

both together. See them, indeed! Poor blind, maimed wretch that I am. Let me get it over at once."

His irritation seemed to increase, and she rose.

"I may come again?" she said gently.

"Just as you like," he replied.

Nurse True was in the next room, and she went to her master, while Mrs. Aspenel summoned Janet and Bruce. They had been having some refreshment, and were prepared to go to their father. Even Bruce was struck by the extreme pain of his mother's face, and exclaimed—

"What is the matter, mammy? I am frightened to go."

He went, nevertheless, hand-in-hand

with Janet, leaving Mrs. Aspenel and Edith together. They talked over what had passed since they parted, until Mrs. Aspenel grew calm, and Janet and Bruce returned. Poor Janet was weeping and trembling, and as to Bruce, he was terribly frightened, and said, as he clung to his mother—

"I don't believe it is father at all. I peeped through the curtains and saw nothing but bed clothes, and a head all covered with white. I think it was a ghost."

"He was very kind," sobbed Janet; "and I am ashamed of having been so undutiful and wicked a daughter. What if he had died, and I had never seen him again? Edith is the only one who has not to reproach herself."

It was truly a melancholy home-coming for all, and but for Bruce they would have been most miserable. His irrepressible spirits roused them, and by degrees they accustomed themselves to the inevitable. Mrs. Clarville came, and her presence always brought comfort. Janet asked for Gerard, and, to her surprise, Edith left the room, while Mrs. Aspenel connected her disappearance in some way with what her husband had said. She had not ventured to allude to it to Edith, knowing how sensitive she was. In truth, the poor girl had avoided Gerard since her father's painful revelation, and the distance between them seemed more impassable than ever.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY.

By MEDICUS.

BEAUTY? Yes, beauty.

I could not write upon anything else to-day if I tried. A morning in early spring—May 12th, if I must go into particulars. The sun shining in a clear sky, casting a silver sheen over every leaf, causing even the spiculate foliage of the pine trees to glitter as if they really are what the children call them—needles and pins.

Beauty! I can see nothing else as I look abroad from my cottage verandah. Beauty afar off on the wooded hills, on the greenery of dells and fields, beauty but dimly seen because there is a heat-haze over all the landscape. It is as though Nature had donned her bridal veil to-day: summer is being wedded to spring. Beauty close at hand in the garden. Alas! it is beauty that in some cases must soon fade and die, for already the lovely hyacinths are bending their stems groundward, and the gorgeous tulips bow their heads and seem to faint; but the blue-eyed myosotis, the little ranunculus, the sweet wee scilla, the anemones and pinks and primroses, look up at the sky and laugh in the light. The huge great crimson peonies enjoy it, too, and so do the scarlet wallflowers yonder, that by some mysterious trick of vegetable-pedal-progression, have established themselves on the bent and gnarled trunks of the apple-trees. The apple-blossom itself is not out yet, only just showing crimson fingers among the green of the leaves. But it is coming, and the lilacs, white and pink, are coming too; and so are the starry sweet-scented syringas. The plum-trees and the cherry-trees, however, are one mass of snow-white bloom, bee-haunted; their beauty almost dazzles the eyes that behold it.

High up in the hollows of the swaying poplars the starling has built his nest. His changing coloured coat, with all its bright metallic tints, is shimmering in the sunshine, as he tells his wife in song how lovely the cherry-trees are, and how they will be ripe and red or black when the eggs are hatched, and what beautiful bunches he will fetch her, independent of Medicus, who often cries "Shoo!" but never throws stones.

Beauty! Beauty of bird-song everywhere around me now, from morn till dewy eve, and all throughout the livelong night. All the birds have come back; the swallows and martins from far-off lands have returned,

"They twitter on my lonely roof,

And hail me at the dawn of day;

Each morn the recollected proof

Of Time that fleets so fast away."

The nightingales have been here for weeks, making both day and night musical with their joyous chanting. They positively seem to boil and bubble over with song.

"He crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As if fearful that this brief May night
Will be far too short for him to utter forth
All his love chant, and disburden his soul
Of its music."

And so the night is, else why does he sing all day?

The mavis who sings in our trees all the year round sings more merrily now. The blackbirds flute melodiously. One particular bird, with a particularly yellow-enamelled bill, sings among other words, "beauty—beauty—beauty," but whether he refers to the weather or to his dusky bride who sits sedately, chin in air, on her nest in the yew hedge, I cannot tell. Cock-robin sings latest at night, but the blackbird is up and lilting long before sunrise.

The wild pigeons and the turtle-doves are cooing and murmuring by three o'clock, and at this early hour, if I be awake and look out, I can see the charmingly beautiful mahogany-coloured squirrels gambolling on the lawn.

Beauty! Yes, I daresay an article on rheumatism might be of more practical value. But fancy sitting down to write on "the rheumatiz," as old Sally calls it, on a day like this!

It could not be done. At least, not by me. However, I shall now turn a deaf ear to song of bird and hum of insect life, and give my readers a few hints about personal beauty. I know that in doing so I shall be doing good. They say that a man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, deserves well of his country. If I, by this brief paper, can make the eyes of even one girl brighter, or her complexion clearer, do I not also deserve well of my country?

There is an old, old saying which I dare suppose you have often heard, viz., "beauty is but skin deep." This is simply absurd. Beauty is a fountain that springs clear and lovely from the very heart. Without health there can be no beauty—no lasting beauty.

There is the same difference between true and false beauty that there is between a marble and a wooden monument. You can make the latter very fair and very gay to look upon, by means of paint and varnish, but it may be all soft and unwholesome at the heart nevertheless.

Marble needs no paint or varnish—it is solid, wholesome, and hard to the core.

Now the great and grand mistake that fifty per cent. of the fair sex make, when seeking after beauty and comeliness, is that of beginning in the wrong way. Give them a looking-glass and a newspaper containing half a hundred advertisements of quack nostrums, and they think they are made for life; and as soon as they finger a few of these quack nostrums they immediately set about making up for life. Most of these catch-flat nostrums are most elegantly dispensed. The bottles or jars that contain them may be of crystal, cunningly cut and shaped with crystal be-ribboned stoppers, crimson, blue, or green labels and gift letters, and they have captivating names. There is hardly a flower in the universe, hardly a pretty word or pretty sentiment that has not been black-mailed to find designations for quackeries, whose main object is to put money into the pockets of those who advertise them. These nostrums, too, promise so much and do so little. But this is not all: many of them are decidedly dangerous, and to some have been traced skin diseases, of a character far too loathsome to be even mentioned in an article on Beauty.

Health is the true basis of all female beauty. I have an observing eye, and make good use of it. Well, I declare to you that when I meet young ladies rouged, powdered, and pencilled, I wonder if the world is getting worse. For deceit thus carried about openly can have no good effects on the moral character. Many girls moving in what is called good society, a sadly mixed compound nowadays, are little better than walking frauds, perambulating fibs. I will not put it any stronger, but I can let my imagination whisper to me what some of these "angelic beings" look like in the morning before they are ready to emerge from their rooms.

I would not speak so plain, I would not hit so hard if I had not a remedy to suggest. To those girls, then, who think they are adding to their beauty by the use of cosmetics, I would say, "There would not be any occasion to use such abominations if you would attend to your health."

"My skin is not so clear as it should be," someone says, and she forthwith powders it, adding, perhaps, a tint of carmine to the lips and a little pencilling to the eyebrows; and lo! she is transformed. Yes, but very transparently so. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." But not in this case. This made-up

girl will not be a thing of beauty after she is twenty-one, and younger girls not made-up, but happy and joyous with the true beauty of health, will laugh and call her "an old thing" when she is not within hearing.

"My skin is not so clear to-day as it should be," says another girl. This is a wise lassie. She does not go to the puff-box. She knows that the slight dim or yellow tinge near the nose, and the dark shade under the eyes, or maybe around them, proceeds from an inactive liver.

She prescribes for herself. Oh, it is easily done. She determines to restrict her diet, and for a time to let it consist to a great degree of vegetables. She will avoid rich dishes and sauces, and look upon stimulants in any form as the poison they are. She will rise early, whether sleepy or not; she will take a Turkish bath once a week, or failing that, a hot bath twice in ten days. She will sleep in a well-ventilated room with growing flowers or plants in it; she will take what is now pretty well-known as "The Girl's Own" bath every morning, viz., the quick wash all over with hot water and mildest transparent soap, followed by the delightful and invigorating cold sponge tub, in which a couple of handfuls of sea-salt has been thrown the night before. And she will go in for as much wholesome, happy exercise as she possibly can get.

Result in one week: clear complexion, bright, bonnie eyes, and a lightsome, happy feeling all over, together with calmness and good temper. The teeth are a great feature of female beauty. Given good ones to begin with, the secret is how to preserve them. Well, here is the secret, and it is worth much fine gold to know it. You are aware, I suppose, that the surface of the teeth is covered with fine white enamel. Well, this must be preserved. Now almost without exception all tooth-powders destroy it, because they rub off or eat off the surface; the teeth look whiter for a time, but as the brushing goes on faster than the enamel is formed by nature, it is soon so far destroyed that the yellow of the tooth itself shines through, then—all is lost.

What tooth-powder do I recommend? None at all, if you do as I tell you. Use a soft brush and rain water every morning, and if possible immediately after every meal; at all events as soon after as possible. Those who adopt this plan will live to pray for Medicus.

I have often given simple remedies for or against sun-browning, freckles, etc., the simplest of all and really the best being the application of buttermilk to the skin before going to bed; it should be allowed to dry on. Or oatmeal water will do well, only rain water should be used for the face.

Never expose the face much to the sun during the heat of the day, and never walk until red. Browning of the face is pretty, if it be but the effects of light and sea air. This is called in sailor parlance being weather-beaten. It shows health, for a girl whose blood is not pure and strong will never get weather-beaten.

About dress. No girl can ever have a naturally beautiful complexion who dresses too tightly around the waist. It displaces the most vital organs, and is destructive to the healthful play and action of liver, spleen, and heart.

It may seem a strange thing to say, but it is nevertheless true, that tight-fitting shoes or boots are destructive to beauty of complexion. I could prove this physiologically, but space forbids, and I feel sure my readers will take my word for it.

Avoid colds if you would retain beauty. Avoid indigestion; nothing is more ruinous to beauty.

So is want of sound, refreshing sleep. If you always sleep well at night you will not look old even at forty.

A word about the eyes. Nature did not consult you about the colour, but you can do a deal to retain their strength and beauty. The white should be clear and bluish. It will be muddy and yellowish if you do anything to incur the displeasure of liver or stomach. *Verbum sap.*

I shall probably have more to say on this subject another day. Let me here just remark that the eyes are focussed for distances, and

moved about by a set of the most perfect muscles that exists anywhere in the body, and that these muscles must have plenty of exercise. Therefore the individual who is used to plenty of reading or needlework indoors, and has plenty of exercise out of doors, by which the eyes are trained to gaze at and distinguish far-away objects, will retain the eyesight healthy and strong for a lifetime. Moreover, eyes thus utilised and exercised retain their beauty because they retain their shape.

There can be no true beauty of face if the mind be neglected. The soul must shine through the eye, and be seen reflected in every movement of every muscle of the countenance. A girl without intelligence and a well-balanced mind, however clear her complexion or bright her eye, has no more real beauty than the coloured figures used to show off the dresses in some fashion periodicals, or the dummies we see in the drapers' windows. Read, read, read all you can, if you would be beautiful. Read and think, study nature out of doors, try to love the birds and insects and trees and flowers. Try to look upon them as living sentient beings and things, and they will assuredly lend you a portion of their own beauty.

You must have beauty of voice and felicity and freedom of expression if you would shine as a true beauty. For this reason I counsel reading aloud and singing—not screaming, mind. Feel what you sing; feel the words as well as the music. If you feel you will please those you sing to.

But felicity of expression can only be obtained by studying the writings of our best authors, male and female, and taking notes of their pretty originalities of language. Nor must these notes be left to rust in the notebook. You must learn them, and by-and-by you will come to be a perfect conversationalist.

If I am right, then, in my views, true beauty is somewhat difficult of acquirement, and depends upon the proper balance of mind and body, and upon making the best of both, but all unaffectedly and naturally.

That such beauty may be yours, reader, is the prayer and wish of your mentor, Medicus.

BESSIE'S SACRIFICE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER VII.



ON the following Wednesday the wedding took place, and according to custom Tom went away with his bride on a brief honeymoon.

It was very brief—only three or four days at most. He pleaded his

work, the responsibility of his position; and he brought her home quietly without welcome and without any fuss.

Bessie received them in an agony of anxiety. She had a difficult part to play, her longing to know whether her brother was happy was so keen; but she dared not ask him—Lettice was his wife now; his sister could only watch him and try

to gather information from his looks and the tone of his voice.

The blow that had fallen on Tom Brandreth had changed him greatly. The merry fun had vanished altogether out of his life; he was a grave, steadfast man.

Some few alterations he made in his way of life: no alcohol was seen in the house, he drank nothing but water, and Bessie tacitly accepted it and did the same.

Lettice soon adopted the position she would henceforth fill. She would take no prominent part in the household management; she leant on Bessie; she appealed to her on every occasion; she so completely trusted to her that she found that it was of no use to resist it; she must manage everything as heretofore, and do her sister-in-law's work as well as her own. The consequence was that Bessie was busy from morning till night, and Lettice glided silently from room to room, watching her work with her great wistful eyes, and doing nothing.

By degrees, as Bessie became accustomed to the new life, her fears grew less and less, for she saw no signs of the dreaded evil, and confidence and hope began to dawn again in her breast. If she could have seen any return of light-heartedness in her brother, if she could once more have heard his cheery whistle as he went about his work, she would have been happy; but Bessie did not know, and probably would never know, what he had undergone when love and pride were shattered at a blow.

"The master looks won'erful pale," old Coppin said to her one day. "I'm thinking he's off his feed, and that ain't good for him. Couldn't ye change his victuals a bit, miss? When they're off their feed I tries 'em with tares or carrots. A mash now is a good thing of a night. Why, he do look bad."

"I don't think that there is much the matter," said Bessie. "But the weather is disappointing."

"Aye, that it be. Seems as if we