

he comes? I daresay he won't be very punctual."

"I trust so, I am sure," said Mrs. Lake, nervously, "and then it will be over the sooner. One has no notion what the young man may be like, or how he will behave."

"None whatever; we only know that we are antagonistic elements, and sure not to get on with each other," replied Celia, mischievously. "But I'll put off going to the Hewings', and stay and help you to face the dragon, if you like."

"Are you going to change your dress, Celia?"

"Not unless you particularly wish it. Don't you consider that I am charming in this costume?"

Celia walked to the end of the room, and inspected herself in the tall pier-glass that was supported about three feet from the floor by a marble table and two cherubs, who were not supported at all, but hovered in an impossible attitude, with distended cheeks and noses blackened with age.

"It can hardly be considered a fashionable garment," she said, stroking her old brown dress; "but the general effect is respectable, and, I think I may say, imposing."

"You look, as you always do, my dear, very, very nice; but" (here Mrs. Lake sighed), "I think your red dress is more becoming to you. I consider—but surely the clock is striking three? and is that a cab at the door, Celia?"

"That settles the question," murmured Celia; then glancing at her mother's agitated face, she forgot her own vexation, and stooped to kiss her. Celia's moods were indeed changeable. But in one respect she was constant—come what would, her own wishes were invariably put aside in deference to any fancy of her sick mother.

"I wish I could see you dressed as you ought to be, my dear girl," said Mrs. Lake, plaintively. "I had hoped that some day you would come into your rightful heritage. It is hard that it should be placed in the hands of a stranger. We do not know what he may prove to be, and we must not judge him harshly; but this will of your poor uncle appears to me to be very cruel—very unfair. It is such an ordeal for you, my poor Celia."

"Don't give a second thought to me, mamma," said Celia, gently; "it doesn't make me the least unhappy. Why, you have excited yourself, and made your face quite red and flushed! Mr. Romaine is not worth a bad headache, whatever he's like. Would you rather not see him? Will you go to your room?"

"There is not time now," said Mrs. Lake, nervously looking towards the door. "I heard a knock, and I cannot think why Rebecca does not answer it."

Celia had her own views on this subject. She knew that Rebecca, who did the greater part of the work of the house, was most likely at the present moment engaged in washing out the area with a broom and a pail of black water, or scrubbing the attic stairs. In either case it would take her some moments to wring her arms dry, whisk off her coarse apron, and appear smiling but smutty at the hall door.

"Would you like me to go and find her?" suggested Celia.

"Not on any account, my love. It would not be the right thing to do at all. Do you think I had better begin my crewel work? It looks more natural to be employed, and I do not wish Mr. Romaine to imagine that we are disturbed by his arrival."

"Certainly not, mamma."

"Then I will begin the festoon of roses, I—Oh, Celia, my work-basket! What shall we do?"

In her agitation, Mrs. Lake had knocked her work-basket off the table, and the reels of cotton and silk were rolling far and wide.

"Never mind, mamma, I will pick them up by-and-by."

A sharp rap at the door.

"A gentleman for your mamma, miss."

Rebecca's face was scarlet, and she had forgotten to pin her collar.

"Show him up, please, Rebecca."

"This way, if you please, sir," said Rebecca, in an encouraging voice over the stairs—she was the best-tempered of girls, though wanting in manners—"the ladies is in."

There was a slight scuffle outside, owing (as Celia guessed) to Rebecca's having planted a coal-scuttle across the landing in such a position as to render it an object of danger to a visitor.

"The gentleman, miss," announced Rebecca, holding out a card between her finger and thumb; "he didn't give no name."

A quietly dressed, quietly mannered young man came forward, carrying his stick and hat in one hand. His bearing showed no trace that he was conscious of the awkwardness of his position; he had come resolved, if possible, not to betray the sensation by the slightest sign.

(To be continued.)

A BEAUTIFUL SKIN.

BY MEDICUS.



BEAUTIFUL skin!

What girl is there among all the many thousands of our readers who does not wish to enjoy this blessing? What girl who possesses it would be willing to part with it for all the wealth the world contains? A beautiful skin, pliant, soft, and clear; shell-pink nails, transparent, smooth, and shapely; eyes which sparkle with health; hair—what matters the colour so long as it is bright, with that gloss which not all the perfumed oils on earth can produce, nor all the cosmetics ever made, that lustre which can only be imparted to it by the fair fingers of the goddess Hygeia herself.

Now remember I do not say that a beautiful skin always implies a healthful body, but I do say that it is one of the signs of health, and that a blanched and parched or sickly skin did never yet cover a sound and wholesome frame. If my girls can thoroughly grasp that, and retain it in their memories, they will be in the best of positions for understanding and profiting by what I shall say in this paper.

No editor of any London journal is there, who devotes a monthly column or two to correspondence, but could tell you that he can count the number of letters he gets by the score, anxiously inquiring what will remove this or that defect, this or that blemish of the skin, and restore it to its pristine health and beauty. But stay, he could tell you more: he could tell you that ninety-nine out of every hundred of those querists seem by their letters to be imbued with the idea that these defects and blemishes can be removed by applications alone. They seldom ask, "How shall I get better?" but, "What will take away this?" or, "What will cure it?" They want some prescription; that is what they hanker after—the prescription, not the advice. They want to see something, to have something to rub in, something to apply.

You will not misunderstand me, I am sure; I should be sorry if you did. I do not, then, mean to imply that all applications with intent to beautify the skin are useless, far from it; but the external remedies must go hand in

hand with the internal in every case of skin ailment, even the most trifling.

I am quite convinced that if girls in this country would only make up their minds to live more naturally, and use the means that Providence has placed at the disposal of the poor as well as the rich for the preservation of health, those individuals who deal in hair and skin cosmetics would soon disappear from the face of the earth, unless they made choice of some more honest employment.

Now, although I shall, before concluding, give some advice for the removal of a few of the simpler ailments of the skin, I must first and foremost tell you how you are to retain the skin in health generally, and to restore its tone and beauty when it seems to have fallen away from the correct standard.

The skin, you must know, is something more than "a thing of beauty;" its uses are of such importance in the animal economy that when, as in the case of burns, an extensive portion of it is destroyed, the sufferer loses vitality and sinks. The skin covers the body all over from head to heel, and is thus a protection to the tender parts beneath; it is thickest on those portions of the body where it is most subject to wear and tear, as on the soles of the feet and palms of the hands. It is itself protected by being in almost every part buoyed up underneath by an elastic lining of fat. The skin is elastic, and this elasticity must be maintained by cleanliness and perfect ablution, else roughness, or disease even, is sure to be the result.

I need hardly tell you that the skin is the organ of touch. This sense does not lie in the fingers alone, but all over the body, and it can only be perfect in those who take proper care of the skin. Well, at first thought, one would imagine that this sense of touch had but little bearing on the preservation of health. But it has; for a person who has in any degree lost it, may be said to have a non-sensitive skin, and he cannot take cognisance of a dangerous draught, for instance, till that draught may have done him bodily harm, and he begins to shiver.

The skin regulates the heat of the body. This should be as equable as possible, that is, about 99 deg. Fahrenheit, and the way the skin serves to maintain this temperature is by means of the insensible perspiration, which carries off more or less of the heat generated in the body, as required. The skin has several other important uses, only one of which I beg to call your attention to. You know, or you have heard, that it is covered over with millions of sweat pores; well, the perspiration that comes from these carries with it from the body a vast amount of the poison we either swallow—and we do swallow a deal of it nowadays—or that is formed in the body, and which if retained would be more or less destructive to health.

If you take no pains to keep these pores in good working order, why you simply render the blood impure; it is darker at its best than it ought to be, the millions upon millions of minute blood-vessels for ever coursing through the skin, become loaded with this impure blood, and the skin thereby loses its transparency. I put the last three words emphatically; they constitute a beauty point. Well, as I say, they become loaded with dark blood, and transparency is lost; this may not be so obvious all over the body, but it is seen in the dark lines around the eyes of sallow and unhealthy girls, because there the skin is very fine. There are other causes for this darkness around the eyes and inner and upper part of the nose, which I need not mention; suffice it to say that general impurity of blood is one of them.

But when blood is darkened by the pores being unable to remove its impurities—its soot, and it really is soot—a portion of these

impurities gets deposited in the skin, or immediately beneath it; hence we have what is called the muddy skin. I know that as you read these lines you want to go and look in the glass, and my knowing this only proves that I am a far-sighted Medicus, the right Medicus in the right place, in fact. But do not look in the glass just yet.

I was going to say, when you interrupted me, that there is also the sallow skin. This is not a beauty skin either, and it is very often produced by the deposit of bile under the skin, and shows that the liver is not working as it ought to do. Well, nothing aids the liver more in effectually performing its duties than a well-acting skin; so, to a great measure, at all events, you have the remedy in your own hands. That remedy is taking proper care of the skin in the way I will tell you in a few minutes.

The best application for the skin is the bath, followed by friction with rough towels. I must tell you why, for although I have written on the subject of baths of all kinds in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I have never troubled my readers with one trifling bit of physiology, which it is now necessary they should know. Would you be surprised, then, to learn that a person does not move about in the same skin for seven days together. This sounds strange, does it not? After all, it is merely my homely way of telling you that in healthy people the skin is being continually worn away from the exterior and renewed from the interior. This is a natural process, of course, and we greatly aid nature by using the bath. To be effectual this should consist of three distinct operations.

1. The softening of the skin by application of hot water and soap of the right kind.

2. The immersion of the body in water of a far lower temperature than that used with the soap.

3. The use of friction. Friction may be used in the bath with flesh-glove or brush, or after coming out with a roughish towel.

And this is the right place in which to say a word about soaps, and I speak now not only to girls, but to mothers as well. You cannot be too particular, then, about the kind of soap you use. I would not presume to say that the all but incurable complaint called eczema is often produced in babies by using greasy alkaline soap, but I very much suspect it is.

I have no space to-day, nor the inclination either, to say more on the subject of soap than this—it is often highly injurious to the skin, and therefore to the general health. When buying soap, therefore, remember these rules: 1. If you must have scented soap, let the perfume be something you know—roses, for example; you cannot go wrong there. 2. Avoid coloured soaps; because, although some are good, others are poisonous. 3. Do not buy a cheap soap. I myself use nothing for my matutinal tub except Pears' transparent unscented, and I feel I am safe.

Well, but the bath, although most beneficial to the skin, is not everything.

The skin needs protection and covering against cold and wet. It must be kept warm at all times, without being weakened and over-stimulated. It must be warmth, never heat. Therefore, an over-amount of clothing either by day or by night is most prejudicial. Yet many err in this way.

By night, then, as well as by day, summer or winter, let this be the rule—light and warm. If the clothes one wears or is covered with are heavy and warm, they fatigue the body, sweat it too much, and weaken both the nervous and muscular systems.

It must not be forgotten, however, that young girls, and the delicate, are far more susceptible to cold than older, or those of more robust constitution. But even they must not be heavily clothed. A common mistake is to put on an extra amount of clothes when going out for a walk. If it be merely a saunter, then by all means wrap up if the weather demands it, but if for a brisk constitutional, a light jacket and umbrella is quite enough.

More need, far more, need to wrap up—loosely for warmth—when you have got to sit or stand about for any length of time in the open air.

Cold feet exert an injurious influence upon the skin, and much more so if the stockings be damp.

But we protect our bodies by clothing, against wet as well as cold. This is most important. Chills are caused by wet; chills produce indigestion, and indigestion may lay the seeds of a thousand ills.

Tight dressing is the cause of many an impure complexion and dark areola'd eye. It is true, 'tis pity And you will naturally add, "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." Well, so far as the younger portion of my girl readers are concerned, they have no business to wear tight-fitting dresses or corsets; there is no necessity. The corset I do not condemn in any wholesale way. As a guide to a girl's figure, I recommend it. But here is what I say: Let the bones feel its support, yet never have to bend beneath it.

Having already told you that a sallow skin and a muddy or non-transparent skin were caused by impurities in the blood, little need, surely, for me to add that errors in diet should be carefully guarded against by all, but more particularly by those who are apt to be troubled with any form of skin deterioration, whether roughness, pimples, or what people call "ticks" in the face. Over-eating should be avoided, and all condiments, with the exception of mustard and pepper in moderation. Salt I do not include in the list of condiments. It is not only beneficial to the health, but necessary for life itself. Now, the skin being an elastic membrane, it should have an elastic support, and this it finds in the fat immediately under. This should be in moderation, but never in excess, else it constitutes an ailment in itself that assuredly does not tend to lengthen life.

Exercise improves the condition of the skin and renders the complexion pure and transparent, if only for the one reason that it helps to clear the blood of its natural impurities. Remember, though, that it must be taken in light clothes, and it must not be carried to the bounds of fatigue. Take instruction from what I saw yesterday. I feel sure you won't forget it. I met three fashionably-dressed young ladies accompanied by one fashionably-dressed young gentleman. Well, he looked cool and easy and comfortable, only I think he was longing to walk a little quicker. But they—they had only been out for a mile and back—had faces the colour of a nice new flower-pot, and I am sure they felt pinched about the toes.

To act in this way is to wilfully destroy the complexion; I hope none of my readers would ever think of doing so. Now in one of the numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, in October of 1880, I believe I wrote a brief article on "Comedones." Those who have it may refer to it and learn something. The word is used by dermatologists to describe what plainer spoken people call "ticks" in the face. These troublesome things are not painful, but they certainly are disfiguring. The mistake made in treating them is confining the attention to the face because that is the seat of the trifling disorder. Believe me that they seldom exist in a person that is altogether healthy, and attention should be given therefore to all the rules of hygiene, and especially should the sponge-bath be taken every day. Soap the face, with warm water, twice a day, then rub well with a rough towel. This will make the parts you rub red, but this will soon go away. Some of these ticks are apt to get large at the roots and generate pimples or pustules. These are still more disfiguring. They may exist quite independently of ticks, and when numerous doctors call them acne, the blood is usually thin, so a course of citrate of iron and quinine should be taken with cod-liver oil three times a day.

In every form of roughness of the skin or redness, whether in patches or all over the face, diet, exercise, and mental and bodily labour must be carefully regulated. Sometimes aperient medicines may be required, but they ought to be of the very mildest description, else they will do more harm than good. A little lotion that I have found of service in acne is one grain of corrosive sublimate mixed in an ounce of lavender water or eau de Cologne. You may use it twice or thrice a day thus: Damp a tiny bit of the handkerchief with the lotion and wet the painful or red part with it. I must tell you it is poison, therefore should be labelled so. This is essentially necessary.

In conclusion, the one great lesson I wish you to learn from this paper is this: whenever your skin suffers, be sure your bodily health is below par, and needs immediate attention.

HER OWN CHOICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER XVII.
WHEN Miss Penwarden mentioned "Wheal Vivien," a smile crossed her cousin's face which she was quick to note. "Ah, Cousin Geoffrey," said she, "Wheal Vivien caused my father to smile on the wrong side the mouth for a long time, but things are different now.

He hoped against hope for many a year, but success came too late for him to know of it, not too late for me to benefit by the correctness of his calculations. The outside world has heard little of the mine which was named after me. Being a private adventure, it gave no opening for bubble companies or greedy

speculators, but Wheal Vivien has for several years added largely to my income, and is to-day a valuable property."

"I am delighted to know it," returned Geoffrey. "I have heard so often of the money which has gone down the Cornish mines without returning an equivalent,