—Camilla had unconsciously learnt them all. The gentle, low-toned voice, that Wendell had held as his ideal for so many years, the quiet step, the indefinably restful and soothing influence, the ready sympathy, the quick intelligence—all that had seemed most delightful to him in Constance he found possessed by Camilla, with the added charms of youth and innocent girlhood. Soon, very soon, he realised that he was looking in the glass that reflected lined face and grizzled hair, and counting the years that lay between nineteen and thirty-six. He was very glad that he was not quite twice her age; but still, seventeen years was a long gap—it would seem a lifetime to Camilla, and the thought of the handsome young man who might, and who probably would, marry Camilla some two or three years later, was a very bitter pain. His rival only existed in his imagination. The young men of the place were few in number, and eminently unattractive in style and manner. Such as they were, Camilla was not popular with them; they thought her lacking in "go;" just as some of her girl-friends called her "old-fashioned," designating thereby the peculiar charm of gentleness and simplicity that had made Wendell love her. Camilla possessed the gift of being frankly contented and happy in a very quiet life, which is not a leading characteristic of the modern girl; and she had no desire to cultivate her talents till they became a profession or a "life's interest." It never struck her, indeed, that she needed an interest in life while she had Mrs. Huntly to love, and a great green garden, with birds and flowers and pets of many kinds, to roam in. Her voice was sweet, and had been as much trained as her youth allowed; but she neither spoke nor thought of music as her "chief gift" or "greatest talent"—she only played and sang because she loved music and singing. Major Wendell's visit made a pleasant episode in the summer weather. She had often heard Mrs. Huntly talk of him, and to meet him was like seeing someone out of a book. He had tales to tell of strange things he had done, seen, or heard of, in lands that were very far off; stories grave and gay of heroism and adventure, and descriptions of birds, beasts, and flowers under other skies, to which Camilla listened wide-eyed and wondering, like the child she had been not long before.

He was not an imaginative man, but sometimes, in the twilight, when Constance was sitting with Camilla leaning on the arm of her chair, the fair heads that were strangely similar close together, and the clear voices answering like voice and echo, he was ready to believe that the girl was the spirit of the woman's past youth.

Little by little his feelings on the subject of disparity of age between husband and wife grew less vehement. After all, seventeen years were not very much. He had not settled into middle-aged habits or ways. He was only thirty-six, and the steadfast love and watchful tenderness his heart could give were beyond the power of a younger man to bestow. Camilla would be twenty years old next birthday. Twenty was a woman's age, and she was so womanly and gentle for all her bright youth. It was not as though she were the conventional giggling girl, clamouring for society and amusement. Two facts were clear to him—he loved Camilla as he had never hoped or expected to be able to love, and the future without her would be a very dreary blank. Then came doubt and uncertainty. Could he hope that this beautiful girl cared for him? Was it possible that she might learn to love him in time?

Mrs. Huntly understood, for his dark eyes were more eloquent than he knew; but she said nothing, and Camilla went on her happy way feeling that the summer had brought her more sunshine than usual, but not knowing why.

Wendell learnt all that Mrs. Huntly could tell him about Camilla's relatives, but there was little to learn; she was an orphan, and the uncongenial half-sister was her nearest of kin. Two of her father's sisters were still living, but they appeared to care nothing for their niece, who was practically Mrs. Huntly's own child.

Camilla talked to him very freely about Mrs. Field.

"She wants to be kind," she said, "and she means so well; but she constantly says things that rub one the wrong way, and is irritating when she is trying her best to be nice. They have such a big, rich, hideous house, and she likes to change all the drawing-room furniture every year, so that she may be sure of having what she calls "the latest." They travel a good deal; and if they go anywhere near Paris, she sends me terrible hats covered with fruit and birds, and beaded jackets and wonderful blue and green gloves! I never see such things in shops; they must produce them from secret coffers when Charlotte appears; and I know they cost fortunes. I should like to show you my jewel-box of "impossibilities," all presents from Charlotte, only it seems wrong to make fun of her. But it is such an absurd collection—bracelets exactly like horseshoes, heavy solid gold things, with the nails faithfully represented, and "Good Luck" on them in letters large enough for a big street advertisement! Then there is a lovely moonstone utterly spoilt by having a hideous clown's face carved on it, and a brooch in the shape of a hansom cab, the driver done in coloured enamel and the horse crusted with diamonds! It is beautifully made—but how is one to wear a hansom cab? The last thing she sent me, just before you came, was a clock that wags its tail."

"A clock that wags its tail?" repeated Wendell.

"Yes; the clock is set in a dachshund's back, and the tail wags every minute; and when it strikes, the dog's tongue comes out. It's the silliest, funniest thing!"

"Do you like staying with your sister?"

"No, I am afraid I hate it. Aunt Constance makes me go sometimes, but I never stay more than a few days. Perhaps I should grow used to the house if I spent a month or two there, for I know I can adapt myself very easily. But a short visit makes me feel quite out of place there, and thoroughly out of tune here when I come back. It is a horrible feeling, and yet Charlotte is so kind."

At first Wendell had been delighted by the way Camilla spoke of Mrs. Huntly—her love and admiration for "Aunt Constance" had been evident every time she mentioned her name. But presently he grew jealous, and was quick to change the subject. Camilla noticed this, but it told her nothing.

(*To be continued.*)

MILLINERY AS A CAREER IN LIFE.

There are few careers in life that need more searching and careful investigation before entering upon, than those businesses which are open to ladies—those which are regarded as essentially "woman's work"; and to girls who propose to take up "millinery" as a life business, I should earnestly suggest that very careful investigation should be made by them, or for them by their friends, before launching themselves out upon such necessarily stormy seas.

The first point for a girl, or woman, to consider is a very important one, often overlooked—that is, have you a real "taste" for it? If not, do not attempt this line of business, for you will only sink in the mass of mediocrity. This point is usually passed over, and not considered sufficiently important; and yet is it not the very foundation of good work? To make a real success, you must be an artist by instinct, and then thoroughly trained. No work is ever well done that is done with weariness and distaste.

Here we find a basic difference between the English and French nations. In England, girls are often apprenticed to businesses for which they have no real aptitude, no inclination; and the result is necessarily weariness to the employed, and unsatisfactory work to the employer.

In France, no girl is put into any business unless she has a decided gift and calling that way. Hence, we find that French milliners are generally more successful than English milliners. I do not consider, from long experience of both, that English girls could not do quite as well; the real fact is, that we do not look upon the trade or profession from the right point of view.

In France, especially Paris, extreme care is taken that girls are only put into businesses for which they have a real desire and gift. This is the reason why so much more "art" is found in Paris than in London millinery. English parents usually accept the first opening which is offered, and thus do the girls a lifelong injury. I have found extraordinary differences in work and results arising from this very simple cause.

Every girl works better, and takes a vital interest in her work, if it is the one she prefers, or feels that she has a gift for it. The knowledge of a power, no matter how small, is always a solace during the early struggles; for in entering upon a milliner's life, girls must remember that they will be beset with many trials and difficulties, and doubtless some hardships, but none that a straightforward, upright woman cannot surmount.

No matter what opening discomforts meet you, in the end you must succeed if you have good taste and good training; for this combination is of the utmost value to any employer, and you can by your own exertions make yourself almost a necessity to the head of the house. I can testify from personal experience to this point, and if borne in mind, it will solace many a long hour of early drudgery which must inevitably be lived through.

Another important point to bear in mind is the extreme care that girls should take in selecting the business establishment to which they apprentice themselves. Here is the starting point of life's business journey, and every after association arises from this centre: the whole future, moral and practical, depends on this important choice. The most careful investigation should be made about the house and its antecedents before a girl settles to enter it. The character and status should be searched into, and also the class of girls with whom she is necessarily brought in contact. Lifelong friendships for good or evil will now be formed, and all future openings, and the entrance into other business houses later on, will depend upon this first all-important step. It is the keynote of life's chord, and from the note thus struck will come either harmony or discord in a girl's business life.

Many houses in the West-End are absolutely unfit for any good or nice-minded girl to enter: associations and surroundings are thoroughly wrong. Too much care cannot be given to this first selection.

It is quite easy to make enquiries; any good old-established wholesale millinery house in the City would give reliable information. The majority of the City houses are thoroughly sound in principle, and the forewomen and heads of the millinery departments are trustworthy and highly moral people.

Everyone is willing to give help and advice to a girl who desires to make an honest living, and advice on this point is not difficult to get.

Once started in a good house, if a girl has a certain amount of taste, her way is clear and straight, and she can in some years earn between £200 and £300 a year—say after seven or ten years of steady work. Talent can always command its own price; it is the old question of "skilled labour."

In starting in this business, supposing you find you have a decided taste for it, you must first find out about the different good houses in the West-End. You must decide whether you want to go into a shop, or into what is termed a "private house." Remember always, that the better the house, the more difficult will you find it to get in. As a rule a premium is required, and this is only fair. There is, of necessity, a certain amount of loss caused by all new untrained hands, and if you can manage to pay the premium, always go into a house, preferably, where it is asked. First, your position is better; second, the head is obliged to see that you are properly trained; whereas, if you go into a place where you pay nothing, you generally leave knowing nothing, or very little; you have no tie to the place, and some small change might turn you out, which would be very bad, and inevitably throw you back in your career.

Premiums vary in amount. If you live "out of the house," as it is termed, then the amount is generally from £15 to £20 down. If, on the other hand, you are "in the house," then it is from £30 to £40 the first year; the second year, in some houses, you give half the amount; in others you get "kept," as it is termed, whilst you "give time."

Every business house varies in its arrangements according to its standing. In some, apprenticeships last for three years; in others, for one year—there is no fixed rule. It may seem long, but it is invaluable to you in after life. I should urge every girl to take a large dose of patience and commonsense, and to go steadily through the grind! During your apprenticeship you are taught how to take care of stock, and its market value; you learn the difference between trade and retail prices; how, when, and where to buy; and a mass of general detail that you cannot possibly learn in any other way. The time is spent partly in the workroom and partly in the showroom, and thus the business of both branches is learned. Here you make your choice between "showroom" work and the "workroom," or practical millinery.

Then there is the "matching." This branch of the business, unfortunately, nearly everyone dislikes, and yet it is one of the most important parts of the work. In matching, you learn the various prices of all the different principal shops in the West-End, and the difference between their prices and the City houses. You find out the *specialité* of each house, and the qualities and prices of the materials. Your eye thus gets a perfect *colour training*—a most necessary part of a milliner's education. The untrained eye will think shades of colour will match when a trained eye can perceive a difference of two and, sometimes, three shades.

A well-born woman going into business has this perception more highly developed by nature than the ordinary business class. This branch of the profession, or trade, is carried to perfection in Paris; hence the wonderful mixtures and shades we find in Parisian millinery. Unfortunately, in England the same attention is not paid to it, consequently we find our colouring more crude and inharmonious.

Do not hurry over the early and disagreeable part of apprenticeship. Get all the knowledge you can, and store it away for future use. It is only when you are "matching," and doing the outside work, that you have the opportunity of acquiring knowledge about other businesses first hand. In after years all this will be invaluable. I have known many apprentices try to shirk all this work, and if they were asked a question about the different houses, could not answer, simply because they had paid no attention, while others could give you every information about the various shops.

If the day comes when you wish to have a business of your own, you will then be grateful for your practical knowledge. This is the reason why so many ladies have been unsuccessful—because they have been "heads of a business" without passing through this early, all-important training. Their ignorance of detail work places them at the mercy of their workers. It is only by doing the various duties yourself, that you can really arrive at teaching your own apprentices what they are to do, and how to do it thoroughly. Careless, badly-trained apprentices can cause more loss to a milliner than can be easily imagined. The delicate and fragile class of goods kept lose so easily their freshness; and if the greatest care be not taken with tulles and laces, gold and silver, loss must inevitably result from carelessness. I have seen a whole box of most expensive Parisian flowers utterly ruined, only because the apprentice forgot to put the cover on whilst the shop was being swept. It must be remembered that the "art" of millinery consists in delicacy of colouring; but fineness of touch and delicacy of colouring can only come with practice; and my strong advice is, never try to escape matching, as many girls do. Keep your eyes open, and be attentive to all that goes on; you will thus learn much about the large shops and their distinctive habits and methods.

All the stock in the workroom is arranged and tidied by apprentices under the supervision of the head of the workroom; and here you acquire valuable knowledge about methods of keeping and giving out stock. Remember that a large amount of patience is required, for an apprentice is at everyone's call, and has to "fetch and carry," so to say, and during the season is kept constantly going about. But when the slack, or dead season, begins, then the apprentice gets regularly and thoroughly taught the elementary parts of practical millinery—how to make head-linings, to hem velvet on the under-side, make elastic buttons and loops, and all the various small preliminary things which every practical milliner has to learn.

In some places regular "matchers" are kept; but I should advise anyone who wants to know the business thoroughly, not to shirk this work; never again will there come such an opportunity for acquiring outside knowledge.

The next step above an "apprentice" is called "improver." At this stage you are "kept," as it is technically termed, but you receive no salary for a year—you "give time." The "improver" is placed under the second hand, and by her taught various sorts of work. She "prepares" the shapes for the second hand. She is now taught how to make shapes of net and wire. This is almost an art in itself. Then comes the "dressing" of straws, and the making of straw shapes. Every first-class shop makes its own shapes, and guards them very carefully. The drawn lace and tulle shapes belong to the "improver's" department, and very carefully is she taught by the older hand. The cleaning of velvet which has become a little soiled—the whole art of making old things look new—is taught to the "improver." This course generally takes about one year, and then the next stage is "third hand."

Now come the elementary lessons in cutting-out; and here you must pay infinite attention. All the profits of a business may be ruined by a bad cutter; and the whole future economy of your own business, if you ever have one, will depend on how you first learn this art. No one who has not had practical experience in workrooms could imagine the wonderful difference that exists between workers in cutting-out. Some are economical and careful by nature; others slash at the material, if they are permitted to do so by the superintendent, and spoil fine velvet and other goods by leaving a variety of useless pieces and cuttings.

In Paris the organisation of the workroom is more perfect than in England, and the stockroom is termed the *manutention*, and most rigorously is it kept. The *premières* (or head milliners) are allowed a certain amount of material (velvet, ribbon, and flowers, or whatever it may be), to make each bonnet with, and the remnants, after the allowance has been made, belong to the milliner as her perquisite. Some cut far more carefully and cleverly than others do, and have consequently pieces left over. These they are often begged to sell to their companions, who, having wasted their own material, find themselves without sufficient to carry out their models, or the orders they may have in hand. In Paris there exists quite a rivalry in this cutting-out, much to the satisfaction of the heads of the house. This practice of economical cutting should be emulated by English girls. Alas! it is my experience that English cutters seldom are so economical as Frenchwomen: the latter are extravagant about other things, but they seldom waste their material.

When you reach the stage of "third hand," you begin to make all foundation trimmings, like *rouleaux* or *bandeaux*. You finish the "improver's" work, taking the lace hats from her and doing the finer work before it goes on to the "second hand," and then again to the *première* for final touches. If you are quick, and show talent, two months may see you pass on to the "second's" place. Everything depends upon yourself, and the care and attention you have shown. The head of the workroom is always on the watch to see who is "coming on," and reports progress at once to the head of the house.

Once that you are promoted to be a "second," you then work entirely for the *première*, or "first hand." Some of the trimming also comes to your share, and during the holidays of the "first hand," the "second" takes charge of the workroom, thus having plenty of practice in practical management before the time comes for actual responsibility.

Business houses vary in their arrangements about the "first hands," and head milliners.

Some have a Parisian *première* all the year round; others only for the season; and at some only English milliners are kept. If you can get into a house where a Parisian *première* is taken for the season fresh from Paris, it is better for your millinery education. There is, without doubt, a delicacy and finish about the French work that is lacking, I regret to say, in the usual run of English millinery. I have found more real pride in the work itself is taken by French girls. They have what they term an *amour propre* in their work, and do it well for the sake of the art—not only for the money they earn. And this is a basis I should recommend to everyone who proposes to undertake millinery as a trade. If ladies would work through the course I have here briefly sketched out, they would assuredly succeed in business, because they have two factors to start with—(1) refined taste; (2) a certain amount of personal influence; and if they can add to these two this practical course, there is no fear of failure. It is impossible to control and regulate the work done by subordinates unless you have passed practically through it yourself.

And now that the various trades are open to women, the barriers having been broken by the pioneers who have failed through their ignorance, those who come after may profit by the mistakes they made. And remember, that it is not incapacity for business, but lack of business training. Nothing can replace the course I have described: ignorance must always be paid for. In this world there are but too many people ready and willing to profit through the ignorance of others; and it is a fatal mistake to buy yourself into the position of being head of a house, when your smallest apprentice may rob you daily without your knowing anything about it. If you have a little capital, save it, and wait until you have done some of the drudgery; it will go twice as far, and last twice as long, when you have learned how, when, and where to spend it.

THE STUDIO MARIANO.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "My Brother's Friend," "Aldyth's Inheritance," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SITUATION DOES NOT IMPROVE.

RUNNING blindly down the stairs, with no purpose save a desire to get away from Maud, Enid came upon Miss Strutt slowly ascending the staircase with several small parcels in her hand. The girl would have passed without a word had not Miss Strutt caught her by the arm.

"Enid, what has happened? Where are you going?"

"Nothing! At least, nothing that I can tell you," said Enid, making an effort to conquer her agitation.

"Then do not tell me," said Miss Strutt kindly; "only—whither are you going in such haste?"

"I am going nowhere in particular," said Enid, looking down in shame. "I suppose I was going to the *pension*."

"Come to my room instead," said Miss Strutt soothingly. "I am just going to make myself a cup of tea, and I should be glad of your company."

Enid hesitated. "I had better not come now," she said; "I am not in a mood to be good company for anyone."

"Then come and be bad company," said Miss Strutt smiling. "My dear, I see you are in trouble, and I will not worry you. I will give you a cup of good tea—they say tea is a comfort to women in every sort of trouble—and you need not say a word unless you like."

So Enid followed her. By this time her passion was spent, and she was beginning to be thoroughly ashamed of the way in which it had moved her.

Miss Strutt placed the girl in a comfortable chair by the stove, and then left her alone whilst she busied herself in emptying the small grocery packets she had been purchasing. She had many preparations to make ere the tea was ready. Maud would have been moved to contemptuous pity could she have watched the precise, particular way in which the old maid arranged everything, and she would certainly have laughed at the odd figure Miss Strutt presented as she moved about in a short full-flounced skirt, of a style that for many years had ceased to be the mode. But Enid was too absorbed in her own sorrowful thoughts to pay any heed to Miss Strutt. That lady, however, was quietly observing Enid, and she presently saw her turn her head aside, and knew that she was shedding tears. But still Miss Strutt kept silence.

At last, when the tea was made, she drew a little table to Enid's side, and placed on it a cup of tea and some biscuits.

"There, my dear," she said kindly, "take your tea, and you will feel better afterwards."

Enid looked up at her with eyes full of tears.

"Miss Strutt," she said, "you have no idea what a dreadful temper I have."

"Have you?" said Miss Strutt smiling. "Well, certainly I had no such idea."

"I wish I could take things quietly," continued Enid; "but when anything vexes me I fire up, and speak so angrily, and do things for which I am sorry afterwards. Maud has far more self-control than I have."

"It is a good thing to have self-control," said Miss Strutt. "Some persons are naturally cool and self-possessed; but for one of your temperament self-restraint is never easy. You can only learn to control yourself by constant effort and much watchfulness."

"That is what mother has often told me," said Enid, with a sigh; "and I thought I had learned to conquer my temper; but I suppose it was only that I found it easy to be good-tempered when I was at home. So many things have happened to put me out since I came to Rome. And I thought I was going to be so happy here!"

Enid's tears began to gather anew.

"You have been happy," said Miss Strutt. "Don't magnify your troubles, child. I am sure it has often gladdened my heart to see your bright face, for I like to feel that some lives are full of sunshine, though mine is lived in the shade. You have had much enjoyment since you came to Rome."

"Indeed I have—you are right," said Enid, smiling in spite of herself. "But I do not think I can enjoy anything more. I would go home to-morrow if I could."

"Oh, nonsense! This will pass," said Miss Strutt briskly. "You young things always fancy that your troubles are going to last for ever. In a week's time you will be as eager to remain in Rome as you were at first. And what would Herr Schmitz say if you ran away? You forget your work. How are you getting on with your violets, by-the-bye?"

"I tore the painting up this afternoon," said Enid, colouring deeply.

"My dear, you do not mean that!" exclaimed Miss Strutt quickly. "What could make you do so? You seemed to me to be succeeding so well. If you got your colours into a muddle you should have come to me before doing anything so desperate."

"It was not that," said Enid, with deepening confusion; "it was not because I was disgusted with my work. I did it in a fit of temper."

Miss Strutt looked amazed.

"It was very foolish of me," faltered Enid. "I am sorry for it now—but it is too late."

"Such regrets are generally too late," said Miss Strutt gravely. "Well, it is a good thing you only destroyed your picture. Greater things are often destroyed in a fit of temper—friendships, loves—that are very precious. Ah, it is terrible to think what one may be led to do or say under the influence of passion."

Enid felt the solemnity of her tone. "Oh, Miss Strutt," she said, "I am frightened at myself sometimes! It is so hard to be right."

"Yes, life is not easy," said the elder woman; "at least, a true life never is. We must strive and struggle if we would follow the path of perfection. But the end is worth the struggle."

She laid down her cup, rose, and crossed the room to where a bureau stood against the wall. Enid did not watch her movements. She was thinking of what Miss Strutt had said. There was silence for some minutes. Miss Strutt was bending over a small picture which she had taken from a drawer. She looked at it long, and hesitated.