

scraps of talk floated on the frosty air, though Deborah's strong fingers had fairly ached with the desire to throw the basket, butter and all, at the speaker over the hedge.

But Phoebe clung to her sister till the footsteps had died away, and then she sobbed out—

"Oh, Deb, what shall I do? He couldn't be false like that."

"You heard for yourself," said Deb, steadily resolving that there should be no further make-believe in the matter. "He is bad and base, dear, using your name in jest like that. Oh, I could beat him, and I believe I shall if he dares to speak to you again. Put him out of your thoughts at once and for ever, Phoebe dear. You have only been caring for a miserable sham, and the real man has been shown you to-night."

But Phoebe was so despairing in her grief and disappointment, it was hard work to get her home and to bed without arousing the curiosity of the others.

"Oh, if only father were here," she cried pitifully. "Since he went, everything seems to slip away."

"If he were here, darling, he would tell you where to take the trouble," said Deb softly. "God's love is all yours still, and He is longing for your love to-night."

"But I have forgotten Him so; indeed I have forgotten everything lately but Ned. He made me care for him, and now—now there is nothing left to live for."

"Oh, but there is," said Deborah cheerily; "there is mother and home and work. Next to prayer, that is the best cure of all. You will be glad soon, Phoebe dear." And with a loving kiss Deb went away to pray for her sister, and to thank God the disenchantment had come in time. A day or two afterwards Phoebe put on her outdoor things, and, looking very pale but with a new purpose shining in her face, went out, only pausing to tell her mother that she would be back in an hour or two.

And at dinner she electrified them by announcing that she had obtained the junior music teacher's post at Hedley Hall and that Jo could stay at school another year.

"And I am to have fifteen pounds a year besides, to begin with," she added triumphantly.

Afterwards when they were alone she said to Deb—

"I met him as I was coming back and managed to make him understand that we could not even be friends for the future. He tried hard to find the reason why, but I did not tell him. I think I hated him outright, and I know I hated myself. But I am going to work now, Deb, and you must help me." What Deborah's answer was need not be told, but she had no further anxiety about Phoebe.

One day just before Christmas, Jack brought home the tidings of Ned Houghton's disappearance together with one thousand pounds in notes that were in the safe the night before.

"But the numbers are known," the lad went on excitedly, "and the police have found that he cashed one at Kensham Junction last night, and went off by the mail, leaving his bicycle behind, and they say he'll soon be brought back."

Jack did not look at Phoebe during this recital, but he need not have feared for her.

"I'm glad, Deb," she whispered energetically, afterwards, "that I saw his true self before this happened. Of course I am very sorry he has fallen so, and especially sorry for the poor doctor and Nellie, though she has never given a sign of friendship since I went to Hedley Hall. Oh, this will be hard for her, she was so proud of Ned and believed in him so thoroughly."

"For her sake we will hope they will not bring him to justice," said Deb softly, as she went back to her customers with one more throb of thanksgiving in her heart for her sister's escape.

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE BEAUTY OF HEALTH: A PAPER IN PARS.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., C.M., R.N. ("MEDICUS").

### "WRINKLES" ABOUT WRINKLES.



I KNOW that it is slang to talk about giving a person a wrinkle on any particular subject when you mean a hint. But really slang is rather expressive than otherwise, and it is heard nowadays not only among good people in America, but in Britain also. Like everything else, our language is undergoing a change, whether for better or for worse I cannot pause to consider.

Well, now this is going to be a paper in pars or paragraphs. And I want one extra sugar-plum for doing it. When a journalist has only just one subject to consider and to extend into a useful article, his

task is comparatively easy if he is well up in it. But pars are different "pidgins," as a Chinaman would say. Every one of them has to be thought out beforehand and notes taken on the spot, wherever the author is, in bed, or when dressing, or when dining.

Now about wrinkles? Yes, I'm coming to these. Well,

it pains me very often to note that most girls live too much for to-day, never taking a single thought for the to-morrow that is bound to come, say, ten years hence. You are beautiful at present, but why not live now so that you may be beautiful in the future?

"Is this possible?" you may ask. "Quite," I reply, "and I want to tell you how."

The first signs a young lady sees in her face to warn her that she is getting on in years, though probably still in her twenties, are slight wrinkles radiating outwards from the eyes. At this time of life they may be mere indications. But the thin end of the wedge is in, and time may drive it home.

#### THE CAUSES OF WRINKLES.

These are numerous enough. A long illness may cause even a girl's face to become wrinkled, and these wrinkles may never go away again. Care and worry wrinkle the brow. Much thought and study do so also. These latter would have no effect if the student, when puzzled, did not pucker her face. Certain games, such as lawn tennis, if played in bright sunshine, and day after day, tend to produce wrinkles. But the main cause after all is laughing. If girls never laughed they would never wrinkle. But who cares for a girl who can't laugh? Giggling is abominable, but merry laughter in moderation is like the moonlight, it beautifies and etherealises all it falls upon.

#### WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Well, the cure I am going to propose, though it may not do much good in old standing cases, will certainly prevent their coming. Let me say first and foremost, however, that many quack applications for the cure of wrinkles are advertised and sold plentifully enough. They are of no

more use than rubbing the wrinkles with a marriage-ring would be. Better you should keep your pence for the poor-box than waste it thus. But to prevent wrinkles, the greatest care must be taken with the face. Use only the very best of soap, the mildest it must be, and free from an over-abundance of alkali. Use hot water if somewhat stout, water only warm if thin, and follow either by cold sponging. Never use hard water; rain water is worth its weight in gold, so far as beauty is concerned. Do not rub hard. The face was never meant to be scoured like a pot-lid. Wash the face or lave it after every meal, and whenever you come in from riding, playing or walking. The same before you go to bed.

But now comes the pull. The face is somewhat tired by the exertions of the day; you have been talking a deal, and you have been laughing. You want now to get rid of the evil effects of this, and the only plan is to massage the face. This should not be neglected one single night. It is easily done, and the time occupied should be about five minutes. You pinch, and roll, and rub with both hands every portion of the face, especially round the eyes, the mouth, and across the brow.

#### GOOD SLEEP.

You cannot possibly retain beauty and avoid having wrinkles if you do not obtain good rest at night. The face becomes drawn and the skin dry if you have tossed about on a dream-haunted mattress and pillow. When one is sleepless one is apt to blame the bed itself, and the bolster also comes in for a fair share of abuse, to say nothing about poor slavey—your lady of all work—who has failed to arrange things to please you. But pray bear in mind that one-half of our troubles and worries in this beautiful world, lie in ourselves; they are hatched and reared in our own brains. There are two things that girls should especially avoid before going to bed, if they would not open the door for wrinkles to come in: one is eating too much or eating indigestible food, the other is excitement. Retire early enough to undress leisurely, and don't think of anything while doing so. Never mind the day that has gone, don't trouble the least little wee bit about to-morrow. Don't think about what Mr. A. said, nor about how Miss B. looked. Open your bedroom window. Then sit down and read a little, not novels, but some calmativ book. When you lie down, see that you have no more bed-clothing than is sufficient to keep you warm. Heavy blankets keep one awake, or cause unpleasant weight and heat and very unpleasant dreams. To think now were ruinous. Better far repeat to yourself any soothing hymns or poems which you happen to know. I have advised patients of mine to get such by heart, for this very purpose and with excellent results.

#### BEAUTY AND FATIGUE.

Beauty is impossible if the body is subject to much fatigue. Tiredness is very destructive to nerve and muscular tissue. If the brain and other parts of the nervous system are worn out, the muscles very soon become flabby for want of a proper supply of good blood. Some scientists believe that fatigue is accountable for the birth of a microbe or bacillus which is inimical to human life. We see the results of it, at all events, in the pale pinched features, the dry drawn skin, the weary large-pupilled eye, and listless manner of her who has undergone too much fatigue accompanied by want of refreshing sleep.

Exercise and recreation should never verge on the boundary line of fatigue.

#### CLARET AND OTHER CUPS.

I am very sorry to say that the habit of tasting such cups is becoming more and more prevalent among ladies. No woman under thirty can escape injury to herself, to her health and complexion, if she is weak enough to be prevailed upon by male companions—who, mind you, may be acting with the best intentions—to drink at matches, meetings, or picnics, anything stronger than tea or lemonade. Iced coffee or tea, if sipped, is a safe remedy for fatigue. But I would like you to remember that fatigue weakens the will, and often, when you know—because something seems to

tell you—that it would be better to finish a walk, a ride or a game at once and rest, you find that you have not the moral power to do so, especially if anyone asks you to stay on.

In concluding this paragraph, I may say that I am far from the belief that ladies in this country are becoming as a rule inebriates. But I do assert that in the taking of stimulants they are beginning to follow the practice of men when out of doors, and considering the amount of cups consumed on the house-boats at Henley this year a foreigner might be excused for believing we are, male and female, a nation of tipplers. And, moreover, these very cups not only do not cool the system, but add to the thirst and are the cause of much headache and a good deal of hysteria next day and for days to come.

#### THE BATH AND BEAUTY.

I can assure you that there is no beauty without the bath. Instead of taking the slightest amount of stimulant when riding or playing out of doors, if you can avoid fatigue and get home a good hour before dinner, you will have time to quite recover yourself by the time the first gong goes.

First rest for five minutes or longer, then massage the face. Have the cold sponge bath ready, and, pouring a jug of hot water into the basin, wash the whole body with soap and a sponge. Then, heated as you are, get into the bath and thoroughly cool down.

Dress leisurely, and rest and read for a time on the sofa or preferably in a hammock in the garden. A cup of coffee would be delicious after that. Try this just once, if you please, and you will thank me for suggesting the plan.

#### CONDITION OF FACE.

Except in laughing—which produces wrinkles—or in eating, the face gets no exercise at all. Sometimes it is too rotund, and, pardon plain language, too fat. If so, the eyes appear smaller than beauty dictates, and that portion just under becomes rather baggy. The cure lies in reducing the diet, and taking mild saline aperients, such as Apenta water, before breakfast every third day, and plenty of exercise. But no sugar, and no starchy foods, puddings nor pastry are to be partaken of. Massage will take the place of exercise, and prevent wrinkles.

The face, however, that has a slight inclination to *embonpoint* does not wrinkle easily until its owner is brought low by illness, then the fat is absorbed and the lady ages in a month or less.

The thin face is even more difficult to deal with, as far as the prevention of wrinkles is concerned. Here we want not only fat beneath the skin, but an extra supply of muscle as well. The two combined will give beauty and rotundity, and wrinkles will be avoided.

The massage in this case must be performed with great regularity. I am holding out to you girls the promise of extra beauty, and if you do not do as I tell you with great punctuality and regularity, it is not my fault. Well, massage before you get up in the morning, and one hour and a half after each meal. That is the time when the blood is purest and most abundant, and the massage will draw a supply thereof to the facial muscles, and thus increase their health and strength. Delightful results may be obtained in even one month's time.

The food for thin-faced people must be more starchy. Meat in due proportion, and plenty of fruit if ripe. But acid fruits are best avoided, and anything in the least degree sour. The tomato may be eaten with almost every meal.

#### FEEDING THE FACE.

Though I would not promise success for the following treatment, still I have seen such excellent results *apparently* from it, that I think thin-visaged people might do worse than give it a trial. You must get about four ounces of the best and purest cod liver oil, have it perfumed with bergamot and other oils—the chemist will know—and rub a portion of this into the skin of the face every night before turning in. The skin will absorb a portion of it, and nothing but benefit can accrue. Don't wipe it off.

## BRIGHT EYES AND RED LIPS.

I want all my many thousand "G. O. P" girls to have bright eyes *versus* muddy, and red moist lips *versus* dry and pale. If they have not these, or if they require carmine and a touch of kohl round the eyelids, then I do in my heart feel sad about them.

Just have a look in the glass in the morning, and see for yourself if the white of the eyes is pearly or clear, and if the lips are rosy. If not, you are really in bad form, and must be taken in hand. As likely as not that morsel of a liver of yours is asserting itself. I would recommend a course of rhubarb and calomel pills, with a saline aperient every second morning.

## INJURY TO THE EYES CAUSED BY APPLICATIONS.

Belladonna, or some preparation thereof, is sometimes put

into the eye or rubbed in near it, for the sake of making the orb more lustrous. What it does is this: it enlarges the pupil by paralysing the coloured curtain called the iris. This is nature's own plan for regulating the amount of light necessary for the health of the eye, and for forming a perfect picture on the retina. You will observe that in a bright light the pupil is much contracted, and in semi-darkness very much enlarged. The iris with its pupil is to the eye what the diaphragm is to a photographic camera. If you paralyse your iris, you stand a great chance of losing your eyesight entirely from amaurosis or nervous blindness.

Be warned in time, and retain your natural beauty. Don't think so much about appearances, and you will be calmer, happier, and people will all love you infinitely more.



## A SCOTS THISTLE.

BY LESLIE KEITH, Author of "Lisbeth," "Cynthia's Brother," etc.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE weeks fled away till they brought the one on which Mr. Bethune set out on his long journey.

It came all too soon for Beth, though she was fretted by her step-mother's fussing preparations and hourly lamentations. The traveller laughed at the preparations and rejected half the foolish offerings his wife made him; but perhaps he paid more respect to the lamentations delivered in a soft plaintive voice, for at least his final good-bye was for her. He had very decidedly said "No" to the suggestion that the ladies should go with him to the station.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I've never had anybody to see me off, and I shouldn't know how to behave. And you wouldn't even see the Prince, my dear. We humble people don't travel in the Royal train."

"I'm sure I don't see why not. But at any rate nothing can alter the fact that you are one of the Prince's party."

"Nothing. You'll have that soothing consolation to make up for my absence."

He left after a hurried breakfast to catch an early train for Southampton. Jane shook hands at the upper landing. Jane's handshake was rather like a man's, and her glance was grave and direct.

"I leave you to look after them, Jane," he said with light friendliness—"your mother and Betty. You are the man of the family now."

"And am I not to be considered?" pouted Claire, looking up from her station half-way down the staircase.

"Oh, you'll be looked after," he smiled.

"Good hunting!" She put up her cheek coquettishly for his kiss. "Don't forget to bring us back lots of spoils, padre."

Mrs. Bethune was in the hall, where she was giving little pats to the traveller's portmanteau and rugs with her slender hands under the vain delusion, perhaps, that she was helping. He took those pretty hands with the shining rings into his own, and then he seemed to forget everything and everybody else, even Beth, who was in the hall too, hoping for a last special good-bye. But all the words, the endearments, the final injunctions were for the wife, not the little daughter.

Beth shrank behind the glass door, too proud to reveal her presence, too hurt to make any demonstration of feeling. It was only when she realised that her father was really gone, that, regardless of her step-mother's shocked remonstrance, she flew out on the doorstep, calling in a heart-broken way, "Father! Father!" But the brougham was already whisking itself round the corner, and all Beth got for her share was a glimpse of an upright figure looking straight ahead as if into the new life, the old forgotten.

She came slowly back into the house, her heart too full of bitterness to be heedful of her step-mother's—

"So unladylike! Just like a servant at an area gate!"

It was little help to remember that last night he had come up to her room, his first visit to the apple-blossom room, and had talked to her in the dark, with only the winking night-light to reveal him sitting on the edge of the bed, his shirt-studs making glowing sparks like stars, his voice rising and falling soft and pleasant. That quarter of an hour had filled her with comfort