

absorbed all her time and all her heart, and now her life seemed suddenly emptied of everything that had made it interesting. The central object of existence had been taken away, and (like Othello) she felt that her occupation was gone.

The cab set her down at Mrs. Linford's door again, and she went wearily upstairs to her rooms on the second floor. Fire and gas were burning, and yet how desolate the sitting-room looked! Cecily threw herself into Daisy's arm-chair, and began to struggle with the desire to sob like a child.

The sobs might have ended in a fit of hysterical weeping which would have undone her for a day or two. Strong woman though she was, the strain upon her nerves had been severe, and she had unconsciously neglected herself. But it was a slight thing that checked her tears—only the sight of a letter lying on the table.

Cecily had not many correspondents, and she knew at a glance that the letter was from Lady Jessie Boyd.

And then she remembered that Lady Jessie had a right to expect a cheerful companion. It would be unfair to go to her new home with a clouded face and a racking headache. She had written to Lady Jessie, saying that at the end of her London fortnight she should be free, and here was her ladyship's reply.

"DEAR MISS WOODBURN — (the letter ran)—I have come up to town to see my lawyer, and I hope there is no reason why we should not travel back to Hartsdowne together. You will feel lonely after the parting with your niece, so perhaps you may be willing to come to me at once.

"Yours, most truly,

"JESSIE BOYD."

The note was written from the Langnam Hotel, that very hotel that Cecily had passed a few minutes before. She wiped away her tears, and rose from the chair, feeling more like her own resolute self again.

The dreaded evening was not, after all to be spent in solitude. She dined pleasantly enough with Lady Jessie and the old family lawyer, and put her sorrow quietly out of sight. After dinner, as she sat on a lounge in the hotel drawing-room, her heart ached wearily for another glimpse of Daisy; and yet the people around were helping her, unconsciously, to get back her old strength and self-control.

It was a little world of meetings and partings, as the drawing-room of a great hotel always is.

Cecily's glance wandered from a group of lively Americans to a widow and her son, talking with subdued voices and sad eyes. Close by sat a couple on a couch, a man and woman, still young, but looking worn and pale, as if sickness and sorrow had been busy in the lives of both.

Yet in these two faces there was a brightness that charmed while it puzzled Cecily Woodburn.

They had a great deal to say to each other. Once or twice her ear caught their low, quiet tones, and they seemed to take little interest in those around

them. Some subtle instinct told her that they were speaking of trials past, of temptations fought with and overcome, of the heart's gold tried in the fire and purified.

Who were they? Cecily never thought of asking herself that question. She only knew that they impressed her with a sense of tranquil happiness and rest, and that their very presence lifted up her spirit.

Next morning she left the hotel with Lady Jessie Boyd, whose country home was in Hartsdowne, Oakshire.

(To be continued.)

## ON SUMMER DRINKS.

By MEDICUS.



Editor with my eagle eye, addressed him as follows:—

"I'd have a cottage where the south wind came

Cool from the spicy pines, or with a breath  
Of the mid-ocean salt upon its lips,  
And a low lulling, dreamy sound of waves,  
To breathe upon me where I lay."

But the Editor brought me up sharp,—

"Not to-day, doctor, I can assure you," he said; "you've got to finish that article on summer drinks. After that you can have as many cottages as you like." I gazed sadly on the empty gasogene for a few moments, then with a sigh resumed my pen, and presently I forgot everything else saving my subject, and a very pretty duet the editor's quill and mine made, I do assure you.

But why, fair reader mine, should one sigh to look at an empty gasogene in summer? we seldom trouble ourselves much about this queer machine in winter. The question requires no very deep knowledge of anatomy or physiology to enable us to reply to it: exposure to a more heated atmosphere than usual increases the perspiration of our bodies, both sensible and insensible. When this is carried too far thickening of the blood is the result, and one feels in consequence enervated, languid, and depressed, and longs for some cooling beverage to assuage the thirst.

But before going a line further I must warn you, that the excessive use of cooling drinks is most hurtful and injurious, not only to the skin and complexion but to the whole system. I should like every reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to feel as cool in summer as a little cucumber, and as "caller" as a little trout, with a skin as soft as the petals of a rose, and eyes as pure and bright as an Italian sky. Therefore, I say, whatever beverage you may fancy, *sip* it. Never drink until thirst is quite assuaged, or you will assuredly drink too much. Let your motto be, "little at a time," but I do not mind how *often* you drink. Be guided by your own feelings as to that. Excessive thirst is often quenched by allowing the cooling drink to trickle slowly down the throat. But, on the other hand, I would have you live during summer in such a way,

that there would be no occasion for frequent potations of any kind. And if I did not show you *how* to do this, my present paper would be, in my opinion, anything but complete.

There is a right way, then, and a wrong way of spending the hot days of golden summer time. Winter's pleasures ought never to be carried quite into spring; even indoor parties, and especially close concert-rooms, should be avoided in summer, so should the fatiguing journeys and excursions people so often take, in the oft-times vain search for pleasure. The social circle is now best enjoyed in the cool of the evening, in the moonlit verandah, or seated in the garden beneath the quiet stars. The heat of the mid-day sun should be avoided; fortunate are they who can choose the hottest hours of the day for a siesta in a shaded hammock out of doors. But this is a work-a-day world, and most of us have to toil at noon, as well as any other time. Only there is one thing we can all do and so help to keep ourselves cool and healthy: even in the hottest months of summer, we can dress lightly and wear light coloured garments, and we can alter the kind of food we eat to suit the weather. We ought to carefully avoid all kinds of heavy indigestible food, rich soups and gravies, fat meats and over-stimulating condiments, and we should eat more sparingly; and although we ought to be cautious in the use of cheese, salads ought to be eaten every day. And yet how very few of the fair sex know how to compound a delicious salad! I think if some of my readers knew the effect for good upon the blood and the complexion that salads have, they would study how to make them.

"Does your daughter play?" I asked an American with whom I was dining last year in Philadelphia.

"Well, no, and that's the truth," he replied somewhat disconsolately. After a few moments' pause he brightened up as he added:—

"She don't play, sir, *but* you just wait till you see the salad she'll put in front of you."

And if you should be well in summer, if you would be cool in body and in mind, and if you would feel and look strong, do not forget the morning tub and the rough bath towel. Mind I don't hold with excessive bathing; once a day immediately after getting up take the sponge bath, and once a week before going to bed a nice tepid soap bath, followed by a sponge full or two of cold water.

Early rising in summer is greatly to be recommended. A young girl ought to get up soon after the birds do.

But it is time, you will say, that I should tell you something about summer drinks. Well, I shall tell you first that neither beer nor stout nor porter is suitable for warm weather; nor is champagne, the effects of exhilaration produced by it are only momentary, but claret cup and, better still, sauterne cup may be partaken of in moderation, after or during exertion. Such out-door games as lawn tennis should always, in my opinion, be played either early in the forenoon or in the evening during summer.

I may remind you that the hottest part of the day is from one o'clock till three. A great many girls think that their complexions will not be injured by the sun, unless his rays shine directly on the face; and they wear veils or sun hats to protect themselves; but they should bear in mind that exercise or over-exertion during the hottest hours of the day, is far more detrimental to the skin than sunshine.

Both tea and cocoa are refreshing as summer beverages, and not only refreshing but soothing and cooling as well. The cocoa should be the best procurable. I recommend cocoatina, which is neither adulterated with sugar nor with starch. Its good effects will

be appreciated if taken in the forenoon, just before going out walking or for exercise of any kind. It should be taken warm but not too hot, and with milk and sugar. Tea on the other hand is most valuable in the afternoon of, say, a warm or sultry summer's day. It should be pretty strong, because much should not be drunk; it ought to be the cheapest tea you can buy, and the *cheapest* tea, mind you, is that for which you will have to pay the *longest* price. Bad tea is worse than useless. Do not drink tea too hot, do not *drink* it at all, but *sip* it. When taking tea talk on subjects light as air, and do not let what you eat be very much heavier. It would, methinks, be a blessing to our country if everyone knew the value of cold tea as a beverage for the traveller. I have travelled a great deal by train, and very long journeys, and I find there is nothing to equal it. I have it made before I start, milk and sugar added, and bottle it and place it in my bag. Thus armed I am secure against thirst, and to a great extent against fatigue as well, and I run no risk of being injured by bad beverages at railway stations.

To those who can afford it some or other of the various aerated waters—Vichy, potash, soda, or seltzer water—either plain or mixed with some kind of flavouring, form the most wholesome drink for a warm summer's day. These waters are, of course, all the better if iced, but they cannot be drunk in large quantities with impunity. This should be remembered by those who partake of them, nor is it a good plan to make too large a use of ice in hot weather; it interferes very materially with the *process of digestion*, and if carried to excess will induce positive disease.

I must also warn my readers against over-indulgence in any of the numerous medicated

waters, with which the market is at present flooded. Taken occasionally, some of them are undoubtedly tonic in their effect, but if persisted in for any length of time the drugs, such as iron and phosphorus, &c., which they contain, accumulate in the system and produce the most distressing symptoms. This is a fact which cannot be too widely known.

Aerated iced waters form the basis of a great many cooling drinks. Soda-water may now be bought very cheaply and economically on the syphon system. The syphon flask should be kept in the ice chest, and, if desired, the draught may be nicely flavoured with any of the various fruit syrups, which your grocer will supply you with cheaply. Where there is a large family the gasogene may be used, otherwise I cannot recommend its use, as the water left in it for any time is apt to get flat. When the summer's heat seems to be telling too much upon one, a very nice drink may be composed as follows, and used every day for a fortnight, three times a day or even four times. It is made of dilute phosphoric acid five drops, tincture of quinine thirty or forty drops, and a little syrup of oranges, mixed in a tumblerful of iced soda-water. Another excellent tonic drink is composed of extract of malt in soda-water, flavoured with a little tincture of oranges. The dose of the extract is from a dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful three times a day; if a little tincture of quinine is mixed with the drink the tonic properties are of course increased.

I cannot speak too highly of soda-water and milk as a summer drink on a warm day; it is soothing, nourishing, and refreshing. You see that soda-water may be made the basis of a great variety of drinks. If ice be bought, and you have no ice-chest, either keep it in a box of sawdust, or roll it round with thick

blanket-cloth. A box of sawdust is the better plan: it will keep ice almost any length of time.

A few drops of tincture of ginger in a bottle of sweetened soda-water is a very reviving drink. Ginger is aromatic, tonic, and stimulating. Tincture of ginger can be had of any chemist, only be careful to make him mark the strength or ordinary dose on the phial.

Here is a cheap and wholesome summer drink: A tablespoonful of lime juice in a glass of pure cold water, sweetened to taste, with or without a little tincture of ginger, and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda added to make it effervesce. Mind it is lime juice, not lime cordial. This lime juice may be added to soda-water or plain water and syrup.

Apples, pared, sliced, and steeped in water over night, form a nice summer drink.

There are various kinds of sherbet powders sold by the chemists, which effervesce when mixed with water. I can recommend them all except ginger-beer powders. They are not nice.

Ginger beer itself is one of the most wholesome summer drinks I know, and can be drunk *ad libitum*; only make it yourself. "Medicus" need not give you a recipe for this—you can get one in any cookery book almost. What is sold as ginger beer in glass bottles is not good. But ginger ale is an excellent beverage for summer use.

Spruce beer is another capital drink.

New milk, drunk in the morning warm from the cow, will support you wonderfully in hot weather; and, last, but not least as a summer drink, comes one which deserves to be put in capital letters, and have a whole line to itself; I mean

BUTTERMILK.

## HOW TO PLAY MENDELSSOHN'S "SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

By LADY BENEDICT.

CONTINUING the subject of playing Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," we come to—

24. (Book IV., No. 3.)—This must go very quickly. In the left hand the notes, though *legato*, must not be kept down more than their full time. In bar 24, and afterwards, be careful to make the four left-hand notes equal, not the last three a triplet, which I know from experience is very hard to avoid, especially as the first must be accented throughout.

25. (Book VII., No. 6.)—Special attention must be devoted here to the fact that the middle notes are *staccato* and the upper notes *legato*. Where the bass is in octaves, and light, the effect of strings *pizzicato* should be imitated, but the *legato* parts should be very *legato* in contrast.

26. (Book VII., No. 3.)—As a rule, this is rendered a great deal too slowly; it is not meant to be sentimental, being marked *presto*, and when taken in the right spirit is highly effective. Be sure in bars 9 and 10 to play the first three E's natural, as they are marked; and do so boldly, not as though you were making an apology for playing them at all. Until you know it thoroughly at the right pace the passage may sound crude, but when completely mastered the effect is delightful.

27. (Book VI., No. 6.)—Here the left hand will tease you a little. The two semiquavers must be played with precision, equality, and

lightness of touch, and the whole must absolutely be known from memory, as you will never catch that second bass note correctly without looking at your fingers and the keyboard. One may almost call this another Spring Song.

28. (Book VIII., No. 1.)—A tender and expressive strain, in which the vocal effects should be made particularly prominent. In bars 9, 10, and 11 from the end the phrasing against the usual accents has an appealing effect, and must not be overlooked.

29. (Book VII., No. 2.)—The crotchets in this piece are singly dotted, not doubly dotted as often erroneously rendered, giving a very jerky effect. Make much of the melodious phrase in bars 10 and 14 from the end afterwards twice repeated, each time an octave lower, with striking effect.

30. (Book VII., No. 5.)—In contrast with the soft expressive theme of this *Lied* we have symphonies of a martial nature, the kind of trumpet call being afterwards alluded to.

31. (Book VI., No. 2.)—An agitated *allegro*, more in the style of the last movement of a grand vocal *scena* than a simple song. The *staccato* figure used as accompaniment must be very fine and detached, like *pizzicato* notes on the violin. When the dotted crotchets begin in the treble make them as broad as possible.

32. (Book V., No. 2.)—The *staccato* notes here must not have too much strength, or they lose the nature of accompaniment to the

very melody. Maintain throughout the restless character, and in bar 25 begin to be very mysterious, gradually working up to the climax and return to the subject.

33. (Book VIII., No. 4.)—Although very beautiful, this song is not much played. In bar 14 observe the E flat, and D, the first of which notes is to be accented here and wherever they subsequently occur. Later on it is marked *sf*, and in bars 3 and 4 from the end both are prolonged to semibreves. The other chief point to be observed in performance is the *crescendo* in the middle, with the four times repeated high B flat.

34. (Book VI., No. 1.)—Grave and dignified, and offering no particular difficulties till you come to the high B flats. You may imagine it is a religious song of nuns, the bell calling them to prayer. This bell, though distinctly brought out, must be completely subordinate to the melody, of which it is a sort of variation.

35. (Book III., No. 6.)—*Duetto*.—The title, given by the composer himself, hardly requires an explanation, the demands and replies being so evidently set forth in the music. It is suitable to soprano and baritone voices, the former beginning in a supplicant vein, the answers being reassuring and consoling. These gradually become more and more passionate till at last the two unite triumphantly in one feeling, singing in octaves, and thus giving the most perfect idea of unity. Towards the end it is not easy to keep the voices distinct, and be very careful in bars 1 and 2 from the last to mark the melody,