

I N A.

IN A DAISY COSTUME SINGING.

THE fairy Ina, dainty, neat,
Enwreathed and crowned with simple daisies!
The dullest glance lights up to greet
Such visions, baffling poet's phrases.

O living picture, all so meet
To win the artist's glowing praises
And make his true ideal complete,
Enwreathed and crowned with modest daisies!

Hers is enchantment doubly sweet
(Enwreathed and crowned with gentle daisies),
As to our hearts' responsive beat
Her voice treads Song's melodious mazes.

When Beauty passes we entreat
From her some influence that upraises,
And feel 'tis Goodness infinite
That wreathes and crowns with lovely daisies.

W. P.



LETTERS FROM SUNNY SWITZERLAND.

LIFE IN A SWISS VILLAGE. A SERIES OF RURAL PICTURES.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT a strange, what a wholly novel sensation it is, after having travelled about from city to city, to find oneself suddenly planted in the midst of a country village; in the place of rumbling waggons to listen to the singing birds and drowsy hum of insects; in the place of poor humanity, struggling, pushing, money-making, only the rows of forest trees waving and quivering in the brilliant rays of sunshine!

When my husband was offered the rectorship of the village school of Schinznach he smiled a little, but eventually accepted it. "It will be such a change for us," he said; "we both need quiet and we both need rest. Let us leave the world just for a little space and make our home amongst the birds and flowers."

His decision pleased me greatly, and whilst putting my things together I let my mind wander in quite a transport on Goldsmith's "Lovely Auburn," and the innocent enjoyments of a healthy country life.

When we arrived at Schinznach our welcome was unanimous. No sooner had we alighted from the train than the boys and girls of the village, who had evidently expected us, seemed to spring up from every hedge and thicket. A roguish, bright-eyed boy took possession of our tandem, and, after ogling it as though it were a bear, began to wheel it about in triumph; a brawny lad hoisted our travelling-basket on his ample shoulders, and two other little fellows quickly manned the large trunk. A very lovely girl with dark-lashed eyes, whom we afterwards knew as

Gabrielle, presented us with a crown of choicest flowers, and each and everyone welcomed us with a shout of joy and transport.

I wish you could have seen us as we walked along in triumph to our village; the golden millet nodded its head approvingly each side of us, the mountains smiled down pleasantly from their coronets of snow, the little streamlet babbled sweetly over the shining pebbles.

How gay we were! Just like heroes returning from the wars. How clear was the peal of welcome from the bells in the old church tower, how bright, how wholly lovely was our village! Yes, ours, our very own, for we two weary travellers had left the storms behind us and had come to port at last.

I looked out anxiously for our future home, and soon it was pointed out to me. A nest, a tiny nest, snug and compact, its red-tiled roof telling out boldly against the growth of forest trees. The autumn sunlight glinted on the windows and on the flowers and fruit-trees which nodded all around; sunflowers as large as cabbages were there, the latest roses and the earliest chrysanthemums; creepers of brown and gold and flaming crimson trellised the walls, dahlias of every colour so waxen and so bright, a nest indeed worthy of fairy lore, a little bower of roses.

Inside the rooms were cosy and newly decorated, but, alas, they were unfurnished. My first care on arriving at Schinznach, therefore, was setting up house.

Setting up house has a delicious sound about it to the young bride, who in her

imagination possesses a hundred ideas of cosy nooks and corners, draped alcoves and eider-down cushions trimmed with lace and plush; but setting up house in reality is a long and tedious business, and sometimes gives rise to no little exasperation and impatience.

With such a delightful exterior as my chalet I was determined to have an equally pleasant interior. "No show furniture," said my husband; "none of your bric-à-brac and spindle legs; good solid furniture is the thing comfortable to sit upon and restful to the eye."

I raised a few timid objections and gazed mournfully at some delicate *étagères* and a little Chinese bracket, so light and graceful that it looked as if it needed only a puff of wind to blow it into space. Eventually, however, I put my whims aside and gave way to my husband with very good results.

And here, girls, let me give you a bit of advice; however dainty, elegant and *chic* you may be, don't let your foundation furniture be too light or breakable. Do as I did, have a sofa that you can sit on comfortably without fear of damage, have a couple of armchairs that you can draw round the fire, have a good solid table which stands securely on its four legs and cannot be easily knocked over; it will make your husband more pleased than all the gew-gaws and gimcracks in existence. Then, having established your foundation by your own work or by the aid of "Liberty," begin to drape and decorate. On my sofa I have a charming cushion, on my piano a strip of plush edged with lace and ornamented with a row of marguerites. The lace on my curtains, my antimacassars and table-cloths

have all been embroidered by hand, and I cannot describe to you the pride I feel in these scraps of needlework. So many people say that the embroidery one buys is less expensive and more lovely than that worked at home. It may be so, and yet I think that one of the greatest and most innocent pleasures of a wife or maiden is to look around her room and remember that each little bit of pretty decoration has been sewn or pieced or painted by her own hand.

But the greatest pride of my house, greater by far than my curtains or my cushions, is my garret.

After having furnished our suite of rooms, nothing remained for our pretty garret except a bed and a chair.

"This must be the visitor's room," said my husband somewhat disconsolately. "The view from the windows is unparalleled, but the furniture rather inadequate. What shall we do?"

"Leave it to me," I said, "and a week from now it will be fit for a prince to sleep in."

My husband laughed and asked me if I possessed a magic ring or an old Aladdin's lamp, but he left me to my task.

And now, girls, let me tell you what I did.

I first went round to the grocer and procured a number of empty boxes, soap boxes, starch boxes, cigar boxes, etc. Then I paid a visit to our rural haberdasher and carpenter, and bought some three dozen fancy nails and half-a-dozen yards of fancy cretonne.

The first article of furniture on which I tried my skill was the washing-stand. Taking one of my boxes (about three feet by two) I stood it on end and fastened the lid on the small end with four strong nails. On the lid I now fixed a piece of marble linoleum with a dozen fancy nails, and from this lid, which projected on all sides, I hung a lace curtain twilled over cretonne. This piece of furniture took about an hour to complete, and it is not only more practical but far prettier than the cheap washing-stands picked up at second-hand shops. My next effort, the dressing-table, was set up in exactly the same way as the washing-stand, but I supplemented the linoleum with a square of cretonne, and I

put hangings of cretonne round the table instead of curtains. The wardrobe was made by fixing a wooden rod in a corner of the room and draping from the rod a long curtain; the top was covered in by a triangular piece of cardboard well fixed to the wooden rod. The chest of drawers was made by nailing three soap boxes of the same size one on top of the other. Inside and outside I papered the compartments with wall-paper, and before them I hung the inevitable curtain.

A footstool was made by nailing over a small wooden box a bit of sacking; this served as a pad, and over this pad and on each side of the box I carefully arranged some odd bits of carpet which I had by me.

A boot cupboard and night table were also made of boxes turned upwards and draped with curtains. A medicine chest was made by nailing three cigar boxes together in the same manner as the chest of drawers.

To ornament the walls I took from my GIRL'S OWN PAPER that sweet cheerful picture, "Someone's Coming," and I made a frame for it of wood with plush glued over. As a companion picture I put "Two Worlds."

When the room was finished I conducted my husband to it, and he was so astonished at what he called my constructive ingenuity that he gave a fête in honour of it, and many a visitor have I had from all the villages round to inspect my home-made furniture.

It has been used with success now for the space of one year, and is exactly in the same condition as when it was set up. The great thing to be remembered is to buy a bright and cheerful cretonne for the curtains. My cretonne exactly matched the wall-paper, and was also used for the bed and window curtains.

To have a whole room *en suite* like this is extremely dainty and charming.

So by degrees we were settled in our village, and presently we had a visit from the parson and his wife—two dear old folk, reminding us forcibly of the Vicar of Wakefield and his beloved spouse. Our whole village was Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn" over again, but it was "Sweet Auburn" with the addition of forests dark as Erebus and snow-capped mountains towering into cloudland.

The inhabitants of our village consist mostly of farmers and agriculturists, and we almost entirely trust to our own produce for the necessaries of life. We make our own butter, bake our own bread, and grow our own corn, fruit and vegetables.

We are very methodical in our habits. We rise with the sun, and generally go down with the same; we have our fixed hours for prayer, labour, and recreation; we are strangers alike to opulence and poverty. The world outside, the busy, stirring world, would call our life a sleepy one; but sometimes on market-days the little place wakes up. Rows of booths display themselves in the narrow grassy pathways, mules bray, dogs bark, sucking-pigs squeal, poultry cackle, and all is life, mirth, and tumult; it is as though some witch had struck the quiet lanes with magic wand and conjured into life the dormant populace. Music is heard, the music of the whistle and the Jew's harp; peasant girls, lovely with health and radiant with excitement, trip from their cottages; white-hooded waggons, donkey-carts and barrows, enter the narrow pathways and display to the breathless crowds their wares—stockings and corsets and brass finery, ribbons and laces, and enormous cheeses, cakes and sweets, and impertinent little pigs, all legs and ears.

Karl buys for his pretty Gretchen a bow of rosy ribbons; Ib gets a box of sticky chocolate angels for his nest of bright-eyed children; Max bargains for a sucking-pig, and Gabrielle—lovely Gabrielle!—peeps with her soft dark eyes into the booths of sweetmeats and gets a handful given her in repayment for her beauty. Everybody and everything seems glad. Then twilight comes and the booths move cumbrously down the grassy hillside, whence they came a few hours back, and pretty maidens run inside to cook their *Abendessen*; then everything is quiet again, more solitary than before, and the proud, imperious, disdainful Jungfrau smiles down upon us from her coronet of ice as if to say, "See—look how all things pass; only a flash, one moment, short and sharp, then all is dead! You change, you come and go; but I remain always the same, unchanged, unchangeable for ever."

(To be continued.)

MASSAGE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."



HERE was a time, not so very long ago, when the practice of medicine consisted of prescribing drugs, and the physician and the apothecary were one and the same. But when medicine first became a science, and the actions of the drugs which had been used for centuries were made the subject of rigid experiment, it was soon shown that most of them were useless, and that the few which were really of value only influenced disease by indirect methods.

Indeed, until ten years ago, it is strictly true that we did not possess one drug which could be called a specific for any single disease. During the last few years various attempts have been made to discover true specifics or "antitoxins" for certain diseases; but so far, with the exception of the antitoxin of diphtheria, none of them has given sufficient results to

deserve the title of "specific." Doubtless in time we shall have specifics or antitoxins for all the acute infective diseases.

In the treatment of disease at the present day the exhibition of drugs has become of far less importance, and other measures have gradually taken its place. The discovery of antiseptics and anaesthetics has enabled the surgeon to greatly advance his art and to use his knife with effect in cases where formerly nothing but drugs could be given to afford relief.

Surgery has relieved the physician of a great deal, for of all the methods which we have of combating physical troubles, the knife is the most certain and by far the most efficacious.

But besides surgery, other methods of treating disease have gradually been received into medicine, two of the most important of which are electricity and massage.

There is no doubt that massage is one of the most important resources of medicine, and one which is gradually coming more and more into use. But since massage is chiefly used for affections which are essentially chronic, it is often necessary to continue it for a very long

time, and in nearly all cases the treatment is eventually trusted to a wife, a mother or a sister.

And anyone can become a masseuse if she will give a little attention to the subject. There is really no difficulty in learning how to massage, and but little skill is required in its performance.

And first let us say a few words of the theory of massage before we describe the method of its performance. A few examples will serve to show its action.

There is a disease of childhood which is not uncommon, and which, though very seldom fatal, leaves the children in a more or less crippled condition. This affection is usually known as *infantile palsy*, and is an acute disease of the nervous system. The chief symptom of the complaint is paralysis of one or more limbs. The paralysis comes on rapidly, usually within a few hours. After a certain length of time, the affected limbs begin to recover their power, but recovery is never complete, and some of the muscles remain flabby and rapidly waste. No drug has any effect

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CHAPTER II.

OUR afternoons in Schinznach are passed, as a rule, in restful placidity. Sometimes the parson's wife gives a tea-party; sometimes the shoemaker or the grocer. In Switzerland, you know, we are all gentlefolk, no matter what our calling. The dairy-maid joins hands with the doctor's daughter, the butcher and the brawny laundress are as much respected as the colonel or professor. Our president is a farmer, our grand-counsellor a soap-boiler, our *Burgmeister* a baker, our mayor a tallow-chandler. The classes and the masses are inseparable in this little Swiss Republic.

Straw-plaiting is the staple employment of Schinznach, and a very charming and picturesque employment it is, giving work to young and old alike.

I remember one day walking with my husband along the ridge of a fine mountain. It was a splendid day, so solemn and so still. The motionless trees and flowers seemed wrapped in slumber; there was not a breath of wind to stir the gossamer threads of the deep blue campanulas. Suddenly from afar came to us through the stillness the distant sound of voices. They were indistinct at first, as the humming of an insect; but as we

got nearer they seemed to take new life, sighing one moment, then throbbing heavenwards in one great burst of melody—

"*Spin, Spin, Spin, Tochter mein!*"

It was Wagner's celebrated spinning-chorus.

As I have said, we were walking along a narrow pathway, with giant black mountains sheltering us on either side, when a sudden turn brought us face to face with one of those rural pictures which remain graven in the memory when many sorrowful and more recent ones have fled.

A village bathed in sunlight, all the more bright and lovely because of the frowning sentinels around it, smiled at us through its wealth of trees and flowers, and there, seated upon a sloping green, was a band of comely maidens. They were plaiting straw, and as the shining wisps passed through their busy fingers, they sang together in perfect tune and rhythm the famous world-wide chorus.

We stayed to look at them, at their dainty faces, at their graceful bent figures, at their glossy braids bound up with coloured ribbons, at the narcissi and columbines nodding their fragrant heads around them. They reminded us of those charming nymphs with which fable and the poets people the rural shades;

and as we receded from them, we could still hear the echo of their voices waking the solemn stillness of the day.

On feast-days and holidays my husband and I invariably take trips upon our tandem. We have already visited Aarau, Olten, Lenzbourg, and Willdeggen; we have also made flying visits to Zurich and Lucerne. And now let me tell you my first impressions of these two latter towns.

Lucerne, with its two slender, tantalising spires dominating the landscape—Lucerne with its old-world look of turret and gable—Lucerne is fair; but Zurich—what of Zurich? Its buildings are modernised, I can hear you say; its streets are commonplace, its houses often jerry-built and stucco. Abominations truly; but what care I?

When I saw Zurich first it was at sunset. A reddened rosy glow was in the sky, and I was on the border of the lake. Before me spread a town so exquisite, so unearthly, that I rubbed my eyes to see if I were dreaming. A host of noble buildings rose gracefully from the water's edge—buildings surely fashioned by some wizard's hand! Such colours, too—such gold, and white, and orange; such glistening marbles, minarets and oriel; the rosy glory of the west embellished them, and against the pall of night towered the snow-capped mountains.

I stayed until the moonlight rose, a magical, mysterious moonlight, clothing the lake with one vast wave of silver.

Thus I saw Zurich. Afterwards I left the lake and walked into the town. I noticed that the streets were not of gold and jasper, but macadamised, that

the shops were strewn about—butchers' shops, bakers', and grocers'. Then we went to a restaurant and had a meal of sausages and sauerkraut, and Pilsener beer. The next morning was hot and dusty, and I saw Zurich with water-carts and carriers and wheelbarrows, just as other towns.

No matter. I remember fair Zurich as I saw her that evening, touched up by rosy cloudland, and, remembering her thus and thus alone, I say to you, Zurich is beautiful, Zurich is enchanting—the fairest city in the world!

But all this time I am wandering away from my village with its pleasures and its sufferings. Yes, strange as it may seem, there are tears as well as laughter in our little rural pastureland. Whenever I am in trouble—and what young wife has not her troubles?—I run straight to the dear old parson and his wife. Ah, me! Many a tale of sorrow, sadder than mine, has been whispered in their ears, many a heart made lighter by their holy smile of sympathy, many a houseless beggar found food and peace and raiment.

Their house, covered with lilac and wistaria, with its clean white front and ever open portal, seems to smile gladly on the wanderer, and one can almost see written in golden

letters those ever blessed words, "Welcome! This is your home. Enter! No crowds will thwart you, no guards demand your business. Breathe out your sorrows, let your tears fall; you will find a healing balm for all your bitterness; within a friend awaits you!"

Our church, a pretty bit of rural simplicity, is stunted and overgrown with ivy and with lichen. A stork's nest is on the tower, and these birds, so famous in legend and fable, are always before us, reminding us of a hundred pretty fairy-tales heard in our childish days. What pretty creatures they are, standing on one leg and looking down thoughtfully on the children playing and working in the meadow-land beneath them!

One particular stork, a great favourite of ours, is so tame that he comes to our open window and stands on the ledge talking to us. His voice is not agreeable; it reminds one of the gurgling of a ginger beer bottle when just about to burst. Langbein, for thus we have nicknamed him, is apt to be querulous and snaps at everyone and everything within reach. A dear little bird called Meise, who flies into our open window and eats from our hands, is Langbein's special grievance. Meise is young and venturesome, and doesn't notice crusty, cross-grained Langbein; but the day is near at hand, I greatly fear, when Meise will be no more, and Langbein, standing on our window-sill, will wear a curious smile, just like the world-famed tiger of the Niger.

Oh, by-the-by, talking of animals reminds me that I haven't said a word to you about Bobbeli.

Bobbeli is our dog, a little golden-brown, sharp-nosed, bright-eyed fox-terrier. She has lived with my husband now for five years, and has travelled all over Europe. Does travelling and experience open a dog's mind as it does that of a human being? I think so, for Bobbeli's is an active mind indeed. "She frightens me; I think that she is human," my husband has said to me more than once; and truly, in looking at her, one is almost inclined to a superstitious belief in that strange doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Bobbeli is like no other dog I know; she is so impulsive, so clever, and so passionately loving.

When my husband was taken with influenza, some time back, Bobbeli sat on a chair by his bedside for three consecutive days. She neither ate nor drank, but laid her head on the coverlet with that same pathetic glance depicted by Landseer in "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner." Once, when I was away, my husband wanted to get at the water-bottle, but it was quite beyond his reach. Bobbeli, noticing at once his master's wish, tried to push the carafe with her little pointed nose; but failing utterly, she set up such a wailing and whining that I rushed at once to the rescue. "You must take her away," said my husband; "she is more than human." But I didn't move her, faithful little darling; I let her remain until the crisis was past, and when my husband was well again, we all rejoiced together.

Bobbeli is a vigilant housekeeper. At the least strange footstep she will bark and give us warning. She is especially down on hawkers and beggars, whom she seems always to suspect of evil purposes. One afternoon she saved us from a theft. My husband and I had been strolling about the garden—we had left the door unlocked—when we were suddenly startled by hearing an angry howl from Bobbeli, accompanied by a scream. Rushing home we found a tramp in our

drawing-room, with Bobbeli clinging tenaciously to his leg. The man was livid with terror.

On seeing us he made some excuse for his presence by saying he had come to measure the floor for a carpet and had mistaken the house. It was, of course, untrue; but Albert let him go, thinking he had been punished and frightened enough by Bobbeli.

Bobbeli has her "At Home" days. Yes, strange as it may seem, once a week Bobbeli goes all by herself to make a round of visits. On this particular day, it is generally a Thursday, she makes a more elaborate toilette than usual, and her coat glistens like satin; then off she goes, with head and tail high in the air, to pay her accustomed calls. Like ourselves, the visit she loves most is to the dear old parson and his wife. Entering the vicarage, she walks daintily upstairs to the second storey, where she knows she will find the parson in his study. She taps and scratches at the door until the good old gentleman, leaving his sermons, gives her entrance; then she immediately mounts on his knee, caresses and cajoles him with her pretty pointed nose, talks for a little in her sympathetic language, and then visits severally the parson's wife and the servant.

Bobbeli has a wonderful scent, and can tell in a moment whether a person is ill or well disposed. One afternoon we were walking down a quiet country lane by the banks of the Aar, when we saw a man some way in front of us. There was nothing in his appearance either attractive or the reverse. He was a miller belonging to our village, of a somewhat melancholy disposition—that was all. Bobbeli followed on his heels and began barking in her curious sort of way when she wishes to call us. We paid no attention, but walked in the opposite direction. We whistled for Bobbeli, but she did not follow us; we called with all our might, but still no Bobbeli. Right in the distance we could see her, still walking close on the heels of the miller. Late that same evening she returned to us drenched to the skin and whining terribly.

The following day the miller's dead body was found floating on the Aar. He had committed suicide!

Everybody in Schinz nach knows Bobbeli, and everybody loves her. As we walk down the streets children run out to play with her, shopkeepers give her sweetmeats, even the old and staid stop short to pat her glossy head. Whenever I feel lonely, I call for my Bobbeli and sit her on a chair close by me. She is such a dear companion, and nestles up to me as close as possible. If I am too diligent, she will tap at my hand with her little silky paw as though asking me to notice her and to talk to her a little.

She has a family of two; Zola and Dreyfus we call them, because they were born on the day of the celebrated trial. Utterly unlike their aristocratic mamma, these two puppies are perfectly white and so curly coated that in the distance they give the appearance of two immense fluffy balls. Although only a couple of months old they are already bigger than Bobbeli and ever so much fatter. They tease Bobbeli dreadfully, they are so playful and so frivolous, whereas Bobbeli has always been sedate. It is amusing to watch her giving these big babies lessons in jumping, begging and washing themselves. They bid fair to become almost as clever as their talented mother.

It seems as if I could not say enough about my dogs, but meanwhile I ought to direct my

attention to the human side of life in this charming little village.

The girls of Schinz nach, in fact the girls of Switzerland in general, are surely the busiest creatures in the world. They are not, on the whole, remarkably clever, they are seldom talented, they are not as fond as we are of literature and the fine arts, but they are workers, hard workers. To see a Swiss girl idle is a thing almost unheard of; they are continually mending, mending, mending. They knit their own stockings and the stockings of their husbands, their fathers, their brothers and their children; they plait their own straw hats, they cut out and piece together their almost endless trousseaux, covering them with embroidery worked by their own deft fingers. The table-covers, the bed-quilts, even the carpets, are all home made, and the spindle is not an uncommon article of furniture.

On entering a Swiss house you are, as a rule, confronted with an extent of brightness and polish quite remarkable, the mistress, like her house, being neat and orderly, spick and span, immaculately brushed and washed and combed. If "cleanliness is next to godliness," the Swiss housewife holds a very good chance of entering Paradise; but if mental attributes are any good, the Swiss wife must fall back. You must not expect these perfect little housewives to understand such questions as the "rise and fall of nations"; if you talk politics, or art, or metaphysics, they will bring out their crochet or their tatting, open their eyes wide, shake their glossy braids and lapse into silence.

Whereas an English girl prides herself on her talents, her singing, writing, painting, a Swiss girl's pride is centred in her house, on the linen she has woven, the stockings she has knitted, the lace she has embroidered. Whereas an English girl revels in sport, in tennis, boating, golf and cycling, a Swiss girl's love hovers around her saucepans and her floors beeswaxed and polished.

The Italian girl, sweet, smiling, debonair, is a different little creature from them both. She enjoys so much her *dolce far niente*, and the brightness and the colour of her costumes; she also loves art in a flippant sort of manner, and can sing Rossini's airs from her babyhood; but the Italian girl, though full of life and laughter, is somewhat shallow and frivolous, she is like the cricket of the fable, she likes to dance, and sing, and lounge, and show her pretty teeth, but she is little of a housewife like the Swiss and little of an athlete or student like the English.

The difference between Italy and Switzerland is to me the difference between a sparkling soubrette and a handsome blonde. You must laugh in Italy, even if you stand beside the cypresses black and sad, even if you walk beneath the grey-hued olive boughs—there is something in the atmosphere so pure, so clear, so bright; there is something in the flowers and in the sky, something which makes one happy, something which makes one glad. But Switzerland, so noble, yet so cold, with mountains lost in cloudland and wondrous mighty forests, with crashing waterfalls and gloomy hollows, Switzerland, rugged, majestic, awe-inspiring, does not induce laughter. Maybe its altitudes and fertile valleys call for a burst of wonder, maybe the mind finds scope for noble thought; still, between the two countries lies a difference sharp and defined—the play of moonbeams upon ice contrasted with the sunshine on a rose-bush.

(To be concluded.)



a hundred excuses and palliations; but her mind was feverishly working all the time. Suddenly she saw the way clear and, freeing herself, got up.

"I know how to manage it," she said, trying to speak cheerfully. "If you stay here till grandmamma goes to bed, Francie, I'll let you in by the library window, and get you some supper, and you must sleep here, and then in the morning, early, you can go back to town with the money."

He shook his head.

"I can't come to the house, but you might bring me a mouthful to eat, if you can, and then I'll tramp back over the moor to Oakchester, and catch the midnight express."

She did not seek to dissuade him, guessing that this, too, was part of the mystery that must surround his visit, but putting the thought from her while she had to act. He had time for many emotions—contrition, and shame, and vain repentance among them—before he heard her light foot again, and stole out

to meet her. She brought some food upon a plate, and a little flask of wine, and, trusting to the darkness of the arbour, lit a candle that he might see to eat, standing over him and encouraging him. Then, when he had finished, she tied a silk muffler round his neck, and put the flask, with what was left of the claret, in his coat pocket. It was only then that she thrust her little purse into his hand, and with it a small morocco case.

"There is nearly a hundred pounds left," she whispered, "and mamma's pearls will make up the rest." Then, seeing the working of his face, and his shamed endeavour to refuse the gift, she puts her arms round his neck and said—

"Hush, dear! I know what you would say, but they are yours as much as mine, since they were hers. And—and I could never wear them if— Oh, Francie, what does anything else matter if you can do what is honest and right!"

He went out from the shadows that sheltered him, stealing like a guilty thing, and her heart went with him in unutterable pain and pity. She did not ask what he had done to bring that look of hunted fear upon his face, and she never knew, but she took a dim comfort in thinking that she shielded him from bitter reproaches and the sharp censure of lips that would not spare him.

But the shattering of a sublime belief is hard, and to Cynthia, with her lost ideal, the future looked more grey than the spectral garden about her. And granny's door was shut, and though she beat upon it with her hands in wild longing for the love that would have led her in and mourned with her and comforted her, there was no answer but the silence.

Then physical exhaustion brought the tears that would relieve, and crouching there upon the threshold, she sobbed her bruised heart out.

(To be continued.)

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CHAPTER III.



WHILE I have been writing this article, beautiful, sad, russet-tinted autumn has melted into winter, and we have visited the forests and chosen special trees to be felled and sawn into pieces for our fuel. Already is our garret filled with wood, for, you know, winter in this part of Switzerland is no light matter, and our stoves are kept alight by night and day. We have also a stock of apples and potatoes in our cellar, and a large barrel of home-made sauerkraut.

Winter in Switzerland is a different season indeed from what it is in England. We Londoners especially, who are accustomed to a season of dirt, slosh and fogs, would be amazed to find how glorious, how ethereal is the spell of frost and snow in fair Helvetia.

Is it not Ruskin who has said that the best image the world can give of Paradise is the slope of the meadows, orchards and cornfields on the side of a great Alp? Then let me say that the best image the world can give of fairyland is the reign of frost and snow which sparkles in the region of the Christmas-trees.

Imagine to yourself a vast citadel fashioned in diamonds and in silver, with tall gigantic domes and spires, imagine it glistening, glowing, radiating and scintillating with every breath of wind or shaft of sunshine; imagine a carpet, velvet-soft and white as dove's down, with here and there a tuft of scarlet red; imagine something too fantastic and chimerical for reality—then you may get some faint idea of winter in the forests of the Alps.

I have seen this diamond citadel under the

regime of a golden sun, with a sky of deepest sapphire as a background. I have seen it in the afterglow, when clouds of vivid scarlet lit up the eastern sky with banks of fire. I have seen it in the moonlight, the magic, mysterious moonlight, and it has always appeared to me as something illusionary, the vision of a dream-world.

Christmas-time in Switzerland is a period for great merriment and rejoicing. There is not a single child who does not possess its tiny Christmas-tree, there is not a single family, however old its members, who would dream of letting Christmas pass without its famous *Kuchen*. Even the churches every Christmas Eve have a gigantic tree filled with sweets and nuts and candles ready to distribute to all the children round.

The trees, hidden from sight after Christmas, are again brought to light on the occasion of New Year's Eve, and are again adorned with all their lights and frippery. New Year's Eve in Switzerland, as in France, is almost as great a festival as Christmas.

Our New Year's Eve was spent in a somewhat boisterous fashion. The "Bären," our one hotel, gives on this night its great annual supper-party to which all Schinznach, young and old, is invited. This feast lasts with unintermittent zeal from seven in the evening till five the following morning, and it is accompanied with songs, recitations and country dances.

At seven o'clock precisely a terrible brass band summoned us to the feast, and out we all tumbled in our Sunday gowns, the mayor with his wife and nine olive-branches, the president, the grand councillor, the *Burgmeister*, the milkman with his three delightful daughters, Gretchen with her braids tied up with blue ribbons, Max her fiancé, Karl and his pretty wife Zerlina, my husband and I. Out we all came, a jolly band, ready for song and joke, ready to fête this one great feast of all the long year round.

Oh, that brass band! How triumphantly it blasted out of tune, and, oh, that supper! Dishes piled up with sauerkraut and pigs'

trotters were followed by *Nudeln* and *Sauerbraten*, then came a pyramid of sausages swimming in onion sauce, a salad, a Gruyère cheese weighing about a hundredweight, *Kuchen* with caraway seeds and Byrrish *Kraut*. Barrels of beer were opened amidst shouts of delight, and disappeared, recitations and singing came next, and then followed an *Iodel* song in which we all joined boisterously.

"Ye ho, halloh, hali haloh!"

By this time the room was very hot, and my husband suggested that a turn in the garden wouldn't do us harm.

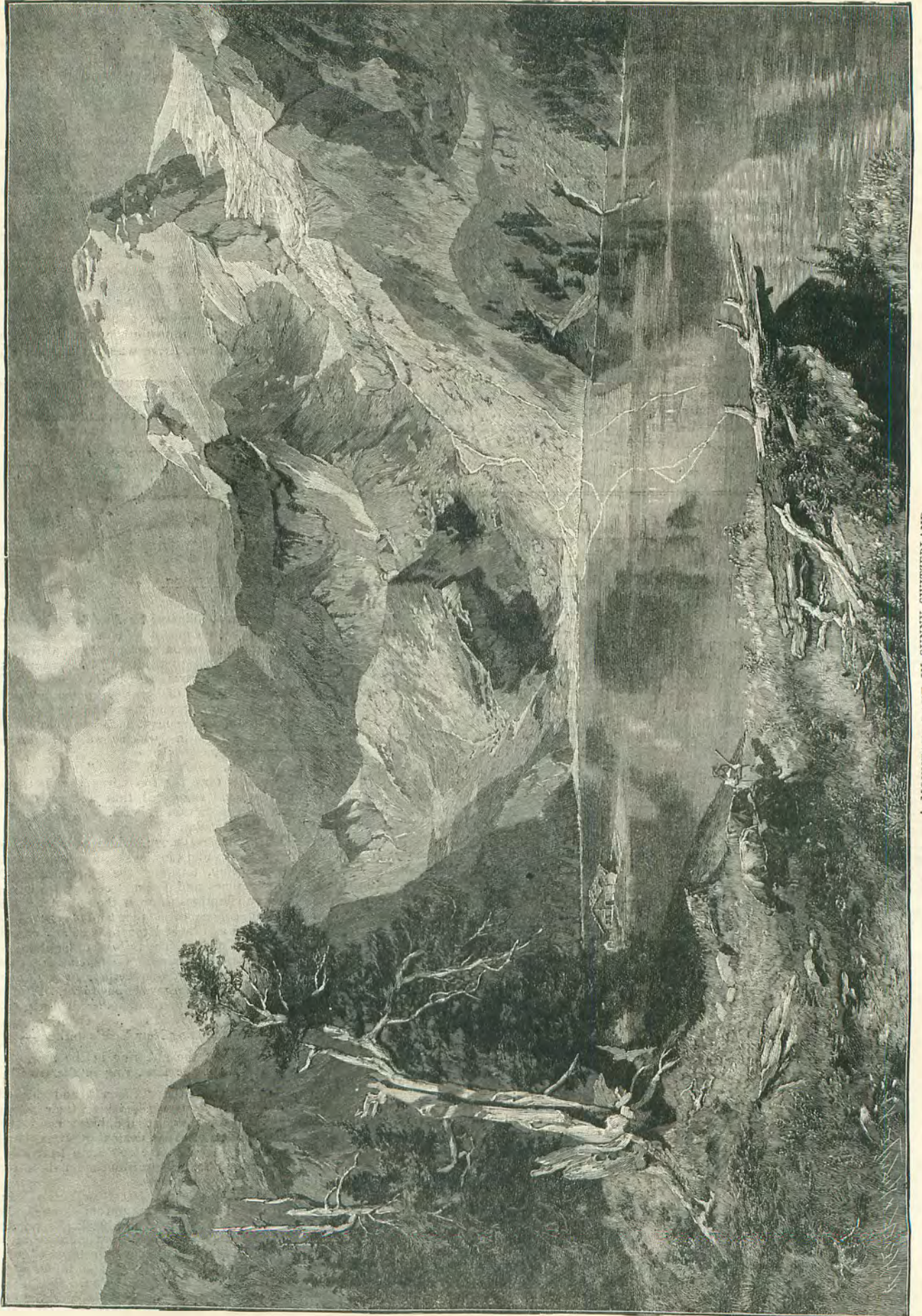
I followed him.

A mysterious moon, white as a burnished shield, was sailing in the sky, a soft west wind was blowing, touching the glistening icicles on the pines and forest trees, and sending strange vibrations through their branches like distant echoes of a thousand harp-strings. And even as I looked the bells of our church struck midnight. The bells of other churches caught up the strain from ours, clashing their sounds together, answering, resounding, echoing in the dim mysterious night. And as I listened a host of thoughts assailed me, and I thought I heard a voice chanting that solemn, gladdening New Year's anthem—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

I re-entered the "Bären" and looked around at the peasants knocking their glasses amicably together, at the brass band still braying out a clashing, deafening strain, but I no longer joined in the rollicking festivities; memory and the bells had touched a chord too solemn for forgetfulness.

I shall never forget last New Year's Day, and the dilemma I was put in through the bountiful generosity of my husband's pupils. The presents streamed in from morning until night, with a persistency which was quite alarming, and all my floors and tables were covered with a curious collection. Pigs' ears, pigs' noses, trotters, loins of pork, ham, bacon, black puddings, greens, cauliflowers,



A MOUNTAIN LAKE IN SUNNY SWITZERLAND.

sauerkraut, honey, kirsch, butter, jam and eggs, a bottle of centipedes and salamanders from little Max, the indefatigable zoologist, some caraway cookies from our favourite Siegfried, a black pudding of enormous size from Hans, an ox-tail and tongue from Ib the butcher, an open *Apfelkuchen* from the baker, and two tame rats from Wilhelm.

I stood before this assemblage with horror; all the goods perishable and we but two in family! Quick as thought I packed up the loin of pork, pigs' ears and trotters and despatched them off to our relations in Basle; the cabbages and onions I cut up and preserved in vinegar, the eggs I preserved by covering them with oil, the butter I melted down, the bottle of centipedes I put alongside of the two tame rats. But what to do with the black sausage, that enormous slippery-looking thing which seemed to be staring at and ogling me, and which weighed at least eight pounds? Our only solution was to give a "sausage supper." We did this the following day, and although I had to hire a special pan to put it in, served up with onions and with sauerkraut that sausage tasted good.

I have to this day in my cupboard a quantity of my New Year's gifts, in the shape of honey, pickles and jams; the centipedes and salamanders—let me breathe it gently—have exchanged their bath of spirits for a somewhat purer liquid, the two tame rats given us by Wilhelm, after having increased in family to the number of fifteen, disappeared mysteriously one night and took up their abode in the garret. The race distinctly degenerated in its wild state, and after having almost entirely demolished a fitch of bacon, had to be demolished themselves by a dose of arsenic.

What a charming process in Switzerland is the melting process—the merging of winter into springtime! The great white pall which has lain upon the mountains begins to fade before the sun's warm rays, and in its place a soft green rug appears. The trees shake off their diamond icicles, and we can almost see the tiny shoots spring from the brown and naked branches; then, lo! another white world spreads itself before us—a bridal world. The trees of the orchards are hidden with a shower of milky blossoms, and little snowdrops show their bell-like heads. After the white of the pear-tree come the delicious soft pink of the apple and the deep red of the peach. Birds shriek from joyfulness, and butterflies glance by us in the sunlight. Then meadows show a bounteousness of flora, almost unknown in England, and one walks knee-deep in lilies and forget-me-nots. Then daffodils and tulips, glycines and narcissi open their waxen hearts; the sun shines lustily in an azure sky; the wind is full of perfume; the cuckoo's note

breaks through the morning stillness. Spring is here.

Perhaps one of the saddest episodes of our sojourn at Schinznach was the death of Gabrielle, the loveliest maiden of all the country round. How well I remember her walking down the village with her light buoyant step, her large picture hat shading her fair young face, her dark-lashed eyes looking with rapture on the fields and flowers around her! How well I can hear that silvery voice wishing "Gott grüss di,"* as she tripped along! All is over now, her smile no longer lightens up our pathway, her pretty soft white hands no longer plait the shining Tuscan straw.

We had been absent at Baden for a fortnight when we returned home, taking the mountain route. It was a glorious day, the flowers in the hedges grew as wild as grass, the millet, yet green, waved in the clear sunlight, the orchards showed a wealth of rosy blossoms, and in the vale deep down below us was our rural nest, our "Auburn, loveliest village of the plain." We had scarcely reached its narrow winding streets when we saw a crowd of people moving sadly to and fro. There was no marketing, although it was market day, no cheerful raiment although it was a *festa*, no cry of joy, no merriment.

The bell of the church, our dear old church with its stunted ivy tower, was tolling solemnly—the very air seemed full of lamentation.

Presently we saw a funeral train winding slowly round the village. The pall was supported by four men, but before and all around it were maidens dressed in white, with chaplets of white flowers in their hands.

"Who can it be?" I asked in a hushed voice.

"Evidently an unmarried girl," replied my husband.

And even as we spoke the procession passed slowly into the churchyard.

"Gabrielle," whispered a girl, weeping. "Oh, Gabrielle, *meine Freunde*." The name was echoed tremulously by other sad-faced maidens, her school companions who had loved her, not on account of her beauty, but because she was so sweet, so gay, so lovable.

Gabrielle was dead.

"O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" murmured the parson,

* "God salute thee"—the charming greeting given us by the peasantry in this part of Switzerland. After having travelled in Italy for a year, I was intensely struck by the difference of the poor in Switzerland and Italy. In Italy you can scarcely walk a dozen steps without being nudged and whined at by some miserable beggar; in Switzerland begging is absolutely unknown; even the indigent and starving will pass you by with a clean countenance and, instead of accosting you, give you those pleasant words, *Gott grüss di, Gott grüss di*.

his own white head bent low; and then that solemn consignment of the body to the tomb: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

Our tears flowed unrestrainedly as we saw the coffin lowered, and we thought of our village belle, our Gabrielle, lying so quiet with her white hands crossed and her dark eyes closed in the slumber of death.

She had taken a chill whilst working in the fields and died from it. That was all.

"She has been cut down like a flower of the field, cut down to wither in the midst of sweetness," said the poor mother, in that poetic language so often heard amongst the peasantry.

"No," said Vera, a little pale-faced maiden who had loved the winsome Gabrielle as a sister; "she has been taken from us only to bloom afresh in a brighter, happier world."

Even while I write this article the glorious sunshine, quivering and palpitating, has begun to set behind the distant mountains, clouds light as a breath and scarlet as a flame are hovering around, and a sweet delicious perfume fills the air. Oh, girls, I wish I could only adequately describe to you the beauty of the sunset on the Alps: how it warms and fades upon the snow-fields, how it throws purple shadows and then a strange bright light, how magical it is, and how mysterious!

The rosy ball has set now in a sea of amber waves, the moon is up, and a thousand stars are sprinkling the canopy above me like gold dust on the bell of some blue flower, the roses and the honeysuckle give out a perfume stronger, far stronger in this sweet hour of twilight, than in all the brazen glory of the day. A bell falls softly on the air; it is the evensong. I must finish. I have stayed too long already chatting about my little verdant nest.

My husband has come home. "Sing me a song," he says, catching me in one of those sweet moments of *dolce far niente* which a busy housewife knows perhaps too seldom.

A tear comes to my eyes as I think of the operas of my student days stowed away upstairs in the garret, but I choose a song, if far more simple, as lovely—yes, as lovely as them all—and we sing the words together whilst the soft west wind flies through the open window, and the trees and flowers sigh gently as though weeping that the day has fled.

"I dearly love my quiet home,

Where pass my days in peace unbroken.

O! how my heart doth throb with joy

Whene'er the sweet word 'home' is spoken.

'Tis there alone I'm free from care,

And fear no ill that may betide me;

A tranquil life, a loving heart,

My heaven on earth is here beside me."

TERESA TSCHOPP.

VARIETIES.

DON'T BE AN IDLER.—Nothing can be more dreary, nothing more harmful to a woman in body and mind, nothing more likely to lead to an unhappy marriage, than waiting for marriage as the only career in life. From the point of view of society, it is surely important that women and men, married and unmarried, should be doing useful work, and not be mere drones adding to the burdens to be borne and not doing their share to bear them. Girls should be brought up to feel that, married or unmarried, it is their duty to the world to make the best use of their talents, and to that end the greatest opportunities should be given to enable them to develop their real capabilities.

SEEING MORE SUNLIGHT.—If the melancholy girl, who is always talking of the shadows of life, would get out of her own shadow once in a while, she would see more sunlight.

HE DID NOT TASTE THE QUARTETTES. A farmer was invited to attend a party at the village squire's one evening, when there was music both vocal and instrumental.

On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said—

"Well, John, did you enjoy yourself last evening? Weren't the quartettes first rate?"

"Why, really, sir, I can't say," replied John, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever ate."

HOW TO SPREAD HAPPINESS.—When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to one who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves light as air—will do it at least for the twenty-four hours. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is 365 in the course of the year. And suppose you live forty years only, after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time.—*Sydney Smith*.