inch-and-a-half velvet ribbon, laid between the frills of lace. In short, never was there a better time for decorating old parasols or new at home.

I must devote a few words here to colours. Blue—from the palest shade of sky, or indigo, as the French call it, to the deepest shade of navy—is more popular than I have seen it for years; while, curiously enough, green is also in high favour, though generally only in shades of moss. Mauve also has been restored to us, while red and yellow are very popular indeed. Cream is still more liked than white, and all shades of grey are much worn, especially at night. Neutral tints, such as smoke and slate grey, lead, cinnamon, and lavender, are most popular. These are used with a contrasting colour, such as red roses, poppies, red pomegranates, yellow poppies, and blue cornflowers.

The paper pattern we give for this month has been selected with a view to the making up of the slightly thicker dresses that will be needed for the seaside and the autumn outing. It may be used in two ways viz., for an over-bodice or cut-off-deck jacket, or for the bodice of a dress of any description, save very thin materials, which I need hardly say do not answer for this kind of bodice. But galatia (which have returned to favour for country and seaside wear, homespuns, navvy serge, flannel, some of the coarser canvases, and beiges, are both suitable and becoming.

The pattern is in six pieces—front, back, collar, and belt, and two parts of the sleeve, the upper and the lower. The back must be cut double, as there should be no seam down the centre. The back of the collar is straight, the front bias. If made of thick material, line it; but with a washing one, it will require facing with a bias hem of the material. A deep hem must be allowed on each side of the front, where the buttons are placed. The pleats turn forward, and the notches made in the pattern must be carefully observed. The edges may be finished by a row of machine stitching, which should be even and good. No batting is needed, as a general rule, to this bodice; and it is as simple in construction, that either with cloth or washing material no one need fear to undertake its manufacture. There is nothing to make but the breast of a shirt, or stitched with a machine.

The quantity of material required, being one yard (36 inches) in width, is three yards; and twenty buttons; three for each sleeve, and four for the front. One yard of silk twist cut in half, for the button holes, and machine thread for stitching. No seams are allowed. This bodice can be worn with a skirt, shirt, or any material of which the coat of canvas, and will be found a stylish and useful addition to the wardrobe, and a ‘friend in need’ in a great many circumstances of life. It is an excellent pattern for the housekeeping tricycling dress; and, in fact, is the one usually recommended by all authorities on the subject.

COOKERY CLASSES.

By Alice King.

There are some sorts of wool, all our girls well know, in the skins of which different colours are so beautifully blended together that it is quite impossible to separate the varied hues without spoiling the whole fabric. This is exactly the case with body and mind; the two depend so completely on each other that if we entirely neglect either, the consequence must be that both will suffer irreparably. Therefore, in our model village we shall not be able to call our work among our people a model success unless we care for bodies as well as minds.

The world in general probably does not sufficiently realise how much all the best mental work depends on the state of the physical health for strength and brightness, and our many evil qualities have their first origin in some bodily weakness or disease. Intemperance, for instance, often begins merely with the habit of taking stimulants to help in the conflict with physical languor and weariness. Thus it is that when we are doing anything to improve the health of the body we are performing no low and menial task, for we are at the same time working for the well-being of mind and spirit.

Now, wholesome and nutritious food is one of the chief and most necessary things towards bodily health; it will do more in the long run than the art of all the medical colleges put together. This is why it is that the study of cookery must be taught to thoughtful and clever women, but a thing to which they may and should consecrate some of their best powers.

Nowhere is the art of cookery at so low an ebb as in the cottage home of the English labourer in rural districts. Money is scarce and means are scanty there, it is true, but all knowledge of cookery is more scarce and scanty still. The English labourer’s wife knows nothing of the skill with which a French peasant woman can create a savoury meal out of her garden, and she regards herself and her family stolidly up to following, in her domestic culinary arrangements, one dull dry round, which is utterly devoid of any consideration for either what is pleasant or what is wholesome. It may fairly be said that bad cookery is at the root of many of the evils, both bodily and spiritual, that haunt a country village; it engenders disease in the constitutions of the children at an early age; it helps to fill the public-houses by rendering their home uncomfortable and uncomfortable to the men; it causes families to run into debt, for the mother longs out into expenses to
provide food for her household would be quite needless if she knew how to make good use of the means that lie easily within her grasp.

These are some of the reasons why the establishment of a cookery class in a country village is one of the most substantial blessings that can be conferred on a married woman. If one were to compare the condition of the women in the cottage village of Butter, it is not dear to be indulged in except as a Sunday luxury; milk is not so plentiful as might be fancied, because the farmers are discouraged from allowing their dairy cattle to produce milk but into butter for the market of the country town. The bill of fare in the average labourer's cottage is confined to a little bacon, a little milk, a little bread, a pinch of brown sugar, a few eggs, and garden produce. In making cookery experiments, then, before a village audience to encourage the ladies to try improving their diet at a village cookery class, the lecturer should restrict herself completely to such materials as we have just enumerated, or her instructions will fall entirely dead and flat, and will prove utterly fruitless.

Another thing to be remembered and considered by the teacher of a village cookery class is, that their rural population is perhaps a little less conversant with the world of whims, and prejudices, and fancies about food. If the teacher of the class begins by outing and offending these, she tells the class that they are talking and not a word that she speaks will be heard by them without a grain of doubt and suspicion. For instance, every man and woman in retired villages look upon potatoes or turnips or turnip meat as simply so much poison, and many of them will rather breakfast on dry bread than supplement it with American soup. Such prejudices are extremely foolish and unfortunate, as they exclude the labouring man and his family from wholesome and nutritious food. It is true that much modern cookery is still an art and not a science, but still, the greatest caution and delicacy are needed in those of superlative skill who would try to root out these notions from among our country folk.

One great point in the teaching of a village cookery class must be to endeavour to give our rural population a more enlightened conception of the use that their garden produce may be put to. To improve the food of the most humble and ignorant member of our country folk will be a step towards increasing the supply of wholesome and pleasant food. What does not the French and Italian woman make out of her garden in her kitchen? It furnishes the mind with ability to make out of the black bread at breakfast; it supplies at least three-quarters of the savoury stew cooked in the pot-au-feu, round which the dark-eyed children gather at noon with such an eager, willing appetite; it forms the foundation of the steaming bowl of soup which awaits the father of the family when he comes back weary of an evening with the sun and dust and fatigue of his garden from the French labourer's wife, and she would sit down, overcome with dreary despair, and see nothing but starvation awaiting her and her children; but she would not thank you much if you were to bring a whole sirloin of prime English beef into her little harder.

How different the case is with one of the matrons in our English country village. To her, her garden suggests no idea beyond a cageful of hens, or a flock of geese; she is thoroughly entangled in the essentially British article of belief that there is no nourishment in any sort of food except meat and bread. She patronizes her patroness to work piteously, and call you cruel and unfeeling, if you were to propose to her that her husband and children should try on a soup extracted from her vegetables, and say that she would be sending them all finished to bed. This is one of the errors from which the village cookery class should boldly and perseveringly aim to release the mothers and daughters of the working rural population of England.

The cookery class in the village should not only teach the women how to cook, but how to make their husbands willing to take a leaf out of the cookery book of her French sister, with regard to the use that may be made of bones and scraps if carelessly cast away. Her husband, or the mothers of families will often, unwittingly, be guilty of real acts of extravagance, that would make a French housekeeper shudder, in the way of flinging on the refuse heap a bone that, boiled, would produce a strong gravy, or fragments of a bird that a little skill would create into an excellent dish. It will only be by the teacher teaching our village women a fresh and more liberal creed on these subjects, but this is one of the things which the village cookery class has to struggle to do.

Now, for example is always better than precept, let us visit, for a few minutes, the model cookery class in our model village. It is held in a large kitchen, belonging to one of the best dressed in the village; the hour is an evening hour, when the women and their children are at their daily work, and made their cottage nest and bright, and the men are gone to the reading-room or the workman's club. In the centre of the room sit some ten or fifteen humble and truly-diligent housewives, all with earnest, inquiring faces, that look as if they had come here to remain wide awake, and notice everything. By the hearth stands the class teacher, not arrived in any newly-won teaching costume, but in the ordinary dress of an English lady. Around her are arranged no elaborate regiment of enamelled sauce pans, and every kind of machine, that is credited to do the cook's work for her while she stands by and looks on, but just the commonplace cooking utensils that are to be found in a country kitchen. On a table at her side are displayed some crisp-leaved, green vegetables, a few eggs, a loaf of bread, and in the rear a few modest implements, such as pepper, salt, etc. The lady's face is bright and genial, her hands, though delicate, look as if they knew what they were about, as they move among her properties. She holds, in her hand the idea of real teaching by right work, which is a thing satisfactory and reassuring to the eyes of working women, and great confidence, at the very beginning, in their teacher.

And now the class begins in earnest. First of all the lady delivers a short address, which, in truth, is no address at all, but a little familiar talk with the women; that is to say, she speaks as if she were sitting by her firesides talking to them. She attacks some of their strongest prejudices in a clear, sensible, matter-of-fact way, using the simplest language; but she wards off all offence with a few telling, well-timed jests, and by the sympathy she shows in their work. She takes the idea of the teacher sympathetically that seems to feel with all their small, everyday troubles, and enter into all their small, everyday cares. The women listen with faces all bright and sparkly, and --- for no woman comes to our class who has not the wish, at least, to improve her knowledge in such matters. Here and there a countenance might be marked and tiresome; but the rest assumes a slightly incensed expression at some of the facts stated by the teacher, and this look is accompanied by a resolute little smile, showing the force of the heart. However, there seems to be a friendly affinity between teacher and pupils, and she has evidently introduced the thin end of the wedge, if she has not already driven the rest.}

There is a short pause when the little talkative lecture is finished; then the second part of the class-teaching begins. She (the teacher) turns first to the table, then to the fire, and
shows, very slowly, the way to make some simple dish that is within the compass of even the simplest cottage means. This is followed by the manufacture, in the same deliberate fashion, of some inexpensive little dainty for an invalid. All the while the teacher is at work she keeps the fire burning, and in her leisure moments, and so that there may not be the smallest possibility of her proceedings being misunderstood.

The next thing the teacher does is to invite any of the class that will come, to move forward to the fireplace and try to do what they have just seen done by her. The women are a little shy about it at first, but at length one or two come forward, and then two or three quickly follow her example. They were evidently only waiting for the ice to be broken. One or two are clumsy in their attempts, and one or two are hardly; but the teacher shows equal patience with and kindness to all. The class ends with a few minutes' friendly chat on indifferent subjects between teacher and pupils, and then the women disperse and pass to their homes along the quiet village street, their way lit by the full, round silver moon. Such a village cookery class as this, with entry fees at least as small as not to go beyond the capabilities of the shallowest purse, is sure in the long run to be a source of real, solid usefulness in a parish, if the teacher is a woman of refinement and good breeding, highly approved of by those of common sense, a heart, and sympathy. The results of such a class will gradually reach beyond the mere physical well-being of the people, and will bring a blessing to bodies and minds and souls in one full sweet harmony.

THE DUTCH ORPHANS; OR, THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

By Mrs. G. LINNEUS BANCS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE OLD FUTURE.

It was a long while before Nancy Vlood recovered, she had been so suddenly startled, and Dr. Zacharias told the fisherman and his wife that it was doubtful whether all his skill and that of his son together could have saved the child. The prompt application of the cool flour and consequent exclusion of the air, seeing that no more potent agent was available at the time.

The fisherman stated one confidently in your charge, Meisje Westerholt," Dr. Herman had said, when, after instruction from himself, she had voluntarily undertaken the dressing of the poor neck and foot: "the moorder is too rough, too hasty, has no delicacy of touch; these cases require both gentleness and patience. Besides, I observe, the child clings to you, and is more obedient in your hands. My only fear is that you are giving time you can till spare."

"You have much more than Meisje Westerholt for," said he to Jan Vlood's wife, when he pronounced Nancy restored. "But for her frequent and careful dressing, the child might have been a cripple for life."

"Aye, mynether, and she may be said to have given her own bread to Nancy when she gave her time. Me and Jan won't forget it. But it's not the first time she's saved the child for life."

Jan Vlood had found the lost child and carried her home, and but for someone who had met them they would never have known, as they could not speak a word, and Mrs. Vlood was sure it was a poor nurse. She was not allowed to sit constantly on her needles, and plain sewing is not so remunerative as to leave a margin for extras, when rent and food and fuel are paid for. So the three had a somewhat hard struggle to get over the winter, and by no means could they continue to renew their mourning.

There had been a sad lament over the spoiled frock of Bertha, when she came home streaked with white and spangled with fish-scales, and neither brushing nor mending would altogether restore it. There was no use turning over their mother's old stores: everything was coloured and mostly unfit for them.

Joanna and Lena clasped their hands, and almost danced with delight.

Bertha looked at it with dazed astonishment, and then she could it have come.

"Dr. Van Voost will have sent it," ventured Lena.

" Nay; " corrected Joanna, " he cares nothing for his own clothes; he would not think of ours."

"Perhaps Anna," was Lena's second guess.

"Nay, Anna would have brought it, to enjoy our pleasure," said Joanna, with a wise shake of the head.

But Bertha said never a word, though the blood surged upward to her brow. She had a memory of a younger doctor's keen scrutiny of her whitened gown, and of a casual remark one after day. Her eyes were moist, her breath came short and quick. Whom but he could have sent it? Who but he had observed the stains upon her gown? Surely, if the father was good and kind, so was the son.

So very good to think of her.

Joanna's voice broke in on her reverie.

"We can get it made by Sunday, if we try, and then, Bertha, you will look nice!"

"I shall not have it made."

"Not have it made—and your own so shabby!" cried the others in a breath.

"Not until we can buy two others. Besides, the two would be worth the three with compliments," to the Westerholts. But Lena was not allowed to sit constantly on her needles, and plain sewing is not so remunerative as to leave a margin for extras, when rent and food and fuel are paid for. So the three had a somewhat hard struggle to get over the winter, and by no means could they continue to renew their mourning.

There had been a sad lament over the spoiled frock of Bertha, when she came home streaked with white and spangled with fish-scales, and neither brushing nor mending would altogether restore it. There was no use turning over their mother's old stores: everything was coloured and mostly unfit for them.

Joanna and Lena looked very useful; but Bertha did her best to seem and be indifferent although, though to appearance was no part of her nature, and more than she would own, especially at the kerk or when she met Herman Van Voost.

Strangely enough, New Year's Day, the great Dutch festival, brought to the Westerholts a mysterious parcel for Meisje Bertha Westerholt, with nothing to indicate the sender. It contained five black merinos for a dress, and all fittings complete.