what I meant was only that it is such a constant wearisome watching of every penny. What made me think of it particularly just now is, that our gas bill came in this morning, and it is really dreadful, aunt; I thought it would only be half as much, and so of course I had not enough money put aside for it.”

“And so you made up the difference out of your dress money I suppose, as you have just started on your next quarter’s allowance?”

Winnie blushed, and looked intensely surprised. “How can you possibly know that, aunt?” she asked, without replying to the question.

“I have done it so often myself, dear, in my younger days, so I know what an easy way it is out of difficulties, just for the time; but I know also that it is a very bad plan indeed, and leads to endless confusion and trouble afterwards.”

“But, aunt, the bill must be paid.”

“And you must be dressed. And your allowance is so very small that you cannot possibly dispense with a single pound of it. No, Winnie, believe me, if you do not keep your separate accounts quite distinct, you will never have any peace. As soon as you absolutely require some article of dress, you will have to pay yourself back, and there will probably be nothing to pay with, and so you will get into inextricable confusion. Here is a nice shady seat, and I have half an hour to spare, let us sit down a little while, and then we can talk in peace. Now, dear, how is it you have such a large gas bill, you ought not to, in your house? How do you manage the lighting up?”

Oh, well, the same as everybody else, I suppose; as soon as it is dusk, Ann lights all the jets, and turns them down in the bedrooms.”

“Do you turn it off at the meter during the day?”

“No, I did not think it necessary.”

“It is not exactly necessary, but it prevents any possible waste; and I do not see that you require all the bedroom jets lighted so early in the evening. You will find that very often you do not go into the bedrooms for two or three hours after the gas is lighted, and all that time it is being wasted, and worse, for it

is using up the oxygen and making the room unhealthy to sleep in. If you will try my plan, Winnie, of not having the gas lighted in the bedrooms till you want it, on the way home I will buy you a luminous match box for each of the bedrooms; they are so cheap now that no one need be without them, but you will have to be watchful that they are always filled with matches, and kept in their proper place in the bedrooms, or you will have complaints about the inconvenience of having no gas lighted. These are very small trifles of economy, hardly worth talking about, but all these little things mount up wonderfully, and if you are careful over every trifle, there is no reason why you should ever be anxious about your affairs, or look so woe-begone as you did when I met you.”

Winnie’s face soon brightened, for she managed her domestic affairs bravely as a rule, and it was only when some unexpectedly large bill overtaxed her resources, that her spirits sank, like the distressed housekeeper in the story who could make both ends meet very well, all but the scrubbing-brushes, which were always required at inconvenient times.

“*Apr*opos of economy, Winnie, I have been treasuring a recipe for you for some time, but have forgotten to send it you. Have you a pencil? I think I can remember it if you care to write it down now, and there is no one about to hear us. Buy a shin of beef, cut the meat off it into small square pieces, dip each one in vinegar, and put them into a stew-pan, or covered jar, with two onions stuck with cloves, but no water. It requires four or five hours’ simmering, and should then be thickened with a little flour and water, and flavoured with pepper and salt, and served with red-currant jelly, and you will find that though it is cheap, it is by no means a dish to be despised, especially on a cold day.”

“I will try it to-morrow, aunt. I have been following your advice, to some extent, about keeping a stock pot, but the weather has been so very hot we have not felt inclined for soup often.”

“No, of course not, hot soup is much more attractive in cold weather, but now the autumn is coming on, and you will require stock for all kinds of hot dishes as well as soup, take my advice, and never let your stock pot be empty; almost anything can be put into it, except salt meat, and when once you get into the way of using it, you will wonder that you ever got on without it. And do not forget, as the cold weather comes on, and green vegetables become scarce, to keep a supply of lentils always in the house; the Egyptian variety are the best, and you can buy them cheaply by the peck at most chandlers’ or grocers’. They are used in an almost endless variety of ways, for soups either with or without stock, purée, stewed as a vegetable, puddings, lentil porridge, in fact if once you begin you will find that they can be used for almost anything, with the advantage of being cheap and extremely nutritious. Only remember, whatever you are going to use them for, they must be soaked a whole night. Wash them well first, then put them to soak, and boil them in the same water they have soaked in. Even if you put them into water at night and find next day you do not want them, there is no harm done, they will be none the worse for being left another twenty-four hours. Haricot beans are almost as useful as lentils, and require the same careful soaking. I should not like an entirely vegetarian diet, but I believe it would be better for everybody to eat less meat and more vegetables than is usual.

“But I see the children in the distance, Winnie, and I promised to meet them at the bridge, so good-bye; but next time you feel as doleful as you looked this morning, come and

see me; worries soon vanish if you talk them over with somebody. I will send round the luminous match boxes *this afternoon*. Good-bye.”

Winnie stood for a few minutes watching her aunt, as she vanished down the long avenue of trees, and then turning quickly homewards, walked back with a light heart, for Margaret had spoken the truth, and worries which seem heavy enough to weigh us down when brooded over alone, soon vanish when talked over with a sympathising friend.

The home party is a little altered since we last saw it, for Julius has returned to live with his sisters and brother again. His six months’ sojourn with his aunt has worked wonders, and the spoilt, peevish child is transformed into an obedient, loving boy. Not a perfect one, however, for his naturally imperious will, his high spirits, and quick temper, will doubtless cause him many struggles and tears yet, but he tries hard to conquer his faults, and to think of others before himself, so he is certain of victory, though the battle may be a long one.

Evelyn, too, is changed in the last few months. Several circumstances conspired to open her eyes to the fact that the whole universe was not created solely for her comfort. Though she scoffed at Lulu’s benevolent schemes, she was secretly contrasting her self-sacrificing zeal with her own indolent selfishness. Nor could she fail to be touched by the quiet, unpretending way in which Winnie gave up her studies, and struggled against her untidy ways, for the good of the family; proving the sincerity of her profession of Christianity, at which Evelyn had sneered, by the patience and love with which she did the duty which lay nearest at hand—the care of her own brothers and sisters, showing unmistakably that whatsoever we do, housekeeping, cooking, sewing, and every other daily duty, can be done “to the glory of God.”

With these quiet, unspoken influences at work, Evelyn gradually began to feel that life is too serious a thing to be given up wholly to the study of dress, and she cast about in her mind for a more profitable method of employing part of her leisure time. Her natural disinclination to speak of anything which really moved her, kept her from mentioning the subject to her sisters, and knowing nothing of what had been going on beneath her calm, self-contained exterior, everyone was astonished when she announced her fixed intention of turning her one gift, her voice, to good account. She organised a class of rough boys and taught them singing in parts, and in course of time, after much hard work, continued with a patience which surprised herself as much as anybody, she induced them to form themselves into a choir to help at the open air services which were held in connection with the church. She took special pains to make them attend to expression, singing to them herself till they had caught the idea of it, and gained their interest so much that they took a pride in their performances and were therefore regular at the services.

Jack and Madeline still continue their regular path in life, the one at business, the other at school, where they are probably fixed for some years to come.

And Lulu? Well, it was a long time before she was herself again, after Cronetyki’s death. After all her labour, the disappointment was so keen, and with her impetuous nature everything which moved her at all affected her so violently, that for a time she seemed quite overcome, and could neither eat nor sleep for some days, and, if truth must be told, she entirely overlooked the feelings of anybody else, and gave way utterly to anger and grief, and was in fact in a very bad temper. At length, as she made no effort to recover herself,



Margaret felt obliged to remonstrate, though it was not altogether a pleasant task.

"It is hard that you should make the entire household suffer for your disappointment, Lulu," she said, quietly.

"I don't want anybody to take any notice of me," replied Lulu, gruffly.

"But they can't help it. You have not a civil word for anybody; and Winnie says you eat nothing, so you will soon be ill, and then, you see, unfortunately somebody will be obliged to take notice of you."

No answer from Lulu, who was gazing moodily out of the window, with her back turned to her aunt.

"Does it occur to you, Lulu, that you are angry with God for disappointing your plans. If you were only thinking of Mr. Cronetyki, you would see what suffering he has been spared by not living to undertake that long, wearisome journey. And meantime there is Audine; do you wish to ignore the poor child altogether, now that she is more than ever in need of a friend?"

"Do you know where she is, aunt?" asked Lulu, without turning her head.

"Yes, at my house."

"No!" cried Lulu, coming abruptly to the sofa, and standing before Margaret.

"But I cannot keep her much longer; she will have to go to the workhouse unless something else can be arranged for her."

"Aunt, she could not go there."

"What can I do?" said Margaret, assuming a cold-hearted tone and manner. "I have no time to spare, nor indeed inclination to take up your cast-off *protégée*."

"Has she any relatives, her mother's relatives, in England, I wonder?" asked Lulu.

"I believe the father left a letter of directions, and I believe a letter for you also, but really we have hardly dared to speak to you, Lulu, since he died; and Audine asks constantly if the young lady who used to be kind to her is angry with her, or if she has done anything wrong that you are no longer her friend."

Lulu began to feel thoroughly ashamed of herself. "Aunt, what must you think of me! it is all my horrible temper. Oh! what a wretch I am, and if it hadn't been for you, that poor child would have been sent straight to the workhouse. May I come home with you now, and see Audine, aunt?" she added, humbly.

"Yes, certainly; get your hat and come right away," said Margaret, delighted with her success.

Lulu quickly recovered her interest in the child. She found a request from the father that Audine should be sent to the charge of an old uncle and aunt of his wife's, worthy farmers who were delighted to take the lonely little orphan, and cherished her with the tenderest care. He begged that Lulu herself would keep his violin, as a memorial of having cheered the sorrows of a dying man, adding an entreaty that when its sweet strains touched her heart, she might be moved to offer up a prayer for his little lonely Audine.

Thinking it would be a comfort to Lulu, Wilfred instituted inquiries about Cronetyki's friends in Warsaw, and found that they were all dead, or scattered; so that if he had lived to undertake the journey, it would only have resulted in a mournful disappointment. The money Lulu had collected, being no longer needed for its original purpose, was, at Wilfred's suggestion, put into the bank to accumulate for Audine, till she should be old enough for it to be expended towards giving her a good musical education.

Lulu emerged from her cloud of disappointment as bright as ever, but gentler and more considerate than before. Her strong energies could not long lie fallow, and were soon directed into new channels. She had noticed

a poor, underpaid curate, whose wife and endless children, in their shabby gentility, moved her warm heart to pity; so she contrived to make their acquaintance, and gradually winning the confidence of the poor mother, so timed her frequent visits as always to find her hard at work mending clothes, or darning a basketful of socks, when she invariably happened to find a thimble in her pocket, and to have nothing to do at home, and insisted upon setting to work with her; and many an hour did she spend in the little shabby sewing room, helping the weary, anxious mother to darn and mend the little garments of which there seemed such an endless heap always waiting for attention, while she rattled on with a ceaseless flow of merry gossip, till the poor lady could not help laughing in spite of her cares. Nor did Lulu's kindly deeds end with sewing, for finding that the limited means of the family prevented the daughters from learning sundry accomplishments which would be useful to them in the future, she persuaded their mother to allow her to give them lessons in her only accomplishments, music and painting.

And here we must leave the girls, happy and useful, though with many weaknesses and imperfections. They will have their share of troubles, no doubt, but they are gaining experience every day; and the same guiding hand which has brought them safely through this first and most trying year of household cares, will lead them on to the end in peace.

(THE END.)

## STUDIES OF GIRLS.

By ISABELLA FVYIE MAYO.



THE MONIER FAMILY.

HEN followed a year or two of moping about. Bertha, after great struggles and much patience, had arrived at a point when she might begin to practise her beloved art of healing. Hilda, too, had made such wonderful advances with her music, that for her further advantage Mrs. Monier had resolved herself to accompany her to the Continent. Jane had her choice between remaining with Bertha or going with them. She was really wanted here: she was really welcomed there. But Jane would go neither here nor there. She had lately fallen under ecclesiastical influences, which made a life of voluntary asceticism and hardship the desirable life in her eyes. She desired to become a probationer at a great London hospital.

This time Mrs. Monier seemed dubious, and advised little; but as was natural under the circumstances, Jane found a sympathiser in her sister Bertha. Jane represented to Bertha how delightful it would be if they should come to work together, doctor and nurse, or physician and superintendent, of some infirmary or institution. "Bertha," said she, "had always been the clever one, but she could be devoted. Bertha should command, and she would obey." "Dr. Bertha," touched into enthusiasm, was ready to declare that Jane

had chosen the better, even, the loftier part, and to magnify the office which is generally thought the humbler one.

Jane Monier looked forward into the future, and, as it were, saw her own portrait surrounded by an aureole. She dreamed of the recovered patients, who would keep her name for ever in their prayers, of the grateful parents, who would call their children after her. She conjured up the vision of a great war (for the imagination is a faculty which can be very cruel when it is selfish). She saw herself the ministering angel in hospital tents, the honoured guest at royal courts, the theme of poets and historians. It might be! It might be! None could gainsay that! Certainly not; only Jane looked at the mountain-top where the journey might end, and quite overlooked the hard, rough, tedious steps of its way.

She was thinking of herself—not of the work. And in such a spirit, how could she endure to find herself but one among many others, all bound in the same strict discipline, all owing allegiance to the same superior? How hard, and yet how trivial, it seemed to answer the stern morning bell ringing in the mirky winter dawn, and to go through the routine of daily duty, the poultice-preparing, the bandaging, the ward-work, to bear the grumbling of the patients, and the curt commands of the medical staff, to be quickly censured for error, but never commended for success.

The nurses' meals, too, might be wholesome and plentiful enough, but they were very different from what Jane had been accustomed to, and yet not different enough to be glorified into martyrdom. She fancied it would have been easier to exchange her hare-soup and roast chicken for a nun's dry bread and pure water, than for this barley-broth and boiled mutton! And the poor sick people were so coarse and common, so dissatisfied, so little impressed by her ladyhood and her self-devotion. And the very dress was not becoming: it was so terribly sensible and simple—the dark grey gown plainly made, the black cloak, and the plain brown bonnet, with the little mob cap for ward wear. It would have just suited upper servants; Jane believed that in the streets the nurses were often mistaken for such, and she rebelled very bitterly against this innocent humiliation! She would have liked flapping white caps and great ivory crosses—or, at least, long black veils. In less than three months she discovered that she had "no vocation" as a nurse.

She herself took her discovery easily enough, but it was rather a blow to Bertha and Mrs. Monier. They began to be afraid for Jane. It was clear that she was not prepared to contend with obstacles—to overcome difficulties, least of all those presented by her own nature and character. And Mrs. Monier and Bertha both knew perfectly that nothing worthy the doing can be done without this. They also foresaw clearly that she would bring their ways of thought and action into disrepute—that when other girls among their acquaintances began to aspire, unsympathetic parents would be able to point to her and say, "Look at Jane Monier, and at what became of her efforts and aspirations. Better stick to your tennis and your morning-calls, and wait patiently for husbands."

Bertha Monier herself once said, "If I were a man, I should not like to marry a woman who had tried every calling under the sun, and had failed in each. It would be an insult to wifehood to imagine that such an one was fitted to succeed in that!"

Mrs. Monier remained with Hilda on the Continent. Bertha started in practice with another lady doctor, and Jane persisted in leading a nomadic life, only making visits to either of the houses which might have been her home. She had quite given up all