

might be "good-bye" to all the happy interchange of thought and feeling which had so brightened the past few weeks for him, and that in losing Frida his life would become colourless and grey.

A dead silence was the greeting for the musicians at the end of their performance, and it was not till Frida and Szantó were nearly out of the room that a burst of applause testified to them the stillness had come from sympathy, and not from lack of enthusiasm.

They went back to the terrace, and Frida, seating herself and looking across the river to the opposite bank, where the moon was just rising over the trees, said, simply—

"How lovely your music is, and how it tells my heart the sadness of 'Farewell.'"

"Frida," said Szantó, suddenly, "this shall not be farewell. Do you not feel it cannot be? I love you; why should we part? I shall be no musician now, without your inspiration. We have been so happy; let us make our lives one harmony. Think what we might do, and be, if we were together! Dear Frida, tell me you will be my wife."

Frida raised her great eyes to his; they were swimming with tears, but the happy light in them could not be hidden. No fears of the future beset either of them as they sat beside the flowing river in the still night, and talked, as lovers will, as if the world held no other hopes or joys than theirs.

The evening ended all too soon, and Mrs. Somerset seemed for the first time displeasing, as she came to tell Frida they must go. Demetri was to see Herr Bund to-morrow morning, and no shadow of doubt arose in the girl's mind as to his reception of Von Szantó's proposal to become his son. As she drove home in the soft air, she did think with something of awe and dread of the mother and sisters in the old castle at Szantó, wondering if she should find it very hard to conquer the stiffness which she knew so well she should encounter; but would not everything be easy, for Demetri would be with her? This thought silenced all doubts, and left her to enjoy the happiness of the few hours before the time when she would see her father at breakfast, and would warn him of Von Szantó's coming.

She often remembered that night in after days; the joy of it, and the waking from short slumber with the blissful sense that something glorious had broken on her life.

At breakfast Frida appeared, looking lovelier than ever, and Herr Bund could not help silently admiring her, as she began to tell him, in her usual way, of the doings of the previous night. He was much interested apparently in his letters, and Frida found it rather hard to be sure he was attending to her sufficiently to make it possible she should mention the subject nearest her heart.

At last she told him of the "Farewell," and of the silence which the audience had kept for the few minutes at the end, and then she said, "We went out on the terrace, and Demetri—"

At this, the first time he had heard her mention Von Szantó's Christian name, Herr Bund looked up and said, "My child, you are speaking of Count von Szantó."

Frida rose, and, going to her father's side, said, softly, "He will always be 'Demetri' to me now, father. He loves me; I have promised to be his wife; he comes this morning to talk with you."

Herr Bund started from his chair, and, confronting the dismayed Frida, with rage in his countenance, exclaimed, "What! you have the assurance to tell me you mean to marry? After all I have done for you: after your education, and the never-ceasing care I have bestowed, you throw up your career, you

desert me, you intend to bury yourself in a mouldy castle with a poverty-stricken slip of nobility, forsooth! and all other claims are disregarded. It shall not be!" He paused from lack of breath, and Frida, pale, trembling, and overwhelmed with the sudden outburst, revealing, as it seemed to do, a baser side to her father's character, tried in vain to calm him and to explain that they had no thought of giving up their profession, but that both would work for him, so he would find his life easier instead of more difficult. It was in vain, he had lost all self-control, and stormed and raged, overpowering Frida with his wordy wrath till they were interrupted by the arrival of Demetri, when Herr Bund was forced to become more calm and to listen to Von Szantó, who, in a few manly words, told him of his love for his daughter and of the hopes he entertained.

He, too, was unprepared for the manner in which his advances were received, for Herr Bund, speaking with a sort of calm contempt, put his proposals aside, and said he had quite other intentions as to the way in which Frida's life should be spent.

Demetri turned with a bewildered air to Frida, and asked her if she, too, agreed to dismiss him.

"No," replied she; "I have consented to nothing. I will wait; my father will change."

"Never!" said Herr Bund, brusquely; "I am determined your talent shall not be wasted thus; you shall become famous as no other woman artist has been, and rich—"

"I hope the riches will be hers even when she is my wife," interposed Demetri, "for I have this morning received a telegram from my agent saying that coal has been discovered on my estate, and begging me at once to go home and arrange about excavating it. This explains his behaviour," he continued, turning to Frida, "and I rejoice, for it relieves me from the feeling that all depended on my professional success. Coal is badly needed in our district, and the place where this is found is not so far from a railway as to make the carriage difficult. Surely, Herr Bund, this will change your determination—if I become wealthy you will alter your views?"

"No," replied the other; "this wealth is but a dream. I will hear nothing of your proposals, and I charge you, Frida, to think no more of this folly."

A painful scene ensued, but at the end Demetri was compelled to depart with very little hope that Bund would forego the handling of present gains for the hope of future happiness for his daughter; and Frida, though she would not consent to give up Demetri, was compelled to promise that she would not let his wishes interfere with her father's plans—at any rate, for the present.

Demetri was obliged to leave her, and the parting was necessarily a sad one, more so for her than for him, as he had the prospect of engrossing occupation during the time he could spare to spend in Hungary, and the consciousness that the discovery was for him a most momentous and valuable one—far more so than Bund, with his ignorance of the country, could estimate. He determined that, things once straight at Szantó, no obstacles should prevent him from bringing Frida there as his wife, and he cared very little for the opposition of the "vulgar little music-seller," as he called Herr Bund.

(To be continued.)

## HIGHER THOUGHTS ON HOUSEKEEPING.

By ALICE KING.

As we wander through the woods on a summer evening, who has not paused to admire the little spots of gleaming light which sparkle among the long grass and soft mosses, shining as brightly as if they were stars which have been dropped from the clear blue sky above. What beautiful creatures these must be, we think, which glisten and glitter with such strange radiance; surely they must be some of the brightest-tinted insects which we see in the daytime, flashing hither and thither in the sunlight; they must be resting here after their busy wings have grown weary. We stoop down with this idea strong in our mind, we take one of the tiny lamps of harmless fire in our hand, and carry them home with us and place it carefully under a glass, expecting to-morrow morning to rejoice our eyes in the brilliancy of its hues. The sun rises; we turn, when we wake, with eager gaze towards our radiant treasure which we laid by before we slept. What do we behold? Nothing but the most sober-coloured, modest little worm that ever crept through field or hedgerow.

The girl who has a real talent for housekeeping will generally have something of the glowworm in her nature and character; she will shed around her a soft brightness which will light the whole house and family; yet it will be a brightness which shines on others, and does not make herself shine; and when we come to know her intimately, we often find that she is the quietest, most silent, retiring member of the household.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, smile a little contemptuously to hear the word "talent" applied to what seems to them such a realistic, material thing as housekeeping. We can assure them, however, that there are, among our girls, born housekeepers, just as much as there are born authoresses and born musicians. A talent for housekeeping is, to speak shortly and comprehensively, a strong development in a woman of what are called the administrative faculties. Where these exist naturally in a girl she will generally show at once an inclination and an aptitude for managing and overlooking a household and keeping the whole domestic machinery going at once briskly and smoothly.

When a girl displays decidedly this faculty to the attentive eyes of those who watch over her youth and education, everything should be done to help her to unfold it and bring it into active use. She should be early entrusted with money, and should be allowed to manage her own and perhaps her sisters' dress; she should be encouraged to take an interest in all practical matters, such as the price of various commodities of food, etc.; she should be permitted to employ her power of arranging and settling small household affairs, such as parties or excursions of pleasure, or administering the funds of small charities; she should attend cookery classes, and be helped to make experiments in the art of cookery itself.

Our girls should not entertain the foolish, erroneous idea that the housekeeper will be the stupid girl of the family; far from that, she who will make a really good, effectual housekeeper, is usually endowed, in her quiet way, with a stock of shrewdness, and plain, practical common sense, and bright clear-sightedness. It requires no weak, scanty intellectual power to rule well the domestic affairs of even a comparatively modest household; the eyes of the mind have to be looking at least twenty ways at once, and the thoughts to be travelling in as many directions. A girl who would be a really good housekeeper must have a clear head, and must avoid



nothing so much as muddle and confusion. The untidily-kept account-book; the hazy, incorrect memory which can never remember whether the joint of beef or mutton came first into the larder; the slovenly store-room, where groceries and preserves lie huddled in grand disorder—these things most certainly do not belong to what can be called "good housekeeping."

In these days, when so many young women of gentle birth and nurture are so often in need of some means of gaining a respectable livelihood, *it would be well* if the prejudice could be got over among us against ladies taking situations as housekeepers in hotels or boarding-houses or large private establishments. On this point we want to do away with much false pride and much false shame; our girls should learn to feel and think that there is nothing low and degrading in such positions in life, if they are filled conscientiously and bravely, and with a high Christian sense of duty. If ladies would show themselves thorough practical workers as housekeepers, no doubt the prejudice against their occupying such situations would rapidly die out among us. It is certain that their lady's manners, and lady's feelings, and lady's culture would, in the long run, be a real help to them in such a calling; they would make them better managers of the inferior servants, would teach them that small economies are not beneath a good housekeeper's notice, would prevent their being above sometimes performing little domestic duties with their own hands. A real lady knows that she is just as much a lady when she sweeps a room as when she plays upon a piano, or sits on a sofa doing crewl work.

If our girls were taught a little more practical housekeeping in their school days, the benefit would certainly be incalculable in many a family of small means and limited income; such instruction would also greatly widen the sphere of usefulness of our girls themselves. It would be utterly ridiculous, if it were not utterly sad, as we pass down some row of houses in a country town, where our middle classes find their homes, to hear ringing forth from every window the tinkle of an inferior piano, or to enter the rooms in the same houses, and see every article of furniture in them clothed in specimens of wool-work, each more nameless and useless than its fellow; and then to reflect how much bright, healthy energy in the minds and fingers of the daughters of the family is wasted in these poor, make-believe counterfeits of real, earnest occupation. If the girl who is making indifferent, not to say bad music, was to be upstairs instead, sweeping and dusting, and making the home fresh and fair; if the girl who is sorting wools, was to be downstairs cooking the dinner, and making the family meal more wholesome and digestible, what a much more reasonable and sensible arrangement it would be, and what a much more useful and important member she would be of society.

It would be well if all those who overlook the education of our girls would impress upon them more, in their system of teaching, the dignity and beauty of all that is useful, and would make a less point of what is ornamental. As we have before said in this series of articles, when a girl has a real talent for any one art—for music, or literature, or painting—it should by all means be allowed a first place in the scheme of her education; but when no such talent exists, how far better it would be for the girl, and for all with whom she comes in contact in life, to make her at home in those branches of knowledge that would be really serviceable to herself and to those around her. We should have classes in our girls' schools for cookery, for plain needle-work, for teaching household management

generally; and in these such girls as have no artistic talent would soon unfold what other powers they have. If such things were more taught in our schools, and if those who excelled in them were to receive from their teachers their due meed of praise and encouragement, our girls would learn to see how foolish it is to look down on such acquirements.

Even the literary woman and the female artist need to know something of housekeeping; it is a branch of knowledge which cannot be left out of any woman's daily life unless under the most peculiar circumstances, and which, therefore, no girl's education can be complete without. The girl, then, who devotes herself to music or literature must certainly give at least a small portion of her time to the study of cookery and of household matters. It is a very wrong and false notion that a literary woman or a female artist cannot make the best of wives and mothers; there is not the smallest reason why she should not stand at the head of the list as both. She should indeed, from the extra refinement and delicacy of her feelings, exceed all other women in the way in which she holds both positions; while her greater breadth of mind should show her that it is no indignity to lay down her pen in order that she may make a pudding, or to employ the hands which have been flying over the keys in cutting out her baby's frocks.

A taste for reading is also quite compatible with being a good housekeeper; it is entirely a woman's own fault if she ever sinks into being a mere household drudge. What is there to hinder her, if she chooses it, from studying a deep book in the morning, and from preparing her husband's dinner in the afternoon? Her brains will not be one bit less clear and strong because her hands know how to be skilful and busy in their own department; she will not make a man the less intelligent and bright companion when he returns of an evening, will not discuss with him with less lively energy the leading topics of the day, because she has made half the dishes which stand between them on the table.

The art of being a good cook does more real excellent work in the world than perhaps our girls may fancy, and contributes more than they are probably aware towards the well-being of society. How many diseases are caused by constant suffering from the evil of indigestion; and even if the health is not permanently injured by it, how many tempers are spoiled by its frequent attacks, and how many lives are clouded by its persistent and relentless visits. Now, the chief cause of much of the indigestion which makes miserable so many English lives, is simply bad, unwholesome cookery. If, however, a woman is really a good, skilful cook, how easily this evil may be kept far from her family. Here is some tangible good at once which our girls may propose to themselves to do by making cookery their study.

One essential part of the duties of a good housekeeper generally consists in the management and guidance of inferiors. Our girls should keep this in mind and should strive to gain a good influence over the servants of their own family; such influence is to be won by a high Christian example, by unalterable sweetness of temper, by the tact which comes of superior mental cultivation. Our girls must strive to be the friends of the young servants of the house, while, at the same time, they must never be familiar with them, and always be leading them on to something nobler and better.

A lady who stands at the head of a large establishment has a vast and wide responsibility in her hands, responsibility which she cannot take upon herself too earnestly and solemnly. God has set her over many

things, and therefore from her much will be required.

The Christian lady who is the mistress of a large establishment will always feel that the moral and spiritual condition of every servant in it, down to the very lowest, is under her care. The conduct of the servants towards each other, their regular attendance at public worship, the religious instruction of the younger ones among them—all these things come within her province. The words just used about the mistress of a large establishment, apply, of course, in equal degree to every housekeeper who has several other people under her charge, and, in some measure, her control. To the manageress of the hotel, with regard to the vast staff of under servants; to the housekeeper in the shop, who superintends the goings in and out of all the young women employed in it; to the matron in charitable institutions, who is set over all the lower dependents belonging to the place; when we look at this side of a housekeeper's duties, we feel that hers is a high office indeed. If the housekeepers of England were to do thoroughly their Christian work in this respect, there would not be so often heard throughout the length and breadth of the land the universal cry about bad servants.

We have just spoken of the most important class of duties which come to the share of a housekeeper in the work of the world; now let us glance for a moment at the mass of small things which falls to her hand to do. Let the Christian woman remember that the very meanest, the very lowest, the most commonplace among them can be gilded and glorified, till it shines like a jewel of light, if only the beams of the Gospel sun fall upon it. It is just as grand and beautiful to sweep a room or polish a saucepan in the Master's name, as it is to write a book or paint a picture, that is, if it is really done thoroughly and to the best of our powers for His dear sake. Our girls need not fear that they shall place themselves on a lower level than their sisters by making housekeeping and household work the study and object of their lives, if they undertake it in a real, conscientious, Christian spirit, resolving to do what they have taken in hand in the very best way that it can possibly be done.

There is more to be said about the smaller employments of a housekeeper than there is room for in a short paper like the present one; such employments might indeed be divided into several different chapters. We may say, however, two things with regard to them all, and these two things are, that they should all be guided by a spirit of regularity and order, and that no extreme should ever be run into in the performance of any of them. A good housekeeper will have the week's work mapped out in her head on Monday morning, as clearly as the confines of each sea and each shore are drawn out on the sailor's chart before he starts on a voyage.

As for the subject of running into extremes, a few special words should perhaps be dedicated to it, as it is an error into which young housekeepers very often fall. Our girls, when they undertake housekeeping, must be careful, above all things, to keep a middle course in all they do. There must be no waste, but there must be no niggardly narrowness. Good housekeeping does not consist in having more cooked in a day than the whole family could consume in a week; but neither does it consist in weighing out every ounce of tea and counting every lump of sugar. Everything should be made the most and best use of that it can; in this respect the English housekeeper may learn much from her French sister, who makes the very utmost that can be made out of every bone and every vegetable in the garden.