

"Ben't you hungry?" inquired Rebecca in an anxious tone. "I wouldn't starve myself if I was you."

Phœbe's pride gave way before the attacks of nature, and tears rolled down her pale face as she confessed she was hungry, but had not the heart to eat.

"Is anybody about, Becky?" she inquired, and being answered in the negative, Phœbe resolved to go downstairs and get a mouthful to eat.

Rebecca was keen-eyed and had a shrewd wit of her own. The master's forbearance but ever-growing dissatisfaction had not been hidden from her, while Phœbe's self-sufficiency had blinded her to what was so evident to others. Rebecca, too, was unprejudiced. Things viewed from her own standpoint appeared to warrant the farmer's decision to marry again, though she sided with Phœbe in condemning the secrecy with which he had enveloped his intentions.

"Sposin' as the master had told you a month ago what he was a-goin' for to do, would you ha' taken it quieter?" asked Rebecca, watching the colour steal back into the girl's cheeks.

"I'd have worried his life out to stop it," answered Phœbe viciously.

"Then most like he guessed as you would, and that's why he kep' so quiet," was the reply. "Men-folks is sly."

Which remark of Becky's let a little light into Phœbe's mind. Her father knew her better than she knew herself, but the knowledge was no excuse for his conduct towards her. She resolved to get hold of David and find out his opinions on the subject. By dint of one or two carefully-put questions she discovered the whereabouts of both men, and came upon her cousin in the stack-yard. He was busy cutting trusses of hay, but stopped when he saw her.

The haggard look on Phœbe's usually bright face awoke his compassion. He wished he could help her, but as was his wont, he waited to be addressed.

"Don't you think he might have told me long ago, David?" This form of his unkindness rankled in her mind. "Don't you think he ought to have told me?"

"'Twas terribly hard upon you, I do think," the young man replied after a moment's pause. "I'm not surprised you took it as you did, but—"

"Oh, there's always a *but!*" interrupted Phœbe impatiently.

"I was going to say," pursued David quietly, "that you mustn't forget he is your father."

"I do not," she broke in. "It's just that, don't you see? If 'twas any other man, why should I care? Oh,

Davy, what does he want to go and marry again for? What have I come short in? Haven't I always tried to do my best?"

David leaned over the trusses he had been cutting and looked thoughtfully into her tear-stained face. He had a straightforward way of dealing with any subject under discussion, and did not fence now in his reply to her direct appeal.

"The best with most of us, Phœbe, is after all only something which could have been done better. Haven't you been a bit forgetful lately? Haven't you found work a worry and wanted to get at something else?"

The girl flushed scarlet. Had David seen her book after all? Were both he and dad cognizant of her stolen delight in the pernicious kind of reading she had of late indulged in?

"Forgetful! Work a worry! What makes you say that, Davy?" She was consciously on the defensive, and plucked nervously at the hay. "I must be changed, then, for you to say that."

"I don't think you are quite the same Phœbe that came back from school nine months ago," he replied deliberately. "That Phœbe was herself every minute in the day; this Phœbe has an inner self that pulls her out of the present and leaves her impatient of it."

"I have a double, then," she interrupted with an unmirthful laugh, "and you're not sure which is the real Phœbe?"

"Oh, yes, I am, and I know which one is easiest to deal with. She was a nice girl, that other Phœbe. I don't say this one isn't nice, but she's not perfection, not by no means."

"Thank you for nothing," answered the girl, with a toss of the head. "What may you be driving at, Mr. Wolfe?"

"I want to get that other Phœbe to make the best of the situation and persuade her double to set her father's mind at ease by saying she'll try and make home happy when he brings the new wife into it."

"I shan't come across that Phœbe in a hurry, nor will you, nor will the new Mrs. Hawthorn," she retorted angrily. "It's all a cruel injustice, and I haven't a friend on the place!"

She turned her back on David, who, with a regretful shake of the head, returned to his hay-cutting.

"It comes hard on her, that it does," he said to himself with a sigh. "Joseph has made trouble for himself, that's clear."

(To be continued.)

HOME TRUTHS ABOUT BEAUTY.

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

IS BEAUTY ONLY SKIN DEEP?



BEAUTY is only skin deep, my dear," I heard a lady say to her youthful daughter the other day. The mother was not over forty, and the girl was sweet and seventeen. The maiden looked half shyly, half sadly at the mother with a smile on her lips but not around her eyes, and I could easily read her thoughts.

"I daresay," she was saying to herself, "there was a time long ago when you, mother, did not think so. That was your day—my day is now. May I not enjoy it?"

And mentally I patted that girl gently on the hand.

"Whenever," said this lady to me afterwards, "whenever I notice the slightest sign of vanity in any of my children I check it at once."

I said little or nothing. I know women too well to dream of arguing with them. What I would have said had I dared would have been—

"My dear lady, it is as natural for a young girl to aspire to be beautiful as it is for a lark to soar and sing, and because it is so, I object neither to the girl's aspirations nor to the lark's song."

You see, reader, I took the girl's part. Here is one verse—quite enough—of a silly old ballad now running in my head as I write—

"Madam, you are fond of beauty,
Beauty, it will soon decay;
The fairest flower that blooms in spring,
When autumn comes must fade away."

Quite right; but then autumn hasn't yet arrived to the girl in her teens, and I should consider her foolish if not sinful if she did not make the best of the fresh young beauty that God has given her.

As to skin-deep beauty, that can only refer to the complexion.

CAN COMPLEXION BE HONESTLY PRESERVED?

All men will agree with me when I say that a girl of,

say, sweet seventeen, who flours her face, stains her cheeks, paints her lips, and touches up the edges of her eyelids, is a little fraud. She is living a lie, and ought when taken to be well shaken and stood in a corner.

Now I have no faith myself even in hot mud or peat-baths, though it pays some doctors who practise at certain spas to recommend these. You can preserve a nice complexion or acquire one without any such expensive aids.

BUT HOW TO DO IT?

Well, I will tell you. Go, first, and have a peep at your facial image in the mirror and in a very good light. Has your skin a really clear smooth surface all over? If not, it must be seen to. It may be rough with raised *papillæ*, unwholesomely red, or even disfigured by scurf or blackheads. Not the latter, I hope, for whatever "Aids to Beauty" books or the advertisements of skin quacks may tell you, blackheads or comedons are in almost every case incurable. You may squeeze them out with fingers or towel and rub in perfumed ointment of zinc or borax, but in nine cases out of ten the tiny pit remains and fills up again. Comedons only appear on faces that have been neglected or improperly treated, and these faces are chiefly those of girls who are not constitutionally strong. But the complexion can never be perfect unless care is taken to keep the health up to par. The complexion will improve in a week and go on improving if you obey the following simple rules—

1. Eat only plain well-cooked food, avoiding soup, made dishes, sauces, too much bread, too much pudding or pastry, and especially wine or beer.

2. Avoid strong tea and strong coffee; both tend to render the complexion muddy. Cocoa is better, but good fresh milk is better than all, and next in virtue comes good well water.

3. Don't drink much even of water at meal times. An hour or two afterwards, though, and early in the morning before breakfast, a glass of pure cold water with a little lemon juice in it will assist greatly in beautifying the complexion.

4. Much red meat tends to spoil the facial skin. I refer to beef more than to mutton. But veal, chicken, and white fish, if not served up with some fearful and wonderful sauce, has a good effect. Eggs form the most perfect food and most nourishing any girl can have.

5. Rolls if possible with breakfast; brown bread and toast, but not freshly-baked bread.

6. Avoid heavy suppers, eat nothing of flour kind with your tea. The best tea is the cheapest; the custom of having cake with tea is ruinous to the complexion. Do not go to bed on an empty stomach, however, and remember that good fruit is beauty's best friend.

7. You must have a morning bath. Well, if I can't prevail upon you to take it cold, wash the body quickly with hot water and the mildest soap, and then take your tepid sponge or sitz bath. You need not stay more than a minute in this, then a moderately rough towelling. Do not use a sponge to lather either body or face, a piece of flannel is infinitely better.

8. Of the making of soaps there is no end, but I do not advise girls who want to retain pretty complexions to use any but the best and mildest. Your soft-looking, over-scented soaps are not to be recommended. Perhaps there is little in the market to beat Pear's or the milder Sunlight. Anyhow, here is a good beauty wrinkle for you. Use soft water, the piece of flannel mentioned above, and which is always to be rinsed well out daily, and finish your lavation by bathing the face with tepid water in which there is not a particle of soap. The towels should be soft.

9. A weak solution of glycerine in rose-water to help to preserve the skin from the effects of the weather when going out walking. Use this, but don't forget that weak it must be. The face should always be sponged in cold, soft or tepid water after coming in from exercise.

10. Don't exercise enough to flush the face. If the face is apt to flush when playing games such as lawn-tennis, or when cycling, you are not in good health. A course of the

new remedy now so much used in hospitals, virol, will do much good, and with it I should advise a teaspoonful of the syrup of the phosphates. This three times a day after food.

11. Avoid high winds or rain, and during snow never go out of doors from a hot room. Hot rooms and fires are always injurious to the complexion.

12. Avoid worry. Run away from care, and it won't follow you. A heated argument, such as may sometimes occur in the best-regulated families, is most detrimental to the complexion.

13. Avoid dust and smoke. Sleep in a cool, well-ventilated room on a hard mattress, and with only enough bedclothes to keep you warm.

CAN THE HAIR BE IMPROVED?

I am bound to confess that though a young girl looks best if the hair is simply washed occasionally, brushed twice a day with a not too hard brush, and if very dry lightly oiled, just enough to give a gloss, still, girls over seventeen who begin to fancy themselves must, if they go into society, follow the fashion as to the arrangement of the hair. Bear in mind, however, that certain styles suit certain faces, and this is a matter which must be artistically studied.

Don't alter the colour of your hair until you are nearly thirty. If you live for thirty years more Nature will probably alter it for you.

Women can retain their beautiful hair into old age if they will but keep the scalp cool. The oxygen of the air has a wonderful effect on the growth of hair. But caps never fail to induce thinness thereof or even baldness itself. Than real snowy and abundant hair on those ladies who are getting on in years, Nature can afford no more charming adornment.

If not properly nourished, we certainly cannot expect hair to grow luxuriously any more than we should expect to find a heavy crop of wheat in poor soil. Therefore, if the health in early life be continuously below par, then as soon as one begins to get elderly the hair will begin to go. We often find that those who suffer from weakness of the heart have trouble with the hair; it gets thin, comes out in handfuls, or turns early grey. The use of oils, pomades and those advertised stuffs for making the hair grow soon destroy it root and branch.

BEAUTY IS TRUTH, TRUTH BEAUTY (?).

It was good of poor John Keats to say so, and with the last two words no one can find fault. In truth there is always beauty, but alas! beauty is all too often false. The poet from whom I quote flourished, if flourishing it could have been called, but for a few years in the earlier part of last century, and being only a young man when he was called home, his experience of social life was limited. Probably Keats would have said with me that truthfulness greatly enhances beauty. Be true to yourself, and you will be so to others. Perhaps I have no need to preach to the readers of our "G. O. P.," but it is my duty to say that no girl who has not this thing of beauty, this joy for ever, truthfulness, in her heart can ever possess real beauty as I understand it. I am speaking from a medical point of view. For we all have consciences, and in the days of youth these consciences are not yet blunted by contact with the world; even in age, if we have kept them pure and free from worry, they are still unseared. But a girl who can tell falsehoods about wee, wee things will never be trusted even if she speaks the truth concerning matters of much greater importance. And her conscience makes a coward of her, she subjects herself to excessive worry, and this soon tells upon her face and eyes. There is substance enough in this brief paragraph for a long sermon, but I cannot now extend it. But believe me, girls, little fibs have blasted many a life that apart from these might have been as happy as the sweet, green summer days are long.

I hope to return to the subject of beauty before very long, for I have much to tell you that may be of use to you, not only from a physical, but psychical point of view.