unwittingly dropped it. The colonel stooped to pick it up, and, as he did so, remembered that he had yet other matters on which he wished to speak to Miss Capella.

"We were talking of your numerous duties," he said, seating himself in the chair on the opposite side of the rug. "Can you induce Jeanie to share some with you? You must have observed how prone she is to indulge in—what shall I call it—a meditative or an ideal life?—which, I fear, often means another phase of idleness. You have great influence over her. Persuade her to practise her music more, at regular times; also her drawing. Could she not help with some of Beth's lessons? If you think her capable, by all means let her do so. Then, with regard to her needle—she seldom uses one—encourage her to its use. Will you? I like to see a woman with her needle. It becomes her; it is natural to her."

"I will remember your wishes in all particulars," replied Sybil, well pleased with the reflection that she was herself seldom, if ever, seen without some knitting or sewing, when not otherwise engaged. Did he wish Jeanie to resemble her? she wondered.

"I am sure you will. Indeed, it is because you make yourself so invaluable to us that I presume to trespass upon your kindness by asking more favours. Have you observed anything special respecting Jeanie of late?" he asked with an assumed carelessness.

Sybil read the tone of anxiety beneath his manner, and guessed its source.

"With regard to Mr. Rolfe?"

"Exactly; and I see by your words that my fear does not exist alone in my imagination."

"I think he greatly admires Jeanie."

"I am of the same opinion. Oblige me, therefore, by not allowing too many opportunities for intercourse between them. Not that I dislike the young man. On the contrary, I highly appreciate his intelligence, business capacity, and unassuming manner. *Still*, I know nothing of himself or his family beyond what I have observed during his visits here. Without giving occasion for distrust, we must watch carefully."

"I will do my utmost," she answered, well pleased with the pronoun the colonel had used, and thinking, "Ah! If it were more often—we."

"Thanks. I will now write your housekeeping cheques. I fear I have detained you a long time."

"It has been a happy hour," she replied in a very low voice.

"Here are the cheques, Miss Capella. This"—as he laid one over the other—"£10 is for half your first quarter. I daresay you will not object to having it in advance. Young ladies do not generally find themselves too well provided with pin-money."

She thanked him and blushed deeply as he held open the door for her to pass out.

(*To be continued.*)

POLITE LANGUAGE AS A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

A QUAKER, who had made a large fortune as a merchant in Liverpool, was once asked how he had managed it.

"By a single article," he answered, "in which everyone may deal who pleases—civility."

Now, girls, if you want to be successes in the world, just take note of the words of that shrewd old Friend. He know how to mount the ladder of fortune.

Hundreds and thousands have started in life with no advantages to speak of in money or position, and got on by civility alone. No doubt they had brains at the back of civility, but it was the silver tongue and the courteous manner that made it easy for their talents to find employment.

"Win hearts," said Lord Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "and you have people's purses at command." And the sure way to win hearts is to show our good breeding by civil speeches and amiable deeds.

It is not so long since a story went the round of the papers, of a man who had put himself about in a good-natured way for a lady—a perfect stranger—and thirty years after was surprised by receiving news that she had left him a legacy of fifteen thousand pounds. Such things do not happen often on this big scale, and the reward is not always in hard cash; but it is seldom indeed that polite language fails in getting a profitable return of some sort or other.

Polite language does not necessarily mean polite words. There is a language of action as well as of speech. When Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his cloak in the mud so that his royal mistress might not soil her shoes, he employed a piece of polite language that proved remunerative to him for many a day.

We get an illustration of a very different sort in Sarah, the great Duchess of Marlborough, when she took to squabbling with Queen Anne, and silenced Her Majesty by screaming, "Hold your tongue!" It was an unfortunate remark, that took away the Queen's breath, and put the Duchess out of favour for ever.

Impolite language has been turned to profit, but not often, which is something to be glad of. When the famous Cardinal Mazarin had a number of libellous pamphlets written about him, he pretended that he was in an overwhelming rage, and bought up as many copies as he could, for the purpose, as it was thought, of burning them. But once they were in his possession he had them secretly sold at a high price, and made several thousand pounds by the transaction. This example is not quoted for imitation—and besides, it will be observed that it was not the utterers of the impolite language who made the profit, but he against whom it was directed.

Our language shows what we are. It was all very well for a distinguished man to say once that "Tongues are given us to conceal our thoughts." Now and again tongues may be made available for this purpose, but as a general rule, in a girl's words you can read her mind. A rude address—a rude mind; gentle words—gentle thoughts. Politeness cannot dispense with good qualities in our hearts, and to have our language as it ought to be, we must ourselves be as we ought to be.

A great recommendation of politeness is, that it costs nothing. No girl need neglect it because times are hard, and she finds herself with an empty pocket. From this point of view it is one of the most surprising investments known.

"There is no policy," says Lord Lytton, "like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name, or to supply the want of it." It makes a quick impression, and secures many a favour. How much we feel inclined to do for polite people, whereas those who are uncivil never get willing service from anybody. Courteous greetings, civil answers, "Kindly do this," and "Kindly do that," seem trifles hardly worth speaking about, but what an unhappy world it would be without them.

It is a common observation that the most successful shops are conducted on the lines suggested by the old Quaker we have mentioned. The uncommonly civil apothecary, however, who used to put on his mixtures, "To be taken twice a day (if you please)," rather ran the thing to death.

The perfection of polite language is shown in an anecdote told by a traveller in the East. He had taken a parting cup of coffee with the postmaster of Pella when he had the misfortune to set his foot on a handsome pipe-bowl. Crash went the bowl. The Mohammedan sat unmoved.

The traveller apologised.

"The breaking of such a pipe-bowl," said the postmaster, "would indeed, under ordinary circumstances, be disagreeable, but in a friend every action has its charms."

Some people appear to be as different as possible from this Oriental postmaster, and to take a positive pleasure in being rude. They perhaps think it shows their independence, though it really indicates nothing so much as their vulgarity. They pride themselves on being frank and saying whatever comes uppermost. Frankness certainly is charming, but with well-trained people nothing comes uppermost but courtesy. Uncourteous thoughts—and we all have uncourteous thoughts sometimes—never rise to the top, and so never find expression.

"Nothing is more silly," says a well-known writer, "than the delight some people take in speaking their mind. A girl of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, quite as innocent, might have preserved her friend or made her fortune."

Rudeness is a way some have of showing their importance. They act as if they thought that being a little above others in the world entitled them to do and say what they please. This is more the fault of people who have risen from nothing than of those who have been long accustomed to good society. If Napoleon Bonaparte had been a royal personage by birth, he would likely enough have been better bred than to go about his Court, as he did, saying to the ladies, "How red your elbows are!" "What an ugly headdress you have got!" "Do you never change your gown: I have seen you in that twenty times!"—and so on. He was very different from the monarch of the polite stamp, who, when approaching his latter end, raised his head, and begged his courtiers would kindly excuse his taking such a long time to die!

The famous Dr. Johnson was a notable example of rudeness, and but for his great powers of mind—not to speak of other praiseworthy qualities—and the fact that society in his day was of a coarser texture than it is in our time, he would have been allowed to keep company with himself alone. Certainly he would not be tolerated nowadays. Even as it was he got the cold shoulder in some quarters. When asked why he was not invited out to dine, as Garrick was, he answered, as if it were a triumph for him, "Because great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped."

"Who does like," says Northcote, commenting on this remark, "to have his mouth stopped? Did he, more than others?"

We saw a writer the other day describing him as an old bear who was "privileged in rudeness"—as if anyone ought to be privileged in rudeness. No matter what may be one's talents or position, the only suitable garb is courtesy.

"The turn of a sentence," remarks Bentham, "has decided the fate of many a friendship. So when one is tempted either to write or speak a clever but sharp thing, though it may be difficult to restrain it, it is always better to leave it unexpressed." An unkind word may check the dearest love, and the misery of a life be caused by a rude observation.

Polite language pays better in our own homes than anywhere else. The return is not in money, but in love and happiness, which surely is good payment. Begin then, girls, with politeness at home. Courtesy to strangers may leave its mark in a cash account, and entitle us in other ways to be called successful people, but what is that compared to the reward to be met with by a joyous fireside?

The "You're a goose" and "You're another" style of conversation is common in some families; as if the familiarity of the domestic circle were a sufficient excuse for rudeness. But by really well-bred people there is as much politeness shown at home as abroad; intimacy with them may do away with formality, but never with politeness.

There is a danger to which—seeing its influence in making things happy all round—the polite are liable. They may allow their politeness to acquire more or less the character of flattery and insincerity. But a sensible girl will avoid this: her polite language will come always direct from a truthful heart, for it is only then that it deserves, or is at all likely to be, a profitable investment.

JAMES MASON.

BASKET-MAKING.

PART II.

WE left our garden-basket with a "wail" waiting for its border, and as the border is the most difficult part of the basket, we will put the simplest border to this first basket. The "four-border" is the easiest, and is the border commonly seen round the tops of hampers or any baskets which don't require elaborate finishing.

Soak your basket well for an hour or two before you attempt the border; then when it is thoroughly wet, and the rods are not likely to kink, you can begin your border. You work with the uprights, and unless you break some of them, you won't require any fresh rods; but it is as well to have a few soaked in readiness, for accidents will happen even to the best basket-makers.

Now lay down three uprights towards the front of your basket, pull them down firmly, and don't let them kink; work from left to right; call the first upright you lay down *a*, and the second—the one to your right—*b*, the third *c*, and so on.

Take a fourth upright, to be called *d*, and put it *behind* the two next uprights; pull it out in front of the basket; now take *a* and pass it in front of *e* and *f* and behind *g*, bringing it into the front again, between *g* and *h*. You will be glad to hear *a* is now finished with altogether; he is out of the game, and would puzzle the tyro less if he could be cut off at once, instead of leaving him to the end of the border, as basket-makers do. But as this must not be done, push the tip of *a* through the basket anywhere, just to show you he is done with.

Now take *d*, pass him in front of *h* and *i*—forgive the bad grammar—and pass him behind *j*, bringing him out between *j* and *k*.

Lay down *e*, this time towards the back of the basket, pass it behind *f* and *g*, and in front of *h*.

Take *b*, pass it along in front of the basket past the two next uprights *f* and *g*, and behind *h*, push the tip through the basket to show you have now finished with *b*, and take *e*, pass it behind *i* and *j* and in front of *k*.

Then lay down *f*, pass it behind *g* and *h* and in front of *i*; go back for *c*, pass it along in front of *g* and *h* and behind *i*, bring it to the front between *i* and *j*, and push the tip into the wicker-work—for *c* is now finished with.

Every time you lay down a fresh upright, you leave off working with another upright; you never work with more than four at a time in a "four-border;" when you lay down *e*, *a* falls out, when you lay down *f*, *b* falls out, and so on all round the border.

You continue working in the above way all round the basket; you will probably have "caught the stroke," as basket-makers say, before you have finished, and then it will not seem so puzzling.

The finishing-off is simple; when you lay down your last upright, you cut off the tip, leaving about three or four inches, and slipe this off and push it down between the stakes; do this to the other three you are working with, pushing them down between the stakes; it does not much matter where, so long as you don't put them all together, and you finish off neatly.

You then go round the basket with your knife, cutting off quite close to the border all the rods you have left waiting to be cut off. You must leave them to the end, puzzling as they are, or the border would not be firm; but if you push them into the basket, as suggested above, they won't trouble you much; if you leave them loose, you are puzzled to know which to use next.

The "seven-border" is worked in the same way as the four, only you lay down six uprights at the beginning instead of three; it would look very puzzling described on paper, but it is not really much more difficult than the "four-border;" it is better, though, to get into the way of doing the simplest border first, before attempting the more complicated.

For fancy borders, it would be a good plan to take a lesson of a basket-maker, as it is easy to show how to do a fancy-border, but exceedingly difficult to make it clear on paper.

The garden-basket now wants a handle, and for this you must use the bodkin; for the handles of amateur basket-makers are apt to come out. Choose three moderately stout rods, soak them well, slipe off the butts, and with the bodkin push them well down, nearly to the bottom of the basket, through the border and between the stakes; then plait them together in the ordinary three plait, till your handle is the length you wish; cut off the tips leaving a good three inches to push into the basket with the bodkin on the opposite side of our round and rather flat garden-basket. This basket might be made an oval shape instead of round if the bottom were oval, but it is prettier in the round shape, and can be used for fruit or flowers.

The French *hotte*, such as is worn on the back by the Swiss peasants to carry wood, etc., is a very pretty, useful basket, not at all difficult to make; in fact, it is much easier than English baskets, because it does not require any tying the slart, as the bottom is of wood.

Any carpenter could cut out the wooden bottom shown at Fig. 1; a flat piece of wood about four inches square rounded off into this shape is all that is required for the bottom of a *hotte*.

It must have 19 holes perforated in it as in the diagram, to hold the uprights. Now take 19 good-sized rods, slipe off the butts, and push one through each hole till you have set