

not, just so far as not to lose the lesson in thoughtfulness. Dessie, I am afraid it seemed to you, that day, that I showed an unforgiving spirit. But just at first it seemed almost more than I could bear—and I hardly knew what I was saying."

"I ought not to have told you at such a time. It was cruel," said Dessie.

"But you must understand one thing, Dessie. Cecil and I forgive you fully—entirely."

"I don't know how you can—"

"It was from no intention on your part to hurt our darling. You were hasty and thoughtless, and you judged wrongly in giving the promise. But neither you nor I must make the matter out to be worse than the reality. I do not wish it to be a shadow over all your life, Dessie."

"O that I must expect," sighed Dessie. "Nothing will ever seem worth doing or caring about again."

"Nothing except doing God's will, and caring how to please Him. Nothing else is worth while. That has not been your aim in the past. Shall it be so now?"

"O Ella, I would do anything in the world for you," whispered Dessie. "And, indeed, I *am* trying to be different."

"I have been thinking the matter much over," said Ella, earnestly; "and I feel that you were very wrong, Dessie. But the real evil lay deeper than the one moment of carelessness. Your whole life was spent in self-pleasing, and that is what you have to repent—not merely the one act. If you had been living to God, and trying in all things to do His will, none of all this would have happened—except that the accident *might* still have taken place."

"But I should have told," murmured Dessie.

"Yes. We cannot say that your telling would have made any real difference—about *him*. But it would have given us the comfort of knowing that at least everything had been done which could be done, and it would have removed all responsibility from you. What I want you to see, however, is that your sorrow ought to be, not for the consequence of one careless act and thoughtless promise, but for the years of carelessness and thoughtlessness which led up to the act and the promise."

And after a moment's thought, she said, "I have seen Anne."

"O Ella—have you?"

"Yes—it seemed right. Cecil and I have both spoken to her. She appeared to be very sorry, and she almost promised to tell her mistress 'some day' all about it. I am doubtful whether she will really do so. If she had children in charge, we should be compelled to speak. As things are, I do not think we are called upon to interfere. Cecil told her that he did not intend to do so."

Two years passed away, and Decima Fitzroy once more reached home, after another pleasant six months' abroad with her Heidelberg relatives. This was the last long visit which she was likely to pay for some time, since Edith

was shortly to be married, and the only home-daughter would not be so easily spared for half a year.

However strongly Dessie had believed, after little Hugh's death, that all happiness in life had ended for her, it was not in the nature of one so buoyant to remain utterly and permanently depressed.

She was growing into a "fine lass,"—as her father said with some pride on her entrance—of better height than she had promised in past years, with a healthy brown skin, and sparkling black eyes, which yet had in them a substratum of earnest thought, tinged with sadness. People were wont to say that with all Dessie's animation, hers was a melancholy face in repose. In truth the shadow cast by one event in the past could never entirely fade out of her heart.

She had much to tell and much to hear, and flashes of the old spirit of fun blazed up frequently, for Dessie's nature, though modified, was not changed, and she was one who could often laugh heartily even when most heart-sick.

She had a strange heart-sickness on her all that evening—a strange dread of an interview to take place the next morning.

Ella had another little boy, now three months old, and the knowledge that she must speedily see her new nephew brought vividly back old recollections of Baby Hugh. Dessie felt as if she *could* pour a wealth of love upon Baby Arthur, if only for the sake of the child who was gone. But of one thing she was sure—that Ella would never endure to see her handle the child. For Ella's sake, she felt that she ought resolutely to hold aloof from little Arthur.

The morning came, and Dessie went to Cecil's alone, by her own request. She found Ella awaiting her smiling, though with a certain moisture in her eyes as she welcomed Dessie, and rang for nurse. How it all recalled a certain sorrowful day on her last return from Heidelberg!

The nurse came—the same good woman who had tended little Hugh to the last, and had cared for Ella through many months of delicacy following. Ella had never been able to resolve to part with her, and now she was indeed invaluable.

In her arms lay a plump blue-eyed boy, crowing and chuckling with delight. Dessie held her breath and almost gasped, bent down to kiss him, and started back.

"The darling!" she said. "O how like!"

"Kiss him, dear."

"No, no, better not. I've made up my mind not to come near him."

Dessie's eyes were full to overflowing.

"Never, Dessie?" asked Ella.

"No, no—better not."

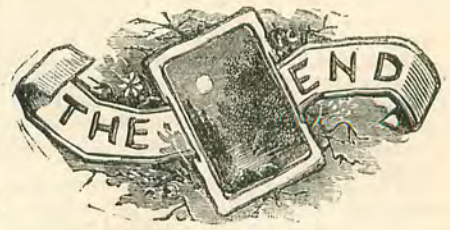
Ella lifted little Arthur from nurse's arms, and placed him in Dessie's.

"Now kiss him," she said.

"And you are not afraid of me?"

"No, dear Dessie. He has come to comfort you as well as me."

"O Ella, Ella—this *is* forgiveness," said Dessie, sobbing, and she half-smothered the child with caresses.



ON THE BENEFITS OF PURE WATER.

By MEDICUS.



UGHT I to commence to-day's monthly article with a few words about the chemical composition of water, and tell my readers all about its elemental parts, viz., the two gases, oxygen and hydrogen? Perhaps I ought to, but I shall not. Chemistry is a dry-as-dust subject to most young people.

Medicus in a dimly-lighted laboratory, surrounded by crucible, flask, and retort, clad in gown of russet grey, with closely-fitting skull cap and slippers down at the heels, is not your Medicus, and I feel certain you would not listen to him; you would retire gracefully and respectfully, and leave the poor man alone to lecture to the rats.

Medicus as a poet—yes, no doubt, this would be an improvement, and water looked at from a poetical point of view would form a very interesting subject, and your monthly adviser might be forgiven if, for once in a way, he left the crimson-hooded toga of the M.D. lying on the back of his study chair, donned the mantle of the bard, and went floating away on the wings of imagination into the realms of the pure and the beautiful. But I will do nothing of the sort; great though the temptation may be, I refuse to float—I remain fixed in my chair. Bard's mantles and poet's wings for *those who have time* to wear them; be mine the practical and the useful.

It may give you, then, some idea of the value of water to the animal economy to be told that about two-thirds of our bodies are composed entirely of it, that all our tissues are in a manner suspended in it, and that if this quantity of aqueous fluid were to be reduced to any great extent and not re-supplied, we should cease to live. No words of mine could convey to you an idea of the intensity of suffering that shipwrecked sailors sometimes undergo when deprived of water. A ship has gone down, let us say, in mid-ocean, and the few that have not been drowned by the lashing of the tempest seek safety in an open boat. They have had barely time to throw into it a few biscuits and a keg of water, and their hopes and their prayers are that they may soon be picked up by a passing ship. But alas! the wind goes down, the sail is no longer any use, beneath and all around them is the glassy surface of the heaving ocean, above them the pale blue cloudless sky and the

fiercely scorching sun. How carefully the water is served out—to spill one tiny drop were a crime of the deepest dye; but in spite of care and economy it is finished at last, and they scan the horizon in vain, for no help is nigh! Death is a terrible thing coming in this form: the wearying thirst, the dry-parched mouth and skin, the headache and burning eyes, the fever and the aching limbs, and, worse than all, the sight of the water all around them, water they plunge their hands and arms into, but dare not drink lest madness itself might ensue.

What a blessing when sleep steals over the senses at length, wafting the spirit away to green fields or shady woods, musical with the song of brooks and the tinkle of rills; and what joy if, on awakening from a dream like this, the sailor finds himself once more on board a friendly ship, with some kind hand holding to his lips

"That little thing—
That cup of water—that blessed draught
Of cool refreshment, which, drained by fever'd
lips,

Can give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."

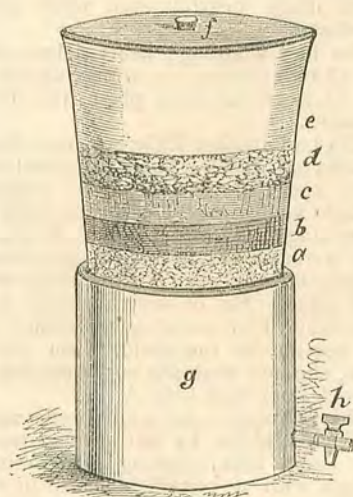
It is water that carries the nutrient properties of the food we eat into the blood, and along all the arteries and veins in our bodies, so that without water life could not be sustained. It is through the agency of water that the constant changes are being effected in our systems whereby they are kept pure and fresh and healthy, and without which the wheels of life would move but slowly, and finally cease for ever and aye. But water not only bears to every region and tissue of the body the substances on which they depend for very existence, but it carries away with it from the body substances no longer of use, and which, if retained in the system, would act as poisons and lead to death. The water, on its return journey, escapes into the air through the lungs and—more especially—skin, &c.

Thus the benefits that accrue from keeping the skin in a state of health cannot easily be overrated. It is for this reason I am constantly in the habit of recommending the free use of the bath. I will have a word to say presently upon bath water.

Meanwhile, let me remind you that water is, more or less, a solvent of every substance with which it comes in contact. It impregnates itself with the bad as well as the good. We cannot, therefore, be too careful about the purity of the water we use, not only to drink, but to make our food with. The youngest girl whose eyes may scan these columns would do well to make a note of the following great truth; it will assuredly be of use to her in after life:—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the water supplied to houses in towns and villages is not so pure nor good as it ought to be, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, where people adopt means for filtering and purifying it, it is only the drinking water they so treat, and not that used for making tea and coffee and for cooking. Such a procedure is simply absurd, and quite on a par with the wisdom of the old lady who, having a lively horror of burglars, locked, barred, and bolted the hall door, but left all the windows open. But I am at present writing only for my girls; if I were addressing their fathers and their mothers, and their uncles and their aunts, I should say—if you find the water in any way impure, do not be content with filtering merely that which is to be directly drunk, but all that is used in the house. Have a large cistern filter, therefore, for I tell you candidly and earnestly that thousands on thousands of the people of these islands suffer from ill-health induced entirely by the badness of the water. They do not

suspect what it is that is lying at the root of all the mischief. They blame the air, the climate, anything, and go on from month to month languid and spiritless, if not positively ill. Such people make very unsatisfactory members of society, but the best of customers the chemist or druggist could wish.

Every girl who values her health and her beauty—and I do not wish to meet any girl who does not—ought to possess a small portable charcoal filter, to be kept in her own room. It should be cleaned about once in three weeks by passing through it a little water reddened with a pinch of that wonderful purifier the permanganate of potash, a red salt which chemists sell, and which forms the basis of Condy's fluid. After you have passed the reddened water through your filter, put ordinary water in, and when it comes out free from colour it is ready to drink. To save writing, and make my meaning more plain, I give a rough sketch of a good useful filter that any girl can construct for herself, or bribe her brother to make for her. You will observe that this filter consists of two vessels, one above and partly inserted into the other. The top one is a large flower-pot; *a* is a layer of small clean stones which



A HOME-MADE FILTER.

cover the bottom of the vessel, but are too big to go through the hole; *b* is a layer of powdered charcoal, rammed well down and about two inches deep; *c* a layer of fine sand, and *d* a layer of fine gravel, both about two or three inches in depth, and both well washed; *e* is the space for the water, *f* is the lid, *g* the lower vessel or receiver, and *h* the tap by which the filtered water is drawn off.

If the water is suspected of containing many impurities, here is a simple plan to purify it before filtration. Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a little warm water and add this to four gallons of water, stir and let it settle, and pour off the top portion.

Hard water is injurious to the skin. I know it is often a difficult thing to procure it soft enough for purposes of ablution, and so I now mention the plan adopted by Dr. Clark for softening hard water. A small piece of unslaked lime is procured and made into a cream or paste with a little of the water; this is then stirred into the vat, and after it stands for some hours the water will be found soft enough to wash with. The difficulty to be encountered in adopting this plan is to know exactly the amount of lime to use. So for ordinary purposes, hard water may be rendered fit for use by simply boiling it.

It is a great mistake to have water tanks or cisterns without lids; they should also be frequently cleaned out, or people may get poisoned, slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely.

Rain water is better than any other kind for the bath, and next in point of virtue is river or brook water. As I have said before, use only the mildest transparent soap for washing the body or face with; it may be a little dearer, but I am of opinion that a healthy skin is cheap at any price.

But nice soft rain water in which to bathe or wash the face is most invaluable. It is better than all the lotions or creams you can apply. Collect it, then, if possible, and store it for future use, if you wish your complexion to be free from all sallowness and your skin pure and soft and beautiful.

If you cannot have aught save hard water for the bath, but can procure a supply of rain water for the basin, then adopt this plan, especially if you think your system needs bracing and toning. Throw a handful or two of the sea salt you may buy in shops into the bath water the night before, and wash face and body with warmed rain water and mild soap before using the bath. This advice is better than a purse of gold to you if you will only adopt it.

During hard winters, when plenty of snow falls, it may be collected, melted, and put aside for purposes of ablution. It is very pure, purer even than rain water, because the atmosphere it has passed through is pure at the time of its descent to the earth.

Rain water, I may add, is the purest of all water for drinking purposes—that is, after it has been filtered. It may also be used for making tea; less tea will be required, and it will draw more easily.

During the summer months vegetables and fruits which contain a deal of water may be partaken of with great advantage, such as lettuces, beetroot, parsnips, greens, grapes, apples, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, &c.

In preparing greens for the table it is a mistake to squeeze the water so entirely out as cooks usually do. If culled fresh they are far better if served up with a portion of the liquor they have been boiled in.

Water is the best and safest drink man, woman, or child can have, and it is a great and injurious mistake not to drink when one is thirsty. But a large draught of water should not be taken at a time. One ought to drink slowly, as well as eat slowly. Even the sick may drink freely of cool water if they wish to do so.

While taking exercise, and perspiring freely, one may drink cold water with impunity, but warm tea or coffee is better after the body has begun to cool.

Those girls who suffer from headaches ought to bathe the face and brow regularly for five minutes or more at a time in cold water, to which a little perfumed vinegar has been added. This is to be done three times a day. Cold sponging to the arms, shoulders, face, and neck is most refreshing after fatigue. I wish to warn my readers against the abuse of ice water in summer time. It is most injurious, and induces many incurable diseases. I hope this sentence will be read in New York and other cities of the States that I have visited, where the ice is used in such deleterious quantities.

Some day, with the Editor's sanction, I hope to initiate my gentle readers into some of the secrets of hydropathy, or so-called water cure. At present I must retire; but one last word. This is one of the best times of the year to begin the health-giving habit of morning sponge bathing. Let the water be slightly tepid at first, and reduce the temperature gradually, but do not let the season slip.

nuisance to all around, who wish that she would rather continue to eat her nails in odourless peace. But tincture of chiretta is open to none of these objections. It may be procured at any chemist's, and the fingers soaked in it without harm, and, being inconceivably bitter, will speedily admonish the unfortunate of her failing directly the tips approach her mouth.

In conclusion, let me say a word about a practice which is almost as deleterious as biting, and far more general—so universal, indeed, that you will most likely be astonished to hear it condemned—that is, the usual method of *cleaning* the nails. Almost everybody is accustomed, once or twice a day, to scrape out the cavity with a knife or the point of a pair of scissors, or with one of those nasty little instruments which are sold for the express purpose; or else they let the bristles of the nailbrush pass underneath. Now, by doing this, a space is excavated for the lodgment of dirt which does not naturally exist there. Why is it that your nails always become grimmer than the rest of your hand, and exhibit five jet-black crescents while the skin is only slightly soiled? Because the dirt there is condensed and compressed by accumulation, visible through the transparent horn; particles of dust are worked in and cannot escape again, as they might from the general surface, but are forced deeper, layer on layer, by succeeding particles. In a natural state, the plump, rounded flesh ought to lie in close contact with the nail for some distance above the "quick," or part where they are actually joined together—so closely as not to admit of the entrance of casual particles. That this is really the case may be proved by walking and scuffling about on muddy or dusty ground with bare feet; the toe-nails are not subject to this periodical digging, and will be found to require no special means of cleansing. The writer has allowed neither knife, brush, nor anything else to be inserted underneath his finger-nails for many years; yet, though not trimming them shorter than other people, he finds them harbour no accumulation and to be kept perfectly clean by the simple process of washing his hands. No more dirt can lie under their projecting margin than on any part of the skin, and whatever may be there is at once dissolved out by the water. True, he cannot boast those nice, white half-circles which betoken a recent scraping, but he considers that they would be rather dearly purchased at the cost of so frequent necessity for their renewal. And if the reader will put up with the sacrifice of these, and the discomfort of bearing extremely dirty nails for ten days or a fortnight, she will find that the space wherein the foreign matter collects will gradually close up from below and give her no further anxiety or trouble.

ARTHUR STRADLING, M.R.C.S.E.

THE SEVEN SECRETS.

VII.—THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.



BEAUTY is but skin deep." So they say, and there is a sense, no doubt, in which these words are true. But, girls, that outward loveliness which gives so much joy to everybody must, if the best of its

kind, be united to charms that do not lie on the surface, but have their home in the heart. Perfect beauty is the outward garb of a perfect life. This you must keep in mind, otherwise the following paper may be quite thrown away, which would be a pity.

There is no magic like beauty. It is love that rules the world, and whoever wishes to make a captive of love must do so by means

of beauty. A friend declared to me the other day that he is haunted by a vision of loveliness. "Did I not," he said, "pass in the street in one of our great cities, five or six years ago, a girl with a beauty of face and form and a sweetness of expression which has brightened my life ever since? Who she is I have never discovered, but I can understand now the actions of that prince who grew enamoured of a portrait, and never rested till he had searched through all the world for the original." "Why," said I, "thou art in a perilous state." "I know it," said he.

When we are attracted by beauty, just as this friend was, we very naturally infer that there is a beautiful soul behind it. Sometimes, of course, we are mistaken, like another friend, who was captivated with a photograph in an album, was introduced to the lady whose likeness it was, married her within three weeks, and most probably will rue it all his life. She is a beauty who, not satisfied with doubling her husband's expenses, makes them six times as much. My unfortunate friend is very wise now, as was to be expected, for he is a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly. Had he to marry again, he would not likely choose his wife by the eyes only.

Regular features and a lovely complexion are very well in their way, but don't be too proud of them. There is Flora. She has the best heart and the kindest disposition in the world, but she is not good-looking at all, so far as artists count beauty; and when her lovely cousin appeared on the stage everyone anticipated that Adolphus would straightway transfer his allegiance to her. But, much to the credit of Adolphus, it turned out otherwise, and, after all these years, his regard for the cousin, compared with his enthusiasm for Flora, is as a cracker compared with a volcano.

There is an affectation of beauty which is worse than ludicrous—it is disgusting. What on earth, Harriet, induces you to assume that extraordinary smile? And why, Helen, do you look at everybody in that ridiculous way, which you take to be a glance of friendliness, combined with superiority, but which only conveys the impression of insincerity and cunning? To be beautiful people must be natural, and the loveliest that ever had life I can quite imagine to have been a girl who never looked in a looking-glass, never studied an expression, and never gave a thought to the effect her beauty produced. "She neglects her heart," says the proverb, "that studies her glass."

It may be that Nature has to all appearance dealt unkindly with some of you in giving you homely features, but it is the firm conviction of all sensible people that no girl was ever made so plain that she could not, by cultivating her mind and heart, render herself the most attractive and the most beloved by any circle in which her lot might be cast.

Jane, in quite a pathetic voice, complains that she has a snub nose. What does that matter? Are you weak-minded? Have you a bad temper? Are you foolish? Are you stupid? Are you conceited? No; I am sure not. Then, Jane, be satisfied. I hope, at any rate, you will never imitate the girl who, having a snub nose, used to sleep with a clothes-peg on that organ in the vain hope thereby to turn it into a respectable Grecian or Roman.

The outward appearance, it has already been said, does indicate, as a rule, what a person really is. This is fortunate, for it often saves us from being deceived as to character, and misled by what we are sometimes told. The hypocrite, however nicely she may speak, cannot look as if she were honest. Then there is Ruth, whom some of you know. It is very edifying to hear her speak with profound respect of everybody, and one might believe her if he had no eyes to see her sarcastic face.

Best of all is it when the countenance is radiant with truth and kindness, and all those qualities which command the esteem and deserve the love of those about us. Sometimes those qualities are so impressed on a face that we would stake anything on their real existence. There is an Arab story of a man, in a matter of life and death, being asked in a crowded assembly who would be his surety. He looked round, and studied the countenances of those present, all strangers to him, and at last he saw a man whose face he liked. "That man," he said, pointing to him with his finger, "will become my surety." And such the man, out of pure love and generosity, proved quite ready to be.

To be truly beautiful, have a great care, girls, of your mental and spiritual nature. You must think well, act well, and be governed by the best of motives, in order to look well. It is intellect and spiritual perfection alone that can give real loveliness and animation to the human face and form. Nothing has so wonderful an effect on one's personal appearance as the constant presence of pure and noble thoughts.

Most of all those who wish to be beautiful should cherish kindness of disposition. "Women," I have read somewhere, "are fairer than men because they have more affection." Loveliness is love made visible. If you want then to blossom like very roses of beauty, be kind and gentle, thoughtful of others, perfectly unselfish, and ever ready to lend a hand to any in trouble. Yes, be just so, and we shall all wish, my friends, that your shadows may never grow less, and shall never again quote with approval the saying of the old writer who set down that "Those who have to do with beauties, often find that they bring with them their weight in sorrow."

Such, then, is the secret of loveliness, and here, girls, is the end of this series of papers. But there must be a last word, and what is it to be? I have spoken of many things which, were they attended to, would make us all both better and more useful. Let me end with a motto, whose meaning is so vast, that under its shade everything I have said may come. Being short, you may long remember it, and it would be hard indeed to find any saying more true or more likely to be of service to those who are earnestly striving to be good:—"The first thing is to seek the favour of God: all else follows."

JAMES MASON.

SOFT WATER v. HARD.

By MEDICUS.

SOFT water, that is, water not impregnated with mineral substances, such as lime, &c., is not only better for culinary purposes and to drink, but it is much to be preferred for the bath or even for washing hands and skin. If people only knew the value of pure rain water they would certainly take means to preserve it. If anything in the world may be called literally a boon from heaven, it is rain. It ought to be collected in tanks, and when wanted to cook with or to make tea, it should be run through the filter.

Water containing iron is hard, but it is also a good tonic, although unfit for bath or kitchen use.

The simplest way of softening water practically and easily is by boiling it. It should be afterwards allowed to stand for a day in the open air, in order to aerate it. It may then be used for the bath with good soap, or for drinking after it has been run through the filter. Filters can be made or bought so cheaply nowadays that, considering their great utility, it seems really a pity there is not one in every house.