



THE HOME IN PORTLAND PLACE.

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER I.
MARRIED LIFE.

SIX years have passed since the days when May and Winifred talked over the plans of the latter, and discussed ways and means of working at and arranging their respective wardrobes.

A great deal can happen in that length of time, and to both girls life had changed in many ways. Shortly after Winifred's marriage to Eric Despard, Mrs. Lyle died very suddenly. She had not been very strong, but none of her family suspected any more than she did that anything was radically wrong, and the suddenness of her death was a great shock to them all, caused as it was by heart disease. Following on her death came news to Mr. Lyle of one of his brothers in Australia being in bad health. He was unmarried, and wished Mr. Lyle to come over and settle near him, promising if he came to treat Jack and Harry, now growing up, as his sons, both then and in the future. Both young men were charmed at the prospect of exchanging City office work for the free life on the Australian farm of which they had so often heard, and the three younger children were equally pleased.

The only member of the family who seemed very much depressed at the idea of going, and yet who gave no good reason for not wishing to go was Maud, who was next in age to Winifred.

However, after a while, the mysterious reason was discovered, and Mr. Lyle had to make up his mind to leave her behind on a visit to her

godmother until Jim Furze had settled the little home in Hampstead to which he wished to bring her.

"I thought you were fretting at leaving Winifred," said Mr. Lyle, when his sanction was asked; for Jim had been so much in love, and so desperate at the thought of Maud sailing away to Australia, that he had spoken to her first instead of to Mr. Lyle, as a less precipitate man would have done. Maud blushed at her father's remark, and he went on—

"Well, I have nothing to say against it. You will be twenty-two by the time you are married, and Jim is thirty-two, though he might be much younger, he is so boyish in many ways."

"Oh, father!"
"Yes—and in that you will be well-matched, for you are young for your age," said Mr. Lyle. "Well, well, I suppose I must lose you; but I am very glad that you are to be Jim's wife, for he is as good as gold, and I can trust you to him without a fear. Now don't hug my head quite off, child"—for Maud had jumped up and given her father a hug which meant that she was overjoyed at his praise of Jim.

So Maud was left at Mrs. Barchard's, and shortly after her father and the rest of the family had sailed, she was married very quietly. Eric Despard, her brother-in-law, gave her away, Winifred not being able to be present, as her twin girls were only a fortnight old.

After a brief holiday abroad, Maud and her husband took possession of Elm Villa, Hampstead, and settled down with many bright hopes for the future.

Meanwhile May, who had gone abroad with her uncle the same summer of Winifred's marriage, met her future husband at a Swiss hotel. He took a fancy to May, and was much fascinated with her pretty face and charming ways, and though he was twenty years her senior, May owned to having lost her heart.

Mr. Dallingham's family was a well-known one, but it was not until the engagement was a month old that May discovered what was very little known, and that was that her *futur* was a very wealthy man indeed.

The marriage took place soon, and then they went abroad, wandering in Italy and Switzerland, only returning to England some years later, both being tired of a roving life, and wishing to settle down, at least for a while, in their London house in Portland Place, which during these years had been shut up.

May was only twenty-two when she married, so that she still felt very girlish, though her handsome dresses added dignity to her appearance.

One November day she told her husband at lunch that she was going to see Winifred.

"You have not been there yet, then?" inquired Mr. Dallingham, who had often heard of Mrs. Despard from May.

"No; I have not had time; there has been so much to do," said May. "But this afternoon is free. I am very anxious to see her, for she writes such wretched letters, so short and with so little in them, that I cannot form much idea of her surroundings and her life."

"All you women like eight pages closely-written and crossed," said Mr. Dallingham.

"I never write a letter if I can avoid it, and in this age of telephones and wires, one can dispense with a great deal."

"I should certainly have liked a little more news of Winifred," said May. "I did not treat her so badly, for I wrote to her regularly, and told her all about our doings."

"How many children are there? Several, I believe?" said Mr. Dallingham.

A shade came over May's bright face. It was the one grief in her married life that she had no children, and she smothered a sigh as she answered—

"There are five children. Well, where are you going this afternoon?"

"To see those pictures in Bond Street," said Mr. Dallingham. "Shall you drive to Chiswick? That is where your friend lives, is it not?"

"I am going by train, as it is only a short walk from the station. I know the place quite well. You see, we lived at Richmond before I married. I don't want to keep the horses standing about, it is so damp, and I may stay some time."

"Get back before it is dark," said Mr. Dallingham, and at that moment the butler announced lunch, and the two left the drawing-room together. The latter room was large and well decorated. The furniture was artistic and pretty, and there were many pictures, curios, and pieces of statuary about the rooms, which opened one into the other. Mr. Dallingham had travelled a great deal himself, and had also inherited many beautiful things from his father.

The dining-room corresponded with the rest of the house in artistic grandeur, which is absolutely different from the magnificence seen in the houses of those who have more money than taste.

May looked very nice that afternoon as she walked from Turnham Green Station to Doris Gardens. She had on a well-fitting Redfern tailor-made dress, and a good sealskin jacket, with an extremely pretty hat with brown feathers which fell over her soft fair hair. Every detail of her attire was careful and neat, and now her pretty face had a flush of anxious expectation on it, as she thought of her coming visit to Winifred, for neither had met since their girl-days. After crossing the common, May went up one of the small roads leading from the busy, noisy high road, and was soon in Doris Gardens.

No. 12 was a corner house, and consequently rather larger than the rest; but, as May knocked, she privately wondered how they all fitted into a house of such evidently small dimensions.

As no one came in answer, May knocked and rang again. The sound of voices was heard in the passage, and then the door was opened by an untidy maidservant in a shabby black dress and tumbled muslin apron.

May nearly fell down as she entered, for some hoops were on the ground and a skipping-rope. The maid picked them up apologetically, and then ushered May into the front sitting-room, a small apartment with a bay window.

The room was so unlike anything that she

ever associated with her remembrance of Winifred, that for half a moment May wondered if by chance the servant had mistaken the name or herself the number, until a large photograph of herself on the chimney-piece, done in Rome, convinced her that there was no mistake.

There was a very ugly square of carpet on the floor, round which were some stained and dusty boards. Heaps of music were untidily piled on the piano. Some toys were strewn about in the window, and a small fire just lighted was sputtering in the grate.

All the furniture bore marks of hard wear, and there was very little attempt at order or anything pretty.

Just as May was unconsciously noting all this most observantly, Winifred entered the room, and for a minute the friends forgot all but the fact that they had met again.

Winifred had altered very much in appearance. She had grown stouter, and the set of her dress, which was a very much worn one, betrayed the fact that her stays were not well-fitting. Her hair was carelessly arranged, and her appearance was not improved by the gap caused by having lost a front tooth.

"It is an age since we met," said May, falling back on an obvious commonplace, as so many do after a long separation.

"Indeed it is. I am so sorry that you have not come down before."

"Well, you see, I never got your letter," said May. "You addressed it wrongly, so it seemed."

"Well, I was not quite sure about it, as I had lost my address book, and I thought it was Portman something. Then I found the book—one of the children had taken it—and as I was just writing again to you, my first letter was returned to me through the dead letter office. Then we were not back from the seaside until a few weeks ago. Eric could not get a holiday this year until so late."

"Where did you go?" asked May.

"Oh, to the same place. We have been to the same lodgings at Brighton for several years."

"Don't you get tired of the same place?"

"Eric does; but I don't care," said Winifred. "We are out in the Kemp Town direction, and I can see the beach from my windows, and the children play there, and it is so nice and safe for them! But you must have tea. I wonder if it is ready?" And Winifred rose and rang the bell—or rather attempted to do so, for, on jerking the handle, only a wirey sound was heard.

"I am so seldom here, and so the bell does not get used," said Winifred. "I have quite forgotten to have it mended. I must call Jane." And disappearing for a moment, Winifred was heard calling Jane.

"I thought," said she, on her return, "that as you had not seen the children, we could have tea with them."

"I am longing to see them," said May, and her wish was gratified shortly afterwards.

Winifred led the way downstairs to the basement front room, which they used as a dining-room, the real dining-room of the house

behind the drawing-room being given up to Eric for a study and smoking-room.

There was a tumbled table-cloth spread, and as it was growing dark in the short November afternoon, the gas was lighted. Two burners were flaring, and there was no globe or shade over either.

The children came in in detachments. Helen and Pussie were twins of five, then came Tom, who was four, Basil of three, and then the two-year-old baby Grace, who was instantly ensconced on Winifred's lap, and was by no means an assistance to her in her efforts to pour tea out of the brown teapot, and milk from the large jug which had a mutilated lip.

It was all very untidy, and Winifred seemed to take it all as a matter of course, and to be in no wise disconcerted by it.

Conversation, so May found, could not be carried on, as the children required all Winifred's attention, and when the meal was over, there was not much time, for May had to return home.

"You will come and see me soon, dear, will you not?" asked May. "Cannot you and Mr. Despard come to lunch or dinner soon? Tell me any day that suits you. I am very free from engagements just now."

Winifred shook her head.

"I never go anywhere. The children take up my time very much, as I have only a young nurse for them," said Winifred.

"Oh, but you must come," said May. "Well, I must not stay now, for I shall lose that through train if I do. I will write, and then we can arrange something."

Winifred smiled. "You must come here instead, May. It is nice to see you again. Goodbye, dear." And kissing her friend affectionately, Winifred let her go.

"Shall I keep the drawing-room fire up, ma'am?" asked Jane, as her mistress closed the door after her visitor.

"There is no necessity to do so. Is it lighted in your master's study?"

"I forgot all about it," said Jane, who had been put out by the unusual event of a visitor.

"Then light it at once, please."

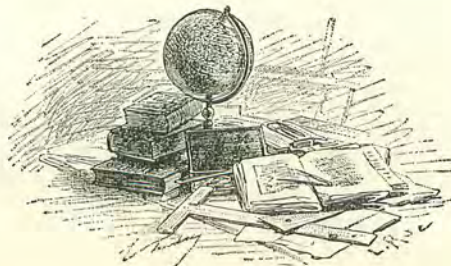
At that moment the sound of a latchkey was heard, the hall-door opened, and Mr. Despard entered. He was a tall, good-looking man, with kind blue eyes and a short brown beard. He wore a cape, and a felt hat was in his hand, and he was unmistakably a literary man.

He stooped to kiss Winifred as usual: but she hardly returned the caress, for she caught the sound of the baby crying from downstairs.

"Is your cold better? Jane is coming to light the fire in your study. I am so sorry it was forgotten," said Winifred, without waiting for an answer.

Eric opened the door of the room, which was in darkness. But in spite of that, as a faithful historian I must admit to seeing—for writers see in the dark—that as he felt in vain for the matches he shrugged his shoulders, and rather a bitter smile was hidden by his moustache.

(To be continued.)



the seed in what position we may, the radicle will always find its way down into the earth, while the plumule obeys its vegetable instinct, and rises into the air. The embryo of the castor-oil bean and that of the maize do not however use up all the nutritive matter in the ovule as the broad bean does, so that when the seed is ripe we find inside it, not only the embryo, but also a quantity of cheesy matter known as *albumen*, and seeds of this kind are hence called *albuminous*, whilst peas, beans, and hazel-nuts, are classed as *ex-albuminous* (without—albumen).

An interesting development consequent upon fertilisation is a growth which occurs in some plants from the base of the ovule. The pretty red coverings of the seeds of the spindle-tree, and the bright berry-like structure on the seeds of the yew-tree are examples of this growth, which is known botanically as an aril (from *arillus*, a wrapper). In the willows this aril is a very lovely covering of

silky hairs, these serve to float the seeds on the atmosphere at every puff of wind.

The pretty lace-like covering on the nutmeg is another example of an aril, better known to us in the form of the fragrant spice called mace.

The style which in most plants dies as soon as the ovules are fertilised, is in other cases persistent, as in the hedge-climber called travellers' joy. The white feathery-looking seeds owe their special character to the persisting styles, which after fertilisation grow into the bunches of fluffy seeds, which hang in profusion on hedges in the country.

I will conclude this chapter with a reference to a change of quite a different character. Not unfrequently fertilisation results in the suppression of certain chambers in the ovary, and in the consequent failure of the ovules they contained.

A cross-section of a young oak ovary shows a three-chambered structure, each cavity containing two ovules, so that the ovary in this

stage contains six ovules in three chambers. Soon after the act of fertilisation, one of the fertilised ovules takes the lead in growth, starves the other five ovules, and, as it grows, pushes the partitions of the other chambers aside, and thus fills up the whole interior, converting it into a one-celled structure. This change happens also in the birch: its two-chambered ovary becomes one; and in the lime, though at first it has a many-chambered ovary, yet in the ripened fruit there is rarely more than one to be found.

Specimens to be observed:—

Examine pollen grains with lens or microscope, dissect white lily flower, pollen on glass slide. Observe changes in growing apple, plant broad-beans, castor-oil seeds, and maize; examine spindle-tree berries (*euonymus*), yew-tree berries, willow seeds, nutmeg, and mace; travellers' joy (clematis), section of oak ovary in the pistillate flower. Examine birch catkins and lime-tree flowers.

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CHAPTER II. CLOUDS.



EVER mind the fire, I shall light it myself," said Eric, as Jane appeared just as he had lit a candle on his writing-table. "Shan't I do it for you, sir?" inquired Jane. "No, never mind it.

"Where is the lamp?" "Missus took it up last night and it haven't been done, I think, to-day."

"The gas will do," said Eric, lighting it as he spoke, and wishing for the lamp, for he much disliked writing by gaslight. "Mind, Jane, I am not to be disturbed until supper-time, and pray try to keep the children quiet."

"The baby is going to bed and so are the little boys, sir, at least as soon as missus can see after them," said Jane, and then she went down banging the door at the top of the kitchen stairs after her.

Eric was cold and tired, and the fireless room was dismal and depressing. Like all brain workers he was particularly sensitive, and his surroundings had much influence on him. As he sat down he could not help contrasting the present with the past. When they were first married, before any babies came, Winifred was usually ready to welcome him in his study, where everything was in order for him, and she herself was becomingly and prettily dressed. Never was his cup of coffee forgotten, and his little tastes about the arrangement of his books and various other things all carefully studied.

Then when he had time they used to go to town for a concert or party, dissipations which seldom cost more than the railway fare, as Eric had many journalistic friends who gave him free passes. And there were other changes. However, there was no use thinking

of it, and Eric was philosophical. So he settled himself at his writing-table, noticed instinctively that there were not any flowers on it as in days gone by, and then taking out a note-book he was soon hard at work.

At eight o'clock a bell rang for supper, and Eric went down feeling rather pleased with himself at having finished what he termed a tough bit of work.

The dining-room was empty when he went down. There was the same tumbled cloth on the table, left on since the children's tea, and the supper was not one very likely to tempt Eric's usually bad appetite.

"Where is your mistress?" he inquired, as he sat down and began cutting the bread.

"She is with the baby, sir."

Eric cut himself some bread and cold ham, and by the time he had got to the pudding Winifred came down, looking anxious and tired.

"Well, old woman," said Eric, "are all the chicks in bed, and you permitted to have some supper?"

"Yes. Baby is not so well to-day, she seems feverish, and I am a little anxious about her."

"Well, come and have some supper. Of course, I did not wait for you, for it is never of any use."

"Of course not," said Winifred calmly. "I am much too busy to be able to come down to meals at the moment. But surely I ordered something else for supper besides cold ham."

"Did you?"

"Yes, I am sure I told Jane to make some rissoles of the cold beef, and to cook some fried potatoes as well."

"They sound very good," said Eric, "but neither have appeared."

"Oh, I remember now, I was going to order them and then I had to see about the perambulator, the man called at that moment and I forgot all about it. I had May Dellingham here to-day, Eric."

"May Dellingham—oh yes, I remember. Quite an event for you to have a visitor."

"Yes indeed. You know I have not time to be bothered with visits and having people here, but May is an old friend, and I did not mind her. She wants us to go there so much. They have a house in Portland Place; but, of course, I said we could not," said Winifred.

A frown came on Eric's forehead, but passed off quickly. However, there was distinct annoyance in his voice as he answered—

"Why did you refuse? They, or at least Mrs. Dellingham is an old friend of yours, and I should very much like to know her husband. He is a very clever man, and his means have given him the opportunity of studying and collecting a great deal in the way of curios, and I believe he has some most valuable Bartolozzis."

"You can call on him, or he on you, at your clubs," said Winifred. "Really, Eric, you forget that dinners, luncheons, and going out are quite out of my line."

"I do not see why they should be," said Eric. "You used to go out before you married, I am sure I met you at several little garden-parties."

"That was very different, I had not got the children or a house to see after," said Winifred, "you would not like me to neglect the children, and Jane is very inexperienced."

"Granted. No, certainly, I should be very sorry not to see you up to the mark as a mother, but if you would only do as I want you to do, you would be more free to be with me. I see next to nothing of you, and as for a party or concert, why, I can't remember when last we went to anything of the kind."

"What is it you want me to do? To neglect my children as that woman opposite does? Leaving them to the tender mercies of a nursemaid would be impossible to me."

"I have just told you that I do not wish you to neglect them, I should be a strange kind of father if I did," said Eric keeping his temper with difficulty. "I have said before that if you had a good nurse as your sister Maud has, that you would be much more free."

"I do not care to entrust the children to a nurse. How can I tell what care she would take of them? I like to have them under my own eye."

"Head nurse and Mary as nursemaid."

Winifred did not answer, but helped herself to some pudding.

Eric was silent too for a few moments, and then his voice was very gentle when he spoke.

"Winnie, old woman, don't let us misunderstand each other. I should like you to have a thorough good nurse. Give her good wages and get a trustworthy person."

"They are very difficult to get, and the

expense," said Winifred; "you do not think of that."

"They must be to be had, or what would hundreds of mothers do whose position requires them to have some free time; and as for expense, you know we can afford it. Come, now, Winnie, I want more of you and your society, that's the fact of it."

"I thought you only wanted me to go out to the Dellingshams, and places of that kind."

"I want both," said Eric. "You know you used to be interested in my career as a journalist, and have a rather good opinion of your humble servant, and it is to my interest to go about and know people, and I enjoy it better when I have my wife with me."

"I can't afford the dress," said Winifred, who had become so absorbed by nursery duties, that to get into a nice dress, and make herself look as well turned out as she was as a girl, was an ordeal she hated even to think about.

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Eric. "Why, when we first married you were always well dressed, and it astonished me to think you could manage it upon your allowance. Your simple things too looked twice as well as many of the grand clothes of lots of women. Somehow you had the knack of putting them on well, and choosing what became you. And I have told you, Winnie, that I am doing rather well just now, and that you can have more if you like it."

"There are the children to save for—their education in the future," said Winnie.

"I am laying by for that, and besides that there is a very good margin."

"So you want me to spend money on clothes?" said Winnie.

"Make yourself look nice," said Eric, "and don't, pray, don't let us live quite to ourselves as we are doing. Can't you pay more visits, and give a party now and then?"

"In this little house?" asked Winifred.

"We can move into another next year; meanwhile, if you only had things more shipshape, you know, Winnie, I could have a couple of fellows to supper now and then, and we could see a little of our fellow-creatures."

Winifred did not answer, and as a matter-

of-fact, she had hardly heard her husband's words. There was an absent look on her face. She was thinking of Basil's new clothes. She was rising to go upstairs when Eric spoke again.

"Winnie, could you come upstairs and just try the accompaniment of a song? You know I am such a duffer about reading music. I want to see if I have a voice left."

A look of positive horror came over Winifred's face.

"Play the piano, Eric, at this hour! why, what are you thinking of—it would wake the children."

"They ought to get accustomed to it. Oh, never mind, Winnie, it's of no consequence."

Eric sighed and then took refuge in the usual consolation of his pipe. He smoked a little, and then went up to his study again, where a bundle of proofs just come by the last post were waiting for him among many letters, etc.

He was soon immersed in his work, and it was not until late that he made his way to bed. He was a hard and conscientious worker, bringing high principle to bear upon every detail of his work.

The next day he had plenty to do, as usual, in the city, and coming back by the District Railway, in the foggy afternoon, he opened the evening paper, when he was greeted heartily by a good-looking young fellow opposite to him. It was Jim Furze.

"When are you coming down our way?" asked Jim as he lit his cigarette.

"When I can get Winifred to come," said Eric.

"Oh, domestic duties and all that kind of thing, eh?" said Jim. "Well, I suppose she likes it. I won't let Maud spend all her time over our pair of brats, and she manages capitally."

Eric was silent. Whatever he might say privately to Winifred, he was loyal to her and would never entertain any fault-finding to, or in the presence of a third person.

"You are on this line now, then?" said Eric, for he had not met Jim Furze before on his homeward journey.

"Yes, my chief has moved his office from Gray's Inn Road to the Strand, so I have a

season on the District. Well, mind you come soon. Maud was saying she had not seen Winifred for a long time. And if she cannot come, run down, will you, any evening and you will find me in. Why, I don't think I have seen you since our trip."

"No, where did you go?"

"Well we took a circular tour in Switzerland, and had a capital time," said Jim, whose good-natured face was an *index to his sunny* character. "Really, Maud and I were like a couple of children, we enjoyed it so much."

"Was it an expensive business?"

"Not at all. We got the addresses of *pensions* and moderate hotels, and upon my word we spent much less than when we went to the seaside two years ago; but then we had to take the whole caravan, nurse, babies, and all. Three years ago we went to the Ardennes, and the year before that to France."

"I remember hearing of it," said Eric, for the Furzes were then at Hampstead, and did not meet so often. For the last year they had been at Richmond.

"It must have been very nice," he continued. "I want to see Switzerland very much again. We went there on our wedding tour, but there are heaps of places we had not time to see."

"You must go some day. When you come down we shall show you our route and the views we bought. You and Winifred had better go next year, leave the chicks behind you, and have a renewal of the honeymoon days," and Jim laughed.

Eric smiled and wondered if any power on earth would induce Winifred to leave her children behind her, and go off for a thorough holiday with him. He doubted it, even if Mrs. Barchard came and took charge of the house and children for them, as she had so often offered to do. She was a childless widow, and loved children as so many such women do.

The next evening Eric finished his work early and was off to Richmond, where he arrived just after supper, and Maud made a pleasant hostess in her pretty drawing-room which she used and lived in. Winifred had refused to come on the plea of being busy.

(To be continued.)



LEAVES FROM AN OLD RECIPE BOOK.

Apple Cream.—Take the pulp of one dozen large baked apples, and bruise smoothly with a spoon. Add the whites of two eggs well beaten up, and add powdered sugar by degrees until sweet enough, also a little brandy. It must be well beaten for a considerable time.

To Preserve Oranges.—Take the fairest and finest oranges you can get. If Seville oranges, grate them and steep them in cold water for three days, changing the water twice a day. Then put them down to boil in water, and lay a board on them to keep them down; and as the water wastes, fill it up again with boiling water. This must be repeated until the oranges are soft enough for a wheaten straw to go through them. Then take them up, put them into a cloth, and lay them by till the next day. Then cut a small hole in the middle of each orange and carefully scrape out the seeds. Weigh the oranges and put them into white sugar, one pound to each pound of fruit, and enough water to wet it, in a preserving pan. Set it over the fire, skim it well, and when clear, put in the oranges. Let them boil until they look clear, and then put into glasses.

Orange Jelly.—Take the juice of ten China oranges and two lemons, a little lemon-peel, one quart of water, six ounces of sugar, two ounces of isinglass dissolved in a small quantity of water. Boil altogether and strain into shapes. A small quantity of saffron improves the colour.

Two Receipts for Cheese-cakes.—No. 1. Half a pound of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter, blanched and pounded not too fine, yolks of five eggs well-beaten, three-quarters of a pound of white pounded sugar. These ingredients must not be mixed until just going into the oven. Half-an-hour bakes them. This quantity makes twenty small cheese-cakes. The paste round them should be thin and not very rich. No. 2. Blanch and pound finely four ounces of sweet almonds and a few bitter with a spoonful of water. Then add four ounces of pounded sugar, a spoonful of cream, the whites of two and the yolk of one egg well-beaten. Mix quickly and bake in a pretty warm oven about a quarter-of-an-hour. Cover the patty pans with light pastry, and don't fill them too full, as the almonds rise very much.

Prune Shape.—Stone one pound of prunes, blanch the kernels and boil them with the fruit, a little water, and two or three spoonfuls of port-wine, half-an-ounce of dissolved isinglass, and a table-spoonful of brown sugar. Put it into a shape, and when cold turn it out. A mould with a false centre answers best. Fill the centre with good whipped cream.

Irish Rock.—Blanch one pound of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter. Pick out a few sweet almonds and cut them like straws. Pound all the rest in a mortar with one spoonful of brandy, four ounces of loaf sugar pounded and sifted, and half-a-pound of salt butter well-washed. Pound all together until the mass looks very white, and set it in a cool place to stiffen. Then dip two table-spoonfuls into cold water, and with them form the paste as much like eggs as possible. Place the eggs as high on a dish as possible, putting a small saucer turned up under the napkin, ornament with the cut almonds some green sweetmeats and a spray of myrtle. It is a very pretty dish.

the following may be taken as a specimen: "Amid all our musical soul-feasts, there's always peeping out an angel face, which more than resembles the divine lineaments of a certain Chiara. How thou must have thought of us last night, Chiara, at the concert, where thou wert playing those compositions which the editor of this paper loves so well. I also thought of thee, Chiara, pure one, bright one, whose hands are ever stretched towards Italy—whither thy longing draws thee—but thy dreamy eyes still turned to the editor of this paper." If Mr. Jacques, the editor of the *Musical World*, were to incorporate a series of such extravagances in his paper, we may imagine what commotion there would be among its readers. No less commotion prevailed among the readers of the *Neue Zeitschrift*, who were completely mystified as to what it was all about. The only person who fully appreciated every expression in the ardent letters, was a certain young lady at No. 36

Grimmisch Strasse, Leipsic, who had suddenly become a most diligent reader of the paper.

Such a pertinacious wooer would take no denying, and in due course Herr Wieck relented, and promised that the marriage so ardently desired should take place. It proved a very happy one. No better partner in life could have been vouchsafed to the meditative, dreamy composer than the young maiden whom he had wooed and won so romantically. She proved herself first and foremost an admirable housewife and economist, not the least important of the many qualifications which go to making up a good wife. In addition to this she shared and fully sympathised with his poetical nature, his musical day-dreams, and studied that he might indulge his reveries without interference, while she faced the more serious side of life, which her more practical nature was better able to cope with. She encouraged him to continue the labour of composition, and played his music in public in

a way which achieved it ready popularity. A happy household they were in after years, with seven children running about, and everything proving joy and prosperity. Schumann's painful illness and sad death destroyed that happiness, but the energy of the mother prevented a blight to the family prosperity. She continued her admirable pianoforte performances; she became the wonder and delight of Europe, and in every capital city her name is well-known and her talents admired.

She generally resided at Frankfort-on-the-Main or at Wiesbaden, and was held in esteem and veneration by all who knew her. She used to write to the Editor of this magazine some interesting letters, and it is his great pride, as it must have been that of his readers, that she contributed a pianoforte-solo of her own composition to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It is also worthy of note that her best pupils, Mademoiselle Janotha and Miss Fanny Davies, are contributors to the same magazine.

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER III. PORTLAND PLACE.



MAY DEL-
LINGHAM
had had a
busy win-
ter. Both
she and her
husband
liked going
out, and
did so in
moderation.
To them both
it was recreation
and not the
business of
life, and an
earnestness
of purpose and

high standard was never lost sight of. They generally went out together, for Mr. Dellingham was proud of his lovely wife, who received admiration with dignity and never allowed the "sweet briery fence," as Moore poetically calls it, to be broken down in her intercourse with men. Those who knew her were often reminded of Mrs. Browning's "My Kate," and certainly her influence was greater than she was at all aware of herself.

Every morning of her life May offered all the actions of the day to God, her recreations, her amusements, social duties, etc., remembering always that if such ordinary matters as eating and drinking were to be done to the greater glory of God, much more could that spirit affect all other duties and pleasures.

From May's lips detractions never came. She knew well that it was a sin—robbing those who were the object of it of their good name—and society scandals were never spoken of by her. Many an ill-natured story or scandalous piece of gossip was nipped in the bud when in her own house she silenced it by a deft turn of the conversation or marked silence eloquent of disapproval.

May read a great deal but chose her books with care, and was never ashamed of saying she had not read a popular novel which she knew was by an author who wrote of those

things, of which no modest woman would care to hear.

"No, I have not read it," she said to a lady one day who asked her if she had read a new French novel which was making a sensation, "and I shall not do so."

"Of course it's rather *risque*," said the lady, "but when one is married one can read anything, and it's so clever."

"Possibly," said May coldly, "but because I am married I do not think I am more free to sully the purity of my mind than when I was a girl. And besides I should loathe the book. I have read reviews of it and know the line it takes. Evil and sin for some inscrutable purpose exists in the world, but we should not without necessity inform ourselves of its details or learn more of it than we can help. It always seems to me that books of that kind are as if you took up some filthy mud that had accumulated in the street and placing it before you contemplated it."

The lady laughed and said how very prim and proper Mrs. Dellingham was—she would soon learn better in London society.

But May did not learn what this lady would have termed better. She was careful in all ways to what she exposed herself to see, hear and read, knowing that the mind and soul is of greater value than the body.

How careful people are lest they run into danger which may affect the latter, and yet how reckless they are of what they let come to influence the mind and soul!

May and her husband did much for the poor and suffering in the way of money but did not stop there.

As May was not very strong Mr. Dellingham did not care for her to undertake any "slumming," but both of them rendered personal service to their Master in very many ways, the medium through which they did it often being some poor artist or struggling governess, young men who needed a helping hand and the exercise of interest to push them on, or girls to whom education meant endowing them with a fortune which could be used but never spent.

May had several poor gentlewomen whom she visited often in their humble lodgings or tiny flats. Many of them according to the decision of their friends were fit subjects for homes and the various asylums which exist for impecunious or distressed gentlewomen. These May

and her husband exerted themselves to help by getting votes, etc., but there were others who shrank from any charities of the kind and who clung to their one room with a pertinacity few understood. May's sympathetic nature helped her to comfort these and give a great deal of help in various ways. These ladies are of a most difficult class to help, so people say generally, but May did not find it so. Hers was a "heart at leisure from itself" from which soothing and sympathy flowed spontaneously. With tact and courtesy she won her way and was able to help in many ways. There were newspapers sent regularly from Portland Place, and however busy May was she always undertook the addressing of these herself. There were flowers and fruit sent, delicacies in time of illness, a nurse when needed, a doctor's bill mysteriously paid, anonymous gifts sent through the post, according to the old Russian plan when the receiver is asked to accept the offering "For Christ's sake," and many other things in kind.

May was quick and observant, and thus soon discovered what the needs of her friends were, and much as she assisted them materially she also often helped them more by the very fact of her sweet presence and her visits.

What with one thing and another, although she had no children May's hands were always full, and she had to plan out her time and use method or else she would never have got through half she did and yet be always able to go about with her husband, for whom she felt increasing admiration, the more she knew of him and his sterling, unselfish character. The servants of the house all loved their master and mistress, who treated one and all with respect and courtesy. Although in their rambling life abroad May had not had much to do with servants beyond her own maid and the man-servant who had been for many years with Mr. Dellingham, she soon discovered how to govern her house. Her housekeeper took much trouble off her hands, but May did not consider that her existence freed her from all responsibility.

One February day when the wind was very keen Winifred called at Portland Place on her return from a long afternoon of shopping. May had gone to the Queen's drawing-room and Winifred had promised to look in if she had time and see her on her return, which

would be late, as she had to go to a couple of drawing-room teas before her return.

Winifred went up to the drawing-room which was lighted with softly-shaded lamps held by most beautiful bronze figures. There were lovely flowers about the room and everything struck Winifred, as it generally did as being very charming. The house was very still and quiet, and as Winifred leant back in a chair which realised the most perfect ideal of comfort she felt that not for all May's wealth and luxury would she exchange her house where there were pattering feet on the stairs all day long, the sound of children's voices and all the cares and anxieties of her motherhood.

Presently there was a loud knock at the door, and in a minute or two May came in looking very sweet and very lovely with her pale blue velvet train, her diamonds and well arranged feathers decorating bodice and hair.

"Are you tired?" asked Winifred when she had duly admired May's attire and asked all the questions a woman was likely to do about the dresses and how the Queen looked.

"Yes, I am rather," said May laying down her bouquet and seating herself. "I hope you had some tea."

"Yes, it was brought me very soon after I came."

"I am very glad you were able to come in Winnie, it was very good of you. Godfrey will be in a minute or two, he is taking off his warpaint."

"I can scarcely realise that it is you, May," said Winifred; "it seems a contrast to our girl days, does it not, when we lived at Richmond?"

"Yes, I never thought I should marry a rich man and go out a good deal," said May.

"Don't you find, May, that it is all rather a hindrance to the things we used to care for so much—not used, I hope," said Winifred, shyly, "for I suppose we care for them now."

"I know what you mean. They could be if I was not on my guard. But I am quite at rest on the matter, and feel that I am doing the will of God as much by going into society and living a good deal in the world, as if I led the quietest life imaginable. There are many temptations and difficulties, but there would have to be some in every state of life."

"I suppose so," said Winifred. "I am glad my lot is not cast in the world, for I dislike going out. I never cared very much for it as a girl, and now I simply hate it. You must

spend a great deal of time over dress, thinking about it and planning new clothes and all that. It would seem to me such waste of time. You see I am talking out as freely as in the old days," and Winifred laughed.

May smiled. "Do you know, Winifred, that I do not as a matter of fact spend a very great deal of time on dress. I have a very good dressmaker and an excellent maid, and when I have new things I really have not got to spend so much time as if I had to plan and contrive how to get them."

"They must cost a great deal, your dresses I mean," said Winifred.

"Yes, they do," said May, "but do you remember a talk we had when we were girls before we married about dressing in accordance with our station?"

Winifred shook her head.

"Well, I do. And so as I know my husband's means allow of it I am able to get the dresses and all I want for going out with a perfectly easy conscience."

"It would seem very difficult to me, I think," said Winifred, who seemed to have forgotten the old rules that guided her as a girl.

"Not at all; you see we are not without a guide, and if we pray to be led aright in these things we are shown somehow or other what we ought to do; and, Winifred, when one's heart is satisfied with the love of our Lord—you understand what I mean—gaiety and all those things are so much more easy to enter into, as one simply uses them as a means to an end and not as an object in themselves."

"Yes, I think I understand; well, as I say, I am very glad I can live among my babies and never put on a smart dress."

May did not answer for a moment. She could not help thinking that Winifred in the old days would never have appeared in such an untidy jacket, the fur of which much wanted sewing on in several places, and the dress under it was extremely shabby. May felt on delicate ground, for she feared that they must be very poor.

"I suppose Mr. Despard is too much taken up with his work to care about society," said May.

"No, he likes going out a little, and he wants to take a larger house in the Barrowgate Road so that we could receive—just imagine!" and Winifred laughed.

"Why not?" inquired May, rather relieved at the information about the house, as that looked as if they were prospering.

"Fancy receiving in a small house—such a bother."

"Yes, if you attempted a big 'At Home' or smart dinner-party," said May; "but our house at Richmond was not large, and yet Uncle John used to have his friends, and you used to give parties at Beverly Lodge."

"Oh yes, but the bother and trouble; mother had a genius for that kind of thing, and used always to be pleased if father wired that he wished to bring a friend back to dinner."

"Well, if Mr. Despard likes it—don't you think perhaps that it is a pity that you should not take the trouble?"

"With five children?" inquired Winifred satirically, when further conversation was ended by the entrance of Mr. Dellingham.

"Well, Mrs. Despard," said he, "you are going to stay to dinner, so we can have a nice chat. I want to hear more about your husband. I am so sorry not to have had the pleasure of meeting him yet."

"I cannot possibly stay," said Winifred.

"Never mind your dress," said May, "we are all by ourselves."

"Thank you, May, but I must get back."

In a short time Winifred was taking her departure much to the Dellinghams' regret.

"Mind you tell Mr. Despard that you must both come—lunch, dinner, anything that suits you best," said May. "I know a literary man is always busy."

"If I knew when he would come I would ask Howson of the *Inkpot* to meet him, he was saying the other day how much he wished to know him," said Mr. Dellingham.

Winifred reached home to find that her husband had been and gone, leaving a message for her that he might be late.

Winifred had a shade on her face as she heard the message, but she was soon engrossed with her children and forgot all about it. She did not go down to supper, but had some sandwiches and cocoa brought up into her room where baby was sleeping.

Winifred knitted on as she sat by her side, and it never occurred to her to read. Beyond a chapter in her Testament which she never failed to read every day, she seldom opened a book, and her husband had ceased to bring her new magazines and books as he used to do, having discovered that they were usually left unread.

Meanwhile Eric had gone to Richmond.
(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

REPENTANCE.—The beginning of repentance may be with clouds and storms, with perplexity and distress and anguish of heart. But let it be repentance in earnest; the earnest and honest breaking off from what is evil and sinful; and the clouds will soon give way to calm and sunshine, and it will be to us the path leading us through peace and contentment, and the rest of a good conscience here, to the rest of glory, without regret and without stain, in God's kingdom in heaven.—*Dean Church.*

PRAYERFULNESS.—Prayerfulness means more than prayer, for it means prayer become an abiding principle of the life, a permanent attribute of the character, a perpetual state. It is possible to say stated prayers at stated intervals, on stated days; and to be regular in morning and evening, and even in noon-day devotion, and yet to be very far removed from the real life of prayer. Prayer has been defined to be a wish referred to God; and if

we could keep this thought before us, it would help us to acquire the habit of prayer, by making us refer each wish, as it came into our minds, to God, for His assistance in furtherance or frustration, and the way to this is to practise short, informal, spontaneous prayer; ejaculatory, as it is called from being darted arrow-like to heaven.

NEITHER ought we to sorrow for those our brethren who, by the Lord's summons, have been set at liberty from the life below; assured that they are not gone away, but gone forward; that in departing from us they are but leading the way, as is men's wont in a journey, or upon a voyage; that we owe them our affection rather than our lamentations, and ought not to put on the garb of black, while they have already put on their white raiment there; so that we must not mourn for them as extinct and perished, who are alive with God.—*St. Cyprian.*

A WOMAN cycling in traffic should remember certain rules: to ride slowly and near to the kerbstone; to avoid steering at an angle when the roadway is wet; never to ride close behind a vehicle moving at any speed; to dismount rather than to ride immediately in front of a heavy vehicle; never to ride in traffic at all until she is able to dismount at any moment, without regard to the position of her pedals. Of course there are women-cyclists who ride every bit as well as men, but these are rare, and the better the rider the less avoidable risk she takes.

THE *Athenæum* says that "The refusal of Oxford and the reluctance of Cambridge to grant degrees to women are emphasised by the steadily increasing number of women-graduates at other universities. Seventy-seven women have taken the B.A. degree at London University this term, in addition to thirty-six who were presented for other degrees."

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

By IDA LEMON.

CHAPTER III.

MANY an attachment begins with a quarrel. Horace Caben went home that evening thinking that both the girls were lovely to look at, but that the small amount of sense they possessed between them was almost entirely appropriated by Dorothy. He did not know that fine characters have often curious little inconsistencies, and that the apparently frivolous girl had great depth in her nature, greater perhaps than he himself. But he did not take either Dolly or Kitty very seriously. It was of what Dr. Forrest had said that he thought most as he went home, and on his arrival he tossed the bracelet into a drawer, expecting that in a day or two a little note would arrive asking that it might be forwarded.

Astonished would he have been had anyone told him that before very long he would be willing to lay down his life for the owner.

The visit to Dr. Forrest was followed by others. In the restricted society of the small place an intimacy could grow quickly. Dorothy and he were very good friends, and Kathleen, to whom long-continued resentment was impossible, soon treated him with her usual frank sweetness, and gave him speedy cause to withdraw his first verdict. However, no allusion was ever made to the bracelet. The remembrance of it only now and then flashed into his mind, and scarcely ever when he was in her society. If it did chance to do so he put it aside for fear of incurring her displeasure by an allusion to it. He thought, and rightly, she was probably a little ashamed, by now of her airs of dignity and at her long-continued obstinacy. But she was far too proud to tell him she was sorry or to ask him to give her her bracelet.

Sometimes he had the opportunity of talking to her and Dorothy alone. Generally on those occasions it was Kathleen who contributed the most ideas to the conversation. He wondered however he had thought her silly, and by-and-by forgot that he had done so. Her flashes of earnestness surprised him sometimes. He liked to provoke her to argument, and would now and then speak

lightly of things she admired in order to hear her enthusiastic vindication of them.

"She is scarcely out of her childhood," he would say to himself, "she will make a grand woman."

Once he spoke of her to the doctor, and called forth tales of what a sweet woman her mother was.

"She and my wife," said the doctor, "were just such a pair as Dolly and Kitty, and a couple of sweeter, purer, nobler women never breathed. I hope those girls 'll never marry, for I don't believe there's a fellow good enough for them."

There was a defiant element in Caben. Perhaps these words of Dr. Forrest awakened it. This was the first time it had occurred to him that he might aspire to marry one of these girls. He was not conceited, but he did not like to feel that either the doctor put him out of the question or else did not think him good enough for the husband of daughter or niece.

The idea having been suggested clung to him. He had no doubt now as to which of the girls he preferred. He began to observe her more closely. He was a busy man. It was curious how much time he had to think of Kathleen.

Then he saw her in a new light.

One of his men was run over by a waggon and had his legs broken. Now and then he naturally went to inquire after him. On one of these occasions he found Kathleen sitting by his bedside reading to him. She rose and left the room at his entrance, and when he came out had left the cottage. Afterwards he learnt that not only here but in many of the homes of the poor this young bright girl was to be often found.

"So soon as she hear that a body's sick or in trouble," said the wife of the injured man, "there she'll be. It's always a glad day for us when we hear she's back at the doctor's."

One day before the summer was over Mr. Caben gave a garden-party. One of his sisters, nothing loth, came to be hostess. The farmer said nothing about the Forrests, but he was gratified when Mrs. Cooper asked who they were, and begged him to introduce

them. He was inclined to think more highly of all women for Kathleen's sake, and his sisters naturally had risen in his estimation. He thought perhaps he had been too hard in his judgments, and moreover they had undoubtedly improved since their marriage, especially Mrs. Cooper. At any rate he was willing to accept her praise of Kathleen as something worth having. Women understand each other better than men, he thought.

Mrs. Cooper almost monopolised Kitty, and parted from her with lively expressions of hope that they might meet again soon.

"I am glad she has taken to her," said Caben to himself.

And after the garden-party was over he wandered about in and out of the deserted tent and up and down the dewy lawn asking himself how he should propose and when.

As to Kathleen's sentiment towards him he was in ignorance. But he was not discouraged by that. He had never made love to her in the way a younger man might have done. She could scarcely be expected to guess how much he cared. When she knew, however, he hoped she might think of him as a lover, and if she had not yet given him her heart would learn to love him. How beautiful it would be to see her gradually turn towards him till she was all his own. And then he asked himself was he worthy of her? He rejoiced to think he had nothing to conceal from her. The past was hers as well as the present, and—if she would let it be so—the future.

That evening he went to one of his drawers in search of a certain letter he wanted. There he found a little parcel, and taking it up looked at the bracelet.

"I had almost forgotten I had it," he said. "What nonsense that affair was. Poor child. It is time she had it back again. I must not wait for her to ask for it." Then he smiled to himself. "I think I shall make a condition though."

And it was this "condition" which delayed still longer the return of the bracelet. Indeed that little gold bangle seemed bent on interfering with Mr. Caben's happiness.

(To be continued.)

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER IV.

ERIC.

"ARE you seriously thinking of our taking another house?" asked Winifred of her husband a month later.

Eric paused and looked thoughtful for a moment or two.

It was morning and they were seated at the breakfast-table, the baby as usual on Winifred's lap and the rest of the children seated at the table.

The twins were squabbling over their portion of jam, Basil was drumming with his hands on the table and Tom solemnly eating his bread and milk.

The children were fairly clean and tidy, but Winifred was not a pleasing spectacle by any means; her hair was just twisted up into a knot at the back of her head, her serge dress did not fit well and her hands, which were unadorned by any rings save her wedding-ring, showed signs of hard work and the absence of all care.

"I had thought of another house," said Eric slowly as he pushed aside the badly-cooked omelet and cut himself some cold bacon, a thing he did not care for at all.

"I suppose you would have to give notice soon, next week?" said Winifred.

"Yes, on quarter day. Well, Winnie, what do you think about it?" said Eric when the twins began to cry simultaneously, and as Basil kicked Tom by mistake, a concert of not an agreeable character was instantly begun.

Eric sighed.

"Mother, do stop Pussie! She will take more jam, and—"

"You should not have helped yourself at all. Put it back at once, Pussie!"

"Can't I have some more, mother?"

"No, Helen, you have had enough! Tom, be quiet! Basil, I shall send you upstairs. What is the matter, baby darling—what is it?" For the baby had begun to roar, and Winifred found that one tiny finger had been

scratched against a pin which fastened her dress where a button should have been.

Eric looked displeased, and when there was a lull and he could hear himself speak, he remarked—

"I wish I could have a talk with you in peace, Winifred; really there never seems an opportunity."

"Any evening when the children are in bed, I am free; but in the daytime I am very much occupied with them. Yes, baby, mother will take you up presently."

"Well, I love children in general and my own in particular," said Eric as Tom, who had got off his chair, came round to be taken upon his father's lap. He was a dear little boy with solemn blue eyes and curly brown hair, and indeed all the children were such as any father might justly be proud of. "But I think one may have too much even of a good thing. Come now, Winnie, let us settle about the house! Are you keen about changing?"

"No!" said Winifred looking up surprised. "Why, you know that I am not. This house is rather a tight fit certainly since baby came, but it answers very well for us. This furniture, which looks well enough here, would not do for a new house and larger rooms, and that would be an additional expense."

"Wise woman to have thought of that; well, I am not as keen about it as I was. Let us stay on here. After all, what does it matter?"

"What does not matter?" asked Winnie, surprised at the tone in which the words were spoken, and the sigh which followed.

Eric looked at her curiously.

"Ah well, Winnie, you know it's no use setting one's heart upon things; I did, and I am disappointed."

"What about?" asked Winifred who had not the least idea what her husband meant.

"Well, in the days of long ago I used to dream dreams. I thought when I had a nice little wife who was interested in her husband's career and wanted to help him in it, that I should get on pretty smartly, and—"

"Why, Eric, you know I could not write or help you in your journalistic work; even correcting proofs is always a great trouble to me, I am so afraid of making mistakes."

"That is not what I mean. The wife of a rising journalist and I suppose, without vanity, I am that, can do a great deal for her husband. If I could ask men here to supper now and then, I don't mean dinner-parties, we have not an establishment suited for that, and be a little hospitable, and if you would call on their wives and just see a little of people, it would be all the better for me. And er—though I don't want to find fault with you, Winnie, you know that when one is tired and worn out, that it is recreation, and it does one good to frivel a little at a concert, and to see one's friends, and there's no moving you to come."

"You know I don't care about those things, Eric," said Winifred, "and I can't see why they should be any good to you."

Eric shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and if Jack can't play at home, he is driven to playing elsewhere. Well, I must be off. Don't look cross, old woman," and he stooped to kiss her.

"Shall you be in this evening for supper?" asked Winifred who felt at that moment very hardly used.

"No!" said Eric.

"Where are you going—Richmond, I suppose?" said Winifred.

"Yes, to a friend of Furze's. By-the-way, did you put by that volume of poems I was looking at the evening before last?"

"Yes, I saw it and put it in your study."

"Thanks! Didn't read it, I suppose?"

Winifred shook her head and smiled. The momentary irritation had passed off and she was serene again. Too serene to please Eric, who would have been glad if she had taken his numerous hints, and been influenced by his wishes.

"Ah, do you ever read at all now, Winnie?" asked Eric as he buttoned up his great coat and felt to see if a bundle of papers was in the big pocket.

"Not very much, I admit. I am getting quite rusty, and when I get a book I sometimes fall asleep over it."

"Ah, well, children come before the books, I suppose! Only you used to be a good judge of poetry, and had a knack of finding out if it was poetry or only rhyme, and I should have liked you to have looked at this book, as I have to review it, and I am rather stumped."

"I really cannot, Eric, don't ask me. I have no end to do to-day, and several servants to see, for Jane is going."

"Good-bye again!" and Eric walked off.

He crossed the high road which was busy

as usual, and met the wind as he crossed the common to the station. It was bitterly cold, and he was glad when he got into the train, which he just caught. There was no one he knew in his compartment, and as he puffed away he was thinking over many things, and mentally deciding that what could not be cured must be endured, and that there was no use worrying himself about it.

After a hard day's work he returned home just in time to change his things and be off to Richmond. He called at the Furzes' and found Jim and his wife ready.

"You will be sure to like Mrs. Wayne, she's no end of fun," said Jim, "and she's dying to know you."

"I wonder why?" asked Eric, who certainly felt pleased at the implied flattery.

"Well, she's heard what a swell you are in the literary line, and she loves anything of that kind. I think she dabbles a bit in writing herself, but she will tell you."

"She ought to call upon Winifred," said Maud, who was well muffled up as they met the keen east wind. "I daresay she will."

"Winifred cares so little for society," said Eric, "it is of very little use people calling upon her."

They soon arrived at a house up Richmond Hill, the door of which was opened by a well-dressed parlourmaid.

"Is there a Mr. Wayne?" asked Eric in a low voice as they were entering.

"No, she's a widow," said Jim.

Mrs. Wayne was seated at the fire with a paper in her hands when the Furzes and Eric were announced. She laid it down as if unwillingly, and rose to meet her guests. She was a little woman with dark eyes, and the brass-coloured hair which never naturally accompanies them. She was well-dressed, and wore a simple but extremely pretty dinner-dress of some soft cream-coloured material, trimmed with black velvet. Mrs. Wayne had a low voice, gentle ways, and in a very few minutes Eric was at home with her.

The pretty supper-table was decked with Lent lilies in tall glasses. The crystal was clear and brilliant, and the damask fresh and spotless. There was nothing costly, but all bore marks of taste and refinement.

"I dine early in my little establishment," said Mrs. Wayne, "and have supper. I like supper, there's something so much less conventional about it than dinner, and I hate conventionality."

"So do I," said Tom Furze.

"But you are not a Bohemian. That is reserved for writers and artists, is it not, Mr. Despard?"—Eric laughed.

"I hate conventionality myself, and in a sense I am a Bohemian, but it is a very negative sense. More that I am not a Philistine, for I rank intellectual delights far above those which are usually ranked by the Philistine as the pleasures of life."

"I quite agree with you," said Mrs. Wayne. "You are a kindred spirit. I knew you would be."

"How could you know?" inquired Eric.

"Little birds whisper little things," said Mrs. Wayne coquettishly, as she played with her rissoles, which were so daintily done and served that Eric felt he was very much more hungry than usual; "and a little bird whispered that 'Mercury' of the *Lamp-post* is none other than yourself."

"Then am I to conclude that you have read some of my articles?" said Eric, who was particularly fond of his column in the *Lamp-post*. In it there was more of the expression of his own individuality than in any other work he did. He was very free there to express himself how and as he liked, and his papers had attracted a good deal of notice in various quarters. They were usually on books and art, but the knowledge displayed and the

way in which it was revealed, stamped the papers as very much out of the common.

"Certainly I have read your articles. I always look out for them now, and get every book you recommend, and cross off my list those you condemn. You see you have been my Mentor, and I have wished to know you so very much."

Eric said something civil, and the conversation strayed to books and pictures and things, which Mrs. Wayne knew enough of to be able to talk about.

Maud's paleness attracted a good deal of notice, and the next day she was laid up with a severe cold.

Winifred was very anxious about her sister, and went over to Richmond as often as she could to see her.

"What do you think I am going to do, Winifred?" inquired Maud one day when she was downstairs again.

"Going away for change of air?"

"Yes. Isn't it good of Mrs. Barchard, she says she will come here and look after the children and Jim, and I am going to stay with the Harveys at Bournemouth. The doctor says that it will set me up thoroughly, and I shall be so glad to come back well."

"You can leave the children and Jim?"

"I must do so. My health is of importance, and, though I would much rather have Jim and my precious chicks with me, I cannot give up going, because that is impossible. The Harveys have not room for them, and besides this cold has left me so weak, that really I should not feel equal to looking after them."

"I should not be happy away from the children," said Winifred.—Maud smiled.

"Jim wishes me to go, and he will run down when he can from Saturday to Monday and report matters. Don't look as if you thought me an unnatural mother, Winnie. You know I don't feel as you do about leaving home. It does one good to have a change, independently of health, though I think Jim will be uncommonly glad to have me back again, and I shall be glad to come home."

Then Jim came in, and they talked of other matters. Winifred walked to the tram, and then went across Kew Bridge and took another tram to Chiswick.

The spring wore on and Bournemouth did not do Maud much good. The doctor said she was much run down and should change her residence, so she went to Eastbourne, and Jim, getting his holiday early, joined her there in June.

All went on as usual at Doris Gardens.

May Dellingham went abroad with her husband when the season was over, and with her she took a young girl who was in delicate health, and who would be greatly benefited by the change of air and scene, which it would have been impossible for her to get herself. She was poor, and one of a large family, so that May's offer to take her as her guest was greatly appreciated.

May's life was essentially one of thoughtfulness. She never lost sight of that aim wherever she was, and to those who live on that principle it is astonishing how many opportunities there arise for rendering some service to Him who accepts what is done in His name and for His sake as if done to Himself directly.

It might be some act of self-denial, some kindness to the poor or suffering, some unselfish action, some attention shown to those who were neglected or shy, some thought of and care for others, and guarded watchfulness over her own self in every way that made May's life led in the world distinctly not of it.

As she wandered about the Bavarian Tyrol she heard now and then from Winifred, but she little thought of the shadow that was creeping over her friend's life, of the sharp heart-aches that she was enduring.

(To be continued.)

feeling stung and angry, and it recurred to her at intervals throughout what might otherwise have been a thoroughly enjoyable day, rousing feelings of animosity against its author, as well as the more wholesome stirrings of self-reproach which would have come without it. It left a disagreeable impression on Evelyn's own mind also, and bore its little crop of bitter fruit immediately for her; for she was vexed with herself for having undertaken a graceful kindness ungraciously, and in consequence began her work in the sick-room in a depressed mood, and without that large stock of patience and ready sympathy which makes a nurse's presence soothing and gratifying to her patient, and is so indispensable to success in ministering to the sick. And as a result she was further annoyed by her aunt's complaints against Beatrice's undutiful conduct in going out without having come to bid her good-bye, and regrets that she and not Beatrice was to be with her all day.

The morning seemed already to have been unusually long and full of irksome duties, when a servant came up to deliver a note into Evelyn's hands. There was no mistaking Lady Defoe's large pointed writing or the crest on the envelope, and Evelyn's heart first gave a great leap of pleasurable excitement and then sank, even before she tore it open and read the few hasty lines, begging her to be ready by mid-day, when Lord Defoe would drive his coach round to pick her up.

"I am sorry not to have given you longer notice, dear, but am hoping this may find you at home and disengaged," ran the letter: and as Evie read the postscript, which added, "Of course, I hope you will arrange to return to lunch with us; Donald is at home, and I have some pleasant young people to meet you," she was scarcely able to keep the tears which rose to her eyes from brimming over. But she mastered her voice, and held her head erect as she turned quietly towards the servant, who was awaiting an answer according to instructions, and said—

"Kindly bring me the writing materials here, and I will write a note for the messenger to take."

"What is it? What is the note about, my dear?" asked her aunt, eagerly.

"Nothing, auntie, nothing that matters—only an invitation that I cannot accept. But I will run downstairs and answer it after all, if you don't mind? It will save Anne the trouble of bringing all the things up." And she went from the room.

She was anxious to spare her aunt the regret she knew she would be kind enough to feel for her sake, if she should learn from whom the invitation came, and she also sought relief from the restrained emotion of deep disappointment in physical movement.

Downstairs in the drawing-room everything looked bright; the sun shone in through the wide-open windows, and a band played a brisk cheerful tune without in the street, while the voices of the passers-by sounded happily as they stepped over the pavement below. The disappointment pressed more than ever heavily on Evelyn's heart as she felt the influence of this gay outside world from which she was shut in, and the banished tears welled up again with irrepressible force.

She sealed up her note and despatched it, and went to the window to give herself time to recover a moment before returning to her aunt's room, leaning there resting with one hand reaching up to the sash of the open window, and her cheek laid upon her arm.

A carriage drove past the house, and a fresh rush of discontented thoughts filled Evelyn's mind as she noticed its occupants; the bright expression of the girl seated in it beside her smiling mother, and the pretty spirited way in which she leaned forward to speak to the well-dressed, courteous-mannered man who faced them and attended to what she said with such very obvious devotion in his honest eyes. "How happy—how happy some people are!" Evelyn cried to herself, mentally contrasting the apparently flawless lot of the girl

before her with her own rather monotonous and trying circumstances; "I wish I were rich and could go about enjoying myself and being spoiled and petted from morning till night! Life isn't a bit fair!"

The last words were spoken half aloud to herself as she turned away from looking down on the bright street and prepared to go upstairs.

A bunch of bright red roses stood on a table just behind her, and as the sunlight shone on them their sweet scent wafted upwards and filled the air around them. Evelyn's eyes fell on them, and her own last words echoed in her ears as she bent over them and caught their delicious odour. Then she forgot her immediate surroundings, and stood silent and motionless while a thoughtful look stole into her clear grey eyes.

Perhaps recollections of our early days play a more important part in our grown-up life than we are apt to imagine; curious, haunting, indefinite discords, or melodies of memory long forgotten float across that marvellous shadow-land of mind called up from the by-gone years by some scarce-noticed sound or scent of to-day.

The open blossoms of the bunch of roses wafting their sweetness up through the warm summer air were carrying Evelyn back on the fleet, gauzy wings of memory to a day in early childhood, and repeating words passed over with little heed when heard, but destined to affect her now, and affecting her to influence those with whom she was concerned for all future time. They were her father's words; she knew that, though she did not remember the occasion which had called them forth.

Some childish foreshadowing of her disposition to love brightness and gaiety, and shun and avoid the disagreeables and inevitable sorrows of life, even to a fault, had been noticed by the watchful eye of her father, and he had tried to set the dangerous tendency before her in story form.

(To be concluded.)

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER V.

MISERY.



ES—that was the only word that could be applied to Winnie that autumn.

It had begun in July, one day which Winnie was destined never to forget.

Eric got his holiday in July that year, and he had gone to France with another journalist

on a bicycling tour.

"And why did you not all go away together?" asked Mrs. King, a lady who lived at Richmond, and whom Winifred knew slightly. Maud was still away, and she had asked Winifred to call on Mrs. King about the character of a servant.

"My husband got a holiday now and we cannot all leave home at present, as my little boys have had measles and are not yet

well enough to travel. Usually we all go away together."

Mrs. King smiled peculiarly.

"He and Mrs. Wayne seem such friends. Do you know her?"

"Mrs. Wayne, I remember Mr. Despard told me she was coming to call upon me, but she never came," said Winifred.

"I don't think she much cares for ladies' society," said Mrs. King, "unless they are literary or lions of some kind. She is much too clever for me. She is a person I can't take to at all, though we are near neighbours and I see her pretty often."

"Now do you mean that she and my husband are great friends?" asked Winnie, feeling, she hardly knew why, a curious sense of uneasiness. Mrs. King's smile was so disagreeable, and though Winifred knew quite well that she was a noted gossip she felt she must ask the question while dreading her answer. And yet, so her common sense told her, was it not quite natural that her husband should have friends she did not herself know?

All this took much less time in flashing through Winifred's mind than it does in writing or reading it.

"Mr. Despard goes there constantly, and Mrs. Wayne talks a great deal about him and seems so very proud of knowing him. She says they are kindred spirits, and

she reads all he writes and thinks no end of it."

"All that my husband writes is worth reading," said Winifred with dignity, "and I have no doubt Mrs. Wayne, if she is fond of books, finds him very interesting."

"I suppose you are a great help to him?" said Mrs. King, who disliked Winifred extremely though the latter was unconscious of the fact. "Literary men always want a woman's sympathy and interest in what they do, though they may not actually want her to suggest plots, correct proofs or type-write their copy. My husband, you know, is a literary man, so as boys say, I know all the ropes."

Winifred was silent and she knew that she was getting pale. So making some excuse about being obliged to get home, she soon took her leave.

That summer, Winifred did not go away at all. The twins were very delicate after measles, and were no sooner out of quarantine than Tom and Basil got chicken pox, and though the doctor recommended a change to the sea, it was too late in the autumn before they were fit to travel, so all thoughts of a move were given up. Mrs. King's words sown like seed in the ground had germinated suspicions and thoughts that made Winifred very wretched indeed. She locked up her misery and never spoke of it to anyone, and when she came to analyse her

feelings and examine into the cause of her sorrow, she realised that she had very little beyond some idle words as a foundation for the whole.

But there was a little beyond, and it was astonishing even to herself, how everything was coloured by the interpretation she now put upon what she would before have passed unnoticed.

"I am going to a dinner-party to-night at Richmond," said Eric one morning, "and as I shall be late from town, I shall only have time to rush in and change, so will you kindly see that my things are out, Winifred."

"Yes—certainly!" said Winifred, unconscious that her voice was very cold. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, to the Pelhams! No one you know."

"Are they friends of Maud's?"

"No, I met them at Mrs. Wayne's lately. Capital people! They are related to Howson of the *Inkpot*, and I am to meet him there to-night. By-the-way, I promised Mrs. Wayne those Essays of Willingtons; I must take them with me to-night. I haven't time now, Winnie; would you mind looking for them and putting them in my room, two vols, brown cover. I think they are on my study table."

"The Pelhams have never called upon me, neither has Mrs. Wayne," said Winifred.

Eric stared in pure astonishment.

"Well, surely you must be very grateful to them. You always say that you hate being bothered with visits and visiting. Mrs. Wayne did say something about calling one day, but I threw cold water on it, and said you had very little time for visiting. You ought to be very grateful that I saved you from it."

Winifred coloured and did not answer.

"Well, good-bye, old woman, and pray don't look so grumpy. It takes away one's appetite for breakfast, and if you love me burn that gown, and get something smarter." So saying Eric ran off, slamming the hall-door after him.

The serge which Winifred had on was very badly made, the colour, which was brown, did not suit her at all, and her whole appearance was slovenly. All that morning Winnie was very wretched, and in the afternoon she was rather sorry when she was told that Mrs. Barchard was in the drawing-room.

Winifred knew that her eyes were red, and that her face told tales of crying, but she could not refuse to go up, so she bathed her face and went to her visitor.

Mrs. Barchard had been an old friend of Mrs. Lyle's, and was intimate with all the family. She had known all the Lyles since their childhood, and was godmother to Winifred as well as to Maud.

Her husband had died about ten years before the time of which I write, and her life since then would have been a very lonely one but for her habitual practice of throwing herself into the lives and interests of others. She had no children, and as she had been an only child she had no real nephews and nieces. Yet she was possessed of a great number of young people who felt that Aunt Fanny was someone who belonged to them, by ties of affection if not those of blood. Mrs. Barchard was not very good-looking, indeed if you analysed her face you would see that there was really not a good feature in it, and yet no one who knew her called her plain, and those who loved her thought her beautiful. Certainly those dark-grey eyes were capable of much varying expression, and her whole personality to those who cared for her was instinct with comfort and rest; so no wonder if to them she was invested with personal charms she hardly possessed in the strict sense of the words they applied to her.

"Aunt Fanny, I am indeed glad to see you,"

said Winifred, who, though she had at first felt vexed at the idea of being seen by anyone that afternoon, now felt glad to be with Mrs. Barchard as soon as she was in her presence.

"Well, my dear child, I was in your neighbourhood, and I thought I would look in and see how you all were."

"I am so glad. Are you cold, Aunt Fanny? would you like a fire, I see it has not been lighted?" said Winifred wearily.

"No, I am not at all cold; you see I have a warm cape; I take to wraps soon, for old people are chilly," said Mrs. Barchard, whose keen gaze had taken in Winifred's anxious, tear-stained countenance, but whose tact prevented her from appearing to notice it. "I think I will go into that nice low chair."

"Yes, do. It was one of our wedding-presents, and is very comfortable," said Winifred, and she shook up the cushion that was placed in it. As she did so, her self-control gave way, though she struggled against it, and as she did so the moment of time seemed prolonged into many minutes.

The tears would come thick and fast, and as Mrs. Barchard changed her chair Winifred stood by her sobbing. There was a moment's silence, in which Mrs. Barchard glanced again at the bent figure near her. How different it was from the photograph she had of Winifred taken shortly after her marriage! Certainly one must make due allowance for the lapse of several years, but the changes were marked, and not those which time need bring.

Winifred never knew how it was, or how she came to do it, but she found herself before she could think about it kneeling by Mrs. Barchard's side, holding the thin, kind old hand in hers and telling out all her trouble. Mrs. Barchard knew how to win confidence, and though she would have been the first to bid a young wife to keep sacred those troubles which concerned her relations with her husband, yet she knew that exceptions prove the rule, and that her own knowledge of many sides of life, her experience gained in being a friend and counsellor of many, made her a fit recipient for the story to which she was now listening. Just a word here and there, a slight pressure of the hand, a sympathetic look from her friend helped Winifred on.

"All you tell me does not surprise me, Winifred, in the least," said Mrs. Barchard calmly; "indeed, I may tell you that I have seen it coming, perhaps not all the trouble you tell me of, but certainly part of it."

"Then why did you not tell me? Why not have spoken to me about it?" asked Winifred quickly.

"Because what I noticed was what I hesitated to speak to you about, old friend as I am of yours. No, you mistake me, it was nothing about that lady you name, it was about yourself. Winnie, if you think your husband cares less for you and his home than he used, have you done all you can to make it pleasant for him? You know, dear child, that though you owe a very great duty to your children, that your husband has to be considered, and it has always struck me that you placed them first. Your husband has a right to your society and your companionship, and you should give both to him, and be very thankful if he cares for them. A wife should do her best to keep in touch with her husband's interests, whatever they are, and though this means taking a great deal of trouble when perhaps she is very busy, it is trouble she should take, and consider it her bounden duty to do so. There are many professions in which a wife can necessarily take but little share in the real interest, such as a doctor's life and others, but the wife of a journalist and literary man, if she be at all cultivated herself, is another matter."

"I used to read as a girl, and I loved my books, but now I seldom have time for it,

and I really begin to think that I have lost all taste for reading, for when I have time a book bores me. That is the truth, Aunt Fanny," said Winifred.

"But is not that a great pity? If you could make time for reading, you would then be far more companionable to your husband."

"How can I make time?"

"Where there is a will there is a way, Winnie, and you know, dear, if you had a good nurse for your children you would feel much more free, and have time for self-culture and your husband's society."

Winifred sighed.

"I suppose it is that. You see, Eric has wanted me to have a good nurse, and I was always afraid of trusting the children with her."

"Very natural, but it is a thing to fight against, undue anxiety I mean. Get as good a nurse as you can, well recommended—by the way, I know the very person to suit you—and then keep an eye over things in general."

"I suppose I must try; but about—about that woman?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Wayne? Don't trouble your head about her. She is a vain, foolish little woman who is longing to see herself in print; I know her a little, and I am sure that there is no harm in her acquaintance with your husband."

"He is there so often and goes to friends of hers."

"Why don't you go with him?"

"I—oh, Aunt Fanny, why, you know that I never go into society; it bores me, and really I have not time for it."

Mrs. Barchard paused for a moment.

"Dear Winnie—pardon me if I hurt your feelings—but—are you sure that you are not leading a very selfish life?"

"Selfish, Aunt Fanny? Why, I slave for the children from morning till night."

"There may be a great deal of selfishness in that. May I speak plainly, Winnie?"

"Oh do, Aunt Fanny, it would be such a help and comfort if you would tell me where I am wrong," said Winifred, and Mrs. Barchard saw that she meant what she said.

"Then, dear, do you not think that it is really selfish of you to live for the children so much when it suits your tastes and in many ways is easier than if you lived more for your husband? You know one slips easily into lazy ways, and you have altered so much in your dress and appearance, Winnie; you never used to look as I have seen you look since your marriage."

"Do you think those things really matter? I know I used to think they did as a girl, but now I really don't think it worth the struggle, for it would be one to care about how I looked."

"It is worth it," said Mrs. Barchard emphatically. "A woman should try to look well in her husband's eyes and not to be continually at a disadvantage in comparison with other women. This involves trouble, especially if you have not large means, but you can do it without being extravagant, and if you act always with the recollection that money is entrusted to you for use and not abuse. You can dress as you used to as a girl—on the same plan I mean—of being becomingly-dressed and looking nice though the materials may be cheap."

"I understand what you mean. Eric, I know, is very observant. I wonder if I read more and tried to take an interest—I do take an interest, but I have not had the time on account of the children—if he would be more at home in the evenings?"

"Try it!" said Mrs. Barchard; "and go out with your husband and entertain in a quiet way. It will do you both good."

(To be concluded.)

WINIFRED'S HOME.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.

CHAPTER VI.

CONCLUSION.



OME was not built in a day, and though Winifred was armed with new resolutions and strengthened with Mrs. Barchard's sympathy and encouragement, she found that progress was made in carrying out her resolves but very

slowly and with apparently very little success as far as her husband was concerned. She tried to dress better, to read and to talk to Eric of the things of which

he cared to talk, but she did not think he seemed to notice much about it. However, she had the sense to make the changes without talking about them, and Eric was so extremely busy just then, that she really saw very little of him.

"Winifred, I want to speak to you for a few minutes," said Eric one evening, when he returned and found his study looking very nice, everything in the orderly disorder which he liked, bright fire burning and some hot coffee in a pretty cup brought in just after his return.

"Yes, here I am," said Winifred. She had on a pretty crimson blouse with a dark serge skirt, and she struck Eric as looking very sweet and nice.

"Why, Winnie, old woman, are you going to have people here; what has happened?"

"Why?" asked Winifred colouring.

"You look so smart, more like old days. That is your colour, Winnie, you know, I told you that particular shade of red suits you very well."

"Does it—well, I put it on to please you," said Winifred.

"Sure?" asked Eric, sipping his coffee and finding it somehow very different from the beverage he used to get when he asked Jane for some. "It is not put on because Tom likes that colour, or the twins have a new frock of it?"

"I shan't tell you, sir, anything about it," said Winnie, with a return of the old sprightly manner that Eric thought was dead and gone long ago.

"Very well then I shall lay the flattering unction to my soul and think that it is put on to please me," said Eric who seemed in wonderfully good spirits. "Now, little woman, for my news—only," and a cloud came over his face—"perhaps you won't care for it after all."

"If you care about it, I shall."

"Well, it will be all the better for the chicks, so perhaps you will care," said Eric, who, though he had not a spark of jealousy in his disposition, knew that since the children had come that he played, as he would have expressed it, second fiddle.

"Don't say those things, Eric," said Winifred, tears starting to her eyes. "I know I deserve them, for I have been too much taken up with the children; but you know I care about you."

"That's right," said Eric. But Winifred's words had been cold. "Well, I have got the editorship of a new paper; Howson is the proprietor of it, and it will be a capital thing for me. I think I can work on his lines, and if the thing swims it will be a paying concern."

"I am very glad, then, Eric. Do you not think we had better change house, and give notice at Christmas?"

"What is the use? You don't care for

society or seeing anybody; this does very well."

"I should like to change," said Winifred quietly. "And Mrs. Barchard knows of someone who will take this house off our hands at Christmas, if you like."

"Well, there is that house in Duke's Avenue, which would suit us," said Eric, "we can think about it."

They did, and the result was the change into a pretty house much larger than Doris Gardens. Winifred got Maud, who had excellent taste, to help her to arrange it, and between them they managed everything capitally though at comparatively little expense.

No sooner had they entered it than Eric was taken ill with typhoid fever. For many weeks he lay seriously ill, and then came one terrible day when he seemed to be sinking away from sheer weakness.

Alone with her husband and the recollection of the doctor's grave face imprinted on her memory, Winifred went through hours of agony which she never forgot to the end of her days. She realised then what her husband really was to her, and as she saw the white drawn face on the pillow and noted how thin was the hand that had held the pen in many an hour of hard work for her, her heart smote her as it had never done before. She saw herself and her faults in their true light, and that time spent in self-knowledge was also one of great agony.

How little she had really valued Eric, with his many good qualities, his earnestness of purpose, his conscientious work. She had let him go on day after day, and omitted much that could have tended to his happiness and shown him that he was cared for. The children had been all in all to her though she was quite unaware of it, and only now saw more plainly what she had begun to see when Mrs. Barchard and she had had that memorable conversation—one of many—how unequal her life had been.

They must always be dear to her, those children of hers, for besides the natural affection that each little child inspires in its mother, Winifred was fond of all children. But her husband, she felt now, had his own place too in her heart, one to which he had a right, and which she had not kept for him as she might have done.

The two loves were so totally different, each with all-powerful claim, and never again would she fail to give each their rights. Nor one before the other, not husband at the expense of the children, or *vice versa*, but each in its proper place and the balance equally kept.

Then came the time when all danger was over and Eric gradually made progress towards recovery. One day husband and wife had a long talk, one too sacred for reproduction, and when the weak arms drew Winifred down to her husband and their lips met in a long loving kiss, both felt that the faults of each were forgiven, and that new days of closer union than they had ever known were before them.

For Eric was just, and he blamed himself for having been so much from home, and for the friendship with a vain, silly woman, whose attraction he now saw had been her appeal to his vanity; but Winifred knew herself well enough by now to see that the balance of faults lay heavily on her side.

It is a year later and May Dellingham has come to spend the afternoon with Winifred.

This time a neat maid shows her into the pretty room which, though unmistakably the drawing-room, is used by its owner. There are good books about, novels that Winifred

finds are a great recreation when she is tired, and an amusement to discuss with her husband who is fond of reviewing, and does it for many important papers. He is so very valuable to Mr. Howson, that his place was kept for him during his illness, an act of kindness the proprietor of the paper never regretted when he discovered what an able man Eric was.

It is not easy always for Winifred to find time for reading, but she finds that where there is a will there is a way, and she can make time where she never thought formerly it would have been possible. Winifred takes advantage of good lectures and any means of self-culture which are within her reach.

"I can't think how you manage it with all you must have to do," says May as she looks at the syllabus of some lectures on hygiene which Winifred tells her she is attending.

Winifred laughs, and May notes that the vacant gap in her teeth no longer exists, and that a skilled dentist has evidently been at work in replacing the lost tooth very successfully.

Winifred is well dressed, though the serge dress she has on is a very inexpensive one. It fits her very well, the colour suits her, and the big orange bow at the throat gives a dash of colour which becomes her very well.

"I manage it somehow, and it is surprising how one makes time when one is interested in an object. I am going to take up Italian this winter. Eric and I are to have lessons together on Saturday afternoons and work hard in between. Eric knows a little already. We want to go to Italy next February or March if Eric can get away."

"And the children?" asks May.

"They must be left at home," says Winifred. "I can trust them safely with my nurse. She is such a nice woman, and Mrs. Barchard will come and stay here and write very often and tell me how they al' are. I shall try and not be anxious about my chicks. It has been Eric's dream for years to go to Rome, and we shall so enjoy it together."

"I am sure you will, and the change will do you both good. How charming your husband is. My cousins were delighted with him and with you, too, Winnie."

"Do you mean those cousins of yours we met at dinner at your house last week?"

"Yes. I am so glad, Winnie, that you can come out now and then. I had begun to despair when we first came back to London and we met. You never would go anywhere."

Winifred colours.

"I was selfish, May. I learnt a lesson. Never mind now. And now I see that, for a wife to be her husband's companion as far as she can be, to share his recreations and be with him when he cares to have her, is one of the ways of being what the Bible calls a 'helpmeet' for him."

"Yes," says May, gravely. "I wish all women knew that. Of course when there are children it makes it difficult."

"And when people have very small means, even smaller than ours, for we are doing well for little people like us," says Winifred, "it must be harder still. But it is worth the struggle, however hard. I suppose one has some trouble to accomplish anything worth doing."

"Yes," says May. "I know husbands and wives who each lead their own lives and never seem in touch with each other, and when either of them set up those detestable flirtations which one hears of so much in society, it is generally the fault of the other," says May, quite unconscious that she is treading on very dangerous ground.

"We are having a little party next Tuesday,"

says Winifred, "will you and Mr. Dellingham come? Of course it is only a very tiny at-home, as our house does not allow of our having many people, and I do hate a crowd."

"We shall be very glad," says May. "It has not been to one of your parties."

"It is only lately I have given any; but Eric likes it, and it is quite possible to see one's friends, I find, without very great expense, though I own it is rather a trouble."

"Don't you find it better in all ways to mix a little with people?" says May. "I know I do, though I never had your temptation to shut myself up—perhaps, had I children it would be different."

"No, it would not, May. You are more sensible—wiser than I am in many ways," says Winifred, humbly. "I remember I used to try and teach you when we were girls together."

"And I learnt a great deal," says May. "How well I remember our comparing our wardrobes. Many of your hints have been of use to myself, and I have passed lots of them on to others. I quite taught one girl we met in Florence how to trim her own hats. But now confess, Winnie, is not life fuller and more full of interest when we have to do with our fellow-creatures?"

"Yes, it is," says Winifred. "I am learning that now, and that what I thought was

unworldliness and being a good mother was really selfishness and laziness. I hated the trouble of going out a little, and that and other things were all wrong. It was what the French call *égoïsme à deux ou à trois* not unselfishness. Oh, yes, May, now I know more people I find so many opportunities of helping others, and it reconciles me to not doing much active work amongst the poor. I had always wished to do it as a girl, and mother would not let me do much, and then when I married and children came I could not manage it. But now I find I can do lots of little things for others who are in their way poor, and knowing people, too, gives me a chance of trying to get them to help the poor and suffering."

"Yes, one finds means of work everywhere," says May. "And I know, Winifred, that you are like me in wanting to do all one can for our Lord. And very often do I find there is mission work to be done among people in our own class and which perhaps we can be allowed to do—influence you know, Winifred, and just being courageous in not countenancing what is opposed to the laws of God, whether in society, talk, books—all kind of things. But you understand—don't you?"

"I do," says Winifred. "And I know that worldliness does not consist in outward

things but in the use we make of them. Indeed, everything that is not sin can be made to help to keep us in spiritual touch with the unseen world."

"Yes, as long as we keep that well before us, all things to the greater glory of God, we need not fear," says May.

Winifred must now be taken leave of, and as we do so it is with confidence that the good work begun in her, tried in the fire of suffering and dearly-bought experience, may be perfected by Him whose Holy Spirit began it.

In the "daily round, the common task," whether found in the sphere of a simple home such as Winifred's, or the obligations of a rich woman like May moving in the world and society are the means by which the road may be trodden which draws each nearer to her God. Our Great Example lived among men, and His children who live in the world can do so in His Spirit, keeping unspotted, shedding a true light of good influence and finding in the stream of life many means for conquering self and advancing in holiness. But the opportunities must be looked for, the spirit of worldliness watched against, the temptations of the world kept at bay. This may be difficult, but it can be done in the grace promised, which is sufficient for each and all who seek and obtain it.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX AND ITS SOLUTION.

By H. R. HALL, B.A.

PART V.

MUMMIES, TOMBS, TEMPLES, PRIESTS, AND KINGS.



WE have seen that the continued preservation of the body was necessary to the welfare of the other six parts of the man, and that this end was attained by the mummification of the body; a custom which we find under

the earliest dynasties, and which continued till Christian times. The oldest mummy in the world is probably that of Ránefer, a contemporary of King S'neferu's, discovered in his tomb at Medám, by Professor Petrie. He lived 6000 years ago. In the British Museum are the remains of what was once probably King Menkafúr (Mycerinus), who lived about 3850 B.C. Rather later in date is the mummy of King Merhár Mehtímsaf, whom we have mentioned before, discovered in his pyramid by Professor Maspero, and now in the Gízeh Museum. This king was only sixteen years old when he died, about 3445 B.C.; his mummy is still in good preservation, even his hair, plaited in the long tress which Egyptian boys wore hanging over the right ear, is still on his head. Other famous mummies at Gízeh are those of the Kings S'qenenrá Taa of the XVIIth Dynasty; of Thothmes I., Thothmes II., and Thothmes III., of the XVIIIth; of Sety I. and Rámeses II. of the XIXth; of Rámeses III. of the XXth; of Pinozm II. of the XXIst dynasties; and also those of the royal priest Masakhirta, the Queen Isímkeh, and other personages. The body of S'qenenrá we have as he died in battle with the Hyksos, killed with terrible blows of axe and spear. The great conqueror Thothmes III. was a little man, like Napoleon; Rámeses the Great, "the Louis XIV. of Egyptian history," was tall and

gaunt, with a tremendous hooked nose, and has a look on his face even now of such imperial majesty as only an Egyptian Pharaoh could have. Of these mummies, S'qenenrá died about 1700 B.C., Masakhirta some 700 years later. They were all discovered together by M. Maspero in 1881. Many, no doubt, have heard of how, when the Khedive's steamer was bearing them down the Nile from Thebes to Cairo, all the inhabitants of the villages thronged the banks, the men firing guns and beating drums, the women wailing and pouring dust upon their heads, to pay the last honours to their ancient Pharaohs.

While on the subject of mummies, I may as well warn the reader against a pretentious female mummy in the British Museum. She has labelled herself simply "Cleopatra," and obviously wishes to delude the visitor into believing that she was once that "daughter of dark Nile," the charmer of Antony; but in reality this mummied Lady Cleopatra had nothing whatever to do with the great queen, and really has no right to advertise herself in this ambiguous way.

Hérodotos gives a very good description of the method of embalming,* which the following is a paraphrase:—

"When in a family a man of any consideration dies, all the women of that family besmear their heads and faces with mud, and then, leaving the body in the house, they wander about the city, beating themselves, and all their relations with them. And the men do likewise. Then they carry out the body to be embalmed. There are regular embalmers; they, when the body is brought to them, show to the bearers wooden models of corpses made exactly like by painting. And they show that which they say is the most expensive manner of embalming, the name of which I do not think it right to mention on such an occasion; they then show the second, which is inferior and less expensive; and then the third, which is the cheapest. And the relations, when they have agreed upon the price, depart; then the embalmers thus proceed to embalm in the most expensive manner. First they draw out the brains through the nostrils with an iron hook,

then with a sharp Ethiopian stone they make an incision in the side, and take out all the bowels; and, having cleansed the abdomen and rinsed it with palm-wine, they next sprinkle it with pounded perfumes. Then, having filled the abdomen with pure myrrh pounded, and cassia, and other perfumes, frankincense excepted, they sew it up again; and when they have done this, they steep it in natron, leaving it for seventy days, at the expiration of which they wrap it in bandages of flax cloth, smearing it with gum.* After this the relations, having taken the body back again, make a wooden case in the shape of a man, and enclose the body in it; this, having fastened it up, they place in a sepulchral chamber, setting it upright against the wall. This is the most expensive way; those, however, who, avoiding great expense, desire the middle way, they prepare in the following manner. When they have charged their syringes with oil of cedar, they fill the abdomen of the corpse without making any incision or taking out the bowels; they then steep the body in natron for the prescribed number of days, and on the last day they let out from the abdomen the oil of cedar, which brings away the intestines and vitals in a state of dissolution; the natron dissolves the flesh, and nothing of the body remains but skin and bones. By the third method of embalming, which is used only for the poor, the abdomen is thoroughly rinsed with syrmaea, and then simply steeped in natron for the prescribed seventy days."

An interesting detail is added by Diodóros (i. 91): when the *paraschistés* ("ripper up") had made the first incision in the body with an "Ethiopian stone," he fled away in haste, pursued by the embalmers, who stoned and cursed him. Thus, obviously, the *paraschistés* was ceremonially defiled by his duty. Note, also, that the consecrated frankincense, which the Egyptians called *s'mutri*, "that which is made divine," could not be used in embalming.

When embalmed, the mummy was set upright in its coffin in the house, and was hailed as Osiris by the relations and friends;

* The word "gum" is of Egyptian origin, *kommi*; it passed unchanged into Greek and thence to the west. The words "ivory" and "ebony" were also originally Egyptian; also the word "adobe," for dried brick, passed from Egyptian to Arabic, thence to Spanish, and now is English.