inch-and-a-half velvet ribbon, laid between the frills of lace. In short, never was there a better time for decorating old parasols or new at home.

I must devote a few words here to colours. Blue—from the palest shade of sky, or *ciel*, as the French call it, to the deepest shade of navy—is more popular than I have seen it for years; while, curiously enough, green is also in high favour, though generally only in shades of moss. Mauve also has been restored to us, while red and yellow are very popular indeed. Cream is still more liked than white; and all shades of grey are much worn, especially at night. Neutral tints, such as smoke and slate grey, lead, cinnamon, and lavender, are most popular. These are used with a contrasting colour, such as red roses, poppies, red pompons, yellow poppies, and blue cornflowers.

The paper pattern we give for this month has been selected with a view to the making up of the slightly thicker dresses that will be needed for the seaside, and the autumn outing. It may be used in two ways—viz., for an over-bodice or out-of-door jacket; or, for the bodice of a dress of any description, save very thin materials, which I need hardly say do not answer for this kind of bodice. But galateas (which have returned to favour for country and seaside wear), homespuns, navy serge, flannel, some of the coarser canvases, and beige, are both suitable and becoming.

The pattern is in six pieces—front, back, collar, and belt, and two parts of the sleeve, the upper and the lower. The back must be cut double, as there should be no seam down the centre. The back of the collar is straight, the front bias. If made of thick material, line it; but with a washing one, it will require facing with a bias hem of the material. A deep hem must be allowed on each side of the front, wheie the buttons are placed. The pleats turn forward, and the notches made in the pattern must be carefully observed. The edges may be finished by a row of machine stitching, which should be even and good. No lining is needed, as a general rule, to this bodice; and it is so simple in construction, that either with cloth or washing material no one need fear to undertake its manufacture. The pleats are run down like the breast of a shirt, or stitched with a machine.

The quantity of material required, being one yard (36 inches) in width, is three yards; and twenty buttons; three for each sleeve, and fourteen for the front. One yard and a-half of silk-twist cut in half, for the button-holes, and machine thread for stitching. No seams are allowed. This bodice can be worn with a skirt of any material if made of serge or canvas, and will be found a stylish and useful addition to the wardrobe, and a "friend in need" in a great many circumstances of life. It is an excellent pattern for the jacket of a tricyiing dress; and, in fact, is the one usually recommended by all authorities on the subject.

DRESS OF YAK OR FRENCH LACE WITH A PEASANT BODICE. LINEN OR BATISTE DRESS WITH EMBROIDERY.

COOKERY CLASSES.

By Alice King.

THERE are some sorts of wool, all our girls well know, in the skeins of which different colours are so beautifully blended together that it is quite impossible to separate the varied hues without spoiling the whole fabric. This is exactly the case with body and mind; the two depend so completely on each other that if we entirely neglect either, the consequence must be that both will suffer irremediably. Therefore, in our model village we shall not be able to call our work among our people a model success unless we care for bodies as well as minds.

The world in general probably does not sufficiently realise how much all the best mental work depends on the state of the physical health for strength and brightness, and our many evil qualities have their first origin in some bodily weakness or disease. Intemperance, for instance, often begins merely with the habit of taking stimulants to help in the conflict with physical languor and weariness. Thus it is that when we are doing anything to improve the health of the body we are performing no low and menial task, for we are at the same time working for the well-being of mind and spirit.

Now, wholesome and nutritious food is one of the chief and most needful helps towards bodily health; it will do more in the long run than the art of all the medical colleges put together. This is why it is that the study of cookery is no matter to be despised by thoughtful and clever women, but a thing to which they may and should consecrate some of their best powers.

Nowhere is the art of cookery at so low an ebb as in the cottage home of the English labourer in rural districts. Money is scarce and means are scanty there, it is true, but all knowledge of cookery is more scarce and scanty still. The English labourer's wife knows nothing of the skill with which a French peasant woman can create a savoury meal out of her garden, and she resigns herself and her family stolidly up to following, in her domestic culinary arrangements, one dull dry round, which is utterly devoid of any consideration for either what is pleasant or what is wholesome. It may fairly be said that bad cookery is at the root of many of the evils, both bodily and spiritual, that haunt a country village; it engenders disease in the constitutions of the children at an early age; it helps to fill the public-houses by rendering their homes uncomfortable and unattractive to the men; it causes families to run into debt, for the mother launches out into expenses to

provide food for her household which would be quite needless if she knew how to make good use of the means that lie easily within her reach.

These are some of the reasons why the establishment of a cookery class in a country village is one of the most substantial blessings that can be conferred on a rural population. It must be remembered, however, that there are cookery classes and cookery classes, and only a cookery class of the right kind, instructed by the right sort of teacher, will do any lasting, practical good. A village cookery class is an entirely different thing from a town cookery class, and requires an entirely different treatment, and an entirely different mode of instruction. This is not in general properly and fully realised by those who undertake the direction of these classes, and from hence arises the ridicule which is often attached to them in country regions, and the thoroughly barren results in which they often terminate.

In the first place, the teacher of a village cookery class must be someone who knows thoroughly the habits and modes of thought, and prejudices and limited means of our village poor. The teacher who comes straight from London, or from some other large town, with her mind well stored with all kinds of various theoretical notions on the subject, with long scientific words about the formation of bone and muscle, and the component parts of animal and vegetable food crowding glibly on the tip of her tongue, is as certain of failure in a village cookery class as if she were deliberately to take up all her pots and pans and pour their contents into the fire. Our village dames and damsels are supremely ignorant of everything of which the teacher is speaking so fluently; they could not understand her, even if they were to try; but they do not try, they simply either sit yawning or giggling according as the fancy takes them. When she has finished speaking they are not one atom wiser than they were when she begun. A little languid interest is certainly aroused when the proofs of the lady's skill are handed round in the shape of some soup or dish to be tasted; but this feeling quickly dies away, as they murmur, with a sigh or a shrug, that such may be very nice eating for the quality, who have good things to make them with.

The class over, the teacher hurries off to catch the express train which is to bear her to the next scene of her labours, and is, no doubt, very well pleased with herself as she goes. Meanwhile, her pupils have returned to their cottage homes, and to their every-day lives there. One amuses her husband with an exact and correct imitation of the lady's voice and manner; a second makes up her mind, and expresses it pretty roundly to a neighbour, that such new-fangled doings are the rarest trash she ever came across, and she will have nothing more to do with them; a third gives a pathetic little sob as she leans over her sick child, and wishes she could let it have a taste of some of those delicacies which the lady prepared with such a lavish hand; then, as she sees how the little one smiles over the cup of soaked bread with which she is feeding it, is condoled, and goes to bed, and sleeps the heavy sleep of the toil-worn. Next morning the cookery class has completely passed out of the minds of all those who attended it, for what has it to do with the hard reality of small but crowding daily cares which wrap round their lives?

Another great point in making a cookery class of real use to village people is that it should only deal with such dishes as lie within the scope of a cottage kitchen. Few of the gentlemen and ladies who talk and write about improving the cookery of the rural labouring classes have probably any notion how scanty and circumscribed the means really are which are at the cottage cook's disposal in retired country districts. The visits of the butcher are few and far between, and when he comes, he brings with him none of those smaller and cheaper bits of meat and parts of the animals which make their way so conveniently into the housekeeping of the tradesman's wife in cities. Butter is too dear to be indulged in except as a Sunday luxury; milk is not so plentiful as might be fancied, because the farmers are slow to sell it, and prefer turning their dairy produce into butter for the market of the country town. The bill of fare in the average labourer's cottage is confined to a little bacon, a little dripping, a moderate quantity of bread, a pinch of brown sugar, a few eggs, and garden produce. In making cookery experiments, then, before a village audience to exemplify the lessons given at a village cookery class, the lecturer should restrict herself completely to such materials as we have just enumerated, or her instructions will fall entirely dead and flat, and will prove utterly fruitless.

Another thing to be remembered and considered by the teacher of a village cookery class is, that our rural population are fuller, perhaps, than any people in the world of whims, and prejudices, and fancies about their food. If the teacher of the class begins by outraging and offending these, she will lose the confidence of her pupils at once, and not a word that she speaks will be heard by them without a grain of doubt and suspicion. For instance, every man and woman in retired country villages look upon all kinds of potted or tinned meat as simply so much poison, and many of them will rather breakfast on dry bread than supplement it with American bacon. Such prejudices are extremely foolish and unfortunate, as they exclude the labouring man and his family from wholesome and nutritious and varied food at a moderate expense; but still, the greatest caution and delicacy are needed in those of superior education who would try to root out these notions from among our country folk.

One great point in the teaching of a village cookery class must be to endeavour to give our rural population a more enlightened conception of the use that their garden produce may be made of in yielding them wholesome and pleasant food. What does not the French and Italian woman make out of her garden in her kitchen? It furnishes the salad which gives such a relish to the black bread at breakfast; it supplies at least three-quarters of the savoury stew cooked in the *pot-au-feu*, round which the dark-eyed children gather at noon with such an eager, willing appetite; it forms the foundation of the steaming bowl of soup which awaits the father of the family when he comes back weary of an evening with the sun and dust. Take away her garden from the French labourer's wife, and she would sit down, overcome with dreary despair, and see nothing but starvation awaiting her and hers; leave her her garden, and she would not thank you much if you were to bring a whole sirloin of prime English beef into her little larder.

How different the case is with one of the matrons in our English country village. To her, her garden suggests no idea beyond a cabbage and a dish of badly boiled peas; she is thoroughly entangled in the essentially British article of belief that there is no nourishment in any sort of food except meat and bread, and she would begin to weep piteously, and call you cruel and unfeeling, if you were to propose to her that her husband and children should sup on a soup extracted from vegetables alone; she would say that it would be sending them all famished to bed. This is one of the errors from which the village cookery class should boldly and perseveringly aim to release the mothers and daughters of the working rural population of England.

The cookery class in the village should also try to teach the English workman's wife to take a leaf out of the cookery book of her French sister, with regard to the use that may be made of bones and scraps if carefully gathered up and preserved. Our poor village mothers of families will often, unwittingly, be guilty of real acts of extravagance, that would make a French housekeeper shudder with horror, in the way of flinging on to the refuse heap a bone that, boiled, would produce a strong gravy, or fragments of bread that a little skill would create into an excellent pudding. It will be no easy matter to teach our village women a fresh and more liberal creed on these subjects, but this is one of the things which the village cookery class has to struggle to do.

Now, for example is always better than precept, let us visit, for a few minutes, the model cookery class in our model village. It is held in a large kitchen, belonging to one of the most roomy cottages in the village; the hour is an evening hour, when the women have finished their day's work, and made their cottage neat and bright, and the men are gone to the reading-room or the workman's club. In the centre of the room sit some ten or twelve tidily-dressed women of various ages, all with earnest, inquiring faces, that look as if they had come here to remain wide awake, and notice everything. By the hearth stands the class teacher, not arrayed in any newly-invented cooking costume, but in the ordinary dress of an English lady. Around her are arranged no elaborate regiment of enamelled saucepans, and curiously contrived vessels and machines, that are credited to do the cook's work for her while she stands by and looks on, but just the commonplace cooking utensils which are to be found in every cottage kitchen. On a table at her side are displayed some crisp-leaved, green vegetables, a few eggs, a loaf of bread, and in the rear a few modest condiments, such as pepper, salt, etc. The lady's face is bright and genial, her hands, though delicate, look as if they knew what they were about, as they move among her properties. She and her whole surroundings give the idea of really meaning downright work, which is a thing satisfactory and reassuring to the eyes of working women, and gives them confidence, at the very beginning, in their teacher.

And now the class begins in earnest. First of all the lady delivers a short address, which, in truth, is no address at all, but a little familiar talk with the women; that is to say, she speaks as if she were sitting by their firesides talking to them. She attacks some of their strongholds of prejudice in a clear, sensible, matter-of-fact way, using the simplest language; but she wards off all offence with a few telling, well-timed jests, and by the sympathy shining in her eyes—a sympathy that seems to feel with all their small, everyday troubles, and enter into all their small, everyday cares. The women listen with faces all more or less sparkling with intelligence, for no woman comes to our class who has not the wish, at least, to improve her knowledge in such matters. Here and there a countenance that is more strongly marked than the rest assumes a slightly incredulous expression at some of the facts stated by the teacher, and this look is accompanied by a resolute little shake of the head. On the whole, however, there seems to be a friendly affinity between teacher and pupils, and she has evidently introduced the thin end of the wedge, if she has not driven it home.

There is a short pause when the little talkative lecture is finished; then the second part of the class-teaching begins. She (the teacher) turns first to the table, then to the fire, and

shows, very slowly, the way to make some simple dish that is within the compass of even the smallest cottage means. This is followed by the manufacture, in the same deliberate fashion, of some inexpensive little dainty for an invalid. All the while the teacher is at work she describes minutely all that she is doing, so that there may not be the smallest possibility of her proceedings being misunderstood.

The next thing the teacher does is to invite any of the class that will come, to move forward to the fireplace and try to do what they have just seen done by her. The women are a little shy about it at first, but at length one bolder than the rest leaves her place, and then two or three quickly follow her example. They were evidently only waiting for the ice to be broken. One or two are clumsy in their attempts, and one or two are handy; but the teacher shows equal patience with and kindness to all. The class ends with a few minutes' friendly chat on indifferent subjects between teacher and pupils, and then the women disperse and pass to their homes along the quiet village street, their way lit by the full, round silver moon. Such a village cookery class as this, with entry fees so small as not to go beyond the capabilities of the shallowest purse, is sure in the long run to be a source of real, solid usefulness in a parish, if the teacher is a woman of refinement and good breeding, highly endowed with sterling common sense, a heart, and sympathy. The results of such a class will gradually reach beyond the mere physical well-being of the people, and will bring a blessing to bodies and minds and souls in one full sweet harmony.

THE DUTCH ORPHANS; OR, THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD PICTURE.

It was a long while before Nancy Vloed recovered, she had been so severely scalded, and Dr. Zacharias told the fisherman and his wife that it was doubtful whether all his skill and that of his son together could have saved the child's life but for the prompt application of the cool flour and consequent exclusion of the air, seeing that no more potent agent was available at the time.

"I leave the little one confidently in your charge, Meisje Westerholt," Dr. Herman had said, when, after instruction from himself, she had voluntarily undertaken the dressing of the poor neck and foot; "the moeder is too rough, too hasty, has no delicacy of touch; these cases require both gentleness and patience. Besides, I observe, the child clings to you, and is more obedient in your hands. My only fear is that you are giving time you can ill spare."

"You have much to thank Meisje Westerholt for," said he to Jan Vloed's wife, when he pronounced Nancy restored. "But for her frequent and careful dressing, the child might have been a cripple for life."

"Aye, mynheer, and she may be said to have given her own bread to Nancy when she gave her time. Me and Jan won't forget it. But it's not the first time she's saved the child for us." And then the woman told how Bertha had found the lost child and carried her home, and but for someone who had met them they would never have known, as they could not understand Nancy's imperfect speech. "We thought the Westerholts proud when they came to live in Katwyk first. We know better now, mynheer," she said.

Herman Van Voorst's heart had been a well-defended citadel, but one by one the outworks were falling before an unconscious conqueror. He, the impenetrable, began to feel the weakness of his armour. In the glow with which he listened to Bertha's praise he recognised the fact that the unobtrusive little seamstress with the sad grey eyes had charms he had not found in beauty, wit, or wealth. He had pitied her and her sisters in his good nature; but when he found the pity concentrated on one, and warming into something else, he resolved to be upon his guard, and avoid the danger.

It was not the easiest of tasks; for, though he threw all his energies into his profession, so as to leave his father more leisure for his garden, he saw the girls in their faded mourning at the kerk Sunday by Sunday, when even his inexperienced eye could detect traces of damage done by flour and tears, which no sponging had been wholly able to remove. The poverty that could not afford new dress was a painful fact, and would obtrude unpleasantly.

At home the dingy picture was perked up before him as a reminder. Now and then he encountered Bertha in the streets, and could not bring himself to pass her by without a kind word if she did carry a basket or a parcel. By-and-by he fancied that she flushed when thus they met, and he wondered whether the flush arose from weakness, or from what?

It might be weakness, he thought. He had heard his father say that Lena was not fit to sit stitching all day, and that Bertha and Joanna were overtaxing their own strength to relieve her. It must be weakness. He had not the vanity to suppose she would flush otherwise at a mere word of greeting from him. That he could not keep his own colour down he knew, but—she was different.

Ay, very different. He had many friends—many to exchange kind greetings with. Hers were few indeed, and any words kindly spoken, out of the way of absolute business, were something to think over and treasure—as she thought of his—gratefully.

There was one matter perplexing both whenever they chanced to meet, but of which neither could frame words to speak. Delicacy tied the tongues of both.

There had been no fear of starvation of late; for though the hotel-keeper at Scheveningen had little work for them when his seaside visitors had gone, Dr. Van Voorst's recommendation had found them work nearer home, and they could live without luxuries. Then Jan Vloed had never a good take of fish but one of the finest found its way, "with compliments," to the Westerholts. But Lena was not allowed to sit constantly at her needle, and plain sewing is not so remunerative as to leave a margin for extras, when rent and food and fuel are paid for. So the three had a somewhat hard struggle to get over the winter, and by no means could they contrive to renew their mourning.

There had been a sad lament over the spoiled frock of Bertha, when she came home streaked with white and spangled with fish-scales, and neither brushing nor sponging would altogether restore it. There was no use turning over their mother's old stores: everything was coloured and mostly unfit for them.

Joanna and Lena looked very rueful; but Bertha did her best to seem and be indifferent—though indifference to appearance was no part of her nature, and she felt more than she would own, especially at the kerk or when she met Herman Van Voorst.

Strangely enough, New Year's Day, the great Dutch festival, brought to the Westerholts a mysterious parcel for Meisje Bertha Westerholt, with nothing to indicate the sender. It contained fine black merino for a dress, and all fittings complete.

Joanna and Lena clasped their hands, and almost danced with delight.

Bertha looked at it with dazed astonishment. From whom could it have come?

"Dr. Van Voorst will have sent it," ventured Lena.

"Nay;" corrected Joanna, "he cares nothing about his own clothes; he would not think of ours."

"Perhaps Anna," was Lena's second guess.

"Nay, Anna would have brought it, to enjoy our pleasure," said Joanna, with a wise shake of the head.

But Bertha said never a word, though the blood surged upward to her brow. She had a memory of a younger doctor's keen scrutiny of her whitened gown, and of a casual remark one after day. Her eyes were moist, her breath came short and quick. Who but he could have sent it? Who but he had observed the stains upon her gown? Surely, if the father was good and kind, so was the son. So very good to think of her.

Joanna's voice broke in on her reverie.

"We can get it made by Sunday, if we try, and then, Bertha, you will look nice!"

"I shall not have it made."

"Not have it made?—and your own so shabby!" cried the others in a breath.

"Not until we can buy two others. Besides, I do not know who sent it. I might not like to keep it if I did."

It was not without some sacrifice of personal vanity that she came to this determination, but having made it, no sisterly persuasion could change it.

"If my dress looks worse than yours now, yours would look far worse beside a new one," she said, quietly. "We must endeavour to save cent by cent, if we go short of something else, to make a more respectable appearance. I will see what can be done, my dears."

Seeing what could be done meant getting up earlier, sitting up later, and knitting in the dark when the others were in bed. She could do that when the frost did not benumb her fingers—and she did it.

But she continued to wear her old black dress.

It was a source of perplexity and discomfiture to Herman Van Voorst, who had meant at once to relieve his own mind and do the maiden a service. Could it be that she guessed whence came the merino, and declined to honour his gift? It was a question he could not put, though it rose to his lips whenever they chanced to meet.

Equally embarrassed was she, since it was impossible to accredit him openly with being the anonymous donor, however self-convinced she might be. She had, moreover, the double disadvantage of feeling that he had observed