

But finally he coaxed her into unwilling consent, and when he got his own way he left her with a sick headache and walked off to beat up Clement's quarters. How could any widowed mother be proof against such devotion? And then what a brilliant match for

Bo-peep? Archie stayed to dinner, and was much taken with the grave young barrister Clement and his two younger brothers. Even Lady Merrick must have conceded they were gentlemen.

"Bo-peep, I have seen your mother and

fallen in love with her, and she says you are to marry me." This was Archie's audacious statement the next day. "Will you? Will you, my own darling?" And certainly Bo-peep did not say no.

ROSA NOUCHEITE CAREY.



A HOLIDAY AT HOME.

By "MEDICUS."

ALL good poets are dear to me, but there is a charm about many of the verses of Longfellow that I do not find anywhere else. They seem somehow to suit my idiosyncrasy.

When I have leisure I am fond of a nice book of an evening in a cosy room. If the rain is rattling against the window-panes, and the wind roaring through the trees, it is still more delightful. And so such a poem as Longfellow's "Travels by the Fireside" commends itself to me. Pardon me, girls, if I quote you a verse or two—

"The ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.
It drives me in upon myself,
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.
Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes."

Well, now, there is a certain class, or rather there are certain classes, of work-day lassies who at this sweet season of the year are unable to obtain a holiday by the sea, or away and away to the mountain brow.

It is for such as these that I pen this mid-summer paper.

Readers who have for some years taken in *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* must know that I have written a good deal about seaside holidays and how to make the best of them. I am very much afraid, however, that my advice has not been invariably acted up to, and that in consequence many a fortnight or month spent by the sad sea wave or abroad in Norway or Switzerland has been time spent in the worst way possible.

As far as a holiday spent in foreign countries is concerned, I can't at the present moment call to my mind any single instance in which any real invalid has been benefitted. I do know, however, of many cases where poor sufferers have been sent out to die, or have had barely strength enough left to get home to close their eyes among their own kith and kin.

Travel in many parts of Europe is far too toilsome and tedious for the delicate, let alone the ailing. Abroad

"They see a change, and many a change,
Faces and footsteps and 'll things strange."

Yes, indeed, and strange diet, strange and uncouth customs, strange beds and, far too often, strange bed-fellows.

Then tourists make the grand mistake, when arriving at foreign watering-places, of imagining they are bound to see everything.

As a rule they have not consulted a medical man as to the place best suited to their constitutions. Perhaps, therefore, they find themselves in a relaxing health resort, where they lose all appetite, mope, and render themselves and everyone around them as miserable, as miserable can be. Or in a too exciting climate where they find their mental harps—or nerves—half a note too high, at least. So they go tearing around wildly and aimlessly; they eat and drink promiscuously; they are carried away by their excited feelings, and instead of resting and deriving benefit, if there be any to be got from the sea and sea-breezes, they just go tearing round and round like a yearling bull in fly-time, and so they end in returning home tired, jaded, and dejected, and their last state is worse than the first. It is just the same with girls who run down to the south coast or east coast, or Wales itself. They don't know how to rest, and, therefore, it would have been better had they stayed at home.

And so I beg to assure girls who can't get away for a summer holiday that those who can are, in nine cases out of ten, not to be envied—mostly their own fault.

But now, my gentle readers, the sweet summer time is with us all again. The winds blow soft through the rustling woods, the nightingale has left us, it is true, but many a happy bird in dell and dingle makes echo ring from tree to tree, and in every wood or forest there are wild flowers springing wanton to be pressed.

I want to tell you how to be independent of the summer holiday, but I *do* wish you to run down to the country with a girl-companion or brother, and stay over the Sunday in some quiet place.

Do not on any account go to the seaside. It must be the country, the green, cool country, or I shall have nothing more to say to you.

Thanks to almost perfect railway arrangements, no town or city is now too large to prevent one getting far away from the madding crowd, even in one short hour. But from Monday to Saturday afternoon I must have you live and breathe and have your being according to the dictates of health and hygiene, else, to tell

you plainly, you do not deserve your outing, nor would it be enjoyable; for people should never go on a holiday when too tired and worn out.

Well, now, just listen and see if I don't talk like an oracle to you. I shall suppose that you have come home from the country on Monday morning, only in time for your work or the duties you have to perform, either at the desk or behind the counter.

There will be no time this morning for a cold sponge bath, but do your duty all day without any approach to nervousness or fussiness. Mind you, it is little trifling worries that take it out of you and make you old before your time. These little worries and vexations are the mosquitoes of life, and nothing is more annoying. To be constantly worried about little matters is like sleeping in a bed full of crumbs. This latter is Scotch, and expressive enough if understood. "A bed fu' o' mealochs," they say in the bracing North. Wee Jeannie, for instance, who is your bed-fellow, has insisted on taking a piece of cake to bed with her, and what she doesn't eat she lets fall between the sheets; then, indeed, your night's rest is not to be envied.

Well, your work being done for the day, walk briskly home to your evening meal. I will give you hints about food and eating presently.

After supper go for a long walk and a brisk one. Have a girl-companion with you if possible. Don't excuse yourself, miss, by saying that you have had enough running about all day, and that you are tired. The exercise you think you had all day was not of a pleasant character; it lacked, therefore, one of the chief essentials of health-giving exercise. Besides, your running about, as you call it, was done in the close and stifling air of a workshop or office. No, no, out you go and breathe the free, fresh air of heaven. Indoor air makes pallid, thin cheeks, detracts from the beauty of the eyes, and renders pale both cheeks and gums.

Walking out of doors is one of the best things for the complexion that I know, because it clears the pores of the skin and renders pure the blood itself.

Well, on this particular Monday, having had your walk, come in and read. The reading must not be of an exciting character; nothing that will make you start thinking after you lie down or dream after you fall asleep.

Before going to bed on this Monday night,

as you had no cold morning tub, take a warm sponge bath. And if, while the skin is still hot—in fact, before you come out of the bath—you pour over you two or three spongefuls of cold water from a basin alongside; it will thoroughly brace your nerves, and you will sleep all the sounder.

So passes the Monday, and if you have gone to bed by half-past nine you will feel next morning as if you really had slept.

There are many girls—work-a-day lassies—whom I pity very much, because they are always a-weary. They lack energy. The back aches, they are pale and placid, they go to bed tired, toss about more than they imagine, and wake as weary as when they lay down. If these were to adopt the *regime* I am now laying down, and, moreover, take one of the tabloids called Bland's Ferruginous with alvin, they would be different girls in six weeks' time. A tabloid thrice daily after food.

But this is Tuesday morning. Well, I am not going to deny that there are some girls who have so little reaction that the cold morning tub might not agree with them. But with ninety per cent. of girls it does agree. The others can take a dash of hot water in it. The bath will not be so bracing, but it is better than none at all. The dash of hot water may be reduced every day till the bath can be taken quite cold all summer and all winter also. Don't expect a glow after it, however, for a regular bather has no such glow, but any day he or she would rather want breakfast than the life-giving tub.

Some medical men run it down. They are very much in the minority, and, depend upon it, they themselves don't touch water once a year.

The bath will be doubly refreshing if you have time to wash the whole body lightly over first with hot water and good soap. This should not take a minute. Lave the brow well with cold water before you step in, and do not stay more than a minute or two in the bath, just long enough to sponge—with a big sponge—the whole body well. Then towel

hard. The towelling itself is as good exercise as a spell at the dumb-bells.

Now, Edith, Ida, Annie, or whatever your pretty name is, don't tell me that you haven't time to take a sponge bath every morning. Put the water in the evening before, and seven minutes is ample time to complete washing, bathing, towelling, and all. So don't you talk to me about want of time. Why, you spend more minutes than that nodding and smiling at yourself in the glass before you sally forth. Oh, I know all about it!

But, parenthetically, here is a hint worth having. Many girls are in lodgings and don't want to be a bother or demand too much waiting on. Let working lassies, therefore, save a little money to purchase a nice little oil-stove and fairy kettle, with a coffee-mug—handier than a cup and saucer. The whole outfit won't cost four shillings. And it makes you so independent. You can boil water and make tea when you choose, but coffee is better. When away in the wilds in my caravan, "The Wanderer," I and my secretary drink coffee three or four times a day and tea only in the afternoon. Use two teaspoonfuls, not one, as the directions on the bottle tell you. This is only a trade dodge to make you believe the essence is very economical. In the caravan and in the camp we use the best preserved milk, because it does for milk and sugar both.

Breakfast follows the bath, and the bath aids the appetite.

Cleanliness is next to godliness. Well, out in India I have seen some very dirty saints and so-called prophets, but I don't think anyone can be a real good man or woman who neglects ablution.

After breakfast—if you have not eaten too hurriedly or too anxiously, and have not eaten too much—you will feel in good form and cheery all day.

It will be far better for you, however, and far cheaper also, if you take your forenoon snack with you in a little basket. Do not eat too much meat, but always have a flask of nice milk. Every shop-girl or lady-clerk should

have a neatly arranged luncheon-basket, for the snacks one purchases in coffee-houses or tea-rooms are sometimes vile and often poisonous. As to soups and slops, avoid them. They are as often as not made from the bones and scraps left on the plates of the British public. Don't drink tea in the middle of the day. Some eating-chocolate may be partaken of between meals and a glass of cold water. This is wonderfully wholesome and refreshing.

Well, let all the other days of the week be much the same as your Tuesday, from morn till dewy eve. But changes in diet are essential.

The cheapest and most wholesome breakfast-dish is a handful or two of the best pea-meal, with a teaspoonful of salt, boiling (hard) water poured over, and just made like starch. It should be thick but well stirred. Place a large piece of butter in the centre, and flank this kingly dish with half a pint of beautiful milk, or more if you can take it. Don't drink or eat anything after this. It is a complete breakfast in itself, and, moreover, it is an excellent thing for the blood and complexion. Also its very cheapness enables you to save up for the Saturday till Monday holiday.

Eat all the ripe fruit you can afford and as little meat of any kind as possible.

As little medicine, too. Be careful to avoid any syrup, or pills you notice advertised and puffed in weekly papers. Some are cruelly deceitful. I am sorry to say that some so-called Christian journals admit advertisements of these stuffs into their columns. Tens of thousands of people in these islands are injured or killed by such patent medicines every year, and thousands on thousands of poor infants are killed by opiated "soothing powders." So pray be warned.

I have little more to tell you, but if you only take the advice I give, and act up to it bravely, at the end of even one month you will be better and stronger far than the other lassie who has been down at the seaside for the same length of time. Yes, and happier too.

OUR GIRLS IN SWITZERLAND.

By JOSEPHA CRANE.



ANY a girl who reads of the beauty of Switzerland and sees views of that glorious country wishes with all her heart that it were in her power to visit it personally. Very often she could go if she only exerted herself to discover ways and means, the cost, taking it all

round, being perhaps not so very much greater than that to which her annual English holiday comes. It is worth making an effort to go, as the pleasure of travelling of the kind is by no means over when the traveller is at home again. New impressions have been made, and the mind if possessed by an observant lover of nature, is stored with a gallery of lovely pictures which the memory can recall at will, and which serve to colour many dreary days.

The question of route is not one I purpose to enter into. Any tourist agency will supply

a book of routes or give information when demanded regarding the different ways of reaching Switzerland, circular tours, etc., and the expense of boat and railway fares, etc.

Suffice to say that in journeying out it is a good plan to take second-class through tickets and procure a ticket which enables you to go first on the steamer. This is always desirable on channel steamers, though on Swiss lake steamers second is quite as good as first, and in some respects preferable, as you escape the smoke from the funnel and get finer views.

For short journeys in Switzerland you can quite well go third if economy is an object.

If several are travelling together—two or four are the most convenient numbers—then you can often charter a carriage in Switzerland to carry you all and a small amount of luggage at not much greater cost than your train fares would come to.

The latest edition of Baedeker's guide to Switzerland should be taken with you. It costs eight shillings, but is well worth the money, and to be without a good guide-book is to run the chance of very great inconvenience, waste of time and discomfort. This done you

have next to decide the important question of luggage.

If you are wise you will take as little as you can. This is advisable, whether your purse be long or short, for much luggage is extremely inconvenient and often causes you endless delay and trouble. In some Alpine resorts everything has to be carried to your destination, consequently large and heavy trunks can only arrive there at the cost of great trouble, not to say expense. In some instances men have been injured most seriously by carrying great weights to these high regions, therefore it is for every reason desirable to do with as little as you can.

Unless you are going to very grand hotels you do not want a variety of elaborate costumes, and unless you travel with a maid, who by the way is a great *impedimenta* in other respects, you will find packing and unpacking your finery very troublesome and not by any means improving to its appearance. On the other hand there are girls who have by study of the question reduced the amount they take with them for several weeks' tour to the very smallest amount. In some rare, very rare cases it answers, but with the generality this plan is