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THE JERSEY KNITTERS.

THOSE who have chanced to visit the fishing towns or villages which nestle at the foot of the bold hills that make the wonderful scenery of the Cornish coast, must have noticed that the chief occupation of the feminine part of the population, girls and even children being engaged in it as well as women, consists of knitting, the knitting of one particular garment, namely, the blue jersey, as worn by fishermen and sailors. This employment enables them to be bread-winners, as well as the husbands, fathers, and brothers, who go forth upon the great sea to make it yield up its finny harvest for their ingathering.

When the morning's work is over, the house all "redded up" and themselves smartened into the usual afternoon tidiness, which indeed is really smart and bright, for the fisher-folk love gay colours, then the girls may be seen standing or sitting about in their doorways, knitting in hand, the blue jersey growing fast in their industrious fingers, which ply the bright needles with such rapidity and skill that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. Sometimes they stroll in twos or threes along the narrow streets bareheaded, never glancing at their work, which they carry tucked under one arm, but laughing, talking and exchanging greetings with their neighbours, and saucy banter with the fishermen and sailors. The sunshine brings the knitters out of doors, like bees from their hive, and there are not many drones among them.

Mothers teach the little ones to knit as soon as they are able to manage the needles, the older girls gradually becoming skilful enough to undertake the simpler work, until long experience enables them to attempt the wonderful patterns which are sometimes knitted into the jerseys.

The wool is supplied to them from the large towns, whence they obtain their orders, the coarser kind, for the commoner jerseys, being at the rate of three shillings



KNITTING A JERSEY.

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and sixpence per pound. Two pounds would be necessary to complete one of these articles, for making which a girl would receive three shillings and sixpence; a quick worker would be able to finish it in a week. The superfine wool, used for the better make of jersey, costs about six shillings. This sort would take a fortnight to make, in consequence of the extra amount of work put into it, and for one of these the knitter would be paid seven shillings. Some of the women, who have been engaged in the industry for many years, become exceedingly skilful, and knit into the jerseys most wonderful patterns, either as borders or as ornamentations on the breast, such as flowers, leaves, or even a ship in full sail, the latter pattern being of course a prime favourite.

Sometimes the girls get orders from private sources, and these they are very pleased to

execute. The jersey made for a lady is knitted in the same way, only it is gathered in at the waist. The cost of one of these, including the wool required, would be about sixteen or seventeen shillings, and they are articles of wear which last for years.

The occupation which jersey knitting affords keeps the young girls from entering service. They have the enjoyment of their liberty, are their own mistresses, and besides, it enables them to live at home among their relations and friends. Hence the fishing towns and villages on the Cornish coast are full of young women and girls who love their life of freedom, and prefer to maintain it.

Fishermen, sailors, boys, big and little, all alike wear the blue jersey, which is the most comfortable and suitable garb for their employment; it is the common wear of those

whose business is on the great waters. The Cornish girls must indeed feel thankful that they are able to turn their spare hours to such good account, for the winter is, too often, a trying season for the fisher-folk in out-of-the-way villages, where no other calling can be followed, neither indeed would their manner of life fit them for any other. Great privations are frequently the lot of the less fortunate among their community, at a time when poverty is hardest to bear. Then, when the men are perforce idle, the women and girls can still go on steadily knit, knit, knitting, earning a few shillings wherewith to ward off the wolf of hunger from the door of home. If we, more fortunate than our sisters in these remote corners of dear England, can in any way help them, let us consider it a privilege to do so.

E. C. S.

TRUE TO HER NAME.

By NELLIE HELLIS, Author of "Where the Brook and River Meet," etc.

CHAPTER II.



ET at breakfast-time Dr. Lorri-mer had no idea that anything troubled his daughter. She was as anxious as she always was that he should not

miss the wife, who, dying when Faith was about ten years old, had left her the bereaved husband's sole companion. She busied

herself in attending to his wants, took the principal part in a very cheerful conversation, and did not leave him till she had seen him get into his gig, and with a tight rein on his new horse Flyaway, start off on a professional round where the miles were many and the patients few.

Neither did Frank—and he had studied her to some account—notice anything different in the serene face and gentle smile that kept him company, while he put the finishing touches to a picture that represented a group of beech trees in a forest; the golden-tinted foliage contrasting admirably with the brilliant green of the mossy sward, and the crimson and purple leaves of an undergrowth of bramble. He saw no difference, that is, until, the last stroke given, he left his camp-stool, and sitting down on a log of wood by Faith's side, told her he had learnt to love her, and asked if he dare hope for a return of her affection. Then, from the glad surprise in that tell-tale face of hers, he knew his avowal was no cause of displeasure.

"Then I have your permission to try to win your love?" he pleaded again. "Speak, dear, and tell me."

But even then he had to wait.

"When I heard yesterday," she began at length, "that this would be your last day here, I felt so sorry that I knew you were more to me than an ordinary acquaintance. I like you very much; so much that perhaps the regard in which I hold you, is already akin to what you would have it."

She did not blush or stammer, and the eyes she raised calmly to his were full of happiness and trust.

"My darling," he cried, "you make me feel I am not worthy of such pure, true love as yours. All my life shall prove my gratitude."

"I should not wish it," she said shaking her head and smiling. "There is no thought of gratitude in father's love for me, nor in mine for him. Surely this is so in all great affections. To love is to serve. If the two are considered separately, the very essence of love, that which gives it life, is lost."

He was too content to urge the point. "Little philosopher," he called her, and they talked on till a sudden change in her dark grey eyes told Frank that something troubled her.

"What is it, dear?" he asked. "Why do you look so serious all at once?"

"I have forgotten," she replied. "To know that you cared for me drove all else from my mind. What will your father say?"

"Why do you ask?"

"He thinks so much of social position. A poor village surgeon's daughter is not the wife he would choose for his son."

"Who gave you this information about my father?" said Frank, not quite pleased at the knowledge she displayed.

"Mr. Boyd. He told us, too, that your parents hoped you would marry a Lady Gertrude Selby. Mr. Broughton was anxious you should bring a title into the family."

Frank burst into a laugh.

"Faith, do you know you have cleared up a mystery? I could never understand why the lady in question was so frequently invited to our house, and why my mother was for ever devising little plans to throw us together. The truth never struck me. Lady Gertrude is years older than I—of doubtful temper, and—we haven't a taste in common. My poor deluded father! Well, that fever was by no means the worst thing that could have happened to me. I gained a good deal by it."

"In what way?"

"In my father's anxiety respecting me Lady Gertrude was forgotten. I, at any rate, have heard no more of her. Then but for my illness, I don't suppose I should have come to stay with Mr. Boyd, and in that case I should not have met you. If not to you," he added gaily, "you will at least allow that I owe a debt of gratitude to that attack of typhoid, Faith?"

But just then she could not give him an answering smile.

"If I had remembered," she said slowly, "perhaps—"

"You would not have refused me?" he interrupted. "You cannot be going to say that?"

"No, not refused, but I might not have told you so readily that your affection was returned. I might have begged you to put the whole matter before your parents before asking me for an answer."

"But, dear," he remonstrated, "you will be marrying me, not them, and to me it is nothing that where my father counts his income by thousands, yours does not count his by as many hundreds."

"That we love each other," she said softly, and with a sweet new shyness that Frank found very attractive, "puts us, in our own eyes, on an equality. But we cannot expect your parents to see as we do, and until they give their full consent to our marriage I cannot be your wife."

"That is nonsense, utter nonsense," said Frank shortly and decidedly.

"No," she returned, "it is not. No true happiness can come of acting contrarily to a parent's wish. I suppose," she added, "that I love you even more than I think I do; otherwise I might say that I should wish to be welcomed, and not merely tolerated as a daughter-in-law."

She held her head high, and Frank had never seen her look so proud and dignified. Perhaps he liked her all the better for it. Anyway, there was a new tenderness in his voice as he said—

"Dear Faith, be true to your name," and at the words, learnt, as she knew, from her father, she glanced up with a happy smile. "Leave it to me. I shall not have finished telling my mother the half of what I intend her to hear before she will declare she loves you already, and that she longs to see you. Then she will persuade my father that I could not have made a wiser choice, and all will be well."

He spoke lightly, almost gaily, but Faith's quick ear detected an undercurrent of gravity and concern.

"And if matters should not so arrange themselves," she said, "we can wait. I am just twenty, and you are—?"

"Twenty-five my next birthday."

"Two or three years when we are both so young would be nothing," said Faith cheerfully. "Time might make Mr. Broughton regard the matter differently, and he might then be willing to sanction our engagement."

"My patience wouldn't hold out," replied Frank smiling, "and indeed, Faith, my father