

surprise that yesterday he had seemed in great trouble himself. He was looking across the sea, and she saw that his face was more resolute and less dejected, so she supposed it had not been very serious. She did not know of the long conflict fought out that day, in which he had been victor. Instead, as with so many of us, she imagined the sorrow that showed the least sign was the least deep; whereas it is oftenest the one that never heals.

At the bend of the road they met Peggy, looking a little cross and disconsolate. Things had not gone very well with her that day. Instead of Jack's pleasant companionship she had been left lonely, and all the consoling administrations she had prepared for him were wasted. She had quite thought he would be unable to tear himself away just at first, and had planned to be very gentle and considerate to him. So his early departure had been a second shock for poor Peggy, and now came a third. Truly the world appeared an odd, unsatisfactory abode; and she began to feel that it was she who was the injured one.

Jack introduced the girls, and after they had chatted a minute or two, proposed that they should all three go fishing some day. Ethel accepted gladly, for she dearly loved boating, but Peggy coloured a little and assented more

Jack smiled.

"What about the sleeves?" he asked.

"Cliffs and skies don't wear sleeves."

"I mean the two that were cut out wrong."

"Oh, they haven't come right of their own accord, if that's what you mean. I didn't think they would."

He glanced at her with a tender look in his eyes. He could see she was tired and cross, and somehow he didn't feel inclined to tease her to-day as usual. He wanted to fold her in his arms and soothe her as he would a tired child; and it seemed so hard that she would not see how happy he could make her, and come to him. She was in what she called her hedgehoggy mood, because she felt prickly all over, and it was one Jack rather liked than otherwise. He couldn't bear the woolly-lamb type of girl.

And all evening he watched covertly the little pouting mouth, and smiled inwardly at the little fretful speeches, thinking longingly what a sweet woman she would probably make some day, in spite of her many faults. Mrs. Nelson watched too, and felt very sorrowful for her winsome, blue-eyed nephew, as well as for her sad-eyed girl-visitor of the afternoon.

But after all it was Peggy who cried herself to sleep that night, though she had not the least idea why, and apostrophised herself as a silly baby.

Three days later she was sent for to go home unexpectedly, and with a somewhat woe-begone face, not altogether accounted for by her sudden departure, she once more took her leave. Jack saw her safely into the train, but beyond crushing her hand a moment at parting, made no allusion to their conversation in the boat. And when the train steamed away, Peggy's eyes, as she looked wistfully at the sea, were very misty.

"I suppose he will fall in love with Ethel Rivers now," she said, "and get engaged to her. I suppose I ought to be glad for him to be happy again."

Then somehow the mistiness increased, and she could not see the sea at all.

"I did not think he would have forgotten so easily," her heart whispered, "and now perhaps we can never even be the same old friends again."

That night there was another wet pillow for Peggy, and the blessing disguised in tears that Mrs. Nelson had vaguely wished for her, seemed already descending. Hitherto her life had been all sunshine and careless happiness, and that is not the best soil for hearts to grow strong in. For as the flowers wither with too much sun, and need the dew of even and the darkness of night to bring them to their

fullest beauty; so the heart can be spoiled by too much happiness, and needs the dew of tears to bring it to its best fulfilment. We run hither and thither after happiness as moths to a candle; not understanding that what looks only a warm bright light may prove our hurt if it is not tempered in some kindly way. When we are young we want to take all the pleasures and escape all the ills, and map out our own path just as we would like it. But when we are older and look back we see with clearer vision, and learn at last to be thankful even for those—

"Prayers which God in pity
Refused to grant or heed."

It is best to take the good and the ill together quietly, just as they come, and in the end we shall find that whenever we let the ill be turned into good. And better things than some of those we prayed for vainly with such passionate pleading have come straight from the Father's hand in His good time.

(To be concluded.)

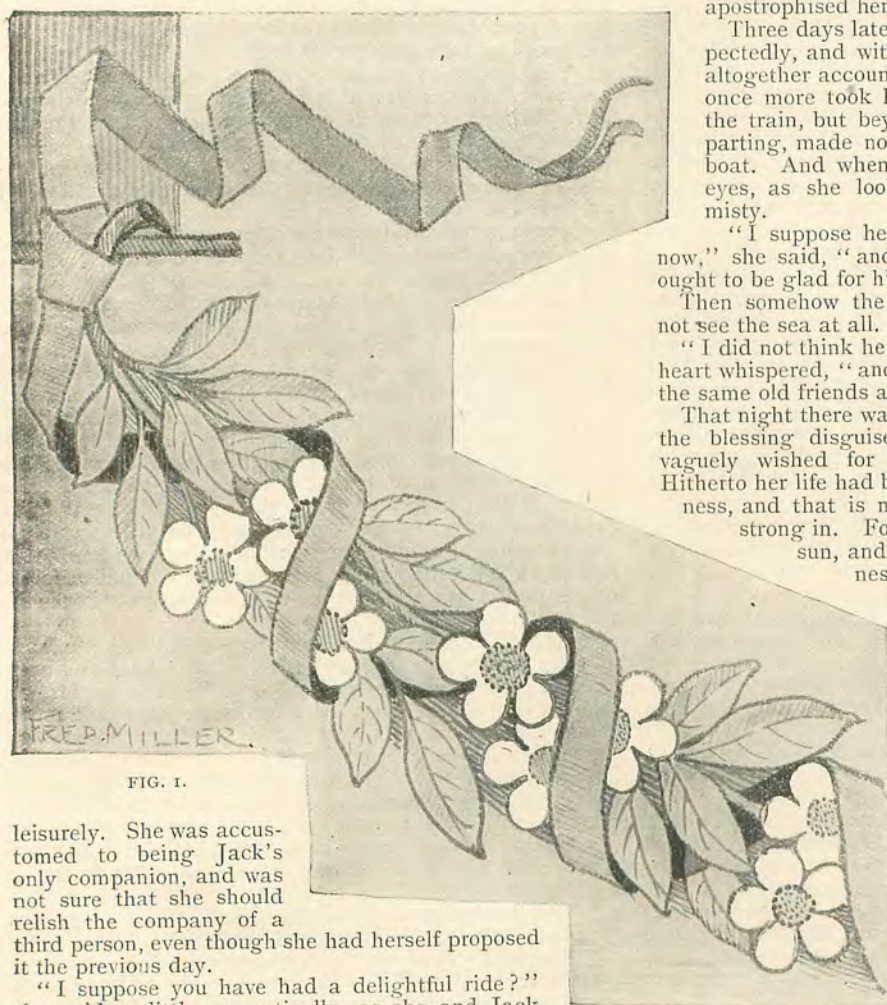


FIG. 1.

leisurely. She was accustomed to being Jack's only companion, and was not sure that she should relish the company of a third person, even though she had herself proposed it the previous day.

"I suppose you have had a delightful ride?" she said, a little sarcastically, as she and Jack turned homeward.

"It wasn't bad, considering," Jack replied. "What have you been doing?"

"Trying to sketch"—shortly.

"And wasn't it a success?"

"No, the thing all went wrong. The sky looks like a sooty volcanic eruption, and the cliff like a stodgy ginger pudding."

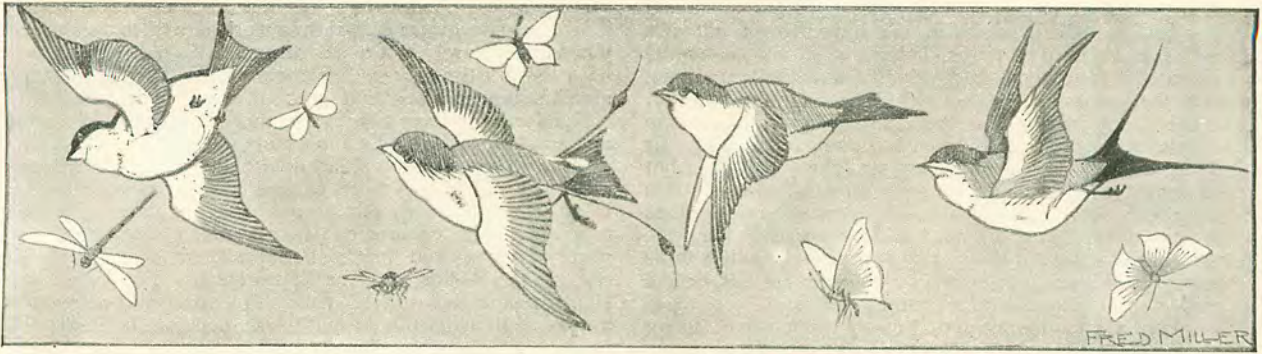


FIG. 3.

SCREEN EMBROIDERY; WORKING DETAILS.

IN No. 1168 of the "G.O.P." I gave a few details as to the making of a screen in which the panels were filled with some fabric, either plain or embroidered, and I now propose dealing with this latter aspect of the subject, for there is a grand opportunity here for a little nice work with the needle—an excellent chance of showing your skill in the direction that Tennyson in "The Princess" said it should go—"Man for the sword, and for the needle she."

Artistic needlework will outlast a good many other forms of decoration, and as it is a branch that women have practically to themselves, it is the one a girl with leisure can best expend her artistic energy in following, and in the panels of a screen there is a chance of showing your skill to the greatest advantage.

Now it is not the most elaborate design that makes the most effective decoration—quite other; and one of the chief points to be observed is that whatever you put on the surface should occupy the right place, and form pleasing lines or combination of lines, for the eye takes in generally before it searches out details, and the lines made by your pattern are therefore what should receive your first attention.

Next to that comes the colour, and this is every whit as important as the design—more important to the worker, I conceive, as some old needlework, which is not very remarkable as pattern, is made precious by its colour, sometimes partly due to the toning of age, though age will never make a bad combination of colours good. I have a bedspread, probably nearly one hundred and fifty years old, which I picked up second-hand. It is composed of a continuous kind of running design, archaically simple as to form, worked in worsteds or linen. The greens and blues of these old crews are delightful, and the scheme of colour from the first must have been good.

The archaicism, quaintness, savagery, call it what you will, is a quality worth making an effort to get into one's work.

One can become so refined, so suave that the interest is never once aroused, the attention never for a moment arrested. And so much old needlework, like the piece I just mentioned, possesses this delightful *naïveté*, while so much excellent needlework as regards skill of stitching done to-day is without it. The introduction of some very emphatic motifs, such as birds, insects or telling splashes of colour, will sometimes secure this ruggedness.

I am a persistent advocate of *appliqué*, and it is to this



FIG. 2.

combination of stitching and *appliqué* that so much old work owes its effect. In Fig. 1 I have drawn full size (though it has now to be reduced to get it into two columns) a portion of a festoon or swag, which I have indicated as a motif in the former article, to which the reader should refer. Here the ribbon, which is a motif so largely introduced in this class of design, could be real ribbon *appliqué*. It need not be stitched down when stretched out taut, but would look better applied with some fulness. Where this ribbon goes at the back of the leaves, it must be worked, as there is no room for *appliqué*. In working this, keep the stitches parallel, taking them right across the width to be covered. This will give a sheeny appearance if silk or flax be used, and help to detach it from the leaves.

The leaves can be treated largely in outline, using worsteds of agreeable colours, such as soft mellow greens, golden browns or reds, for you must go in for a scheme of colour and not think of following Nature. The design is kept very simple and ornamental, for though there are leaves and flowers, no particular plant is suggested; therefore the worker should be free to follow the dictates of her fancy.

A good plan to adopt in arranging a scheme of colour is to think of some plant which suggests a pleasant harmony. The forget-me-not, with its turquoise blue and pinkish flowers with their yellow centres against their soft warm green leaves, would be a nice palette on the present occasion. The ribbon could then be a darker blue.

To give substance to the design it will be seen that I have put in a sort of background. This should be worked in a grey green in parallel lines, the stitches being a little apart.

Another colour arrangement might be, the flowers white, centres lemon yellow in knots, ribbon turquoise or pale blue with dark blue for the underside, leaves reseda and grey green.

In Fig. 2 we have an enlarged fragment of the tree design as indicated in the former article, which, as it shows the worker all the details necessary in carrying out the design, should make it a comparatively easy thing to do. Here again I cannot say that any one shrub has been taken as the type, though possibly it suggests the Portugal laurel. I have endeavoured to indicate the direction in which the stitches should be taken, and it will be observed that the leaves themselves are wrought largely in outline, though to give relief and to avoid flatness some few are worked all over, while others are shaded in parts. This treatment of using outline embroidery largely not only

secures a very decorative effect, but takes up less time than if all the leaves were elaborately worked, and for such large panels this surely is a desideratum. Of course, those who wish to work the leaves all over can do so; in fact, only take my sketches as hints, and work out a scheme for yourself.

Readers who have never tried this combination of outline and solid work, such as I have suggested in Fig. 2, will, I venture to say, be very pleased with the result. The fruits, modelled on the hawthorn berries, should be worked solid, taking the stitches right across and keeping them close together. The colours can vary between pinkish red and purple brown, and might be in silk or flax, while the rest of the design can be in worsteds. The stems and trunk should be worked close, the stitches being taken across, following the form, but without an outline. The fruits, too, need not be outlined if the needle be taken through each time exactly at the right spot as the Japanese do so skilfully. There is another point about the carrying out of this design which I think will be found worth attending to, and that is to put some stitches on the background in the upper part of the panel. They need not be close together, but should be in some nice tones of blue.

Get the colour lighter by degrees until, as you come down the panel, you gradually let them cease. This play of light and shade which is produced by these various combinations will greatly enhance the general effect, and it shows the skill and ingenuity of the worker and the resources of her craft.

The introduction of birds and animal forms into a design adds both to the interest and general decorativeness. I have sketched four flying attitudes, which may be taken to represent the fundamental positions of a bird in the act of flying seen sideways, for to represent a bird flying towards one presents insuperable difficulties in needlework, unless one treats needlework as paint, which I do not think is the right way to use the needle.

It will be noticed in the sketches that everything about a bird has been simplified, only the bare facts being recorded. It is the attempt to do too much that is so fatal to good decoration. If we observe restraint and keep well within our means, success is easily within our grasp. Birds and butterflies come well in *appliqué*, and in carrying out the forms in Fig. 3 the whole shape or silhouette can be cut out, and then after it is *appliqué* some portions can be worked in medium and dark colours, either in open lines or close together, as necessity dictates.

FRED MILLER.

UP AND DOWN THE NILE.

BY AN ORDINARY GIRL.



MY first experience of the old Nile was not so agreeable as might have been wished, for the morning of our departure from Cairo it rained in torrents. Such a deluge I have never seen before or since. Cairo itself was under water, as there are no gutters, as in European cities, to carry off the rain, and on our way to the boat we forded several good-sized lakes and rivers which yesterday had been broad streets and pleasant squares. Arrived at the bank, we slipped and

rolled through an avalanche of mud on to the deck, where we were scraped and rubbed down by Mahomet (the chief waiter) and his satellites, and after dinner we settled down resignedly; for it still rained as if, indeed, the windows of heaven had opened, and for the rest of the day every one played unlimited patience (in more senses than one) while gloomily surveying drowned palms, dripping pyramids and mud villages fast resolving themselves into their native elements.

Next day things were rather more hopeful, for the sun came out and dried us up a little, though it still blew a gale and was icy cold, and this reminds me to warn all and sundry not to omit a warm jacket or cosy wrap to put on at sundown, for though the days are burning hot, the evenings are often bitter, and catching cold on the Nile means fever and other complications.

It was all perfectly delightful after that, and we used to sit in a dream most of the day, watching the wonderful panorama as we glided along. Our only grievance was that all the most interesting things happened at meal-times, and our dear Maltese steward, who had a great sense of orderliness and punctuality, was nearly driven crazy by constantly finding the saloon emptied during dinner, as we stampered to the side of the boat on the slightest provocation.

I had always had a hazy notion that the Nile was perfectly straight, but this is far from being the case. It winds and twists like an ordinary river, and its banks are not by any means always flat and low. It is very shallow in parts, and as the sand is continually shifting, even the river-pilots cannot be sure of the channel, so we frequently ran aground and had to be pushed off with much chanting and a great expenditure of energy. We took no notice of the shocks at