FROST FLOWERS.
BY HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

A GENIAL presence is drawing near,
There's frost on the window-pane;
The north wind blows over wastes of snow,
And winter is here again.
Fancy tracings of flower and fern
Are drawn by some fairy pen
On window and wall, while the echoes fall
Of "Peace, and good will to men."

Oh! magic blossoms of winter-time,
As fair as the rose of June,
Ye bloom in a night, in silver light,
All under the winter moon,
And speak to our hearts of the bygone days
When we laughed and shouted amain.
To mark the flowers and crystal bowers
Argleam on the window-pane!
Because we held it a certain sign
That Yule was coming apace
When trees in the wood enchanted stood,
Each wrapped in its veil of face.
Oh! dear are the blossoms of wintry spring,
And dear is the rose's reign;
But we love the most the flowers of frost
That bloom on the window-pane.

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.
By the Author of "We Wives."

PART I.

"Indeed, I don't know what to do. They are really quite spoiled."

Mrs. Bowen had tears in her voice, and
almost in her eyes, as she looked at a little
heap of Jaegers under-cothing just returned
from the wash. These articles had been so
soft and flexible when they went away. They
had returned shrunk up and hard almost as
a millboard. Emmie's combinations were
only just fit for Anne, the second girl, while
Mrs. Bowen's vests were diminished woefully.
The mistress hardly dared to look at her own
nightgiries. They had cost so much, and now—

Mrs. Bowen changed her laundress. Alas! as a
class, those worthwhile women are woefully
ignorant of sanitary underwear. Then she
tried doing them at home. But the cook
understood even less than Mrs. Bowen—had
less soft water—fewer drying appliances—and
less time.

Mrs. Bowen told her laundry troubles to her
friend, Miss Bond, as indeed, she told most of
her difficulties. She was startled by that
young lady's abrupt proposal:

"Why not do them yourself, Bella?"

"Myself? My hands would crack, and chaff,
and skin. Besides, I know nothing about
washing."

"You are only one of the many heads of families,
Bella, that profess their ignorance on that
point," Miss Bond was fond of using long
words. "You would affront ninety-nine
mothers out of one hundred if you suggested
they could not housekeep—or cook—or sew—or
darn. Yet you are one of the ninety-nine
who do not blush to confess that you know
nothing of just as important a part of house-
hold management."

To be accurate, little Mrs. Bowen had no
flash on her pretty brown cheeks, but she spoke
a depressive, gentle apology, and added:

"I know you would not find fault unless you were
going to help about those Jaegers, Emmie. Do tell me what to do."

"Have a pot of warm soft water ready for
me next Monday morning. A bottle of strong
ammonia, and a bit of the best yellow soap.
I'll show you how to defy Mrs. Bowen."

Mrs. Bowen almost hugged her friend as she
helped her on with her cloak.

"How clever you are, Annette," she said,
admiringly, "did you think this good man has
made you mistress of his home yet?"

I think if any of those excellent men Mrs.
Bowen spoke about had seen Miss Bond the
next Monday morning at ten o'clock, they
would have proposed on the spot.

Over her usual morning-gown she tied a
big white apron with broad straps, and, to
preserve the sleeves, she drew over them a
dainty pair of linen cuffs reaching to the
efflos.

"Now I am ready," she said, surveying a
clean tin pan, a plint bottle of ammonia (Mrs.
Bowen was determined to have enough), a bar
of soap, and a heap of soiled, self-coloured
flannel.

"First shred a small piece of soap into a
saucepans and melt it," she ordered, "about
a quarter of a pound to two gallons of water
is the proportion."

While this was doing—Mrs. Bowen was
entrusted with a tin spoon and allowed to
stir it—our amateur laundress shook out
thoroughly every bit of underwear before her
separately, "to get rid of dust, etc.," as she
explained. Then she filled her tin with
luke-warm water (one jug of boiling to two
of cold), and added enough boiled soap to
make a good lather, lathering with one
hand as she poured in the soap jelly with
the other. Then she added to the water a table-
spoonful of ammonia, and completely soaked
every bit of natural coloured merino or wool
she could see.

"Cover every morrow," she explained to
Mrs. Bowen, who watched anxiously and
curiously. "Any bit that is left uncovered will
shrink."

This done, she took up a paddleboard that
stood near and carefully covered the pan, "to
prevent evaporation."

"Now let it stand for an hour," she con-
ccluded, "and we will adjourn for that period
the parlour, or you can order dinner, Annette;
I will amuse myself."

"Why, ma'am, all those clothes 'll be
shrunken up to nothing."

Harrist the cook
could no longer contain herself. This was a
departure from all her notions about woolies.
Miss Bond smiled.

"If they are spoiled, Harrist, I promise to
replace every one. Only don't uncover the
tub till we come back."

Surely was the good cook tempted to do
this while those sixty minutes flew by. Was
some magic at work under her honest pastry-
board?

Magic or no, when Miss Bond returned to
the kitchen punctually at twenty minutes past
eleven, and lifted the flap, a lot of very dirty
water greeted her gaze.

"Well, that is wonderful!" Mrs. Bowen
could not restrain her admiration as her friend,
first gently squeezing and lifting out the wet
duds proceeded to rinse them thoroughly
in another pan of luke-warm water, minus the
suds or ammonia.

"Always look at the collar and cuffs before
you rinse," Miss Bond had almost forgotten
this. "They are the parts that show dirt."

Very cold rub gently between your hands.
But as a general rule no rubbing is required."

The rinsing was done as she spoke, and she
began to wring.

"Put your elbows against your waist. Have
both hands palm uppermost and use force.
It don't spoil or pull the things out of shape.
Of course a rubber wringer is the thing, but
fingers and wrists are handy,"

Very dry looked the vests, as Miss Bond,
having wrung them, passed all through a
mangle and shook them out vigorously, "to
restore the hairy surface."

"You have a good drying-ground outside,
and the day is fine," quoted the teacher, looking
out of the kitchen window as she spoke. "So
please, Harrist, will you hang them outside.
This slight wind will dry them splendidly."

Harrist took the bundle of slightly damp
garments and departed.

"If it had been wet, Bella," Miss Bond was
pulling off her linen cuffs as she spoke and
folding them away, "we would have hung the
Jaegers at the fire. Not too close. The
quicker they dry the softer they are, and the
less they shrink."

Mrs. Bowen was an exact person.
"But how near, Annette. Your warning is
vague," Miss Bond laughed.
"If ever steam rises out of your woollens they are too near. Remember that.
"The two friends were already halfway up
stairs when the spinner suddenly turned round
and retreated down again.
"I am sure that cook of yours will have hung
your precious Jaguars in the sun, and they will be ruined.
Sure enough, there on the line, in the full
blaze of a June sun, hung the poor things, Miss Bond quickly changed them to a beech
budge under a clump of laburnums and syringas, and left them there.
"I can’t wait to finish up," explained Mrs.
Bowen’s friend in need as she popped away.
"When the clothes are dry, fold, and run
through the mangle. That is all.
"She was gone.
That week Mrs. Bowen’s face was wreathed
and gone.
"Don’t worry, my dear," said Mrs.
Bowen’s friend to the mayor’s wife.
"After all, it is only two pairs of
stockings.
""I am sure they will turn out all right."
LIFTED UP.

By the Author of "The Knock at the Door."

"Do you think if Moses had been here he
could have cured Herbert?" he asked,
presently.
"I don’t see how he could wish to
speak to me."
But what did she get out of the ground if
there was no Herbert? asked Leslie, looking
very intently at nurse.
"Why, child, because it’s her soul that’s
gone to heaven, of course, not her body; that’s
in the coffin. It’s the soul that goes to
heaven. Now cut your bread-and-butter.
Leslie looked troubled; after a few thought-
ful bites, he asked, "If you put Herbert into
the ground, will his soul go to heaven, too,
nurse?"
"Put Herbert in the ground, indeed! You
must not talk about such things, Master Leslie. It’s very naughty. You ought to try and
cheer him up, and make him get well, and not
think about his being buried. I don’t know
what Miss Laura would say, I’m sure.
Never let me hear you mention such things again!"
Nurse looked very severe, and almost
shocked.
"But Herbert was talking about it yesterday,
nurse; he said he didn’t like it, and I do
wish he hadn’t to die. Why must he?
Leslie’s lips quivered; he did not know
anything about death, which was but a name to
him, but he had quite realised that it meant
separation for ever, as it seemed, and much
chilliness and loneliness, and general
discomfort for Herbert.

Leslie opened a cupboard-door and took out
a pot of strawberry jam. "There," she said,
giving a big spoonful, "eat that; it’s good for
you, good, and Master Herbert’ll get well again
soon, you’ll see."

Leslie’s eyes sparkled at sight of the
delicious rose preserve, and he ate his bread
and jam with great content; nevertheless, as
nurse could see, he was very thoughtful.

Every following Monday found Mrs. Bowen
in the laundry with her bottle of ammonia (at
other times kept carefully out of harm’s way
in the store-room, as it is poison, and should
be labelled so). A few minutes’ work a week
kept the white household linen in good
order, and the old [Prov. xxxi. 23] clothed in clean "double
garments" [marg.] of Jaeger or Alpine wool,
without any great expense.

Leslie had grown as usual, though he
had worn them three winters; while the
children’s combinations descended from one to
another.

(To be continued.)
CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, as Lottie was cleaning the front steps, a hawk came up with some brushels, and knowing her mistress wanted some thing of the sort she went to her.

"Yes, I did want a feather—brush," said Mrs. Sandford; "but I can't have it now. I gave Mr. Lionel all my change, and have only got a few coppers. Stay, though! Charlotte, do you happen to have any small money?"

Lottie thrust her hand into her pocket and brought out a collection of articles, among which was the forgotten threepenny piece. A rush of colour came to her face, but the coin had been seen, and she held it out without a word.

"Thank you," her mistress said. "I'll go to the man, and you had better go and peel the potatoes."

Lottie did not feel so very uncomfortable about the money; it would be gone, but she determined never again to appropriate any she might find lying about.

Mrs. Sandford scarcely spoke to her little maid again that day, and she went out for a little while in the afternoon. In the evening it rained, and Lottie in the kitchen kneeling out at the sodden garden, felt dull and discontented. This was Thursday, and there would be two whole days before she could go home; she would have been plessanter, she thought, had she gone to a place where there were other servants to make things brighter.

A ring at the side-door cut short her reflections, and she hurried to answer it, but gave a little cry of astonishment as she saw her father. "Oh, father, is anything the matter at home?" she cried.

"No, my lass, I was."

"Is that your father, Charlotte?" called Mrs. Sandford from the dining-room door. "Ask him to come to me at once."

So evidently Mrs. Sandford expected him; it was very strange. Lottie was puzzled and curious till she remembered that not long since her mistress had asked whether she thought her father could make some change for her; most likely she was seeing him about. Perhaps her father might come and sit with her a little while before he went home. The dinner never seemed to take a long time, Lottie thought impatiently. Once she thought she heard her father's voice raised as though in indignant protest, then soon after her mistress rang for her. Mrs. Sandford was sitting by the table, and Mr. Vane was standing near. He looked distressed and doubtful, and the look he gave his daughter was one of appeal. On the table lay a threepenny-piece.

"Charlotte," said Mrs. Sandford coldly, "where did you get that?"
A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY

By the Author of "We Women."

"Very loud seemed the dirt after twelve hours soaking, as Bridget rubbed each article vigorously in the steaming water before adding it to the warm tub. Then a hot lather and a vigorous boil left everything sweet and clean. A slight bleaching in the rinsing liquid, and a quick drying in a strong breeze had everything ready for Miss Bond."

"We will commence with the collars," alliterated that lady as she entered the kitchen in her spotsless white apron and big cuffs.

Mrs. Bowen was with her, enveloped in a huge holland overall that draped her from throat to wrist and from neck to hem. These ladies meant work indeed," decided Bridget quite respectfully; "they were not going to "mess up" her kitchen for nothing!"

"We have here eight collars and two pairs of cuffs," commented Miss Bond; "so we will make enough starch just to do them. Two tablespoonfuls of white Glenfield, two teaspoonfuls of cold water, two small teaspoonfuls of borax. Please, Bridget, melt the borax in a small drop of boiling water while I get the starch ree of lump in the cold closet. Thank you. Now pour into my mixture."

Into this preparation Miss Bond put all the dry—bone-dry—collars and cuffs at once. Then, taking one by one into her hand she scented them all over with a bit of hard yellow household, at the same time rubbing in the thick cold starch vigorously."

"It's just like washing in starch," commented Miss Bowen. "What is the good of the soap?"

"It takes the place of turpentine which some laundresses use, and prevents the iron sticking," explained the demonstrator.

"And why are you so careful about rubbing in, Amniet?"

"It is to distribute the mixture," was the answer. "If I did not thoroughly rub in the starch we should have air bubbles and creases when we got further on in the job."

All the collars and cuffs having been taken out of the bowl, the lady in the laundry squeezed each one and rolled it up separately in a soft towel.

"Not huckaback, Mrs. B., please to observe," she said, "we want no diapering on the stocks."

After a couple of hours (during which time the friends were employed on a muslin dress of Nellie's), Miss Bond went back to the damp little bundle she had pressed and pressed together, and began "making up."

"Rub both sides of your collars with a clean dry cloth," she directed, "then smooth on the wrong side first. Good gracious, Bridget, these heaters need polishing with batherick badly! Scrape a little on that bit of spare board and rub the iron on it. That will do. Then Mrs. Bowen, finish on the right side. Press heavily and keep the shape as you go on."

"Nelly's Eton is more troublesome than anything else, I should think," sympathised Mrs. Bowen, as her friend leaned heavily on her iron.

"Just try clergyman's stocks, my dear. No wonder the poor men so often put up with undoubted monstrities when but one hundred out of ten can do up their collars properly!"

"Can you?" Half quizzically the question was put as Mrs. Bowen smoothed the cuffs with a piece of linen dipped in hot water.

"Of course! I am the tenth. The proper mixture is as above, with plenty of elbow grease on your polisher."

By this time the Etons were strong together before the fire, and Miss Bond manipulated them carefully, with a skill that belied her face with a glaze with a polishing iron (price 1d.) that she had brought with her.

"I don't like too much 'finish,' myself," she said, as Mrs. Bowen and Bridget thump-sided over the china-like surface of the wristlets. "But it makes them last cleaner longer and look like new."

Nellie's muslin dress was next taken in hand. It had to be stiffened with hot water or boiled starch.

•

To every tablespoonful of white starch, Miss Bond allowed two tablespoonfuls of cold water and half a small teaspoonful of melted borax. Upon this 'cream' she placed a quarter of an inch off one of the candles. Mrs. Bowen had brought, and, while stirring well, cooked with boiling water until the whole was a transparent jelly.

"This would do as it is for making up ruffles or caps, or your white aprons, Bridget, which I know you like very stiff," explained Miss Bond cheerily, "but for Miss Nellie's frock it must be much diluted."

So Bridget poured on cold water while the young lady made "stirabout" of the mixture. Then the frock was dipped in it, wrung out, and left to dry.

"Why cold starch is ironed wet and hot starch needs to be dried first, is for the same reason, viz., to prevent the irons sticking. The scientific reason thereof is beyond me, the fact remains," said Miss Bond as she left last directions with her friend. "When quite dry you may sprinkle the muslin with hot water, cold would spot badly, roll up tightly and iron when evenly damp."

Neddy never complained of his collars being limp after Miss Bond's lesson had been given; indeed, he was sometimes heard to grumble about "boards" and "iron."

Instead of needing a clean pair of cuffs every day, Mr. Bowen wore his new ones with the "china facings" for several consecutive ones, while Nellie was always "the delight of the nobility and gentry" (vide Bridget) in her clean muslin in pink and frocks.

Miss Bond was certainly a genius.

VARIETIES.

"She doth little kindnesses, which most leave undone or despise; For nought that sets one heart at ease, And giveth happiness or peace, Is low-esteemed in her eyes."

—R. Lovett.

"The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman."

—Lauder.

"She who does not make her family comfortable will have few happy days; and she who is not happy at home, will never be happy anywhere."

—Addison.

"Tis virtue that doth make them most admired; Tis modesty that makes them seem divine."

—Shakespeare.
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

The girl's name was Mabel, and she lived with her aunt, a kind and gentle woman. Mabel was always fond of letter-writing, and her letters were full of description and poetic language. One day, she received a letter from a friend who had just returned from a trip to the mountains.

'My dear Mabel, I am thrilled with my recent trip to the mountains. The views were breathtaking, and the air was so pure and invigorating. I must tell you about the famous mountain climb we went on. It was challenging, but the view from the top was worth it. The peaks were so close, you could almost touch them. I feel so refreshed and recharged after this trip.'

Mabel read the letter and smiled. She always admired her friend's adventurous spirit. She decided to write back and share her own thoughts about the recent events in her life.

Dear [Friend],

I received your letter from the mountains and it sounds like you had an amazing time. I'm so glad you were able to experience such beautiful scenery. I have some news of my own to share with you.

I just got engaged to my dear friend, Jack. We are planning a wedding in the spring, and we are so excited! We have been dating for a year now, and I couldn't be happier. He is my best friend and I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with him.

The wedding will be a small affair, just us and our closest friends and family. We are planning a simple and intimate ceremony, and we will have a reception afterwards.

I hope you can come to our wedding and share our special day with us. I can't wait to tell you all about it when we get back from our honeymoon.

Take care,

Mabel.
cold water previously mixed with a little dissolved borax.

"How much, miss?"

"One tablespoonful to one gallon of water, Bridget. In the meanwhile, we will go up and dry the rest of the clothes, Mrs. B. The penny reading is to-morrow night."

Bridget had very hot soft water and a soap landscape in one caldron on the range. Mrs. B was so busy, she could not take the time to inspect the results of her effort."

"Wash by squeezing and soaping more than by rubbing," directed the spinner, sitting at the right side of the washboard. "Silk is a delicate stuff, and very frisky. Now these white kerchiefs must be rinsed in blue, but baby's cream frocks in pure clean water. Stay," she took up her bottle and added one teaspoonful of prepared gum to each pint of the rinsing water, whichever blue or plain.

"Your silk will look like new, Mrs. B., you will see."

Working out of this, Miss Bond pressed and patted the silk in a soft cloth, and then prepared to iron. Very particular she was to have the "Surah" and "Pongee" lying smooth, and covered with a thin muslin before she began."

"Iron on the right side," she pointed out, "to ensure a bright and glossy surface. Very frisky indeed was the fabric, and finally, look those dainty little gowns and necklets when the teacher had done with them. The gum arabic had given a suspicion of stiffness that wasted silk was never lack, and the smoothing pulled carefully into shape made the tiny garments look like new.

Mrs. Bowen was charmed."

"Godmother may spend her guineas as often as she likes at Liberty's now. Baby May will wear out these frocks after all."

"Do you use your prepared gum for anything else, malam, but silk?" inquired Bridget, mightily interested in the whole proceedings."

"Yes, for laces (coloured or white), and the muslin articles like cravats and doyleys. A piece of lump sugar, dissolved and used in the same way, has sometimes a similar effect. But the sugar is liable to catch colour under a hot iron and will then permanently" - Miss Bond was still fond of using long words - "stain the fabric. So I advise the right way of doing things. It is always best in the long run."

With this bit of parting morality, Miss Bond took off her strapped apron and went home, leaving Bridget wondering at the "sugar, and vinegar, and salt," and such-like ingredients required by this lady in her laundry work.

Before the next washing-day came round, a teacupful of strong tea had inadvertently been left upon Mrs. Bowen's largest, very best, most satin table-cloth.

Miss Bond happened to be at the table when this accident occurred. Directly the meal was over she called for a basin and a kettle of boiling water.

"We must not let the stain dry," she said, "and we do not need to put this otherwise clean cloth in the clothes basket at once. Hold the stained part tightly stretched over that bowl, Mrs. B.; I will melt a morsel of borax in the kettle and pour it through the blemish."

"The wet will spread fearfully," explained the mistress of the house. "We may as well send the cloth into our laundry at once, Annette."

"Not at all," responded Miss Bond, promptly. "If you steeped it in hot water, of course the cloth would drink up the moisture. By pouring through it will do no such thing."

Indeed, as if by magic, the ugly brown mark disappeared with the boiling water, and the damp quarter was carefully folded and put away dry.

An application of the mangle soon afterwards restored Mrs. Bowen an apparently fresh, uncrumpled table-cover.

"Two things must always be remembered about tea, coffee, wine or fruit stains," lectured the family friend. "First, they should never be allowed to dry; second, soap will at once turn them into a fast dye. The plan I have shown you is simple and quick. It is completely successful if done at once. Oxalic acid and chloride of lime will remove the dye, but stain the fabric. They generally remove the fabric as well. Besides, they are both strong poisons, and dangerous to keep in a house full of children."

Miss Bond delivered her little lecture all in one breath. She was a hurry to be off. She mostly, was being a busy person. She left an admiring couple behind her.

"I must get a note-book to jot down your wise sayings," called out Mrs. Bowen languishing. "Pearls and diamonds are nothing to what falls from your lips, Annette!" while Bridget whispered as she let their visitor out of the front door. "What clever, clever people you be!"

THE GIRL'S OWN GUILD OF SCRIPTURE-READING AND STUDY.

BEING a scheme for studying the Bible day by day for self-culture, with test questions to prove the readings has not been wasted.

RULES.

Half-an-hour's study and reading each day.

One chapter a day to be read, the books for the present month being Numbers and Deuteronomy.

A course of Biblical study will occupy three years and three months.

Ten questions to be published each month in the "G. O. P."

Answers to be sent in by the first week in the following month by readers in Great Britain; by readers in Great Britain answers to be sent within a month later.

Books required for the present year's study—The Book of Numbers (Dr. Augus, R.T.S., S.J.); Bible cyclopaedia (Dr. Edme, R. T. S.); Oxford (or Queen's Printers') Aids to the Study of the Bible, 1st or 3rd ed.; The Revised Version of the Bible.

Prizes will be given at the close of each year (not of the course).

First Prizes will be given to each student who has obtained the necessary number of marks. Also a certain number of Second Prizes, according to the number of the students, will be given to the best of those who have reached the standard. Handwriting and neatness in the MSS. will be considered.

First Prizes to consist of books to the value of One Guinea. Second Prizes to the value of Half-a-Guinea. Students who are prepared to make up the answers to the questions that have gone before may join at any time during the first six months of the "G. O. P." year, i.e. from November to April inclusive. But in all cases the subscription will be 1s. per annum, payable in advance, and sent by post note to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, 56, Paternoster Row, London. Each letter in connection with this work to be written on the back "The Girl's Own Guild." A card of membership will be sent to each member, signed by the Editor.

Many questions have been added with regard to the manner of reading a daily chapter. We can only say that the girls must exercise a wise discretion. What is required of them is, that a monthly reading shall follow the questions of the month, and this study should be undertaken as a means of understanding the Scriptures, not as a mere formal task.

The first year's course ends with the volume in the last week of September, at the end of the 1st Book of Samuel—110 questions and 394 chapters.

The second year's course, ending at the corresponding period the following year, brings the reading to the end of the "Song of Songs"—120 questions and 367 chapters.

The third year's course will include 510 chapters, from Isaiah (inclusive) to the end of the Book of Revelation giving 120 questions.

Competitors must write the questions as well as their answers; write on one side of each sheet, and fasten all carefully together. The number of the month must never be omitted at the top of the paper, together with the month. The whole three months' answers, if sent in together, must be fastened in separate monthly parts.

QUESTIONS.

61. Give two references in Numbers in which women established their right to the inheritance of their fathers, and under what circumstances?

62. Give the names and localities of the cities of refuge; how many did Moses institute who appointed the rest, and for what reason were they ordained.

63. What is the subject of the Book of Deuteronomy, and what is the time occupied in its narrative?

64. Mention two prayers of the children of Israel in the Book of Deuteronomy, and of what are they the first examples.

65. Why were the Moabites to be protected from the Israelites? What was the name of their country, and by whom was it originally possessed? Name a celebrated woman of this tribe, and two of her great descendants.

66. When, and how were three texts from the Book of Deuteronomy quoted by our Lord, and what sins did they denounced?

67. Give an instance of a law instituted in Leviticus, abrogated in Deuteronomy; and why had obedience to it become impossible?

68. Who, besides Christ, fasted forty days and forty nights; on what occasion, and where did he fast?

69. What chapters in the Book of Deuteronomy are prophetic? with what two great events do they deal? and of what nation is each chiefly significant to Jerusalem foretold?

70. Mention the names of the four sons of Aaron in whom the high priesthood was vested. Who succeeded Aaron? and give an account of the chief changes in the priesthood to the time of the captivity.
A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

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PART IV.

"Take out stains."

"I might as well use a nutmeg grater," groaned little Mrs. Bowen, one morning, as she rubbed her face gently with a hem-stitching article. "This handkerchief is of the finest linen. What can Bridget do to make these things so raspy?"

"But she was not offended at being asked about her method.

"She willingly owned that all her mistress's kerchiefs were passed through starch water.

"It is done," she explained, "An! I would have double the number to wash every week!"

The offence came in when Mrs. Bowen requested that no Glenfield should be used for the future. Bridget tossed her head and—

Next week a pile of soft rags were laid on the dressing-table in the pink room. At the end of the octave, too, Mrs. Bowen found her sashet empty. She had used all the un¾er¾ising washes in a very short time.

"Of course there is a two-mineral," decided Miss Bond when helplessly appealed. "Cottency things like Bridge's next venture look soiled before being taken out of the pot. A good wash is what to do."

The next week, accordingly, Mrs. Bowen rejoiced once more in crispy satiny handkerchiefs. Yet Bridget had been spared any recourse to the starch box.

"Wash the things well." Thus Miss Bond had directed her friend's cook. "Bleach. Then put in blue water. Fold. Pass through the machine, then while wet. That is the little-known secret. Always smooth the edges first (a crookedly folded handkerchief never looks well), and on the right side. Then satin faces are delightful."

"Miss Bond had another word to say about handkerchiefs too.

"But not altogether pleasant things to deal with at times," she said to her friend. "But washing them need not be a disgusting operation. Soaking in cold water for twelve hours, an hour more, perhaps. A little ammonia. Sanitas in the soaking water will also prevent the spread of infection. I am sure the way clothes run through a house is often caused by careless laundry work. The best handkerchiefs are subjected to in washing and boiling does not destroy all influenza germs. We must neutralize them, then, by sanitas. In its liquid form of course. It is quite colorless, and subsequent boiling removes all colour."

His wife fed to Miss Bond, almost in tears. Her Cairen's treasure was surely spoiled.

"You quick-quick," directed the energetic spinster, putting on her bonnet and running over to No. 17, "our best chance is while the stain is still wet. Oh, Mr. Bowen, how could you?" she inquired severely as she met that poor man.

There was sternness on her tongue but a twinkle in her eye.

"Pure carelessness, I am afraid," responded that gentleman in grievous accents. "I am sorry to say," screwing up his face in anything but a contrite manner, "there is a combination against our literary efforts in this house."

Then he went; very glad to get away from the bustle round the oval table.

"Get me some of the tepid boiled milk from breakfast," directed Miss Bond. "Now I am going to soak this unlucky stain."

With the tips of her fingers she gently rubbed the cloth in the warm milk, changing the fluid every time it grew tinged.

"The two P's—Promptness and Patience," she said as she renewed the milk for the fifth time. "They are required with ink. Never be satisfied till you feel that you have thoroughly Bella; now a rinse in lukewarm water and your cloth will be as good as new."

"Will nothing but fresh-boiled milk answer?" inquired the mistress, looking somewhat ruefully at the empty jug.

"Buttermilk is even better if you have it at hand. Warm, and use it exactly the same. Be careful to wash out every atom with so or a sour smell will remain. Finish by pressing with a cool iron.""

"Oh, write, many thanks!"

Miss Bond waited. She knew this burst of gratitude betokened a lively sense of advice to come. She only tardied three seconds by the clock, then—

"If my husband spills ink on a white damask cloth (I hope he will never do so again, but it is well when prepared) am I to proceed in the same way?"

"Not at all," came the prompt answer. "Salt is usually at hand in an eating room, fortunately. Rub a little on to the spot. Then apply lemon—one cut in half does best—and pour boiling water through. As demonstrated in the past, Bella."

"Miss Bond had almost forgotten that gone-by lesson. But she turned up her April G. O. P." and refreshed her memory.

Anyone who meets with a similar misfortune can do the same.
CHAPTER VI.

PARAFFIN WASHING.

Mrs. Bowen's Bridget was an invaluable servant in many ways. Bright, punctual, good-tempered. One fault she had. Her mistress saddled it up very tersely—"kitchen-rubbers." Now the said clothes lost its last by the score. They were "bound" behind the cotton in a most grimy condition.

The housemaid's violent efforts at cleaning on corrugated washing-boards. Much boiling, with unpleasant effluvia, and many greases on the part of Bridget. All these spasmoid activities several times a week, in dingy-coloured dish and glass-cloths.

Mrs. Bowen was in despair. Rollers cost several pence a-piece, and some expensive when bought by the dozen.

"Paraffin is your best chance," counselled Miss Bond, when applied to; "in fact I may say the only one."

"My dear Annette! think of the odious smell! it would make us all quite sickly," as Baby May says.

"Best oil and boiling water," galloped the family friend, stopping in her task of pasting pictures on the nursery wall; "I warrant the result odorless."

"Bridget will never consent," pleaded Mrs. Bowen, seeing a loophole of escape, and very unwilling to experiment herself in the matter.

"Don't ask her. Bridget occasionally gets a day out, I suppose? Prowl round and glean the rubbers till then."

"Quite right. Our rubbers must go into the mixture bone-dry. Remember, this way of washing is Japanese in its topsi-turveydom. No primary soaking in cold water, no handfuls—washed only as a magician, and cleanses with its own wonderful power."

When the soapy water was bubbling and boiling rapidly, Miss Bond added to it one tablespoonful of best paraffin. Soon straight into the pot. Bridget's dishers, rubbers, glass-cloths, and kitchen-towels.

"The one thing most necessary is rapid boiling before the oil is added, and the same degree of heat for several minutes. You may add a little more to the pot, but let it always be at boiling-point."

For one half hour of the cloth, those grimy clothes were left simmering and steaming away. At the end of that time, with a large wooden spoon, the lady in the laundry fetched them out into a tub placed really and raised them up. The water left behind in the pot was black, the articles taken out white.

A fine beech hedge in the paddock was adorned with a fringe of blazing articles that morning. When Bridget came home at night, a pile of sweet-smelling, sun-dried, carefully-folded, well-mangled rubbers met her eyes. The mistress is good," decided her maid, turning over her apparently new clothes with critical fingers. "These are much firmer and softer than the last lot she bought."

But Mrs. Bowen had not been to a shop that day. She merely had washed the "old rags" Bridget had lost behind the cat, in the "cat's hotel" and under the sink in the scullery.

"Do you wash anything else but kitchen things with paraffin?" inquired little Mrs. Bowen as she and Miss Bond enjoyed a cozy cup of tea together over the drawing-room fires.

Strange to say that morning in the laundry had not left behind wrinkled red bands, or cracked wore wrists. The digits of both hands were as soft and white as ever.

Chemical and scientific washing take but little "palm"-istry or elbow grease. Neither is a castor-box nor heavy each strength is required when the laundry is undertaken on modern principles. If a due balance of soap, and soda, and ammonia, and blue, and steat, and water, and iron, and wax, and starch, and creek, and conducted brain, the results are almost incredibly easy and satisfactory.

Our two ladies were and kept a keen appreciation of orange juice that afternoon than usual. They enjoyed the luxury of a quiet chat certainly better than before.

"Well, attempted, something done, had earned that hour's repose!"

"As a general rule, no," answered Miss Bond, helping herself to a precoo-cracker."Unless superseded by a scientist like you or me, Mrs. B."

"Undertakings. Garments better washed in the usual way. Still there is one thing. If ever you get paint stains on your apron, or on the children's overalls, put them dry into the pot and boil until every mark is gone. There is nothing so efficacious."

"Does the oil never leave a smell?"

Mrs. Bowen was particularly susceptible on this point. Hence her anxiety.

"Never, if properly and carefully rinsed in hot water. You remember doubting my word, Bella, about vinegaried stockings (see Jan. 18th G. O. P.). You have proved it true now."

"Indeed I have, Annette," pushed the mistress, looking at her shapely ankle in its neat balibeg. "In the case of ammonia and detergents too (G. O. P. Dec. 1893) I can never be grateful enough to you. I feel so independent of Mrs. Brown and her ilk now."

"May you long remain so, Miss Bond was off, as usual. "It is a pity laundry work has been a lost art for so long amongst us. Supposing you and I, Mrs. Bowen, inaugurate a revival in this matter! Let us free ourselves and others from the iron and soap washers. They presume on being indispensable!"

"If you will lecture, I will demonstrate," laughed Mrs. Bowen. "When shall we start?"

The lady in the laundry did not answer. She has not started on that four yet. She contents herself with sending these articles on washing to the help of her large sisterhood who read our "G. O. P."

"And do you call these six articles exhaustive of the great art of washing, Annette?" queries little Mrs. Bowen, severely, as she scans the proof sheets. "Why have you said nothing of the way to make up table linen?"

"Nor nothing about takin' out mildew, or scorch, or ironwood," interrupts Bridget, privileged member of the committee as she is. "Nor how to wash work in brain-water," objects her mistress.

"Not even a hint as to poor girls like me, don't up their coloured print gowns," wails cook.

Miss Bond looks sorrowfully at the indignant two as this duet proceeds. "Editors are strict," she says at last with her most dignity accent. "Space is limited. I have talked about the most important branches of laundry work. I can do no more."

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

PART VII.

HOW TO WASH CREWEL-WORK AND EMBROIDERY.

I have all heard of the proverbial bad shil-
ing, I am much afraid Miss Bond felt like that maimed coin, when, in response to an excited appeal from Mrs. Bowen and Bridget, once more entered the laundry.

You see she had made such a dignified exit from it.

A visit to a certain old maiden lady, living in a big house round the corner, called forth a new display of skill on the part of our Lady Launder.

In the pre-artistic ages of culture we all adorned our chair-backs and curtains with web and strips of crewel-work. Old Miss Vernon still clung to this form of decoration. Mrs. Bowen herself had certain precious heirlooms of her children’s work hidden away in a drawer upstairs. Now Miss Vernon’s embroidery was needing cleansing whilst the colours on Mrs. Bowen’s"corsets tied" were dim with age and dust.

Of course their kind-hearted, skilful friend came to their help. She carried off Miss Vernon’s antiques and dumped them down in Bridget’s domain.

“A small sponge, please, Bridget?”—Miss Bond was nothing if not polite—”and measure into it one pint of cold water. No, guess-work won’t do! Exacitute, Mrs. B., as well as the two P’s mentioned in our article on inks and their cure (see June 1894). Now, do you ever indulge in bran bread?”

“No,” answered Mrs. Bowen, humbly.

“It is doublebess an omission on my part, Annette,” she said.

“Your children would have stronger teeth, finer limbs, better digestions, if you gave them a loaf occasionally,” Miss Bond spoke ex cathedra, but added, more kindly, “Doesn’t the cow get a mash sometimes? Yes? Then a handful of that wheat bran, Bridget. Boil it in your pint of water for half-an-hour while the mistress and I shake these grany articles.”

There was no soaking of that precious crewel-work and embroidery strips. Although dry, however, Miss Bond knew that only the fastest of dried wools and silks warranted to stand washing had been used, that lady was firm.

“Water is such an universal solvent,” she explained; “steeping, or even allowing the work to lie damp for any length of time, would be fatal to texture and colour. In order to have these things done as quickly as possible we will have two waters ready. In these two tin dishes. Now, Bridget, strain the bran water and add another pint to the grind. The things are so dirty, Bella, that we must add melted soap to this preparation.”

Very quickly then Miss Bond immersed the chair-backs one by one, kneaded, and squeezing each until the material felt quite soft and looked clean.

“This first water is so coloured that we must add vinegar and salt to the rinsing dish,” said the spinster; “the former ingredient is only sometimes necessary. The latter always. Now pass through the wringer, Bridget, and hang to dry at once. Wrong side out.”

“This is the point where I have always failed,” quoth Mrs. Bowen, pouting and scolding cheerfully; “the things look all right when wet, but smear and run before they are dry.”

“As much care is needed in drying as in the washing,” explained our lady in the laundry; “a windy shady place is the quickest and safest position. When nearly dry, iron can be used on the wrong side.”

“How nearly dry?” inquired the exact little mistress ungrammatically.

“Oh! before they look tough and wrinkled.”

Mrs. Bowen mumbled a few words of assent. She was by no means well pleased at this sudden change of arrangement, but she was not cold-hearted enough to be proof against the tremulous, almost terrified expression of delight upon the small white face.

After all it would only be for four or five days, and the girl seemed quiet, and unoffensive.

“Oh,” she said decisively, an hour or two later on when Hester, still in a dream of happiness, had been put into a four-wheeler and was being driven rapidly towards the Ladies’ Dwellings, “only I do strongly object to bringing a girl from the Continent who is not provided with suitable clothing. Something will have to be done. That dress to-night was preposterously shabby, Hester, you must take her out shopping with you to-morrow. One hears so much of the disgraceful condition of the English abroad. And five in a carriage, too—such an awkward number! Four inside, and one on the box—for all the world like a personally-conducted tour!”

“Boooh, my dear, nonsense! We can take two carriges, I should hope. You and Mabel can do the distinguishing in the first, and leave Gerald and Miss North to come after. He won’t object, never fear. Nice little girl! Haven’t seen a brighter pair of eyes for a long time!”

“Who has got bright eyes? Is that the governor talking about nice little girls?” inquired Gerald, entering the room and throwing a crash hat upon the table, displaying short, dishevelled curls of flaxen hair lying unevenly upon his handsome forehead.

“Your father has invited Miss North to come abroad with us. It is her holiday-time, and she will meet us to-morrow evening at that fashion, and return with us next week.”

“Nonsense!” ejaculated Gerald.

(To be continued.)
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Miss Bond smiled indulgently. Her friend was but carrying out her own rule. "Don't let the iron be too hot; that's the true sign of a darning and discolour. Don't let it be too cold, or water-marks will not be obliterated."

"Why do you use bruise-water in this kind of washing?" quizzed Mrs. Bowen, as the two ladies went upstairs after finishing Miss Vernon's treasures.

"Bruin has no chemical effect like ammonia," Miss Bond was quite scientific, "but it seems to act mechanically as an absorbent. It also slightly stiffens. Sometimes, of course, a greater degree of stiffness is wanted; then you can add boiled starch to the last water.

"And proceed as before?" finished Mrs. Bowen, placidly.

"Not at all," Mrs. Bowen jumped at the sudden regret. She'd work the day through, then thorougly. It will look rough, but, before ironing, damp evenly with hot water. You remember, in the case of collars and muslin, I told you the effect of using cold water as a "sprinkle."

"White spots?" repeated Mrs. Bowen. She knew that part of her leg was well.

"It is very hard to carry all these little instructions and directions in one's head. Annette.

"You need not do so, my dear. A bound volume of Mrs. Goodall's "Housekeeping" for 1884 will always do as a book of reference."

Miss Vernon was hugely delighted to get back her old regime and good condition.

"My dears," she explained elaborately. "I thought laundry-work was a lost art. I am so glad to find a woman who thoroughly understands it."

"A lost art, indeed!" echoed Mr. Bowen from his armchair in the window. "I have witnessed under the rule of Duchies in India, I have bashed in the light of French blanches, only in the middle kingdom of the heathen Chinese have I rejoiced in porcelain shuttlecocks and properly stuffed chickens."

"Until now?" suggested his wife, with a deprecative look at the lady in the laundry.

Mr. Bowen rose and made a bow. "Let me wash, my dear. I was about to add, that even under the rule of Miss Bond, the art you are reviving seems to be a lost one, at least, according to my European ideas."

You might believe that the primary, secondary, and final stages in the creation of such surfaces should be a sprinkling given through the yellow nodals of a Chimnman. You might believe that unction can be successful without any such adjunctions."

"Still less do I credit that the ultimate end of silk and linen should be a rending asunder of the boards of our laundresses at home," added Miss Vernon.

Miss Bond smiled. "I believe a new means of livelihood is open before us women. But I cannot say I am going to explain my plan just now. We will talk over it another time. In the meanwhile good-day."
A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

PART VIII.

A LADY IN THE LAUNDRY.

By the Author of "We Wives."

promised talk over scientific laundry-works as a profession for our couple of months, so employed females took place one morning after some work was done at Mr. Bowen's making a wedding-present for two of his friends. It consisted of some beautiful Irish napery embroidered in the corners.

in working those elaborate initials one of the table-cloths became a little soiled and dingy. Miss Bond therefore undertook to have it made up "like new" by the appointed day. Accordingly, for twelve hours, that oak-leaf damask was soaked in clear soft water. Then it was well rubbed in the same liquid and quite soft was the dim film that had gathered on its surface.

Then the cloth was rubbed with soap in a hot tub.

"As hot as your hands can bear it," was the spinster's direction.

Then rinsed in warm water and boiled for half-hour. A little borax had previously been dissolved in the pot and of course some shored soap.

"Never use metal for lifting from the boiler," said Miss Bond, looking about for a wooden block or iron mould might follow. Now we will lay the hot linen in cold water and finish by rinsing in slightly blue liquid. Be careful to wring tightly and evenly, Bridget, to prevent streakiness. Thank you. That will do."

In her zeal the good-natured cook volunteered to carry out the linen and hang it on the line, pinning each corner firmly. Miss Bond rushed to the rescue.

"The corners are more liable to tear than the straight edge of the material, Bridget," she explained eagerly. "We will allow three or four inches from the selvedge—so. Then let sunshine do its bleaching work. Take it down, please, before it is too dry and I will finish it to-morrow and send home." The next morning, accordingly, thin boiled starch having been added to the linen, Miss Bond ironed it with a very hot iron.

"It is a success, as far as whether we starch our table-cloths or not," said the lady as she rubbed her steel-faced heaters on a board covered with a cotton-backed bath-towel.

"There is something for and something against the practice. If starched, all spots and stains are more easily removed. The starch prevents them taking such a hold on the fabric. On the other hand, starched table-linen wears out more quickly. Stiffening causes the threads to crack in the folds. I personally am against it. I think the linen keeps longer clean with it."

In the meanwhile Mrs. Bowen was sprinkling the napery with hot water poured through a fine rose sieve.

Miss Bond took it from her hands, and after folding a table-napkin in three, backwards and forward (when you lift the other cover), she began smoothing with a very hot iron.

"Right side first," she explained. "The pressure of the iron will polish and raise a nice gloss there. If you begin on the wrong side that would be glossy and the right side dull. Begin at the edge. Now, Mrs. B., we will air this for a few moments and it will tell no secrets to your bride."

"How could you manage if the table-cloth was a very large one, Annette. Turning would crush it dreadfully."

"Oh! then I should iron only on the right side," Miss Bond was divesting herself of apron and cuffs. "Folding it selvedge to selvedge, I should iron half at a time. Fold middle to selvedge and iron again. Thus we would have four courses instead of three; and this is preferred by many people."

Mrs. Bowen thanked her friend warmly and led the way upstairs.

"Remonstrance is not modest," she said, laughing, stepping into an easy chair. "A great many matrons at present being laundry-work as a profession. Would you really advise ladies to take this up, Annette?"

"None of nothing," answered Miss Bond, severely. She did not approve of frivolity. The subject was far too serious a one to be taken in hand lightly. "I only hinted that"

Miss Bond paused for want of breath. Then continued rapidly. "All schemes for the amelioration of the condition of impoverished spinsters" (Annette dearly loved long words), "have one weak point. They demand, generally, exploitation and exile."

"Mrs. Bowen was listening intently. Miss Bond was on the war-path.

"To be sure," she here assented sympathetically. "bee-keeping in America, for instance."

"Yes! and fruit culture in California. Poultry farming in New Zealand. Ranching in Kansas. Orange cultivation in Florida. Such panaceas have, by turns, been all recommended for the present distress. Now mine is a homely scheme requiring no capital. Very little education. Not even a cast iron back with a hinge in it as doth gardening!"

They both laughed a little. Miss Bond was coming down from her heights.

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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Miss Bond was emphatic. "We would charge as little as we possibly could, leaving a fair margin of profit to repay us for the loss of time and our outlay in utensils. I have no hesitation in saying that a social service of this kind is what we want. Will not some energetic spinner arise and join me in supplying it?"

"We would thus rid our barnyards from the winnowed remains of the broken threads that are always mixed with the coarser fibres."

"Ladies as is ladies shouldn't meddle with such things," I believe your particular Mrs. Brown once said to you, Miss Bond. "We answer no. Ladies as is ladies will gladly deliver themselves from the agony of frayed collars, the ignominy of crumpled cuffs, the danger of infection from half-washed garments."

Mrs. Bond was laughing.

"You speak like a book, my dear Annette," said Miss Bond. "Do you think so, Bella?"

"Miss Bond murmured absently. She was reflecting somewhat further. It burst out as follows."

"This whole question is a more serious one than you suppose. Look through the most remote and ancient statutes and common laws of Moses, sometimes Prince-regent of On, and you will learn something of the importance of properly washed clothes. Moses knew then, or rather God knew—Miss Bond thought reverently—"all about the spheres and bacilli and germs in general that attend dirt as a sequela. I should be quite uninterested in the introduction into this country of the scientific knowledge of the ancient Hebrews."

"Speak's like a book," she murmured, "without a cover—opposite the picture of boy with a swallow-tail coat."

And Miss Bond ran away.

WITH ONE HAND OR TWO.

LEFT-HANDEDNESS AND AMBIDEXTERTY.

By S. F. A. CAULFIELD.

PART II.

PROMISED by my readers that the second part of my little treatise on the subject above named should be of a practical character, but I am not thereby precluded from adding a few more facts connected with the question; and would first recall to their remembrance a remarkable incident in the history of ancient Rome. A distinguished Italian family, bearing the name Scavola, or "left-handed," inherited this patronymic as the descendants of the famous Clusius Marcus, who had handed together to deliver their country from Porsonia, King of Etruria, then engaged in the siege of Rome. But the lot falling on him to penetrate into the tent of the King, he made a mistake, and, entering another, stabbed his secretary instead. On being brought before Porsonia to make confession, he thrust his right hand into the fire on the altar, and held it there, without flaming or change of contenance, to show that no torture could make him divulge the secrets of the plot. Amazed at his indomitable fortitude, the King ordered his release, and he was sent away safety. But in commemoration of his heroic act, and his having put his right hand, from henceforth he was named Scavola, or "left-handed," which became the surname of his descendants. In one of the celebrated men of our time, you were called "left-handed," but were far more deserving of being reputed "ambidextrous."

First on my brief list is a very distinguished man, indeed—a writer, painter, sculptor, architect, physician, and athlete—the Florentine Leonardo da Vinci, whose remarkable career came to an end on May 2nd, 1519. A celebrated contemporary of his, Hans Holbein, the Swiss painter and wood engraver, who chuckled him, however, some twenty-four years, was likewise noted for his use of the left hand. The Italian painter Amico Aspettini, who survived the latter for about nine years, Ludovico Cigaliago, and Mozzo, of Antwerp, were all ambidextrous.

To be simply left-handed is by no means desirable. In acting with your fellow-men or women it must interfere with concerted work in a very extensive degree, and must prove specially destructive to the prosecution of machine-labour; as well as in military duties, shoulder to shoulder with right-handed men, and interfering with the use of right-handed arms.

There are certain acts, as I have said, that even the ambidextrous must allocate to the right hand exclusively, and there is no reason why one should not be as well as a means of according a special position of distinction. Thus the reservation of the dexter side for persons to whom a place of precedence is due, is a rule of which all must see the necessity. We follow the custom of the ancient Greeks in passing wine round to our guests from right to left, "following the course of the sun" as it is popularly laid his right hand in that opposite way would be a breach of etiquette and an outrage on general feeling. The Romans—to whose superstitions I have already alluded, regarded it as an evil omen to cross the threshold of a house with the left foot preceding its more honourable fellow; and so strong was the feeling that, it is said, a boy was stationed at the door to see that visitors conformed to the rule. Thus, the order "Right foot foremost" has origin in a very ancient custom. Again, to shake hands with the left hand could never be accepted as a merely mode of greeting, being opposed to worldly and time-honoured traditions; as likewise the giving of a benediction with the left hand. You may remember how, when the patriarch of Jerusalem, Joseph of Arimathea, placed his eldest son to his father's right hand, according to the natural precedence of the first-born; and that, although Jacob's blessing him, he knew, as a divinely-inspired prophet, to which son the special blessing was to descend; and he therefore crossed his hands, that in pronouncing it he should lay his right hand on that specially-elect son, and this in spite of the remonstrance of Joseph, who supposed he had made a mistake.

Before concluding my very brief list of exceptions to the indiscriminate use of both hands, I must name one more. In all special employment may be relegated to each. When having to carry a rug, or parcels, or entering a train, steamer, or carriage, or in going up and downstairs, a standing rule given me by a Naval officer, as being essentially a sailor's rule, was to carry everything in one hand, by preference the left (being generally the least handy, and the weakest), and to leave your right hand perfectly free, as your protector. It must hold firmly to rope, bannister, rail, or holdfast before you take one step in advance, up down, or out, if not walking on level ground. So long as the right hand and arm are stronger than their fellows, this rule should be kept without fail; and in any case, both hands should never be encumbered, one or other should be free to assist others, if not yourself. You are victims to this complaint, that certain exceptions must necessarily be made in the exclusive employment of the right hand, I am specially anxious to represent the great loss and inconvenience we experience in depriving ourselves of one hand (more or less) by employing it merely to wait upon the other in a very subordinate way.

Nor is it to be regarded merely as an inconvenience and loss of double practical service, but in a still more serious light. The unequal strain in carrying a child, throwing a tennis ball, and the effort to keep a fair balance of weight, and the tendency to throw the body on one side in writing, or map- and design-drawing, the danger of curvature of the spine being imminent. All this kind of one-sided action is destructive of health and beauty of form, and results in lack of power to follow many hand-winning vocations. You have all heard of twenty cramp, otherwise known as 'screivers' palsy;' how many have been laid by it because of an inclination on which their subsistence depended. Violinists, violin-makers, cellists, striphoists, type-setters, dancers, cigar-makers, engravers, painters, and many others are victims to this complaint, and to the baneful habit of employing the right hand to