

into verbosity, scandal, and all uncharitableness in many full-blown old maids.

If charity and love for all who suffer life cannot be taught by the mother or by a good nurse, then never in this world can a child or girl be truly happy or truly healthy. For a soul and uncharitable soul always goes hand in hand with a nervous or puny body.

Keep your girls busy. Be busy yourself, mother. There is a dignity and grace about household duties that put to the blush all drawing-room airs and frivolities.

But I note that a real genuine young lady is invariably natural and never ashamed to do work that a "wretched, unidea'd girl" would deem *infra dignatatem*. I think that this is lovely.

"*Pon honour,*" as old military men used to say, I've had earls' or baronets' daughters in my caravan while gipsying, who have begged of me to permit them to do something for me, and they have hemmed my wind-ravelled curtains, stitched my blinds, filled my pin-cushions—ay, and some would have darned my socks for me, had I permitted them! Now, these were ladies, mind, in the truest sense of the word, good God-fearing girls with hearts full of sympathy and in perfect unison with all the world around them.

Again, as to what some call "menial work," or household, the girl who learns to cook and serve a dinner, or knows how a meal should be served, or who is not ashamed even to bare her bonnie white arms and help to wash up the delf, the girl who knows even a little medicine and surgery, the girl to whom the gardener will come with a cut and bleeding finger to be tenderly washed and dressed, the girl who can get up betimes in the morning—she is the girl who will make the best wife, and the only wife really worth having.

And she will be healthy in body too, because pure in thoughts and kind in nature.

#### THE GIRL OF COMMERCE.

You find her everywhere almost nowadays. She is not a natural production. She is got up. She is forced and artificial. She cannot be healthy, and has no more heart than a hen, no more stamina or staying power than a stalk of hemp. She is a resultant of the inflexible law of supply and demand. Made for the matrimonial market, grown to be sold, and if—like a choice standard rose—she is labelled with a title, she will go all the sooner. Money will purchase a wife like this, and, though marriage may change her and love may come after, the man who has her has speculated on the off-chance. And now that wax dolls can be manufactured that can both talk and walk, it seems to me that the man might have done better with his money.

But, thank goodness, the majority of men prefer the genuine, well-reared, healthy girl, and the girl that has a heart.

But love is still a great factor—nay, the very greatest—in this life, and, if that love be real, oh, there is nothing it cannot do!

I must, as a medical man, go a little farther, and tell the mater something that no scientist will venture to deny. It is this: a loveless or commercial marriage is not only followed by a senseless and dreary monotonous life, but children born in such wedlock are never truly healthy in body, and very often they are defective in mental qualifications, that is, in brain power. Many a case of epilepsy is congenital, and a child that is nerveless is liable to future degeneracy, and apt to fall into any kind of temptation. Doctors have proofs of this every day.

But though ambitious parents may try to alter Nature's law, she herself is inexorable and tells us sternly that the fittest shall survive.

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But, harking back to our poet's lines—

"From work she wins her spirits light,  
From busy day, the peaceful night,"

I must give my medical testimony to the truth herein conveyed. Work does give exhilaration of spirits and enables a girl truly to enjoy recreation and outdoor exercise, and, moreover, the busy day results in calm refreshing sleep at night.

Without sleep, without perfect exercise, ventilation of rooms and fresh air everywhere, no girl can grow up happy and healthful.

Coddling children and keeping them too warm causes them to become fragile and delicate, with no nerves worth mentioning, except when they give rise to the tortures of toothache and neuralgia, and no lungs good enough to last.

There is, mother, but a sad future for that girl who is ashamed to soil her fingers by doing honest work, or ashamed to wear a thimble and wield woman's real weapon—the needle.

But it is not natural for girls to hate work. Do they not make the best of nurses, for instance, and the most gentle-handed? It is Scott who says—

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light and quivering aspen made,  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!"

And after many more years than I care to recall—for fear of making me feel old—of camp life and sea life, I can testify that girls

make the best of all gipsy folks. Amateur, of course, I mean. But even in the management of a picnic their abilities shine forth; and in camp or on board ship, if one only gives them credit for common sense, they can do wonders.

The young lady who would not demean herself—there is really no demeanment about it—by doing cookery or kitchen work in her own house often comes out strong in wayside camp or caravan. She gets up to things as if guided by instinct, can light fires, cook plain nutritious meals, lay them out prettily, and clear up afterwards with most amiable and sweet-tempered dexterity, and, when all is over, will take guitar or mandoline and accompany your violin as if to the gipsy-manner born.

However, I have no doubt that a good deal of a girl's willingness to work in this way, depends upon the novelty and romance of her surroundings, and very much also on the fact that she is breathing the purest air that can blow through dell or den, or balmy forest of pine, or from the mountains themselves that God built long before he made the poor puny microbe man.

#### THE VALUE OF HEALTH.

The value of health to any of us, whether old or young, cannot well be over-estimated. It is not, mind you, mater, that a deviation from its paths may lead to death. Indeed, many times and oft it would be far better if it did so directly. Instead of that, however, it may be, in girlhood, but the prelude to a long life of untold misery and wretchedness. Indeed, an ailing girl can never be anything save an object of pity. It is spring-time with her, but alas! it is a sad one—a spring that brings not with it the promise of a gladsome happy summer. The sun may shine, but it shines not for her. She is unable thoroughly to enjoy anything. There are times when her very soul seems darkened, and when even spiritual comfort brings no season of relief or even forgetfulness. And at such moments is it any wonder that she finds herself envying her more happy sisters, and thinking that the world is not only dark but cruel? Her companions have health and happiness; they may go anywhere and enjoy anything, and perhaps they forget her entirely until their return.

What comfort shall I pen in these papers for girls such as these? I think I can give a little hope, and, with our Editor's kind permission, I shall continue this subject in my next paper, and have something to say about ailments and departures from the normal standard of health, and hints for regaining Heaven's greatest blessing, that may prove invaluable to many.

## "THAT LUNCHEON!"

### A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S DILEMMA.

"NELLIE dear," said Mr. Vernon, the principal solicitor in Riversmouth, to his nineteen year old daughter and housekeeper, "I have just run across to tell you that young Squire Laurence is riding over to consult me this morning, and I should like to bring him in to lunch at half-past one. Can you manage it?"

For a moment dismay ran riot in pretty Nellie's heart. Nearly ten o'clock already, nothing to speak of in the house, and a smart luncheon to provide, as well as the schoolboys' early dinner! However, she must do her best, and answered cheerfully to that effect.

"It need not be grand, you know," added her father encouragingly, "so long as every-

thing is nice and tasteful, as you so well understand how to make it."

Nellie had been on her way to practise, but she now returned to the kitchen, and, resuming her big apron, surveyed the larder for the second time that morning. Ten minutes earlier, yesterday's underdone leg of mutton re-roasted, with some vegetables, and the remains of yesterday's pudding, with the addition of a homely roly-poly, had been deemed sufficient for the one o'clock meal, and as Mr. Vernon was dining out that evening, the butcher had been dismissed without orders. Economy was a stern necessity to Nellie, whose house-keeping allowance was not unlimited.

Accustomed to making "something out or

nothing," the cold remnants did not look as hopeless to her as they might to some young housekeepers. A cold whitening, the badly-roasted mutton, and a bowl containing about half a pint of tomato sauce, represented absolute riches to Nellie's mind at that moment, and she quickly collected her materials and set to work in the kitchen.

The menu she drew up was as follows:—

Fish Scallops.  
Cold Salt Beef. Cannelon and Tomato Sauce.  
Potato Chips. Salad.  
Hot Apple Tart. Lemon Creams.  
Custards.  
Cheese. Biscuits.

The maid was despatched with orders for

the milkman and greengrocer, and a basket in which to bring back a pound of cold salt beef in slices from the pastrycook's, half-a-dozen scallop-shells, and two lemons.

In the meantime Nellie began the creams, which she knew must have plenty of time to cool, and for this reason decided to make them in cups. There was only a quart of milk in the house; a pint of it she put into a bowl with half an ounce of gelatine, and left it to soak for half an hour, whilst she made the rest into a custard, and stood the jug containing it in cold water to facilitate its cooling.

She next prepared a small bowl of bread-crumbs, and finely flaked the whitening, removing the bones. Then Mary having returned with the things, Nellie peeled a small quarter of one of the lemons very thin, and put milk, gelatine, lemon-peel and five ounces of white sugar into a lined saucepan on the fire.

During the time it took to bring it to the boil, she buttered the scallop-shells and proceeded thus:—A layer of breadcrumbs, a layer of fish, salt and pepper to taste, a layer of breadcrumbs, sprinkled with small lumps of butter, and so on, taking care to heap the materials well up in the centre of the shell, and to scatter the last layer of breadcrumbs liberally with butter; the scallops were then placed on a baking-sheet ready for cooking, twenty minutes being sufficient to brown them nicely.

After boiling for five minutes, the contents of the saucepan were strained into a jug with a lip, and when sufficiently cool to prevent curdling, the well-beaten yolks of two eggs were stirred in. The directions, Nellie knew, were to pour constantly from one jug to another till nearly cold, but she had to content herself with doing this occasionally, whilst making the pastry for the tart.

A ring at the bell announced the arrival of the greengrocer with the apples and lettuces. As Mary was busy in the upper regions, Nellie answered the door herself, returning quickly to prepare the apples, which she quartered and cored before peeling them, to keep the pieces whole.

By this time the lemon-cream was cool enough for her to add carefully the strained juice of the lemons, stirring briskly the while, after which it was poured into the cups, and these were surrounded with cold water to set the cream quickly.

"Now for the mutton," said Nellie to herself, proceeding to cut up the joint. "No wonder the boys said it was like 'old boots,' and I fear its toughness isn't entirely due to under-cooking! Well, 'cannelon' is a splendid way of using tough meat," she thought, first reserving several thick slices to be converted into mock cutlets next day, and then grinding the rest in the mincing-machine. The minced meat was well seasoned with salt, pepper, parsley, thyme, and a dessertspoonful of Harvey's sauce, adding a *souppçon* of finely-chopped onion, half a cupful of breadcrumbs and a well-beaten egg. She made the mixture into balls rather larger than a walnut, and placed them, wrapped in oiled paper, on a tin, to be baked in a moderate oven for half an hour. The tomato sauce was put in a lined saucepan ready to be heated, and the potatoes which Mary had peeled for that "early dinner" she cut into slices to be fried crisp and brown.

Mary was a tolerable plain cook; therefore, after directing her, Nellie was free to arrange fresh flowers in the dining-room, and to make the necessary additions to her toilet, before laying the luncheon, which she did herself, in order to send the handmaiden up to dress at a quarter to one.

The salad was soon made and prettily decorated, the beef arranged tastefully on a dish and garnished with parsley, and then Nellie whisked the whites of two eggs with a little sugar to a stiff froth, piling it in snowy billows amongst the golden creams, previously turned out into a glass dish. To this the custards in dainty little cups made an excellent *vis-à-vis*, the salad occupying a central position on the table.

Mr. Vernon, entering the dining-room with the guest, was abundantly satisfied with the result of Nellie's busy morning. Spotless damask, bright electro-plate and glass, go far to making up for costly dishes or priceless silver, and the luncheon-table, decorated by an old gold centre-piece, with sprays of fiery virginia creeper, and vases of citron chrysanthemums, was a picture. He could not but observe the quick look of admiration his daughter called forth when he presented Mr. Laurence.

She presided at lunch with a gentle dignity, conversing with the visitor, her father and the two boys, and betraying no anxiety about the arrangements, which *insouciance* Mary tried to deserve by changing the courses as deftly as she could. Mr. Vernon, perhaps for the first time, realised what a treasure he possessed in one who, at such short notice, could provide a luxurious meal, and have house, servant, herself and her little brothers, looking the pink of neatness to do honour to any friend of his.

Possibly Mr. Laurence was clever enough to read between the lines, for the lawyer's modest circumstances were well known; at any rate, the luncheon-party, which Nellie triumphantly assured her father had only necessitated the outlay of four shillings, was the means of introducing the Squire of Templemeade to his future wife.

## LETTERS FROM A LAWYER.

### PART VI.

#### The Temple.

MY DEAR DOROTHY,—The leaving of perishable articles at houses where they have not been ordered is a very common trick, and one which often succeeds, because people imagine that they have incurred a responsibility by taking them in—which they have not.

If tradespeople choose to leave butter, milk, bread, meat, or wine, etc., which you have not ordered at your house, they do so at their own risk, and if you do not use the articles, they cannot compel you to pay for them, neither can they make you pay for them if you do use the articles under the impression that they were a gift; this last is only likely to arise in the case of wine or game being left without any indication of where it came from.

Servant girls are often inveigled into purchasing rubbishy articles, which they do not want, such as musical-boxes, silver watches, etc., by men who go about selling these things on commission, and who, refusing to take "No" for an answer, leave the article in question with the servant, saying that they will take so much a month for it.

In a day or two the girl receives a letter from the makers saying that they understand she is prepared to purchase the article in question by payment of instalments of so much per month. The chances are that the girl will be frightened into purchasing the thing in this manner; but if she writes declining to buy the article they will try to bully her into taking it by threatening legal proceedings, etc.

Girls who are treated in this manner should

at once inform their master or mistress. The latter should then write to the firm, saying that their servant has no desire to purchase the article left at their house, and that if the firm want their goods back, they must come and fetch them.

Servant girls, especially Irish ones, are very fond of joining burial societies. Such girls should be careful to have a receipt for every payment they make, and should not allow themselves to be put off with vain excuses by the collector. It is the duty of the collector to give a receipt for every payment he receives, and if he fails to do so, it can only be because he is putting the money into his own pocket and not paying it over to the society.

What I told you in my former letter about bicycles not being luggage has just been confirmed by a decision of the High Court, so that railway companies are entitled to make a charge for carrying your bicycle by train, although they would take a bag of the same weight for nothing.

You cannot extend the time for paying a life assurance premium by adding the three days of grace on to the month's grace already allowed you by the company. The three days of grace arise after the premium becomes payable and are included in the extended time given you by the company.

If you ever send in a withdrawal order to draw money out of the Post Office Savings Bank, and then find that you do not wish to take out the money because you have received some from some other source, be careful to always draw it out when you get your order,

and, if you do not want to use it, pay it in again the following day.

It is most important that you should do this. If you do not do so, you leave the door open to fraud, because a duplicate withdrawal notice is sent to the post office named in your order, and some dishonest official might make use of it; and, secondly, it saves any confusion which might otherwise arise through your change of mind.

Of course I do not mean to say that the officials of the Post Office are dishonest—I should be sorry to make such a statement—but there are black sheep in every flock, and I do happen to know of a certain case in which a girl lost all her savings through not following the advice which I have just given you.

The case which I have in my mind was a particularly hard one, because the withdrawal order was for the whole amount of her banking account. And when she found that after all it was not necessary for her to close her account, it was only natural that she should think that if she did not use her withdrawal order, the money would still remain to her credit in the bank—and so it would have been if the postmaster of the country office had been an honest man; but, unfortunately for the girl, he was not. By means of the withdrawal order he succeeded in getting hold of her money and appropriating it to his own use.

Therefore, my dear Dorothy, despise not the warning of

Your affectionate cousin,  
BOB BRIEFLESS.