

for a paying guest had already proved successful, it seemed, and he was highly elated thereat.

"Quite a nice young fellow," he said patronisingly, as he carefully added cream and sugar to the cup of tea which Margery brought to his side. "He will really be quite an acquisition in this dull little place. He seemed so satisfactory in every way that I would not let him wait until I had heard from the clergyman he named as reference. There was no need for him to run up a hotel bill—these artists are never very flush of money, you know. So he will be here in time for dinner, Margery. Pray see that there is something decent for him."

"An artist, you say?" she observed, seating herself once more at the tiny tea-table. "Then I suppose he will be out a good deal?"

"Well, that is only a surmise," returned her father, contentedly sipping his tea. "But I am not often mistaken in my judgments. He said nothing about it, but he will prove to be of the fraternity that wields the palette and brush, I feel sure."

"Perhaps he will paint Margery," was Dora's suggestion, as she looked with undisguised admiration at her pretty sister.

"No artist in his senses would come to Porthgudden in search of his models," said Captain Maitland. "He is almost certain to be a landscape-painter, my dear. But had you not better be seeing to the dinner, Margery? Maria invariably loses her head if we happen to dine anyone."

The evening meal had been planned, and, as far as possible, prepared early in the day, but some additions would now be necessary, and Margery was kept busy until within a few minutes of the dinner-hour. Mr. Desmond had been in the house some little time, but it was not until she entered the drawing-room that she saw their guest. He was standing at one of the windows, talking to Captain Maitland, and she was close beside them before he turned and she recognised him. All the blood in her body seemed to rush into her cheeks, as for the second time that day she met the glance of those keen blue eyes. And there was no detail that escaped him as she stood there in her surprise and humiliation: his quick glance took in everything—the shabby black lace gown as it clung to her slight young figure in limp, rusty folds; the slender, work-worn hands; the wistful eyes, and the shamed droop of the tender lids. He already half-understood how little those hateful words had meant, and he was quite prepared to take the other half on trust.

Margery was thankful that Maria at that moment announced dinner, and gave her an excuse for moving to her sister's side. She always looked after Dora during the painful transit from one room to another, and, as Desmond witnessed her loving care, he was full of contrition for his base views of the afternoon.

Throughout dinner the girl was silent and constrained, and her face looked white and weary above the thin black gown. But her silence passed unnoticed by all but one, for Captain Maitland liked to hear the sound of his own voice, and a fresh listener was a rarity in these days of exile from the world he worshipped.

"You will like to see the sunset from the Headland, will you not?" he suggested as they crossed the hall after drinking their coffee. "There is a fine view of sky and sea to be had from there. Visitors to Porthgudden make a pilgrimage to the summit every evening of their stay. They regard it somewhat in the light of a pious duty, I believe."

"I should like it beyond everything," returned Desmond, his eyes straying in the direction of the two girls as he entered the long, low-ceiled drawing-room. "But must we start at once?"

"Well—er—I am afraid I shall not be able to accompany you this evening," replied his companion, for whom a post-prandial nap had more attractions than the glories of the dying day. "But my daughter will be delighted to be your guide, I am sure."

Margery rose obediently from her seat by Dora's couch; but her reluctance was so evident that Desmond's chivalry came to her aid.

"You are tired," he said gently. "We will give it up for this evening. We can see the sunset from this window almost as well, can't we?"

"Tired? Nonsense!" interposed Captain Maitland sharply. "Nothing tires Margery, Mr. Desmond. You must not judge of her by a town-bred girl, you know."

"I shall not be long putting on my hat," she said, passing hastily out of the room.

Her father's slighting tone had roused the younger man's indignation, and with a few cold words of farewell, he followed Margery into the hall. She joined him there in a very short time, dressed in a thick cloth coat, with a scarlet Tam o' Shanter on her small, dark head.

"It is always very windy on the Headland," said she with a glance at the straw hat he held in his hand. "You will find a cap more comfortable, I think."

Desmond made the exchange, and they set out on their walk. Margery talked fast and nervously, and Jack could see that her thoughts were reverting miserably to those words he had overheard on the beach. He would have liked to tell her that he knew she had never meant them, but he did not dare. Instead, he did his best to put her at her ease with him; and so successful was he in his efforts, that before the rocky summit was reached she was feeling almost happy.

For more than a mile they had been walking on soft, springing turf, which sloped gradually upward to the wild crags above. On the sea side the grey cliffs descended sheer and rugged to the foaming waters beneath, and the roar of the waves almost drowned the shrill cry of the seagulls as they wheeled round the rocks which formed their home.

"Is it not grand?" questioned the girl triumphantly, as she stood poised on the rocky pinnacle and gazed across the vast expanse of sea which stretched below them.

"Oh, it is glorious!" he cried, a light in his blue eyes, a flush of excitement on his cheek.

The sun, like a glowing ball of fire, was sinking below the horizon, dyeing the light clouds gathered about it every tone from roseate pink to delicate pearly green. These hues were reflected in the eastern heavens, and beneath heaved the mighty waves of the blue Atlantic.

They stood there in silence, watching almost breathlessly the last rays of the setting sun; the glories of the sky as the tints at first deepened and then gradually—very gradually faded.

"It is glorious!" he repeated, turning at length to the slim figure at his side. "I shall never forget this sunset, Miss Maitland; never."

"You appreciate beauty more than most people, I expect," said she. "That is, if my father's surmise is correct? He thinks you are an artist."

"Captain Maitland's surmise is too flattering," was his rejoinder. "I haven't the presumption to call myself an artist, but I certainly paint a little."

"Then you could not have come to a better place than Porthgudden," she said, with a little wave of her hand towards the foam-lined coast, stretching away to the horizon on both sides of them.

"No," he agreed quietly, his eyes resting on the tender beauty of her face. "No, I could not have come to a better place than Porthgudden."

(To be concluded.)

"A LADY IN HER INGLE-NOOK."

By the Author of "A Lady in the Laundry," etc.



HE looketh well to the ways of her household" was said of the virtuous woman of old.

Perhaps in no direction is it so difficult for the would-be economical manager to follow her example as in the matter of fuel and light.

One fixed idea in the mind of a "general" or "plain cook" is, that nothing but *lumps* of bottled sunshine are of use. Those valuable cinders, capable of building up a furnæ for

heating irons or making toast, are thrown into the ashpit. (Further on, I will show why a properly managed ingle-nook precludes the necessity for that typhoid trap, an ash-heap.) That coal-dust, so useful when damp, is allowed to filter in dry particles through the bottom bars of a range. A fire is allowed to get to the last glimmer and then doctored with medicated wheels, paraffin, splinters of wood, and the best oil.

In this matter, those who keep no servants seem to be best off. How often do we hear of two tons of coal a year, in a cottage, keeping up a good fire in the kitchen always, and an occasional one in the best room? What would be the good of a similar load in an ordinary house served by Mary Jane?

Poor little Mary Jane! Our duty is with her as well as with ourselves. "Waste not, want not" is more than a proverb—it is a living truth.

I suppose it will be a long day before stoves are used in the average English house. Their economy and cleanliness are too heavily outweighed by the cheerfulness of an open fire. I would advise one close stove at least in a house (besides the kitchen range), a movable one, with an iron elbow, that can be shifted from room to room when required. We have a little one. It cost 15s., but has saved its price over and over again. Even after the annual spring cleaning we can light up our little comfort. It is dustless, and will not sully the most delicate laces or curtains.

Anyone can estimate the value of this in our damp uncertain climate. A couple of sticks and a match start the cosiest of flames in a moment.

We will begin with our grandmother's axiom:

"A fire well mended,
Is a fire best tended."

An open one should be built up lightly with twigs, paper, cinders and coal. When properly alight, draw the living coal to the front and pack a mixture of small dust and cinders (slacked with water and well damped) behind.

This fire will burn for seven or eight hours and give more heat—spell M-O-R-E in capitals, please—than an equally large fire of cobbles and round coal. It is well to remember that gas jets and flame are not as hot as a glow. A bank of slack acts as a non-conductor. It reflects back any heat into the room instead of absorbing it as does the iron back of an ordinary grate. In the course of a short time this mass hardens into a cake which can be broken up into bits when wanted.

I think this plan is more satisfactory than the use of briquettes.

The latter are certainly invaluable for night-work, or for keeping in a fire from morning till eve. But then, it is dark and dull and cheerless if one is using the room. A frontage of live coal prevents this being the case in a scientifically slacked fire.

Half a ton of best slack should be ordered, and burnt, with each ton of coal. It is half the price, so see what a saving is effected.

How to mend a fire in a sick-room without disturbing the patient is often asked.

Some recommend coal neatly tied up in paper-bags outside the chamber. I have found a pair of coal scissors (price 1s.) or some old gloves more convenient. A cast-off gauntlet glove pulled over the hand, and we can manipulate the small lumps in our coal vase noiselessly and without soiling our fingers. With this plan, too, there is no rustle of paper and occasional clatter from a breaking bag.

A dust-bin or ash-pit, as I said at the commencement of this paper, has no immediate connection with the ingle-nook. Indeed, it should have no connection whatever with a house in which fires are properly

looked after. Every scrap of green stuff, cabbage stalks, potato peelings, withered flower stems, daily sweeping from the rooms, should be put on the kitchen range every day after dinner. Then add a layer of wet coal-dust. Put on the iron rings. Close the door over the bars. Pull out the damper, and by six o'clock (entirely sans odour) a clear fire will be ready for toast or anything else.

No additional coal will have been used.

Before leaving this subject of fuel, I cannot resist a word in praise of oil-stoves.

Of course everyone knows the cleanliness and desirability of gas as a heating agent. Few understand the economy of paraffin.

I have an ABC cooking stove. Whenever my particular Mary Jane is out I do everything on it. Stoking a kitchen fire is heavy work. My Rippling stove obviates the necessity for such. Bread, cakes, pastry all rise beautifully with the easily regulated all-round heat.

Then a small stove, to prepare hot water for morning ablutions or whatever we want, on one's marble-topped washstand. A tiny one to keep rasher and sausage and omelette frizzling for breakfast beside the parlour table. It is luxury. Just try it. The cost of such a wee stove is only four shillings at the co-operative stores.

Lamps are another difficulty in an ordinary house. Even where gas is laid on, this soft light is preferred by most people in drawing-room or study.

It takes, apparently, a cultivated brain, trained fingers and great intelligence to make our lamps burn properly. At least one might judge so. For in how few houses do we see proper combustion, and its accompaniment an odourless, smokeless, light?

Brown the butler does not always succeed. No more does Alice the parlourmaid. As for poor Mary Jane with her hurried moments and clumsy fingers—!

I used to be in despair. Chimneys would fly; wicks would char; flames would smoke.

Defries, Hincks, American, German, Triumph, Wonder—we tried every variety of patent. Best crystal, sunlight, daylight, colza—every known brand of oil was imported.

At last I determined to see after the lamps myself. It took me two hours the first morning to fit wicks of the proper width (a

most necessary preliminary) to a lot of clean boiled burners. Every loose, burnt, particle causes a loss of ventilation. Every bit of perforation should therefore be clear.

If this is looked to every day, a very few minutes will be expended and your light be satisfactory. Wicks need cutting with scissors only about once a week. A rub with paper keeps them right at other times.

Lamp chimneys may be toughened by putting them in a large saucepan full of cold water. Bring slowly to the boil. After simmering a few minutes, draw aside, and let them cool in the same pot. The expansion caused is so gradual that they will resist any ordinary lamp flame for a long time. These glasses, when smoked, may be cleaned with newspaper. Something in the printer's ink seems to give a polish and brighten as nothing else does. It does away, too, with the endless black rags servants seem to think necessary for lamp chimneys. I say "black" advisedly; who ever saw white rubbers in a lamp pantry? What lady, even, could keep her cloths clean if used for removing smut and smoke? The oily papers may be put aside in a basket, and kept for lighting fires. No medicated wheels or candle ends will then be required. Of course some soft towels to keep brass reservoirs and burners bright will be needed. I recommend old silk handkerchiefs for the purpose.

Locomotive lights are a great difficulty. Candles are the safest for carrying about, but oh! for the grease generously besprinkled by careless hands. Candlesticks with glass shades obviate this unpleasantness. A tiny "Tom Thumb" lantern for Mary Jane to use when preparing bedrooms after dark is the best. A long coil of circular cord-wick absorbs a thimbleful of oil and she only burns the vapour. A terrible danger may be averted by chaining and padlocking the kitchen lamp for the same maiden. It will not then be held over the range to see if fritters in a pot of boiling fat are done.

In my limited experience of twelve years in my own ingle-nook I have personally come across three deaths from burning in the kitchen. Each time a lamp, as above held, was the cause. These terrible cases were not in my own kitchen, I am thankful to say. But they taught me a lesson which I cannot forbear passing on to my fellow-sisters.

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

FOR SOLO VOICE.

Songs of Shakespeare (Novello & Co.), edited by J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc. The talented organist of Westminster Abbey has collected and arranged the original or earliest known settings of songs from Shakespeare's works. A most interesting addition to the Series of Vocal Albums.

Three Songs from Anna Magdalena Bach's music book composed by J. S. Bach. Bach's second wife, very happily for us, copied into books the music which gave her most pleasure, and amongst others these three beautiful songs by the great master of polyphonic writing.

At Every Age (R. Cocks & Co.), sung by Prince Gremin in the opera of Eugène Onégin; *Sweet Star that Shineth*, Triquet's song from the same opera. These favourite airs from the late composer Tchaikowsky's successful work are here published separately with English words by Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Edwards.

Shepherd's Love Song, words by May Gillington, music by Beatrice Parkyns. This is a very charming pastoral song.

Six Volkslieder, music by Maude Valerie White. These songs contain all the charm so naturally associated nowadays with Miss White's name.

Angels, music by J. M. Capel, words by J. Strange Winter. Above the average serious ballad.

In Times of Old, music by Frances Allitsen. The music is an appropriate accompaniment to some cynical verses, contrasting the knightly ardour of olden times with the up-to-date commercial contract supposed to represent "love."

The Cross of Calvary (Phillips & Page), stated to be Gounod's last song, is very similar in character to the other sacred songs published by this firm with Gounod's name attached to them.

Angel Voices is a good song by Clement Locknane. It contains a charm of natural genius, which, we think, in no small measure compensates for the weakness in technical knowledge.

Six Songs (B. Williams), by J. W. Ivimey. There are signs of considerable ability in this album of songs by the late assistant music-master at Harrow School.

Hush, Throbbing Heart (Weekes & Co.), a well-written ballad by Lester Carew.

Forwards! but Steady, music by J. W. Sidebotham, M.P., Mus. B. A unionist song of the most inspiring type, introducing in an ingenious way appropriate symphonies to the verse preceding.

It is dedicated to Mr. Balfour, as earnest a musician as he is an eminent leader of men, and is composed by the only member of Parliament who holds a musical degree. An excellent song for political gatherings.

With the Swallows (Stanley Lucas & Co.), a villanelle with music by Eva Dell'Acqua. A graceful song, and not difficult.

Changeless Love. Sunshine (Paterson & Sons). Two songs above the ballad average, by George F. Horan.

Swallows Come Home, by Alfred Stella, is also an interesting song.

Come, My Love, to Me (Enoch & Sons), by Chaminade, is representative of this charming writer's power of expression.

Carina (Willcocks), by J. M. Capel. A fascinating Italian love-song.

The Snowdrift (Patey & Willis). Another charming song by George F. Horan. Sad in