

label shows whom the drawing is meant to represent.

The *soi-disant* funeral march, the squeaking of the slate pencil, and the gabbling of the reader, went on, and it grew hotter. Suddenly Evelyn broke into revolt.

"I won't learn any more about the silly pet lamb," she cried; "it's a wretched animal!"

She received a bad mark blithely, for she knew she herself by-and-by would lay the mark-book on her father's table, taking care that the page with the bad mark was shut, and the only sheet where good was written wide open. Out of this one good mark she made great capital, showing it up regularly every evening, and the rest of the black record was never discovered to her unsuspecting parent.

Five o'clock—books were put away. Only Tilla stayed a few minutes to wrangle over a translation of hers, which began—"A sinister sneer rose up from the tomb."

"But it does not mean anything," her teacher suggested.

"It is a translation," replied Tilla doggedly.

"But it is nonsense," continued Fräulein, almost weeping.

"I can't help it. I did not write it."

Tilla consented, after much arguing, to change "a sinister sneer" to "a sinister sneerer;" but further than that she would not go.

The preceptress powdered her nose, grown rather pink, remarking, with simple craft, "That, next to washing one's hands, powdering one's nose was the most refreshing thing in the world!"

Schoolroom tea was brought in. Poor Fräulein! She had seen so many schoolroom teas. Oh, the bread-and-butter of one's childhood! How horrid it is in hot weather!

The children gave a faint hurrah when the schoolroom maid brought in a dish of "Sing-

ing Hennies," delicacies made of little lumps of baked pastry sprinkled with currants.

Fräulein sat at one end of the table and dispersed fried chumps—a dish, I believe, never seen anywhere but at schoolroom teas. Tilla sat at the top, and poured out weak tea from a pewter pot. It was rather difficult for everybody to squeeze round the table at the same time, and oh, so hot! Seats were rather few, so Poppy had the music-stool, and Tilla sat on the arm of the big armchair.

Outside, the blue sky was changing to a pale gold, and the air was cooling ever so little. Alice, the eldest daughter of the house, looked in. She was going to her first party that night, and came to show her dress. Radiant and lovely, all the world, she thought, lay before her. No sorrow had crossed her path. Fräulein patted her kindly on her back with her thin old hand, and hoped she would enjoy herself. Yet she sighed a little. She had known nothing but dull drudgery and unhappiness herself. The schoolroom party prepared for their evening walk.

"Good-bye, Fräulein," said Alice; and the bright young creature went away singing an idiotic German rhyme—

*Leben Sie Vohl,  
Kochen Sie Kohl,  
Trinken Sie Bier,  
Bleiben Sie hier.*

"Good-bye,  
Boil cabbage,  
Drink beer,  
Stay here."

Down the long dusty lane nature had decked the hedges as if for the passing of a royal procession. Pink and white wild roses, with bright gold crowns, nodded and waved, spreading out little delicate arms covered with blossoms. Clusters of their flowers and blushing buds clung to the thorn, and entwined long trailing sprays with sweet-scented honeysuckle. Scarlet poppies grew along the bank, staring up with bold, beautiful eyes, and

ripening corn rustled in the fields behind the hedge. Fräulein saw none of these things. She was looking at her boots, wondering if they would last until Christmas, and going over a dreadful compound sum which haunted her day and night; so much squeezed from her salary each year, so much interest from the Savings Bank—would it keep her when she could work no more?

A cart, driven by a man none too sober, came swiftly round the corner.

"Come up here!" called her pupils from the bank.

"Hi, hi!" shouted the man.

"*Ah wie dumm!*" cried Fräulein, very flurried, running undecidedly to one side. "*Was für ein schreckliches Ding!*" she shrieked, running back again, the cart almost upon her. The man jerked his reins, the horse sprang forward, and she lay senseless in the white dust, with both legs broken. She was carried home.

"Have you any relation you would like written to?" the doctor asked her kindly before he left.

Fräulein shook her head.

"I have no relations."

"Any friends?"

"I have no friends," she said faintly; and then called him back as he was leaving. "There is enough money in the bank to pay for my funeral," she whispered eagerly. "I have saved enough."

"Come, come; you will be as well as ever in a little while."

But when the birds began to twitter in the ivy next morning, and the sun rose a splendid ball of fire, it shone in at the window on Fräulein's dead face, a smile on her patient lips, her thin long hands crossed meekly on her breast.

KEITH MACKINNON.



## HEALTH AND COMPLEXION; A ROUNDABOUT TALK.

By "MEDICUS."

A SMILE of intense satisfaction stole over the Yankee doctor's face, and lit it up, as Sol's first rays light up the morning sky.

He was standing by the couch of a little lady just nine summers old, his fore and middle fingers placed gently on her wrist.

"Beautiful!" he murmured to himself. He looked in the child's eyes. "Beautiful!" he said again. He softly touched her brow with the knuckles of his right hand. "Beautiful—beautiful!" he exclaimed for the third time.

"Yes," said the mother, who was standing by; "Alexa was always considered a very pretty child. But is she very, very ill, doctor?"

The Yankee doctor, an uneducated sort of practitioner, raised his brows and looked at her.

"Waal, ma'am," he drawled—for he was a right down-Easter—"neow that ye dror my attention to it, the child is passable enough, or would be in a throng. But I guess 'twarn't the girl I was a-thinking about, but the case, ma'am, the case."

"Oh, what is it, then, doctor?"

"Waal, I reckon it's about the prettiest, most bee-yewtiful case o' measles ever I seed in all my born'd days. Just too lovely for anything."

"You alarm me. But, dear doctor, there is no danger, I hope? You can cure her?"

"What! cure the measles! I guess that ain't in my line. But don't get skeered, ma'am; the child shall live." The doctor drew himself proudly up to his full height. "I'm a specialist, ma'am. Fits is my speciality. Neow, I'm goin' to cure this child by the circumbendibus treatment. Measles isn't in my line. Nary one of them; I can't tackle measles. But I'll prescribe somethin' that'll give your child fits, and at curin' fits, ma'am, I can lick all creation."

Perhaps my fair readers—and the dark ones too—will think I myself am commencing this article on the circumbendibus principle. On the other hand, perhaps I have my reasons. Besides, the nearest way is sometimes the farthest round, or *vice versa*. So I mean to get at the complexion by quite a circumbendi-

bus route, and you shall find it is the best in the end.

If you, Miss Rosie, or you, Beatrice, were simply a beautiful marble statue, like Galatea, say, it would be the easiest thing in the world to prescribe for your complexion whenever it happened to get a trifle tarnished. A little soap and water, or a mixture of pumice stone, chalk, and washing soda, would set you all to rights in a few moments. Or, if you were the figurehead of some splendid ship, then a modicum of paint would meet the requirements of your case; but being flesh and blood, and possessed of a mind also, the case is somewhat different, and we have to go farther abroad for means to remedy an unhealthy complexion.

Well, now, I am going to begin at the lips. I can tell by looking at a girl's lips—that is, unless they have been "made up"—in what state her health is. Of course no doctor would attempt to diagnose from the lips alone; but if he be 'cute, as the Americans say, the lips will, to some extent, aid his diagnosis.



I may tell you, parenthetically, that the mouth is, next to the eyes and nose, the most important feature in the face. If I had the honour to judge at a beauty show, I should give quite a large number of marks to the competitor who was possessed of a beautiful mouth. It ought to be small, and the lips should neither be too full nor too thin. But it is with the condition of the lips, not their shape, I have to do at present. If the lips, then, are constitutionally dry and pale, the complexion cannot be healthful. Dryness of the lips may of course be from mere temporary derangement, such as a trifling cold—if, indeed, a cold ever is trifling—or from the frost, or the pernicious habit of wetting them, or of moving them about too much during the excitement of conversation. This state will disappear with the cause that gave rise to it. Girls, by the way, especially very young girls, cannot be too careful how they use the lips in talking. Do not forget that they are principally composed of muscles, just as a blacksmith's arm is. Pray forgive me for drawing such a comparison, but really I am cruel only that I may be kind. The blacksmith uses his arm constantly, and the muscles get big, and bulge; and I can assure you, Miss Rosie, if you use your lips injudiciously, and keep on working them about when speaking, and sometimes sticking them out in a most undignified way, they will, like Mr. Burn-the-wind's arm, get big, and bulge.

Well, now, girls may be perfectly sure that if the lips be as a rule palish and dry, and especially if they peel easily, and give trouble, their systems are out of order, and their complexions will suffer. If in perfect health, girls should be unconscious of possessing lips—till they look in the glass, which I am told they sometimes do. Whenever the lips begin to assert themselves, and call for attention, depend upon it there is something wrong.

If the gums are pale, fresh air, plenty of exercise, good animal food, and iron in some mild form—such as the carbonate—are called for, and perfect abluion of the whole body daily. Indeed, if some of my readers only knew the many benefits that a healthy skin can bestow, the brightness of mind, the clearness of eye, and purity of complexion, there would be hardly any keeping them out of the water.

Remember, though, that lip-salve will cure, or at least benefit, a case of accidental lip-trouble, such as that caused by frost, or riding against a high wind; but it cannot remedy matters if the cause lies deep in the system.

A very large percentage of cases of sallow complexion is caused by incipient or confirmed indigestion. A person can never look well if the digestion is impaired even to the slightest degree. Moreover, it should be remembered that the muddiness of one's complexion may escape self-criticism, but be very perceptible to others.

"How well you look!" a dear *dear* friend may tell you at a garden-party.

But as soon as your back is turned she will probably remark to another dear friend—

"Poor Rosie! She is looking so old and worn—I quite pity her."

The fact is, girls are not so straightforward as their brothers. If one male friend met another under like circumstances, he would say at once—

"Why, what have you been up to, eh? You look quite fishy! Keep in the shade of the trees if I were you—won't stand inspection by sunlight, old man. Ta, ta!"

Now, just behind the lips are situated the teeth.

You are not prepared to deny that, I dare say; but very few girls indeed are aware how essential to beauty of complexion are good teeth. If you are a bonnie lassie, and have bonnie white teeth, you naturally know they form a pretty background to a sweet smile. Well, this is all very well, and ten to one if you possess nice, regular, sound teeth, you are a sweet-tempered girl, for your digestion is almost sure to be good. But let no one forget that sound teeth have a more important office than smiling to fulfil. They are the principal factors in the process of mastication, and if food be not well broken up in the mouth, and retained therein long enough to become thoroughly mixed with the salivary juices, the stomach will have a very hard time of it indeed, and be quite unable to carry out successfully the duties of the second process of digestion. If it does not, or cannot, what are the consequences? Why, acidity, fermentation, flatulence, irritability of the stomach, irritation of the liver, and little Miss Rosie has a fit of the dumps, and for a time the world seems all upside down; her dress doesn't become her, her boots are awry, and they pinch; her hat doesn't fit her, and the weather is simply horrid. Talk about a hat not fitting you, why, Rosie dear, a halo wouldn't fit you on occasions such as these, and, what is more, it is all your own fault; you courted indigestion by eating too quickly, or eating indigestible things, or eating too much. Well, I won't be rude enough even to hint that you ever eat too much, but you have got indigestion and the "blues." And there is something else I am not going behind your back to tell you—your complexion is what you said the weather was; so there! And you shall go early to bed to-night, miss, and take a pill besides.

But, after all, Rosie's case is not half so bad as many others. It is a *fit* of indigestion she has; her complexion will therefore recover itself in a day or two if she is good. But that form of mild but continuous indigestion from which some suffer, is a far more deadly enemy to good looks than anything I know, because it is not decided enough to call for any very active treatment; and if it continues long, the whole system and mode of life must be overhauled, so to speak, before the eyes can sparkle again, or the skin be pure and transparent.

And what should I prescribe for a case of this kind? Well, I may begin with the teeth, as they led me to speak of it. They must be kept sound and useful. If the back teeth are partially decayed, no half measures are of any use. A dentist must be consulted. Bad teeth not only do not masticate the food sufficiently, but they positively poison it. If you have sound teeth, pray keep them in good order. Brush them with a not too hard tooth-brush *after every meal*. Let this become a habit with you. That simple secret is worth her weight in gold to any girl who desires to maintain a truly fresh and clear complexion. Brush them also *after* you wash the face *before* going to bed.

I do not care much what sort of tooth-powder or tooth-soap or wash you use. The simpler the better, so long as it does not contain pumice-stone. A disinfectant powder is probably best, such as the Sanitas or carbolic preparations. But carbonate of soda or ordinary soap, or charcoal, will serve the purpose; or you may do as the simple Scotch lassie did—rub your toothbrush up the chimney—soot is charcoal, you know.

Well, having adopted measures to maintain the teeth in health, turn your attention to the system generally if you are suffering from indigestion, the symptoms of which, kindly bear in mind, may *not* be stomachic at all. You may be annoyed by many little derangements not referable to that organ, such as languor, fulness in the head, sleepiness, slight headache, want of appetite, weariness in the morning, etc., with of course a more or less apparent muddiness of the complexion.

Don't think you are going to get well in a day. Don't imagine that medicine alone is going to cure you—ten to one you do not want any at all. Don't dabble in advertised syrups—some of these are excellent *for the inside of a rat's hole*. That is where they should go, and if I had *my* will, I'd stuff the makers after them.

Very young girls do not generally suffer from chronic troubles like those I am talking about, so I may tell my older readers that they *cannot* get well unless they conduct their own treatment systematically. All medical men take notes of their cases, and if you are not prepared to do this of yours, you had better not bother yourself at all. If health is worth anything, it is worth the trouble I am going to recommend. It is simple, too. In the morning, before getting up, you must have a good "think." Write down in your private note-book the symptoms that annoy you; then write down the rules of health you propose adopting; for example, brief hygienic notes such as these. 1. Time of getting up. 2. Bath and perfect abluion. 3. Ten minutes' light dumb-bell exercise. 4. Dress leisurely. 5. Five minutes' walk in the open air; longer, if you are stronger. 6. Breakfast. Daily variety. Eating slowly. 7. Daily and abundant exercise out of doors. Exercise to be engrossing. 8. Exercise at same hours daily. 9. Employment of mind as well as body. 10. Avoidance of all excitement. 11. Temperance in *everything*. 12. Attention to teeth. 13. Abluion before going to bed. 14. Perfect ventilation of bedroom. 15. Not too much sleep. 16. Meditation before retiring. 17. No thinking in bed.

Well, these are seventeen hints. Write them down, study them, follow them up for a fortnight, then see if a good many of your symptoms have not fled. But if you have not written these down, you cannot know the improvement that has taken place.

If pale, take iron. If stout, give up starchy foods—butter, fat, and sugar.

No medicine, but plenty of vegetables, and a glass of hot water with a squeeze of lemon in it half an hour before breakfast.

Your friends, at the end of a few weeks of simple common-sense treatment like the above, will note a difference in you, and your glass will tell you, if they don't, how much improved you are. You will feel lighter in mind, too, and the world will appear ever so much more rosy—so will your cheeks.

By my notes here before me, I perceive that in this paper I had intended to give hints about perspiration—at times so troublesome—and blackheads or comedons, and also about a complaint concerning which correspondents often consult me, namely, redness of the nose. Well, I must leave all these for another month. The columns of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER will not stretch, although I have often told our Editor they ought to be made of india-rubber; but he won't see it. He is good-natured, but in some matters very obtuse.

