

"Because I am going to devote myself to my Art," replied Katharine proudly.

"Is that any reason why you should play yourself all the time?"

"Play myself—oh, I suppose you mean idle about. I don't. I practise hard. I am going to be a musician."

"More reason why you should study," observed Douglas laconically.

Katharine wriggled. "I have only been back from Germany six months. Mother talks of my going to school soon, but I am very busy with music; I don't know, I am sure—"

"Don't know! I'm thinking you'll have to say 'I don't know' to a great many things some of these days!"

"Well, it's none of *your* business," retorted Katharine, ready for a renewal of hostilities. But her adversary only laughed. She jumped up from her chair to effect a diversion, and began a tour round his room, inspecting the book-cases, which were full of treasures.

"Will you lend me some of these books?" she inquired, pouncing on a beautiful edition of Scott's novels.

"With pleasure; but I'd rather you'd come and read them here," observed Douglas with canny Scotch discernment. He had observed Katharine's wild and careless ways, and foresaw the Duvigny children swarming round his precious volumes. Butter and honey, the eager clutches of little fingers, were not likely to agree with the hallowed pages. Even Katharine's fingers, after an excursion into the regions of musical composition, were, it must be confessed, frequently inkstained.

"Are you afraid I shall steal your books?" she inquired, tossing her head. But the next moment she was sorry, for it dawned upon her that it would be very agreeable after all to be made free of Douglas's study, the most orderly and the most comfortable room in the house. Here the children, who already adored the kind, lively Scotch youth, were not allowed to intrude save upon special invitation.

"What is this?" she inquired, looking at a framed engraving.

"That's Flora Macdonald coming into the hut of Prince Charlie."

Katharine was silent; then curiosity got the better of her pride, and she asked, "What Prince Charlie?"

"The young Pretender, as they called him; and Flora Macdonald is going to help him to escape."

"Escape, what from? Where? I wish you'd tell me all about it!" insisted Katharine.

That a girl of sixteen should be perfectly at a loss in the history of Prince Charlie was a very astonishing thing to

Douglas, but he had observed frequent proof that Katharine was ignorant of much that an English schoolgirl of her age is supposed to have at her fingers' ends. He made no remark on this practical illustration of his advice to her as to going to school, but began to relate the whole story in a very graphic and picturesque style. In the middle, just when the Prince was nearly betraying himself under his disguise, there came a sudden interruption. One of the Swiss servants presented herself in a state of unwonted excitement and proclaimed that "Madame" was asking for Mademoiselle Katharine in the *salon*.

Katharine tore downstairs, two steps at a time, without thinking of arranging dress or hair, and burst in upon a little group, producing somewhat the same effect as a sudden explosion. All were silent and gazed at the red-haired apparition, who in her turn instantly appreciated the fact that something of unusual solemnity was in progress. There sat Monsieur and Madame Duvigny; the latter evidently much agitated. Three strangers were in the room; a portly gentleman, a smiling, rosy-cheeked, well-dressed lady, and a girl of about Katharine's own age—but oh! how different in appearance! She wore a pretty autumn suit of dark green cloth trimmed with beaver; her simple hat was of dark green felt; her gloves and boots were unexceptionable. Poverty may be concealed elsewhere, but it never fails to make itself known at the extremities. Katharine suddenly became conscious of her own shabby shoes, with one lace untied, and of her old serge frock, and conceived a fierce enmity towards the stranger who had, however, a sedate pretty face and neatly arranged fair hair.

The atmosphere was charged with excitement, due to more important causes than poor Katharine's appearance. She stood wondering why her mother did not speak for half an instant; then the elderly gentleman rose solemnly and kissed her.

"You will not recognise me, my dear," he said, "but I am your poor father's elder brother, Richard Lovell; that is my wife, your aunt Margaret, and this is your cousin, Nora."

The Professor kept up, during these introductions, a soft crooning noise indicative of peace and benignity. Katharine angrily likened it to the bleating of a sheep.

"I have been much abroad—in Melbourne, you know—so we have not seen you since you were a child."

Katharine found no appropriate lan-

guage, but turned very red and began to wish she had put on her best frock, and that her hair had been a trifle smoother. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror; she looked wild and startling, very different from her neat cousin. However, that young lady dutifully rose and embraced her, as did her new-found aunt.

"The fact is," said Mr. Lovell, glancing with evident disapprobation at the benignant countenance of M. Duvigny, "it was a very great surprise to us to hear that your mother had married again."

Constant association with an English wife had not enabled the worthy Professor to understand English, which he regarded as a well-meaning but unnecessary language. There was accordingly no need for the warning gesture of Mrs. Lovell, and her husband drew his chair a little further off. He was like the rest of mankind, in that he did not like to have his toes trodden upon, or his elbow nudged, in wifely solicitude for his manners and morals.

"I am glad to have been able to introduce Monsieur le Professeur Duvigny to my relations," said Madame Duvigny. She wished that her husband would look a little more scientific, and less like a very shaggy Scotch terrier.

"Ah yes, to be sure; and your daughter. Well, well! as I have been saying to Margaret, it's useless to cry over spilt milk. What's the matter, my dear?" *sotto voce*, in response to an unusually emphatic frown. "All right!"

The Professor smiled, nodded, and murmured more sweetly than ever, utterly unconscious of the tendency of the last remark.

"Your uncle has lived in Melbourne ever since you was a baby," explained Madame Duvigny.

"Yes, yes! my brother and I were not alike; he took to the old country and the old profession, I to a new country and commerce; but I've done very well for myself, very well indeed; and I'm glad to see my brother's child. You'll all come and dine with us to-night at the Beau Rivage?" said Mr. Lovell, feeling the interview was not proving a triumphant success. "Then we can have a little further talk over many things. That's right; and now, Margaret, my dear, and Nora, I think we'll be going down the hill."

"I hope we shall be friends," said Nora primly to her cousin, offering a smooth unflushed cheek for her to kiss. Katharine gave the caress in a curious manner, suggestive of the peck of a little bird, but made no other reply.

(To be continued.)

A SIMPLE WAY OF MAKING DEEP LID BOXES.

A SHORT time ago by the courtesy of the manager of the London Fancy Box Company, I was permitted to go through their workshops in the City Road, and was much interested in the method of making the deep-lid boxes; boxes of which the lid is the same depth as the box itself. These are almost entirely made by girls. The

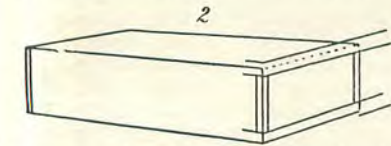
boards are cut and scored for them by men with machines which are worked by hand, the papers for covering, lining, etc., are cut in the same way, a number being cut with one cut of the knife, but all the putting together, ornamenting and finishing is done by girls. It struck me as a rather pleasant occupation, for as there are no engines, there

is not much noise, excepting of course the chatting of the workers, for silence does not seem to be enjoined; generally of course, all factory work must be monotonous, but this has the merit of being clean work, and there is nothing injurious to health in the occupation. Some girl-readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be interested in

knowing how much can be earned at this work. As soon as a girl knows the business, she is given piece-work; one who was at piece-work (covering long candle-boxes with dark-blue paper) told me it took her nine months to learn, but now she can cover very quickly. Like many other things, when one sees a skilled hand at work it looks ridiculously easy, but it requires much practice to lay the paper on both evenly and quickly.

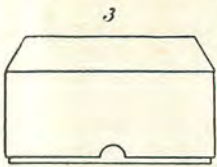
The better work is paid more highly than the coarse; for instance, a girl who can make boxes to contain perfumes, which must be exquisitely finished, earns more than one who can only work well enough for starch or candle-boxes, which, though they must be accurately made, require less delicate handling. The earnings of the girls vary from seven to twenty-two shillings a week; but the majority seem to earn from thirteen to fourteen shillings a week.

Boxes are made of three materials; of these,



brown straw-board is the cheapest, but it is unpleasant to use and not easy to work, so I would not recommend it to amateurs. White wood-pulp board seems to be the best thing to use in making these boxes, it is much cheaper than cardboard and is tolerably easy to work on; what is in the trade known as "ten ounce" board, is the thickness required for ordinary boxes.

To make a box 3 inches by 4 inches by 1 1/2 inches deep, take two pieces of board one 6 inches by 7 inches, the other 6 1/8 inches by 7 3/8 inches, that is just a little less than a quarter of an inch each way, larger than the first piece, this to allow one to go into the other.



Lay them on a board with the whitest side down, as that will be inside when finished, with a sharp penknife and ruler score or cut them half through the board where dotted lines are on Fig. 1. The scoring is to be 1 1/2 inches from the edge on each board; next, cut the eight corner squares right out, bend up the four sides of the box and of the lid, where they are scored; have eight pieces of thin cotton or linen 1 1/2 inches by 1 inch, glue these over the eight corners. Thin white union



is the easiest to use for corners; always cut (not tear) the pieces; if the boxes are large it is well to have the strips long enough to turn a little piece over inside to strengthen them.

When quite dry take the larger of the cases, which is the lid, bind the top edge with gold, silver, or a dark satin paper, cut in strips half an inch wide, and the lower edge with the same kind of paper, turning an eighth of an inch over inside the edge of the lid as a finish.

See Fig. 2. Either glue or paste may be used, but glue is best on these pulp boards; it requires, however, more careful handling than paste, for if it goes where it should not, it does more harm than the latter. The best way of using either glue or paste for this work is to have a piece of board, and while the glue is quite hot spread some of it lightly over the board with a brush, and then lay your paper gently on the glue, it will catch up just sufficient to stick well, but in this way you will not get too much glue, so will find it easier to put the paper on flat, without bubbles.

After the edging is dry, take a strip of fancy paper rather less than an inch and a half wide, glue this round the lid, starting half an inch round a corner, so as to finish exactly at the corner; measure length of strip before you glue it, and allow for half an inch to wrap over. Then take a piece of paper 3 1/2 inches by 4 1/8 inches, glue this on to the top of the box. When quite dry, take a farthing or other coin and with a pencil mark out the thumb-holes on each side of the lid. See Fig. 3. Then cut them out neatly with a sharp knife, and the box-lid is finished.

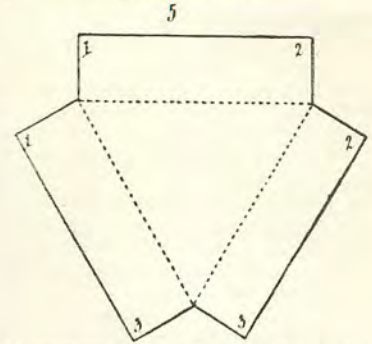
For the box itself, take a strip of paper half an inch longer than the box is round and two inches and a quarter wide, glue it, put it on, turning an eighth of an inch inside the top of the box, and what remains under the bottom of it; then cover the bottom of the box with plain satin paper. The inside of the box can have four pieces of lace-paper to finish it, but this depends on what use is to be made of it.

A pretty variety for these boxes is instead of putting the fancy paper on the top, to have two Christmas or other cards the same shape as box, but a quarter of an inch larger each way, preferably a card with a thick fancy edge, glue this on the top of the lid and the second one use as a stand for the box itself, glueing that on the right side of the card. It is not necessary for these boxes to bind the tops of lids, as they are hidden; cut the covering paper wide enough to go over the edge of top.

These boxes are easy to make, and very effective; they do not require the thumb-holes, see Fig. 4, as they can be opened without. It is easily understood that neither round nor oval boxes can be made in this way, but many others may be, as, for instance, triangular boxes. Fig. 5 shows on a small scale how to cut one, or octagonal, as Fig. 6. The numbers show how they join, and the dotted lines where they are scored. Fig. 7 shows how a wedding-cake box may be cut, with lid all in one; some young lady may feel inclined to exercise her skill in making some of these, they are easy to make, and are pretty work. Some white *moiré* paper, silver paper, and white or silver lace paper for inside are required; they are sometimes lined with pale-pink or pale-blue satin paper, and I have seen some finished with a card on the top with monogram in silver, some others with a silver-edged card, ruled silver to be written on.

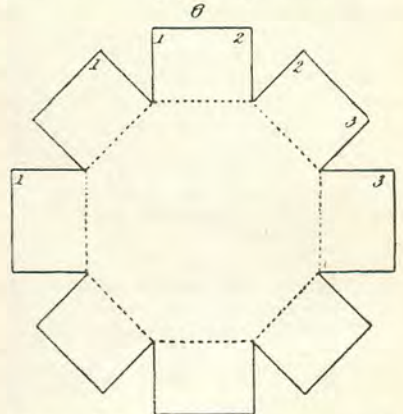
With regard to the difference in size of box and lid, whatever the shape of the box you have only to remember to cut the board

1/8 inch larger each way, and take off the same depth border for box and lid. If you are making a three-cornered box, for instance, it requires a little more care, for you must work from the outside, or larger triangle. Success depends entirely on exactitude.



I have found that materials for this work cannot be had everywhere, but I can get all that I require from Mr. F. G. Kettle, of 9, New Oxford Street, London. I subjoin the prices, in case any reader wishing to try the work, or to amuse young brothers or sisters should, being unable to procure materials, like to write for some.

White wood-pulp boards, size (10 ounces) imperial (that is 22 inches by 32 inches), 1s. 6d. per dozen. Card-boards, same size, 2s. 6d. per dozen. Gold or silver paper 1d. per sheet, or 1s. 6d. per quire. Fancy papers (with gold or without) 1d. per sheet, or 1s. 6d. per quire. Best fancy papers 3d. per sheet, or 3s. 6d. per quire. Watered paper 2d. per sheet.



Some of the leather papers are very effective to use, some imitation crocodile-skin looked very well on envelope- and post-card boxes. With a sheet or two of good paper some girls might much improve the look of their writing-tables. Leather-paper boxes should not be bound with gold, but the top put over the edge of the box, and then the piece round; for glove-boxes a little cotton-wool can be laid on top of lid, and the paper glued at edge only; this way it looks more like a real leather box.

