

"The Lord comfort your Grace, and that in His word, wherein all His creatures only are to be comforted. And though it hath pleased God to take away two of your children, yet think not, I most humbly beseech your Grace, that you have lost them; but trust that we by leaving this mortal life have won an immortal life. And I for my part, as I have honoured your Grace in this life, will pray for you in another life.—Your Grace's most humble daughter,

JANE DUDLEY."

Suffolk was not yet sentenced to death, but Jane knew it was inevitable, and knew also that the exhortations to recant that had been lavished upon her would be repeated in his case. She feared lest he might, through weakness, imitate the example of Northumberland, and wrote a letter to him entreating him not to lament overmuch her early doom, which was only union with "Christ our Saviour, in whose steadfast faith, if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father, the Lord that hitherto hath strengthened you, so continue to keep you, that at the last we may meet in heaven."

Not once does this brave and lovely spirit seem to have wavered in the prospect of her cruel fate. The night before her execution she wrote a farewell in Greek to her sister Catherine, on the fly-leaf of a Greek New Testament.

"Follow the steps of your Master, Christ, and take up your cross," is the burden of her exhortation. And in sooth this young girl had learnt the lesson she strove to impart. With true and steadfast heart she followed Him, drawing from His Cross and Passion the inspiration that led her to tread the verge of death with unflinching step.

All around the prisoner seem to have loved her. Her very gaolers were softened; the confessor, who was constantly with her, was touched and impressed by her wisdom and composure, although his efforts to change her faith were hopeless.

The fatal morning dawned, Monday, Feb. 12, 1554; and the Lieutenant of the Tower entered early, bringing a request from Guilford Dudley, who was to die that day. He would fain see his wife for a last embrace and farewell. He was to suffer on Tower Hill; she inside the walls. So had Bishop Gardiner advised, lest the people should be stirred by her youth and beauty to an outburst of compassion in her favour.

At first Lady Jane's heart beat high at the thought of seeing again the bridegroom from whom she had been separated for many cruel weary months. Then came the thought of the terrible agitation such a meeting would bring to both of them. Especially did she fear that her boy-husband would be unfitted for meeting his doom with the fortitude and composure befitting a Christian and a gen-

tleman; and she knew that any lapse in self-control before the concourse of spectators would cause him keen suffering.

Mastering her own longing, she sent back word to him to be patient; within a little while they would meet in heaven, never to part again. To bid farewell on earth would only be to excite useless anguish.

The officer withdrew with the message, but Lady Jane knew her husband would pass below her window, and waited steadfastly there to cheer him on his last journey. He came along the courtyard, escorted by the guard; she waved to him again and again, and he turned his face towards her to the last.

In a little while she saw his mutilated body brought back in a cart to the Tower. She did not cry out or weep, but sate down and wrote on her tablets three sentences that speak of intense emotion. The first was in Greek, to the following effect:—"If his slain body shall give testimony against me before men, his blessed soul shall render an eternal proof of my innocence before God."

The second in Latin:—"The justice of men took away his body, but the Divine mercy has preserved his spirit."

The third in English:—"If my fault deserved punishment, my youth and my imprudence were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will shew me favour."

The bitterness of death for her was past, and she resigned herself quietly to Sir John Brydges to lead her to the green within the walls. Attended by her gentlewomen and Feckenham, she went to the foot of the scaffold absorbed in silent prayer. She then turned to the confessor. "Go now," she said. "May our God fulfil all your desire; and receive my warm thanks for your attentions to me, although they have tried me far more than death can now terrify me." "She exhibited a countenance so gravely settled with all modest and comely resolution that not the slightest trace of fear or grief could be observed in her words or actions;" but the bystanders were weeping bitterly.

She ascended the scaffold, and looking round upon the spectators, said to them that she had broken the law in usurping the Crown, but as for any desire or effort after it, she declared, wringing her hands, that she washed them clean of all such offence before God and man. She called on them to witness that she died trusting in the mercy of God and the merits of His Son, and entreated their prayers.

Feckenham was still close beside her. "Shall I say the Miserere?" she asked him; and he said 'Yea.' She then said the fifty-first Psalm in English in the most devout manner; and then, after giving to one of her attendants her gloves, handkerchief, and book, she uncovered her neck, while her two gentlewomen helped her and gave her a fair handkerchief to knit about her eyes."

The words in which the Chronicle of Queen Mary tells the rest are too simple and pathetic for paraphrase.

"The executioner knelt down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw, which doing she saw the block: then she said, 'I pray you dispatch me quickly.' Then she knelt down, saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me down?' And the executioner said, 'No, madam.' Then *tied she* the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block she said, 'What shall I do? where is it?' One of the bystanders guiding her thereunto she laid her head upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' And so ended."

One cannot read without grief and indignation the account of this pearl of beauty, goodness, and wisdom thus roughly flung out of the world. Tennyson describes her by the lips of Sir Ralph Bagenhall:—

"Seventeen! and knew eight languages; in music Peerless; her needle perfect, and her learning Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest, So wife-like humble to the trivial boy Mismatched with her for policy! I have heard She would not take a last farewell of him; She feared it might unman him for his end. She could not be unmanned—no, nor out-woman'd. Seventeen! a rose of grace! Girl never breathed to rival such a rose; Rose never blew that equalled such a bud."

Her strength of will and intellect did not—and here we may lay an emphasis for the sake of those who oppose a so-called masculine education—interfere with her womanly sweetness. Nay, there is no doubt that her training in the wealth of past learning, the discipline of her understanding, helped her to meet misfortune with the dignity and composure born of true culture. Withal she had an earnest faith, so real that she could forego a present interview with her husband in the firm expectation of a meeting within a few hours when the headsman's axe had set their spirits free. And she did not vaunt herself upon a courage above her age and sex; nay, rather she confessed her weakness. These are among her recorded words:—

"I will do it; for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth and not His creature."

Brief was her life; but, although disrowned in outward seeming, she is one of the true Queens of girlhood, whose sway shall not grow less while there are hearts to own the empire of innocence, fortitude, and truth.

TOILET TABLE ELEGANCIES.

By MEDICUS.

IN the GIRL'S OWN PAPER of April 9th, 1881, there appeared an article, entitled "The Toilet Table, and What Should Lie Thereon," in which many useful hints were given on the hygiene of the hair, the skin, and complexion.

The subject is a very important one, and but little apology is needed for recurring to it, which may very easily be done without any danger of treading upon ground already covered.

The present paper is called "Toilet Table Elegancies," for the simple reason that the writer would wish that the best of everything

was used by his readers, and that they really knew when they had genuine articles on their tables.

It does not follow, however, that the most expensive articles, or those most prettily got up, are the best or the most useful either. Indeed, many toilet requisites can be made at home quite as well, if not better, than they can be had in shops.

I have not the slightest wish to interfere with the trade secrets—so-called—of either chemist, perfumer, or hairdresser; but I must take the liberty of saying that, while, for the

most part, the articles disposed of with high sounding names are simple in their composition, many of them are highly dangerous. You pay for a pretty name, you pay for the pretty appearance of the article; it looks well on the table, and it is possible you may have faith in it. Well, faith goes a long way, but it cannot render a poisonous application harmless.

I am going to divide my present paper into heads, so that it may be all the more easily consulted by anyone in need of information.

I. *The Bath and Ablution.*—I give these first place because they include so much that

is necessary to the health and beauty of the person.

Every girl, every young lady, at all events, should have a bath in her bedroom or dressing-room. It is a most inexpensive luxury, and the habit of constantly using it, if once engendered, is hardly likely to be given up for life. The bath is not only a cleanser of the skin and pores contained therein, but it braces the whole nervous system, and renders those who constantly use it fresher as regards animal spirits, and far less liable to colds and to diseases of every kind.

The bath is more, for if the skin of the body be not kept wholesome, pliant, and in good working order, then you may spend hours every day at the glass, you may spend pounds a month on cosmetics, but you can never have a good complexion. I think I remember saying some time before now, that beauty of complexion did not lie in the skin of the face alone, but in the conjunctiva of the eye; if this last be in the least degree muddy or—pardon the word, it is expressive—fishy, then what brooks it how pliant and fair the face may be? Dark skin Arab girls know this full well; they know that nothing on earth could brighten their skins, so they seek for power of fascination in the eye, and that they are successful enough in finding this every one who has seen a beautiful Arab girl can testify.

But does she acquire this liquid beauty by the aid of medicaments alone? The fact is that, until she begins to grow old, she seldom needs or seeks such aid. But—and please take a hint—her habits of life are all most simple. She neither eats meat nor very strong condiments, and she drinks nothing but water, or water sweetened by fragrant syrups. Eternal summer dwells in the land she lives in, so she makes constant and plentiful use of the fruits that grow therein—lemons, oranges, citrons, limes especially. She makes good use of the bath, too; and the consequence of all this is that her digestion is perfect; nervousness or unhappiness is almost unknown to her; she is calm and serene and dignified, and her eye—well, that is a thing of beauty. I am talking, remember, of Arab ladies, many of whom I have had the honour of an introduction to; and I might say all this about many high-caste East Indians also.

Well, now I think you will admit that the bath is a necessity of health, even in the country, but much more so in the city, where dust and smoke and impurities of every kind fill the air constantly. Luckily for the dwellers in towns and cities, soft water is to be had in abundance; and I ought to warn my country friends that to have the morning bath of hard water is injurious to the skin.

A good soap, I need hardly say, is a toilet elegance of no mean order. The constant use of a bad one is dangerous to beauty and purity of complexion. Few girls can afford toilet vinegar for the bath, but every one may have it in the basin. I know nothing more refreshing on a summer's day than bathing face and hands with water that has been cooled and perfumed with a delicious *vinaigre de bouquet*. This may be made by simply infusing the petals of sweetly-smelling flowers in one part of rectified spirits, with two parts of the best white wine vinegar, and straining. Sometimes the addition of benzoin in powder will greatly add to the efficacy of the vinegar as a tincture; or add to half-a-pint of lavender water half an ounce of strong acetic acid.

2. *The Face and Hands*—Neither face nor hands can be pliant as to skin, or white and beautiful, if the digestion be out of order. It is well to begin by saying this. The laws of health are well known, and certainly not difficult to adhere to. Commence by doing so before expecting any very great benefit

from the use of toilet elegancies. Now, I have already mentioned good soap and soft water. Should the water be hot or cold? This is a question which admits of some controversy. My own impression is this: that in washing either face or hands, both hot and cold water should be used—the former first, of course. This is not only done with a view of getting quite rid of all impurities, but because warm, or moderately hot water, acts as a soothing bath to the nerves and the capillary blood-vessels of the face, and laving it afterwards with cold soft water, in which a dash of toilet vinegar has been mixed, closes the mouths of the pores to some extent, and braces the nerves, so that the skin is rendered defiant of wind or weather.

Washing and laving face and hands is one of the principal operations of the toilet, and plenty of time should be taken. A soft towel should be used to dry with. Not a hard one by any means. Hard towels have their uses; they are good for the body after the bath, and sometimes may be required for the face, but if you wish to escape skin-roughness, which is so disfiguring to a young girl, have nothing but a soft towel to dry the face with. This stands to reason, for, after abluition, especially where warm water has been used, the skin is soft and tender, and therefore easily rubbed off. Then, if a hard towel is used, mischief is done. It is as if Nature said to herself, "I have given this girl a fine and beautiful skin, but it seems of no avail as a protection against so rough a towel as she is bent on using. I'll try a thicker."

Nature acts upon a rule that is never departed from—that of supplying a thick coarse skin, in parts that need protection against friction, as the palms of the hands or the soles of the feet. So beware of hard towels for the face and back of the hands.

3. *Cosmetics for the Skin*.—Girls will use these, and I am bound to say they are not all injurious. What I do object to is, my readers paying three to five prices for an article which they could easily make in their own rooms. Here is an elegant prescription for a face and skin wash, to be used after lavation. Ten ounces of elder-flower water, two drams of borax, and half an ounce of any perfume you please—say, eau de Cologne or lavender water.

An infusion of scraped horseradish in milk is often used, and often sold under another name at a high price.

Then there is a *Lait Virginal*, made in various ways. Take two drams (quarter of an ounce) of the simple tincture of benzoin, and add it to ten ounces of any flower water—orange, rose, elder, or melilot; a dram of the salt of tartar may be added.

I have but little faith in the various remedies advertised and sold for the removal of those little sun-spots called freckles, but the following is, at all events, harmless:—Muriate of ammonia one dram, pure water half a pint, eau de Cologne half an ounce. This should be applied three times a day with a morsel of sponge. I may mention here that this same muriate of ammonia, commonly called sal ammoniac, is useful in two other ways, viz., in from ten to thirty grain doses in facial neuralgia (if the first four doses do no good, nor effect a cure, it had better be stopped; if it does effect a cure, it may be continued for a day or two in smaller doses); secondly, as a remedy for warts. The sal ammoniac is simply rubbed over the warts three or four times a day, and they soon disappear.

For sun-browning, the best application is probably the following:—Lemon juice, two ounces; sugar, a small teaspoonful; borax, half a teaspoonful; put in a bottle, and shake till dissolved.

Camphor balls are easily made. They are

used to rub on the hands after washing to prevent roughness and chapping. The simplest formula is this:—Pure lard an ounce and a half, white wax an ounce, powdered camphor a quarter ounce. Melt in a jelly jar in boiling water, and stir.

Lard four ounces, white wax a quarter ounce, alum in powder a teaspoonful, and a little alkanet to colour, make a beautiful and useful lip-salve. If you add to it a few drops of otto of roses, you have indeed an elegant preparation.

For softening the hands the French have a plan which is harmless enough; a pair of white kid gloves—not tight fits—are turned inside out and smeared with the foregoing salve, without the alkanet. They are then returned, and worn thus all night.

Face-whites, &c. I need not say I object to these on principle; I would not even mention them only I am aware they will be used whether I do so or not. Magnesia is harmless; so is French chalk, rice powder, or starch. Bismuth or lead are unsafe.

Scent-bags are made and filled in many ways. Perhaps the easiest way is to take carded cotton and load it with some scented powder, and fill the little sachet with it. Here are two simple formulæ for scented powders:—
1. Powdered starch two ounces, orris powder one ounce, otto of roses four or five drops. Mix well. It may be coloured with a little carmine.
2. Powdered orris-root one ounce, essence of ambergris and essence of bergamot, of each five drops.

4. *Cosmetics for Teeth*.—I must warn my readers against the use of bought tooth-powders, the composition of which they are not familiar with, and which may be harmful by destroying the beautiful enamel which covers the teeth. Decay is sure to follow.

A little powdered charcoal could hardly be called an elegance; but it is very harmless and effective.

I knew a little village maiden once who used to rub her toothbrush up the chimney before commencing operations. Don't smile. It was not elegant, but it is true. A dairyman's little daughter she was. Said village maiden had no other looking-glass except a bucket of water to reflect her charms; but really it was wonderful how rosy her lips and cheeks were, and how sparkling her eyes; and as she went singing to school I do believe the larks bent down to listen.

Equal parts of lime, willow, or areca-nut charcoal and powdered chalk is an excellent tooth-powder. Here is a more effective one still:—An ounce of charcoal, five grains of magnesia, three grains of quinine, rubbed or mixed well and perfumed with a drop of otto of roses.

One ounce of orris-root powder, five of prepared chalk, and a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, perfumed with otto of roses, is a nice, wholesome tooth-powder.

Avoid tooth-pastes; they do not keep over-well, and often the more elegant they are in appearance the worse they are in reality.

5. *Teeth or Mouth Washes*.—When there is sponginess of the gums, or when they bleed easily, depend upon it all cannot be right with the digestion. That must be seen to, but, at the same time, some liquid cosmetic may be used.

I have great faith in tincture of myrrh. Try this for example: tincture of myrrh, four ounces; eau de Cologne, two ounces; water, four ounces; or, steep one ounce of Turkey myrrh in a pint of eau de Cologne for seven days, and filter through blotting paper.

To the last formula a few cloves and a bit of orris-root might be added with advantage. Sometimes decayed teeth make the breath offensive in spite even of a good digestion. Well, the teeth ought to be seen to without delay, but a lotion or mouth wash may be

made by mixing a few drops of the solution of chlorinated soda with a little water. Or water reddened with the *permanganate of potash* or Condy's disinfecting fluid will answer the same purpose, only take care of the latter, it stains so much.

6. *Hair Cosmetics*.—With depilatories I do

not think my readers ought to bother. Many are dangerous; I believe the following is safe, though I have no general experience: A strong solution of the sulphide of barium is made into a paste with powdered starch, this is smeared on, and left on for about three minutes, then scraped off with the back of a knife.

But remember most depilatories injure the skin, and some contain arsenic, so great caution is always needed.

Brilliantine is made as follows: castor oil, one part; eau de Cologne or lavender water, four parts; or, of eau de Cologne, glycerine, and clarified honey, equal parts; spirits of wine four parts.

MY BROTHER'S FRIEND.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUIET HOME.

I ARRIVED at Mrs. Lyell's on the last day of May, having on my way thither stayed for a few days in London, at Miss Carefull's. During that interval I to some extent shook off the inevitable sadness that fell upon me as I closed a chapter in my book of life by saying farewell to my dear old home. I was looking forward with somewhat of interest and curiosity to my sojourn with Mrs. Lyell when I stepped from the train on to the East Weylea platform that afternoon in May.

I knew that the house was close by; but having luggage with me I took the solitary fly that was waiting outside the station. I was driven, it seemed to me, about a hundred yards along the broad, main road to London—the metropolis was not more than six miles distant—ere the driver turned his horse into a narrower, more rural road, and drew up before two high iron gates which, dismounting, he proceeded to throw open. Whilst he did so I had time to take in the appearance of a long, two-storied house built of pale brick, and wearing an expression—tor houses as well as persons have expressions—of neat, staid respectability. There were two wings to the house: that to the left, as I afterwards learned, contained the kitchens and servants' rooms; that to the right, which had false windows, the coach-house and stables. Between the house and the iron gates lay a garden bright with flowers, unlike most gardens in having a pond set in the centre of its circular lawn, round which on either hand swept a broad carriage drive to the house. As I drove by I caught sight of the white and green buds of water-lilies floating on the surface of the pond, and noted the tree—it seemed to me a kind of ash—quaintly clipped to the form of an open umbrella, which stood on the lawn between the pond and the sweep of gravel in front of the house. But ere I could observe more the fly came to a standstill before the square porch, and I saw that the door was open, and an elderly woman attired in black, with white cap and apron, was waiting to receive me. "Miss Carmichael, I suppose," she said, coming forward to assist me to alight. "My mistress is expecting you. If you will walk this way, miss, I will see to your luggage."

So saying, she took my bag and led the way across a square hall into which a broad shallow staircase descended.

Even in those few seconds I received an impression of daintypurity as I crossed the hall with its shining oilcloth, soft rugs, spotless paint, and was conscious of the exquisite country freshness which pervaded the house. Throwing open a door on the left, the servant announced me, and I entered a long, lofty room with a large French window at its further end, overlooking, as I saw at a glance, another garden at the back of the house. But my attention was immediately engaged by a little form which rose from an easy chair and came towards me with outstretched arms. How can I describe Mrs. Lyell as I then saw her? It is not always easy to recall our first impressions of a face we have learned to love—a friend who has become most dear to us; but I will try.

I saw a tiny woman wearing a black stuff gown, relieved by a soft grey shawl and a widow's cap of snowy white. Her face was withered and wrinkled, her hair silvery, the hands which clasped mine so tenderly were shrunken and bony from age. I had not expected to see so aged a woman. Mrs. Lyell was nearly eighty, and eighty seems very old to nineteen. I was wont to shrink from the very old; but Mrs. Lyell's appearance inspired me with neither awe nor repugnance, for the aged, furrowed face was radiant with goodwill, and the faded eyes shone with the light of a pure and loving soul.

"Welcome, dear Dorothy," she said, in her gentle, quavering tones; "you are welcome both for your own and for your parents' sake. Your father has often spoken to me of you, and I am very glad to see you at last."

It was natural to me to restrain emotion in the presence of others. Since my father's death scarce anyone had seen me weep; but now tears rose in my eyes as I stooped to receive Mrs. Lyell's warm kisses, and I had hard work to keep from crying. She saw how I was moved and was silent for a few moments, merely showing her sympathy by stroking my hand which she held in hers.

"How tall you are, my love!" she said, presently. "I had no idea you were such a tall girl."

And indeed I felt very tall and big as I stood before that wee, fragile-looking old lady.

"I am dreadfully tall!" I said, apologetically, "a great deal too tall."

"Never mind, dear, that is a matter beyond our control. The Bible reminds us, does it not, that we cannot add one cubit to our stature? And it makes no difference whether we are short or tall as

long as we try to be good. But here comes Sarah; I daresay you will like her to take you to your room. We shall have tea in half an hour's time."

The servant who had admitted me now appeared. She was a thin, sallow woman, almost as tall as I was, but rather crooked of figure. She must have been many years younger than her mistress, but she looked old to me, for her hair was grey, and there were wrinkles on her forehead, and crow's-feet about her eyes. I caught her black eyes examining me with a hard, narrow gaze, which was not agreeable, and though she was very polite as she attended me upstairs, her voice and manner were not pleasing to me.

The room in which she left me was furnished according to old-fashioned ideas of comfort. There was a huge four-post bedstead hung with snowy dimity, and holding a mountainous feather bed, covered with a heavy knitted counterpane. White textures, too, curtained the window, shrouded the looking-glass, and enveloped in voluminous folds the dressing-table. A large Bible lay on a table at the foot of the bed, and beside the table stood a high-backed, luxuriously cushioned elbow-chair. I smiled as my eyes fell on it. It was the chair for an old lady or an invalid, but hardly one in which I should care to sit often.

On taking possession of a new room I always hasten to the window, for it is a matter of importance to me what sort of outlook my bedroom commands. I did so now, and, drawing back the curtain, looked down upon another garden, even pleasanter than that through which I had approached the house. My eyes rested on a large, well-kept lawn, soft as velvet, green as emerald, in the centre of which stood a fine mulberry tree not yet in full leafage. At each extremity of the lawn on the side fronting the house rose, like a giant sentinel, a tall walnut tree, still brown and irresponsive to the touch of spring, though the other trees in the garden were showing their freshest green. I could see little more of the garden save a deep border of flowers and a laurel hedge behind it, above which rose the trunks and foliage of sundry fruit trees; but the prospect held me long at the window. I dearly loved a garden, and there was more than the garden to be seen, for beyond it stretched a fair expanse of fields and hedgerows, with wooded uplands faintly visible in the distance, through a veil of blue haze.

Suddenly I remembered the punctuality practised in that house, and that I