

After I had accomplished my mission, I took my way to the shore, as I thought I might perhaps be of use. Mr. Carmichael joined me just as I reached the rough landing-place where they were bringing in survivors of the ill-fated vessel. As we neared the little group the light from one of the sailors' lanterns fell on the face of a young girl who was being helped up the beach towards the cottages, and I couldn't help uttering an exclamation of surprise. Surely my eyes deceived me; yet the face I looked into was so like Margery Carmichael that I pinched myself to see if I were dreaming. Then the young girl spoke, and I knew that I had only been partially deceived; the tones of the voice could belong to none other than Margery's daughter. Then where was she—the wife of the man who had just gone down to help carry one who to all appearance would never walk again? She had been stunned by some of the wreckage falling on her; and her eyes were closed, but I could have sworn to the face anywhere, and another had already made the same discovery. Yet Adrian Carmichael spoke to the men without a tremor in his voice, and a moment or two later he came up to me.

"They are taking her to the rectory," he said calmly, with a light in his eyes which comes to some men but once in a lifetime, to others never at all. "If you could ask the doctor to call there as soon as possible, I should be much obliged to you." Then he turned and followed the men home.

The next day I learnt all there was to learn of the flight

and return of Margery Carmichael. Her father had forged a cheque, and his only way of escape lay in flight. Remembering his daughter, he selfishly determined to get what help he could from her ere he started. It was only when he found himself in her presence that he realised if only he could persuade her to accompany him from a sense of duty he would be much more likely to escape unnoticed. I can understand how he succeeded, seeing he came at such an opportune moment when Margery was beginning to realise how very much outside her husband's life she was. They had fled to America, and six months afterwards Margery's daughter was born. And when she was seventeen, her grandfather died, and Mrs. Carmichael set out for England, having a longing to see her old country once more. It was just by chance that the vessel had been wrecked on the shore of her husband's parish, one of those chances some call fate, others Providence. She did not live out the night, but another Margery, just as fair and bright, makes the sunshine of Adrian's home, and tries to make him forget the years when he was lonely and never knew he had a daughter somewhere in the world.

"We have wasted so much time, daddy," I heard her say yesterday when they passed down the village street in front of me, "we must make the most of each other now." And it crossed my mind that here was a totally different Margery Carmichael, and one that would never suffer herself to be neglected for all the books that men have ever written in this dull old world of ours.



MIND THE MEASURE OF TRUE BEAUTY.

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

SALLY BUNNY: HER OPINIONS.

Sally Bunny was a little old lady—alas! that I should have to say *'was,'* but Sally *'is'* not. She left my little village some years ago, left the village in tears. Stay though, that is somewhat ambiguous, because it was the village that was in tears, figuratively speaking, for Sally was snug enough in her bit of a coffin. Well, I was going to say that she was a little old lady, who waddled about the village and did a day's work for anybody. She could weed the flower beds and she could char, and I rather think she could knit a pair of stockings, but there I think her accomplishments ended. Sally was in the sere and yellow leaf when I first knew her. Her morsel of a face was as puckered and wrinkled as a Malaga raisin, but she had two bright black beads of eyes in it, which gave her the look of a witch. She wasn't a witch though. You can be wise without being a witch, you know.

As long as Sally kept waddling about the village and outskirts, she was somewhat of a gossip, and so everybody liked to talk with her. She was the Village Express, fourth edition, extra and special. I'm not going to say that Sally didn't expand a little sometimes, but don't all evening newspapers do the same? And even tradespeople and farmers' daughters as well? Why, you would

hardly credit it, but I have known even fishermen who could tell fibs.

Sally found herself "a kind o' failin,' sir," as she termed it at long last. "My back do be a-achin' so," she told someone for whom she did weeding, "wenever I stoops, my good gentleman, I can't 'ardly straight mysen up again."

A family gave Sally a small weekly allowance, and she didn't have to stoop so incessantly after that. Eventually the allowance failed, and Sally got a room in our picturesque old almshouse, and her delight was to stand at the arched entrance thereto and exchange ideas with the passers-by, always greeting the gentle-folks with a graceful bob of a curtsy.

When I went whirling past on wheels, I used to shout "Good morning, Sally," before I was within thirty yards of her. It took her breath away, and if I looked back when forty yards away, I found she had not had time to straighten again from the old-fashioned curtsy.

Sally was an observer and an ardent student of human nature, and I often had a talk with her at the almshouse archway.

"Ever married, Sally?"

"Oh, yes, sir, fifty years ago last Friday as ever was, though you mightn't think I was so old, my good gentleman!"

I did think it, but didn't say so. And Sally sighed.

"Married life was not over-happy, perhaps?"

"Well, you see, sir, it wasn't an 'appy one, and it weren't a long one either, for just the day arter, sir, my man fancied a biled sheep's 'ead for dinner, and la, sakes, I wasn't much of a cook, so I biles it, 'air and all, and had it all nice-like ready for him. And would you believe it, sir, he just looks at that beautiful sheep's 'ead and then he looks at me.

"There be two on 'em,' he says and walks straight out of the 'ouse, and I niver see'd 'im since, sir."

"Perhaps you are better without him, Sally."

"Ah, but, sir, he went to Californy, and I does 'ope 'e'll come back some day and bring 'is fortun' wi' 'im, cause I do 'ear that out there the streets is all paved wi' gold. We should always 'ope for the best, sir!"

That was Sally's romance. We all have one. Sally had more time to think and dream now and watch at the door for the lost love who would never return, all owing to her ignorance of the culinary art.

"Them's the Nicholsons, sir," she said to me one forenoon as a gentleman and his three pretty, smiling girls passed onwards to the station. "Mr. Nicholson hisself, sir, and 'is three darters. Ah, girls now isn't what they were in my younger days. Just look at 'em, sir, a-laughin' in 'is face and makin' 'im laugh, and a-pullin' at 'is sleeve that familiar-like. La, sakes, I dursn't 'a done that wi' my good father. But girls is changin'. An' they's not so well-mannered. They never stops to make a curtsey to the pa'son, but just bobs their bits o' 'eads and goes on. Mebbe they expects the pa'son to make a curtsey to them. An' look ye 'ow they dresses, sir. Look at them, sir, from top to toe. There's mebbe a grey 'air 'ere and there in my 'ead now, sir"—Sally's hair was white as the snows on Ben Rinnes—"but when I was their age I didn't 'ave no mop like that a-hangin' over my left heye so as I couldn't wink, but pretty curls, sir, all a-down my back, and I didn't laugh just to show my teeth either. And look at their middles (waists), sir. D'ye think my middle was ever like that?"

I felt constrained to say I believed it never could have been.

"But I wasn't shaped like a bottle either, my good gentleman," she went on, "but there's middles and middles. And middles like them is plaguy bad for the innards, sir."

I agreed with Sally.

"And there's dresses for ye, all a-trailing on the ground and a-pickin' up the mikey robes, as doctors calls 'em. Do I dress like that?"

A shy glance downwards convinced me that she didn't.

"Clap yer eye on your shoes, sir. Is my heels like wooden legs—ankle-twisters I calls 'em? Is my toes p'inted like stockin' wires? Is my foot all o' one piece? Now," she added, "look at this young lady's feet wot's a-comin' down the street with a baby in a pram."

"Dear me, Sally!" I cried, "I wouldn't think of such a thing!"

"And a baby in a pram! W'y, sir, in my young days babies wasn't dolls. Babies was carried in shawls, and w'en the nurse's harms ached she'd lay them down on the grass to kick and to sprawl in the sunshine, nat'ral-like. Wasn't that 'ealthy and wholesome, sir?"

"Certainly, Sally. Babies nowadays are just little hot-house plants, and half of them will never see seventeen. Good morning, Sally."

More about Sally another day, reader.

BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXIONS.

Sally's complexion was not like roses and lilies, but it might have been æons ago, for no doubt she had courted

the sunshine and the fresh air, else she wouldn't have lived till ninety-five.

Now if any of you girls expect to get anything from me except common sense and the solid truth, you'll be disappointed.

I am not going to lead you to a window in Bond Street to witness its beauty and all the alluringly pretty preparations therein displayed, warranted to give old girls perpetual youth, and make the young look like sylphs of the air or mermaids afloat on a summer sea. There is nothing in that window but frauds, and nothing in the head of the girl who believes in them but foolishness.

Oh, you don't like the truth? Well, you may have to fare as the little girl fared who turned up her nose at her dinner.

1. I may tell you that you never can be bonnie or have a perfect complexion unless you are in good health.

2. That you can never have much real attraction in the eyes of any but a mere man, unless your mind is cultivated or you are able to talk quietly and interestingly on other subjects than the gossip of the day, your last game of ping-pong, dress, and society. The mere man is not worth attracting, and he wouldn't go to the front if you asked him to. To cricket though. Oh, yes, and football. He prefers flannel to khaki, and would rather be covered with mud than glory. I would have every girl to have a fad, but it should be a learned one. Astronomy is one—and you don't need a telescope either—it will enlarge your mind, minimise self-conceit, and cause you to think till your eyes shall beam with intelligence and your face shine like an angel's. Natural history is another. If you take to this you need nothing else. And it won't make you a blue-stocking either, but a most interesting and charming girl. There is one study you may take up first, and that is wild flowers, yet learn not only their names, but the story of their lives, all about them, and even the insect life with which they are associated. Botany, if combined with this study, makes it doubly delightful.

Music, remember, is not an art so much as a science, and I positively hate the way it is taught, or rather supposed to be taught at our schools and by our girls' governesses. Music is called a gift; but if a girl never falls in love with certain melodies, and these don't thrill through her like the summer wind through an Æolian harp, till they become such part and parcel of her soul that she can sing or play them without the printed notes, she has no more music in her soul than there is in an old tin kettle. A girl of this sort may be taught to hammer a piano or give torment to the strings of a guitar, but she cannot interpret that which was in the soul of the composer. And a composer is a poet in the truest sense of the word.

The simplest melodies are the best. Perhaps your husband will not be a man who can understand Wagner. Learn to play and sing to please and delight a husband who may be sitting in an armchair some day with his pipe. If he is a man at all, he will love you for it. Don't learn to play to please the *profanum vulgus* who assemble in a drawing-room, and never listen.

"But," you may ask, "will the cultivation of the sciences help me to have a good complexion?"

It will alter your whole appearance for the better, and bring those to your side who never otherwise would come near you. I leave it to you whether that's not a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

Mind this, the world is getting better and wiser every day. In a few years' time men will scarcely condescend to be more than sociably civil to a made-up girl who has no brains, while mere milk-maid beauty will have gone out of fashion entirely.

