



LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

By HARRIET KENDALL.

THE Spring-time came with laughter on its mouth,
And kissed, unchided, every baby flower;
Pale snowdrops faintly smiled upon the hour,
One sweet, short April-time. O sweet, sad fate
To blossom like white lilies of the South,
Soft lilies in white growth without a mate.

The Summer came, through woodbine-trellised ways,
Crowned with magnolia—Eden's fairest flower;
The generous sun-warmth kindled every hour,
Till life seemed full of glad things everywhere:
Seemed flushed with rich fulfilment of its days,
Seemed but a thing of joy and sunshine there.

The Autumn came with grave, imperial grace,
When Summer's love had loved itself away.
The full, round, radiant beauty of the day
Was saddened by an amethystine shade;
A lovely seriousness was on its face,
As in the gold-leaved paths the sad winds prayed.

And when the Winter came, I thought to hate
The dull, unblossomed hours: but in home ways
I learnt that love has many April days
And rose-lipped hopes, when earth looks gloomiest.
God seemed to smile when I had learned to wait
With love's great faith close to my being prest.



THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.

"I HAVE really left school at last, and I'm going home for good. I hope it is for good."

Eleanor Lawrence leaned back in the corner of the railway carriage, her forehead wrinkled with thought, and her eyes showing traces of tears. She was not at all glad to leave school. She had looked up to the head mistress with a mixture of reverence and love; her studies interested her deeply, and her school friends were very dear to her. Besides, her home was new and untried. Her father and mother had been millionaires in India, and their children, being sent to England for their education, had been scattered about among various schools and holiday homes.

Now the whole family were to meet for the first time in the quaint old manor house, which had lately been bequeathed to Mr. Lawrence.

Eleanor was the only girl among five boys, and as her mother had written to her—

"There will be plenty for us to do, dear, for a long time to come, in putting the boys' wardrobes right, and, between you and me, perhaps a little of the same work in their minds and manners. They are all good lads, but have been too long without their mother's and sister's care."

This prospect was not entirely pleasing to Eleanor, for, much as she loved her brothers, she did not love her needle, and preferred Greek to making shirts, and mathematics to mending socks. However, her own likes and dislikes must be put aside in the new life, and with a sigh for herself and a hearty little prayer for help, Eleanor resolved to be a model sister and daughter, and to exert the best influence over her brothers.

The opening of Eleanor's new life was very pleasant. A loving welcome from her parents, a rapturous, critical, and comic greeting respectively from her brothers, made her feel that there really was something to gain in having a home. The curious old house, too, was a delightful surprise to her, though her mother explained that the education of five sons, and other heavy expenses, made it needful to live very economically, at least for a time. Eleanor

thought the want of money was a mere trifle when they had such a charming house, large garden, and well-stocked orchard, and, above all, such a fund of health and spirits.

A ramble over the house with her brothers ended her first day at home. Their characters were as diverse as their appearance. Mark, the eldest, was at College. Under a vast amount of idle chatter and a store of lively tales he concealed much steady purpose and serious thought, though he nevertheless shocked Nell's sense of dignity by his boyish romps with the younger ones. He had many arguments and discussions with his sister, and when Roger appeared they combined their forces against him.

Roger was the second brother—a steady, plodding fellow, already doing well in business, but at the stage of youthful manhood when he felt he must keep a tight hand over his heedless family, faithfully point out their errors, and advise them as to their conduct.

Frank was a quiet, delicate boy, too fond of reading and dreaming; Will and George, two merry, noisy lads, of eleven and nine years old, always quarrelling, but always together.

Will's ambition was to be a sailor, and he made this evident by always using what he considered as nautical language, learnt from his favourite tales of sea adventure.

To their great delight, each boy had a bedroom to himself, and Nell was in raptures over one allotted to her, together with a little room that opened out of it, which was to be her sanctum and study. It was still unfurnished, but was full of splendid possibilities. In the capacity of model sister, however, she must not think of herself first, but win her brothers' hearts by suggesting presents and work for their rooms. Her offers were rather coolly received, she thought, Roger graciously allowing that he might find something she could do for him, Mark that he would "see about it," and the younger ones loudly announcing that they did not want "girls bothering in their rooms." This was not encouraging, and Nell nearly withdrew her offer, but reflected that, having

been so long without a sister, they did not yet know the value of one.

The first few days passed quickly away in arranging the household with her mother, unpacking and putting away her own possessions, and last, but not least, in exploring the neighbourhood with her brothers, and joining their endless games of tennis. The younger boys objected to her presence with them at first, on the grounds that she could neither climb trees nor jump streams; but finding that their hero and model, Mark, had quite different views on the subject, they relented, and graciously agreed to her company occasionally.

One morning, however, as they were arranging for a long day's boating, they found that Nell was for once not at their disposal, and were obliged to depart without her, grumbling as if they had always been most anxious for her presence.

Nell's work at home was by no means pleasant. It was to help her mother to look over the younger boys' clothes, and also over a heap which Mark had tossed into a corner of his room. Roger's garments, like all his other possessions, were in perfect order.

They began with the cloth clothes as most disagreeable, and sorted them into three divisions—good, bad, and impossible. In the last heap were two suits of George's, still comparatively good, but which he had outgrown. These were to be neatly mended and sent to a Home for little boys. The rest of this heap was what Nell called a collection of "shattered remains," which were to be given at once to the gardener, whose wife might make quite a respectable suit out of the different fragments for one of her large tribe of boys.

The "good" heap came next, and consisted of best clothes, which only needed minor repairs, brushing, and careful folding. Mrs. Lawrence meditated a lecture on neatness, as she noticed the way in which the garments had been flung aside when taken off.

The "bad" heap was the most difficult to deal with. Nell searched the pockets for holes, of which she found a goodly number, and,

besides, a collection of varieties more amusing than valuable.

"A great many of these clothes must be sent to a tailor," said Mrs. Lawrence; "we cannot mend them ourselves, especially Mark's; but there is plenty left for us to do. We will have a sewing woman in, and have two or three good days' work."

Nell groaned at the prospect, but agreed, and the next morning the two ladies sat down to their task, with a bright little old sempstress from the village.

Hannah Haybittle had large experience of gentlemen's clothes, having at one time helped her tailor brother in his work, and her advice was gladly taken.

Nell made new pockets, of which many were wanted, while Mrs. Lawrence renewed buttons and sewed on tags; for when she tried to hang up heavy top-coats she found that the tags had nearly all been torn off, and the coats had been hung up by the collars. Besides this, there were many lesser repairs to be done, such as button-holes to be mended, small rents and holes to be darned, and a jacket to be bound.

In the meantime Hannah Haybittle was doing the more extensive renovations, while a maid sponged the clothes spread out on a deal table, having previously had them brushed and shaken them in the open air. When there was no grease on the clothes, cold tea was used in sponging, but greasy collars and spots were treated with a mixture Mrs. Lawrence had made the previous day. This consisted of three ounces of carbonate of ammonia and one ounce of sal ammoniac, dissolved in a quart of boiling water. What remained when all the clothes were sponged was kept very carefully corked for future use.

Some of the garments, after their vigorous shaking and brushing, were still so dirty that it seemed useless to sponge them. Mrs. Lawrence felt inclined to condemn them, but Hannah interposed, with her usual beginning, "If you'll allow me, ma'am," and advised that the linings should be taken out and the cloth well washed.

Mrs. Lawrence was very doubtful as to the result, but Hannah assured her she had often done it. The clothes must be well washed in warm—not hot—water, and pressed through a wringing-machine as quickly as possible. This was accomplished very satisfactorily, and the clothes were re-lined with new material cut from the pattern of the old. Some of the renewed suits would hardly do for school, but were quite good enough for holiday wear and to save their better clothes.

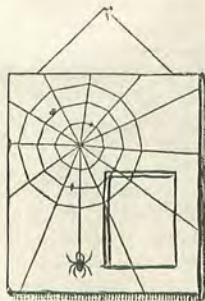
Even in the midst of this work Nell found

time to do some little things for her brothers. Her mother would not let her sit all day at work, but urged her to go out with the boys and play tennis with them.

"You have other work to do besides mending and making for them, my child," she said; "we have not had you well educated in order to make you into nothing but a needlewoman. You have to be a companion and friend to the elder boys, and the younger ones are already beginning to claim you as their especial property."

During the intervals of her harder work Nell found time to make several little objects, some of which were intended for her own room, though they found their way ultimately to her brothers'.

Frank had accepted, with great delight, a small framed sketch which had hung in her room at school, and this gave her an idea, or, rather, a series of ideas. She had a store of pretty sketches and photographs, and these she resolved to frame for the boys' rooms and her own. An instantaneous photograph of vessels in full sail would charm Will, she thought. She gummed the photograph on stiff cardboard, part of an old dress box, which projected about two inches beyond the picture. Over this projection she gummed fine-tinted cardboard, and sketched on it, in pen and ink, an appropriate design, beginning with seaweeds and creeping creatures at the bottom, fishes higher up, and sea birds round the top of the frame. This was so successful that she did several more in the same style, suiting the sketches round the frame to the subject of the photograph. Seeing these, Mark brought her a fancy sketch of a "sweet girl graduate" in cap and gown, and she inspired Nell with a fresh idea.



Mrs. Lawrence had given her daughter a bag of scraps of plush, velvet, and ribbons. There were some good pieces of plush, one of which suited her purpose well. It was large enough to cover the whole of her frame. She

cut the space for the picture, not in the centre, but towards the right hand bottom corner, turned in the edges neatly, and couched a spider's web on one corner of the plush in gold thread (see figure). Two or three strands of the web projected across the opening, and a golden spider crept up towards its web. For another plush frame she worked a spray of flowers and leaves on cretonne, and, cutting them out, applied them on the plush, lamenting that she was too far from shops to buy the flowers and leaves ready. The plush frames were neatly finished at the back, and an eyelet hole attached for hanging them on the wall.

She varied these frames according to her materials and the size of photograph. She made some of ribbon, on which she painted flowers and leaves.

She soon found that Frank had a taste for carpentering, and, when roused from his daydreams, could make many useful things with his long, deft fingers. Nell encouraged him as much as possible in this taste, for his own sake as well as hers. He had always been delicate, and part of his laziness arose from constitutional weakness, and, as he argued to himself, what was the good of exerting himself when even George could easily beat him in trials of strength. Now, however, finding his talent appreciated, he woke up, and his dark eyes gleamed in his pale face, as he told his sister of his last "good idea."

Their first united work was for Roger, who had spent the leisure of his summer in making and mounting a botanical collection. They got an empty box from the grocer which was large enough to contain the mounted plants. Frank strengthened and smoothed the wood, and put a hinge on the front as well as the lid. Nell found some light-coloured glazed calico, with which they lined the inside. The outside they painted and varnished, and finally Frank put on a neat fastener. This box was very graciously received, but poor Frank suffered. The carpentry had been done in an outhouse, and the draughts and damp floor brought on an attack of his old enemies, earache and face-ache. It was during this time that he found what a boon a sister can be. She defended him from the other boys when they declared that "old Frank's as sulky as a bear," suggested and applied remedies, and, best of all, just at the right time left him to himself to bear his pain, as he always liked to, alone. But, when the worst was over, she seemed to know by instinct that he was ready for her company again, and she charmed him out of himself to think of fresh ideas, to be carried out in a warmer, safer workroom.

(To be continued.)

ONE LITTLE VEIN OF DROSS.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Her Own Choice," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.



WHEN the door closed behind Mrs. Beauchamp the gloom returned to her son's face, and he paced the room in silence. He had paused to gaze moodily from one of the windows, when he saw Fanny Gregg approaching the house. The girl was seated in a little trap, which had been sent to the station to convey her and her luggage to Castlemount.

Tom noted that the young face was a little pale and weary-looking, the consequence of her recent illness. It was nevertheless beaming with gladness at the prospect of a longer holiday and rest than she had dared to hope for when her strength gave way through work. She was looking eagerly towards the house, as if in search of familiar faces, and was ready to spring from the vehicle as she caught sight of her aunt, standing in a side porch, through which the housekeeper's room could be most quickly reached.

From the angle window, at which my husband stood, he could note unobserved the meeting between the aunt and niece.

He told me, later on, that after noticing the girl's glad face as she stepped from the vehicle, he could better understand what power people in our position possessed of giving happiness, with little cost to themselves, and the responsibility which this power entails upon them.

Next came the thought—"This is the girl who was to have come to the hotel to wait upon Olive. She will be able to give information respecting the one who acted as her substitute."

My husband's suspicions were gradually settling upon Ellen Martin, and it was not surprising that he should think this stranger had been concerned in abstracting the diamonds. Under the cir-

mantic Studies, and some of Franz Bendel (Waldesrauschen, etc.), are the most prominent. Bravura or concert studies generally require very advanced technical execution. Among the most effective (but also most difficult) are Liszt's 12 "Etudes d'Exécution transcendante," the same author's 6 Paganini Caprices, and 3 Etudes de Concert (Kistner); also Thalberg's Caprice (op. 36), Thème et Etude (op. 45), Moszkowski's 3 concert studies (op. 24), preludes and studies by Xaver Scharwenka, studies by Zarembski, Joseph Wieniawski, Tausig, Raff, and, above all, the 27 Grandes Etudes by Chopin, which in point of originality and beauty excell all others. Felix Mendelssohn left us three studies and three preludes (op. 104), of which the music is very beautiful, original, and interesting, whilst with regard to novelty of technical treatment they offer nothing of importance. Schumann's transcriptions of Violin Caprices by Paganini (op. 3 and 10) must not be forgotten, neither

Brahms' Variations (Studies) on a theme by Paganini, nor his transcription (really augmentation) of Chopin's Study op. 25, No. 2, and his inversion of Weber's "Moto continuo" (op. 24).

For anyone who has not the means to form a large musical library, and is not great at technical execution, nothing better can be advised than to rely on the above-mentioned "Schule der Fingerfertigkeit," op. 740, by Czerny. This excellent collection by an experienced, thinking, and practical teacher, and also a sound musician, consists of fifty studies, which treat each technical feature in varied examples, whilst a short and concise inscription above each study describes its aim, and is in every single instance correctly and satisfactorily carried out. Those who can boast of a greater technique will find the collection, "New Gradus ad Parnassum," 100 Studies by different composers, divided into several sections (such as Section

A, Scales and Velocity; Section B, Thirds and Sixths, etc., etc.), suit their purpose; indeed, this collection does justice to every demand in this respect.

Before closing my remarks my readers may accept an advice, given by a teacher of forty-five years' experience. *Modesty and honesty* are two sterling qualities indispensable to anyone who earnestly desires to improve. Modesty, in so far that one abstains from attempting a task which is beyond one's powers, for it is better to play an easy or moderately difficult piece correctly and fluently than to make a scramble of a too difficult one. Honesty, again, is needed for carrying out all the directions given by the composer, may they concern terms of expression or the fingering. All who wish to gain success have to work for it; or, as old Euclid says, "There's no royal road to geometry," we may say, "There's no royal road to musical excellence."

(To be continued.)



THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.



sooner were the cloth clothes disposed of than Eleanor and her mother turned their attention to the boys' underclothing.

The white shirts were in a deplorable condition, with very few fit to be worn among the number. Some were hopelessly ragged and torn; so the stiff linen was cut off and the rest put away in, what Eleanor called, the M. D. Cupboard, for dressing cuts or bruises, burns or scalds. Accidents were common occurrences among her lively brothers, and she was always called on to act as amateur doctor and nurse.

Some of the shirts had the collars, cuffs, and fronts badly worn, but the rest good; of these a bundle was made to send to the manufacturer for refacing. Besides these a large basketful was still left, affording many hours' work for Eleanor and her mother. Gaping button-holes were neatly drawn together and

re-sewn; missing buttons were replaced firmly, and, as Eleanor fondly imagined, permanently; rents darned and frayed edges carefully cut and mended, as best they could. Several pairs of cuffs would have been thrown away as too much frayed, but Eleanor begged to try an experiment on them. She got fine tape and bound the edges neatly, and was quite pleased with the result. Mark and Roger might refuse to wear them, but they would do very well for the younger boys.

Before the holidays were over Nell's education in nursing made great progress, for Will's adventurous spirit and love of climbing resulted in an accident, which might have been serious. He was carried home one day with his ankle badly sprained and his face and hands "profusely illustrated by cuts," as Mark said. From the first the doctor put him into Nell's charge, teaching her to bandage on the uninjured foot, and as she gained confidence, making her bandage the injured one and dress the other wounds. For a day or two Will was a very good, brave patient, but when the greatest pain was passed and he had only to lie still, Nell found it a difficult task to keep the lively, restless boy quiet, or content. He did not care for reading; disliked chess, draughts, and most other indoor games; could not draw or paint, nor, indeed, employ his hands in any useful way. Once or twice she thoroughly lost patience with him, to her own great shame and distress; until a bright idea

struck her one night, as she was meditatively brushing her long hair.

Next morning when Will was carried down and comfortably settled on the sofa, she sat down by him with her work, for a serious talk. Pointing out to him that if his wish to be a sailor were fulfilled, he would have neither mother, sister, nor nurse on board to mend his clothes, she suggested that he should take this opportunity of learning to do it for himself, and, in spite of his eager objections, won him to consent.

After this a series of very pleasant mornings and afternoons followed. Frank was captured, and made to read aloud; this he did unwillingly, and very badly, improving slowly under Nell's vigorous teaching. One morning, however, Mark strolled in, and after listening for a few minutes to Frank's monotonous drawl, snatched the book from him, and gave a lively elocutionary lecture, which he continued daily, with Nell and the three boys for pupils. It was well that the three looked up to Mark with the dog-like admiration of young boys to an elder, for his teaching was severe in the extreme. Nell had often to call out for mercy for one or other of them, till she learnt by experience that words and remarks causing her anger and indignation were accepted by the lads simply as their due, and did not distress them at all.

Why schoolboys should not be taught to read aloud was beyond her reasoning powers;

but among all the boy acquaintances she made from this time on there was only one who could read aloud decently, and he was a born musician. After Mark's course of teaching, her own brothers were exceptions to the rule.

During the reading the two ladies were sewing, and Will, when it was not his turn to read, was laboriously threading a needle and sewing on a button, hemming a handkerchief, making a rough darn or still rougher patch. He found it very hard work; but before his foot was strong he had made great progress, and had also insisted on George taking the same course of lessons. After he was well Nell could very seldom catch Will to continue his needlework, but, unknown to her, he already made constant use of his new learnt handicraft at school on behalf of his companions.

In the intervals of shirt mending Eleanor turned her attention to her brother's neckties.

Mark supplied her with a store of soiled dress ties, which she, unconscious of the difficulty, resolved to wash for him. At her mother's suggestion she tried them one by one in different ways. The first, after washing, she dipped into the starch with the collars and cuffs, and carefully ironed it herself, but found it much too stiff. The second she washed as she did her own laces in soap and water, and ironed it without any stiffening; this was too limp. The third she put in a solution made of a little starch and water, with a piece of wax stirred in it; but this gave a glaze to the tie which was not at all desired. Finally, she melted a small lump of sugar in a breakfast cup of water, instead of starch, and used a hot iron while the tie was still quite damp. Too much sugar made the ties sticky, too little left them limp. The ties never looked quite so well after washing; but they would do very well for home wear, as Roger kindly remarked to her.

Her next effort was to make the ties. She got a piece of lawn, cut the tie "on the cross," and, after hemming the ends, folded it to the right width, a little more than half an inch. She found that her brothers much preferred them made up into the neat little bows they considered the right thing, which saved them much time and loss of temper while dressing. Taking an old one to pieces, she carefully noted how it was folded and fastened, and made up the new one as much like it as she could.

With the unsparing candour of brothers, Mark told her that it would be much cheaper and better to buy the ties if they only lived near decent shops; though really for a girl her work was very good, and he should not at all object to wearing her handiwork. This was meant for high praise; but, as Nell remarked to her mother, "brothers' compliments take some time to penetrate."

The summer washing ties Nell found much easier to make. As usual she picked an old one to pieces as a pattern. Then, consulting Roger's taste, she bought several pieces of print one and a half yards long. This was the length of the tie, and she got five or six out of each piece, according to its width. The part to go round the neck had to be narrower than the ends. It was hollowed slightly at each side of the material, and a long oval piece cut from the middle, so that when folded



together it left a band of about an inch wide, the rest of the tie being more than double that

width. The ends and sides were lightly sewn together so the stitches were invisible. They were tied according to the fancy of the wearer. They washed well, but Eleanor was quite aghast at the number the elder ones used. Frank was in the transition stage of growth, and alternated between extreme untidiness and excessive care for his personal appearance; in either state of mind he was equally difficult to manage. Neither Will nor George gave a thought to their own looks; but only wished to get the greatest amount of comfort from their clothing, much to Roger's disgust—they were never fit to be seen, he declared. For his sake Nell fell into the habit of continually fidgeting them with rebukes for untidy hair or forgotten necktie, gloveless hands or badly-laced boots, till her mother warned her that she would only lose her influence over them without doing any good.

"I assure you, dear, they will in a few years' time begin to take quite sufficient pride in themselves," said Mrs. Lawrence; "in fact, it is often the untidy, careless boy who develops into the most particular of young men. You would hardly imagine the battles I used to have with Roger, to make him wear a jacket of any sort in India, before we sent him home to England. He wanted to dress as scantily as the natives did, and after being out for some hours would often return minus any garment which he thought unnecessary."

"Oh, mother, how funny to think of Roger being careless! I really cannot imagine it; for I do believe now if there were an earthquake he would not emerge from his room till he was fully dressed, even to his pearl pin, and at least one glove on!" And Eleanor's laughter rang out merrily. "However, it's encouraging to hear about him, for some day Will and George may change as much as he has done; and for the present I will try to be content with them as long as they are clean, and just fairly tidy, for I quite see, mother dear, that it does not do to be always nagging at them."

She was busy with her needle while this talk was going on; for so interested had she become in ties and tie-making, that she quite enjoyed experimenting in fresh directions.

"Now, how does this look?" she asked, crossing the room to her mother's sofa to show her work. It was a black satin bow, ready



tied, and stitched in place on a narrow band, fastening at the back of the neck with a little buckle. This buckle she had transferred from a cast-off tie, but all the rest was new.

Another bow was rather differently arranged, smaller and neater than the first, and this was to fasten in front; the end of the band, being



stiff, was to be pushed through at the back of the bow as usual, and drawn aside over a sharp spike. These, the stiff end for the band and the spike, were from old ties; the band was made of a narrow strip of coarse lining or holland, neatly covered with satin, and the bows were lined and stiffened with buckram. These nice-looking ties Nell considered had not cost a penny each, for they were made from some scraps of new satin, too small for any other purpose, which had been lying by a long time waiting till some use could be found for them; and the only thing

that had to be bought was the buckram. In searching for the satin, she had found many scraps of coloured silk and ribbon, and these had been easily made into small bows for the younger boys, to fasten on to the front collar button with an elastic loop. They were mounted on the little stiffened half-moons from the back of old ties, which, under a turn-down collar, keep the bow straight.

Nell had also succeeded very well in cleaning some long, light-coloured silk ties, which had become soiled and creased by repeated tyings, by the following simple process. The ties were unpicked, and the lining removed, and then left to soak a whole night in cold soft water. Next day they were laid flat on a clean board or table, and the surface rubbed one way with a flannel soaped, and just made wet with lukewarm water. When both sides of the silk were clean, after being rinsed with clean water in the same way, they were wiped nearly dry with another flannel, and then hung up till quite dry. After ironing with a moderately hot iron (a sheet of thin paper being laid over the silk), the edges were soon joined again, and with a fresh lining they looked like new ties.

"They really don't look bad," said Nell, looking affectionately at the display before her; "but I do wish the boys would let me tie their bows really prettily, rather loose and artistic, you know, mother, with rather long ends. But they will not put them on unless they are very prim and stiff, looking just as if a gentleman's fingers had arranged them!"

"I think your loosely tied bows might look rather conspicuous, so you had better keep the artistic element to your own costume, dear," said Mrs. Lawrence. "But as you have been occupied with neck gear lately, I think you might take a hint from these collars which Mark brought home from Oxford. You see they have two little V-shaped cuts, one on each side, towards the back, just above the band. They are to prevent the tie slipping up over the collar; the band of the tie goes under the V, and therefore cannot get any higher. I think as the other boys have so many collars without this contrivance, it would be a good thing when they are washed to cut these niches, and buttonhole round the edges, before they are starched and glazed."

"Yes, mother, I'm sure I could do it, and shall be glad to, for nothing is more painful than to watch a boy's tie wriggling its way up above the coat by degrees towards the neck. I always long so to offer a pin to the unconscious victim. But I think I'll go now, and see if Mark will play tennis. What a long vacation it does seem!" Nell said, as she lingered at the door with her apron full of scraps for the ragbag.

"Why, that sounds as if you are tired of your brother's company!" said her mother, surprised.

"Oh, no; it is not that!" cried Nell, vehemently. "I think I shall miss Mark more than I should any of the others. I am getting used to them all now, mother; and I love them all—ever so much! But there's something about Mark that draws me to him even more than the others."

"Yet he is not quite so attentive to you as Roger is, I think," rejoined Mrs. Lawrence, stroking her daughter's hair, as she now knelt at her side.

"No, perhaps not," said Nell; "but I think, dear mother, that he is a little bit my favourite. I only mentioned the vacation because I fear he's beginning to find it rather dull at home. I hope it's only fancy; but it must be so different from Oxford, where there is so much life and society."

"Well, he has no bright little sister at Oxford," said Mrs. Lawrence, "and your part must be to keep him from missing his friends and amusements."

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.



INTER was coming, and with it plenty of work in looking over warm clothing for the boys, who all seemed to begwining only too fast, and outstripping their clothes in a way that Nell found very trying.

"If they would only stand still for a little while now and then," she sighed, "but they never stop growing and expanding in every direction for a minute!"

"It isn't us gets bigger, it's our things gets smaller," said Will, who never bothered himself with grammar in the holidays; "I know my flannel shirts get smaller every time I put on a clean one; we put them on clean this morning, and I can hear it going 'pop' whenever I move; you just listen," and he proceeded to arch his back, and wave his arms about, to illustrate his meaning.

"Yes, they must have been shamefully washed at school," said Mrs. Lawrence; "you must both have new ones, and those can be mended and given to that little rheumatic boy in the village."

Mrs. Lawrence always pinned her faith to Welsh flannel, though in instructing Nell she owned that many people are equally in favour of the Yorkshire makes, probably with as good reason. But Welsh flannel was bought for the shirts, and the first thing to do was to thoroughly shrink it. For this purpose it was left soaking in cold water for forty-eight hours, then plunged into hot water and very quickly dried at the fire. A good piece of the shrunk flannel was put aside for mending purposes, as it is difficult to match after it has been washed and worn. The shirts were cut amply large to allow for further shrinkage. They were made with a yoke at the back; and those for Frank were also double-breasted, for the sake of extra warmth. The collars and cuffs were of linen, which shrinks less and is not so clumsy as flannel.

The next piece of necessary work was the making of dressing gowns for the younger boys; for their present ones had been so long in use at school that Nell condemned them as quite done for. "They might do for boys at boarding school, but they are not fit for boys who live at home with their mother and sister," she said, when her brothers were begging for their favourite garments not to be taken away.

"Oh, mine is so jolly and comfortable, I really prefer it split down the back," said one.

"I must keep mine, for I always hook it up over the window to keep the draught out, and it's got the holes in it all ready," pleaded another.

"I'm not going to have a horrid tight thing with a pinched-in waist and a 'wattle' pleat like yours, anyhow," said the third.

But Nell was firm, and wrote for a paper pattern to one of the shops which supply them,

enclosing measurements of the biggest of the three, so that the pattern could be adapted for the other two.

Some warm grey homespun was bought at the flannel warehouse for one shilling and threepence a yard, the directions on the pattern giving the exact quantity required for the garment. The material was thick enough to do without lining, but Mrs. Lawrence advised the sleeves and body part being lined to add firmness, and to prevent the soft material being pulled out of shape by the rough treatment it was sure to meet with. The collars and cuffs were of cardinal twilled flannel, and a strip of the same, six inches wide, was added down each side of the front. Some tiny straps of the cardinal were stitched at intervals around the waist, through which ran a wool cord and tassels of the same colour, completing a handsome, warm, and most durable garment, costing only about 7s. each.

Roger and Mark began to think they would also like a new dressing gown, since they were to be had so cheaply, whilst Nell was "in the mood," and Mark went so far as selecting, from the patterns sent on approval, a beautifully soft velour flannel, which was supposed to resemble velvet, but is more comfortable for wearing and even softer than velvet. It was double width, the price being 4s. a yard; and Nell thought she should quite enjoy handling so nice a material, when the possibility occurred to Mark that someone at Oxford might inquire whence came the gorgeous garment. Suppose it leaked out that his sister had made it! No, the risk was too great, and he resolved to be content with the old one. Roger, however, persuaded Nell to set to work once more for him. He chose a Paisley shawl pattern, cotton material, which had to be lined throughout with red flannel for warmth; the collar and cuffs were also of the red, and the girdle to match. Poor Nell almost repented of having agreed to make it, so weary did she grow of her task. At first her needle flew and she was eager and excited over it, but her first enthusiasm always cooled down in all her tasks, and they generally became irksome before completion.

"Plain sewing does make me so bad-tempered after the first interest has gone off," she said, "I really feel as cross as two sticks; so, boys, I advise you to let me have the workroom to myself till this is finished."

At length it was done, and her brothers at once insisted on her joining them in a long ramble, for she had declined all such pleasures of late, and she was delighted to be free again. On this occasion she had her little cloak and umbrella with her, but no one offered to relieve her of it, and in going through gates and over stiles, the boys' only thought was which of them could get through first. The idea of giving Nell any help never entered their heads.

Nell noticed these little omissions very much, the few boys she had hitherto met having been gentlemanly and well-behaved, and she had felt hurt and surprised to find that her young brothers were so deficient in the little kindnesses she expected from them. It did not occur to her that pokeness does not come naturally to all boys, and that in her brothers' case, removed from home influence, their manners had been quite neglected.

Roger and Mark had had a similar training, and on going out into the world had soon perceived their own deficiencies in these matters, and had suffered much from a sense of awkwardness which they were a long time in overcoming, and which caused them bitterly to

reproach their former teachers for the neglect which was the cause of such trouble to them when school days were done. The natural result was that they both now rather over-did the polite attentions which are usual, and were correspondingly severe on any want of them in others.

Mark was behind the party this morning, and seeing Nell pushing open a heavy gate which had swung back nearly in her face after the passing of the three tearing boys, he shouted to them in loud and angry tones. "You young cubs!" he cried, "I've seen some rough fellows in my days, but never—no, never, have I met such utter boors as you three." And after some more "coarse abuse," as George called it, he gave them a thorough lecture on behaviour in general, and to ladies in particular.

"I suppose, Nell, you've been thinking us regular cads all this time," said Will, in an aggrieved tone.

"Oh no, not that; but I felt sorry my brothers did not think it necessary to be polite to me."

"But it was not only you; why, we should not be polite to anybody!" he said, ingenuously. "We have never been taught how, and it hasn't seemed to spring up natural in us somehow."

There was henceforth a marked improvement in the manners of the boys, and their mother, father, and Nell were all made the happier by Mark's timely lecture.

Frank for some days had been extremely gloomy; his delicate health often caused him to be out of sorts, when not really ill, and he was of that unfortunate disposition which likes to brood in silence over aches and pains, and rather enjoys feeling neglected and ill-used. Nell thought he might rouse himself, and not give way to the sulks, in which she concluded he was indulging; but George explained matters by casually remarking that "Frank would have to walk to school in his slippers pretty soon; he can't get his boots on for chilblains."

Nell hastened to him, and found him suffering so much that she forbore to scold him for not saying anything about his poor feet before. She, herself, knew an excellent remedy for unbroken chilblains, having seen it so often used during her schooldays as an unfailing cure. A teaspoonful of mustard and an ounce of lard were mixed to a paste, and well rubbed into all the places before the fire.

Frank pointed out one or two as old acquaintances which came regularly every winter, but even these confirmed ones yielded to the frequent rubbing. The broken chilblains were prescribed for by Mrs. Lawrence, who had the following mixture prepared: Some mutton fat, perfectly free from salt, was melted and mixed with whitening to a convenient thickness, a few drops of sweet oil being added, to prevent its getting hard when sold. This was spread on lint, and laid on the places, which soon healed.

As Frank's poor health and bad circulation were the causes of these winter troubles, it was necessary to make him take plenty of exercise, to promote circulation, and when his hands and feet were cold, he was persuaded to warm them by going for a quick run, or by rubbing them—in fact, to use any means except coming close to the fire. He had plenty of warm stockings, but Nell now began knitting for him some mittens, using the following pattern, an extremely simple one, though at first glance it looks rather complicated. Four needles are used, and forty-eight stitches are

cast on to three needles. Knit two plain and two purl for thirty rows; this forms a tightly-fitting wrist. Then knit plain, 14 rows; this reaches to the commencement of the thumb, which is made thus: knit two, make one, knit two, make one; and then knit to the end of the round.

Next two rounds, knit plain.

Next round, knit two, make one, knit four, make one, knit to the end.

Next two rounds, plain.

Next round, knit two, make one, knit six, make one, knit to the end.

Next two rounds, knit plain.

Next, knit two, make one, knit eight, make one, knit to the end.

Next two rounds, plain.

Next, knit two, make one, knit ten, make one, knit to the end.

It will be seen that, in every third row, the knitted stitches between the two made stitches are increased by two. This is to be continued in exactly the same way until these knitted stitches between the two made ones are twenty-two in number, when the enlargement for the thumb is sufficient. Now the twenty-two stitches for the thumb are slipped off on a piece of wool; and with the rest of the stitches ten plain rounds are knitted, and then ten more

rounds, two plain and two purl, and cast off. Now the thumb stitches are picked up on three needles, adding two more stitches, making twenty-four in all. Knit six plain rounds, then six more, two plain and two purl, and cast off.

The mittens were very warm and comfortable, but, boy-like, Frank greatly objected to wearing them, or indeed anything different from the others. Nell usually went to the door to see the three off for school every morning, and day after day there was the same scene—Frank darting about and trying to elude his sister, who chased him with the despised mittens, and never let him go till they were on his hands, and a promise extracted that they should not be removed, except for washing, till he came home again. At length a compact was entered into. If he would submit to wear his mittens regularly, and to let Nell do what she could to prevent the chilblains returning, without so many battles and combats, she would help him to make some pretty things for his little bedroom, in the decoration of which he took some pride.

"I am so tired of sewing," she said, as they talked the matter over. "I should like a complete change. We may as well make something that would be useful, so let us go and look round your room, and see what you want."

They found a great lack of hooks or any hanging accommodation, and Nell suggested some carpentering, in which Frank was skilful. He was to do the actual work, whilst Nell supplied the ideas and designs. Between them they made some pretty and novel sets of hooks, the first of which was shaped like a large horseshoe, fourteen inches across in the widest part, and about the same depth. This was cleverly carved in wood, with a real shoe as pattern, and the pegs were made to resemble nails projecting from the shoe, and sufficiently far apart to allow of a garment hanging from each.

Another piece of wood was cut into a shield shape, the edges bevelled, from which four pegs projected, representing the handles of a sword and a dagger, and two spear heads. They both enjoyed the work greatly, and indeed carpentering suited Nell's taste better than dressing-gown making. She had many more ideas, and was in the midst of the elaborate design of an anchor, for the same purpose as the horseshoe and shield, when Mrs. Lawrence checked her by saying Frank's requirements were quite provided for, and empty hooks would be a doubtful ornament on the walls.

(To be continued.)



READING THE BIBLE.—The reading of the Bible was prohibited by Henry VIII., except by those who occupied high offices in the state. A noble lady or gentlewoman might

read it in "their garden or orchard," or other retired places, but men and women in the lower ranks were positively forbidden to read it, or to have it read to them.

AN IMPRESSIVE PREACHER.—No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

It used to be a practice in some country districts to beat walnut trees when in bud, with poles, a proceeding which was thought to increase their productiveness. To this we have an allusion in a popular saying, to one item of which some of us may perhaps object:—

"A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they'll be."

HOW TO RECOGNISE A POET.

Let me, for once, presume to instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes;
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will and where.

Horace.

THE END OF A COQUETTE.

When the coquette settles into an old maid, it is not unusual to see her as staid and formal as she was previously versatile:—

"Thus weathercocks, which for a while
Have turned about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last."

ONE THING AT A TIME.—The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at a time. "If," he added, "I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of no-

thing else until they are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order."

THE MARRIAGE FEE.

A Quaker married a woman of the Church of England. After the ceremony the vicar asked for his fees, which he said were a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said, if he would show him any text in the Scripture which proved his fees were a crown, he would give it him.

The vicar at once turned to the 4th verse of the 12th chapter of Proverbs, where it is said "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."

"Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion: Solomon was a wise man: here are the five shillings and something beside to buy thee a pair of gloves."

BEAUTIFUL BACKS.

A lady made a naive reply when a censorious and conceited neighbour, vaunting her good figure, boasted that herself and her sister had always been remarkable for the beauty of their backs.

"That is the reason, I suppose," she said, "why your friends are always so glad to see them."

DAYS.

The following little poem of "Days," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, imitated, it will be seen, from the antique, is unmatched in its way:—

Damsels of Time, the hypocrite Days,
Muffled and dumb, like barefooted der-
vishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds
them all.
I, in my peachèd garden, watched the
pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

THE RULE OF THREE.—One who describes himself as a much-tried married man, writes that the way to become practically acquainted with the Rule of Three, is to live with your wife, mother, and mother-in-law.

who had procured a holiday for her, and given her a home whilst it lasted.

"You must have been sorry you could not wait on young Mrs. Beauchamp at the hotel that time, Fanny," said one.

"I was at first, but not after, when I knew all."

These words and Fanny's look of mystery excited curiosity.

"Why? What happened? Do tell us, Fanny," broke from one after another.

"Miss Martin said nothing, and we all thought it was very good of her to go, a lady as she is, that used to have a maid of her own," remarked the girl who had spoken first.

"Well, she has not a maid now," replied Fanny, rather loftily, pursing her pretty lips together, as if nothing would induce her to utter a word more. Yet the little gossip was burning to tell her secret, and after a time it escaped, in spite of her compressed lips. Then all the girls present knew that young Mrs. Beauchamp's diamonds—any way, those she wore at Longminster—had disappeared from the hotel, and never been seen since.

Of course, every one of them promised not to say a word, and, equally of course, there were ceaseless whisperings, and

whenever Ellen Martin entered the room, furtive glances in her direction. The result of "putting two and two together" was this. Before many days were over it was currently reported that Mrs. Beauchamp's diamonds had been stolen. That nobody but Miss Martin could have had access to them, and most likely they had been cleverly got rid of, and the proceeds applied to buying off her brother, for she had no money to do it.

There was one amongst the workers who was under deep obligations to Ellen Martin; one who had been sorely tempted, and who might have been too weak to stand alone. Miss Martin had been her prop during her time of trial, her good angel to whisper messages of warning against evil, of encouragement to do right. This girl looked back now with a clearer spiritual vision, shuddered at the thought of what might have been, and thanked God for help sent in time of need.

If a winged angel had whispered a slanderous tale about Ellen, she would have turned a deaf ear, and felt assured that it was one of Satan's emissaries who had assumed a robe of light.

The whisper of idle human tongues did

reach her. Promptly she decided, "Miss Martin shall know," and told her tale.

With blanched face and look of deep distress, Ellen led the girl to Madame Leeson's presence and bade her repeat the story.

She did so without varying it in the least, but she had scarcely finished speaking, when the subject of the slander dropped senseless to the floor.

No wonder that this last straw proved too heavy to be borne.

Ellen had gone through so much of late, and she was now weary with her share of night nursing. Edward's illness was hourly assuming a more alarming character, and he could not be left for any length of time.

Yet all these trials would not have broken the girl's brave spirit. She sank beneath the weight of unmerited slander.

It had been terrible for Ellen to carry about the constant dread that by some act of her brother's, the good name which had survived amid toil and poverty might be sullied. That she should be supposed capable of deliberate theft was too horrible a thought, and the unconsciousness which stole over her was a blessed relief from the misery it occasioned.

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE



ELL's work for her brothers did not consist only in mending their garments, making them dressing gowns, or doctoring chilblains. She soon

found there were other things to be done and difficulties to be met. Among a group of five boys who had grown up almost strangers to each other, and had not enjoyed the softening influ-

ences of home, there were sure to be many rubs and jars. Nell herself felt the loss of the family life in which most girls grow up; the acts of self-denial and patience unconsciously learnt among many brothers and sisters were each a source of thought and care to her. On the whole the six agreed very well together, but still there were sometimes cross-temper to be smoothed and impending quarrels to be averted; Roger's over-particular and critical spirit to be remembered and soothed; Will and George to be trained out of their rough, rude manners and boisterous practical jokes; Frank to be coaxed out of his sullen moods and protected from the young ones' mischief; and last, but not least, Mark to be thought and planned for, to be made happy and content at home, and to be kept in remembrance of that home when at college.

Mr. Lawrence could not rest idle after so many years of active work in the mission field. What time he could spare from his study and

books he devoted to the neighbouring villages of the country district, where, he declared, he found the people almost as ignorant and benighted as the heathen among whom he had spent so much of his life.

Mrs. Lawrence's health continued so poor that her family fell into the way of sparing her as much as possible, and it was to Nell that the boys began to turn in all their troubles and difficulties. It was hard for her always to be impartial and patient, but long quiet talks with her mother helped her.

One day Will opened the door of the room in which Nell was sitting; putting his head cautiously in first, he saw that she was alone, when he came in altogether, closing the door behind him. His usually rosy face was quite pale and drawn into a woeful expression.

"Oh, I say, Nell, what am I to do? I'm in such an awful fright," he said, in a shaking voice. "You know how awfully particular Roger is about his books. He lent me this at Christmas to learn my holiday task, and I forgot all about it, and yesterday he asked me for it, and I've been hunting everywhere and only just found it; and just look at the state it's in."

He held out the battered volume. Nell took it with a gasp.

"Oh, Will! Of all people in the world, for this to happen to Roger's book!"

"It must have been that beastly puppy of George's. I'll punch his head well."

But examination showed that the greater part of the mischief could not be laid to the puppy's charge.

"Come to the workroom," said Nell at last, "and we will see what can be done. I've got a little book, that one of the teachers gave me when I left school, on the care of books. I never thought of it being any use, but it may help us."

The little book gave remedies for almost all the injuries a book could suffer—a large share of which had befallen this unfortunate volume. The ink-spots on its pages were treated with spirits of salt, diluted with five times the quantity of water. This was applied with a camel's hair brush, and washed off with clean water after two or three minutes. Someone had apparently been eating bread and butter while studying, for various grease spots disfigured both pages and cover. These were removed by sprinkling pipeclay over the spots, and holding a hot iron above it, but not touching; this drew the grease up into the powder. In some cases this process had to be repeated several times, and more than once Nell narrowly missed scorching the paper. When the powder was finally brushed away, the place was painted over with spirits of wine. The crumpled pages were spread out and smoothed with the warm—not hot—iron. Some pages were too much crushed to be restored by this simple remedy. These Nell, by direction of her book, spread carefully out and brushed over with very weak gum-tragacanth and alum. When nearly dry the book was pressed with sheets of clean writing paper between the gummed pages. Where the margin was torn, paper stained in weak coffee, to match the leaves, was pasted on. In some places the rent extended across the page, and here Nell used yellowish tracing paper, through which the print showed clearly; the tracing paper had to be pasted on both sides of the page. A strip of leather had been torn up half across the back, and for this Nell borrowed Frank's little glue-pot, as neither gum nor paste was strong enough to hold it. Frank came with the glue-pot himself, saying he was sure she could not manage it, and would put on too much glue. She agreed that she would have done when she saw how very little he used,

After all it was the most satisfactory of all the restorations.

It all took time, however, and Nell could not help a pang or two as the whole afternoon, which she meant to have devoted to her embroidery, slipped past. But Will's heart grew lighter as the repairs went on, and when all was done he was almost cheerful.

"But, Will, of course you must tell Roger just the same. Indeed, it would be no use even if you wished to deceive him, for everyone can see it's mended."

"He's so fearfully down on us always," said Will, dolefully; "even when we haven't done anything he always seems to be trying to find something to row us for. It's worse than having your schoolmaster living with you."

Nell secretly half agreed with Will, for she found Roger's masterful ways and continuous criticism hard to bear patiently, and the younger boys were often driven into mischievous tricks, untidiness, and roughness that a little tact on his part would have stopped.

But with a mighty sigh, Will concluded—"I'll tell him directly he comes in; it's no use putting it off," and ran off with a hearty hug of thanks to Nell.

She returned to the embroidery in which she had been interrupted, and to some rather serious thoughts on human, especially boy, nature. She resolved to be present when Will made his confession, knowing that Roger would not be quite so hard on the boy while she was there.

Her work was embroidering initials for velvet slippers, two pairs of which she was doing for her two elder brothers. She had drawn the monogram on a stiff card, and cut it out carefully with a sharp penknife. Laying this on brown holland, she traced round it with a finely pointed lead pencil. As she had not an embroidery frame, she used the best substitute she could find, and strained the holland tightly on the empty frame of an old slate. She next threaded a large-eyed chenille needle with a long smooth piece of string, and passing it through the holland from behind, laid it in straight lines from one end to the other, in rows close together. She treated all the principal strokes of the monogram in this way. On this she laid cross lines of gold thread, sewing each couple of gold threads with silk over every other line of string, taking care that in each line the silken stitches were not under each other, but made a diagonal pattern across the letter, giving the effect of basket work. The less important wide strokes were left without the padding, and the fine ones simply single or double threads of gold sewn on with the same silk; but these latter were added when the monogram was transferred to the velvet. The

edges were outlined with gold thread. When done, the back was brushed over with gum-tragacanth and left to dry. When dry, the monogram was cut out and the edges turned in neatly. After sewing it in place on the velvet, she added a few flourishes in silk and gold thread to lighten the general effect and to hide the junction of the two materials.

One long morning about this time, Nell spent marking the boys' new underclothing. She was met at the outset by the unexpected difficulty of knowing what part of the garment should bear the mark. The clothes to be marked had all been collected and brought down; the ink, quill pens, and stretcher ready, and Mrs. Lawrence in her lounge chair ready to heat and blacken the writing as it dried, when this difficulty occurred to Nell. Her mother, however, proved equal to the emergency.

"Begin with the white shirts," she advised. "The old way was to mark them near the bottom hem, but now it is generally done on the little flap in front. You will see it at the bottom of the stiffened part; it has a button-hole in it to keep the shirt-front down."

Nell worked steadily till the white shirts were done, and then carried them to her mother, who held them to the hot "tally" iron till the ink turned black. In the meantime Nell attacked the heap of flannel shirts. Some of these had the front lined with calico, and these she marked inside between the button-holes; for those that had not this lining she wrote the name on tape, which was afterwards sewn inside the front at the bottom of the opening. The collars she marked on the inside of the back where the linen was double, and cuffs on the band that crosses the middle.

The night shirts had the name written inside the front between the button-holes. On the merino underclothing, Nell generally found linen or silk bands or lining, on which the name might be written; failing these, she sewed on tape already marked.

"It is much safer to have the name written actually on the garment itself," said Mrs. Lawrence, "for then it cannot be picked off. I also like the surname in full. Of course it does not matter where we have the washing done at home, but when you are away initials are not always sufficient."

"What a number of stories it would spoil if the lost heir had his linen marked with his full name," suggested Nell, pausing to change the heater for her mother, "but it would not be so romantic."

"No," said her mother, laughing; "but we do not wish to lose either our boys or their clothes."

"By-the-bye," went on Nell, "what am I to do to keep the boys' socks and stockings in pairs? They are always getting odd, and they—the boys, not the socks—declare they don't know which are pairs."

"I was going to speak about that. I have found it a good plan to add some distinguishing letter or number after the name for each pair."

"Like this?" asked Nell, writing rapidly. She held up a long piece of tape, displaying on it in her bold handwriting, "M. Lawrence, A., M. Lawrence, A.; M. Lawrence, B., M. Lawrence, B."

"That will do. Then you can tell at a glance whether the pairs are right. If you sew the name on the inside at the top, you will find it outside when the socks come back from the wash. But you will find that Roger does not like these marks."

"Troublesome fellow! What am I to do, then?"

"You must work the initials in cross stitch on the outside of the sock. And on those very fine ones you could do the letters in back stitching. That is what he likes best."

"Speak of an angel," quoted Nell, merrily. "Why, Roger, what brings you home so early?"

But he only answered by a rebuke to Nell for letting her mother tire herself, and bade her off to rest, in spite of protests, turning himself to help Nell finish her work.

There was not much to be done, but a large heap of pocket-handkerchiefs, which Nell had already begun. But he took the pen from her hand, and she was obliged to admit that his neat small writing looked better than hers, besides being, as he pointed out to her, in the right place—the top left hand corner, where hers was not.

It soon appeared, however, that Roger had an object in his unusually early return home. Their father was away, but had charged Roger with an important message for a gentleman living some miles away. Roger proposed driving over there during the afternoon, and on his way back paying sundry calls that had been long owing, and, in spite of her groans and excuses, insisted on Nell's accompanying him.

"We will come by 'The Grange,'" he concluded, "it is hardly out of our way." And Nell felt a sudden conviction that to a certain charming young lady at "The Grange" she owed the loss of her afternoon, and the unpleasant duty (to her) of paying calls, especially trying in company with her particular brother.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

MARION CLARKE and ETHEL WINIFRED.—Why not attend classes for singing at one of our London Colleges of Music? Perhaps the Guildhall School of Music would suit you. Entrance fee 5s. Fees for a year of three terms (twelve weeks each) from £4 10s. to £33 15s. 6d., according to subjects and number of lessons taken. A number of prizes and exhibitions given. Secretary, Mr. Charles P. Smith, 16, Aldermanbury, E.C. It is not *comme il faut* to omit the prefix "Miss" on your visiting card in England; it seems to be common in America; but we have our own rules to guide us.

LOBSTER and CRAB.—The musical term "Glissando" means gliding smoothly; the reverse of "Staccato." Handwriting not formed.

PRETTY FLOSS.—Handel, though German born, was a naturalised Englishman; at any rate, so far as having made this his adopted country. He was born in February, 1685, and settled in London in 1713, and died in 1759. Some sixty and more years of his life were spent in this country, and all his great works were produced here, likewise. The telephone was invented by more than one man,

that is to say, it was a gradually perfected discovery. In 1860 Reiss was the original inventor; in 1876 Graham Bell (professor at Boston), a Scotchman, invented the Articulating Telephone, and Edison completed it.

ERMINIE.—How could we possibly tell whether you be sufficiently advanced as a pianist for your age, without hearing you play? The pieces you name are suitable for a good performer of any age, but whether you pound and tramp over the notes, like a mob in hobnailed brogues—or "scumble" over them in a flimsy, "touch or miss" style,—we are not *clairvoyant* enough to say. We know—it may be—more of Canada than you imagine. Our young colonists have an idea that we are what the Yankees call "know nothings" in the "old country."

OUR PIANO.—The original piano should be seen to be prescribed for. The keys appear to be too tight. It should be shown to some experienced person. We are sorry your geranium should have such a length of bare stem. If blossoming so well above, we recommend you to borrow a little light petticoat from one of your dolls—a muslin one would do—and dress it up with it. You can take it off when

giving its daily shower-bath, and then dress it again. It will become as amusing as a new doll.

ART.

JESSIE.—Your sketch of the wagon is very well done; it is your best; and if done from nature (not copied) shows much natural talent. Of course the Greek figures are doubtless copied from a picture, not sketched from marbles or casts. The little steam tug is good, too, for a beginner. You deserve some lessons from a master in landscape.

"SOLDIER OF THE CROSS."—There are many things that an invalid could do in the way of helping Christian missions, somewhat after your own suggestion. Do you think that you could make little wooden frames in perforated carving, and put your illuminated texts into them? They would be very acceptable in hospitals, homes, nurseries, school and mission rooms, and poor cottages and lodgings. You can buy the little frames ready marked for the sawing out, very cheaply; the chief expense being the little saw and its collection of delicate blades. But that does not amount to much.

without puckering, whilst they had to un-pick theirs.

Mortification found vent in the playground, or in the street on the way home, and with the propensity to epithet dominant in schoolboys or schoolgirls, she was saluted with a drawling, mocking, "Phillis Penelope Pringle's pet," or "Precocious prodigy, Phillis Penelope," until their very reduction into a rapid "P.P.P.P." became as stinging as cantharides to the sensitive little one, until with her hands to her ears she would run from her persecutors as fast as her feet

would carry her, followed by laughter, in which even Mabel was not ashamed to join.

As the boys in the fable pelted the frogs with stones, so did these school-girls pelt Phillis with her own names, until one day, when she had been little more than a year at school, goaded beyond endurance she rushed, her bonnet blown back, her eyes and cheeks aflame, along the High Street, past church and rectory, in at the little green gate, and round by the open back door, to take her startled godmother by storm, and

upbraid her as the author of her misfortunes.

"It is your fault, your fault to give me such names! I can't bear it any longer, and I won't! It was cruel of you, Aunt Pringle; I hate my names. I won't be called 'P.P.P.P.' any longer, I won't!" and after stamping her tiny foot on the floor in a paroxysm of passion, the over-tired child broke down in sobs which shook her slight frame convulsively.

And what of Miss Pringle the while?

(To be continued.)

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.



Nell's country home lay so far distant from the church that she and her brothers could often only attend once on the Sunday, especially when the weather was bad and the roads thick with mud or snow. Consequently the time hung rather heavily on their hands sometimes, as Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were rather particular and perhaps a little old-fashioned in their observance of the Sunday. Mr. Lawrence was often away preaching in some remote village, and Mrs. Lawrence was obliged to rest in her own room, so that the boys were left to the restraint merely of their knowledge of their parents' wishes. Nell found that she must give up the quiet time she loved so much in her mother's room and devote herself to the boys once more.

At her school one of the masters had a gift for making any subject he taught interesting, and happily he had taken the Scripture lesson. He had made the Bible a book of intense and glowing interest to the girls; its characters real and vivid men and women; and its utterances true to the speakers and living for the readers.

To her brothers, on the contrary, the Bible meant a certain number of Greek verses to construe; so many chapters to be learnt for an examination; a few minutes to be endured at morning prayer; and part of the service in church. They had no idea of pleasure in its study, and were quite ignorant of its meaning or history. A boy who cared to read his Bible was as unnatural a being as one who liked to eat fat, they thought, and as rarely met. Any one of the three younger ones would have been ashamed to be seen by a schoolfellow with a Bible in his hand.

How to interest them now and persuade them to study the Bible was a problem that cost Nell anxious thought, and was a subject of serious talk with her mother.

"Of course if you and father insist, they will have to spend a certain time over it," she said to her mother, "but I do not think it will do them much good then. I wish I could persuade them to do it of their own free wills."

"Mr. Gordon used to say," she continued, after a few minutes' thought, "that there is something really interesting in the Bible for everyone. I wish I could think of just the right thing for each of the boys."

"How would one of these do, dear, to begin with?"

Nell took the magazine, which contained an article on discoveries and excavations in Egypt. It was well illustrated, and was followed by a paper on the "Treasure Cities of Egypt." The other was a book on the underground walls and passages of Jerusalem, with the adventures of the explorers. It was also well illustrated.

"This will do splendidly," Nell decided. "It brings in the different walls and gates. We must look up the builders. I am sure the boys don't know much about Nehemiah and Ezra—and Sanballat's and Tobiah's dreadful insults about their wall. And this tells of Solomon's wall and his quarry, and Hiram's workmen. Then we must find out about the later history and the siege by the Romans."

The Sunday evening after, while Will, full length on the hearthrug, was surreptitiously reading what, he uneasily felt, was not a "Sunday book," and George was romping with his little dog, Frank was suddenly startled from his dreamy cogitations before the fire by a demand from Nell to explain a "plan" to her. He came unwillingly, but was soon interested in "vertical sections," and his attention caught by other illustrations. Wanting to understand them, in his lazy way, he requested Nell to read aloud to him. This she willingly did, and soon attracted George's attention also. A little later she was only too glad to see Will's book used merely as a pillow, and then discarded altogether, as he joined the other two in looking over her shoulder at the illustrations in her book. For a Scripture reference, which the boys did not understand, Nell was ready with her little Bible, and turning up the passage read it to them. Then George asked a question which showed such dense ignorance of Bible history that even Frank was shocked, and tried to enlighten him, but, finding details troublesome, applied to Nell to finish for him. This, and what they had been reading, quickened the boys' interest to such a degree that Nell felt much encouraged in her project.

For another Sunday Nell had ready an article on the newly discovered mummy of Rameses II. and a photograph of the mighty monarch, dead for thousands of years. This, with a description of the "Treasure Cities," proved a grand success. The boys willingly listened as their sister read of the bitter groanings of the Israelites under their heavy bondage, and looked with vivid interest at the photographed face of the great Pharaoh who had so oppressed them.

Having shown the boys that there was really something in the Bible not too "dry" to think about, Nell prompted them to take a subject and follow it through the book. To

gain Will's attention, she suggested "the shipping of the Bible," and when he declared there was nothing about such an interesting subject he was sure, she ran through a list that astonished him. Beginning at Noah's Ark, she mentioned Moses' bulrush cradle, Jonah's ship, the ships of Tarshish, Isaiah's mention of "galleys with oars and gallant ships," the fisherboats on the Sea of Galilee, and Paul's voyages and shipwreck.

"There are a great many more besides," she said, "but I cannot remember them without looking them up."

As the boys grew more accustomed to thinking and reading their Bibles, Nell found she had to take the longer time to prepare during the week. Their characters showed in what interested them, and their remarks often opened new phases of their subject to Nell herself. In studying the Ark, Frank was aroused to the difficulties of planning and constructing such a vessel; the ventilation and storage of food, the materials for building, and the labour and time consumed cost him much thought. Will was interested chiefly in the floating and sailing, the ballasting and steering of the Ark. George cared for none of these matters, but only thought of the animals, and wondered how they could have been collected, fed, attended, and kept from devouring each other; his idea of the interior being derived from his early toys.

The ships and boats led naturally to fishes and fishing, and after that, to suit George's taste, they took up animals and birds. These greatly exceeded the boys' expectation in number and interest, and Nell felt fully rewarded for her hard work and anxious planning when George exclaimed, his eyes round with astonishment, "I never thought the Bible was so awfully interesting."

As a rule Roger had not been present during their Bible studies, but having once listened as they argued over "Leviathan," he offered to prepare a paper, as he styled it, on "The Plants of the Bible." Nell accepted the proposal, though rather fearful that his slightly pedantic manner would damp the growing interest of the younger boys. She was mistaken happily, and was glad to hear Will's aside to George that it was not half as dry as he expected.

Among other subjects undertaken were the "Astronomy" and the "Money" of the Bible, and "Weapons used in Bible Times." The last proved most interesting to the boys, and ranged from the "Jawbone of an Ass" and the "Ox-goad" through daggers, swords, javelins, spears, bows and arrows, and many other implements of warfare, to the catapults and battering rams used by the Romans in the siege of Jerusalem.

Nell tried to vary their studies as much as possible; and with this view took sometimes one of the Bible biographies. The life of St. Paul lasted them many Sundays, and impressed them greatly. The heroic courage and calm endurance; the fiery zeal and polished manners; the tender heart and perfect tact of the great Apostle, seemed a new revelation to them, and Nell had no need to complain of want of interest over his life. Much of the interest was due to her own vivid realising and much to her teaching at school; but whatever caused it, it made her very happy. Not that it was always kept up to the same extent. Sometimes the boys were not in the mood, they said, for Bible work. Frank was lazy, Will tiresome, and George more inclined to play with his dog. Once her father took the subject for her, but he treated the boys so much like a class at school, that, though unusually quiet, a stolid indifference showed that they were not attending nor caring for what he said; and much as it grieved Nell, she agreed with him that it was better not to repeat the experiment.

Sometimes Nell and her brothers spent the time in Scripture puzzles and enigmas. In spite of Ellen Montgomery's scruples, "Scripture characters" was rather a favourite with them, especially when they began to know more Bible history. At first, when, in answer to the usual questions, George declared his "character" lived before the Flood and yet led the Children of Israel through the Red Sea, the other boys did not seem at all surprised. Mark suggested the Scripture puzzles; for hearing of their studies he sent a "Scripture Diamond."

"It is very easy," he wrote; "suited to the intellects at home. The answer in my next. Here it is:—

1—In praise. 2—Used by one of the Apostles. 3—An Apostle. 4—Number of lepers healed near Samaria. 5—In praise."

With Nell's help they solved it, however, and triumphantly sent the answer to Mark.

1— P
2— N E T
3— P E T E R
4— T E N
5— R

Fired with emulation, they agreed each to provide a puzzle for the next Sunday. Frank was very ambitious, and copied his plan from a magazine. It was called the King's Move Puzzle. He produced a piece of paper ruled into one hundred squares like a chess board. Each square was numbered and contained a letter.

O	T	T	A	H	B	L	K	U	V
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
E	H	C	M	O	S	E	L	K	D
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
J	W	I	O	E	L	B	A	K	I
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
O	B	N	S	U	M	O	A	V	O
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
P	U	I	E	H	A	S	D	H	R
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
A	E	L	I	J	N	I	R	I	A
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
T	D	N	E	O	H	A	A	S	M
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
E	M	A	Z	P	C	G	G	E	N
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
R	K	R	L	E	A	S	M	E	H
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
Y	T	E	I	K	A	L	A	J	K
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

"The King's Move, you know, in chess, is one square at a time in any direction," he explained. "You find out the first letter and then spell out the name. There are thirty-four teachers mentioned in the Bible in this one."

"What do you mean by teachers?" asked George, who was not so fond of puzzles as Frank.

"Why, prophets and people who taught," answered Frank, complacently; "but I will show you one, and you will understand better. You may only use a square once in a name,

but you may use it again in another name. Take the letters in the squares numbered 14, 24, 34, 25, 16. You will find that makes 'Moses.' I shall not tell you any more; you must find them for yourselves."

Nell supplied an enigma, which she said ought to have been in poetry:—

1. The name of a king who sat by a fire and cut up a roll with his penknife.

2. A man who kept herds and gathered wild figs.

3. The wife of Hadad.

4. A man who once ploughed behind twelve yoke of oxen.

5. A man whose eyes were put out.

The initials of the whole form the name of an Apostle.

Nell had to help her brothers in finding this out; they declared she knew too much to be fair. The answers were—

1. Jehoiakim. Jer. xxxvi. 20-23.

2. Amos. Amos vii. 14.

3. Mehetabel. 1 Chron. i. 50.

4. Elisha. 1 Kings xix. 19.

5. Samson. Judges xvi. 21.

Will's puzzle was a square:—

1. A great Apostle . . . P A U L

2. A name changed; the unchanged part . . . A B R A

3. Part of Aaron's breast-plate . . . U R I M

4. Jonathan's son's ailment . . . L A M E

The others did not allow that the second word was correct, but as George had a still more doubtful word it was passed, as a first attempt.

George had imitated Mark's diamond, as Nell suspected, with the help of a concordance.

1. In Solomon . . . L

2. Used by an Apostle . . . N E T

3. A chief of the people in Nehemiah's time . . . N E B A I

4. A mountain . . . L E B A N O N

5. A place in Egypt . . . T A N I S

6. Part of a name . . . I O S

7. In Solomon . . . N

These puzzles lead at any rate to searching their Bibles, and Nell did her best to show her brothers the deeper meanings in what they read and learnt.

(To be continued.)

RESTITUTION;

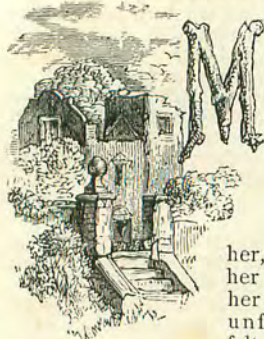
OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOT AT WHALLEY MANOR.



MORNING after morning Edith watched and waited for her step-mother's letter, but none came. She had promised to write to her, and to give her address, but her promise was unfulfilled. She felt sure, also, that

her father had received no news, and she was surprised and anxious. At last she could bear the suspense

no longer, and resolved to speak to him. He had been even more reserved and unapproachable than ever since his wife's departure, and had vented his spleen on his household, retrenching this expense and complaining of that, until the servants meditated giving notice *en masse*. In vain Nurse True tried to conciliate and Edith to reassure; discontent and anger reigned at the Park.

Over a week had elapsed, when Edith took courage and asked her father if he had heard from Mrs. Aspenel. They were at breakfast, but the post had not yet come.

"I did not expect to hear from her. I waited for you to give me information," he replied, frigidly.

"I have none to give. I have not heard," she said.

He frowned and reflected, then said, "Perhaps you will write to her at Sir James Whalley's, and say she must send Bruce home. I cannot allow him to lose more time. I will ask Mr. Tom Harton to fetch him, so that there shall be no delay beyond your letter. Mrs. Aspenel can do as she likes."

"Perhaps there will be a letter to-day," suggested Edith.

"We will see," he rejoined, and turned to his accounts; then suddenly resumed, looking at her, "You must take the management of house and servants into your hands while I am in town, until Mrs. Aspenel sees fit to return. We must draw in during her absence, and endeavour to put things on a more economical footing. You will only have to carry out my orders."

The arrival of the post-bag rendered

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.



GEORGE, if you cannot keep your dog out of my room, I shall have it drowned. This is the third time I have found it on my bed."

Roger appeared in the play-room (or as the boys preferred to call it, the "work-shop") one

evening, bearing in one hand the remains of a pair of gloves and in the other the limp body of George's pet.

"And look at these gloves," he added, advancing towards George, who promptly took refuge behind Nell. Happily for him she was present, or Roger would have proceeded to administer as severe punishment to his little brother as he had already done to the dog. It was one of his maxims, however, never to use violence in the presence of a lady; "and," he often added with dignity when trying to stop the sparring and quarrels of his brothers, "I consider my sister just as much a lady as any other fellow's sister."

On this occasion George escaped quietly and speedily with his dog, leaving Roger to harangue the rest on the grievance of the number of pets George was allowed to keep, and the nuisance resulting to the rest of the family.

At boarding-school the boys had not been allowed to keep pets, and in the reaction to a country life at home George had collected a small menagerie about him. His rabbits and guineapigs lived in hutches in a barn, where also the magpie and jackdaw found refuge at night. He kept a tiny field-mouse in a pocket of his jacket, but his latest treasures, a family of white rats, had their home in the "work-shop," causing Nell much anxiety whenever she entered the room lest they should have escaped from their cage. In the same room the squirrel's cage hung on the wall, with the dormouse's box near it.

In the first ardour of possession he had fed them all too plentifully and too often. When the cold winter mornings came, however, he yielded to his besetting weakness, and lay in bed so late that he had only time to fling on his clothes, snatch a hasty breakfast, and run after his brothers, who had already started for school. In consequence, his pets were neglected, and, unless someone attended to them for him, left hungry until evening, as the boys did not come home in the middle of the day. Of course this could not be allowed to continue, and Mr. Lawrence threatened to forbid all pet animals if they were not regularly fed and attended. Still, day after day they were left unfed; Mr. Lawrence was much vexed, and George pleaded with tears in his eyes for just one more chance.

"I don't know how it is; I think my alarm clock has got out of order. It never goes off now, though I always wind it up," he said, talking the matter over with Nell.

"Indeed it does, though," she answered, "for I hear it every morning myself, and wish anything would stop it. But if you will promise on your honour to do your part, I have a plan that I think will work. Remember, father is really vexed now, and it is your last chance."

Nell's plan involved a struggle with herself, for she shared George's weakness and liked to lie in bed till the last minute. His room was next to hers, and she resolved to waken him herself, if he would promise to get up at once and not go to sleep again. She found it needed so much energy to rouse him thoroughly that she was quite too wide awake herself to go back to bed. She had to acknowledge that the change had as good effect on the comfort of the general breakfast as on the welfare of George's animals, for now she was down first instead of last, and ready with her cheerful greeting for each as they came in.

George's greatest trouble and anxiety was caused by his dog. It was very young when it was given him, and he intended to train it into a model of obedience and good behaviour. He read many papers on the subject, and formed theories from them on its education and upbringing. Unfortunately, Pinto's intelligence seemed slow in developing, and his master's frequent absences made the training still slower.

"If you please, Miss Eleanor, will you just look at this poor little thing," said the cook, one day; "Master George is awful angry if we give it anything to eat in the day time, but it's regularly starving, and Master George, he knows no more about puppies than he does about babies, whatever his book says."

The little animal was crouching on the floor with one paw doubled under it, whimpering to itself. It hardly moved when Nell called to it, but ate the biscuit she brought ravenously.

"Two good meals of biscuit and a clean bone may be enough in the day," she said, doubtfully, to her mother, "but when the first is omitted for want of time and the second forgotten, I do not think poor little Pin can be blamed for eating what he can find, in spite of his master's theories."

The difficulties of Pinto's education were so many that finally George came to Nell with a proposition he considered truly generous. It was that Nell should feed and train the dog while George was at school, and that when he returned in the afternoon he should carry on the education. In consideration of her help she was to become part owner of the dog. She did not seem quite as impressed as George expected, but consented, for Pinto's sake, and received from him a list of rules culled from the various books he had consulted.

1. The meals must be at regular times, one in the morning, say at 8 o'clock, the other at 8 p.m. He must have nothing between, but occasionally a bare bone.

2. Insist on perfect obedience from the very beginning.

3. Never frighten your dog or speak harshly to him. Be kind but firm. When he commits a fault punish him at once, but be sure he understands what the punishment is for.

The next rule bore traces of George's own composition.

4. Do not let your dog beat you. If you tell him to do anything, you must make him do it, if you have to stay with him all day making him.

5. He must have regular exercise. Not just a few minutes' run, but a good long walk, to keep him in health.

Nell smiled over these rules, perceiving the common masculine delusion, that as she neither went to school nor business she had nothing to do all day. Whether the dog's training was perfect or not, Pinto was much happier under the new régime, and his digestion did not seem fatally injured, in spite of the mid-day lunch, which Nell never had the heart to deny him.

He never showed particular obedience or intelligence, but was devoted to Nell, and proved a pleasant companion in her walks. With the perversity of young animals, he had taken a great fancy to Roger, bounded to meet him when he came home from business, and jumped up at him, leaving muddy marks and white hairs on the clothes of that most particular mortal.

Nell thought that Roger was growing more precise and fastidious every day. He was always scolding her for some fancied neglect of her own dress, a bow awry, or a tress of hair loose. He complained of their family sitting-room, of which Nell was privately rather proud. It was always untidy, he said, and never fit for callers to see, and when Nell laughingly told him he was the old maid of the family, he retorted with unaccustomed irritability that he only wanted the place fit to be seen. Nell wondered, but bore his trying moods patiently, until one of her younger brothers unconsciously gave her a clue. It was after an unusual fit of fault-finding that she heard Will remark to Frank—

"He thinks everything is wrong that isn't exactly like the Grange. Miss Clare is a jolly enough girl, but I don't see that old Roger need make such a fuss about her."

Frank only growled in reply, but Nell sat down with a gasp. Miss Vyvyan was the only child left at home at the Grange, and her mother being dead and her father much occupied, she herself was rather lonely. She and Nell had struck up a warm friendship, in spite of, or perhaps because of, their dissimilar characters and homes. Clare loved to sit by Mrs. Lawrence's couch and listen to the lively chatter and chaff going on between Nell and her brothers, but she rarely joined in it. She was extremely shy and quiet, reserved and diffident. She had taken a sudden liking for Nell on first sight, and wooed her as patiently and persistently as Roger was now courting herself, and with much the same tactics.

Nell was ready enough to be won, and glad to have a girl friend. But it was always as her own friend that she had thought of her, and not in relation to her brothers. Mark was very susceptible, he told her, and in a chronic state of mild flirtation, but Roger was too superior in his own eyes, and too particular to show attention lightly to any lady.

Nell would not have been human if she had not triumphed over the abject condition of her most superior brother, but she did not let him see it. She could not resist teasing him a little, though she listened patiently to his hopes and fears, his ecstasies and apprehensions. She never approached the subject with Clare, in spite of Roger's secret hopes that she would plead for him. She was deeply interested in his love affair, and in the course of their long talks learnt more of his real character than she had ever known before.

During this time Nell had been kept so busy with Roger's demands on her time and helping George about his pets that she had rather neglected her correspondence with Mark. He bore it patiently for a time, but tiring, at last, of her short notes, he wrote a long reproachful letter.

"Your notes," he wrote, "(you never waste a letter on me) always begin with apologies for not writing sooner; end 'in greatest haste'; and are filled with reasons for the shortness of the present specimen. I will take those remarks for granted in your next, and should like a little news of home instead. I know mother cannot write much, and no one else at home remembers my existence. What about

our fine schemes for your Greek? I do not see why you should not go on with it and send me your exercises to correct. If you do that at all, you must do it regularly, and then I should be sure of something from you pretty often."

Nell, full of compunction, carried her letter to her mother.

"It seems as if I could never be fair to all the boys," she said, penitently; "when Mark was at home you told me I neglected the others for him. Now, when he is away from home and possibly in all kinds of temptations, I slight him and leave him to himself."

"Do not reproach yourself too much," was her mother's answer, "but make up for it now. When we were in India you had to write to us

regularly on mail-day. Why should you not make one day in the week Mark's mail-day, and consider that a fixed engagement?"

"I will, I will," cried Nell, fervently, "and I will work hard at my Greek and send him a lot to correct, as he seems to like that idea."

Mark had no more need to complain of the length or regularity of Nell's letters; but having once begun to criticise, he did not stop, and delivered a series of brotherly lectures on "letter writing."

"You seem to think," ran one of these, "that you show great affection by always beginning your letters 'Dearest Mark'; but you do nothing of the sort. You only know two others of my name; I do not believe you have seen Uncle Mark more than half-a-dozen times, and you do not pretend even to like old

Mark the gamekeeper. To be 'dearest' of this trio does not count for much. If you began 'Dearest Brother,' I should consider it a much greater token of affection."

When they cared to do so, both Nell and Mark excelled in writing bright, chatty letters, and the present lively correspondence greatly amused their mother. In spite of difficulties, Nell never let Mark's mail-day pass without a note or letter, grave or gay, and if she could have known all those epistles were to her brother, she would have grudged still less the time and care she spent on them; for the thought of the letter that would surely come, and that must be answered, often lent him needed help in times of temptation.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPHINE.

A TALE OF THE VENDETTA.

CHAPTER II.



LUXURIOUSLY furnished dining-room in an English country house. A well-appointed breakfast-table spread with every dainty that can tempt the appetite. Soft-footed domestics noiselessly anticipating

every desire of the little party, engaged in discussing the first meal of the day. At the head of the table sits Dorothy Ford, brown-eyed, brown-headed, *petite*. At the opposite end, Sir Hugh, her father, the very picture of a British merchant—portly, sagacious looking, well-pleased with himself and his surroundings—is employed in distributing the contents of the post-bag, which has just been laid beside him. The remainder of the party consists of Mrs. Porter, Dorothy's companion, and two young men, the younger in every respect what one might expect in his father's son. The elder bears just sufficient likeness to the young girl to suggest relationship; there is the same regularity of feature and brightness of colouring, deepened in him to a ruddy brown, evidently by exposure to the weather, for where the brow has been protected by the head-covering, the skin is as delicately fair as that of a woman. For the rest, he is of the spare, muscular figure which suggests an active habit of life, and has a grave and watchful, though kindly, expression.

"Well, Pussie," says the master of the house, separating two or three epistles from the rest. "There's your batch. None for you, Dick! I suppose you hardly expected any yet though!"

"Neither yet nor presently," responded the young man addressed as Dick; "they are not much given to letter writing on the sheep runs of Australia."

"I cannot think what induced you to throw it up and come to England. Were you not doing well?" asked Sir Hugh.

"Yes, well enough; but I have a fancy for trying my hand at farming in England; and I thought I should like to see my sister," he replied, glancing wistfully at Dorothy, who seemed deeply interested in her correspondence.

"Farming is an expensive amusement in these days; where do you expect to get the capital?" asked Sir Hugh.

"I have saved a little, you know, and I do not mean to go in for anything very big," Dick replied, gravely. "I have worked too hard for it to risk it carelessly."

"Well, you know your own business," replied Sir Hugh, "but it's a losing game by all accounts, and it's no position."

"That will never trouble me," he returned carelessly. "I shall take time to look around; if I think the prospect too poor, I can always go back to Australia, or take up something else; I shall not settle in this country."

"Well, my boy, make yourself quite at home while you are here," returned Sir Hugh with sufficient cordiality; "I do not suppose it will be for long. Dorothy, you know, is not very strong, and Brown says she must winter abroad. I suppose it would be no use asking you to come with us?"

"No, I think not, thank you," returned Dick, with a wistful glance at his sister.

"No, that's hardly Dick's form, I should imagine," remarked the younger man, with rather a supercilious air. "Now if I had the chance, sir, I should jump at it!"

"I have not the slightest doubt of that, Digby," replied his father, with an amused, indulgent smile; "but in a day or two more you are due at Oxford, and you'll please to stick to your books, sir! Your turn has not come yet."

"What are you all talking about?" asked Dorothy, looking up from the closely-written sheet of foreign letter paper she had been reading.

"I was telling Dick that in a week or ten days we shall be starting for the Riviera," replied her father; "he says he cannot accompany us."

"Never mind what he says; that's all nonsense!" replied Dorothy, gaily. "I'll settle all that by-and-by. Papa, you remember my friend Josephine at the *pension*?" she asked.

"You mean the tall, fair, French girl who was your bosom friend?"

"Yes, but she is only half French; her father is a Corsican."

"Ah well, it makes very little difference, Dolly."

"It makes all the difference in this case," returned Dorothy, eagerly. "Of course you have all heard of the Corsican vendetta."

"To be sure," returned her father; "but no such thing is permitted now, I believe."

"There you are mistaken. I used to think so. I had a hazy notion that during the middle ages, men used to go about there with daggers hidden under long cloaks, and stab one another in the dark. Did not you think so too, Mrs. Porter?"

"Well, yes, I believe I did," acquiesced that lady, with a smile.

"I never would believe Josephine when she assured me that the custom still existed," continued Dorothy, "but it's true for all that. And the account she gives me of a vendetta going on in her own family, at the present moment—at least it was a year ago, only she has stopped it—is most romantic and exciting. She and her cousin—the son of her father's enemy—are engaged. Of course, her father did not like it, but he had to give in, although there was a terrible upset at first. She was ill with fretting about it—her father is devoted to her; so of course that was the end of the matter."

"A very pretty story indeed," remarked Mrs. Porter.

"Shows how these girls get their way 'by hook or by crook,'" remarked Sir Hugh, smiling. "So she was ill about it; artful that, very!"

"There is not a simpler, more innocent girl breathing," began Dorothy.

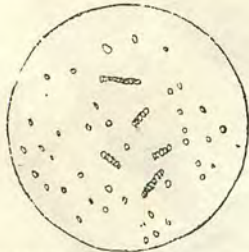
"Never mind," she continued, perceiving that her father was trying to tease her. "Of course we get our way," and jumping up she came and perched herself upon his knee. "Of course we do," she continued, laying her soft cheek caressingly against Sir Hugh's, "and you are going to be a dear, dutiful parent, and give it me now, I know. I want while we are away at Nice to go and see Josephine at Porto Vecchio."

"What, to be stabbed with a dagger, from beneath a long cloak?" asked her father, laughing and patting her cheek fondly.

"No, you dear silly old papa; they never stab women," she replied, confidently.

"Do they not? Well, as there will be a woman at the bottom of the quarrel, I have no doubt they punish them some other way," he returned, mischievously.

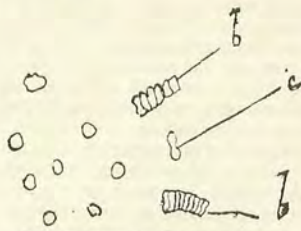
do not see the object, first of all lift the tube "D" a little, never push it on first; looking down the instrument, if the object does not appear, reverse the action, and push gently in a "spiral" manner, till the object comes dimly into view. Now you will find the use of the screw "H," which I called the fine adjustment; turn this to the right till the object shows sharply, but never use it till you have the object dimly in view by means of the coarse adjustment.



BLOOD UNDER LOW POWER.

Under the low power you will see that blood looks like a number of yellowish-looking spots floating about in a colourless medium. Having examined it, take off your low power, and put the high one on instead, and proceeding as before, lower the objective to within half an inch of the cover-glass, watching for the object

all the time; directly it comes into view use the fine adjustment "H." Under this objective you will see that blood consists of a number of yellowish discs, and perhaps by this time many of them may have collected together like a pile of coins, having formed what are called "rouleaux."



BLOOD UNDER HIGH POWER.

a. Single disc, seen sideways.
b. Rouleaux.

After this preliminary instruction, you are more in a position to test and select your microscope, though you should always, if possible, ask someone experienced in their use to test it for you as well. Meanwhile you will do well to bear in mind that the following are the attributes of a good microscope:—

Stability. The microscope should be steady, and the specimen under observation should not move as you use the fine adjustment.

Definition. If it is impossible to see the edges of the discs in blood distinctly, even on careful focussing, the "definition" is not good, and the objective should be rejected.

Achromatism. I said that the discs were yellow; if, when they are in sharp focus, there be any halo of colour round each, the objective is not achromatic, and must be rejected.

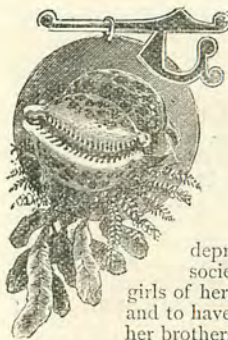
Evenness of field. The area viewed under the microscope is generally termed "the field." Some microscopes, when "D" is fully elongated by means of a telescopic slide, and the object carefully focussed, show the discs in the centre of the field sharply, whilst those towards the edge are misty; the field is said to be in these cases uneven, and the lens must be rejected.

And now, after these remarks on choosing a microscope, I trust that any girl will at least know how to handle one both with pleasure and profit to herself. The several rules laid down must be rigidly adhered to, and all manipulations should be undertaken in the order in which they are dealt with above. Routine, method, and cleanliness, with intelligent observation, are the keys to that glorious success which attends the careful investigation of the indefinitely small. At some future time I propose to give some suggestions as to selection and hints as to preparation of microscopical specimens of common objects to be met with alike in a garden in town or a roadside in the country.

W. L. LISTON.

THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.



THE friendship between Clare and Nell grew closer as time passed, and was the source of much happiness to the latter. Nell had felt very much the loss of her school-fellows; it was a great change to be deprived suddenly of the society of a number of girls of her own age and tastes, and to have no companions but her brothers.

"Boys are really very nice," she graciously admitted to her mother, "much easier to get on with than I expected, but after all there is no solid comfort in them, like there is in a real girl friend."

So that she felt a great want in her life was filled by Clare, different though the girls were in character.

Roger's sudden attachment, however, seemed likely to break in upon the prevailing harmony. Though he had hitherto been looked upon as the pink of propriety and self-possession, he now appeared in a new character. No longer superior to the rest of poor human nature, he showed himself to be very much in love.

Most of the family found this state of things very amusing; the boys, for once, had reasonable excuse for teasing and joking, though awe of their prim brother prevented their going to very great lengths. Nell alone found it a source of unmixed vexation.

"Mother, it really is provoking," she began, one morning. "No sooner do I find the one thing I've been wishing for, a nice girl friend, than Roger comes and spoils it all."

"How does he spoil it?" asked Mrs. Law-

rence, with a lurking smile at Nell's view of the case.

"He always finds out when she is coming here, and contrives to arrive home early and interrupt our reading or whatever we may be doing; and when I go there, it's just the same. I really think Clare has liked my friendship as well as I have hers, but now it will all be at an end," she said, tears of vexation rising in her eyes. "I do not think she cares for Roger yet, but of course she will soon; he always gets what he wants, and he will insist on her liking him, and I think it's most unfair! I shall try and prevent it, if I can."

"Oh, Nell, for shame! I did not think you could be so selfish. Fancy thinking of your own happiness before that of Roger and possibly of Clare too! This is not acting like the Brothers' Benefactor you resolved to be. Do you not remember telling me you were determined to let your brothers' interests always come first, and to devote yourself to them as your life work? I was so pleased to hear you say so, for a good, sensible, and devoted sister has an immense influence on the life and character of men. But it seems to me, in the first case of any importance you are quite forgetting your good resolutions."

Mrs. Lawrence spoke gravely, and Nell thought over her words for some time. Then, as usual, her better nature conquered, and she determined to do her best for her brother's happiness, even though it meant losing her friend.

"At the same time, I don't see any harm in asking her to spend Friday here, though I happen to know Roger will be away till quite evening. Clare really wants to help me with the boys' cricketing things, and we can have a nice day together."

Clare was accordingly invited and gladly came, for the good-natured girl was never happier than when helping others.

Mr. Lawrence was greatly impressed by the ignorance and degradation of many of the inhabitants of the country and small villages round him. He had told his family about it, and declared the children in their own village did not know how to play.

"I declare, boys, cricket and football are perfectly unknown to them; you would be real missionaries if you could teach them how to amuse and recreate themselves, for the habit of lolling about doing nothing and thinking of nothing renders them almost incapable of receiving any moral and spiritual impressions whatever—they become mere animals, not men and women." The hint had been taken up by Mark and Roger, who had spent much of the winter vacation in organising a village football club for the young men, whilst George and Will started one for the younger lads. The colours and badges were very important features, and involved much discussion and thought. When finally decided upon, the jerseys were knitted by an old woman in the village, whilst Nell undertook to embroider the club initials on the breast of each. This she did in cross-stitch, using coarse red ingrain knitting cotton, which showed well on a dark blue jersey. The arrangement of the letters in the first place required some care. Nell counted the number of knitted ribs in the space to be occupied by the initials. Then cutting a piece of paper to the exact size of the space, she indicated the ribs on the paper by lines, and in this manner was able to draw a design for her letters, allowing so many ribs to each letter; and having once got the proportions right on paper, she could copy directly from it on to the jersey. Nell found it best to complete a letter, working only one way first, and to cross the stitches altogether afterwards. They looked more even in this way, and in case of any mistake, there was less unpicking.

Mrs. Lawrence crocheted some fishermen's

caps for the lads, using the following pattern:—Four chain, join and work twelve double into the round. Next round, two double into every stitch, taking up both top threads of the stitch. Next round, two double into first stitch, one double on second, two double on third, one double on fourth, and so on to the end of the round.

Next row, two double in each third stitch, one double on the rest.

Next row, two double in each fifth stitch.

Next row, put two doubles six times in course of round.

Next four rows, increase four times in course of round. After this only three increasings in each round, till there are ninety-three double stitches in the round.

Then work plain doubles till the cap is twelve inches long. Turn the cap and work thirty more plain rounds for the band, which is rolled up or just folded double. The top or end of the cap is finished by a tuft of wool.

The football club proved such a success, and was so much appreciated by the lads, that the captains determined to keep the members together during the summer by interesting them in cricket and boating, which latter sport could be enjoyed on the river some two miles away. The boys' "flannels" would do for both purposes, but George and Will, the leaders of the junior club, were determined to have caps for boating and quite distinct ones for cricket, and it was to the making of these caps that the girls were devoting the day which Nell had fixed in consequence of Roger's absence.

The weather being warm and bright, they settled themselves to their work in the summer-house, which was furnished with a table and chairs, and was more often occupied than is usual with these generally useless structures. Nell had procured the white flannel caps from the neighbouring town, and her task was to work on them, in some way, the club initials. This was a very different matter from the cross-stitch letters on the football caps, the success of which merely depended on correct counting and regularity of stitch; and, indeed, it proved a very troublesome piece of work. A bold and simple style of letter was chosen, so that, even as a monogram, they were legible and not at all complicated. They were traced directly on to the caps, and were filled in thickly first with crewel wool, in ordinary crewel stitch; this was then very carefully marked over in silk, satin stitch being used: and the silk matching exactly in colour the crewel wool, so that if a morsel of the latter should show through, it would not be noticeable. The letters were finished off with an edging of gold thread, couched round each.

Clare had volunteered to improvise some knitted or crochet caps for the boating costume, and after one or two attempts she accomplished one which gave satisfaction to the somewhat critical wearers; it was in two colours, and required rather over three ounces of wool and a No. 8 tricot needle. The colours were navy blue and crimson, and directions were as follows:—

Start with the navy, and work thirty-three chain. Work back, making a tricot stitch on each chain, having, of course, at the end of the row thirty-three tricot stitches on the needle. Work back in ordinary tricot.

Second row: Work in tricot till thirty-two stitches are picked up; leave the last stitch, and work back.

Go on in this way, leaving one stitch at the end of each row till in the fifteenth row you

have only nineteen stitches. Join on the red wool, pick up the nineteen stitches, together with the fourteen which have been left in the previous rows, and starting again with thirty-three stitches proceed in exactly the same way till you are again reduced to sixteen stitches. Then again join on the blue wool, and go on in this way till you have eight divisions done. For the band, pick up the stitches along the straight edge of the cap, one hundred and twenty in all, and work plain tricot backwards for sixteen rows, and fasten off. The band may be worked tighter than the rest, otherwise it seems rather large compared with the upper part. Stitch up the cap and draw the top together. The band may be rolled up or folded double.

In the afternoon the industrious little party in the summer-house were pleasantly interrupted by a visit from the daughter of the vicar of a parish some miles away, a bright lively girl, whom distance alone prevented from seeing more of Nell. She had always something new to tell or some adventure to relate. This afternoon she was full of a bazaar she had lately attended. "You never saw such a collection of rubbish in your lives, my dears!" she said; "excepting at my friend's stall, and there I did see a few new ideas. One was such a pretty frame for a water-colour drawing—a sea-piece. It was a plain, unpolished oak frame, square, and the wood about three inches wide around the picture. Along the top and hanging down one side was draped a piece of fishing-net—I don't suppose it was real, any bit of fine netting in reddish twine would do. Then fixed on the net were a few star fishes, quite dried up, you know, but with the pretty shades of pink and crimson as bright as ever. There was a large one in the top left-hand corner, and two or three smaller ones below. Along the bottom of the frame were a few little dried-up crabs or crayfish—I don't know which—and around the frame, at the edge, was a rope, just coiled at the corners; and you can't think how pretty and nautical it looked. The bright tones of the crabs and star fishes against the brown wood, net, and rope were just lovely."

Nell made a mental resolve to try one for her sea-loving brother George, and then asked their visitor what else she had seen.

"I liked some little stools made of wood, exactly in the shape of toadstools. Any carpenter could make them, if you could only induce him to really copy nature. They are large enough to sit on, and make a cosy little low perch for the fireside. The foot of the stem is very thick, as in nature, and slightly tapers towards the top, so that they form a steadier resting-place than you might expect. But of course the colouring is the great thing. Those I saw were wonderfully done; you know fungus grows in the most vivid and brilliant colours, so you can have plenty of choice. The prettiest I saw was crimson, deep in the middle and shaded off at the edge; the stem was a sort of salmon colour. On the top were a few brown spots, such as one often sees on a toadstool; it was all painted exactly like nature, and looked so cunning and pretty."

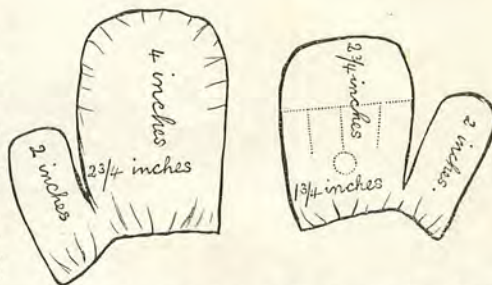
"I should think Frank could make one easily, with his lathe and other tools," said Nell.

"And I think I could paint one," put in Clare. "I have often noticed and admired

the lovely colours of fungus, and thought it strange that such a low development of vegetable life should be so beautiful; but I think you said you had seen something else new?"

"Oh, yes; I brought it with me to show you, Nell, as I know you are always glad to know of any little present suitable for boys, old and young. It is a pen-wiper, which I think rather neat; you see it is like a little boxing-glove. But as I must run away now I will leave it for a pattern; I'm sure you will want to make one like it—amongst so many brothers there must be a birthday looming, surely!"

The glove was made of chamois leather, and was stuffed with wadding. It was made in two parts, as illustration—the larger piece, fit



the back of the hand, being slightly gathered round the top, into the smaller, which is for the palm. The rows of back-stitching, indicated by dots, are first worked on the palm; and then the two pieces, back and front, are closely stitched round together, on the wrong side; the glove is turned, and the wadding put in, being pushed well up into the top of the glove and the thumb, so that it may feel quite firm and solid. The chamois leather is then drawn in a little at the wrist, and a little bunch of scraps of black cloth stitched in at the same time, to form the actual pen-wiper. A gauntlet of leather is added, enclosing the scraps of cloth, and a piece of narrow ribbon tied round hides the joining of gauntlet and glove, and finishes it off neatly. The edge of the gauntlet may be bound with ribbon.

Nell made a boxing-glove pen-wiper, and sent it to Mark with a letter, an extract from which will show some conclusions she arrived at after the day spent in Clare's company. "I made up my mind to help Roger as much as I could, so I talked about him, and, in a light and airy way, mentioned his good qualities. Clare did not appear to find the subject specially interesting, and at last I grew tired of dragging him into conversations to which he did not naturally belong. By-and-by Roger himself appeared (he is a magician in finding out when Clare is to be with me!). Dear Mark, I do not know much about love affairs, except from books and the experiences of a French governess at school, who had once had a lover, but all I can say is, Clare did not blush nor appear flustered, nor did she drop her thimble in her agitation at his sudden appearance; and do you not think she ought to have done so? I cannot understand it at all—she seems to like being with me, and talking about you and other boys even better than being with or talking of Roger, and I never met with such a case in any of the books I ever read!"

(To be continued.)



THE BROTHERS' BENEFACTOR.

By DORA HOPE.



FRANK'S delicacy, instead of passing off during the summer, appeared to rather increase. He had no special illness, but he never seemed well. Instead of joining with zest in his brothers' sports, he was always languid and

spiritless. If a specially hot day came, Frank was sure to be quite knocked up by it, and if the heat changed suddenly to cold or damp, Frank might be depended on for a chill, with earache, or some other pleasant accompaniment.

As autumn approached Mr. Lawrence became anxious about the delicate youth, and took him to a physician. His report was at once a relief and a shock. There was no disease, he said, but a decided tendency thereto, and it was essential for him to leave the somewhat relaxing neighbourhood in which they had settled, and which clearly did not suit him, before the autumn advanced further.

The physician added that if his parents wished to set him up in health a long voyage would be the surest way of doing it; without this, a change of residence might ward off disease, but a life of delicacy and semi-invalidism was to be apprehended.

The idea of parting with one of the family, so lately re-united, was a grief to all, but to make a strong man of Frank was worth almost anything, and a voyage to Australia by sailing vessel was very soon decided on. Mr. Lawrence was fortunately acquainted with the doctor on board one of the Australian vessels, who would take Frank under his special charge, and thus the way seemed made clear for them.

Mrs. Lawrence and Nell had little time to think of the parting in the bustle of preparation. Nell's only experience of such travelling as this had been her coming from India when she was between four and five years old, so that her memory of the life on board ship was very dim, and she soon found she must be guided entirely by her mother, whose voyages had been many.

"Mother, he will want heaps and heaps of new things to last him all that time!" said Nell, aghast, as the idea first dawned upon her.

"Oh no, my dear; people in our position do not buy new underclothes for a voyage. You must collect all the old things of your brothers', and we must have a grand mending; we will get a needlewoman from the village to come for a day to help, and I think we shall find enough to last the voyage out."

Socks, handkerchiefs, and underclothing of all sorts and in all conditions were brought out and looked over. In the knitted or woven things the large holes were darned with single Berlin wool; this fills up well, is very soft and warm, and becomes tough and strong after washing. For small holes and thin places, a finer wool was used, as the Berlin is too clumsy except for large spaces. Some of the oldest vests and drawers were cut up to repair those better worth it; the thin and worn parts of a

tolerably good garment being taken out and replaced by the best pieces of an older one. Handkerchiefs worn at the edges were cut down and re-hemmed. Mrs. Lawrence put aside, however, some frayed collars and cuffs, which Nell was beginning to bind very neatly with fine narrow tape, as not being suitable. Sailing ship life, she said, is free and easy, and a turn-down flannel shirt collar and loosely-knotted tie are considered enough for ordinary wear; but for Sundays and special occasions a few linen collars and cuffs must be taken, and these should be new and good.

"Well, mother, I should think even Frank would be ashamed of sending such a mixed collection of old, well-mended things to the wash," said Nell, as she tried to sort them into pairs and sets.

"Do you expect him to find a regular laundry on board, then, with a laundress to call on Monday, and bring home the clean things on Friday? I'm afraid you would be disappointed," laughed Mrs. Lawrence. "You may judge that most of these things will not be worth washing; they would drop into holes again, and many people would throw them straight overboard when soiled. But I think that it is a pity, as the sailors are usually very glad of anything you can give them. Frank must have a holland bag made to take with him, into which he can put everything he deems too old for further wear, instead of having it washed or thrown away. Every now and then, or when the bag gets full, he can give the contents to the steward, who will pass them on to the poorest of the men."

Frank had been wearing, for some time, pyjamas, or sleeping suits, and he declared nothing could induce him to return to the old style, so superior were these for comfort and warmth. Those he had were woven all-wool thin ones, for summer wear, in the natural brownish shade. These do not require such frequent washing as flannel, for hanging them up in the sun and air for a few hours every day appears to cleanse and freshen them for a certain time. Now that some thicker ones would be required for cold weather, Mrs. Lawrence made inquiries about the flannel ones. She found she should save very little, if anything, by buying flannel and making them herself, and having decided on trying the ready-made ones, they proved good and satisfactory in every way.

Frank's grey homespun dressing-gown was nearly new, and just the thing he would want for wearing to his morning bath; and Nell bought him, for this purpose, a pair of thick felt slippers. They were made of narrow strips of felt, plaited together, soles and all the same, and they cost sixpence the pair. In their original state they do not wear very long, but they can be made really serviceable by stitching a shaped piece of cloth or carpet underneath for a supplementary sole. Nell also put in a lining of dark crimson flannel, and bound them with the same, so that they looked very well, and proved warm and comfortable for bathroom use. Amongst his other wraps were included a cap with wide flaps, which could be tied when necessary, under the chin, thus protecting the ears and neck, a muffler, and knitted gloves.

Starting in early autumn, the weather would at first be probably decidedly cold, so that warm clothing would be required. This was packed for immediate use, in a portmanteau, good sized, but made shallow specially for fitting under a berth, three feet long, one foot three inches wide, and one foot three inches

deep. Thinner garments for warmer latitudes were packed in a tin-lined trunk, labelled clearly outside "Passengers' luggage, for use during voyage," otherwise it would be deposited in the deepest depths of the hold, and never seen again till land was reached. A third box, with more warm things for the return voyage, was consigned to these lower regions. Inside the lid of each box was pasted a list of its contents, in the order in which they were packed, so that on opening it Frank could tell, approximately, where to look for what he wanted.

Will, the would-be sailor, of course took a special interest in the preparations. He heartily wished some lurking symptom of delicacy might be discovered in his case, and a voyage recommended for him also. But, alas! his rosy freckled face and sturdy form were quite fatal to any hope in this direction. He even tried to moderate his hunger at meal-times, and pecked daintily at his food like Frank did, so that possibly he might arouse anxiety on this score. But being blessed with a specially vigorous appetite, he found it quite impossible to keep this up; and had to console himself by helping to make Frank ready. He troubled Nell greatly by describing the probable size and extreme inconveniences of the cabin.

"You know, Nell, it won't be any longer than a large cupboard, and most of that will be taken up by two, or perhaps three, berths; and you have to keep your things on your berth or else on the ground, as there isn't a place really to put anything properly, so I can't think what Frank will do, with all his tidy, girlish ways."

Nell took certain hints from these descriptions, for she understood from her mother how much one's comfort depends on the small arrangements in the cabin. She took a piece of very strong and coarse holland, two feet by one, bound it round and stitched on to it four pockets, also of holland, for sponges, tooth-brushes, brush and comb, and other miscellaneous toilet necessities. Four small metal rings were put along the top, and one at each bottom corner, so that it could be secured securely to the wall wherever room could be found for it. Each pocket had a button and button-hole, so that in case of very rough weather Frank might prevent his things being scattered far and wide.

Mrs. Lawrence prepared a special little arrangement of this description, which somewhat amused Nell; it struck her as a decidedly "old-maidish" contrivance for a boy. But then, as her mother pointed out, Nell knew nothing of the horrors of sea-sickness; and Frank, being so delicate, would be likely to appreciate comforts which a healthy boy would consider quite superfluous. This consisted of a set of three little holland bags, six inches deep, made in the same way as the others, with rings at the top and lower corners; and it was to be fastened up on the inner wall of the berth, so as to be within reach of its occupant when lying down, without moving more than a hand. One bag was to hold some clean handkerchiefs; another a little tin of acid drops, often a great comfort; and the third a wicker-covered bottle of eau de Cologne. Nell thoughtfully took out the poor cork with which these bottles are usually supplied, replacing it by a new and strong one.

As Frank was known to suffer real agony from sunburn, Mrs. Lawrence had made up for him a small quantity of a cooling lotion which she knew from experience to be

efficacious. His poor face usually became extremely hot, inflamed, and irritable when exposed to the sun or cold wind, but this mixture, applied plentifully, acted as a preventive as well as a cure. Sulphate of zinc, 25 grains; glycerine, 1 oz.; borax, 50 grains; rose water, or elder-flower water, half a pint.

Clare's contribution to Frank's outfit caused much wonder and amusement. It was at first sight simply a very large pillow; the case was made of beautifully soft but strong China silk, edged all round with a frill.

"I think he will find it nice if he is lying about on deck any time; you see it is large enough to take your shoulders and head too, and is very soft and comfortable and quite light besides. And then if he feels cold it will also answer another purpose." And Clare brought to light some buttons which had been hidden by the frill, undid them, and pulled out, to everyone's surprise, a small eiderdown cover or quilt. "When you do not require the quilt," Clare explained, "you just fold it up to about the right size, slip on the silk cover, button it, and there you have the pillow again."

One of Nell's gifts was a housewife. She felt sure this would be a time when Frank would find useful the lessons in sewing she had given him and the other boys some months before; to which she now added a few final instructions in the stitching of buttons, darning, etc. The inside foundation of the housewife was of silk, and all the making and

stitching on this was done before the outer covering, of fine waterproof sheeting, was added and the two bound together with ribbon. At one end was fixed an emery cushion, the use of which had to be explained. It was made square in shape, so that the other things might fold around it better. Next to it was a thimble, in a tiny pocket with a flap to button over and keep the thimble in. Nell had small expectation of this being used; a thimble seems to be the one item in sewing to which boy-nature cannot adapt itself, and Frank much preferred the sailor's thimble given him by Will. Below these came a pair of scissors, in a washleather pocket with a deep flap, to protect them from damp and sea air, so fatal to steel. Then a nickel silver bodkin, which Frank considered a very clever invention indeed, and supposed to be something quite new. Below this was a second smaller washleather pocket to contain a packet of assorted needles, strong ones with large eyes being selected. Then a supply of dark and of light darning wool. Instead of leaving this on the ordinary cards, which soon tear, Nell wound it off on to two old-fashioned flat ivory silk-winders, which were slipped into little half-moon-shaped pockets and there held secure till wanted. Some black and some white thread was placed at either side of all these, cut into lengths, and passed through little straps of ribbon. A pocket, to button securely, full of a variety of buttons, was put across the end furthest from the emery cushion. The whole thing when rolled up looked neat and sensible, and was fastened round by a little

strap and buckle, which Nell had rescued from the back of a discarded waistcoat. "These little things always come in usefully some time if you only hoard them long enough," she said, triumphantly.

Mark collected a number of books, tales of adventure, biographies, etc., with a judicious selection for Sunday reading. Many were given by friends, who were glad to find a good use for superfluous literature, and the rest Mark bought in the cheap paper editions, so that when read and lent amongst the passengers, Frank could pass these on also to the sailors, who are invariably pleased with anything to read in their spare hours.

Roger brought a stout, undyed, leather writing-case, with lock and key, and plenty of room for a fair supply of stationery, and Mr. Lawrence gave a stylographic pen. Will and George contributed a patent reversible inkstand, for, as the best of stylographic pens do occasionally get out of order (or out of temper, as it seems), it was thought safe to have some other means of writing to fall back upon. The boys tried many experiments with the reversible inkstand, which was warranted not to spill in any position, even upside down. They did succeed, it must be owned, in inducing some drops of ink out on to the drawing-room carpet, but their experiments were of an energetic nature, and the poor ink-pot was subject to treatment very unlikely to occur in the usual course of its existence, so that it may fairly have been considered a good investment.

(To be concluded.)

RESTITUTION;

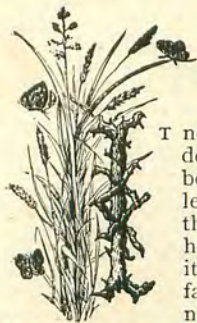
OR,

MISER AND SPENDTHRIFT.

By ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER XLIX.

TOM HARTON'S OFFENCES.



it rarely does. Still, report had partially disclosed the brotherhood of Aspenel and his rescuer, and the parentage of Fan. Its many tongues had also been busy with the reasons of Mrs. Aspenel's absence and sudden return, and many were the speculations upon her husband's condition, and what he would do if he recovered, or what would become of her if he died. The heir of Beechton had called, but had not been admitted; indeed, all visitors were refused upon plea of Mr. Aspenel's condition; even Mr. Tom Harton was not received with the old cordiality. Everybody and everything seemed changed by that fire which had incapacitated the millionaire: but no one so much as Janet. She was of a strong, decided nature, and she told Edith that having spent nearly a third of her life in gratifying herself, she meant to spend the rest of it for others.

She went straight to her point in a

business-like sort of way. "Nothing shall go wrong that I can set right," she thought, and she began with Edith. But she found her more difficult to deal with than she imagined. She even succeeded better in her overtures to her stepmother, whose dislike she had overcome when in Paris. Edith was shyer and more reserved than ever, and she sought in vain to discover the root of a certain estrangement between them.

"It is Gerard. I am sure it is Gerard," she thought, and she tried what she could do with him. But he was always too busy to have "the good talk" with her that he promised, and nothing came of her efforts. With Bruce she was perfectly successful, and the boy almost worshipped his beautiful and fascinating sister. She undertook his education, and while the rest of the disordered household ran hither and thither to do the behests of its master, she and Bruce worked and played by turns.

Rather to their annoyance, Mr. Tom Harton waylaid them whenever he had the chance. As Janet went frequently to Hoplands to assist Fan in her preparations for her wedding, and, as she expressed it, "To become better acquainted with her new uncle," he seized his opportunities. As soon as he appeared, Bruce always ran off, so he frequently met Janet alone, somewhere between the Park gate and Hoplands. He was very inquisitive, and in an off-

hand way managed to draw from Janet the state of affairs at the Park.

A fortnight or so after her return he said he had a message for Mrs. Aspenel, and while delivering it turned and walked with Janet into the Park, which was unusual. He had always a certain fascination for her, that he was probably aware of.

"As I hear Bruce is to be sent to school, and my services will be no longer required, will you kindly tell Mrs. Aspenel that I have accepted a travelling tutorship," he said, with a keen, inquiring glance at Janet.

"I am very sorry. You will probably be long away," she returned, involuntarily, with a tone of unmistakable regret.

"Yes; unless you bid me remain," he said, his deep, dark eyes fixed upon her.

Janet did not pretend to misunderstand him. Her friends Maximilien and Wilbraham and other admirers had already taught her the science of admiration, and had by turns called her coquette, flirt, and other terms not complimentary; but she had laughed at them all. She had been heart-whole, in fact. Was she so now? Let her speak for herself.

"Unless I bid you remain," she repeated, reflectively. "I could not do that. Your father would be a more proper person, or your brother, who would like you to be at his wedding; or

What remains to be told? The story of wedding bells again, when two brides are led to the altar, one wearing a valuable necklace of pearls, who says, "I, Phillis Penelope," and the other who says, "I, Adaline Sheperton," to the bishop who performs the ceremony in lieu of the rector, otherwise engaged in taking Adaline Sheperton from the hands of the old squire, whilst a dark-bearded Australian clasps the "pure pearl Phillis" her yeoman father gives up to him with so much hearty goodwill. A scene whereon the Brothers Crossley and Mrs. John smile benignantly.

And the story of the sealed up codicil, wherein Miss Pringle devises the bulk of her real and personal estate (including the manor of Redlands, which she had purchased from Major Hylton's spendthrift father twenty years before, leaving the family upon it tenants at will) to Phillis Penelope, and to Hubert after her. She desires, but does not

constrain, the said Hubert to marry the said Phillis Penelope, and *vice versa*, and she endows her niece with one-third of her property, Hubert taking two-thirds, including Redlands. But and if he should prefer to marry elsewhere, then Redlands must pass also as a second third to Phillis. And she couples with it an injunction that either or both should take the name of Pringle, before, not after, the name of Underwood. The Pringle Pearls in any case to go to Phillis, along with the reserved books, her pictures, porcelain, and family Bible, all of which she is certain to prize.

The pair are betrothed but not married when this codicil is read out, but it does not cause them to change their minds. It only makes a slight difference in the church register, and finds them a more delightful residence than Upland Farm, which is surrendered to its original owners, *nem. con.*

Roger and Ruth the constant have been married for some time, she being afraid to occupy Pilgrim Place alone, and the old mother is still alive under the same roof.

The discoveries made by Mrs. Rivers and Mabel have oozed out. There is a general searching of cushions and counterpanes to the infinite solace of some, the woful discomfiture of others, but Miss Pringle has not been over hard on any. The despised sachet had held something sweeter than scent.

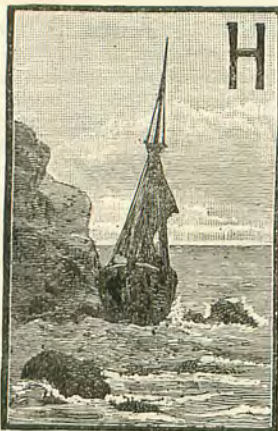
There are soft places in the happy hearts of Phillis and Hubert, who cannot enjoy their immense wealth with unforgiveness in their hearts. There is a woollen mill in course of erection on the busy brook, which is to give employment to the poor people of Marsh Lane—a substantial mill to be managed (not owned) by James Rivers and his son Arthur.

[THE END.]



THE BROTHERS' BENEFactor.

By DORA HOPE.



HOW are we to keep them amused! Five boys in the house besides our own for three weeks!" said Nell, with a very anxious look.

It was shortly before the Christmas holidays, and Nell and her friend Clare were sitting in conference with

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence. The five boys in question were coming from a school for the sons of missionaries to spend the vacation, and now the time drew near and Nell felt a little alarmed at what they had undertaken.

"Our own boys give such dreary accounts of the holidays they perforce spent at school, and enjoyed themselves so much when they were asked out, that I feel we must do what we can for other lads left in the same position," said Mrs. Lawrence.

"Yes, I agree with you there," put in Mr. Lawrence. "You need not be anxious about the days, Nell; trust the boys to amuse themselves. But they will want some attention in the evenings."

"But wet days, father?"

"I have an idea of my own for the wet days, Nell. You be bright and cheery in the evenings, and the time will pass quickly enough."

The boys arrived, and were so shy and awkward that one could easily guess it was some time since they were deprived of the "rounding off" effect of family life, and Nell found herself again wondering why manners and deportment were so generally neglected

amongst boys. However, these had come to enjoy themselves and not to be found fault with, and Nell entered heartily into the task of giving them a happy holiday. She and Clare resolved to think beforehand of some amusements and games for the first evening, as that would be the most trying occasion, before the natural shyness had worn off.

"There is one good puzzling game I do not think they are likely to know," said Clare. "All the party, except one, troop into a room, and decide on some object there which the person left behind is to find out. They then put out the gas, leaving the room quite dark, go back and send in the one person alone, who soon returns with the right thing, though the room is dark, and not a word or look has been exchanged between him and anyone else."

"How very mysterious! How is it done?"

"Two people must know the secret. Suppose you to be the person left behind; I, with all the rest, go to the dining-room, and we select the bronze match-stand for you to discover. I stay last to put out the gas, and having done this, I quietly slip my watch on to the bronze, or leaning against it. You come in and though you can see nothing, guided by the ticking of the watch, you soon find the object chosen. If this should be found out, or you think well to make a change, a small luminous match-box proves an equally good guide. This game generally lasts a long time before both plans are discovered by every one."

"Then there is that ridiculous thing with the candles; do you know it, Clare? Two people (they will be boys in this case) kneel on the ground opposite each other. Each is to rest on one knee only, holding the other leg off the ground with one hand. A lighted candle is given to one, and an unlighted candle to the other. They then try to light the latter at the flame of the lighted one. It is most absurd to watch their attempts; you see the least movement throws them off their balance, though everyone thinks it so easy till they try."

"I should suggest sheets of newspaper being spread under the performers at this candle game," suggested Clare; "think of the grease! Or no doubt matches would do just as well as candles. It reminds me of a similar sort of thing. You make a boy stand with his back close to the wall, and be particular to see that his heels touch it. Then put a piece of money on the ground before him, and say he shall have it if he can stoop and pick it up without moving his heels from the wall."

"Quite easy, I should think!" cried Nell. But on trying it she found it to be quite impossible.

A game of a quieter sort called Sixteens proved to be very popular when the boys were tired and disinclined for much exertion of mind or body. Each player is provided with a set of little numbered cards an inch square, the cards of every set being of a different colour. Each set contains six cards of every number from one up to sixteen, so that there are ninety-six cards in every set. The dealer keeps his set mixed up in a bag from which he draws at random. The other players must arrange their cards before them on the table in little heaps, keeping the numbers separate, all the ones in one heap, the twos in another, and so on till he has, of course, sixteen heaps. In beginning to play, the dealer takes a card at random from his bag, calls the number on it and places it on the table before him. Each player takes one of the number called from his heap of that number, and places it as the caller has done. The object of the game is to get all the numbers arranged in order from one to sixteen; six separate rows are allowed, and it is bad play to put a high number below a lower one. For example:—

Dealer calls "16." All place this at the head of a row.

Dealer, "5." Five goes below sixteen.

Dealer, "11." Eleven must start a fresh row, as it would not do to put so high a number under five.

Dealer, "1." One is not put in a row, but in a place quite apart.

Dealer, "3." Three goes under five.
 Dealer, "4." Four goes under eleven.
 Dealer, "16." Sixteen starts a fresh row.
 Dealer, "14." Fourteen under sixteen.
 Dealer, "2." Two goes on the one already put apart.

3, 4, and 5 can now be taken from the rows and added to the heap on top of the 1 and 2.

It must be remembered that only six rows are allowed, and a player soon finds he cannot always avoid putting a high number below a low one. The numbers must be moved from the rows on to the heaps commenced by each "1" as it is called; and that player wins who is able to move all the numbers from the rows in this way. This, of course, cannot be done when the low numbers are blocked by higher numbers being placed under them.

A capital outdoor game for a dark evening was introduced by one of the boys. Each player was provided with a lantern, a sufficient number of which were easily borrowed in the village. The glass of one lantern had to be coloured; this was arranged by stretching some red silk outside the glass. This coloured lantern had to be of the sort which can be darkened at pleasure, but all the rest were of the ordinary description. The boy with the dark lantern set off first into the garden; when some distance away, well among the trees and shrubs, he showed his red light and waved it about so that everyone could see it, and then all the other clear lights set off in pursuit. When hard pressed, the red light might darken his lantern and thus escape in the darkness, but must show and wave his light again directly he was free from immediate pursuers. The one who succeeded in catching him had the honour of carrying the red light in the next game.

Will received for a Christmas present from his father a silver watch, greatly to his pride and joy; and some watch tricks which he knew were doubly delightful to exhibit when the watch was his own. He told Nell to choose any number on the dial, without letting him know which, however. When she had selected, he took a pencil and tapped upon the watch glass, telling her to count silently, at each tap, upwards from the number she had chosen till she reached twenty. At twenty, to her surprise, his pencil was pointing to the very number she had at first chosen! The explanation was this. He gave seven taps at hazard, anywhere on the glass; at the eighth tap his pencil must point to twelve, after which he must tap regularly round the dial backwards—that is to say, passing from twelve to eleven, ten and so on. It will then be found the pencil will have reached the number chosen by the puzzled

one at the same moment she reaches twenty in her silent counting.

Will then offered a small reward to anyone who should correctly set down from memory the figures on a watch dial, with pencil and paper. No one could succeed, though everyone protested he had done it correctly. On comparing their figures with the watch, it was found that the four was the misleading number, everyone having put the Roman IV., whilst on watches and clocks it is almost invariably written IIII.

For one evening Mark, who was now at home for the vacation, promised a musical entertainment on what he described as a human piano. The six boys and Clare were assistants, and everyone else was intensely mystified as to what they were going to see and hear. The assistants had many rehearsals and practisings, but all was kept so private that no one could surmise what was going on at these secret meetings. When the evening arrived, and the audience entered the room of entertainment, they saw a sheet stretched across one end, rising from the floor to the height of between two and three feet. Showing above the sheet was a row of round black objects placed exactly in line and about twelve inches apart. Behind them, facing the audience, stood Mark in evening dress, holding in his hand a bâton with a knob at the end, similar to a gong-hammer.

He introduced to the audience, in an amusing speech, his wonderful instrument. Each note, he said, was made of the best bell-metal, and they were all extremely sensitive, in more ways than one; the mere fact of talking about them, he said, was sufficient to cause a distinct vibration. Which was indeed perfectly true, for some of the round black objects became violently agitated and gave forth a sort of explosion, not unlike suppressed laughter. After polishing with a silk handkerchief the spherical notes, Mark proceeded to strike each with his hammer, and upon being knocked they gave a remarkably human tone. He pointed out that the instrument was tuned at present to the key of C major; the middle C giving forth also the upper C when struck in a different spot, and this explained there being only seven notes instead of the complete octave. He next gave a tune which was quite recognisable as "Home, Sweet Home;" but in Rousseau's Dream, which followed, some confusion occurred, the notes again became agitated, and a fresh start had to be made. Some other simple airs were given, with varying success; Mark keeping up a running commentary of amusing remarks and explanations; and the whole formed a most laughable exhibition.

The performers were really seated on the ground, with their backs to the audience, the shorter ones being on hassocks so as to bring the heads all to the same level. A black silk handkerchief was tightly stretched over the back and top of each head, knotted across the eyes, so that the rest of the face was free but kept turned carefully from the audience. Thus nothing was visible above the sheet but the sleek round silk-covered heads.

Nell's only trouble during this merry time was the sorry state of poor Roger. His course of true love had not run smooth, for it was plain to all that Clare cared nothing for him beyond the most ordinary friendship. Nell was the first to discover this, and was most anxious to spare her brother the pain of a refusal. She persuaded him to talk freely to her about it, which he had never done before; and was so sympathetic and gentle and sensible that Roger began to feel she was right and that Clare would never think of him excepting as a friend. He resolved to take Nell's advice and wait and hope, but, poor fellow, his hopes grew less during this Christmastide. Clare and Mark were much together, and it appeared more than likely that he had won from Clare that regard which Roger had despaired of. Nell tried not to be glad; but Mark was her favourite brother and Clare her only friend, and their attachment could not but give her pleasure. She devoted herself to Roger as far as he would let her, and found in him many qualities she had never before seen; meanwhile she thought in her heart this might be of use, in the end, to Roger, for a rebuff is sometimes salutary to one who is rather self-satisfied and inclined to be hard on the failings of others.

Mr. Lawrence's scheme for wet days was to engage a carpenter to come and give the boys practical lessons in the trade. Every rainy day the man came up (work being slack), and a lively carpentering class gathered in the play-room, round Frank's bench, making use of his tools and implements.

Nell sometimes joined the class and made a certain progress where neatness and dexterity were more needful than mere strength.

"How poor old Frank would rage if he could see us all using his tools and making free with his bench!" said George, pausing with plane in hand.

"I think he would be so glad to see us in any circumstances that he would forgive us at once," said Nell, cheerfully unconscious of the shavings in her hair.

Thus passed the holidays, and Nell and her brothers felt all the happier in knowing they had been able to give happiness to others.

[THE END.]

