

gentle dignity of manner about her, and a gravity that became her earnest, thoughtful eyes. Dr. Grey found her a charming person to talk to, as from equal to equal; hitherto he had only treated her as a dear child; now she was a woman whom he respected. And the rector's opinion of her made itself felt. No one dreamed of not seeing Marjorie now; she was recognised by high and low alike, for she commanded the respect of everyone.

She came in from a walk with Snap one frosty day, her cheeks glowing with that beautiful colour that Bob had so frankly praised.

Her mother was reading a letter, the envelope of which lay upon her lap, face upwards. The moment Marjorie's eyes rested upon it she gave a cry.

"Mother, who wrote that letter? Whose writing is that?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Hunter, taking up the envelope, "why? It is a letter to me."

"Yes, I know, I know; but who wrote it?" imperiously demanded Marjorie. "Tell me who wrote it?"

"What makes you ask in that excited way?" Mrs. Hunter had her own reasons for not wishing to show that letter to her daughter. To her astonishment, Marjorie burst into tears.

"What's the matter, child? Why are you so strange?"

"Can't you understand, mother? That is

the writing of the manuscript. The same hand wrote both."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Hunter in surprise.

"Oh, it is! don't you think I know it? That handwriting is burned into my heart. Tell me now the name of the writer."

"Mr. Hewson," answered her mother.

"Don't say his name! No, no, mother; it can't be Mr. Hewson."

"Yes, dear, it is. This letter is from him. But you may be mistaken about the likeness."

"There is no mistake there; no mistake is possible; I know it too well. Oh, it is hard that he should be the one," wailed Marjorie. "I was beginning to forget—I was beginning to be so happy. This comes to remind me never to forget."

"Perhaps it means something else," said Mrs. Hunter tremulously.

"No, no," said Marjorie despairingly. "And to think that it should have been his, and he must have known it all along. Oh, mother, how he must despise me! I shall never dare look him in the face again! Mother, mother!"

She hid her face in her mother's lap and sobbed as if her heart would break. Somehow Mrs. Hunter was not as sympathetic as usual. Indeed, only it was impossible for her to smile when Marjorie was sobbing, one would almost say that a smile did lurk about her mouth.

"I had not intended to show you Mr. Hewson's letter, but perhaps you had better read it now, my pet."

There, kneeling beside her mother, Marjorie read the letter written in that fatal handwriting. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes, all dewy with tears, brightened, for the letter contained words that should only be seen by these two. Mr. Hewson poured out his heart to the mother, and besought her to give him permission to try and win Marjorie for his wife. He had loved her from the first, but since that memorable prize-reading, when she had nobly acknowledged her fault, he had honoured and admired her as well.

And so it came to pass that at about the time when Mrs. Winthrop, in her idle talk, had predicted Marjorie would be leaving her mother, she was married to Mr. Hewson.

Bob, who was of age now, would have plunged his estate into hopeless debt to buy wedding presents upon a gorgeous scale, only Marjorie absolutely forbade him to do so. He still adheres to his early opinion, however, and does not care much for women—who are poor creatures, he thinks. But he always makes an exception in favour of Mrs. Hewson, who is the grandest and noblest being, man or woman, he ever met, and so brave, too—fit to command the Royal Horse Artillery, or, for that matter, the whole British army—in Bob's estimation.

[THE END.]

A WINTER HOLIDAY FOR TEN POUNDS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



WHAT prescription so agreeable for the overworked or the ailing, in body, mind, or nerves, than change of air and scene, away from the business and the noise of town life, with the trying interruptions of work, as grievous to the brain-worker as the perpetual stoppages and starting again to the ill-starred omnibus hack? To break off the thread of your subject, and to take up the dropped

stitches—what an effort it is, and how the weary brain needs a time of waking rest over and above the forgetfulness of sleep.

"We know all this," I fancy my reader to say; "but how and where can this rest be attained?"

I know there are many classes amongst you, my friends, to whose special cases some careful thought must be given. There are those whose relations and acquaintances have no means of providing this refreshment; others are too far removed to offer it, or they are lacking in thoughtfulness, if not in hospitality. Some of you might be welcomed with gladness by friends residing in bleak or damp localities;—that would not tend to the restoration of your health, supposing that to be your object. And there are others who have no friends or relations anywhere, and are

thrown entirely upon their own resources during the fogs and the storms of winter. Thus the question of having to "pay the piper" is one that gives rise to anxious calculations and doubtings, many and depressing.

I will suppose that my readers, thus perplexed, can subscribe towards this health-restoring object just merely a ten-pound note, which must cover the expenses of return train tickets, cabs, fees, board and lodging. If so, then perhaps they will accept a few friendly suggestions from a change-loving traveller like myself.

The first place that shall have a recommendation from me is within the limits of our southern shores, but considerably removed from town—I allude to Penzance, within eleven miles of the Land's End, at the extreme south-west of England, and the most genial locality anywhere to be found with the exception of the Channel and Scilly Islands. The price of a return ticket from Paddington to Penzance for one month is £3 13s., and the distance to be traversed is 328 miles. Living is comparatively cheap; food of all kinds—clotted cream included—abundant. The people are very obliging, honest, and primitive. The lodgings, though not exceedingly plentiful, are reasonable as to price in Alexandra and other Terraces, and would not be difficult to procure in the winter. At one house, kept by a lady, situated on the esplanade, you may be boarded by the day if you prefer the greater convenience it would offer as compared to a lodging where you would have to provide for yourself. To many, however, the little visits to the market, and the daily shopping in the early morning, prove rather an amusement than a trouble. The beach is of sand, and in summer there is good bathing; but as a winter resort it is sufficient to say that there are excellent baths on the esplanade, which extends for a distance of half a mile or more. There are four wide streets, good shops, and to give an idea of the size

of the town, I may observe that the population numbers from 10,000 to 11,000.

You will observe that, setting aside £4 for travelling expenses, cabs and porters included, you will have £6 for your board and lodging. About 30s. a week should pay for these, so we think you might enjoy a three weeks' holiday and keep your expenses strictly within the £10 which I suggest as sufficient for its accomplishment.

The next question that naturally arises is this: "What is there to repay the long journey and the cost at Penzance?" Much. The little town is sheltered on the north and east from those winds that so much try us in England during the winter and early spring; and the air of that southern shore is mild while it is not relaxing. The rocks that form a frame for that verdant and flowery land are picturesque and wild, contrasting well with the green below and the glorious blue of the open sea in front. But not alone is there much to please the eye in all the surroundings of that charming place; there are inducements to take walks in many directions, and there are plenty of cheap conveyances likewise.

When I visit a gallery of pictures, the first thing I do is to sit down in a central position, and take a general view of the whole collection, instead of making a special examination of each picture consecutively. I then note the characteristics of the gallery as a whole, and those works that pre-eminently deserve a notice. And so my first query in making a selection of a place which is to give brain rest and refreshment, as well as a soothing or invigorating tonic to the body, should certainly be, "What circumstances of pleasurable interest does it supply?"

Are you an enthusiast, more or less, about Nature in any form, or about any pursuit? Are you, for instance, a draughtswoman or painter, a collector of flowers and ferns, of fossils or minerals? Have you a love for archaeological research, and of old castles and churches? For this small island home of ours



A SCENE ON THE SEINE DURING THE FROSTS OF 1891.

is rich in the provision it supplies to those who can either appreciate beauty in art, who have souls that can revere antiquity, and delight in historical research. Many are the "sermons in stones" which they may read, and many the visible demonstrations of facts which they have only received at second-hand from books, but of which it would rejoice them to discover some ocular and tangible confirmation.

Now, it seems to me that but few of our English health resorts, suitable for a winter season, can offer such a variety of attractions as this same Cornish land. St. Michael's Mount, crowned with the old monastic house, is a distinctive feature of Penzance, rising, so grandly as it does, to a height of 250 feet, and of which I have something else to say a little later on in my pen-sketch. If able to take a walk of two miles and a half, you might visit the two fishing hamlets of Mousehole and Newlyn, both having some special interest connected with the Artists' school of the neighbourhood. If not quite equal to making excursions on foot, there are many that can be enjoyed at a trifling cost; such as that to the Logan Rock, Gurnard's Head, Porthcurnow, the Atlantic Telegraph Station—a wild and desolate spot; where, if disposed to collect tiny shells for the "Sea-shell Mission," or a children's hospital, you will find a beach almost entirely composed of them, and could fill as big a basket, or as many little bags, as you would care to carry home to your lodging.

Should you fancy an expedition to the mines, there are those of Levant and Botalack; and to the Lizard's Point, and Whitesand Bay beyond it, a delightful day's "outing" may be made. All these places of interest that cluster round this most attractive spot for a winter visit, are easily accessible by means of a host of Jersey cars, brakes, and omnibuses.

To speak of excursions in winter time in a country which has been said to possess no "climate," but only "weather," would seem to such detractors an attempt at imposture. A so-called "pet day" might be found in the far north; but a genial season in December, in January, February, and March, may rarely be reckoned upon this side of the Alps. According, however, to Dr. G. B. Millett, the Medical Officer of Health, and Hon. Sec. of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall: "When other places in this country are undergoing the extremes of winter, Penzance is enjoying at least the delights of spring," if not of actual summer. "The average winter temperature," he goes on to say, "is high, while that of summer is comparatively low"; and "the annual rainfall is generally about forty-three inches." I do not recommend sea-bathing in winter; but there is a large swimming bath, which, if fairly warmed, might prove an acquisition to many in that season; and if the seeker for rest and change be disposed to make the excursions I have indicated, there are several acres of pleasure ground which may be enjoyed without cost or fatigue in turn with strolls on the sands and esplanade.

This southern extremity of Cornwall, and what is more advisedly called the Land's End, was once a county of far greater dimensions, and extended to the outside limits of the Scilly Islands—reduced to "islands" by the deluge of waters that swept over that tract of land, gradually at first, and then in a terrible rush. This splendidly fertile country of Lethowsow, or Lyonesse, was inhabited by a people named the "Silures," who were remarkable for their piety as well as their industry, for no less than 140 churches attested the fact. Several large towns were submerged below a sweep of ocean, twenty-seven miles in breadth, between the Land's End and the Scilly Islands. This terrible visitation occurred (according to the *Saxon Chronicle*) on November 9th, 1099; and on this same day,

according to Stow also, the tide rose in an unprecedented manner, "brake over the banks of the Thames, and drowned many towns, and much people and cattle. At which time the lands in Kent, that sometime belonged to Duke Godwyne, Earl of Kent, were covered with sandes, and drowned, which to this day are called 'Godwyne Sandes.'"

Two persons are specially recorded as having been almost miraculously saved from the wholesale destruction that fell on the south-western part of England at this time—a member of the Trevilian family, since settled in Somersetshire—which bears the horse as a charge on its escutcheon in memory of the horse on which he made his escape; the other was the Lord of Goonhilly, who owned a portion of Lyonesse, and who founded a small oratory—the "Chapel Idne" (or "narrow chapel")—and fled for refuge to Sennen Cove. It is said that the flats between the islands of Brehar, Sampson, and Trescaw are quite dry at a spring tide, and men can pass dry shod from one to another over the sandbanks, over which there are ten or twelve feet of water at full tide; and here, upon the shifting of the sands, walls and other ruins have been clearly seen. Between two shoals in the channel called "Crow Sound," there are but four feet of water. These and many other facts are stated by the Rev. Wm. Borlase. In some places round the coast of Cornwall the remains of trees are to be seen in twelve feet of water. The encroachments of the sea have been very great in the sea-board of Falmouth also, where the black rock in the harbour was once a large island; and there was a wood six miles south of St. Michael's Mount, extending from Cudden Rock to Clement's Isle. I promised to tell you something of the Mount. It is said to have originally been "a hoare rock in a wood," and it seems that the ancient Britons inhabiting those parts believed in the apparition of St. Michael to an anchorite on that mount, and that he directed him to build a church on the top, A.D. 495. Long afterwards Edward the Confessor founded an abbey there of Benedictine monks, A.D. 1044, and a chapel, part of which is now a dwelling-house. A large lake once existed in the forest on the western side of Mount's Bay, between the villages of Mousehole and Newlyn, which disappeared when the sea submerged the land; and J. T. Blight asserts that, passing by boat from the Mount to Penzance at low tide on a summer's day, he saw "black masses of trees in the white sands, extending far out into the bay"; and that on another occasion, after a violent equinoctial gale, "large trunks of trees were thrown up on the shore beyond Chyadour."

Cornwall was visited by another terrible catastrophe, and this by sand instead of water. On her northern shores a large and wealthy city, surrounded by highly-cultivated and wooded lands, and enriched by lead and tin mines, entitled Langarrow (or Langona), reputed to have been the largest city in Britain, was overwhelmed beneath a terrible sandstorm, and buried deeply beneath it.

This awful visitation is stated to have taken place 900 years ago, and in reference to it there has ever since existed a belief that it befel that city as a judgment on the more than ordinary wickedness with which it was credited. Having been selected as a convict settlement for the purpose of carrying out certain very large and important works, the convicts were permitted to intermarry with the inhabitants of the city, and so corrupted the morals of the lower orders, that to this fact the extraordinary phenomenon of a prodigious sandstorm, resembling those of the African deserts, was universally attributed.

But not alone was this city and neighbourhood swallowed up by the sand, but the towns of Lelant and Phillack, the former owning the

mother-church of St. Ives. *Crantock* also, a trading town, having a religious house with a dean and nine prebends, was buried; and on Gwithian sands the remains of a church have been found. A farmhouse (the Barton of Upton) was more recently overwhelmed in a single night, and discovered again a hundred years after, through the shifting of the sand, in the winter of 1808-9. At Gwithian the good folk have saved their town and church by the planting of rushes (the spire), which is the best protective against at least the gradual encroachments of the sand, if not a sufficient barrier against a tremendous storm.

The Logan Rock is another object of interest, and once of superstitious regard, certain diseases in children being supposed to be cured by rocking them upon it. But one Lieutenant Goldsmith upset this natural curiosity in April, 1824; and although the Lords of the Admiralty were induced to replace it, the supposed charm was broken. The name *logan* is derived from the Cornish verb "to log"—i.e., to "vibrate" or "roll" like a drunken man. The great stone was said to have been so poised and blessed by St. Ambrose; but as the words *ambus* or *main ambus* signify "annointed" or "consecrated stones" (according to C. S. Gilbert), we have not far to seek for a derivation of the name, and may leave the good old saint out of the history. Druidical circles of stones may be found in many parts of this dukedom of Cornwall, and those who can add another pound to the ten for which I have bargained for the winter's holiday, might make some interesting archaeological quests.

On the road to the Land's End you will pass one of these circles—a collection of nine; and the "Hurlers," on the moors near the "Cheesewring," in St. Cleer, is another of these interesting monuments which local tradition declares to be the actual persons of Sabbath-breakers, who for their rebellion against the Divine law, and intentional profanity, were stricken to death and turned into stone in the midst of their supposed most daring recreation.

I can scarcely omit to say that, were a fine opportunity to occur for a short sojourn in the Scilly Islands, no better locality could be indicated as a winter resort. But having to limit the excursion to one of £10, and the uncertainty of easy and pleasant access to them in winter, I will not say more about them.

Another of our "happy hunting grounds" awaiting the selection of the holiday seeker I may suggest as the Mumbles. The little town is only four miles from Swansea, and Langland and the beautiful Caswell Bays adjoining so closely, may be comprised in my recommendation of the Mumbles. Of course the tickets from London or elsewhere should be taken to Swansea, which is 216 miles from Paddington; and a return ticket for a month costs £2 6s. 9d. second class, and £1 14s. 11d. third; and there is an hourly train service between this town and the Mumbles. Most of the places of interest in the vicinity of the Mumbles and the villages above-named are within easy walking distance, such as the Mumbles Rocks, Oystermouth Castle, the caverns of Oxwich Bay, and the gigantic one in the grounds of Stout Hall, also the ruins of Pennard Castle, as well as the lighthouse on the headland. There is a good tennis-court and bowling-green close to the sea at Langland Bay; the sands are firm and extensive, and pleasant drives are innumerable. The mean temperature in the winter is equal to that of Torquay, Falmouth, and Ventnor. The soil is dry. The water is pumped direct from the limestone, and is excellent, according to the analysis made by Professor Franklin; and there are no obnoxious manufactories in the neighbourhood to poison the air and

blacken and destroy the vegetation. These localities are so sheltered from north and east winds, and equable in temperature, that they are likely to attract a still larger proportion of delicate persons than the number who, I understand, have already given up their winter sojourns in the south of France for so genial a place in their own land. Persons suffering in the throat and lungs are recommended to add the Mumbles and its neighbouring bays to the list of their winter's quarters; and when I quote from Dr. John Bevan's statement (Medical Officer of Health for Oystermouth), that "the average death rate during the last nine years has been 12.4 per thousand," I think I may be justified in suggesting this place as one very worthy of the name of a winter health resort. There are good hotels and boarding-houses of a character to suit all classes, besides lodgings; competition has not as yet raised the prices of living and accommodation beyond very reasonable limits.

One more holiday resort, suitable for winter, may be named in this necessarily short paper, and that is the sheltered little town of Budleigh Salterton. I do not name it for its special attractions outside its mild prettiness and good open sea; but it is essential that I should provide a retreat for some who need a specially quiet, retired spot, where they can enjoy shelter from the east wind, a gravel soil, good water, and good sanitary arrangements. There is an hotel and boarding-house, and a fair number of lodgings; and to those who prefer to escape from the noise of excursionists, brass bands, and barrel organs, for the purpose of study or undisturbed rest, this may prove exactly what they seek. When I was there, two or three years ago, my chief diversion consisted in tramping up and down the pebbly beach in search of moss-agates, chalcedony, and red jasper, some specimens of which I obtained. But the beach is still more remarkable, as being for the most part composed of flat-round stones, known as the "Salterton pebbles," which are of sandstone, most curiously variegated in coloured designs. A pleasant drive may be made to Sidmouth, the British camps at East Ottery Hill and Sedbury Hill, Court Hall and its "haunted chamber" (for the "haunting" I do not give my authority), over the moor to Woodbury Castle and Colyton Raleigh, and by omnibus, running three times daily, to Exmouth. The climate is credited with being specially suitable for persons suffering from chest diseases, and from debility after fever. From Waterloo to Exmouth (to which a ticket should be taken) is a distance of 182 miles—15s. 2d. third class, and return ticket for one month, £2 1s. 6d. second.

Before the next Christmas vacation brings with it the usual enquiries for genial retreats, I hope to give you a few more suggestions, in addition to the three or four now offered.

It would be no novelty to speak about Bournemouth as a winter resort, nor could I suggest it as likely to afford inexpensive accommodation; but I think that an adjacent watering-place, possessing similar recommendations as to climate, sheltered site, and gravel soil, is comparatively little known. I refer to Southbourne-on-Sea, having a full southern exposure, situated to the eastward of that town, at three miles' distance. Very many of our girls complain of *anæmia*; and as this pretty little place can boast of a valuable chalybeate spa, situated towards the end of the West Parade, I can confidently advise sufferers in this respect to take a fortnight or three weeks' holiday in this place. I have obtained a strong recommendation to it from one of our leading London physicians apart from the question of the spa; and as to these waters, you may accept the opinion of Dr. Herman Weber, the great mineral-water authority, with regard to their nature and use. But if you take advantage of them, I advise you to see a local doctor first. The analysis was made by C. T. Kingsett, and the ingredients they contain consist of sixty-six grains of ferric sulphate and fifty-seven grains of sulphate of sodium per imperial gallon. There is a fine undercliff esplanade at Southbourne, sheltered from the north wind, a pier, and an omnibus service, which conveys you to and from Bournemouth for a shilling return fare. It has also the rare attraction of a winter garden under glass, removed to this place from Tedworth Park—a celebrated one—having thirty plant-houses and ferneries adjoining. There is also river boating—at only sixpence an hour—on the Stour; and by means of this easy conveyance you can visit a lovely spot called "The Sheep Wash." There is also a pleasant walk of a mile and a half to Christchurch; and as it dries up so quickly here after rain, owing to the soil being of sand and gravel, walks may be contemplated in a winter sojourn as well as in the summer.

To select a pleasant and interesting place for a winter holiday—mind and body are equally in need of consideration—demands not a little reflection, leafless trees and the absence of flowers being a drawback in most of our watering-places, and sea-bathing and lawn-tennis then out of season. But I might still add several other names to my brief list, and amongst them very particularly that of the old historical town of Lyme Regis. It lies between Beer Head and Portland, in the

centre of a natural bay, at the south western extremity of Dorsetshire, and at a distance of 144½ miles from London. The line of railway is by Great Western *viâ* Bridport, or by the London and South Western *viâ* Axminster; and the fare for a month 35s. second class return, or 12s. 0½d. third single. Lyme Regis has a sheltered terraced walk above the sandy beach, screened on one side by the famous "Cob," a peculiar kind of pier, which protects the harbour. The sands are firm and hard, and by them you may go on foot to Charmouth; and inland there are walks in all directions. Provisions are reasonable in price, and I believe I may say lodgings likewise. "But," my readers may enquire, "what are the special features and attractions of this place, that suggest its suitability as a place of winter recreation?" I for my part see much—as a lover of natural antiquities in the form of fossils—which is within the attainment of any visitor, and free of cost, rendering this a place of unflinching interest, and affording an agreeable pursuit day by day, while enjoying to the full a close proximity to the sea. The blue lias cliffs that line the shore are full of pre-historic remains, and even without the use of hammer and chisel beautiful specimens of crystallised and of metallic *ammonites* may be found lying among the rocks, washed at high tide by the sea. It was here that the celebrated Miss Duning discovered large specimens of the *Ichthyosaurus* and other anti-deluvian reptiles, which she presented to the British Museum—a self-instructed natural genius like Mr. Beard, of the famous "Banwell Caves," near Weston-super-Mare. In my early youthful days I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with both these interesting persons on the particular scenes of their wonderful discoveries. A word of warning must now be given in reference to the quest of fossils in the blue lias cliffs, and that is, that the smallest shower of crumbling slate-like stones therefrom should be taken as a warning to run from them at that instant towards the sea. The alarm may usually be of no real benefit, but the fall on other occasions may be considerable; so never make light of it, for it might prove to be quite as serious to the explorer beneath the shower as the proverbial "rain of cats and dogs." I think my list of winter holiday resorts has been sufficiently diversified in character to suit very many demands and individual tastes. So I take my leave of the subject, with my best wishes to all for a healthful and interesting ten-pound holiday, in whichever direction their choice may lead them.

OUR CHRISTMAS SCHOOL TREAT.



Christmas ship. Our stock exhausted; nothing was left us.

It haunted us for weeks.

We had had in former years every sort and kind of entertainment—Christmas-trees, bran pies, fishing ponds, Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, Father Christmas, Santa Claus, magic-lanterns, *tableaux vivants*, a

There are three of us, Maud, Alice, and I; but we had not an idea between us, and father would not help us; he always leaves these entertainments to us to get up; and the worst of it was, he was so dreadfully hopeful, he said he was sure we should hit upon something.

Then there was Mr. Balfour, the curate; but he was no use at all; he has only one idea in his head just now, and that is Maud; and Maud has no idea this year except Mr. Balfour; and Alice and I agreed the only things we could hit upon were those two, and that we could have done with a will had we been allowed. Last year Maud was sane, and she had a lovely idea for the treat, viz., "The old woman who lived in a shoe;" she was the old woman, and very pretty she looked, with powdered hair, wielding a birch rod, with the prettiest of fierce frowns on her

face. The shoe was a wonderful creation of wood and cardboard, but I hope I shall never have to make another for my sins as long as I live; it was such a trouble.

The school children—at least twenty of them—were dressed in night-gowns, and grouped round about and in the shoe, each with a basin of broth by its side.

The worst of it was, it was a great deal of trouble, and it did not last very long.

A week before the treat Alice and I grew desperate; we racked our brains in vain; we positively could not think of anything to amuse the children—"the wretched children" we called them in our despair. Our minds were a blank.

At last I was seized with an idea.

I threw up my hands—I jumped for joy.

"Alice," I said, "I have it at last. We will have a gigantic Noah's ark. I'll design