

went into shrieks again. This time the laughter was so infectious that Luke began to take a bass accompaniment in a perfectly helpless way, trying in vain to stop the tears with his handkerchief from rolling down his cheeks. At last, in a lucid interval, he managed to gasp—

"This will *not* do, Bozy; you must stop at once." And then off he went again, in spite of himself.

"To think of my sitting *in a tooth*," said Belinda, in a shaky voice, and she relapsed. "I declare I'm getting quite weak."

"If you make such a row, Bel," said Luke, who had now recovered, "uncle will hear us through his Eustachian tube, and turn us out pretty quickly."

"Those long words are all nonsense, Pill; you know they are. How can he hear such mites as we are. Oh! dear, oh! dear, I never shall get over this, I know I shan't," said poor Belinda, beginning to shake again, while she constantly mopped her red eyes.

"Well, you *are* a girl, Bozy," said Luke. "Do stop, for pity's sake, and listen to reason. We cannot help being where we are, and we must make the best of it, so it's not the least use your going on in that idiotic manner."

"Proceed," said Belinda, dashing her cloth cap on the ground, and pushing her hair back; "I'm so hot, but I'm quite sober now."

"Well," continued Luke, "I believe that it is quite possible we may have living creatures inside *our* mouths, so you need not laugh so immoderately. I don't mean human beings," he added, reflectively, "but you know, Bozy—

'Little blanks have lesser blanks,

So on *ad infinitum*.'

"You disgusting boy," said Belinda; "don't talk of such things in our mouths; besides, there couldn't be anything so small as to get inside us. I wonder, now, what size we really are. I should think you are about the fiftieth of an inch—with your boots on," she added.

"Boots or no boots," said Luke, "I'm jolly glad I all got small together. I used to think that was a fable about 'the tail that wagged a dog,' but it might have happened to us. I don't mean literally, Bozy" (observing her puzzled face), "but supposing—I say just supposing—that I had all got small excepting one boot or one thumb, or my nose, or even a single hair, would not that boot or thumb, or nose, or even hair have wagged me about like anything? Of course it would. Why, even if

a single thing about us had remained large your brooch or my knife, for instance, we should each have been mere specks hanging on to them; as it is, we're all right."

"How absurdly you talk, Pill! not in the least like an M.R.C.S. I wish, though, I had got a shade smaller than my clothes, for this dress that Brown made still pinches me dreadfully under the arms. But, talking seriously, Luke" (observe the "Luke"), "what are we to do with ourselves? We cannot remain shut up in this hole for ever!"

"Don't speak so disrespectfully of Uncle Goodchild's tooth, Bozy; if he only heard his 'dear little Linda,' what would he say?"

"I don't know, and, what is more, I don't care," said Belinda, standing up and trying to touch the gold ceiling with her outstretched arms. "I wish you would find some way out of this."

"Patience, Bel," said Luke; "you see I never was exactly in this position before, and I shall have to consider what is best to be done. A glorious thought, though, just strikes me; indeed, two glorious thoughts—"

While Luke is developing these, we will take the opportunity of finding out a little of his past history.

(To be continued.)

## STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

By DORA HOPE.



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they were such stay-at-home girls; they were just as eager to see the wide world as any other healthy active girls not long home from school, but circumstances were against them. Jeannette, their eldest sister, had left school two years ago, and had come home happy in the thought of being a help and comfort to their delicate mother, and very lovingly and well had she fulfilled her task. But six months ago, while driving her mother's pony carriage, she had met with an accident, and had received such injuries to her spine that their doctor had warned her that unless she wished to be an invalid for life, she must make up her mind to lie still for at least twelve months.

It was a bitter trial to Jeannette to give up her useful life of loving service, but she bore it bravely, and accepted the position of a helpless invalid uncomplainingly. In consequence of this change in the state of affairs at home, the twins, Nannie and Elsie, were brought home from school rather sooner than had been intended. They were delighted at the prospect of being set free from lessons and school discipline, but after a few months at home the novelty wore off, and they missed their lively companions, and felt the loss of regular occupations, and Jeannette, though

confined to her sofa, still found plenty of employment in advising and cheering her younger sisters.

It was a chilly day in October; the rain had been falling steadily all the morning, and dripping disconsolately from the ivy, with which the house was almost covered. Nannie, who was fond of poetry, especially of a rather melancholy sort, began repeating Longfellow's lines—

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary."

"I wish I was back at school again. I never thought it would be so dull having nothing to do," chimed in Elsie, who was leaning disconsolately against the window-frame, watching the rain drops chase each other down the pane, and the shrubs bend before the gusty wind.

"Come here, girls, I have an idea," cried a cheerful voice from the sofa; and Jeannette closed the book she was reading, and settled herself down for a good talk with her sisters, who drew up their chairs eagerly to hear the "idea."

"Well, you know, girls," she began, "it has been in a way my fault that you have had such a dull summer, but as I could not help being tipped out of the carriage, and did not get laid up to please myself, I am not going to make any apologies. But Dr. Hartley says now that I am to give up invalid ways, and make myself useful."

"Oh, Jeannie, how delightful! Are you really to walk about again?"

"Not just yet, Nannie; you are going on rather too fast; but you know you have all waited on me like a baby, and I have done nothing but read and amuse myself, and, indeed, I am afraid I have been getting very selfish—"

The girls began to protest against this idea, for Jeannette's patience and gratitude for their care of her had filled them with admiration; but she interrupted them and went on—

"I know you don't grudge the care you have taken of me, and I shall have to depend on you still for almost everything, but the doctor says I am to work as hard as I can under the circumstances, so I want you to help me so that I shall be able to look back to this year on the sofa as the very happiest I ever spent in my life. Now what do you say to beginning with a winter's real hard work?"

"But what sort of work?" asked Elsie. "I am sure there is nothing I can do."

"Well, I have been thinking that our village has grown almost into a town, and there are scores of poor children in it who have very little pleasure in their lives, so I thought we might do something for them to begin with, and I want you to go round to all the missions in the place and find out what everybody else is doing for the poor, so that there will be no fear of our interfering with anyone else's plans; and then, as soon as you have got your report for me, we will talk the matter over, and see what we can do to help."

"That will be lovely," cried Elsie, jumping up; "I am sure it is going to clear up, Nannie; let us put on our ulsters and start; we should have time to go to ever so many places before dark."

"I would not go in the rain, if I were you, Elsie, as there is no particular hurry, and besides, I have another plan to talk about. I thought, before beginning our hard work, we might cheer ourselves up with a little dissipation. I have spoken to mother about it, and she has no objection."

Elsie promptly sat down again, and prepared to listen eagerly.

"Well, I have just remembered that it will soon be the 31st of October, 'Hallow E'en,' you know."

"Oh, Jeannie, how lovely! Do you mean a regular old-fashioned Hallow E'en party, like grandmamma used to talk about; with ducking for apples, and burning nuts, and all kinds of fortunes. Oh, how lovely!" And she threw her arms round Nannie in the exuberance of her joy, and gave her such a vigorous embrace, that she had hardly breath to gasp out—

"And a cake with things in it."

"Yes, exactly," responded Jeannette; "but we must begin at once to make preparations. Suppose you go and make the cake at once; it must be rather stale, so as to cut into even slices. I have spoken to Jane about it already. They do not know anything about Hallow E'en here, so we can have it all our own way."

The two sisters proceeded to the large old-fashioned kitchen, and put on large cooking aprons, and were soon ready for work. The old cook, Jane, moved about in rather a slow, melancholy way, shaking her head dismally over the supplies the young cooks demanded. Nannie saw that something must be done to bring her into a good humour, or the cake might suffer; and, as the surest way, she tried to make her talk about her old home in Wales, and her experiences there.

"Do you keep Hallow E'en at home, Jane?" brought only a gruff response of—

"What's that, Miss Nannie?"

"Oh, it is the last day of October; you know the fairies are supposed to be powerful then, and you can find out who you are going to marry, and what he will be like, and all kinds of things."

"I don't know about fairies," answered Jane, cautiously. "Here, Miss Elsie, I'll stone them raisins for you, and you can cut up the peel."

Nannie saw with glee that the bait was taken, and Jane continued—

"On the first of November we have the fires at night. All the boys and girls are saving and begging sticks and gorse for weeks, and they light fires on every hill, and all try to have their fire the biggest. Sometimes they steal each other's wood, and then there is a fight. When the night comes, you'll see a fire on every hill in the country, and all lighted at the same time. At least, it used to be so; I daresay things is all changed now." It was forty years since Jane had left Wales, and she had only been back for occasional visits since, but she was as staunch and true to her country and people as ever.

"We used to beg flour and make it into cakes that we baked in the fire and ate there, and we roasted apples and nuts in the ashes. When the fire began to go down we were like wild things, running round and round it and shouting and singing. Then we tried to jump over it, first the boys, and then the girls; we always did that. When we got home mother took the poker to us."

"Jane!" cried Elsie, in horror, "what for? What did she do with it?"

"Well, Miss Elsie, she never touched us with it, but she always said she would for burning our frocks in the fire. It was one night of the fires, the first night of winter we used to call it, that my mother saw my father."

"How was that, Jane?" asked Nannie. She knew the tale well, and it showed that Jane had thawed into the best of tempers.

"Once," she continued, "my mother and her great friend, Jane Jones, Hendoe (the two Shans, they were called), agreed to try their fortunes. They boiled an egg hard and cut it in two pieces, and made them into cakes with as much salt as there was egg. They didn't tell no one, and Jane Jones took one cake and my mother the other, and they ate them before they went to bed, and didn't have nothing to drink. In the middle of the night" (Jane lowered her voice mysteriously) "my mother woke parched with thirst, and sat up in bed. There she saw my father, John Williams. He had a cup of water in his hand, and he said, 'Shan, my girl, I have brought you a drink.' She put her hand out to take it, and he vanished away. In the morning she only laughed at it, because she was walking with another young man. He was a sailor, and the very next voyage his ship went

down and he was drowned, and then my mother took up with John Williams, and they were married. And that's quite true, Miss Nannie."

At this point the preparation of the cake became all-absorbing. At last it was safely in the shape, and Nannie carefully pushed in the fortunes. They were a shilling for a rich wedding, a threepenny piece for a poor one, a ring for the first to be married, and a bone thimble for the old maid or bachelor.

The preparations went on blithely, and the three girls had very few idle moments before Hallow E'en arrived. With it came a merry company of boys and girls and a few elders, who all met with a hearty welcome to Mr. Heath's house. Each one on entering received a small envelope, on which was written, "Read this and keep it; it shall be a magic spell to advantage thee." Inside the envelope was an ornamental card with a line or proverb appropriate to the recipient. A fair haired girl found in hers Mortimer Collins's lines—

"Lady, very fair are you,  
And your eyes are very blue."

And a lad, whose lip and chin were daily and anxiously examined by himself, was only half pleased to read Austin Dobson's words, "The beard of manhood still is faint upon your cheeks."

A would-be sailor was rather puzzled by the remark on his card, "'There was a ship,' quoth he," and one of the guests who had just finished her training as a nurse and was at home for a holiday, recognised in the words in her envelope, "Flit on, cheering angel," the anagram on Florence Nightingale's name. None of the guests understood these mysterious little messages, but they carefully preserved them till later in the evening.

After tea, which was of ordinary straightforward good things, they all repaired to the fine old kitchen, and the fun of the evening began. There were two tubs, half full of water, in which apples of all sizes floated. One of the tubs was for ducking, but the other Mrs. Heath had advised as an alternative; by it stood a tall-backed chair, and a two-pronged fork was provided. The operator, kneeling on the chair, dropped the fork over the back, trying to transfix an apple on its prongs. The other tub was decidedly the most popular with the boys, and shouts of laughter arose at the sight of their struggles as they knelt beside the tub with their hands behind their back and tried to seize the apples in their mouths.

From a hook in the ceiling there hung a bar of wood, balanced carefully. On one end an apple was fixed and at the other a candle. And a similar bar hanging from another hook held at its opposite ends an apple and a bag of marbles. The bar was swung round rather fast and the object was to catch the apple in the mouth as it passed, and not the candle nor the bag of marbles. This needed skill, for the hands must be kept behind the back, and the wrong end came round so quickly that it was difficult to avoid it.

The delight of the youngsters was great when Aunt Lizzie and Mr. Heath stood opposite, while the apple and candle bar was swung round between them. And it knew no bounds when Mr. Heath's teeth met in the candle, though his grimaces may have been a little exaggerated, as it was really only a sugar one.

While the younger ones employed themselves in these games, superintended by Mr. and Mrs. Heath, Aunt Lizzie, and Uncle Tom, Nannie and Elsie led the other girls to the quieter room where Jeannette lay, to try some of the many spells and divinations proper to the night.

They had intended to melt lead and pour it into water to tell their fortunes by the shapes it took, but Mrs. Heath was so nervous lest someone should be burnt or scalded that it was given up, and a milder form of the same spell tried. Elsie brought in several fresh eggs, and these the girls broke carefully, and each in turn poured a little of the white into water, watching the strange shapes for a prophecy of their future.

Jeannette acted as priestess, and evoked wonderful fortunes for the girls, all ending happily. After this they tried their fortunes with needles, laying them carefully on the water, when, to their surprise, they nearly all floated. Each needle was named, and the girls watched eagerly as they drew together or separated, while some sank to the bottom, drawing others with them.

Their next spell was worked with a wedding ring, borrowed from Mrs. Heath. In turns the girls tied a hair to it, and held it suspended just inside a tumbler. The wrist was not allowed to be rested, and the hand must be held as steady as possible. In a few seconds the ring began to move, and swung backwards and forwards till it rang against the glass, and then swung slower again till it stopped. They asked questions and received answers from the ring by counting its strokes on the glass, after the manner of table-rapping.

The noise was less now in the kitchen, and the girls returned there. They found the hemp-seed had been brought out, but no one would work this spell till Nannie offered to venture. She had to go out alone, and it should have been in secret, and sow a handful of hemp behind her, repeating a verse as she did so. It was said she would see the wraith of her future husband following her to mow the crop she had sown. The words of the rhyme differ, but Nannie repeated what she had learnt as a child. "Hemp-seed, I sow thee, hemp-seed, I sow thee, And he that will my true love be, Come after me and mow thee."

She came running back laughing in a few minutes, escorted by a big black dog, belonging to a neighbour. Jane, when she saw the black dog, threw up her hands and groaned at the omen of bad luck, but when the dog's master appeared to apologise for the trespasser, Nannie hardly seemed to look on it as serious.

The time was passing so quickly that many of the spells and charms the girls had collected or learnt had to be omitted. The next they agreed should be a social one. All taking hands, they walked together to the part of the garden representing the kail-yard, and each pulling up the first stalk their hands touched, they returned with them to the house. Here they were all examined amid great laughter and amusement, for these plants were supposed to be a forecast of the future husband or wife. The shape, short or tall, crooked or straight, representing the bodily appearance, the taste foretelling the temper, sweet or sour, bitter or mild, and the quantity of earth clinging to the roots showing the worldly goods of the future spouse. The plants were fastened up over the doorway, and the Christian name of the first person entering would be the name of the future husband or wife of the owner of the first stalk put up, and so on.

Most of the party were glad now to sit down round the fire to the comparatively quiet task of burning nuts together. Each took two nuts, one to represent themselves; to the other a name was secretly given, and they were placed side by side on the bar of the grate. As they burnt quietly together, or rolled, or jumped away from each other, the faithfulness or otherwise of the not impossible he or she was predicted.

For those who were still too lively for this,

Three saucers were laid on the hearth, one being empty, the second containing clean water, and the third soiled water. The one to try his fortune was blindfolded, made to walk across the room, and dip his hand into one of the saucers. If he dipped his fingers into the clean water his future wife would not have been married before; the dirty water foretold a widow, and the empty saucer condemned him to a single life. While Uncle Tom, walking across the room, dipped his fingers into the empty saucer, his daughter Kate stole away to peel and eat an apple before a looking-glass, and watch for the face of a shadowy lover, who was to look over her shoulder while she did it. Long before the apple could have been eaten there was a sound of a scuffle in the room, and the door opening, Kate appeared with a wrathful face, followed by Willie Hesketh, rubbing his tingling cheek. He thought it such a pity, he explained, that Kate should be disappointed and see no one, that he had crept into the room after her, and peeped over her shoulder. This was all the thanks he got for a kind deed.

Happily, peace was restored by the announcement of supper, and they all gathered in the dining room. The supper was, as far as the three girls could make it, a continuation of the spells and charms of the evening. At one end of the table was an old punch-bowl, brimming with the appropriate "lamb's wool," Nannie had made from one of the several recipes in an old book. She had made milk hot and spiced it, and in it were floating roasted crab apples. Mr. Heath ladled the mixture into an ancient loving cup, and it was passed round with the proper honours. At the opposite end was the cake Nannie and Elsie had made.

Among other things was a dish of walnuts. These were last season's; they had been carefully opened, the kernels removed, and the shells refilled with a little forecast, a motto, or verse. The shells had then been neatly cemented together, and until the first was cracked no one had suspected them to be anything more than ordinary walnuts. In the centre of the table was a tall erection, supposed to be a cake; on the top of it stood an ivy-crowned figure, representing a Druid. One hand was raised, and held a torch, and from the other hung, what Uncle Tom called, "an elegant copy of verses," setting forth that there was but one present who could "rede his riddle aright." This was the youngest present, the maid that was born on Hallow E'en. She was to walk three times, sunwise, round the table, and then, seizing him boldly, was to raise him skyward, and to read aloud the mystic words that then appeared.

Maude Hesketh was the only one who answered to this description, and after walking solemnly three times round the table, she boldly took the Druid by his waist, and with a little help lifted him up. As she did so the cake on which he stood fell apart, and showed it was composed of the wedge-shaped boxes made for wedding cake. On each of these a line or two lines were written, and Maude, taking the one nearest her, read aloud,

"Lady, very fair are you,  
And your eyes are very blue."

"Why, that is on my card," cried Kate, and the box was handed to her. She opened it eagerly, and exclaimed with delight at the little foreign silver ring with clasped hands on it. Under the ring was a card prettily painted, and having written on it—

"She to whom this token comes,  
Knows its tale is true;  
Work, and play, and health, and joy,  
All I bring to you."

The next that Maude picked up had on it the words, "'There was a ship,' quoth he." It was claimed at once by the boy who had been studying his card at intervals through the evening. In it was a little anchor, out of which a pencil shot when the anchor was pulled at both ends. The card in the box bore sketches of ships in full sail, and the words—

"The finest ship in the Queen's Navee,  
And the loveliest lass ashore,  
They are standing by, my lad, for thee,  
When the anchor is cast once more."

"Flit on, cheering angel," read out Maude, and the nurse was delighted to find in her box a clinical thermometer and the lines on her card—

"The bard could almost envy thee,  
Thou bringest ease to the suffering pale,  
And thou, beloved by all, shalt be  
Like England's Florence Nightingale."

The Druid had forgotten no one, and great credit was due to his ingenuity in finding appropriate presents and prophecies for each. Even Jeannette, to her great surprise, received a wand in the shape of a stylographic pen, and a prophecy that before the year was out health and vigour would return to her, and that in the meantime wonders would be worked by this magic wand.

At length all was finished, and the merry party broke up, promising to meet again in a year's time to work fresh spells and to tell how many of these prophecies had been fulfilled.



### THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

THERE are many different types of beauty. There is the beauty of youth, which all enjoy for a season; there is the beauty of form and colour, which is the most attractive kind of beauty; there is the beauty of intellect, which sharpens and refines the most rugged features and redeems them from the charge of plainness; and, lastly, there is the highest beauty of all, the beauty of holiness, which comes from close and frequent intercourse with God and is the reflection of His glory. This is the beauty spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles when it is said that all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on Stephen, a man full of faith and of power and of the Holy Ghost, "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The beauty of youth is fleeting. Beautiful features are rare, and the most brilliant complexions fade. The beauty of intellect is rarer still, but the beauty of holiness is within reach of all; all may acquire that if they choose, and this is a beauty that never fades, but daily increases, though the outer man may wither and decay. We see it sometimes illuminating the faces of the poorest, the oldest, even of the deformed and afflicted, as well as of the young, whose natural beauty it

heightens and adorns, and whenever we see it we may be sure that he or she who possesses it is in the habit of holding intercourse with God, a man or woman of prayer—for it is prayer and meditation on holy things which make the face as it were "the face of an angel."

It was after Moses had been for forty days and nights with the Lord, talking with Him, that the children of Israel saw that the skin of his face shone, shone with the reflected glory of God, though Moses himself wist not of it. Moses, like Stephen, was a man full of faith. He longed to see the Lord. "Show me Thy glory," was his prayer. To see God was his heart's desire, and the Lord made all His goodness and His glory to pass before him. God is always ready and willing to reveal Himself to each of us. It is the incapacity of the creature for beholding God, not His unwillingness to show Himself, which hinders us from seeing Him. "Thou canst not see My face," He said to Moses, not, "I will not show it thee," for He is far more willing to show Himself than we to gaze on Him. Even in those olden days, before God was made manifest in Christ, He revealed His glory to His servant Moses in answer to his prayer.

Later on, to the first martyr Stephen at the hour of his trial, He granted a still more blessed vision, for we are told that "Stephen, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." The first to die for Christ, Stephen was the first to behold the "King in His beauty."

Oh, glorious sight! desire of all nations! vision that all who will may behold! may God open our eyes, that we too may see the heavens opened and Jesus standing on the right hand of God! May He fill each of us with the Holy Ghost, that we too may be full of faith and of power, that our highest pleasure may be to talk with God like Moses, to gaze up steadfastly into heaven like Stephen! Then even here shall our faces shine with the reflection of His glory, and hereafter, when we behold Jesus glorified, our faces too will be "like the face of an angel." Even here will God show Himself to us as we are able to bear the dazzling sight, and hereafter we too shall behold the King in His beauty, "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

DARLEY DALE.

stronged the arched aisles, with unwonted splendour.

Near the altar a throne had been erected. Arayed in crimson velvet and ermine, adorned with gold and jewels, Charles entered bare-headed, followed by his retinue, as the organ pealed in melodious thunder through the aisles, and the full-voiced choir chanted in harmony.

The anointing with the holy oil and other portions of the ceremony were proceeded with an due form, and every heart in the assembly beat high with loyal emotion. Yet even more than the king himself did Jeanne the Maid rivet attention and sympathy. Holding her white standard erect, she stood near the altar; the rays of light that streamed through the richly-stained window above her head bathed her in glorified radiance, and she seemed to the awe-struck spectators to be a being from another world.

The ceremonial ended with the benediction, and Jeanne, putting aside her standard, fell at the feet of Charles VII.

"O gentle king, the pleasure of God is done," she cried, with tears, as she embraced his knees. She then begged leave to go home, but Charles, as he raised her from the ground, put aside the request, scarcely believing in its sincerity. And in truth the passionate homage and adoration that were now lavished by all classes of society upon the Maid seemed as though they should have outweighed the attraction of a village home. She asked no reward for herself but that Domremy should be exempted from taxes, and, accordingly, for nearly three hundred years there appeared in the books of assessment

opposite the name of the village, "Nothing, for the Maid's sake." To her and her family were given a patent of nobility, in which the lilies of France figured, under the title of Du Lys.

With these somewhat barren rewards the gratitude of Charles seems to have expended itself, and the history of Jeanne now becomes sadder and sadder to its close.

She remained with the King's forces, and became inspired with the desire that actuated all his really loyal counsellors to conquer Paris for its sovereign; but Charles established himself at a pleasant retreat at Senlis, and shunned activity. In vain did the Duke D'Alençon implore him to appear before his capital, where there were many friendly to his cause. He delayed and delayed; and at last, when an attack was really made, it failed owing to his vacillation and the cowardly command of one of his generals to sound a retreat.

"The city might have been won!" was the piteous cry of the Maid, as, wounded and distracted, she was lifted on her horse and led away. Yet she would not give up her plan; and two days afterwards, with reinforcements and a valiant band of helpers, she started to renew the attack on Paris, at a point where a bridge crossed the Seine. It can scarcely be believed that Charles, hearing of her intention, had caused the bridge to be destroyed during the night, and thus frustrated her efforts!

Feeling that her mission was over, the disheartened Maid hung up her armour before the tomb of St. Denis, the patron saint of France; yet she was persuaded to remain with the Court, and passed a miserable winter of inactivity

at Bourges. Much jealousy surrounded the shepherd girl who had saved France; still, it was not strong enough to prevent her being held in considerable honour, and a handsome income was granted to her. This she spent largely for the benefit of the poor and afflicted, who now, as ever, loved her presence.

Few details of her Court life have come down to us, but it is evident that it was distasteful to her ardent, impetuous nature. In April of the following year—1430—she mounted her horse and set off with a few brave men, bidding no farewell to the king, whom she never saw again.

Hearing that the Duke of Burgundy was successfully attacking the fortresses round Compiègne, she went to that town, and was gladly received by the governor and citizens. She aroused the inhabitants to make a gallant defence, and headed a sally against the besiegers. In the battle that followed she acted in her most heroic manner, but her force was outnumbered. "Jeanne, Jeanne, lose not a moment!—regain the town or we are lost!" was the cry. She was unwilling, but some of her friends seized her horse by the bridle and forced her to turn back. The intrepid girl, seeing that defeat was inevitable, rushed to the rear, to cover the retreat and help the soldiers to escape. More selfish than she was, they fled helter-skelter within the gates, closed them, and raised the drawbridge before Jeanne could cross it. All hope of her safety was over; for, attended only by a very few brave followers, she was shut out!

(To be concluded.)

## STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

By DORA HOPE.

### OUR CHRISTMAS EXHIBITION.



ALTHOUGH Jeannette had herself proposed that her sisters should begin the winter with a little amusement, she had no intention of letting them spend all their time in that way, and no sooner was their Hallow E'en party successfully over than she set about making

inquiries for some more useful occupation for them. She soon found plenty to do, and her only difficulty henceforward was to prevent the girls undertaking too many things at once.

But Elsie and Nannie found their first piece of work for themselves. On calling one day at the vicarage, while on a charitable mission to two poor families, they found the vicar's wife engaged in a conference with one of her most active lady assistants as to the details of a proposed Christmas Exhibition; and no sooner were the girls introduced to her than she declared it was a most fortunate circumstance that they should have come just then, for she was on the look out for someone to help her, and they were just the girls she wanted.

"So, Jeannette, you must just set your wits to work," cried Nannie, when on returning

home Elsie paused breathless with eagerness and excitement in the midst of narrating their adventures. "And we told Miss Massingham—that is her name, you know—all about you, and she is coming here to-morrow morning to have a good long talk, and settle everything."

"Yes," went on Elsie, "and we said you would be sure to have lots of suggestions ready for her, so do be brilliant, and have splendid ideas while we go and take our things off, and we'll bring some paper and write your ideas down at once. Come along, Nannie."

It was in vain for Jeannette to call after them that they had not explained in the least what they wanted her to do; the girls ran off too full of their scheme to listen to anything. Their usual custom was to sit chatting when they came in from a walk, taking off their gloves and hats, and unbuttoning their jackets as they talked, and it needed a very broad hint indeed to start them off upstairs; but to-day they were too full of their new project to waste any time in gossiping.

In a wonderfully short time they came running downstairs again, armed with pencil and paper, and demanding ideas.

"We never told you what it was all about, Jeannie? But our brains are both so overflowing with the subject that I should have said a thought-wave must have reached you; however, as you are so dense, I will explain. Well, there is going to be an Industrial Show here at Christmas; all the day schools, and Sunday-schools, and Bands of Hope are to be asked to join. There are to be prizes for all kinds of things, chiefly useful articles made by the children themselves. The first thing to be done, Miss Massingham says, is to get large

notices printed announcing the show, to be put up in all the schoolrooms, and any convenient public places. Then we must make out lists of the prizes offered, and get them distributed and explained to the children, so that they will know what kind of things to prepare."

"Are only children to compete, then?" asked Jeannette.

"No, but she wants us to help chiefly with the children. The prize lists for grown-up people are to be on white, and for children under sixteen years on blue paper, so as not to have any confusion."

"The time is very short," objected Jeannette, "and these industrial shows are better held in the early spring, so that the children can have all the long winter evenings for their work. If we gave notice of the show now, and tried to make the children in all the schools promise to work through the winter, we might get a very good show by about April."

"Now, dearest Jeannie, don't be unpleasant and throw cold water on our plans. Miss Massingham says of course that would be the proper thing to do, only she is going abroad after Christmas, and there is no one else who will undertake all the arrangements, so it has to be very much hurried, and, she says, no doubt it will suffer in consequence, but we must do the best we can. And we promised to put our heads together, and get some good suggestions for the prize list; and then to-morrow Miss Massingham will come and sift them out."

So the three talked over possible and impossible ideas, and Elsie eagerly wrote down all the suggestions till they had a goodly list to show their new friend.



Punctually at the time fixed, Miss Masingham arrived, and was shown into the room where the three girls were waiting for her.

She was tall, with a firm, quiet face, and winning manner, which quite accounted for the girls' enthusiasm about her. She looked down with pity on Jeannette, and her first remark, after the mutual greetings, was: "I have a small bed-table with a book-rest at home, that I think would be comfortable for you; will you let me send it to you?" And without waiting for Jeannette's surprised thanks, she took up Elsie's neatly-written list, and, as she said, proceeded to business.

"You write so clearly," she said, turning to Elsie, "so perhaps you would not mind acting as our secretary; I have brought some large sheets of foolscap paper, so that you will have plenty of room. Suppose we begin with the children's list. First, then, at the top of the sheet we must have the announcement in large type of the date and place of the show; we have obtained permission to use the Grange Street Board School; you know the Board are always very ready to lend their schools for such purposes, and we have fixed upon the Saturday after Christmas Day, so that will do for a beginning; we shall have to give notice of the exact hour, with all other final instructions, nearer the time, so as to jog their memories."

"Will you say anything about the ages of the competitors on the papers?" asked Jeannette.

"Yes, I think, to avoid misunderstanding, we had better go on: 'The following prizes are offered to any competitors, either boys or girls, under sixteen years of age.'"

"I heard of a similar show a little while ago," said Jeannette, "at which, having found from previous experience that there was a good deal of cheating, they made a regulation that a card must be attached to each exhibit, signed by a teacher or some other adult, certifying that the exhibit was really and entirely the child's own work."

"That is a very good suggestion; please add that to your notice, Elsie. Then the prize list might follow, I think. I will read out to you the prizes which different friends have already offered—For the neatest patch

(2 prizes), 5/- and 2/6; tool box, made by boys, 5/-; knitted socks or stockings, 3/6; a quilt made from waste scraps of material, 7/6 and 5/-.

"That last is very good," Miss

Masingham interrupted herself

to say; "we must persuade some of the young people to try it.

I have seen very warm quilts made by knitting flannel list with very large wooden needles; and one I saw knitted in the same way of scraps of material of all sorts and colours cut into narrow strips, and stitched firmly to-

gether. Then, again, patchwork quilts need not be made only of cotton, they can be made of cuttings of flannel, cloth, dress materials—anything, in fact."

"And haven't you heard of newspaper quilts, too, Miss Massingham?" put in Nannie.

"Yes, dear, and I have tried them myself of sheets of brown paper as well as newspapers; but the consequence was I gave up advising people to use them, for they cracked and rustled so they kept me awake nearly all night. I suppose one would get accustomed to that as to any other noise that is continuous, but one loses an uncomfortable amount of sleep in the meantime."

"I should like to offer a prize," said Mrs. Mayhew, who had come into the room unperceived. "I am always being annoyed by the slovenly way so many poor people do their washing and ironing; so I will offer two prizes, one for girls for the best ironed collar, and one for women for the best got-up shirt."

"And how much will you give, mother?"

"Not money at all, I think, Elsie. Suppose I offer a pair of vases for the women, and materials for a cotton dress for the girls. But I should like you to add, Elsie, that professional laundresses are not to compete."

"And I should like to give a prize, too, Miss Massingham," added Jeannette. "I will give a fitted-up work-case for the best parlour-maid's cap made by a servant."

"Oh, Elsie, I wish we had some money," sighed Nannie; "everybody is giving a prize except us."

"Well, dears, as you seem inclined to really work hard at making the show a success," answered their mother, "if you like, I will give you two nice useful cookery books to offer for prizes."

"That will be delightful," exclaimed Nannie, smiling once more; "what shall they be for, Elsie?"

"It seems to be a duty to encourage the domestic arts," replied Elsie, thoughtfully, leaning her chin upon her hand; "so I think mine shall be for a cake, with a recipe for making it. I suppose we must mention that it is to be a plain, cheap cake; don't you think so, Miss Massingham?"

"Yes, decidedly, Elsie, and that the cost will be taken into account in awarding the prizes."

"Well, I am going to be still more prosaic, and give my prize for pea-soup; though I don't believe you would ever get poor people to like soup," added Nannie.

Miss Massingham then read out the other special prizes which had been offered, and said, to save time, Elsie had better begin the other list for adults now, so that she could read out the prizes just as they came. One lady had offered two prizes for written directions how best to lay out ten shillings a week for food for a family of husband, wife, and four children, and another on how best to live entirely on thirty shillings a week, details to be given as to the proportions to be spent on rent, dress, food, and the other principal items of expense. Another prize was for a collection of the wild flowers of the neighbourhood, collected and dried during the past summer. The lady who offered this prize had a large class of girls whom she had encouraged to observe and collect wild plants. Then the vicar offered a New Testament to the man or boy who could best read aloud a chapter in the Bible, and a handsome Bible to the one who would best recite any favourite chapter in the Bible.

In addition to these special prizes, many friends had contributed sums of money to the undertaking, to be spent as Miss Massingham thought proper; so she and the girls decided that prizes should be offered, amongst other things, for the best Christmas decorations—

wreaths, garlands, mottoes, or anything else being admissible; and it was decided that if anything suitable was sent it should be given to the Cottage Hospital, even though it would arrive too late for Christmas Day.

Several other needlework prizes were offered, too—one for a cotton dress, cut out and made by competitor; another for the best night-dress made by a girl of sixteen, and so on. Then for boys, there were prizes for fret-work, netted hammocks, and cork models, and for the men several prizes for carpentering—one for a book-case, for a hanging cupboard, for a model of a ship or building of any sort, as well as an open prize for any sort of article for home use. In addition to all these, nearly a dozen prizes were offered for various sorts of plants, grown in pots by exhibitors; at this time of year these, of course, were chiefly evergreens.

These notices and prize lists were distributed as soon as possible, and though it was thought best for Miss Massingham and the vicar's wife to visit the schools and workmen's clubs, and get the co-operation of the masters and mistresses, the girls rendered invaluable service by visiting at their own homes as many as possible of the children who gave in their names as competitors, and encouraging and advising them in their work.

About a fortnight before the day of the show other handbills were distributed, announcing that the exhibition would be opened at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and that all exhibits must be brought to the hall between six and eight on Friday evening, and each must have the name and address and, in the case of children, the age of the exhibitor attached.

When the Friday evening came, the girls went to the hall early with their brother Ronald, who was in his father's office, Jack, a medical student, and his friend Mr. Lethbridge, who lived next door, and was the owner of the black dog which had frightened Nannie at their Hallow E'en party. He had been a new arrival in the neighbourhood then, and almost a stranger, but he and Jack had struck up a friendship ever since that evening. When they arrived they found Miss Massingham awaiting them, with several other young men and maidens, whom she had asked to help. And though it was still half an hour before the time fixed, there was already a crowd of children waiting with their exhibits, each of whom evidently expected his or her own particular specimen to be the pride of the whole show.

A good number of long tea-meeting tables had been borrowed for the occasion; these were arranged down the sides of the largest class-room, and a smaller one ran down the middle, and all were covered with the cheapest red-glazed lining. For some time all were busy receiving the exhibits from the children, who evidently parted with them reluctantly, and with some anxiety as to their safety; but they were to some extent comforted when Nannie, who acted as doorkeeper, gave each one as they left the room again, a red ticket, which entitled them to free admission to the show, all but exhibitors having to pay twopence apiece.

When the stream of exhibitors had stopped, and no others seemed to be coming but an occasional man or woman, who could not get out till the day's work was done, the girls set to work to sort out and arrange the articles, those for the needlework competition in one place, for the cookery in another, and so on. The adults were given one side of the room and the children the other, while the plants of all sorts were grouped on the centre table. Meanwhile the young men were equally busy, nailing up the Christmas decorations, some of which were very effective, and arranging the flags and large plants which had been bor-

rowed for the occasion. A small class-room had to be converted into a picture gallery, and the large number of pictures Miss Massingham had borrowed from her friends were hung there, each one which needed it with a short description attached, in Elsie's clear handwriting.

The quilts, being many and of gorgeous colour, were not put on the tables with the other needlework, but hung upon the walls, where they added very much to the brightness of the room, though one unfortunate assistant brought upon himself a storm of laughter when it was noticed that the quilt he had been so long in hanging, and which was adorned with brilliant red flannel figures supposed to represent some scriptural scene, was wrong side up.

It was late before all was finished, but the assistants were at the school again betimes next morning. The first to arrive were Ronald and Jack, who, after a considerable arranging of cushions on the little platform at one end of the room, went out again to the carriage at the door, and came back carrying most gently between them their sister Jeannette. They had insisted that she must come and help to judge, as she had done so much and taken such an interest in the show. All the evening before her busy fingers had been employed, first in making up charming little rosettes for the six young men who were to act as stewards; and then in writing notices in large round-hand, "Class I," "Class II," and so on, to be affixed to the different sets of articles, so that visitors might know which competition they were looking at, and by referring to their prize lists see what were the prizes offered. Miss Massingham was delighted with her clever work, and still more gratified when she heard how much the bed-table had helped her to write without excessive fatigue.

Ronald had to leave to go to his office as soon as he had settled his sister comfortably, but Jack and Mr. Lethbridge devoted themselves to her, and when all was ready for the judging, and Miss Massingham had allotted to each their appointed tasks, they brought Jeannette all the cookery exhibits, that she might decide upon their respective merits, which was the duty assigned to her, and afterwards re-arranged the articles in their places, and at her direction affixed the notices, "first prize," or "second prize."

Meanwhile Elsie was busy in her capacity as secretary. As the judges finished their tasks each one came to her and gave her the names of the prize-winners in that particular class, which she wrote down on the list prepared beforehand for the purpose.

At last all was finished, and when nearly all the assistants had departed, Jeannette was carried round the room to admire the exhibits in detail before being deposited, tired indeed, but delighted, in her carriage once more.

It is impossible to narrate all the events of the afternoon. Suffice it to say that a large number of visitors came, and went away prepared to attempt wonderful things for next year, and though of course there was a little grumbling from disappointed exhibitors, nearly every one was quite satisfied with the way the prizes had been awarded.

One steward, aided by a policeman, kept the door; another posted himself in the picture gallery, and explained the pictures to the visitors. Another, who held in his hand a duplicate copy of the list of prize-winners, marshalled them into the room which had been set apart for the distribution, and brought them up in proper order to receive the prizes from the hands of the vicar, who called out their names from the list Elsie had given him.

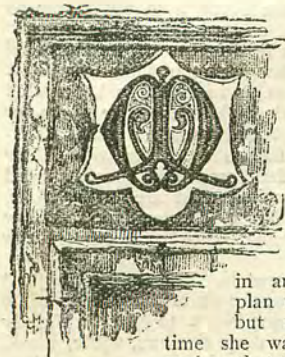
After the prize-giving, a selection of glees was sung by an amateur choral society; a speech was made by the vicar; and so ended the girls' first attempt at work for the poor.

(To be continued.)

## WINTER EVENINGS AT HOME.

## STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

By DORA HOPE.



RS. MAYHEW was delighted that her daughters should begin to take an interest in their poorer neighbours, and was always ready to help them

in any benevolent plan they took up; but at the same time she was exceedingly anxious that they should not

become so absorbed in their new occupations as to neglect their own family, and especially their brothers. She knew how many young men have been driven to finding their pleasures away from home because nothing has been done to make home attractive to them; and she knew, too, how much of the cheerfulness and life of a house depends always upon the conduct of the sisters in it; so she took every opportunity of reminding Nannie and Elsie that they were to a great extent responsible for the happiness of their brothers.

Jack, the medical student, was a warm-hearted, affectionate young fellow, always ready to do anybody a kindness, but not particularly devoted to hard work, and with a very decided objection to dull, quiet evenings at home; in fact, he very soon tired even of the musical evenings which always contented his older and more steady-going brother, Ronald; so that Mrs. Mayhew was especially anxious that the girls should make the house cheerful for him.

One morning, as he was starting for his train to town, Jack turned back to tell his mother that he wanted to bring a fellow-student home with him from Saturday till Monday. She willingly agreed, adding—

"I know I can trust you, my boy, to bring someone we shall like."

"He's a very nice fellow, has no relations here and very few friends, and I think he's awfully lonely sometimes." Jack knew this statement would touch his mother's heart. "We will take the boat and go a spin up the river, and be in at the usual time," he added, as he ran down the garden path and jumped the little gate at the bottom. It was one of Jack's peculiarities that he never had time to open that gate in the morning. Early rising was not his strong point, and he invariably got through his breakfast with a speed which ought to have ruined his digestion, and started off running to the station after all sensible people were already on the platform.

His friend, Mr. Morton, proved to be a silent, rather shy young man. He was some years older, and further on in his studies than Jack, and so unlike him in every way that his sisters wondered what could have attracted them to each other.

They had a game of chess together in the evening; but on this occasion Jack had the best of it for Mr. Morton's eyes and thoughts wandered round the room from Ronald and Elsie, who were softly, but diligently, practising a difficult passage in duet between violin and piano, to Mrs. Mayhew and Miss Massingham, who were earnestly discussing some

new benevolent project—Mrs. Mayhew emphasising her words with expressive flourishes of her knitting-needle and Miss Massingham eagerly agreeing. From them his glance passed to Mr. Mayhew, tracing out a difficult geological problem, with coloured maps and portentous reports; but it dwelt longest on the sofa where Jeannette lay, her fingers busy with soft, warm knitting, while she merrily joined Mr. Lethbridge in teasing Nannie about her last pet, a miserable little dog which she had rescued from its tormentors and brought home. It was forbidden to come into the drawing-room, but it had managed to creep in unperceived, and was now in a state of abject penitence and terror, shivering when anyone looked at it, and at every movement towards it, turning at once on to its back with four quivering, supplicating legs in the air. "You can see," Nannie was saying, "that it has been very badly treated, and always expects a blow or a kick; I must educate it by love."

"You should strengthen its nerves with a cold bath every morning," suggested Mr. Lethbridge.

"And give him a tonic," added Jeannette.

But Mr. Morton's attention was recalled by Jack, and he heard no more till the game was finished, when they joined the group round Jeannette's couch and found a lively discussion going on about winter evening amusements—especially cards.

"I have played at home all my life," said Miss Massingham, "and have only lately found out how many people object to them."

"Papa was brought up very strictly," explained Jeannette, "and even now he will never play; but he has always left each of us at liberty to decide for ourselves as we grow old enough; but of course we know he does not like seeing the cards, so we do not often play at home."

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Mayhew, "I do not much like cards; but if my boys must play, I would far rather they should do it at home with their sisters and myself than that they should have to go out to find partners, so I am always ready to take a hand."

"I think," said Miss Massingham, thoughtfully, "before I taught boys to play cards I would make them promise never to play for money."

"Why teach them at all, then, if it needs such a safeguard?" asked Jeannette. "I would have nothing to do with such a dangerous game."

"Because there is no other game worth playing after whist," replied Miss Massingham. "What do you think?" she added, turning to Ronald.

"I quite agree with you that no other games can quite take the place of cards," he replied; "but I see so much gambling in the train every morning and evening, and there are such a lot of weak-minded fellows who are too weak to refuse when they are asked to put a little money on the game, that I have made up my mind not to play any more at all; and, besides, I don't really care for it."

He spoke earnestly, and the colour mounted to his face, for he had only lately come to this resolution, and had never spoken of it before.

"Nonsense!" said Jack, astonished and rather angry; "you are never going to be such a duffer, Ronald. Why, what will

you do when you are out with other fellows? You'll never hear the last of it; and there's no danger of your turning gambler."

"I quite agree with your brother, Jack," put in Mr. Morton, in a rather hesitating voice. "Gambling has been a temptation to me; and I know from my own experience how much easier it would be to keep clear of it if there were a few more fellows like your brother, with resolution enough to give it up altogether, and to let the other fellows know it."

This, coming from his friend, had great weight with Jack, and Miss Massingham, who seemed a good deal touched by Mr. Morton's confession, said, "I never thought of it as being a help or hindrance to anyone else; I think I had better give it up too. But what can all you young people do with yourselves in the long winter evenings without cards?"

"That's just it," responded Jack. "Morton is quite right: gambling does lead fellows into a lot of things they had better keep clear of, and I don't know that it isn't as well to keep one's own home free from the taste for cards; but what on earth are we to do? Elsie and Ronald would like to have music every night and all night, but Nannie and I don't care for more than three whole evenings of it a week. I have taught Nannie to play chess, and she plays very well already for a girl, but even chess palls in time."

Nannie did not say how she had disliked chess at first, and how many struggles with herself it had needed before she began to like the game, and to enjoy a battle with Jack. But she glanced up with an expressive little smile of gratification to her faithful confidante Jeannette, who was replying to Jack's arguments.

"I know I cannot contribute much to the amusement of the family," she said, "so perhaps I ought not to speak, but I should like to suggest that we try just for a month to see if we can't do quite as well without cards. You see, Miss Massingham, we already manage to spend a great many of our evenings without them. For one thing, most of our family are fond of reading; even Jack likes someone to read aloud when he has any microscopic mounting to do, or has one of his spasmodic fits of painting. Ronald does not care for listening unless he has some music to copy at the same time, but he is always ready to read aloud, and of course mother and we girls have always needlework of some sort in hand."

"See," said Nannie, aside to Mr. Lethbridge, as she touched the embroidered mantel-board, "in my mind Uncle Remus's tales are worked into this corner, and here we were reading 'The Lady of the Lake.' That little piece is 'The Tempest'; we had the songs in it sung and played, you know. And along here papa was reading extracts from Darwin's 'Earthworms.' Needlework helps one to remember wonderfully."

"But, of course," Jeannette went on, "there are many people who do not care for music, and dislike reading aloud. It is more difficult for them to amuse themselves."

"When we feel very frivolous," said Elsie, "we have paper games—some of them are great fun—drawing games, and critiques, and adjective and adverb games, and dumb-crambo, and ever so many more."

"How do you play? I do not know any of these," asked Miss Massingham.

"We have two kinds of drawing games—one is rather babyish. We each have a piece of paper and sketch the beginning of something on it and pass it on. The next person—not knowing how you intended to complete the sketch—adds a little to it and passes it on; and so on with each paper all round the table, and when it comes back you would not recognise it if you had not put some sort of mark in the corner. We generally reserve that game for when we have children here. For the other games, we decide upon some particular kind of subject—say an incident in English history, or a line from a well known poem. Then each one draws an illustration, without mentioning the subject, and passes the paper round the table, and each person, in turn, writes underneath what she thinks it represents. It has to be written at the bottom and folded over, so that no one knows what the person before has guessed. When all these papers have got back to their original owners again, each one opens her paper, states what the subject really was, and reads out all the guesses. Sometimes they are rather amusing, especially if there are any waggish members of the party who make jokes, like Jack did last night; his picture was a man poking about amongst a lot of laundresses' wash-tubs; and after we had guessed all manner of sensible things, he told us it was King John losing his regalia in the Wash."

"But so few people could draw well enough for that game," interrupted Miss Massingham.

"Oh, yes, that is just the beauty of it—the worse people draw, the better the game is; good artists generally make it too evident what the subject really is. I can't draw at all; so, if my design is very complicated, I have to resort to labelling the things—'moon,' 'mountain,' and so on. Then there is—Oh! you describe the adjective game, Jeannie, as you always write the story."

"Write a story! I never did such a thing in my life," exclaimed Miss Massingham. "I am sure that game would be no use to us."

"My stories are not always original," said Jeannette; "I generally copy a little anecdote from a book, or, still better, part of some very matter-of-fact statement—perhaps out of a political speech, from a newspaper—and leave a space before each noun and verb. No one knows what I have written, but I ask each, in turn, to give me either an adjective or adverb—whichever I happen to require—till one has been filled in to each vacant space in my narrative, and then I read it aloud."

"But it must make sheer nonsense—doesn't it?"

"Sometimes it is rather pointless; but very often the adjectives happen to fit in remarkably well—particularly if I give a hint beforehand of the kind of statement I have written—either that it is political, or literary, or simply an anecdote. Our leading politicians sometimes make the most extraordinary statements in this game."

"And what do you mean by 'critiques'?" It sounds very learned," asked Mr. Lethbridge.

"Oh dear no, it is very easy, or I should never play it," responded Nannie; "but of course it is not a children's game—they don't see any point in it. It is something like the old game of consequences, and is played in just the same way. We each have a sheet of paper, and each write the name of an imaginary book and fold the paper over so that the name cannot be seen. Then each paper is passed to the next person, who writes a

secondary title. For instance, one may have written as a title, 'Thoughts from My Diary,' and the next 'Every Man His Own Undertaker.' Then the paper is folded as before, and passed to the next person, who writes a motto for the book, and the next adds a critique from a well-known newspaper and puts the name of the paper at the end: if you can hit the style of the paper, all the better. I am not good at that myself, but the way Jeannie imitates the condescendingly superior style of some reviewers is really very fine. Then we have another critique. Of course nobody knows the name of the book they are writing about, so the criticisms are generally absurdly inappropriate. We generally let one person read them all out together at the end, like consequences."

"It seems so cold-blooded to talk of games without playing them. When we have a lot of people here we nearly always have a game or two of clumps," said Ronald; "but I am afraid there are not enough of us to-night."

"I am sorry to seem so ignorant," said Miss Massingham, "but I do not even know how to play clumps."

"It is a very simple game, but a general favourite; even my father takes a scientific interest in the methods of finding out what has been thought of. We divide the whole party into groups, or 'clumps,' and one person from each clump is sent out of the room. Then those who are out think of something—for children, of course, you would choose an easy subject—some person they all know, or some particular ornament in the room; but older people can find out the most unlikely things. We have had 'Nelson's first thought on the morning of the Battle of Trafalgar,' and 'the particular draught of cold wind in church which had given Elsie a cold.' When they have decided on something, each one goes back to a clump (not the one they belonged to), and the point of the game is to see which clump can first find out what was thought of. The members of it may ask any question they like of the one who has been out, but he must never answer more than 'yes' or 'no.'"

"We might have a game of 'man and object,'" said Jeannette, "and then Miss Massingham would see how to play 'clumps,' as they are so much alike. It is just the same, only that we are one large clump instead of several small ones, and we send two people out instead of one."

So Jack and Nannie were sent out, and as they had to think of a person and a thing in some way connected with him, they decided that Jack should be William Rufus, and Nannie the arrow with which he was shot. When they went in they took chairs in the middle of the room, and everyone in turn asked them each a question, and the subject being such an easy one they were very soon found out.

The evening altogether passed so quickly, in spite of having no cards, that the same party met a good many times during the winter; but even when the family were quite alone they managed to pass very merry evenings.

Sometimes they played one of the endless poetry games. Their favourite form of it was the old "capping rhymes." One person began with a line of poetry, the next had to give another line to rhyme with it; it might be either original or not. In another variety, the first recited a couplet, and the next another couplet, beginning with either the first or the last letters of the previous one. For instance, if the first one quoted—

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried,"<sup>2</sup>

the next one would have to find a couplet beginning with either the letter "N" or "D."

Then for writing poetry they each had a slip of paper, and each wrote a question at the top, turned it down, and handed it to the next person, who wrote a noun. After this the papers were shuffled, and each drew one and had to write a verse of poetry answering the question on the paper he had drawn, and bringing in the noun. Another form of the game was arranged in the same way, only that the first person wrote two words rhyming with one another, and the next two more, so that each person had to write four lines of poetry ending with the four words on the paper he received. For instance, the first might write "wait" and "bait," and the second "thrush" and "brush," so that the person who drew it would find rhyming endings for four lines of poetry.

Another favourite game, called "conglomerations," was played thus:—A word was fixed upon, which each one wrote at the top of his slip of paper—say "Switzerland"—then each tried who could make the most words beginning with "s" out of it, but using no letters that were not in the original word, such as "sit," "swan," "stand," and so on. When all the words beginning with "s" were exhausted they went on to the next letter, "w," and so on through the word. Five minutes were generally allowed for each letter. At the end one person called out the words she has beginning with "s." At every word she pauses, and those who have not that word in their list must hold up their hands; if two people have not thought of it, all those who have it take two marks; if four, they take four marks, and so on, and at the end all the marks are counted, and the one with the highest number wins the game.\*

In addition to all these games, some delightful evenings were spent with the scientific instruments Jack and Mr. Morton brought down occasionally; and when they had visits from children Ronald would delight them by taking their shadow portraits. He pinned a sheet of paper on to the wall, and made one of the children stand close to it, so that a candle which Elsie held would throw the shadow of the child's profile on to the paper. Ronald drew the outline of this with a pencil or chalk, and by afterwards adding a few strokes for the hair, eyes, and ear, often succeeded in getting quite a striking likeness.

They had many other amusements, which it would take too long to describe; but before the winter was over Jack acknowledged, in a confidential chat with Jeannette, that he had no idea one's own family could be so interesting, and that, after all, he thought he would not bother his father any more to let him take lodgings in town.

This desirable end had not been brought about without any self-sacrifice on the part of the girls, who often practised with Ronald or played chess with Jack when they would much rather have done something else; but Jeannette encouraged them by reminding them that our Lord tells us that if anyone would follow Him he must deny himself, and that it is just as true self-denial to give up finishing a piece of fancywork, or reading the end of a story, in order to please one's own brother or sister as it is to bear real suffering and persecution.

(To be continued.)

\* This game was more fully explained on page 149 of this volume.—ED.







“YOU’LI FORGIVE ME FOR PREACHING, MISTRESS, WILL VE NOT?”

other side will still be held fast in the printing-frame, as shown in fig. 2.

The extent to which the printing must be carried can only be learnt by practice, but it should be continued until the picture is rather darker than it is to be when quite finished, as it will turn rather lighter under the subsequent necessary processes.

The prints may now be trimmed to size with a sharp knife, or this may be left till they are quite finished; but it will be found rather easier to trim them at this stage, and will save the toning solution. Glass shapes are sold for trimming the prints by, to certain standard sizes that suit the mounts usually sold. Care must be taken not to touch the face of the print with the fingers, but the glass shape is to be placed on it and a sharp knife run round the edges.

When the day's printing is finished, the prints, which in the meantime should have been kept in a drawer or box away from the light, must be placed in a dish of water; all air-bubbles must be removed, and the prints kept moving about for five minutes. The water must then be changed and the prints again washed for another five minutes, and this washing must be continued until the water turns only very slightly milky; generally three changes of water will be found to be sufficient.

The next process—toning—consists in depositing a thin layer of gold upon the prints, during which process the prints change from reddish-brown to a chestnut, and afterwards to purple and purple-black, the toning being stopped when the print has reached the desired tint.

There are many formulæ for making up toning solutions, but the following can be recommended as excellent:—Chloride of gold,

four grains; acetate of soda, quarter of an ounce; water, twenty ounces.

The chloride of gold is sold in glass tubes containing fifteen grains each; the tube should be broken, and fifteen drachms of water poured upon it, and when the salt is quite dissolved the solution may be put away in a stoppered bottle, and will, of course, be of the strength of one grain to a drachm, so that for the above formula we must take half an ounce of the chloride of gold solution. This toning solution will keep good for some months, but it must be made up two or three days at least before it is required, as it will not act well when quite new. The prints are placed in the toning solution a few at a time from the last washing water, and must be closely watched. Only experience can teach what is the most suitable tone to give to any particular print, but the colour is best judged by holding up the print and looking at it by transmitted light. It should be allowed to remain in the toning solution for a short time after it has reached the desired colour, as the fixing process tends to reduce it.

When the right tone has been thus obtained, the prints are removed into another dish in which a little common salt has been dissolved; this will stop the further action of the toning solution with which the prints are saturated, and they may remain in it until all are ready for the next process of "fixing."

After use the toning solution should be returned to its bottle, and shortly before using it again a few drops, say from ten to twenty, of chloride of gold solution should be added.

The fixing solution is made by dissolving two ounces of hyposulphite of soda in sixteen ounces of water. Great care must be taken that this solution does not come in contact with any of the others, which would thereby

be inevitably spoilt; and it must be made fresh for each batch of prints. Sufficient should be prepared to allow the prints to float freely about in it, and it must be just so warm as not to feel cold to the hand.

We have no guide with the paper prints, as we had with the negatives, by which we may know when they are properly fixed. They must be kept constantly moving about, free of one another, ten minutes, and care must be taken that no air-bubbles adhere to the prints while they are in the fixing solution. From the fixing solution the prints must be removed into a dish of cold water, in which they must be well washed with several changes of the water, so as to get rid of the greater part of the hyposulphite of soda as quickly as possible. They should then be left under a running tap, if practicable, for six or seven hours, the dish which contains them being every now and then emptied to completely change the water, for upon the thoroughness of this last washing depends in a great measure the permanency of the photographs.

The fixing operation is better performed in the dark room.

The prints will curl up as they dry, but may be flattened by ironing on the back with a warm flat-iron. They should be mounted with white starch boiled and allowed to cool before use. If many are to be mounted, it saves time to mount them while wet, when they may be placed in a pile, backs upwards, upon a sheet of glass; the back of the top one is brushed over with the starch and then placed on the mount and smoothed down, and so on with the rest of the pile. If the mounted photographs are pressed before they are quite dry against a plate of glass, it will give them a smoother and more finished appearance.

J. POCKOCK.

## "THE BOYS' CLUB."

By DORA HOPE.

STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.



NE night when Ronald came home, instead of being greeted by Jeannette with her usual lively welcome, he found her in very low spirits—in fact, it was evident she had been crying.

The patient invalid sister was a great favourite with all the family, and Ronald instantly drew a chair up to her couch, and sat down to find out what had distressed her.

She was very ready to tell him her trouble, which was that one of the boys, who had been for some time in her Sunday-school class, had got into bad company, and had sunk lower and lower, till, as she had just heard, he had been sent to prison for six months; and Jeannette felt that all her trouble and anxiety had been thrown away, for she feared that since she had been obliged to give up her class, several of the other boys had been getting into bad ways, and were likely to get into the same trouble, too, unless they could be got under some good influence.

Ronald comforted her as well as he could. The boys were at a very difficult age to manage, he said, for when they first leave school and go to work their one aim seems to be to appear manly, and, unfortunately, all evil appears so to them. They seem to think they must smoke, and drink, and swear, if only to show the world that they are quite grown up and can do all their elders do; and

as they generally have their evenings to themselves, they soon get into the way of loafing about and standing in groups at the street-corners, and picking up all manner of evil.

"Lethbridge is an awfully good fellow, you know," Ronald went on, "and he was saying to me only yesterday that he wished he could find some amusement for all those great louts of boys who are always slouching about with their hands in their pockets at the corner of the street."

"How I wish we could, Ronald! they are sure to get into mischief if they have nothing to do; but I am no use for anything, and you are away all day, and, besides, what could we do?"

"I don't know: that is just the difficulty; but Lethbridge is coming in to-night, perhaps he will have some ideas."

Mr. Lethbridge came in, and he and Ronald, with the three girls, spent the evening in a long and animated discussion as to what it would be possible to undertake. The result of it was that Nannie and Elsie, being the only leisurely members of the company, were instructed to make certain inquiries, and report what they had done that day week. Amongst other points, they were to find out whether anything at all was being done for the rough class of young men in the village; also whether there were any rooms, or even a small empty house, to let, which might, if necessary, be used for a boys' club; and further, by inquiries amongst the churches of all denominations, whether any helpers could be looked for from

each congregation in case the thing could be started.

Their report was not very cheering. Very few helpers could promise to come; they might join later, if the plan came to anything, but they were sure it would not succeed; young men of that class were too fond of their liberty to come to meetings, and so on; and, worse than all, no landlord was willing to let his rooms when he heard the purpose for which they were wanted. Miss Massingham, too, their unfailing adviser in all benevolent projects, was going abroad immediately, so could give no assistance; but she came to their next conference on the subject, and gave them a good deal of valuable advice.

In the first place, she laughed at Nannie and Elsie for being discouraged by the predictions of failure from those who refused to help them. New schemes, she said, were nearly always received in that way, and generally prospered much better than those which began with a flourish of trumpets. But at the same time she warned them that it was quite true that youths of the sort who frequent street-corners are very fond of liberty, and very much resent anything that appears like interfering with it; and in order to avoid this, she advised them to consult the boys themselves as much as possible about the arrangements; and by all means to call the meeting a "club" or "institute," rather than a "school."

The place of meeting was a great difficulty, but Jack, who displayed an unexpected interest in the proceedings, suggested that for a be-

ginning they might make use of the large unused coach-house and loft at the bottom of their own garden. The place was very dirty, and the loft had long been looked upon as a convenient storing-place for rubbish, so that the general prospect was not at first very inviting; but all agreed that it might be cleared out and made to serve the purpose very well, as it was some distance from the house, and could be entered from the road, without coming through the garden.

The conference lasted till quite late that night; and the general purport of the conversation may, perhaps, be best described by a short account of what followed.

On his way home a few evenings later, Mr. Lethbridge spoke to a group of youths whom he had often noticed loafing about outside one of the public-houses, and told them if they wanted a job of work for an hour or two they could come up to Mr. Mayhew's coach-house in half-an-hour's time.

The boys arrived punctually, and found Ronald and Mr. Lethbridge already hard at work looking over the rubbish in the loft. The first boy was given a hammer and strong nails, and told to fix up a number of lamps at intervals round the walls, their places having been marked beforehand on the walls with chalk. The lamps were of the common tin kind, such as are usually seen in poor people's houses. They are specially made for hanging up, and have a polished reflector behind the flame.

The other boys were kept busy helping with the sorting of the rubbish, and carrying down such articles as were condemned as worthless into the coach-house below; while they piled up in the saddle-room all the broken furniture which might possibly be repaired.

The work took so long that ten o'clock struck before it was nearly finished; and Mr. Lethbridge paid the boys and sent them home, engaging them to come again the next evening.

As soon as the sorting of the rubbish was done, the boys were told, to their great delight, to make a bonfire of all that was absolutely worthless, and then the cleaning began.

They had been told by this time what the preparations were for: that the building was to be a club, where any boys they liked to bring might spend their evenings and enjoy themselves. Ronald told them, too, that he was not going to pay them any more, but if they had nothing to do, and liked to come and help prepare the place for their own use, he would be glad to see them.

The boys fell into the plan heartily, and suggested that if they might bring a few more of their friends they could get the place ready all the quicker, to which their directors consented, only stipulating that they would be held responsible for the behaviour of any one they brought with them.

After this the work went on vigorously, even Jack rendered energetic help, and before long the floors were swept and scrubbed, and the walls cleaned and painted, and the whole place would have been quite inviting but for several alarming holes in the floor. To remedy these, Jack enlisted the help of a god-natured carpenter, who gave two or three of the boys their first lesson in carpentering, by making them mend the floor themselves under his supervision, Jack promising to make good any tools which were injured by their untaught zeal.

The man soon took a real interest in the boys, and set them to work making bookshelves and brackets for the walls, and even suggested that after a little more practice, if the gentlemen did not mind supplying the wood and the tools, they might as well make the forms they would want to sit on, and some trestle tables. The number of boys who begged to be allowed to help gradually in-

creased, too, and they found employment in so many different ways that Mr. Lethbridge told the girls, when he came in to report progress one evening, that as a matter of fact the club was already in full swing without anybody knowing it had begun.

It must not be imagined that the girls took no interest in all this work; Nannie and Elsie went in every day, and admired, and suggested all sorts of improvements, but until the rough, dirty work was finished, their presence was rather an embarrassment.

The "club" gradually settled themselves down quite unintentionally into classes; one set kept to the carpentering, another, as soon as one table was finished, began, under Mr. Morton's direction, to write letters to all the likely people in the neighbourhood, informing them that a young men's club had been opened, and that contributions of books or papers for the reading-room would be gratefully received, and that any further information could be obtained by applying to Miss Mayhew.

Jack noticed that two or three of the boys took a special interest in the painting of the walls, and in order to encourage their taste for decoration, he offered to show them how to stencil a border under the ceiling and round the doors. He first explained what he meant by cutting out a scroll pattern roughly in paper, and laying this over another white sheet. He then brushed a coat of paint over it, and on removing the upper sheet, the design was found clearly painted on the one below. The same upper paper was used over and over again, being simply moved a little farther along, so that the design on the lower was continued in a long, unbroken border. After a few weeks' practice, when the boys could themselves draw and cut out a very fair design, they were allowed to practise on the walls in out-of-the-way, unnoticed corners, till their performances were quite satisfactory, and then, to the boys' unspeakable pride and delight, Jack took the best design each one had done, and had them cut out in tin, so that each might have a permanent pattern to keep and adorn their own houses with when the decoration of the club-rooms was finished.

All this elaborate work took a long time, and was not finished till long after the rough work of cleaning and most of the carpentering was done with. But the other boys were not left idle. Those who had been making tables and benches, and who wished to continue at the work, were formed into a class, and the old carpenter was engaged at a small salary to attend four nights a week to give lessons. The boys had to pay for their own wood, and could, if they wished, purchase the tools by paying in weekly instalments. They might make anything they liked, and, if they chose, might bring broken furniture from their own homes to mend. They only had two lessons a week, but so many wished to learn, that the carpenter found he could only manage half of them at a time.

On another evening all who wished joined a singing class. The voices were not, as a whole, very sweet, but they improved under Ronald's patient teaching, and with Elsie's able assistance.

Then, once a week, there were reading, writing, and arithmetic classes; but no one was expected to join unless they wished to do so. The old saddle-room, now the reading-room, was always left free for those who preferred to talk or play games.

Of course it could not be expected that the Mayhew family and their assistants could be at the club every evening. They did not even attempt to do so; but they secured voluntary helpers for some evenings in the week, and engaged regular teachers for other evenings.

For instance, on one evening the master of the National School volunteered his services to train a drum-and-fife band. This occupied the first hour, while the second was given up to the instructions of a drill-sergeant, who was paid to teach those who liked drilling and gymnastics; and, after a while, when the band had learnt to play with some regard to time as well as tune, those of its members who did not care for gymnastics would remain to enliven the proceedings with martial airs. Indeed, the band became so popular that they were often invited to visit the neighbouring villages and delight the inhabitants with their performances.

Once a fortnight an evening was kept open for entertainments. Mr. Morton generally gave a short lecture on some practical subject, with illustrations. One night he took "Emigration," with magic-lantern views of some of the countries best suited for English youths, and the kind of work they would have to do there; and adding all details (always gladly supplied on application to any emigration society) of the kind of questions an intending emigrant has to answer before a free passage is granted—such as age, trade, character, reference to previous employers, and so on.

Another evening Mr. Morton and Jack brought down some medical instruments, and let the boys listen to the beat of each other's hearts with the latest invention in stethoscopes, and see the wonders and beauties of a mate's eye with the aid of an ophthalmoscope. They were so interested in all these things, and asked such unexpectedly intelligent questions, that Mr. Morton promised that as soon as he had got through an examination he was working for, he would come down once a week to give them some ambulance and physiology classes.

The other lectures included electricity, with a miniature telegraph, and the way in which a house is struck by lightning, illustrated by the destruction of a model cottage; chemistry, and many other scientific subjects; but all with practical experiments or illustrations, and an opportunity to ask questions at the end.

But Nannie's favourite class must not be forgotten. This was called the "lodgers' class," and in it she taught any young men who were in lodgings, and had no one to look after them, how to sew on buttons, patch their clothes, and darn their socks.

As time went on, and Jeannette became stronger and able to bear a little more fatigue, she begged to be carried down to the club one night in the week, in order to hold a Bible class for the boys. The members of the club were given to understand that no one need attend it unless they liked; but after the first week or two almost the whole number crowded into the reading-room every week to listen to her. The class only lasted half-an-hour, but Jeannette was on her improvised couch in the club for an hour previously, in order to talk to the boys and get to know them and their difficulties; and without ever appearing to scold or preach to them, she induced many to give up their evil ways and turn to a better life. She always had a little table by her side, with a pile of pledge cards; and as she knew it was drink which led most of the boys into trouble, she used all the arguments and persuasion she was capable of to induce them to sign the pledge.

The club was continued very successfully all through the winter and spring. There were very few rules, but they were strictly enforced. The chief ones were that no boys under fourteen years old should be admitted, and that no swearing or bad language should be allowed.

(To be continued.)



OUR BAZAAR.  
STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

By DORA HOPE.



WORKING FOR THE BAZAAR.

"GIRLS! come here," called out Jeannette Mayhew, as she heard her sisters coming in from a walk one morning. "Who do you think has been to call while you were out? But I may as well tell you, for you will never guess—Lady Cargle, of Cargle."  
"Oh, I wish we had been in!" exclaimed

both the girls at once. "What did she come for?" It could not have been only a friendly call, for people say her visiting list is so extremely select she will not know a creature in the neighbourhood."

"No, it was not pure friendliness that brought her, but she is going to have a bazaar

for the orphanage, and she said she had heard you were greatly interested in it, and she wants you to help."

"And what did you say?" asked Nannie.

"I could only say what I knew to be true—that I had heard you bemoaning the poverty of the Home many times, and wishing you could help it; and that being the case, I thought you would be glad to help her. There is to be a committee meeting to-morrow at The Park, and she hopes you will be there, overflowing with ideas."

The girls, to Jeannette's surprise, did not much like the idea; it was true they were most anxious to help the orphanage, but they protested that Lady Cargle was a stranger, and said to be very haughty, and they had no ideas to suggest, and not much money to spend.

"Oh, you perverse couple," replied Jeannette. "I thought you would be so delighted, and it is not so much money she wants as genius, and if you will bring down a Shakespeare with you, and one of those books of selections from the poets, I am sure that amongst us we can get some suggestions for you to take. It is the general plan of the bazaar and the kind of stalls that you have to settle to-morrow."

Jeannette had thought of two possible schemes, and with her sisters' help they were both roughly worked out, so that they might each have a suggestion for the next day.

Lady Cargle was a woman of experience and considerable common sense, and she had learnt by her previous efforts that a small committee, as a rule, does much more work than a large one, so when Nannie and Elsie were shown into the library at the hall the next day, they found that the committee consisted so far of only six persons. There were actually seven present, but Lady Cargle explained to the girls that as they were twins, she did not know which to ask, so she thought they had better both come the first time, and they could do as they pleased afterwards; but she begged they would only count as one, for she considered six quite enough for a committee.

Lady Cargle began the proceedings by remarking that it had been decided, if the committee did not object, to hold the bazaar during the first week of July, and that, consequently, the time for preparation was short, and she was determined not to close the meeting till the general plans were all arranged. The result was that the meeting was a very long one, and the girls reached home late and tired, and, it must be confessed, a little cross; for they said, not only they but everyone else had splendid ideas for a fancy dress fair, and yet after all the trouble everyone had taken to find suggestions, the whole plan had been given up, and it was to be a simple, common-place bazaar after all.

Jeannette sympathised with their disappointment, but quite agreed with the alteration which had been made, on the ground that many would-be helpers had a strong feeling against any kind of theatrical performance, and that it would be much better to avoid anything which could possibly be a cause of offence to anyone. But as, at the same time, it is often very difficult at a bazaar to distinguish between stall-holders and visitors, it was decided that all the assistants should be asked to wear light grey dresses, made in a severely plain style, with large spotted muslin aprons, and mob caps instead of hats.

The only variety to be allowed in the dresses was that each lady was to choose a different flower, and to wear no other kind during the whole bazaar.

It was some consolation to Elsie that all the suggestions for a more elaborate fancy fair were not to be forgotten again, for she was asked, in her capacity as secretary, to write a

full description of them, to be carefully preserved in case they were ever required. The following were the principal ideas.

One lady suggested that the bazaar should represent a gathering of the characters in fairy tales. Her plan of stalls was as follows:—

Stall I.—Mermajdens. The stall to be built as much as possible like a cave, and decorated with seaweed and shells; some of the large common kinds of both could be sent by any friend at the seaside, and imitation green seaweed made with mauve green ribbon. The stall-holders to wear very pale green dresses, with coral or shell necklaces and ornaments.

Stall II.—Wood-nymphs. Stall ornamented with virgin cork, rustic wood-work, and a tree trunk for a seat. The assistants to wear russet brown, and each trimmed with the leaves and flowers, or seed vessels, of a different hue.

Stall III.—The flower fairies should preside over the flower stall, which should represent a mossy bank, the fairies themselves to be dressed in white, and each profusely adorned with a different flower, with ribbons to match.

Stall IV.—The gnomes should have a cave, lighted with a number of little coloured lamps; they themselves to be dressed in drab, with pointed hood, like the familiar picture of these little underground workers.

Stall V.—The brownies, the useful fairies, should have the practical stall of underclothing and household articles. Their dress should be much the same as that of the gnomes, but more of a dark terra-cotta colour.

Another lady described a bazaar representing an old English village, with the different shops and their signs hung outside, and an old "Tabard Inn" for a refreshment room.

Another suggested a Japanese village; the dresses, she said, could easily be copied from pictures, and might be made of very inexpensive cotton materials. The greatest difficulty she anticipated was that all the assistants were such unmistakable English girls, fair-haired and rosy-cheeked, that she was afraid it would be impossible to make them look Japanese.

Nannie's idea was to represent English poetry, ancient and modern. The first stall should be devoted to Chaucer, and should be arranged to depict the outside of the Tabard Inn, while the attendants should each represent one of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

The next should be a "Spenser" stall, with characters from the "Faerie Queene;" and so on through the list of our most popular poets, till a Princess stall should bring up the rear, with a Lady Psyche, and the "sweet girl graduates," in their caps and gowns, waiting upon the customers.

The last scheme, a Shakespeare fair, was proposed by Elsie, who, however, candidly acknowledged that Jeannette had arranged it all. Her suggestion was that each stall should be in a tent representing a scene in one of Shakespeare's plays, and the attendants should be dressed as characters from the same play.

Thus one tent should, by means of drapery and a little scene painting, be made to represent a room in Portia's house; the stall-holders Nerissa and Jessica, and, if necessary, also Antonio and Lorenzo in old Venetian dresses (easily copied from an illustrated edition of Shakespeare), and Portia in her well-known lawyer's dress. It was suggested, also, that a new form of the time-honoured bran pie might be introduced on this *Merchant of Venice* stall in the shape of Portia's three caskets.

Another stall was to be, as much as might be, like Prospero's cell in *The Tempest*, the special feature of this stall being the opportunity of fishing with a shrimping-net for salvage from the wreck. When talking over the arrangement of this stall, the girls found

some difficulty in deciding what the style of Miranda's dress should be, as she must have found it exceedingly difficult to procure any dresses at all; but they decided finally that she should wear a loose white robe of no particular style, trimmed with shell and coral ornaments.

They thought of proposing that any stall to be presided over by elderly ladies should represent some scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, as the characters of the ladies Capulet and Montague, and the Nurse would be so suitable for matrons, while refreshments might be very appropriately dispensed by the characters in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, two children taking the parts of Oberon and Titania.

The one detail of this Shakespearian scheme, for which Nannie was especially eager, it being indeed her own idea, was that Jack should be asked to take the part of Autolycus, the pedlar, in the *Winter's Tale*. He should carry out the character throughout, and sing his songs while he sold things from his pack up and down the bazaar.

Nannie and Elsie had taken so much trouble in picking out the most suitable plays and characters and in talking over their dresses, that it was no wonder they were disappointed that the bazaar was to be a mere "sale of work" after all; but they were sensible girls, and soon got over their annoyance, and set to work vigorously to make the affair a success.

On one point Lady Cargle herself insisted strongly. There were, she said, a large number of servants and respectable working people in the neighbourhood who would gladly help on the good cause, but who could not, and ought not, to spend any money on unnecessary articles. She was very anxious, therefore, that the greatest strength of the committee should be devoted to stalls for the sale of useful things, whether clothing, household goods, or food. Also, she suggested having a stall entirely of things which gentlemen could buy; she had noticed, she said, that bazaars were almost exclusively patronised by ladies, and it was no wonder, for there was usually very little in them which either gentlemen or poor people could wish for.

Accordingly two stalls were furnished entirely with articles which would be useful to poor as well as rich; the one was exclusively for clothing, the other had all sorts of useful things for the house, as well as books and inexpensive pictures. This stall, as well as the one devoted to refreshments and the sale of provisions, was almost entirely supplied from the contributions in kind of local tradesmen, to all of whom notices of the bazaar had been sent, with requests for help. In this way considerable quantities of crockery, stationery, tinware, small articles of furniture, and bottled and tinned fruits and meats, as well as the usual pickles and sauces, were received; and the supply of these useful goods was further increased by consignments from some of the large firms to whom Lady Cargle applied for help.

The articles which seemed to afford the greatest satisfaction to the working women were the bulky parcels, each containing a small but complete outfit for a young servant. The members of the two or three mothers' meetings in the neighbourhood had been told, when the bazaar was first talked of, that these outfits were being prepared, and many of the thrifty ones had been saving up their money in order to fit out young daughters just ready for service. The parcels included two cotton dresses (the bodices only tacked together, so as to allow of alterations), collars, caps, aprons; and the more expensive ones three, the others two, of each article of underclothing. Several of these outfits were bought by ladies for presents for young protégées.

Then there were boys' socks, knitted by some old ladies who could not see to do anything else, and babies' and children's dresses and pinafores of all varieties, from the coarsest and strongest, for hard wear, to the most fascinating little "confections" of muslin and lace. Amongst the most useful articles for poor babies were a number of cloaks made of rough cloth and shaped exactly like ladies' old-fashioned circular waterproof cloaks, but having a little hood bound and drawn up with scarlet braid.

The gentlemen's stall had less needlework than any of the others, though there was, of course, the usual assortment of embroidered tobacco pouches, cigarette cases, shaving tidies, bathroom slippers, and cricket belts. The rest of the stall was filled up with good scent, stationery, pocket-books, walking-sticks, boxes of white ties, studs, brushes of various kinds, all sorts of contrivances for holding photographs; and, most important of all, pipe-racks, match-boxes, and all the other conveniences which make a smoker's life happy. Lady Cargle assured the committee that she considered smoking a most pernicious habit, but since all her masculine friends persisted in it, she thought she might as well make use of their bad practices to get some money from them.

The refreshments were scattered up and down the bazaar; there was one small tent, with little round tables and seats outside, where tea and coffee, both hot and iced, were

dispensed, with appropriate cakes and biscuits. At another tent, surrounded by delightfully rustic seats formed by fallen trees, ices and iced drinks were served, while at yet another more substantial viands could be obtained.

The remainder of the stalls were of a nondescript sort, at which anything and everything was sold.

Amongst the novelties for sale on one of these were several sets of toilet-table and washstand mats, painted on pale green or blue American cloth, with splashes, toilet-tidies, and hair-pin stands, all to match. Some had groups or wreaths of flowers painted on them, others had designs copied from Japanese pictures. These are very easily obtainable now that Japanese work is so common, and as a rule there is not a great deal of work in the designs, which is a recommendation to those who wish to copy them. There were also a number of palm leaf fans, very beautifully painted with sprays of Virginian creeper, clematis, and honeysuckle, which, being useful as well as ornamental, found ready purchasers during the hot days of the sale.

The very first articles to be completely sold out were sets of dinner-table decorations, made of pressed leaves, flowers, and ferns. These had been very carefully prepared and mounted on ribbon. Some sets were on broad strips of crimson ribbon, so that the colour showed through here and there; others had only the narrowest possible background of green ribbon, just sufficient to gum the end of the

stalks to, so that the foundation should not show at all, but should look as though the leaves were freshly arranged on the table cloth.

Those who were clever at this kind of work had also been busy making fireplace ornaments of pressed plants securely gummed to a cardboard foundation. Other more substantial ornaments were embroidered on Roman satin, and fixed into a square wooden frame, so as to fill up the whole space inside the mantelpiece. These were made especially strong for the benefit of those who use gas fires, and who are consequently tempted to remove their ornaments and light their fires whenever the weather is in the least chilly, even in the height of summer.

In addition to all these stalls a good deal of money was taken with a weighing machine and a stand for measuring a person's exact height. An amateur photographer, too, offered his services, and met with a surprisingly large number of customers—in fact, hardly any one came to the bazaar without having their photographs taken.

Altogether Lady Cargle had no reason to repent the simplicity of her bazaar, for a good sum of money was raised, and everyone was satisfied; and Elsie and Nannie had the pleasure of hearing on every hand that their energy had, to a very great extent, contributed to the successful carrying out of the scheme and the material lightening of the debt on their favourite charity, the orphanage.

(To be continued.)



**TO KEEP CUT FERNS AND FLOWERS FRESH.**—Procure a spray-producer; such as are frequently used for blowing perfume through answer the purpose very well. When you have arranged your flowers, blow a water spray all over them. As long as you keep them, repeat this process when they look dry. The finer the spray the better. A short time ago I was arranging flowers for a dinner-table; the day was very warm, and I was very anxious to keep the maidenhair fern fresh. For one plateau I kept it in water until late and then stuck it in with the flowers, looking wonderfully fresh; in the other plateau I put the fern as I arranged the flowers, and then blew a very fine spray all over it. At the end of the

evening the maidenhair that had not had the spray was quite faded, while that which had had it was almost as fresh as when I put it in. I believe the reason is that the water when put on the leaves as spray has so much air with it that it does not run off and leave the leaves dry as it does when one dips them in water. If flowers are faded from being packed (particularly roses) a little ammonia or a few drops of sal-volatile put into the water in which the stalks are will considerably help to revive them.

**CROCHET RESPIRATORS.**—For invalids of all ages the air should be warmed before it passes into delicate lungs, and it has been agreed by most medical men that metal respirators are not so healthy as respirators where the air is passed through wool. In cases of infection the spread of the disease to those engaged in personal attendance on the sick is often prevented if the contaminated air in the room is not breathed directly by the healthy person, but is passed through a disinfectant. To perpetually hold up to the mouth such a remedy is troublesome, but to fasten on something that will hold it is comparatively easy. Both for invalids and their attendants the respirators made of wool will be found invaluable. They are made as follows:—Use a fine bone crochet-hook and double Berlin wool, white and grey. First row, with the grey wool; four chain, into which work four double crochet. Second row; two double crochet into the first chain on previous row and one chain into each of the others, and finally make one chain. Work the rows in ribs by always inserting the hook into the back and not front loop of the stitch. Work twenty-one rows as the second row, increasing at each row by working two double crochet into the single chain made at the end of each row. Work two rows without increasing, and then decrease for twenty-one rows by taking two stitches together at the

commencement of each row until only four stitches remain, which cast off. Make a second piece of crochet with white wool, similar to the one made of grey wool; sew the two together and fasten a loop of elastic to one end of the respirator and a small button to the other, and put the respirator on by passing the elastic round the head. For wearing during nursing, drop small pieces of camphor between the two pieces of wool before they are sewn together entirely. The respirators can be knitted in double knitting as long as the work is increased in every row to the centre and then decreased.

**STEWED ENDIVE** (Very good).—Pick to pieces, wash and drain four or five heads of endive, throw them into boiling water with a handful of salt; boil on a quick fire till tender, strain in a colander, squeeze dry, chop fine. Place in a saucepan one ounce of butter, a little grated nutmeg, pepper, and salt; stir the endive in this over the fire for twenty minutes; add a little cream, and serve with fried sippets. Lettuce may be used instead of endive, but it is not quite so good.

**POTATOES AU GRATIN.**—Boil, peel, and mash smoothly one pound of potatoes, place a layer of them in a baking-dish, then sprinkle over them some grated cheese (Parmesan is best) and a few small lumps of butter; repeat the layers till the dish is full; put some bread-crumbs on the top, brown and serve.

**SCALLOPED ARTICHOKEs.**—Boil thoroughly and break up one pound of artichokes (Jerusalem, *bien entendu*), mix one ounce of butter with one ounce of flour, a little milk or cream, and a small teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, the yolk of an egg, and a little lemon juice; stir the artichokes in this, then put all into a flat dish; put bread-crumbs on the top; salamander.

invitation he got it, and is Dr. Crawford's guest at this present time."

"Only for the day, but he will probably come again, as they seem to like him very much," said Mrs. Prattely.

"What is he? Did Mrs. Crawford tell you if he followed any profession?"

"I fancy he is nothing at all. Only he is very rich, and a bachelor."

"Not a very flattering summary. Of all hard work, doing nothing is the hardest; and of all lots, to be nothing must be the most terrible," said the gentleman, whose own lot had been cast in what most would consider a pleasant place; probably experience enabled him to speak with authority on this subject.

If Mr. Prattely could have been the proverbial little bird and heard a conversation which took place between Mr. Carnelly and Grace Steyne at the very time when his wife and Ida were exchanging confidences, he would have felt that the young lady agreed with him entirely.

Mrs. Crawford was about to accompany Mr. Carnelly through the grounds—Grace being also of the party—when Mrs. Prattely's arrival recalled her to the house.

So to Grace was deputed the office of guide, and perhaps neither of the remaining two felt the interruption a misfortune, much as the girl guest liked her hostess.

As a matter of course, Mr. Carnelly was charmed with the place, and duly admired its beauties. Then he had to tell Grace all the Hillstead news, and especially all that related to the rectory and its inmates.

"You are very much missed there," he said. "What will be the ultimate result to Watty's garments if you stay away too long, cannot be guessed."

"Was he so very ragged when you saw him last? or are you merely trying to harrow my feelings by describing a state of things which exists only in your own imagination?"

"It is a positive fact, Miss Steyne, that no later ago than yesterday afternoon I witnessed Watty's arrival at the rectory gate after a prolonged absence. I am afraid he had forgotten the dinner hour, for the young people had been granted a whole holiday for nutting purposes. A respectable widow, who I fancy superintends the wardrobe department at present, was awaiting Watty's coming with anxious looks."

"And pray in what guise did Watty present himself?" asked Grace, with pretended concern.

"Minus his jacket, though what remained of it hung on his arm. The absence of a sleeve sufficiently accounts for its not being on both arms. I trust you will be content with a general description of his other garments. Watty had begun to fall from a tree during the aforesaid nutting excursion, but happily he was caught, or I should say, his clothes were, on a lower bough. He suffered no personal inconvenience beyond a temporary suspension of his—occupation I was going to say. But I remember that, with commendable presence of mind, he took advantage of his position to gather and drop into the eager hands of his friends below several clusters of nuts hitherto out of reach. I saw the widow turn Watty round and round with the remark that leather was the only material fit for some people's wear."

This word-picture was too life-like to be an imaginary one, and made Grace laugh heartily. Then Mr. Carnelly, having exhausted all other topics likely to interest Grace, ventured to express the regret he felt on finding her absent from home when he arrived at Hillstead.

"I was surprised when I heard that you were coming into our neighbourhood again," said Grace.

"That says little for Hillstead," replied Mr. Carnelly. "Did you think that I had enjoyed my summer visit so little that I should not wish to see it again? Many people there were very kind and hospitable to me. I do not easily forget those, for instance, who give me porridge in a soup-plate."

"But it is so short a time since you left Hillstead, Mr. Carnelly; and is it not rather too soon to come again for—say—more porridge?" added Grace, mischievously.

"Miss Steyne, I did not think you would be so unkind. You have wounded my self-love by telling me how short the interval has seemed to you since I bade you good-bye at the rectory. To me it has seemed very long."

"I suppose time passes quickly with me because I am always busy," replied Grace.

"Another home-thrust for me," said Mr. Carnelly; and it was difficult to tell from his tone whether he was in jest or earnest. "Do you not see, Miss Steyne, that an allusion to your life of active usefulness, and to the work which gives an extra pair of wings to Father Time, is a tacit reproof to a mere idler? It tells me plainly enough, though without

words, that if I were equally well employed my time would not hang heavily on my hands."

"Believe me, Mr. Carnelly," said Grace, earnestly, "I never intended my words to convey such an impression."

"I must believe you, but confess—do you not think my mode of life a very reprehensible one?"

"I am not your judge, Mr. Carnelly," replied Grace, with quiet dignity. "If you ask me whether I think a life spent without any definite aim or employment the kind I should choose to lead, I should say 'No.'"

"I believe all good people unite in blaming persons who, having no need to work in order to gain money, and no ambition to become public characters, choose to lead an idle, dilettante life like mine. I go about, admiring all that is beautiful wherever I see it, and, I trust, not forgetting Him to whose wisdom and goodness I owe the pleasure thus derived. I prefer the society of the good and noble amongst mankind, and I honour where I cannot hope to imitate their works and virtues. Does such a life deserve unlimited censure? Yet as a rule it gets it. But let a man make a colossal fortune by a new kind of soap, or, say, a fresh method of crystallising ginger, and the man who has thus served himself is lauded to the skies."

"If the soap diminishes labour and promotes cleanliness, and the ginger is wholesome as well as pleasant to the palate, the inventor has conferred a benefit on mankind. He deserves to be praised, though in serving others he has made a fortune for himself," replied Grace, stoutly.

"I cannot deny this; but is the other life so blameable?" persisted Mr. Carnelly.

"I am not so wedded to my busy life as to under-value rest. Indeed, I should sometimes like less work and more play," replied Grace, in a half-musing fashion. "But I would say, 'Better a life with too much work than one of the kind you describe.' Mind, I blame no one for thinking differently—I speak for myself; though perhaps if I could get rid of all sense of responsibility with regard to the use of time and such talents as God has given, I should be as comfortably idle as any person."

"Thank you, Miss Steyne," began Mr. Carnelly; but the appearance of Mrs. Crawford prevented his saying more on this subject, and the conversation was turned into another channel.

(To be continued.)

## STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

OUR Y.W.C.A. BRANCH.

By DORA HOPE.

"I HAVE some new work for you to do, girls," said Mrs. Mayhew one morning to Nannie and Elsie. "I took care that you should not hear anything about it till you had quite recovered from the fatigue of the bazaar, but now that you have had a rest I have promised to ask you to start a singing class for girls."

"That means Elsie shall teach and I shall keep order. Very well, mother, I am ready."

"You need not be anxious about keeping order, Nannie, as it is not for rough girls at all. You know there are no large factories here, so that most of the girls of that class go to London, and there is already a girls' night school for the few who remain; but a branch

has just been started of the Young Women's Christian Association, and it is in their institute I want you to begin a singing class."

"How strange that we should not have heard anything about the institute before. Where is it, mother, and who is the association for?"

"Our branch is a very small affair at present;

so far no actual meetings have been held, except a young ladies' Bible reading on alternate Tuesday afternoons. You were to have been asked to the first one, but I begged that the invitation might be postponed till your extra bazaar work was done and the committee meetings over; but now I have promised to give you the invitation for this afternoon. Miss Browne, who is to act as secretary, will be there, and if you like you can enroll yourselves as members of the association at once, but do not forget to take your purses with you, as the members pay a subscription of one shilling a year."

"But what is the use of it, mother? What is the object of joining?"

"It is more particularly useful for young women who are living away from home, either engaged as teachers, or in shops, or in service. The special reason why girls like you who are living at home should join is that it gives you so many opportunities of helping and sympathising with other girls who are not quite so fortunately situated. The great idea of the association is to be a union for mutual help of young women of all classes of society, from the richest to the poorest. If you join, you will have a little book given you, with a list of the towns all over the world where there are branches of the association, and the addresses of the respective secretaries; and if ever you find yourself in any of those towns, you have only to show your card of membership to be assured of a welcome to any of the meetings, and whatever advice or assistance the secretary can give you, so that it is exceedingly useful for girls who move about much, especially those who have to take situations of any kind in a strange town away from their friends."

"But I don't see where the singing class comes in," interrupted Elsie.

"And I don't see how girls in shops can come to afternoon meetings," added Nannie.

"No, of course not," replied Mrs. Mayhew; "but, as I said, the association is meant for all classes of society; and, as it would be impossible for all to meet at the same time, different meetings have to be arranged to suit the convenience and meet the needs of different sets of girls. For instance, girls like you, living at home, can generally arrange to be at liberty in the afternoon, and you have plenty of other opportunities for both instruction and amusement, so nothing is considered necessary for you but an afternoon meeting to study the Bible together. But, on the other hand, those who are engaged during the day can only attend meetings in the evening, and as some can come on one evening in the week, and some another, it is found necessary in most places to have something every evening. We shall try to do so here, and, as you have had so many advantages in learning music, we thought you might pass on something of what you have learnt to the other girls who have had no chance of learning. But, if you go to the meeting this afternoon, Miss Browne will give you all information much better than I can."

The Bible reading was very much shortened on this particular afternoon, in order to give Miss Browne the opportunity of telling the young ladies present about the proposed institute. She reminded them that in almost all establishments, whether shops, workrooms, or whatever they might be, the young people employed have an hour or two free, at any rate one or two evenings in the week, and naturally, after their long hours of hard work, they want to use the little time at their disposal to get some change of scene and recreation, but, if they are living away from home, they have nowhere to go. As a rule, when they live on the premises, they have nowhere to sit but in their bedrooms, and in the winter a scantily-furnished bedroom without a fire is

not attractive, and, besides, it is in the nature of young people to like change. They cannot walk about the streets all the evening, even if the weather was always pleasant, so that in very many cases their free evenings bring them only weariness and low spirits, instead of the rest and recreation they need. In consequence of this almost universal trouble, the members of the Y.W.C.A. try, wherever it is possible, to open rooms or institutes where girls can come and spend their evenings, either reading, sewing, or attending the classes, as they choose. Sometimes, where the members are few, only a single room is taken at first, and supplied with a few books and papers and a bright fire, but in this case Miss Browne said she, and the other members of the committee, had thought the size of the place warranted them in taking all the upper part of a house, which had been offered them, over a shop in the main street of their little town; and it had been decided to invite a very respectable widow woman whom she knew to come and live in one of the rooms, which should be given her rent free, in addition to coals and gas, in return for her services in keeping the rooms clean, lighting the fires, and doing anything else that might be required of her.

She had already had some little circulars printed, which she asked all the young ladies present to distribute amongst their friends, explaining the object of the institute, and stating that these unfurnished rooms had been taken, and that carpets, furniture, books, pictures, and all sorts of household articles, both useful and ornamental, would be required, and that a cart would be sent round on a certain day to collect any articles that ladies might be willing to give.

A further set of tickets had been printed, with invitations to young women to attend a tea at the new institute on a certain evening, when the object of the association would be explained; and Miss Browne, who took for granted that all the young ladies would be willing to help, asked each one to take a certain number of these tickets to distribute, or rather a certain district in which to distribute them. She had already made out a list of the principal streets with shops, and also of all the private dressmaking establishments she could hear of, and to each young lady present one street or district was allotted, with instructions to call at each shop or workroom, and give as many cards as might be required, but most especially not to omit to give also a few words of personal explanation and invitation.

As the institute was not yet furnished, and ordinary table and chairs would be rather in the way, it was arranged to hire tables and forms just for the tea; but a few of the girls undertook to borrow or beg curtains and pictures so as to make the room look as cheerful as possible for the occasion.

Nannie and Elsie were quite ready to do their share of visiting, and the whole company set to work so vigorously that when the evening came for the tea the two rooms arranged for the purpose were overflowing with girls, who had evidently come prepared to be interested and pleased with everything, though with rather vague ideas as to the object for which they had been invited.

If the truth must be told, even the energetic manager of the whole thing, Miss Browne herself, had only vague general ideas as to the scope of the association, but seeing how much something of the sort was needed by the young women in the neighbourhood, she had determined to begin, hoping to gather information as she went on.

Now, however, that this large tea had been decided upon, she felt it was absolutely necessary to have some one with authority to explain the subject to the girls, and so, as the rest of the ladies of Deerham seemed to know

even less about the matter than she did, she had written, explaining the circumstances, to the secretary at the offices of the association, 17, Old Cavendish-street, London, W., and had obtained in reply a promise that a lady connected with the association would come down from London and explain the whole subject to her and to the girls.

She had arrived accordingly, and as soon as the tea was cleared away and there had been a little preliminary singing and speaking, this lady produced a large package of members' tickets, handbooks, and all sorts of papers, and being evidently accustomed to similar meetings, soon made every one present thoroughly understand the object and plan of the society.

They knew themselves, she said, far better than she could tell them, many of the difficulties and temptations which beset girls away from home, and especially in large establishments, so that she would pass quickly over that part of the subject, and only explain that their friends in the town thought it would be a help to them to have a place where they might make themselves perfectly at home, and where they would always be welcome at any time, either during the day or till half-past ten at night. But there were other advantages to be obtained, she told them, by joining the association.

Amongst other things, any who wished might join a Benefit Lodge, which would ensure them help in case of sickness. Then those who have no friends with whom they can spend their summer holidays, may pay in during the year to a fund to enable them to go for their holidays to one of the institutes at the seaside, where they will be sure to meet with pleasant companions, and will be made as comfortable as though they were at home. Arrangements are made also to help any who wish to emigrate, and introductions obtained for them in the country to which they go, while those needing situations at home may be helped to obtain them by applying to the Central Employment Agency, so that the association offers help under almost all circumstances, and even those girls who live in foreign lands where there are no institutes, or too far out in the country to belong to a regular branch, may enjoy all these benefits by joining the "Scattered Members' Branch."

One word of warning, the lady added, she must give them before sitting down: that they should never go to London, or any other large town, to take or look for situations, trusting to find lodgings when they arrived, or taking them on the recommendation of people of whom they knew nothing; the danger of doing this would account for one other advantage offered by the society, namely, that any girl who had to go to a strange town, by giving a few days' notice through the local secretary, if there was one, or, if not, by writing direct to the central office, 17, Old Cavendish-street, London, W., could be met at the station by some lady connected with the society, who would take her safely to her destination, or if she had not arranged where to go, would help her to find respectable lodgings.

Miss Browne, after giving the girls a hearty welcome to the new rooms, explained that, as indeed they could see for themselves, the rooms were not yet furnished, but they hoped to have their first consignment of furniture, books, curtains, and so on, the next morning; and she thought that, instead of beginning any regular classes at once, the girls would perhaps be willing for a week or two to spend their time in arranging the things and making up the cushions, mantel-boards, and antimacassars, with which they hoped to make the rather bare-looking apartments into regular cosy sitting-rooms.

The girls having given a very hearty assent to this scheme, she went on to say that, as



soon as everything was in order, they proposed to use one of the small rooms as a library, where those who wished to write letters or read might be sure of quiet. There would also be a lending library, and for those who liked needlework the room was furnished with cupboards, in which they could, if they wished, leave their work from one evening to another.

In the large room where they were then sitting, it was intended to hold classes every evening, but she begged the girls to understand that they were not at all expected to join unless they liked; they would be entirely free to do what they pleased.

She then read out to the girls a list of possible subjects for classes, and asked them to vote, by holding up their hands, which they considered most attractive to begin with, and which would be the most convenient evenings for each subject.

The result was that about six weeks later, when the lady from London came to Deerham again, according to promise, to see how things were going on, she found the institute already a vigorous and flourishing society. The girls had thrown themselves heartily into the work of arranging and decorating the rooms, and, that being finished, had shown themselves most willing to do their share towards the amusement and instruction of all the rest.

Two girls, both book-keepers in their respective businesses, undertook between them

to give lessons in the art of keeping accounts to some of the other members, who declared that they had never been able to make any accounts balance. Another, a dressmaker, took a cutting-out class, and gave her pupils, including the two from whom she herself learnt book-keeping, no peace till they had each made themselves a well-fitting garment of some sort.

There was always one lady present each evening who was responsible for the arrangements, though she did not of necessity take any classes herself, and upon her devolved the duty of closing each evening with a short passage of Scripture and a prayer.

Monday was called lecture night, and a programme for the whole session was prepared beforehand with interesting lectures on all sorts of popular subjects, such as health, emigration, celebrated women, and so on.

On another evening Nannie and Elsie held their singing class, and once a week a lesson on sick nursing was given by a lady who had been a hospital nurse for some years. The last half hour on Thursday evenings was spent, by those who wished, in calisthenic exercises, led by a lady who taught the art to several young ladies' schools in the neighbourhood. On Sunday afternoons Miss Browne herself conducted a Bible class, and remained at the institute till time for evening service, so that any girls who wished to consult her on any

subject would always feel at liberty to come in for a chat, and it was very seldom that a Sunday passed without one or more of them being invited to stay to tea with her, any fresh ones, who seemed lonely and friendless, being generally singled out for an invitation.

All the members were pressed to join the Bible Reading Union, and those who wished also joined the Prayer Union. For these a special meeting was held once a month, when, in addition to Bible study and prayer, plans were talked over for helping the other young women of the town, who had not as yet been reached by the association.

The institute is still young, but already so many members have joined that the rooms are quite full, and Nannie and Elsie are so impressed by the usefulness of this bond of union between the girls of all classes, that they declare that if ever they hear of a town without a branch of the Y.W.C.A., they will write to some of the ladies living there, and try to stir them up to start a branch at once, or rather they will make Jeannette do it, as she has such a nice way of putting things, and if any one does not know how to set about it, if they will only write for information, there is not a single member of the Deerham Institute who would not be glad to tell them all they know on the subject.

(To be continued.)

## AN ARTIST'S MODEL; OR, JANET'S MISTAKE.

### CHAPTER II.



LAN did not speak of love to either of the sisters. He was not in a position which could justify him in asking a girl to leave her sheltered home to go and help him to bear his poverty and share his struggles in the busy world.

Two days passed and he was gone. As the steamer hurried him away from the spot which had grown so dear, he strained his eyes to see the last of the familiar places. He could discern the fisherman's cottage which he had passed every evening as he climbed the hill to take a good-night gaze at the manse, and Ben Voir, the scene of their last excursion, over which a pale crescent moon now hung; then all was lost in haze.

The minister and his two daughters having seen the steamer leave the bay, turned homewards. Elsie and her father stopped at a cottage on the way to visit a poor sick woman, and Janet walked slowly on to the manse, feeling a great void in her heart. At the gate she was overtaken by the postman, who gave her the bag containing the letters for the manse and for some far outlying houses beyond his beat, the owners of which would send down for them when convenient.

Janet stood still for a few moments before opening the door, and looked round. What a change seemed to have passed over the whole scene, and yet an indefinable one. The late afternoon sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers smelt sweetly as before. Yet to her senses all was different. As she stood there

with the letter-bag in her hand, a strange feeling of depression came over her—like a foreboding of change and sorrow—and it required a considerable effort to shake it off and enter the house, as she heard her father's voice at the garden gate.

Events seemed to prove that Janet's forebodings had some foundation, for the letter-bag contained tidings which plunged the minister's family into great anxiety. The main portion of his modest income consisted of the yearly interest of a sum of money which had been left to him twenty years back by a distant relative, and had been by the advice of his brother-in-law, a clever man of business, invested in a commercial undertaking which had every appearance of solidity. During twenty years it had appeared to justify his confidence; now, in consequence of a series of unfortunate circumstances, failure had come, and the poor minister was involved in the downfall.

The stipend he received from his cure was almost nominal.

His health being poor, he had accepted the position on account of the lightness of his duties, and because the pure air of the island acted as a tonic to his feeble frame.

The loss of his little fortune, his children's only provision, came on him as a crushing blow.

"Ah," sighed Janet to herself, "I was right in feeling that with Alan all brightness had departed from our home."

From the stunned condition into which the minister's family was thrown by the news of their misfortune, Janet was the first to recover. She plainly saw that the income of the minister must be supplemented in some way. Even with the very strictest economy it would be impossible for them all to live upon his present resources. It was plain also that no means of earning money could present themselves here, and therefore it would be necessary that one of them should seek such means elsewhere. She shrank from the idea of Elsie going out to fight with the world, and, besides, she was the poor old father's darling.

No, Elsie should not go. She well knew with what opposition a proposal to leave them would be met by her father and Elsie, and therefore, before opening the subject to them, she wrote to a relation of her mother's, living in London, telling her of the present circumstances, and asking her advice.

Many days passed, and no answer arrived. During that time she busied herself with plans for the comfort of her two dear ones when she should be far from them, and, by apparently chance words and suggestions, endeavoured to prepare their minds for a separation.

At length the looked-for letter came. Mrs. Mansel had delayed writing until she could give Janet some practical help. She had made inquiries amongst her friends, and succeeded in finding Janet an engagement as daily governess in the family of an acquaintance of her own living in London. The salary offered was such as would enable Janet to maintain herself, and, with some self-denial, which she did not shrink from, allow her to send a small proportion of her earnings to the manse.

The parting was terrible; but all thought it to be inevitable, and Mr. Macfarlane and Elsie did their best not to unnerve the brave girl who was going forth alone to work for them.

"May the Almighty watch over you, my brave child. Into His keeping I commit my treasure!" were the good old minister's parting words.

Janet found her work pleasant enough. Her pupils were intelligent and affectionate, and she soon grew fond of them. It was her hours of leisure which tried her most by their loneliness. Her thoughts would fly to the manse as soon as her work was done—the manse now for ever associated with the thought of Alan Forsaith—and as she trod the straight paved streets she longed for a draught of the free, fresh air of the hills and the shore, and the spring of the heather beneath her feet. But she never complained. She wrote home long accounts of the town and its doings, as though she were living the gayest of lives,

of men and things enlarged considerably as I listened to him, and I felt my own ignorance as I had never done before. Of course I often heard mention of Ralph Dugdale. I liked all I heard of him. I made a mental picture of my brother's friend, and felt sure that if ever we met I should like him.

Mabel seldom accompanied us on our walks; she was not fond of walking. She preferred to drive with father to Halstead or Braintree, if business called him to either place, or to call on friends at New Burford, or to sit at home doing the delicate point lace work in which she excelled, or reading the improving books which she had been told that every young lady should read. Our home life was very quiet and uneventful, but it was wonderful how well Mabel adapted herself to it. She was always engaged in some becoming occupation, and never complained of feeling dull. It was different with me. If Edmund went away for a few days, as he did occasionally, the hours hung heavily on my hands, and I could find no outlet for my energy save by taking

solitary walks accompanied by Rough. Mr. Steinthorpe came frequently to see father during my holidays, but his visits were made in the office, and I seldom exchanged any words with him. Once or twice, though, it happened that he called late in the afternoon, and father brought him in to take tea with us. I remember what trouble Mabel took in arranging the table and getting everything as nice as possible on those occasions, and how pretty she looked as, with slightly-flushed cheeks but without embarrassment, she presided at the meal in her graceful way. I have no doubt that Mr. Steinthorpe admired her as much as I did. I know he never seemed to care to look or speak to me when Mabel was near, but then I gave him no encouragement to pay me attention, for I did not like him better on fuller acquaintance.

It was dreadful how swiftly my six weeks of holidays sped by. Father was willing that Mabel should remain at home, but he would not hear of my doing so. "It was very important that my education should not be deficient,"

he said, and he begged me so earnestly not to waste my opportunities that I with tears promised that I really would work hard, and, if possible, make a better appearance in the next examinations.

I cried, too, though from a different cause, when I said good-bye to Mabel. We had never been parted before, and I felt as if I could not bear to go back to school without her. But Mabel, though she embraced me tenderly, did not give way to emotion when we parted. She had always more self-control than I. Besides, she had much pleasure in the prospect that lay before her. She thoroughly enjoyed her position as mistress of father's house, for it had not yet lost its novelty, and her mind was full of the changes and improvements which she meant to effect in the ways of the household. I felt sure that these changes would bring her into collision with Salome, with whom she had already had more than one passage of arms, and I doubted whether she would be able to carry out all her plans. But I need not have doubted.

(To be continued.)

## STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.

### "FRESH AIR HOMES."

By DORA HOPE.



IN order to understand the great interest taken by our friends the Mayhews in the Fresh Air Home at Dereham, we must go back a little in our history—to the spring of the previous year—before Jeannette had met with her sad accident, and while Nannie and Elsie were still away at school. Jeannette had a great friend and former schoolfellow, who was the daughter of a clergyman in one of the densely-crowded parishes of south-east London, and her accounts of the interesting work she was engaged in amongst her father's parishioners often made Jeannette inclined to grumble that they lived too far from London for her to take any part in work which would have interested her so much, and which, if only they lived in town, would have enabled her to feel herself really of some use in the world.

One day, when she was feeling a little discontented at having nothing particular to do, and being, as she considered, no good to anybody, she received a hurriedly-written note from her friend in London. The note ran as follows:—

"Dearest Jeannie,—I want to know if you can help me with one of our poor families? You have often said you wished you were near enough to work with us, but just now we want help in the country. There is a poor family in a court I visit, of which the mother and three of the children have been very ill, the result of bad drains and overcrowding. The mother is better, and going to work again, though she is not fit for it; but if you could see the white, wizened faces of those poor little children, your kind heart would be touched.

"I should explain that they live in a narrow

little court, so close and dirty that if I forget to provide myself with lavender lozenges or camphor, or something of that sort, to eat while I am in there, I come out feeling quite faint and sick; and our good doctor, who has seen the children, says they will never be strong again, probably will not live at all, unless they can have a breath of fresh air.

"Do you remember how the bracing air of your lovely country set me up after my long illness? If you do you will not wonder that I long for these poor little mites to have such a chance of life too. Father says their parents should pay something towards their expenses, and with what others would give, we can undertake to pay 5s. a week each for them, and, of course, all travelling expenses.

"Now, dear Jeannie, do look round without delay, and find some kind-hearted cottager who would take them in, somewhere near you, so that you could look after them now and then; and send me word as soon as possible when you can receive them. I am not going to apologise for the trouble I am giving you, for I know you are as glad to help poor children as I am, so I will only thank you in advance.—Your loving friend,

"HELEN GODDARD."

Jeannette was pondering over this letter, sitting on the low window-seat looking over the long garden bright with the morning sunshine, and across to the river winding away in the distance, when a servant came in to say that her old nurse was waiting to see her.

Mrs. Hull had been nurse to all Mrs. Mayhew's children, till Nannie and Elsie, the last inhabitants of the nursery, were old enough to leave her care, when she had married a small farmer in the neighbourhood. For a few years everything had gone happily with her; but troubles and sickness came, the farm had to be given up, and finally her husband had died, leaving her with the care of a delicate orphan niece, and with only a very small in-

come, the proceeds of an insurance upon his life. Mr. Mayhew had given her the use of a nice four-roomed cottage rent free, and with the help of a little needlework for ladies in the neighbourhood, she had managed to live very comfortably; but now she had come to tell her favourite "Miss Jeannette" that as her niece had quite outgrown her delicacy, she thought it would be better for her in every way that she should take a situation, if her young ladies would kindly recommend her to some of their grand friends in London. Also she added that it would be taking advantage of Mr. Mayhew's kindness for her to keep on the cottage for herself when her niece was gone, and she was left a lone woman again; so if Miss Jeannette would speak to her father for her, she would make so bold as to say she would like to keep it on till she had had time to look round, and then maybe she would meet with some sort of place she could take herself.

"Nurse, were you at church last Sunday evening?" interrupted Jeannette, in the middle of Mrs. Hull's remarks.

"Yes, my dearie, for sure I were," responded the good woman, who never could help lapsing into affectionate expressions when talking to Jeannette alone, though she was most ceremoniously respectful if anyone else was present.

"Then, nurse, you must remember what was said in the sermon about being guided in all our ways, even in very little things, and I do believe you were guided to come here this morning, for I was just praying for wisdom to know who to go to when you came in. Now listen to this, nurse, and see what you think; if you are willing, I am sure father would like you to keep on the cottage."

Thereupon Jeannette read aloud the letter she had just received, and after a long discussion as to ways and means, it was decided that if Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew consented, Mrs. Hull

should postpone seeking a situation till winter, and should take in the poor little children.

All difficulties were soon overcome, and a few necessary additions having been made to the cottage furniture, the children came, and their visit was such a complete and gratifying success, that when they were sent home again at the end of the month, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, Jeannette wrote to her friend Helen Goddard, to say that they were quite willing to take in relays of children on the same terms all through the summer. Mrs. Hull could not undertake more than six children at a time; indeed, she could only manage that number by getting occasional help in cleaning and washing, and by being relieved of the care of the children during a part of every day. This latter difficulty was overcome by Jeannette's energy in persuading a sufficient number of her friends to undertake the charge of the children on certain fixed days, so that there were two young ladies at the cottage each day in the week.

On fine days they took the children long walks or picnics into the country, and when the weather was too bad for any outdoor amusements, they brought toys and picture books, and taught them to play games, an accomplishment of which they found many of their poor little clients entirely ignorant.

The scheme answered very well, and was continued all the summer, the only stipulation Mrs. Hull made, for her own comfort, being that she should not have children over fourteen years old; she got on with them well enough as long as they were weak and ailing, but as soon as they recovered their health, and with it their animal spirits, their preternatural sharpness and mischievous proclivities were quite too much for good Mrs. Hull, who came to her confidante, Jeannette, one morning, on the verge of despair, to complain that two lads under her charge were "that uncommon knowin'", she couldn't keep up-sides with them nohow; and as for impudence! why, if one of them hadn't actually gone and tried on her best bonnet when she had her back turned for a minute!"

Jeannette sympathised with her trials, but she was quite inconsolable till she received a promise that for the future she should not have any boys over twelve, nor girls over fourteen years of age. Another circumstance which disturbed the good woman's notions of cleanliness, was that hardly any of her little charges had a change of clothing. She got over the difficulty by sending them to bed early, and sitting up very late herself to wash and mend their clothes; but Mrs. Mayhew interposed and put a stop to this, on the ground that if her nurse's health gave way, as it certainly would, the whole scheme would have to be given up.

The only alternative was to provide clothes for the children, and Mrs. Mayhew and Jeannette went round to their friends, begging for left-off clothing, or materials which might be made up into little garments. In order to accomplish all the necessary alteration and making up of these clothes, it was decided that for the remainder of the summer a sewing meeting should be held every week, and all the young ladies of the neighbourhood were urged to come and bring their friends. They were willing enough to do this, for the meetings were generally very merry ones, being conducted, on warm days, in a very unceremonious, picnic-like fashion under the fine old chestnut trees in Mr. Mayhew's garden.

When winter drew on, and the last party of children had returned home, Helen Goddard came to pay a short visit to her now invalid friend, and together they talked over plans of possible usefulness for the coming year. Amongst other things, old Nurse Hull and her cottage came in for a good share of consideration.

After several conferences with Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew, and many talks with Mrs. Hull herself, it was agreed that the cottage should be enlarged during the winter months by the addition of rooms sufficient to accommodate ten children, as well as a small bedroom, which they agreed should be reserved for some of the many poor sickly women in Mr. Goddard's parish, who should be sent down for a month each, free of expense, in consideration of their giving their mornings to helping in the work of the house. With this help, and perhaps a charwoman occasionally to help in the scrubbing, Mrs. Hull thought she could manage the work of her household.

The sewing parties were continued through the winter, but not so frequently, as it was considered that by meeting once a month they would get a sufficient stock of clothing prepared to supply the children when they came; and as soon as they began to arrive, any fear of the stock running short was prevented by an offer from the members of the Young Women's Christian Association, to devote one evening a week to making over any clothes the ladies of the neighbourhood would entrust to them.

Helen Goddard, on her part, undertook to start a holiday savings bank amongst the poor children themselves, and to try to induce them, by glowing descriptions of the beauties of Dereham, to lay by for the summer part of the money which even the poorest children always seem able to spend on sweets. But as this would not, of course, repay more than a trifling part of the cost, they agreed that both she and Jeannette should try to get up a subscription list amongst their friends, in the hope of making their "Fresh Air Home" a permanent institution. As soon as the scheme became known amongst their friends in London, it was found that many district visitors and others were willing to give or collect a regular sum every year in return for the privilege of sending down a certain number of children from their own districts.

It was a great grief to Jeannette when spring came and the children began to arrive, that she was not able to go to the station or the cottage herself to greet them; but she had constant and full reports from her sisters and the other friends who managed the Home. Mrs. Hull had none of the business management, nor was she responsible in any way for the amusement or instruction of the children, further than their general orderliness and good behaviour; she was only matron and practical manager.

A small committee was formed, chiefly of married ladies, to make all the necessary arrangements as to the reception of fresh children, the distribution of clothing, payment of expenses, and so on; while another committee of young ladies arranged for the amusements of the children, and Nannie declared "did all the work while the matrons took all the glory." The active work of romping with the children, and leading excursions into the woods, they certainly did; but they did not properly appreciate how much anxiety they were saved by having all cares about money and housekeeping taken from their thoughtless young shoulders.

To save trouble, both to themselves and Mrs. Hull, the senior committee drew up a diet table for the week, in which different preparations of milk took a very prominent place, but the dietary was subject to many variations, which were generally caused by the arrival of presents of fruit, vegetables, meat, cakes, and edibles of all sorts from people in the neighbourhood; and alterations of this kind were left entirely to Mrs. Hull's own discretion. A slate was kept hung up in the kitchen, on which she noted any presents which had come, in order that a proper acknowledgment might be sent to the donor, and the fact made a note of in the Home

diary, which was kept posted up by the member of the committee whose turn it was to visit at the cottage that day.

The members of the Boys' Club took a great interest in the Fresh Air Home from the time that their sympathies were first enlisted by Ronald Mayhew on behalf of a patient, little sad-faced crippled boy who was one of the first arrivals for this year. *They had volunteered* for one of their number to go every evening after work was over, to take him out in the invalid chair, which someone had presented to the Home, and it was wonderful to see how much good was developed in these rough lads when once their feelings were moved; and Mrs. Hull was filled with speechless amazement at the tenderness with which "them great louts of boys" would lift the child; though she would have been less easy in her mind if she could have seen how sometimes, when safely out of her sight, they would lift the little invalid out of his carriage, and, to his delight, "make believe he wasn't lame," by scrambling through hedges and ditches, holding him safely in their strong arms, while they hunted for water-rats, or birds' nests, or anything else dear to boyish minds.

Though this little cripple was always the favourite, the boys became interested in the other children, and taught them to catch butterflies, to climb trees, and sometimes even took one or two of the strongest of them on their excursions to collect insects and plants for their club museum. In addition to this they would often spend a spare half-hour in tidying up the cottage garden, and doing odd jobs of carpentering about the house, and were never wanting in will to do anything within their abilities.

Mr. Morton had from the beginning paid a regular subscription to the funds of the Home, for the privilege of sending down little patients from the hospital at which he was studying, and these children were always confided to Elsie's especial care, but apparently Mr. Morton had not much confidence in her discretion, for he found it necessary to come to Dereham almost every week to see how they were getting on, and to have long talks with Elsie on the state of their health.

A few of the elder girls were not sent back to London at all, but were taken charge of by benevolent ladies in the neighbourhood, who undertook to train them for servants, and find them respectable situations.

Every Sunday afternoon the whole party of children from the cottage came up to see Jeannette, who received them either in the garden, or on wet days in her little morning room, and gave them a very simple Scripture lesson, and sent them home rejoicing, with a cake each for their tea.

It was found in the course of the summer that the number of applicants was always so much in excess of the accommodation at the cottage, that Mrs. Mayhew determined to take charge of a few more. It was impossible to make room for them in the cottage itself, but several clean and respectable women were found in the immediate neighbourhood, who were willing to take charge of one, or sometimes two children each, and in this way some half-dozen additional children could always be received. They were all under the supervision of two ladies of the committee, who visited them at unexpected times, to make sure that they were well fed and kindly cared for.

There was always bitter grief and lamentation when the children were sent back to the dark, dirty slums of London, and Nannie, the tender-hearted, often came home from seeing some of them off at the station, with her own eyes red; but the same day generally brought fresh arrivals, and the grief at speeding the parting, was soon lost in the pleasure of welcoming the coming guest.

(To be continued.)

"But you do not understand," said Mabel, looking much annoyed with me. "You are so headstrong, Dorothy. Do you know that father would have been a bankrupt but for Howard? He had sunk thousands of pounds in the tannery, and was losing money by it every year, and all because he would go on tanning in such a bungling, old-fashioned way, using methods that have been abandoned for ages by most tanners, Howard says."

"You may call father's tanning bungling if you like, Mabel," I said, coldly; "but I know this, for I have heard him say so, that no customer ever found fault with his leather."

"Oh, the leather was good, no doubt; but Howard introduced into the yard a method by which the hides could be tanned in half the time, and bring in a

much larger profit. If poor father had lived to share its success things might have been better for him and for you."

"But as it is," I interrupted her scornfully, "Howard has trumped everything. Well, poor father was always unfortunate, and Howard, I suppose, is just as lucky."

"You ought not to talk so, Dorothy; you have really nothing to complain of. Howard is ready to give Edmund any help he needs, and, so clever as he is, he is sure to make his way in the world. For you there is this beautiful home with every comfort, if you will have it. And if you lived here, where you would meet nice people, instead of going governessing to see nobody, you would have every chance of making a good marriage and being comfortably settled in life."

"Thank you for the suggestion," I exclaimed, hotly. "No doubt you would enjoy making a match for me according to your mind; but as long as I have a head and hands capable of honest work, I will never degrade myself by marrying for the sake of getting a home. Say no more about my living with you, Mabel; it is out of the question."

"So I see," said Mabel, stung in her turn. "After what you have said, Dorothy, I cannot wish that you should live with me."

Thus our talk ended. Mabel was not the woman to allow that her husband could do wrong; nor would she soon forget what I had said about him. In spite of Edmund's warning, I had caused a breach to open between me and my sister.

(To be continued.)

## 'THE NATURALISTS' CLUB.'

(STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.)

By DORA HOPE.



M. R. MAYHEW was an enthusiastic geologist. It cannot be said that his children altogether followed in his steps, for, although the two elder ones had a fair knowledge of the science, they, as well as the younger members of the family, preferred the study of nature

in its more active and progressive forms. Nannie always declared that geology was like studying dead languages, for if its growth was not actually over and done with ages ago, still its progress was much too slow to interest anyone, and for her part she found animal or plant life a thousand times more interesting. As a matter of fact, she adopted as a pet, and studied the habits of, every animal that came in her way, particularly if it chanced to be ailing or despised.

As for Jeannette, the long hours of pain and prostration she had to endure were often passed, and the weary time shortened, by watching the inmates of two aquaria which Ronald had fitted up, and kept in order for her. They were oblong cases, about two feet long and eighteen inches in width and depth. All four sides were of glass, and both had glass covers, not tightly fitting, to keep out the dust. The freshwater aquarium had some small pieces of rock piled up at one end, and a rocky arch in the middle, the bottom being covered with gravel and clean sand from the river near.

Ronald's greatest difficulty had been to establish the balance between animal and vegetable life, but when that was found he had very little further trouble with the tank. A tuft of Vallisneria grew almost too fast in it, but was kept sufficiently in check by the freshwater snails and the one freshwater mussel, which acted as scavengers. The snails (*Planorbis*) kept the glass free from the green film that grows over it so quickly. Many a time Jeannette had forgotten her weariness in watching one of these interesting

little creatures at work, noticing the so-called tongue sweeping its food from the glass through which she looked. Jack's microscope had made her familiar with the tongue and its wonderful teeth when scientifically prepared and mounted on a slide, but it was another thing to watch it at work.

Jeannette was convinced that the goldfish knew her, but Jack assured her it was only feeding time they knew, though this only came once a week, as she indignantly reminded him, and nearly every hour they looked into her face with their calm, bead-like eyes.

They tried many experiments with creatures which Donald and Jack dredged up from the rivers and ponds on their excursions, but some of the animals played sad havoc in their new home, and had to be hastily caught and removed again, while others speedily served as food for some of the original inhabitants. Once Ronald put in three young eels. They lived happily for some time, but one morning Jeannette noticed a disturbance in the tank, and found that the two larger eels had divided the smallest between them, and were fighting for the remains; and not long afterwards the smaller of these two determined to make a meal of the other, and beginning at his tail, swallowed him in the course of a day or two, in spite of his vigorous objections.

The other aquarium, a marine one, gave Ronald rather more trouble to get into order. The water was sent to him by rail from the sea-coast, and its inhabitants were procured for him by a firm of naturalists, who advertise all kinds of marine creatures and seaweed for sale. They were sent by parcel post; and though some died at once, a good many lived and were healthy. Their number was added to by a friend of Jack's, who lived at the seaside, and sent up some specimens occasionally; Ronald also hunted out some tiny sea-anemones, and other little creatures clinging amongst the shell-fish and seaweed in a fishmonger's shop in the town.

His supply of sea-water being more than was necessary to fill the tank, the surplus was kept in a shallow basin in a dark part of the cellar, and a little was taken from it occasionally, and added to the tank to make up for the loss by evaporation; but, further than this, Ronald found it was not necessary to change the water

more than once a year; he was very careful, however, to keep it sweet by instantly removing any dead or decaying matter from the tank.

The sea-anemones were fed about once a fortnight with tiny atoms of raw lean beef, and occasionally with scraps of oyster. The seaweed was more difficult to arrange than the fresh-water plants had been, but with patience and watchfulness Ronald was satisfied at last, by the clearness of the water and evident healthiness of the fish, that the animal and vegetable life in the tank were fairly balanced.

Elsie, who in this, as in many other things, resembled her mother, was an enthusiastic botanist, and was gradually getting together a very interesting collection of the wild plants of the neighbourhood. Not only had she specimens of each dried and labelled, but this spring she started also a "wild bank" in a retired corner of the garden, and there she planted a single specimen of every native flower and fern she could find, and daily brought in to Jeannette stirring accounts of how the small and weakly plants struggled for life in spite of the determined efforts of the stronger ones to smother and destroy them. Nannie, with her usual impulsive devotion to everything in distress, begged Elsie to pull up the large, strong plants and save the lives of the little ones, but Elsie refused; she said they had all had a fair start in life, and they must fight it out by themselves, and it gave her a splendid opportunity of watching the progress of the "survival of the fittest." (Elsie had been studying Darwin, and was very full of his theories.) So Nannie had to give way, and solaced herself by redoubling her attentions to a nest of young birds whose mother had been killed by a cat.

Though Jeannette was not able to take any active share in these outdoor pursuits, she was none the less keenly interested in the girls' daily reports of the progress of birds and plants and insects, and herself was watching with great anxiety the gradual hatching of some tiny eggs in her fresh-water aquarium.

At last Jeannette suggested that it would add greatly to the interest of their observations of Nature if they and a few of their friends were to form themselves into a "Naturalists' Club." They might each keep specially to their own particular branch; but, at the

same time, being regularly posted up as to what the others were doing, they could be always on the look-out for anything interesting in each other's departments.

Needless to say, Nannie and Elsie eagerly assented to the proposal, and a preliminary meeting was called of all the friends they thought likely to join.

Jeannette, in the meantime, had several private conferences with individual members of the proposed club, so that when the time for meeting came, she had some definite plans to propose. One of these was that, during the summer months, every alternate Saturday afternoon should be devoted to a scientific excursion to some place in the neighbourhood, to be decided upon by vote at the previous meeting, and that some gentleman should be elected secretary, and should be requested to have a list of desirable excursions to suggest at each meeting, and should also undertake to make arrangements for the club getting tea somewhere in the course of their journey.

Mr. Lethbridge (who, with the aid of the "Boys' Club," was getting a fine collection of moths and butterflies) suggested that the tastes of each member should be consulted in turn; so that, for instance, if the first excursion was planned to some place specially interesting to geologists, the next one should be arranged particularly to suit the tastes of the botanists.

After a little persuasion Jack undertook the office of secretary, for, in spite of his natural indolence and objection to anything in the shape of steady work, he was very fond of roaming about the country, and, either on his bicycle or on horseback, had been to almost every corner of the county. Jeannette promised to do all the writing for him if he would make the arrangements, and it was decided that a post-card should be sent to each member a few days before each excursion, stating the hour and place of meeting, and the special objects of interest likely to be found there.

Mr. Mayhew was so pleased that his children should take an interest in nature, that he frequently offered prizes for the best collections made during an excursion; they were small but useful articles, such as a good pocket magnifying glass, or a geological hammer. On these occasions the offer was always announced beforehand, and Jeannette's post-cards would end with—"Prize offered for best collection of fungi;" or, "A prize for the largest number of fresh-water plants."

In addition to the excursions, and the collections which resulted from them, it was arranged that the members should take daily systematic observations of progress in the various departments of Nature, each according to their separate bent, and should compare notes, and report progress, at a meeting to be held once a month, the members agreeing, for Jeannette's sake, always to meet at Mrs. Mayhew's house.

For some years Mr. Mayhew, in connection with several gentlemen at a few miles' distance from each other, had made daily weather notes. He had a thermometer on the north side of the house at 6 feet from the ground, and another, a registering one, on the grass. At eight o'clock each morning he noted down the temperature given by these two thermometers, together with the direction of the wind, and the state of the weather and sky, and the height of the barometer. On his last birthday his children had given him an instrument for recording the actual sunlight every day; so this had been added to the list of observations. Occasionally the gentlemen met to compare their notes, and remark on any special circumstances which had struck them.

The members of the new club decided to arrange their notes in something the same way, but with many more items for obser-

vation. Mr. Morton had brought with him a number of note-books, and the members, after making their rules and passing a good many resolutions, devoted the rest of their first meeting to the task of ruling and preparing their note-books for one month's observations. The space for each day was divided into five compartments, one for each of the chief classes of objects they intended to notice. They agreed all to make notes of the weather, as the state of the atmosphere so greatly affects all living things, whether plant or animal, but the other items were left to the tastes of each individual. The remaining compartments were for remarks on plants, birds, and insects, while one was left blank, either for "sundries," to include such general observations as "skating," or "new comet visible," or for each member to fill in with any particular hobby of their own. In Jeannette's case the vacant space was labelled "aquaria." Here is a specimen of one day's notes:—

February 11th, 1886.	
Weather . . . . .	Warm, damp day, after frost.
Botanical . . . . .	Honeysuckle leaves out, snow-drop flowers out.
Ornithological . .	Larks, thrushes, and black-birds singing.
Entomological . .	Found an agabus and two large water beetles in the pond in Croft's Meadow.
Sundries . . . . .	Could see to read by daylight till 5 o'clock.

When notes were made of the first bursting into leaf or flower of trees and plants, it was found necessary to mention also the place and aspect where the event was noticed, as, unless the position was stated, the discrepancies between the different observations were confusing. So much difference does the aspect make, that Elsie observed that an oak, for instance, in the cove at the bottom of their garden was, as a rule, in full leaf when another oak, higher up the hill, was only beginning to show the young brown of its leaves.

Once a month the members brought their books, and one or other of them would read aloud their notes on one particular subject, while the others followed with their own note-books, and compared the differences. Jeannette had a large "Natural History Note Book," divided into weeks instead of days; and in this, after each monthly meeting, she entered the chief facts observed by all the members.

Elsie, as has been said, had always been fond of botany, but she said she never had the least idea how fascinating a study it could be made till they began these natural history excursions, when Mr. Morton's medical knowledge and interesting tales added a charm to the history and characteristics of each plant they found; indeed, her brothers laughed at her a good deal about the rather miscellaneous way in which she was accumulating stores of medical and botanical knowledge, and professed to believe that she intended setting up in business for herself as a lady herbalist.

As the summer wore on, to the great delight of everyone, Jeannette began to regain her strength so rapidly, that several times when their expedition was not to be a long one she was able to be driven in her little pony carriage to the place they had fixed upon for tea, which was always their rallying point after they had been scattered about hunting for "specimens." On these occasions a couch was generally made for her on the grass, with the cushions of the carriage, where she rested, and sometimes made sketches, while the rest

of the club looked over and compared their treasures.

Several friends prophesied that the club would soon come to an end; but so far it is almost too flourishing, for the members contrive to get so much amusement as well as instruction out of their expeditions, that they are constantly asking permission to bring friends, and Jack complains that the party sometimes becomes inconveniently large; and suggests that if anyone else wishes for "amusement and true knowledge hand in hand," they had better start clubs on their own account.

(To be continued.)

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

### EDUCATIONAL.

**THE SPARROWS and ROBIN.**—The singular detached form of Cromartyshire originated in the ownership of several portions by an earl of olden times, who wished all his lands to be united in one shire. This county is not alone in this respect, as, for instance, a portion of Wiltshire is situated in North Devon, and the Isle of Wight is a portion of Hampshire. The German way of writing the composer's name is, Georg Friedrich Händel; in English it is George Frederick Handel. Accept our thanks for your kind letter.

**LUCRETIA.**—We recommend you to procure "The Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, D.D., published at our office.

**YAVA and BROWNIE.**—The terms vary at the hospitals where ladies are trained. If you can be received as a Nightingale probationer (St. Thomas's Hospital, Albert Embankment, S.W.) you will have nothing to pay, but get a year's training, board, lodging, uniform, and salary of £10.

**ESSEX MAIDEN.**—If your doctor's sister could, from personal acquaintance with a French family, obtain you a situation in it, well and good; but do not take one through an agency. If you go to Paris you had better consult the Rev. Howard Gill, chaplain of the Embassy Church, 5, Rue Daru, Paris.

**NORTH-COUNTRY LASS.**—There is a training school of cookery in Liverpool in connection with the Northern Union of Training Schools of Cookery, in Colquhoun-street; secretary, Miss F. L. Calder. Classes are held for high-class, plain household, and artisan cookery. Teachers are trained in all three for the diploma of the Northern Union. Besides this, there is the Yorkshire Ladies' Council of Education, which includes in its work a training school of cookery, and where ladies may be trained as teachers. The central office is at 37A, Albion-street, Leeds. Address, Miss Robinson, general hon. secretary of this department, 33, Lord Mayor's Walk, York.

**P. M. L.** must read the article on "Work for All," in vol. v. Messrs Cassell and Co. publish a shilling "Guide to the Civil Service for Females," which would tell you all you should know. We should advise you to pass all the examinations you can, as your age is only seventeen. You should get the best education you can, and not think of a nursery governess-ship.

**FAITH.**—We regret that we could not advise you to select any part of America, as all educational employments are over-stocked. Write to the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W., however, and ask their advice.

**ANACUS** should read Fergusson's "History of Architecture," 1874-6, for more extended information. Godwin's "Chronological Table of English Architecture" is nearly as follows:—Anglo-Roman, B.C. 55 to A.D. 250 (about), St. Martin's, Canterbury; Anglo-Saxon, A.D. 800 to 1066, St. Peter's, Lincolnshire; Gothic Anglo-Roman, 1066 to 1225, Rochester Cathedral nave; Early English, or Pointed, 1225 to 1272, Westminster Abbey, Temple Church; Pointed, or Pure Gothic, 1272 to 1377, Exeter Cathedral, Waltham Cross; Florid Pointed, 1377 to 1509, Westminster Hall, Henry VIII. Chapel, Westminster; Elizabethan, 1509 to 1625, Hatfield House, schools at Oxford; Greek Architecture revived, 1625 (about), Banqueting House, Whitehall; Pugin's Gothic Revival, about 1825.

### HOUSEKEEPING.

**ANTHONY.**—We should think washing the articles in a lather of soap and ammonia would take out both grease and stains. They should lie in it some time, and the water should be at 100 deg. Fahrenheit.

**LILLIAN.**—Muslin bags filled with lavender; silk bags containing orris root, powdered; or some of the many sachet powders, sold by all good chemists by the ounce, and variously scented. All these are nice for linen presses and clothes drawers. You must put the powder in small bags of silk or satin; and scatter them in the drawers.

**YARMOUTH** may dip her curtains in coffee, or use one of Judson's dyes, there is also coloured starch to be bought for the purpose.

The young girl's eyes filled with tears at the half-intended sarcasm, and her look of pain dispelled the fears of the stern warrior, whose only happiness was centred in his child.

Dismissing the slave, who manifested natural anxiety at the progress of the conversation, flattering though it was to her, Chrysé curled herself up in the strong man's arms, as she was wont to do in her childhood, and nestling down upon his shoulder, softly scolded him for his jealousy and suspicion.

"And is my Chrysé quite happy?" asked Parmenias, gently, as he stroked her golden hair, with hands that so recently had wielded javelin and sword with the legions of Octavius. "Quite happy now, dearest father," was the soft response.

"But is there nothing she would like?"

"No, nothing, and yet—" and Chrysé stopped, glancing up at her father timidly and inquiringly, and half unwilling to proceed.

"What is it, my child? Tell me. All that I have, you know, is yours," said Parmenias.

Chrysé paused still, and then she whispered slowly, "I should like to be able to do good."

Parmenias looked down upon the fair young face with astonishment. Never in his experience had a Roman girl expressed so strange a desire, and he was curious to ascertain the motives that had prompted the request. The life of Roman ladies had few features that were self-sacrificing or noble, and the conditions of female education, and the dull monotony of household existence, with its spinning and embroidery, offered few more inducements to self-culture and earnestness than the more questionable pleasures of a frivolous society.

The teachings of Epicurus, that the pursuit of happiness was the highest and truest aim of life, and that such happiness was to be found in virtue alone, had been debased and degraded. Men sought enjoyment in gladiatorial combats, athletics, feasting, money making, and the grosser pleasures of sense, while the Roman women fortunate enough to possess rank and wealth, lived for fashion and flattery and the dull fribbles of domestic ease.

No wonder then that Parmenias marvelled at the young girl's wish; no wonder that a shade of annoyance and disappointment clouded his brow. Her desire was unexpected and almost unnatural, and it seemed to convey, as it were, a reproof. And yet had not he himself tried to do good for her? He had suffered much that she might be the more happy, he

had endured hardship and privation that she might have position and luxury; and now on on his return he finds her possessed by some wild notions of philanthropy, which in his heart of hearts he could not but confess were just.

"What good does my little girl want to do?" he asked. "And who has been putting these thoughts into her head? Has she not her birds and flowers, her carriages to ride in, and her needlework and her slaves? Are not these enough to make her happy?"

"I love them all," was the timid reply, "but Doris says that we cannot be truly happy unless we try to make others happy. And it seems so selfish for me to have all these beautiful things, while Doris, and Lydia, and Geta, and Hebrus, and all our slaves have nothing to call their own. And then, when I have been enjoying the cool morning or evening air, I have seen sights so sad, that I have wished I could give some of my happiness to the poor people who seem to have none."

Chrysé paused, but Parmenias did not interrupt her, vexed and disappointed though he was at these, to him, unnatural fancies. The sight of the fair young face flushing with the natural eloquence of the Italian, and lighted up by the glory of the setting sun, disarmed the cold sarcastic criticism that rose to his lips. Emboldened by her father's silence, Chrysé continued—

"Oh, if only I were a man like you, dearest father, I would set all slaves free, if I could; but I am only a weak girl, and can do nothing. If the gods are so good, why do they let men and women be beaten and starved and thrown to wild beasts, as Doris says some slaves are? Why, too, are rich men allowed to rob the poor, and go unpunished, while a slave who steals a little bit of bread is burnt in the hand with a dreadful iron? Are the gods dead? Sometimes I used to lie awake at night-time when all was quiet, wondering if all these things were really true, and whether there was really so much hunger and sadness. And then I have longed for you to come home; that you might tell me. And now, my own darling father, you have come back, and you will help me, I know, to do good, will you not?"

The strong man quailed before the searching question that impeached the very social system of Rome itself. He had come back that he might devote the remaining years of his shadowed life to Chrysé, and now she asked that he would apply himself to some vague and visionary efforts to reform the state, whereby

he would probably offend half his friends, and destroy his prospects of preferment with Augustus. He felt uneasy with himself, and angry with those who had gained his daughter's ear. Her repeated references to Doris, combined with her enthusiastic praises of the young attendant, were sufficient evidence of the sources whence Chrysé had obtained her new ideas; and though too considerate of his daughter's feelings, and too eager for her happiness, to remove the slave girl and her brother from his establishment, Parmenias determined to watch their movements with vigilance and jealous care. He was vexed at the influence and ascendancy this Doris had obtained over his daughter, and yet Chrysé's very levelness, and the glow of vigorous health in all her movements, showed that her material wants had been faithfully supplied. He was angry, moreover, with strange inconsistency, that the young domestic, Doris, showed a refinement in her bearing far beyond her station; but then he remembered that it had been her childish grace and beauty which had attracted his attention, as she stood with her brother in the Egyptian slave market many years before. What answer should he make to Chrysé's question? an affirmative or negative reply would be equally inconvenient. His embarrassment was terminated by the questioner herself.

"Forgive me, dear father," she exclaimed, "for my thoughtlessness; you are weary and in need of rest and sleep. I ought not to have troubled you this happy evening with my questions and complaints; we can talk of this some other day."

Parmenias was glad of this respite, and as the summer shadows closed round them, and the late moon was rising over the chestnut-trees on the distant hills, he bade his daughter a tender good-night. Then, seeking his chamber, he threw himself upon his couch, and gave himself up to reflection. He was at home once more, he had embraced Chrysé again, and had found her beautiful as the sunshine. But there was a feeling of disappointment mingled with his joy, and a vague presage of trouble and disagreement seemed to cloud his anticipation of future happiness with her.

His dreams too were troubled, and in them it seemed as if Chrysé were separated from him by an ever widening gulf, across which he heard her voice calling to him in strange and mysterious tones.

(To be continued.)

## PICNICS BY LAND AND WATER.

(STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.)

By DORA HOPE.



It is a curious circumstance that all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, are fond of an open-air life.

It is said that when at Balmoral the Queen spends most of her time out of doors; and, to go to the opposite extreme of society, there is no doubt that in spite of the hard work and rough accommodation, the lowest classes in our large

cities look forward to their annual tour, harvesting or hopping, as the happiest part of their lives.

Perhaps the taste is an inheritance from the days when our forefathers were wild men living in the dense forests, or on the spreading moors of old England; but however that may be, true it is that from the time children are allowed for a treat to have tea in the garden, till they reach mature age, their delight in an *al fresco* meal never flags, in spite of the little inconveniences and discomforts inevitably associated with such a repast.

As might be expected, the Mayhews had the taste strongly developed, and in the summer time, whenever either of the brothers could get a day's holiday, Mrs. Mayhew was quite accustomed to having a sudden raid upon the larder, and being called upon to help to fill baskets with cold meat, cake, cheese—anything they could find, in fact, wherewith to make an impromptu picnic. On these

occasions Mrs. Mayhew knew she would see no more of her children till evening, when they would come home with splendid appetites, and with the girls' baskets filled with miscellaneous treasures they had collected on their way.

This summer their excursions were more numerous than usual; Jeannette was slowly regaining her strength, but was still quite too much of an invalid to leave home, and under these circumstances Nannie and Elsie gave up their usual summer visit to Scotland to stay with her. But they made up their minds to have a great many excursions as a compensation, and to visit all the places of interest they had ever heard of in the neighbourhood.

They generally arranged their excursions a day or two beforehand, fixing the time and place of meeting, and always settled definitely

what was to be done if the weather should prove to be wet or unsettled. In some cases, when their object was to visit some gentleman's seat, or an interesting old church, it would be decided that a few showers would not matter, if they all went suitably dressed; but if they were to be out of doors all the time, and the weather proved unfavourable, they generally arranged to postpone the excursion, and, without further notice, to meet at the same time and place the next day. It was also arranged beforehand what provisions each one should supply; this was found to answer very well, as they could thus have frequent excursions with very little trouble or expense to anyone.

The provisions, though ample, were generally of a very simple kind.

Sandwiches usually formed the more substantial part of the fare, to save the trouble of knives and forks. They were made of ham, potted meats, scraped sardines, or sliced eggs, and were done up in little white paper packages, with sprigs of watercress between each sandwich. One package was provided for each person, and one or two over, for hungry ones. Sometimes, however, they would take little meat pasties, made with finely-minced meat, instead of the sandwiches. By way of sweets, they had jam turn-overs, Swiss roll, or Victoria sandwich, and plenty of fresh fruit, with sometimes a jar of marmalade or jam and bread. For tea they took cake, scones, or buns, with tea and sugar; and either carried a bottle of milk with them, or if they knew they would pass through a village, they would trust to getting the milk there, also the bread and marmalade if they needed it. There was generally some cottage where hot water could be obtained, and teacups, too; but if they knew their destination was not within reach even of a cottage, they took a little spirit lamp and kettle with them, or if they had very far to walk, and so objected to any extra weight to carry, they sometimes gave up the tea altogether, and contented themselves with plenty of fruit and a bottle of milk.

They were always most particular not to leave paper or orange peels lying about, to disfigure the landscape for the next visitors, but always made a little hole and buried them; or else carried them in their baskets till they found somewhere to throw them where they would not be an eyesore to anyone.

As they had no boat of their own on the river, the young men had engaged one for the whole summer. It was always left in charge of a man who had a few boats for hire, at a bend of the river about a mile from their house; and as the girls were fond of boating, and could row well, many of their excursions were made by water. Sometimes, as the summer wore on, Jeannette herself was able to accompany them in these water parties, for she could bear the gentle motion of the boat without much fatigue as she lay on her improvised couch, in the bows of the boat, shaded by a large Japanese umbrella fixed into a ring in the side. Mrs. Mayhew frequently went with them, so that the parties were sometimes too large for the boat, and they would have to take it in turns to walk and row.

As it seemed probable that these picnics would be so frequent through the summer, Mrs. Mayhew thought it would be prudent to buy a special stock of everything required for an outdoor meal, to be kept for this purpose only, so as to avoid the risk of her own table linen and silver being lost or injured.

She began by buying a large provision basket, with a strong handle at each end, so as to be conveniently carried by two people. Next came a pile of small, inexpensive plates, the size of old-fashioned cheese plates, which are preferable to larger ones, as taking up much less room. Instead of ordinary tea-

cups, she bought small mugs, to avoid the additional trouble of saucers, and two coarse kitchen table-cloths were to be used instead of her own fine damask ones. The silver was a great difficulty to her at first, till she heard from a friend that nice-looking and durable spoons and forks could be bought, plated on nickel silver, at a low price, and she finally bought a supply of these. The forks and dessert spoons cost about 7s. 6d. a dozen, the teaspoons 4s. 6d. She bought also some inexpensive table knives, some small tumblers, with a few large ones for effervescing drinks, a corkscrew, a small kettle, and a block tin teapot; and last, but not least in importance, she had a strong iron hook made by the blacksmith, with one long pointed end to drive into the ground; in fact, it was much the shape of a shepherd's crook. When the party wished to boil the kettle, this was to be planted in the ground, and the kettle hung on the hook over the fire lighted on the ground beneath it.

Though not exactly a necessary addition to their excursions, one other item must not be overlooked which added much to their comfort, namely, a store of the "fire-lighters" made of wood soaked in resin, which can be bought at oilshops, for kindling a fire quickly. After one or two attempts at boiling the kettle, they found that the wood collected on the spot was so often a little damp that it was some time before it would burn up, but by taking a couple of these "fire-lighters" with them the water could be made to boil wonderfully quickly, almost without any other wood at all.

As the girls had a good many friends staying with them through the summer, these excursions took place very frequently, and, after the purchase of all these requisites, could be undertaken with very little trouble or anxiety to anyone. Sometimes, when a good many were going, half the party would drive, the others coming by water; on other occasions, when they wanted to go rather farther than they could manage in one day, the boat would be rowed some distance up the river the day before, and they could drive as far as its mooring place, to save time and fatigue.

They had a small bell tent, which they generally took in the boat with them; and when the weather was showery, or the sun too hot, they could set it up by the riverside and take their lunch and their afternoon siesta under its shelter. On other occasions, when they intended either sketching or fishing from the boat, they rigged up an awning round one side and over the top of the boat, in imitation of those over fishing punts. The awning was made of striped material, such as is used for outside blinds, and was cut out and stitched into shape by Nannie and Elsie themselves, while their brothers arranged the iron uprights, with cords and rings for securing it to the sides of the boat.

But besides these frequent and pleasant excursions, once or twice in the year they gave more formal picnics, when they invited a larger party of friends to join them, and planned out a programme beforehand. One of these was generally down the river to a particular meadow, close to a ruin with a wood, and a little reach of water beyond; another by land, generally to the highest hill near, for there were no mountains, or to a lovely wood within driving distance, which charmed everyone who visited it by its profusion of wild flowers.

Of course the providing food for these picnics was a much more elaborate business than for the more homely excursions, and as they had considerable experience to guide them in their choice of a bill of fare, a sample menu may be useful to others.

It should be explained, however, that even

these formal picnics were of two kinds: one to which only their less intimate acquaintances were invited, those whom they felt obliged to treat with a certain amount of ceremony; the other, though equally carefully arranged, was for less particular people, who would enjoy their picnic just as well if provided with less cost and trouble.

They generally found twenty guests a convenient and manageable number, and, as far as possible, contrived to have an equal number of ladies and gentlemen.

A light cart was generally hired from the greengrocer, or one of the other tradespeople, to take the provisions to the place selected in good time in the morning, and on these more ceremonious picnics one or more servants accompanied it, so as to have everything arranged by the time the party arrived.

Generally a light refreshment would be waiting for them, in the shape of cake, biscuits, and cool drinks; after which some of the chief points of interest would be visited before dinner itself was served. Then, after a long afternoon walking, rowing, sketching, or botanising, tea was provided just before starting on the journey home again.

The food provided for twenty people was generally something of this kind: A boned and stuffed leg of mutton; a pair of fowls or ducks, which had been previously cut up and tied together again with ribbon; a tongue; a piece of pressed beef; one dozen veal patties and one dozen sausage rolls; three dozen large dinner rolls; six lettuces, with a variety of other salad vegetables, such as tomatoes, endive, and cucumbers; some stewed fruits in well-corked bottles; four jars of clotted cream; one and a half dozen covered tartlets of different kinds; one and a half dozen cheesecakes; two jellies and one blancmange, all carried in the moulds; a piece of cheese; two pounds of butter, packed in jam-pots with a little ice; one pound of plain biscuits; and a large basket of fresh fruit.

For tea or early luncheon, if required, they took also four pounds of plum cake, two of Madeira or seed cake, two dozen scones, two pounds of sweet biscuits, a few cakes of short-bread, half-pound of tea, two pounds of loaf sugar, and two quarts of milk.

A large block of ice, wrapped in a clean blanket, was always taken when the provisions were sent on in a cart, but had to be dispensed with when everything was to be taken in the carriages with the guests, as no amount of care could prevent its melting to a certain extent.

Having found from experience that a few things are frequently forgotten at picnics, which, though trifles, are essential to a comfortable meal, they always headed the list of articles to be provided with the following: Hammer and chisel for breaking ice, corkscrews, salt, and powdered sugar (both carried in labelled bottles to prevent mistakes), mustard, and a bottle of salad dressing.

Though milk is put down in the list, they did not always take it with them, for one of the young men made it a rule of going to the place they had fixed upon a day or two beforehand, and if there was a farmhouse near, he would arrange with the proprietors to supply all the dairy produce they required.

If fishing was to be part of the programme, he would either ascertain that the water was not preserved, or, if possible, obtain a permission for the day's fishing, and arrange that all necessary tackle should be in readiness. Or if the chosen place was near some ruin or country seat, he would make sure that there would be no obstacle to their visiting it on that particular day.

The beverages taken varied according to the company. If several of the party were known to take wine, two or three bottles of claret were generally provided, and some ale for the gentlemen. They took also about two dozen

bottles of lemonade, and one dozen of soda water, or sometimes ginger beer.

For the other picnics, the provision was rather less elaborate; the beverages were much the same, and the light refreshments for tea and lunch; but the dinner was something of this kind: Rolled ribs of beef; a veal and ham pie; a beef-steak pie; eight lettuces; four large cucumbers; three dozen covered

tartlets; two blancmanges; five dozen rolls; a jar of marmalade, and one of jam; a piece of cheese; two pounds of butter; fresh fruit.

Sometimes, if they knew that good water was to be had, a smaller quantity of effervescing drinks were taken, and in their place a bottle of raspberry vinegar and some kind of fruit syrup.

The remnants of their meals were given

away on the spot, if there were any poor near to receive them, but if not, Jeannette was always ready to provide them with the names of some hungry and deserving people in their little town, who would thankfully receive any fragments they might have left over; so that they rarely went for a picnic without having the satisfaction of knowing that some poor children were the happier for their outing.

## MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

### CHAPTER X.

SWEET AND BITTER; FLOWERS AND THORNS.

My dream of happier days was not altogether illusive. Leonard Glynne's return made a marked difference in my life at Mrs. Lyell's. The days were no longer all alike—colourless and uneventful. There were sharp contrasts between them—some were bright, some dark. I lived in those days, the young, eager life within me making itself felt by many a quick heart-throb, many a thrill of pain or feverish glow of rapture that was akin to pain.

But for a while I drank of a sweet, intoxicating cup of delight. I first sipped it on the Sunday following my introduction to Leonard Glynne. He joined me as I sat in Mrs. Lyell's square, crimson-curtained pew in the old ivy-grown church at East Weylea; he walked home with me at the close of the service, and spent the remainder of the day with us. I remember how we strolled about the garden together in the afternoon, whilst Mrs. Lyell rested; how he searched the strawberry bed to find for me the first ripe strawberries; and how he picked for me a rose growing against the house-wall, and just beyond my reach. He was hardly more than an inch taller than myself, and this incident led to a discussion of our heights, in which he delicately conveyed to me his admiration for my tall stature. Ah, my foolish woman's mind which retains such trifles, but lets weightier matters slip!

Mrs. Lyell was too feeble to go to church. Leonard and I went again in the evening, and after service he took me for a walk. It was a cool, delicious evening. The walk was delightful to me, and I could see that he enjoyed it no less. How we talked as we went along—pure nonsense for the most part, I fear. We forgot how time was passing, and barely got back to Mrs. Lyell's in time for prayers. But the dear old lady did not seem displeased. The day ended as happily as it had begun.

The next day Leonard came in again, rather to his aunt's surprise, I thought. And throughout that week I saw him constantly, for if he did not come to the house, I somehow chanced to see him as he passed to or from the stable. Sometimes he would have a long ride before breakfast, and bring his horse in just as I was taking my morning stroll round the garden. He would be sure to catch sight of me, and, leaving Ariel to Sam's

care, he would join me for a few minutes ere he returned to his lodgings. Then, as we walked round the garden, I seldom failed to see Sarah's face pressed against the pane of her mistress's bedroom window. But I could defy her watching eyes. There was no harm in walking and talking with Leonard Glynne, my new-found friend, who understood me so perfectly, and who seemed to find as much pleasure in my company as I found in his.

One evening I had been to the post-office in the village, and was returning to the house through the front garden, just as Leonard came in from his ride. As soon as he saw me he checked his horse and alighted. I paused to stroke Ariel's graceful neck, and he bent his head to me so prettily as he recognised me.

"Oh, you beauty!" I exclaimed; "how lovely it must be to ride you!"

"Do you think so? would you like to try him?" asked Leonard, eagerly. "Come, jump up; you need not be afraid; I'll lead him."

I needed little persuasion, for I had no timidity where animals were concerned. In another minute, with Leonard's assistance, I sprang on to the saddle. Then he led the horse two or three times round the garden. Ariel's paces were delightful. To me, who had never ridden anything above a rough pony, it was the height of enjoyment to be mounted on such a creature, and I said so.

"I am glad you like it," said Leonard; "you shall have a ride on him one day; I can easily borrow a side-saddle. I have no doubt Ariel will carry a lady, though I will have him tried to avoid all risk."

Of course I protested against his taking such trouble on my account, but in vain. I had already discovered that Leonard Glynne was remarkably firm of purpose. Whatever he willed to do he did, as a rule, and it was so in this case. In spite of Mrs. Lyell's nervous dislike to the thought of my risking my life on a horse, in spite of sundry difficulties, he would not give up the idea. He succeeded in borrowing not only a side-saddle but a habit for me. It was rather short, but I managed to adapt it to my use, and, thus equipped, I started one evening for my first ride, mounted on Ariel and escorted by Leonard Glynne, who rode a less elegant animal hired from the stables at the Stag's Head.

I was not an accomplished rider, and Leonard had to give me some instructions as we went along. I did my best to profit by them, promising that he should one day be proud of his pupil. I think we each liked our respective rôles of teacher and learner. For me the enjoyment of that ride was perfect.

We took a long round, passing Beechwood on the way. As we approached Beechwood Hall I reined in my horse, and looked curiously through the iron gates, smiling to myself as I recalled the droll incident that had occurred there the day I first saw it.

"I take an interest in this place, because it is the home of my brother's friend, Ralph Dugdale," I said to my companion.

"Ralph Dugdale!" he repeated, looking at me rather fixedly; "is he your brother's friend?"

"Yes," I said, "they are both at Trinity, and are very great friends, though Mr. Dugdale is a fellow-companion and Edmund only a sizar."

"Then you know Dugdale, too, I suppose?" said Leonard.

"Oh, yes, I know him," was my reply. "He came to see us on the day that Mabel was married. He was so nice; I liked him very much. Do you know him?"

"Yes," said Leonard, so curtly that I asked, in surprise—

"Do you not like him?"

"Certainly. I have no cause to feel otherwise towards him. I am not intimate with Mr. Dugdale, but he appears to be a very good fellow. Everyone speaks well of him in this neighbourhood," said Leonard, with rather forced warmth, as it seemed to me.

"I knew he was good," I returned. "Do you know if he is at home now? Edmund is staying on at Cambridge for part of the vacation in order to compete for a scholarship, and he said that Dugdale talked of remaining to keep him company. Oh, I do hope Edmund will succeed."

"You are very fond of your brother," remarked Leonard.

"He is all that I have now of my very own," was my reply, rather sadly given. I suppose, for Leonard's eyes seemed to soften with sympathy as he looked at me. Then, more brightly, I added, "Mrs. Lyell has invited Edmund to come to us for a few days when his examination is over, so I hope he may be able to make your acquaintance."



of the way looked deserted. The blinds were all lowered, the gate securely fastened. The Carsdales doubtless were from home.

I glanced eagerly at Mrs. Lyell's house as I pushed back the heavy iron gate. The place had a dreary, forsaken look. The trees were bare; there were no flowers to be seen, save a few crocuses and snowdrops in the border beside the door; a green, slimy growth covered the surface of the pond, and the house stood apparently lifeless, the shutters of the sitting-room windows closed, the blinds of the casements above closely drawn. My heart sank low within me as I noted these signs, and asked myself what they could betoken. But I saw one thing that somewhat reassured me as I walked along the path to the door, the mark of a horse's hoofs on the soft gravel.

I rang the bell, half-wondering if there were anyone within to obey the summons. The peal seemed to clang drearily through the empty house, but presently I heard the sound of steps, and the door was opened to me by Sarah. She wore her bonnet and cloak. My appearance seemed to cause her great surprise.

"Why, it's never you, Miss Carmichael!" she exclaimed. "Dear me! we thought you were in foreign parts."

"I came back yesterday," I said, hurriedly. "Do tell me how Mrs. Lyell is. It quite frightens me to find the house shut up thus."

"Oh, you need not be alarmed, miss. My mistress is better, though she has been sadly. She has gone this morning to Hastings with Mrs. Carsdale and her daughter. They persuaded her that the change would do her good, and I trust it will. I am going down by an evening train. I stayed for a few hours to help cook, because there were so many things to put away and arrange. Clara has gone for a holiday.

"Dear me," I said, feeling bewildered; "how strange it is to come here and find Mrs. Lyell gone. I can hardly believe it."

"Yes, miss, it does seem strange; Mrs. Lyell so seldom leaves home. It is hard work to persuade her, but Miss Carsdale succeeded. Such a nice young

lady, Miss Carsdale is. You did not know her, I think, miss. So kind she has been to my mistress, coming in almost every day to see her; and really, I believe that she would do anything for Mrs. Lyell."

"How long will Mrs. Lyell be at Hastings?" I inquired, rather breathlessly.

"Oh, a month, I believe, miss. Mr. Glynne is going down on Saturday. But pray come in, miss; you look so tired."

In truth I felt quite faint. The pleasurable excitement with which I had hastened to Weylea had received an unexpected and painful check.

"I am sorry I can't ask you into the parlours, Miss Carmichael," said Sarah, as I stepped into the hall, "but we have done up the windows with brown paper, and locked the doors. If you would not mind coming into our room."

It was all the same to me where I went, so I followed Sarah to the little sitting-room which adjoined the kitchen.

"Cook will be happy to make you a cup of tea, miss, if you would like it," said Sarah in her smooth tones. But I declined the tea; I had no wish to make my visit any longer than it need be.

"Are you staying in London, miss, if I may make so bold as to ask?" Sarah inquired.

"No, I am staying for a few days at Beechwood," I replied.

"Oh, indeed, miss; at Mr. Dugdale's, I suppose? I remember that you went there the summer you were here. Ah, and I remember that Mr. Dugdale came here once or twice. Such a nice-spoken gentleman I thought him, and my mistress liked him very much."

Why should I colour when Sarah said this in her quiet, insinuating manner? There was no reason for it, but colour I did, and I saw that Sarah marked my change of hue. I grew uneasy as I felt her narrow, cunning eyes studying me.

"Ah, a great deal has happened since that summer, miss," she went on. "You've known sad trouble since then, and your looks show it. To think that your poor brother should be taken so quickly! And so bright and merry as he seemed, though there was always a consumptive look, to my eyes. You must

take care of yourself, now, miss; you look far from strong."

To have Sarah thus commenting on my trials and my appearance was more than I could bear. I rose hastily, and said that I must be going, as I had a long walk before me.

"Had you not better rest a little longer?" suggested Sarah. "You are not keeping me, you know, miss; there is plenty of time before the train starts. Shall I take any message from you to my mistress? She will be very sorry to have missed you."

"Oh, yes; pray give Mrs. Lyell my best love, and say what a disappointment it was to me not to find her at home. I shall hope to see her when next I come to London, though when that will be I cannot tell. I go to my sister's at Burford early in next week."

"Very well, miss; I will be sure to tell my mistress all that you have said," replied Sarah, demurely. Then she added, looking up in my face with a peculiar smile, "I suppose you have heard of the engagement?"

"No; what—what engagement?" I faltered.

"Miss Carsdale's, miss. She is engaged to be married to Mr. Glynne."

I felt myself turn white as I heard it. I had expected to hear this sooner or later, yet what a painful shock the news gave me. For a few moments I had a stunned, stupefied sensation, then I became aware that Sarah was watching me with a sort of suppressed smile. I divined that she had a malicious satisfaction in detecting my suffering. That roused me. I pulled myself together, and said with forced gaiety, "Indeed! I am glad to hear it. I hope they will be very happy."

"Mr. Leonard is very pleased, and so is my mistress," said Sarah, with an unpleasant smile. "Well, miss, I suppose we shall hear one of these days that you are thinking of getting married?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," I responded, carelessly, laughing, as it seemed to me, quite merrily and naturally. Then, waiting to hear no more, I bade Sarah good-afternoon, and hastened away from the house.

(To be continued.)

## THE PENNY BANK.

(STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.)

ONE of the most difficult problems which presented itself to our friends, the Mayhews and their fellow-workers, was to find out in what way they could do anything to permanently help their poor neighbours, and not merely afford them temporary relief, at the risk of diminishing independence or self-reliance.

As they well knew, indiscriminate money-giving has long ago been denounced, and has been proved to do far more harm than good; and even gifts of food or clothing, if entirely free, seem generally to morally injure the recipients. Indeed, they too often come to look upon these gifts as the price paid for attending services, or for allowing donors the

honour of visiting them, and this Jeannette and her sisters were most anxious to avoid. But at the same time, the dire poverty into which many of the people were always thrown during the winter, when work was slack, made it absolutely necessary that some means of relieving them should be devised.

The girls were still undecided what fresh efforts they could make, when the time for re-opening their classes for the next winter should come; when, on one of Mr. Morton's now frequent visits he told them he was going on a visit to some friends, who, he understood, conducted a very flourishing penny bank. It seemed to him, he added, that if practicable this scheme might, to some extent,

solve the difficulty, by inducing the people themselves to make some sort of provision for the winter, and if Jeannette thought the idea worth trying, he would visit his friend's bank as a deputation from Dereham, and report upon what he saw.

The offer was accepted with acclamation, and it was decided that on Mr. Morton's return a committee meeting should be called to hear his report, and consider what steps should be taken.

The account of the proceedings was as follows:—

"The bank was open on Saturday evenings, from six to seven o'clock. At one end of the little mission room in which it was held was a

long table, on which were spread out cash-book and ledger, pens, ink, blotting paper, ruler, and two money-boxes with slits in the lids. There were three chairs ranged behind the table, so, in order to look business-like, and impress everyone with my importance as a deputation, I drew up another chair, and laying on the table my largest note-book and the longest quill pen I could find, sat down to watch the proceedings.

"These were very simple, for as the children knew all the routine, they made no fuss or disturbance. Each child, as he or she came up, handed his bank-book and money to the first of the three ladies behind the table, who entered the amount in the little book, and passed both on to the next assistant, who looked to see that the entry was correct, then put down the sum in the cash-book, with the number of the bank-book and initials of the depositor, dropped the money into the boxes, keeping silver and copper apart, and handed the depositor's book to the third lady, who entered the amount to the child's name in the ledger. By this time the depositor had reached the other end of the table, and thus received his book back again.

"As soon as seven o'clock struck the doors were shut, and before the assistants left the room the ledger and cash-book were called over, and the money balanced.

"The calling over was managed in this way: the last assistant, who had been keeping the ledger, exchanged it for the cash-book, from which she read out each depositor's number; the lady who had now taken the ledger turned up the same number in her book, and read out the name and amount, thus checking all that had been received. The importance of this watchfulness was shown by the fact that a mistake was soon detected; in the hurry of the busiest part of the evening the keeper of the ledger had put down the twopence brought by one depositor in the wrong column, and so credited him with two shillings. This was soon rectified, and as in the meantime the third assistant had counted the money, the cash-book was then added up, and happily was found to agree with the amount taken. The lady clerks assured me, however, that if they were even a halfpenny wrong, they never left the room till the mistake was discovered and rectified.

"I was instructed to observe particularly what sort of people the depositors were. A large proportion of them were children, either banking on their own account or sent by their parents. The first was a thin, anxious-looking child about eight years old, who came in, dragging after her a very fat little brother of about two. She drew out a whole sheaf of books, and with a memory which filled me with envy, put down a different sum of money for each one, and without even pausing to take breath, rattled through the whole list.

"Please, miss," she began, "there's tuppence for me and tuppence for 'Arry and a penny for Georgie and sixpence for Willie Whitmore, and fourpence for Janey, and a penny for Mary Cook, and tuppence for Jim; and please, miss, Mrs. Cook says as she's very sorry she can't spare anything this week, but she'll try and make it up next week. Georgie, you carry the bags," and quite breathless the child dragged her fat brother up to the other end of the table, where she returned each book, as she received it, into its own neat little bag.

"The next depositor was a very red-headed and red-cheeked little girl. She began the usual speech: 'Please, miss,' putting down two books on the table as she spoke, "there's tuppence for Tommy and fourpence for me, 'cos I didn't spend nothing on sweets; and, oh, please miss, mother says,' but here she was stopped by an irresistible giggle and a poke to a young friend who had accompanied

her—'please will you give me a book for the new baby; mother couldn't send it last week, 'cos he hadn't got no name.'

"That is right," replied the lady at the table, 'what is his name?'

"The child became suddenly very solemn at this question, which was not to be wondered at, considering how much she had to remember. 'Please, miss, it's Lewis Philip Wolsey Richards, I've got it wrote down on a piece of paper; and father says he shall begin well, so he's given 'im sixpence to start with.' This enormous sum was entered, and young Lewis P. W. Richards started in life with a banking account of his own.

"The next person who interested me was a tall, lanky-looking boy, who entered very sheepishly, and stood twirling his cap near the end of the table; but he was soon accosted by one of the ladies, who put three whole sovereigns into his hand, saying as she did so, 'I keep your old bank-book, you know, Saunders; the Post-office will give you a new one. I advise you still to keep to one time for paying your money in, so that you do not forget it.' This youth had begun by paying in one penny a week, but when he went to work he put more away, till now he always deposited a shilling a week, and so was being transferred to the Post-office Savings Bank.

"Then a woman came to draw out five shillings, explaining that her son had heard of a good situation he could get if he had only a good coat to go in, so she was going to buy him one, and he was to pay it back at so much a week.

"A great many other depositors interested me, but it would be impossible to tell you about all. I was specially struck by the gratitude they expressed when they came to draw out money; apparently they looked upon it as a present from the ladies, and not at all as though it was their own money; and my friends tell me that it really is so, and that they get more gratitude for this effort than for any of their other work, although it involves less trouble and less expense than almost any other.

"I asked particularly about the cost; but they tell me it is very small indeed. They give the same interest (two-and-a-half per cent.) as the Post-office, but while very few of the accounts are large enough to receive interest, the accumulation of them at the Post-office brings in a good deal, which helps to pay the rent of the room, and cost of lighting and warming.

"In short, if you ask my opinion, I should say by all means start a bank at once, so that the people may have a chance of saving something before the cold weather begins again."

On receiving this report, Jeannette Mayhew and her friends had a long consultation as to the advisability of starting a bank, and the best way of conducting it. The first question was soon settled affirmatively, and another difficulty, the choice of a suitable locality, was also easily disposed of, as Jeannette had made inquiries beforehand, and found that a room could be placed at their disposal in the Coffee Palace, which was situated in the busiest part of their little town.

The next matter to consider was whether the bank should be in connection with the Post-office or not. They found that there would be a little more freedom if not connected—for instance, the amount each depositor might have in need not be confined to £5, and the rules need not be submitted to the Post-office authorities; but on the other hand it would be a great saving of trouble to be able to pay all the money straight into the Post-office, instead of having to find investments for it, and they found that when paid in, in the names of trustees of a penny bank, the Post-office will take any sum, however large,

although the deposits for private individuals are restricted. The authorities also offer all kinds of facilities for the starting of these banks, and of course are able to give most valuable advice and information; so that it was soon decided to join the Post-office Bank.

The next step was to find helpers on whom they could depend to be present and take the money. Elsie and Nannie arranged to be there alternately, and they found two other ladies who would attend regularly, whilst Ronald and Mr. Morton undertook that either one or other would always be present to keep order; and these, with one or two other friends who gave their names as willing to be called upon in an emergency, were considered a sufficient staff to begin with.

These ladies and gentlemen together formed the committee of management, with Jeannette as secretary and general adviser.

Their first duty, a room being already taken for them, was to draw up the rules, which they managed easily by simply adopting those the Post-office advised. They were sent to them ready printed as follows, the blanks being left for them to fill up the details:

"I. Deposits of one penny will be received at—every— from— till— o'clock.

"II. The money received will be invested in the Post-office Savings Bank, on behalf of the above-named Penny Bank in the following names, being those of the trustees of the said penny bank—"

Here the names were inserted of the three best known gentlemen in the town whom they could induce to undertake the office; and the names of any thoroughly respectable householders would do, but they were anxious to begin with a little flourish, and to inspire the people with confidence; and they found it quite easy to get gentlemen to accept the position when they understood how very little work it would entail.

Then followed rules stipulating that depositors must give a week's notice before withdrawing any money; and that, although the first bank-book is given to each depositor free of charge, if it is lost, twopence will be charged for a second one. It was found that there was no difficulty about enforcing this latter regulation; the depositors generally thought that otherwise they would forfeit all their money.

Other rules stated that women and children might deposit and withdraw money in their own names; that strict secrecy would be observed respecting all deposits; and that interest would be allowed at the rate of two-and-a-half per cent. And finally one other rule stated that:

"No person will be allowed to have in this penny bank, at one time, more than £5 in all. So soon as the amount paid by any depositor reaches £1 he will be assisted to open a separate account in his own name, at the Post-office Savings Bank, and he will thus be able, if he wish it, to make his subsequent payments direct to the Post-office. As, however, no deposit less than one shilling can be received at the Post-office, he may continue to pay into the penny bank as before."

This rule the Post-office does not allow to be altered—at least, the £5 limit for each depositor. It was thought that when the slips for penny stamps were introduced it would do away with the necessity for the permission to continue paying into the penny bank, but it was not found so. Although some who are very anxious to save, and those who already had an account with the Savings Bank, use them, as a rule the thriftless and children do not.

The trustees having seen and approved of these rules, Jeannette sent a copy of them to the Postmaster General, together with a form (supplied by the Post-office) signed by the

trustees, applying for permission to deposit the funds at the penny bank, at the Post-office.

These rules had been sent, together with a courteous letter of advice in reply to a letter Jeannette wrote to the Controller, Savings Bank Department, London, E.C., asking for information how to set about starting the proposed bank; and how on applying again the depositors' books were sent her free of charge, on condition that they were issued gratuitously to the depositors. The account-books were also sent at a very low charge.

All these arrangements having been made, Jeannette and her committee had some leaflets printed, headed by a bright little picture, and with a few simple words of advice on saving printed underneath, together with a short statement about the opening of the bank, and the names of the trustees. They had these distributed as widely as possible, and in addition Jeannette wrote to the superintendents of all the Sunday-schools in the town, asking them to announce the commencement of the penny bank, and to urge the children to become depositors.

And as a final effort to start well, a public meeting was held in the largest schoolroom they could get, to which all the children of the neighbourhood were invited, together with their parents and friends. The meeting was made as lively as possible, the speeches on the

subject of the evening being interspersed amongst popular songs and recitations. Then after the last speech, a very telling one, which evidently impressed the audience, the bank was declared opened; and pointing to a table at which some ladies and gentlemen had quietly seated themselves, the speaker invited all who had a penny in their pockets to come up at once and enroll themselves as depositors.

A good many responded to the appeal, and so the bank was started.

From that time forward it continued to prosper, although there were, of course, difficulties to be overcome, chief amongst which were the habits of reckless extravagance amongst the poor, as well as their improvidence and thriftlessness. The trustees were utterly aghast when Jeannette first told them of the large sums poor children spend on sweets, and, in fact, refused to believe that she was not exaggerating, till, on personal inquiry amongst the children themselves, they found that numbers of those who were half starved and half naked still contrived to spend one or two shillings a week, or even more, on sweets; and they were then willing to believe what has been stated lately by several well-known philanthropists, that the enormous consumption of sweets amongst the children of the poor is becoming a most serious hindrance to improvement in their condition, and inevitably

leads on to that most serious hindrance of all, intemperance. When once they were convinced of this fact, the trustees were most anxious to do all in their power to help on the bank, in order that some, at least, of the pence which would otherwise have gone to the sweet shop and the public house might be saved towards providing warm clothing for the cold weather.

One other difficulty they encountered that they had not expected. This was that although the Post-office authorities would take in any sum of money, however large, they would not receive more than one shilling in copper, and forty shillings in silver. Happily several of the tradespeople in the neighbourhood were willing to come to the rescue, and offered to exchange a certain amount of silver and copper each week.

In this way each difficulty as it occurred was overcome, though sometimes not without a good deal of patience, and no little trouble; but when winter came those who had worked hard to make the bank successful felt more than repaid, when, as often happened, one of their poor people would say, "Oh, miss, if it hadn't been for the bank, I should never have had this warm shawl for Christmas," or, "I've brought the children, miss, for you to see how nice and comfortable they look in their frocks we've been saving up for."

## INSIDE PASSENGERS; OR, THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF LUKE AND BELINDA.

By A LONDON PHYSICIAN.

### CHAPTER XII. DOWN THE RED LANE.



"It's getting late," said Luke, hooking his lamp off again, and putting his bag down. "I think after all we'll sleep here to-night, and make an early start, then we shall feel

fresh, especially as we have no beds engaged at the next hotel. There's another cave opposite, where you'll have more room, old chap, but you can't cross over without being certainly blown up. Those vocal cords won't stand even a feather's weight. You might swing yourself over by the rope, but it would be hazardous. You have no idea what one of his coughs are like till you hear it. I get terribly shaken myself."

"I'll keep guard across the entrance here, Luke. You and Miss Courteney may feel quite safe."

The three then sat down and spent a very merry and pleasant evening. Sutton was an immense acquisition, and he and Luke kept on telling each other the most absurd hospital stories that kept Belinda in roars of laughter. When these were exhausted they discussed the wonders around them, and had one or two wordy discussions on the structure and movements of the vocal cords, and other abstruse objects, from which Belinda picked up two or three very interesting facts. For instance, she learned that the front ends of the cords were immovably fixed, all the motion and stretching taking place at the other end, where each was attached to the top of a triangular cartilage that could be turned and tilted about by muscles. She also learned that the front of the air shaft where the cords were fixed was

hollowed out like a vault corresponding to what is known as the Adam's apple, outside in the front of the neck, which, by the way, Sutton declared ought to be called Eve's apple, for two reasons. First of all, she ate it, and, secondly, her daughters when they faint generally feel "a ball" in the throat at this very spot. She also learned one or two interesting facts about sound. Not only that they were air waves, but that they waved from sixteen waves a second, each 64 feet long, to 58,000 in a second, each one-third of an inch long; that octaves always consisted of waves twice as rapid and half as long as the fundamental note. Just as she was dropping off to sleep she heard of a man who had his whole larynx taken out and an artificial one with a vibrating metal tongue, instead of two vocal cords, substituted; and though he could articulate beautifully, he always sounded as if he were intoning. Then followed an awful story about a man who lost his tongue, in the midst of which Belinda finally succumbed, and fell into the arms of Morpheus.

Next morning the three rose early, having breathed instinctively in the orthodox manner during sleep.

Luke removed the brass caps, and fed each in turn, having great trouble with Belinda, who would keep laughing so immoderately each time he tried to put the pill in her mouth, that one was lost in her dress.

When the meal was over, Sutton ascended the rope, followed by Luke.

Belinda, carefully instructed, passed a noose under her arms, and was drawn up in double quick time by the united efforts of the surgeons above.

"I am glad to be up here again; it looks quite like home," said Belinda. "There's our dear little cave up the side there."

"Yes," said Luke; "you stay here with Sutton. You've nothing to fear now, for nothing can hurt you in any way. Those auto-

matic respirators are the keys to our whole tour; we dare not leave here without them. As it is we can go anywhere."

"And everywhere," said Sutton. "I'm game for anything."

"Well, don't tumble down the larynx again," said Luke; "we've seen that."

Leaving his sister and Sutton, who had gone more towards the centre, where the wall of the epiglottis rose far above their heads, removing all fear of tumbling over, Luke walked to the side, climbed up the wall of the pharynx with his hook, and soon reached the parcels, and then let them down on to the back of the tongue. He hardly anticipated the result. Whether the part they fell on was peculiarly sensitive, so that the shock could be felt, slight though it could have been; or whether it was a mere coincidence: Luke was about climbing down, when he saw one of the walls move towards the middle line, the tongue arch upwards, closing the mouth, the soft palate rise, closing the posterior nares, and the epiglottis close down like a trap-door, and Belinda and Sutton shoot over the edge, with both the unlucky packages, down the yawning abyss behind.

"What a blessing they are prepared for this," said Luke. "If I did not know where they had gone to it would be awful. As it is it's bad enough. But they cannot be hurt, that's one thing. The difficulty will be to find them down there. And they went down head first!"

This last thought was the worst. Luke scrambled down from his perch, ran across the tongue, slid down the still closed epiglottis, and shot like an arrow, but with his feet first, into the mouth of the gulf behind. He did not fall far, however, for he soon found himself, small though he was, firmly grasped by two red walls (here perfectly smooth, and no longer covered with the "live velvet" of the

## THE BAND OF HOPE.

(STAY-AT-HOME GIRLS.)

By DORA HOPE.



Sooner had Miss Massingham returned from her long summer tour than with her usual energy she found out the one branch of work which had been overlooked in Dereham, and set about remedying the defect by starting a Band of Hope. It was all very well, she said, to try to reclaim drunkards, but prevention is always better than cure, and it would be very much easier work for everyone concerned, and would save a great deal of trouble and poverty in the world, if the children could be prevented from ever beginning the downward course.

Jeannette quite agreed with her, but thought that as she and her sisters had already as much work as they could undertake, it would be sufficient that some effort should be made to induce the children in the schools to sign the pledge, and so save themselves the additional work of managing a Band of Hope. To this, however, Miss Massingham could not agree. To induce children to sign the pledge she said was very important, but it was not the only thing needed. They are generally ready enough to sign, but if they only do so because others do, or because they do not like to refuse when asked, they are not likely to keep their pledges when they go out into the world. The only way to make them thorough abstainers on principle is to teach them the reasons for abstinence, and try to make them really understand the evils that are caused by drink; and this can only be done by a regular system of instruction.

Jeannette quite agreed to this, and promised that she and her sisters would do all they could to make the meetings known, although they could not take any active part in the actual working of the band.

Miss Massingham began the work by asking permission to use the school-room on one evening every week, and then, having obtained promises of help from two young ladies, one of whom undertook to manage the singing, and the other to keep order at the door and mark the register, she requested the superintendent of the Sunday-school to invite all the children to attend at the preliminary meeting on the following Thursday evening.

As Miss Massingham expected, very few came in response to this general invitation, but as they were just sufficiently numerous to form a small meeting, their names were enrolled as members, the object of the band was carefully explained to them, and each one was questioned in order to make sure that they really understood it; after which they were dismissed, with instructions that each one should tell his or her friends about the band, and bring them to the meeting on the following Thursday. Miss Massingham had little doubt about their doing this, as in order to make the original members take a personal interest in the success of the meeting she had persuaded each one to promise to recite a piece of poetry. It was not necessary for them all to learn anything on purpose, most of them had learnt something at school, which could be made to serve over again, with the little

polishing up she promised to give each one individually at home. Two of the elder boys, however, undertook to learn a dialogue she had prepared for them, and they all became quite excited about the meeting, the more so as Miss Massingham promised a little book as a reward to each one who gave a successful recitation.

After this the meetings were held weekly, and in order to keep up the interest, their character was varied as much as possible, and the ingenuity of the teachers was constantly exercised to devise new occupations for the children, without departing from their great object in holding the meetings, namely, to impress upon the children in every way the importance of sobriety and thrift.

The evening always began with a good deal of singing. The children had generally been playing about in the street till the doors were opened, and came in too full of fun and mischief to settle down at once to a quiet meeting; and it was found that the singing, which they all liked, served to expend a little of their superfluous spirits, and made them more inclined to sit still afterwards. A good many of the songs were chosen from the "Songs and Hymns for Bands of Hope" and leaflets specially prepared for Bands of Hope, while others were selected from some of the excellent collections used in the Board Schools.

In addition to these well-known songs, of which cheap copies could be bought, the teachers were always on the watch for any suitable songs, or poems for recitation, which might appear in magazines and papers; and if cheap editions were not to be had, they were copied on large sheets of paper, and hung up where all the children could see them. In order to make this easier, Miss Massingham procured a wide strip of red baize, and fastened it to a roller both at top and bottom, like an ordinary wall map. Before each meeting this was hung up on the wall in front of the children; and all the hymns, diagrams, and notices were pinned up on it as they were required.

Every second or third week recitations were given by the children, each child received a certain number of marks for his recitation, and every now and then small prizes were given to those who had the most marks. The recitations were always either selected by the teachers, or shown to them for their approval beforehand; and when the poems were the children's own choice, the suitability of the piece was taken into consideration in adjudging the marks.

These recitations were varied by reading competitions. One or two poems, or short prose extracts, were chosen at the previous meeting, so that the children might have the opportunity of looking over them beforehand if they wished, and each competitor selected one piece which he or she read aloud. The audience were sometimes allowed to vote on the merits of the performances, but Miss Massingham reserved to herself the right of finally deciding which deserved the most marks.

In the course of the season, the children learnt a Service of Song, in order to be able to invite their parents and friends to an entertainment at the end of the quarter. It was one of the very good and suitable ones published by the Temperance Associations. These quarterly meetings afterwards came to be looked upon as very important events in

the history of the Band of Hope; it was then that the prizes were given, and there was usually a short and lively address for the benefit of the elders present, in addition to the Service of Song, so that the impression made upon the parents was as great as that received by the children.

After the singing and recitations or readings, at the ordinary meetings, a short address was always given. Sometimes a lecturer would come down from London, when of course special efforts would be made to ensure a large attendance; at other times the teachers themselves would give a simple lesson on some subject connected either directly or indirectly with temperance, such as saving money, wholesome food, cleanliness, and so on. Elsie, too, indirectly rendered very valuable aid in the matter of these addresses, for at her request Mr. Morton undertook to give the children an occasional lesson on physiology or chemistry, illustrated by large coloured diagrams which she prepared under his supervision. The children were very much puzzled beforehand as to what all this had to do with temperance, till he explained and proved to them, at the very first lecture, that drink affects our sight, hearing—our whole bodies, in fact, and that therefore when one has learnt how delicately and wonderfully we are made one sees more clearly than ever the danger and folly of doing anything to injure any part of our bodies.

These lectures were of course very simple and elementary, such as the youngest child present could understand, but Miss Massingham made a great point of having as many of them as possible, for, apart from their direct bearing on the question of temperance, she held very strongly the theory that the best way to prevent evil from taking possession of the mind is to store it with good and useful thoughts, and to widen the range of ideas, which is generally so limited amongst poor people.

Jeannette had always taken a great interest in the Band of Hope, but had only heard indirect reports of its progress, so she was not sorry when Miss Massingham called one day to ask if Nannie and Elsie would take her place at the meeting for once, as she herself had an important engagement. Mr. Morton was soon to leave London, to settle in another part of England, and he was to give his last lecture to the children this evening, so there would not be much for the teachers to do.

The girls were quite willing, and Jeannette looked forward to their return in the evening, knowing that they would be sure to bring her home a full and particular account of all the proceedings. Jeannette's invalid days were almost over; true, she still spent a few hours every day on her couch, and could not undertake any work which required very violent exertion, but in other respects she was almost as active as her sisters again. Nevertheless, Nannie and Elsie still kept up the habit they had formed, during her long days of suffering, of sitting down by her couch directly they came in from a walk or a meeting, to give her a full account of everything that had taken place; and between Nannie's lively and rather highly-coloured descriptions, and Elsie's more exact and business-like reports, she contrived to get a very fair idea of everything that went on.

This time, however, Nannie came in alone, Mr. Morton and Elsie were so long packing

up the bottles and other things they had used for experiments, that she had got tired of waiting, and as Ronald and Mr. Lethbridge had happened to look in to see if the girls were there, she had come home with them.

"Mr. Lethbridge happens to look in at your meetings pretty often, doesn't he, Nannie?"

Nannie blushed, but answered, half laughing, "It is only out of consideration for Elsie; you see, I told him that papa would consent to their engagement as soon as Mr. Morton was quite settled in his new practice, and of course they like being together, and no doubt they think me rather in the way, and as he is so soon going away it is everybody's duty to make them as happy as possible."

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," laughed Jeannette. "But now tell me about the meeting."

"Well, when we arrived, there was such an uproar going on inside, that no one heard our knocks, so we opened the door and went in; and the children, being left to their own devices, were behaving, as Elsie informed them, as if they had all gone out of their minds at once. Tommy Jones, the pattern boy in my Sunday-school class, had rolled up the exercise book containing his prize essay, and was giving a spirited imitation of a trumpet call through it, while that well-behaved little sister of his was accompanying him by drumming on the table with a ruler, and all the others were engaged in some such cheerful occupation."

"We had just succeeded in restoring comparative quiet, when the lady arrived who always helps Miss Massingham. She is a rather helpless creature, without the least faculty of controlling children, but she knew what ought to be done, so she requested Elsie to keep the children singing, while she marked the register and took the money."

"What money is that? Is it a Savings Bank?" asked Jeannette.

"Those who prefer to pay in there instead of going to the regular Penny Bank can do so; but they have to subscribe a certain sum every week for the privilege of being members. As these children are not very poor, they pay a penny a week, but at some of the other Bands they say the subscription is only a halfpenny. In return for this they get an illustrated temperance paper once a month, and are taken free to the annual excursion in the summer; and generally have a magic

lantern entertainment two or three times in the course of the winter, to which only the members are admitted free. Others may come, but they have to pay for admission."

"It must cost Miss Massingham a good deal; we ought to have offered to help with the expenses."

"I had a presentiment that you would say that, Jeannie, so I inquired about it afterwards; but that lady, I don't know her name, says that they do not spend very much more than is covered by the children's pence; and the little extra is paid by contributions from a few outside friends. Their expenses would be much larger if they had not joined the Band of Hope Union."

"What difference does that make to their expenses?"

"They send down a lecturer occasionally, free of cost, except just travelling expenses; and the same with magic lanterns: if they do not require a man to lecture, a boy comes with the lantern, and they have only just his expenses to pay. They provide books and papers, too, at a discount; so that it is really a great advantage to join them."

"I wonder if any of their papers give hints for managing the ordinary meetings, and giving the regular addresses to the children; that seems to me the most difficult part of it."

"Oh, yes, they give a great many suggestions; I looked over some of the magazines while the singing was going on, and they give very good outline addresses, and all sorts of hints for meetings. There is an examination, too, every year, at which members of any Band in the Union may compete, and prizes and certificates are given for the best papers."

"Did you go on singing till it was time for the lecture?"

"No, as soon as they were quiet, and the money was all collected, the doors were shut, and there was a short prayer; and then a variety of entertainments according to a programme Miss Massingham had written out beforehand. First, a boy gave a recitation, and did it so remarkably badly that I could not restrain my feelings, and actually got up and gave them a lecture as to how he ought to have done it, which seemed to amuse them very much; then four little girls sang a song with a chorus about the evils of drink; and Elsie read aloud a short story which was provided for her; and before the entertainment had begun to flag at all, Mr. Morton arrived, and gave them a thrilling lecture

on 'A man, and how to be one,' illustrated with the most startling pictures of weak, sickly-looking youths smoking cigars, and dissipated looking, decrepit old men with pots of beer, and experiments with bones soaked in various fluids, or burnt, to show how they become weak and yielding, or brittle with improper treatment when young. It really was a very good lecture, and I was quite sorry when it was over. But there comes Elsie. What a remarkably long time it has taken her to walk home."

Elsie came in as she spoke, and, drawing up a low chair, sat down by the side of the couch.

"Jeannie," she said, after they had sat in silence for a few minutes, "I have been thinking it is just a year since Nannie and I were grumbling that we had nothing to do, hardly more than a year since you had your accident, and how much has happened since then! Life seems so much more interesting when one has plenty to do."

"I was thinking the same thing while you were both out this evening," replied Jeannie, as she laid her hand caressingly on Elsie's. "Who would have thought a year ago that Jack would ever take such interest in the poor boys here? We have to thank Nannie for that; I think she has beguiled him into it."

"And Mr. Morton," added Nannie.

"Yes, we won't deprive him of his share of the credit, though he does want to steal Elsie away from us. I think we have all learnt some lessons during this winter, and for my part I shall never forget how much I have to thank you two for. A year ago I felt unhappy and despairing at the thought of the long months of idleness before me, and then mother reminded me one day of those brave words of Jeremy Taylor's, a greater sufferer than I was ever likely to be: 'I must bear it inevitably; and by God's grace I will bear it nobly.' And then I determined to ask you to help me to live a useful life through this winter. You have helped me most lovingly, and by the time you both go away and make new homes for yourselves I hope I shall be quite strong again, and able to carry on some of your work; and at any rate you will have taught me the lesson that the happiest girls in the world are those who think least of themselves and aim the most at making others happy."

THE END.

## FLORA MACDONALD.

By LILY WATSON.

### CHAPTER II.

I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hairbreadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly  
breach,

. . . And often did beguile her of her  
tears

When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffered. My story being  
done,

She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;  
She swore in faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
strange,  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.—

*Shakespeare.*

WHEN Angus MacDonald came of age he established himself at Miltoun, South Uist, and Flora, who dearly loved her brother, often went to stay with him at the old home where

they both were born. She had now reached womanhood, and, from the portrait that remains of her, had evidently a charming face, bright and open, full of vivacity and kindness, framed in clustering curly hair. In later life she was described as of "middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence."

She and her brother were privately zealous adherents of the Prince's cause, and having been thrown into the society of one Captain O'Neil, a trusty follower of Charles Edward, she expressed to him an intense desire to see his Royal master. When, several months after this occurrence, Flora went to stay with Angus, in the summer of 1746, the two young people had but one engrossing topic of conversation, the woes and wrongs of the hunted scion of the Stuarts.

The stepfather, Hugh Armadale, was also in South Uist at this time, heading, half un-

willingly, a party of militia in pursuit of the Prince. Precautions of the utmost stringency were taken. It was known Charles Edward was in hiding there or near at hand; no one was allowed to quit the island without a passport, and war vessels swarmed in the channel between Uist and Skye. How could the unfortunate adventurer hope to escape the fifteen hundred soldiers in search of him, and the frigates and cutters coasting around?

Angus had not taken part in the struggle, because he was on a different side from his stepfather. His reluctance shows the good understanding that prevailed between them, for at that time it was not unusual for father and son to meet face to face in opposing regiments.

A pathetic story is told of one of the Prince's officers who had a son with the Hanoverian troops, and who, terrified lest he should see or hear of his death, had no peace