OUTSTANDING.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

You wouldn't like me to say such a thing of your mother, would you?" Paul asked.

"You couldn't, because it wouldn't be true," Phil replied, ramming her hat on to her head in most unbecoming fashion, a sure sign that she was troubled in her mind.

"If a girl is telling what I might think, but that is no reason why I should hurt your feelings with my thoughts."

Phil preserved a stony silence, and Paul turned away evidently more than half offended. This was not exactly the adventure that she had anticipated with such relish. Had she really been guilty of rudeness? Phil had never been in the habit of picking her words. She had never troubled her head to think whether they pleased or displeased anyone. She had held it, indeed, as a thing to be proud of and she would never hesitate to say anything she thought, however unflattering it might be. Now for the first time it was drawing upon her that it might be a greater virtue to keep her thoughts to herself than to speak them out.

Phil had a much greater virtue than her outspokenness, of which she was but barely conscious, but it was an attitude for seeing when she was in the wrong, and an honest desire to acknowledge her fault. The fearlessness of character which prompted that fanciful candour rendered it all the more fatal to her because of her habit of picking her words. People could not confess an error, and the blunt honesty of her nature made it impossible for her to do otherwise. With Phil to see her in the wrong was to publish it to all the world.

She waited impatiently till Paul threw down her hat, when she went straight to him, without a moment's hesitation.

"I want you to say that, just now, about Mrs. Clyforde," she said, readily. "I can understand that no one can like to have their friends spoken badly of; and I'm sorry I said it."

"You ought to be a boy," Paul said, approvingly. "I never thought a girl could say a thing like that.

"Yes, you do girls a great injustice," said Phil, gravely. "They're quite as magnanimous as boys."

By this time the rest of the party were gathered and the other properties previous to turning homewards.

They walked down the road very amicably together, and when half-way home Phil suddenly perceived Margaret coming towards them.

"There's Meg!" cried Bob. "Won't she be astonished!"

"It's no astonishment," was hardly the word. Margaret was horrified. The Clyfordes from Clyforde House walking side by side with Phil in a tumbled gingham, tangled hair, and hat all awry; Bob and Leney in the g mestest galasaes, and Katie, though a trifle better, nothing to boast of.

"Why, Phil," she cried, looking alliance at her fluctuatingly until you are!"

"Not worse than usual," replied Phil, with fearful honesty. "Besides, who cares? One can't be always thinking about clothes."

Paul seemed very much amused at this little episode. Margaret was piqued, and wondered whether he was laughing at her or Phil. She would have given much to know, for Meg did not like the idea that anyone should be laughing at her, at all.

"Now I have found you I may as well turn back," she said, leaving them to infer she had been surprised at Phil's change of manner. Phil knew better, and was on the verge of saying out what she knew, when the remembrance of Paul's reproach came back to her mind, and she held her tongue.

To her mind the adventure was ended. Margaret was proper and dignified, and paid great attention to her appearance, not with out reason, for she was a very pretty girl, and in all the bloom of her girlhood. But these intolerant young people looked upon her as quite an outsider. They had no sympathy with her ideas, and largely pitied her for being so dull.

She was as pleased as possible to make the acquaintance of these Clyfordes, and was trying Phil, could see, to give them a good impression of the superiority of the Dalahayes, which Phil was saying to herself; was absurd, for were they not her equals, possible, and what was the good of pretending they were anything else?

"To think you should have gone out with figure with them!" Margaret said, in high reproach, when they had parted from their companions. "What a good thing I met you! They must have thought we were savages."

"It wasn't you they wanted to play cricket with," reverted Bob, "so you needn't give yourself airs, Meg."

"Hold your tongue, child," said Margaret. "I do wish, Phil, you'd learn to be a little more amiable and appearances. How absurd it is for a girl of your age to tear about like a great boy and never be fit to be seen. You disgrace us. I shouldn't be surprised if those Clyfordes aren't afraid you'll upset you all, and how nice it would be to know such people."

"Poor things!" cried Phil, sarcastically. "You talk as if they were angels because they're rich. Poor creatures, they're as dull and malleable as Dutch dolls. With all their money Phil can't go to college, and they don't even remember their mother. Poor things, I don't even envy them. And Phil flung upstairs in something like a rage."

(To be continued.)

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

Little Wanderers. Words by Mary Lincoln Hammett, Music by Elizabeth Plapn. Charming words set to appropriate and beautiful music. Two little homeless wanderers, passing for rest on the threshold of an old church, find a refuge there in the wondrous song they had never heard before. Our Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace.

And the angels bore them home to God Ere they reached the glad Amen."

The Starlings. Duet for mezzo-soprano and contralto. Words by Rev. C. Kingsley. Music by J. L. Hatton. A rather difficult but exceedingly pretty duet; requires great care in the singing, and good execution in the rendering of the accompaniment, which is rather elaborate. It is well worth all the attention that is needed in acquiring it.

Moon-Spell or Dolly. Song by D. E. Blomfield. Music by A. M. Wakefield. A simple love tale, most effectively set to appropriate music. The melody is good and the accompaniment easy. The concluding verse recalling the well-known words of our immortal bard: "We all are players for our day. On the stage of life we fare, Each has his little part to play. Each with his mask to wear."
"imaginary nostrils," and we hear the roses tapping at the window-pane, and giving us, in the name of the soft breeze that sent them, a call to come out into the moonlight and see Nature's wild books when sleeping, whilst Luna watches.

But this will not do. Introductory remarks must not assume too much importance, or run on until they fatigue themselves equally with the reader. We must arm over and begin at the beginning, promising, however, to reach seaside lodgings and tell you all about them, all while not saying matters which will help to give comfort indoors and enjoyment outside during a summer holiday.

CHAPTER I.
WHERE SHALL WE GO TO SEEK LODGINGS?

All dwellers in large towns, no matter how comfortable or even luxurious may be their surroundings, have periodic yearnings for a country holiday. Human nature that lives habitually amid bricks and mortar does not merely want to inspect sea breezes, taken to the very heart and bloodstream of town life, and the ocean, by way of variety, in front. It does long for green fields and a bit of unadulterated Nature, if such can still be found.

The sight of a budding tree suggests some far-away woods in all the tender glory of early spring or the leafy canopy of summer. Pictures the masses of autumn foliage in all their many coloured beauty, glowing in the sunshine with endless tints only just before the leaf-fall and fall.

What a delight it is to be on cool grass instead of the heated pavement! To feel the springing turf under one's feet instead of the uncompromising flags, or many-colored, granite sets, which girls cross and recreate so often on the way to school.

If I may judge by the City girls with whom I come in contact, and they are not few in number, a country holiday opens out a new world to them.

Not only the young, but the older people know but little of the thousand wonders that are spread around them, so visibly and openly that they seem to ask for notice, yet rarely receive it.

Our girls are now taught from books a great deal about the operations of Nature. They have a fair abstract acquaintance with the wanderer-worker which goes by that name. But they have not read a down with their own wide book always open before and around them, they find out how little they know about her. The poorest husbandman could tell them a thousand things of which the book-learned student is ignorant, and which only observation can teach.

A brief illustration of this was furnished to me when President of the country at least four years ago. A City gentleman, hearing of our whereabouts, dropped in for half an hour, and was induced to spend the day with us. He showed our hosts had gained many university distinctions. I cannot tell you how many letters he was entitled to put after his name, and in the world of books we should all have been lost had we attempted to company with him.

But out of doors, and turning over the leaves of Nature's volume, he was utterly lost. One of the ladies could have taught him everything we wanted to know about the language, habits, government, dress, and surroundings of nations that had ceased to exist, did not know the name of a single English tree, or beg his pardon. No doubt he had read of oak, elm, ash, willow, and chestnut, of the tall poplar and cherry larch. But he could not tell one from another when he saw them, or recognize one of the feathered songsters that filled the air with melody when it lighted near his feet.

I feel sure he would have discovered eloquently the beauty of the Bald Eagle and the Osprey, of the Niniche, or Troy, but his notions of British geography were singularly hazy. Many places really near together were separated in his mental gallery, and the landmarks, widely surmounted, were as recklessly brought into companionship without regard to impossibilities.

Before I can help the young people to choose apartments we must decide where we will go.

Now I have run on about the country in an apparently aimless way, but all the time with a view of suggesting that in choosing our holiday resting-place we should try to combine certain advantages which are not to be found in all seashore places.

There are some of these where the sea is fine, the air bracing, and supplies abundant. But when we have looked at the mighty ocean, we have seen all that can be furnished in the way of beauty. True, the changes in its aspects are endless, but we tire of watching them, especially where the artificially-constructed promenade and the wide sands comprise all the available walks.

Behind the town itself, and for many a mile, there is perhaps a bare, almost treeless flat, offering no nuisances, no irritation or research. And here with the summer holidays open out so many opportunities for verifying by a rummage in Nature's storeroom the information we have obtained from books—enjoying living only without profit the many pictures drawn for us by others—it is surely well to have as wide a range as possible. We must be within reach of sea, or, of several salons in Nature's unlimited library, and look into them by turns, as opportunity permits and inclination prompts us.

To all who are asking the question, "Where shall we go?" I answer: try to combine sea breezes and a pretty surrounding country if possible. Study the locality. Find out if there is mountain scenery in the background, what picturesque or notable places are within easy reach, what excursions you may make without great fatigue or cost, or, if you are not experienced to you, as it is to the majority of holiday-makers.

Seaside places that are within a moderate train of locomotion from our houses are usually very town-like in appearance and customs. They suit those who wish to have everything around them when absent from a city home, very much like what they have left behind. Who do the sands in the morning, but who like to have winter gardens, concert-rooms, and amusements in the evening, or the holiday would be a dull one for those which health-resorts there are many advantages as well as drawbacks. Should the weather prove treacherous, there is something to be seen and done. There are the ten miles of city limits within which with visits and confidences can be exchanged, and time passed pleasantly. And by far the best of all, the being near the large business centre enables mamma and the youngsters to look for the presence of husband and father, if not every night, at least for the week ends.

"THE HUSBANDS' TRAIN"

leaves the city after the heat of the business day, and whilst the tired merchant at extra express takes his ease until it lands him in the bosom of his family by the seaside.

The veriest old bachelor and the most indulgent husband will know all about the "husbands' train," unless they draw their blinds down or resolutely shut their eyes to what is passing.

At a certain hour on most evenings, say from five to six, and notably on Fridays, and the last days of the month, and the week-end days, with the occasional shower, Mamma looks bright, both in face and dress, and hurries stationward, perhaps accompanied by some of the girls, whilst anxious husbands and fathers advance more slowly in the same direction.

In consideration for young legs, which have been on the paddle through all the long day, we only go half-way to meet the paternal kiss.

Papa comes down on Friday evening and gets two clear days, but the boys who are in the Navy, or, or, or, absent, of course, are not generally able to get away from town until noon on Saturday, when what may be called the "brothers' train" comes in, and the girls meet it.

Judging from the pretty attire donned by these last, the youths rejoice in very affectionate sisters, for truly there is a hevy of bonnie lasses on the platform to greet the arrivals by this train. It is really very nice and sisterly of them to come down, despite the hot midday sun, to meet brothers Jack, Roy, or the like, and, but, but. But, by Charley brings down with him his particular friend Dicky, Tom, or Harry for the week end. Then the bright dash on a young face will grow blue, black, brown, or grey, flash out a look of welcome, and then drop shyly before the rejoicing sight of the "brothers' train," until on reaching the cottage of the friend he has run down with him, to just to have a whiff of sea air, and to get the city smoke blown out of his system between this and Monday morning.

(We hope he will not add to the tobacco-smoke, which masculine promenades generally puff into the faces of those of the other sex, in all places where men and women do congregate. You would not like your mothers and the girls to smoke, dear boys, and some of us find it very trying to swallow your smoke, stale and secondhand, when we are wanting fresh air.)

It will be understood from the above that not only do one's own brothers come by this convenient train, but the brothers of all the relatives. Nor is it only another of the little pictures which are ever illustrating an old story—a story which passes through communities, and is brought out daily in fresh covers, that is all!

Matrons smile sympathetically, and glance at kindled pictures where chapters in their own life's volume. Mothers may be middle-aged and inclined to stoutness, but were we not once young, loving, uncertain, and perhaps as far as the fates of our young daughters? Can we not sympathize with them as they repeat, with variations, the experiences of our own girlhood?

If we cannot do this, alas for our young daughters!

Probably these convenient trains reconcile some who would like less of town associated with their seaside holiday, and make them in- deed happy, that they render the place equally accessible to warriors of excursions. To people desiring quiet and a complete change, the townliness of the seaside is thrown into the ground, the frequent influx of thousands of day-visitors, and the sight of familiar faces at every turn, are drawbacks to a life of ease near home. But married men and girls will not forget the advantages and conveniences named, and may think them sufficient to counterbalance the list on the other side.

It may, however, happen that we decide to (Continued on page 729).
seek lodging in a watering-place of my favourite type. One of those quiet spots innocent of fashion's vagaries, entirely destitute of places of evening amusement, where promenades to speak of, and owning all its charm to the refreshment it affords to world and brain-weary folk and true lovers of Nature. In such a place the weather, unimportant, is of the first importance, as we generally depend for our outdoor enjoyment, our opportunities for making excursions, climbing mountains, and exploring the country around. If this is only pleasant, we are astonished to find how much we can do and how far we can go without fatigue. We come home after a long day's tramp less worn than when we started. We'll take a walk of a couple of miles in the smoke-laden atmosphere of town and on the hot, hard pavement.

It is, however, when we choose a quiet place with a beautiful neighbourhood that two matters require special consideration beforehand. These are, first—

THE LIVING ITEMS WHICH MAKE UP OUR PARTY.

We do not go from home merely on a health-seeking expedition, or because we have a longing for change. We want our holiday to be a happy one, and when memory recalls the roar or murmur of the sea it may also bring back the pleasant converse with dear friends, the merry laugh that mingled with ocean's voice, the bright day that brought social sunlight, while the golden rays from above illuminated them; that every mental picture of fair scenes visited during our holiday should have living figures in the foreground which have helped to make all the rest brighter to us while it lasted and more pleasant for memory to dwell upon when we are far removed again to our several homes.

We elders need to plan for the young people in this respect if we take them to some place where we have not a single resident acquaintance, especially if they are girls and boys out of the nurse's hands, in their teens, or, in short, any age from twelve to twenty-one. We may be a very happy family at home, and thoroughly enjoy each other's society, but when at home we are not confined to it only. We have our friends and school companions, our daily occupations and sources of amusement. We were warned beforehand that our seaside holiday should not be the most leisurely and waste some time to look back upon which a past year can furnish.

(To be continued)

CHAPTER I.

WHAT SAD KNEW OF HIS CHARACTER.

"Oh, Kattie! do just listen!"

And if ever a pair of light blue eyes were seen brimming over with mischief, such a pair decidedly belonged to a certain boy, by name Ted Carmett, at that minute.

Katie looked up from her work with a doubtful air.

"Well, what now?"

"Oh, Katie, I've learnt something quite delightful on my way home from school to-day. I have really.

"Nothing worth the learning then, I can be sure, or your head would not have kept it in. What is it?"

"Why, a woman was standing in a doorway calling for a small, ragged little chap, making mud pies in the gutter, and she called, and she called, to no good for ever so long, and just as I got close up to him he muttered—what do you think?"

"I don't want to think. It was sure to be something naughty."

"Well—" with the tossed, red-haired head held on one side in a reflective attitude—"well, it wasn't exactly good, certainly, but it was only a little bit of information, you see, and he said so nice and softly too—'The more you calls, the more's I won't come. It sounded pretty, you can't understandable."

"No, that I certainly can't was the prompt answer from a pair of red lips, that tried desperately not to let their quivering grow into a visible smile. It was not that the words of the one impudent small boy, but repeated by another impudent small boy, in themselves so wonderfully comic, no doubt, but the air and the accent with which they were uttered, and the comment on them, proved very nearly too much for the sister's gravity, however well you might have borne the trial.

Master Ted came farther into the room, stood in front of his sister, stooping with a pair of grubby small hands on his knees. "Katie, you can't think how funny you look when you are nearly crying, and don't want to. It's not only tears that trick if, but even a little bit of one side of your nose—There—" with a delighted shout—"it's doing it now."

Badgered, Katie started up. "I'll box your ears. Ted, if you don't take care, I really will."

"Oh! do, Katie. You've said you would so often, and you've never done it yet. I really should quite like to find out if you could make me feel,"

Miss Kate Carmett raised her hand, and struck out— with a tolerable amount of resolution too, to judge by the sound that followed. But the blow was not produced by the contact of Miss Kate's hand with her brother's cheek. As the beggar for blow was falling, Ted had suddenly brought a wooden bat from behind his back, and presented it as an unexpected substitute for his ear, and the colour which might have been expected to flush into Ted's cheeks flushed into his sister's instead, not from pain possibly so much as from vexation. It is horribly annoying to be used as an instrument for exhibiting oneself ridiculous, especially when the con-"triver of the feat is nothing but an impish small bundle of impudence.

Kate sat down again, and bent hastily over her knitting. "Go away, Ted. You are an impossibly naughty boy, and I shall not speak to you again until you have begged my pardon."

"Umph!" muttered Master Ned, thoughtfully, with a reflective gaze down at his hat. "That's the worst of girls, they are so awfully different from boys. When I played that trick on Fred Mackenzie he just tried to hit me another crack, and there was no use of it, but with girls the cry is always, if you try any fun with them, 'Beg my pardon!'

"I don't see much fun in trapping me into hurting my hand on your bat," was the somewhat indignant expostulation.

"And as for a scrap of rubbish knowing anything about the difference in character between boys and girls, why, you don't even know anything about your own as yet!"

"Oh! but I do, though," was the ready retort. "I know there's something in it that makes me hate you saying I'm sorry, or thinking people's pardon. It's something that makes men feel quite—quite—" with an excited burst—"quite donkeyish when I have to."

"Quite what?" exclaimed Katie. "Whatever do you mean?"

"Why—more calmly—'like kicking, you know. Not exactly kicking anybody, you know, but just kicking away as donkeys do. On and on and on, I should like to kick till I had kicked away saying it."

Kate looked up with a good-tempered smile on her brucette face once more.

"Oh! well, young donkey, if you really tend beggaring one's patience. I can't stand it. I'll forgive your taking it this time. But I do think that you ought to promise not to give me that bat, or anything else as hard, to box another time."

"No, that I rather can't," was the prompt answer from a pair of red lips, that tried desperately not to let their quivering grow into a visible smile. It was not that the words of the one impudent small boy, but repeated by another impudent small boy, in themselves so wonderfully comic, no doubt, but the air and the accent with which they were uttered, and the comment on them, proved very nearly too much for the sister's gravity, however well you might have borne the trial.
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

AT THE SEASIDE.
By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER II.

If you are a family party of, say, six—a father, a mother, and four young folk of varying ages and sex—do not go in a quiet place to spend your month abroad, unless you have some of your children's young friends going along too. If you do, and no happy chance brings any familiar faces to your neighbourhood, you will have a dull time of it. The elders will not like to be constantly on the move or out of doors. They will be afraid of letting the girls go rambling away without a proper escort, and boys, especially youngsters, have parents of their own, and like to live an aimless life during the greater part of the day. They have joys with which even the most favoured sisters may not intermingle without impatience.

Under such circumstances, what are the girls to do with themselves? We know that the circulating library is usually the one resort open to them, and they sit out of doors from early morn to dawny eve, drinking in the sweet and wholesome air, but sometimes mentally swallowing much that is anything but beneficial in the shape of sentiment novel and society.

So, I say by all means endeavour to provide beforehand for the happiness of the girls' holiday by insuring suitable companionship for them. Not necessarily under the same roof, but within reach, so that there may be enough of these young folk to make up little parties, and to join in all the innocent pleasures which truly make the best part of the holiday.

I write feelingly and from actual experience on this point; for my own young folk once had a rather trying time of what was meant to be an enjoyable one, for want of the pre-arrangement which I advocate to insure suitable companionship for them.

We chose a seaside place for its loneliness. It had everything in the way of scenery, and was an artist's paradise, besides being within easy reach of more pretty places than one could well count.

But we knew nobody in it, and during a whole month not a single young friend of our children ever came to stay near us. We had a great deal of rain, which hindered many a plan from being carried out, and made our excursions few and far between.

Lesson books had been purposely left behind. Music books, in plenty we had with us, and how we should have enjoyed these if we could have procured a piano! Being a quiet place and not a town, pianos for hire were few in number. We were in pursuit of one which was perpetually advertised on sheets of note-paper stuck up at the post-office and elsewhere for three whole weeks out of the calendar month we spent in the local seaside country, but we never even came within sight of it.

Of course, when we commenced the last week or so of our stay we gave up the hope of instrumental music at home. A visitor came from town, and a few fine days enabled us to scamper over some lovely country in company, and make plans for more leisurely journeys in the same neighbourhood at some future time.

We elders did well enough all the while, but we were sorry for the children. So, dear mothers and girls, lay your heads together, benefit by this experience, and be prepared to make enough of actual work for themselves in repairing the garments that are the usual consequence of mountain excursions.

But I must turn to the quiet house. First, you leave your work indoors, and, with one exception—to be named hereafter—your books also. I consider it perfectly atrocious for city girls and their mothers, but notably the girls, to sit stitching, knitting, or novel reading on the beach.

They are gratifying their lungs by breathing the pure air, but this they do unconsciously. It fans their cheeks, but they only notice it, if it calls too rudely for attention, by throwing a wrap around them, and going back to their book or work.

Listen to nature, she is so advised as to act as above described. I am very sorry for you, for it is evident you are unaware of your privileges and the world of enjoyment which is open to you. I had very nearly written that I should like to punish every young offender who habitually works or reads out of doors, by fine or imprisonment to one month. I do not mean a day, but a season. The blinds to be drawn down, and only knitting or needlework for half the day, and books for the other half, to be permitted.

Instead of that, I would make the very soft place in my heart where the young are concerned—let me close the book or put away the work, and coax you to listen to me for a while, and, if you will, we will dwell, dear, to your five—or, as Paddy sometimes insists, your own dusky.—You were not getting a bit of enjoyment out of all the brightness and glory that are spread around you when you sat knitting on the beach.

Use your eyes to take in the picture which the sea presents. You will hardly ever see it twice alike. Your eye is a trier by fixing a few of the pictures in your memory, so that you may bring them before your mind's eye at will in after days, and add to your enjoyment. It is thus using your eye that you learn to judge whether the artist's work is true to Nature or not.

I remember being at an exhibition of pictures once. There I had an opportunity of examining the works of many artists and their capacity to portray, with fidelity, the world around us. I have often thought that we should do well to study the works of these artists and to see how they have drawn their pictures, and to learn from them.

Enjoy the briny smell of weed and wave; breathe the pure air, not heedlessly, but thankfully, God for the privilege; take in as much of its beauty as you can, with inanimate objects as well as with what you have, and as to those other senses of taste and touch, you will realise the value of them when you have been to the seaside.

If you are musical, secure your pianos when you take your lodgings; if you draw or paint just a little, let your materials for practice accom-
penny you. And though I urge on the young the importance of leaving school behind when they profess to take holiday, by all means have three handy little books with you relating to any favourite study which may be illustrated in your rambles.

For the student of botany, geology, or other natural science it is pleasant to have a compact little book for reference, on occasion, but not for close study.

I will also have the materials for indoor games. A backgammon board judiciously packed will hold chemises and dominoes, beside the furniture belonging to it, which includes, of course, the bag and the box. If you have, beside those mute appliances, the society of pleasant friends as recommended, you will not complain of monotony in any quiet place, or look forward longingly to the close of your seaside holiday.

We will now make a few calls, and look critically at as many landladies. We will begin with the

LANDLADY WHO HAS SEEN BETTER DAYS.

There are many varieties of this class, and some of them shams, but ours is that sweet, motherly-looking little woman with the good, true breast bespeaking the virtue. She has known sorrow not so very long ago, and yet there is along with the enlivened expression on the face, a gleam of light from above, which tells where she has gone for strength and comfort.

As you look round the rooms you see that the first of the cheap, sort which is associated in one's mind with lodging-houses. Some of it may be rather old-fashioned, but the sofas and chairs are comfortable to lie or sit upon, and the walls are hung with frills and flowers. The furnishing of the rooms do not fly open, if you touch them with the skirts of your garments in passing, because of the shrill warning and with the fear of flapping. The upholsteries the furniture do not look as if it had been picked up in all sorts of incongruous oddments from as many different houses as there are items. They date from the same day, and in looking at them we somehow picture the sweet-faced widow as a young wife, starting amidst these household goods in a sunny home, and with her young husband's strong arm to lean on. She would learn in those days, but, though gently, she is not weak. She will not sit down with folded hands to grieve over the unsanitary, and wait until she has come to the end of her resources before she will make an effort to increase them all. This is not what she looked forward to a year ago. It is not what she likes for girls; but she understands no business, and if she did, has no certainty of a man that would support them all. So the oldest will help her at home and the twonyounggo to school, and—blessed thought!—they will keep together by working together.

So the brave little woman makes her start, looking upward for strength and getting it. In the winter the young people use their nimble fingers in many ways, so as to increase the family income. Visitors who have stayed with them once go again, and there is seldom a week without a lady who will support them all. The little widow entertains her visitors with tales of former days, or means out that she never thought she and her children would come to keeping the lodging-house.

She is far too busy in caring for the comfort of her temporary family for that, and she leaves you to read the rest for yourselves and judge by results.

People do read, and they accord the respect with which one would accord for. They show little kindness to the women's children, feeling that their own will be rather bettered by such example and companionship. They are, however, glad to come again and to send their friends, and thus the tide of visitors is kept flowing.

Remember I am sketching from nature, though with pen and ink. I have met with more than one dear little mistress of a lodging-house who might have sat for this portrait. I have seen so many of you fortunate enough to enchain upon such one, stay with her. She will be so tender to that delicate household plant, for whose sake, you and the other ladies at the seaside, instead of getting a long-promised peep at Swiss mountains and glaciers. And when you want her, she is not a woman to require to find you. You will see her sitting in the corner of the ladies' waiting-room in the lobby, engaged upon something that we are fortunate enough to enchain upon such one, stay with her. She will be so tender to that delicate household plant, for whose sake, you and the other ladies at the seaside, instead of getting a long-promised peep at Swiss mountains and glaciers. And when you want her, she is not a woman to require to find you. You will see her sitting in the corner of the ladies' waiting-room in the lobby, engaged upon something that

And when you are fairly in the coach and moving stationary, it is discovered that there is a simple bagful of odds and ends of Jack is holding in his arms. "They are to eat on the road," he says, and, in dutiful obedience to the instructions given, he puts in body, drowns the desire, and begins to munch the same forthwith.

The great girls laugh, and so does mamma, but they have obtained a new insight to the heart of one of the most interesting persons of the house, who could not turn out her guests of a few weeks without a little parting pang, and who minded the unhappy motherless facts that were born with her by providing for the possible wants of the children during a two-hours' journey!

The sound of voices and a scuffle on the kitchen stairs would have told too much, if the sight of a couple of timid little hands, and noses incrustated with a pocket-handkerchief, had not been playing bo-peep and struggling for the best view of your party round the banisters, or creeping through the passages on their own account. Your landlord has got a temporary advantage over his opponent. You look round the lobby, and one glance shows you that your children's prejudices are not likely to be interfered with. In fact, they will be spared the trouble of collecting marine specimens for themselves, as there is an accumulation of such spoils ready to be taken possession of by the next comer.

A rapid survey of the furniture illustrates the easy-going government. The most circling the dozittell had been a failure, as the first touch showed "no connection" between wire and tinkling apparatus. A hat-peg or two little hooks on the slab; there is a wooden spoon under one sofa-leg instead of a cantor, and broken chimney-piece ornaments are turned into side plates intended for kids.

How destitute those sandy spooks look in the umbrella-stand, and those little baskets on the pegs! And yet the papa hangs his wide-awake and mammy her shabby bonnet over the pails as if they were in their right places.

Yet our landlady cannot grumble straight out as she would like to, for her soul is vexed within her, because she sees that this is the normal state of things in every lodging-house where children are to be found. She relieves her feelings a little by audibly scolding her servants who are not to blame, and who suffer vicariously for the misdeeds of the visitors. However, they know her ways. One of them lived under the Squire's, and both are from the country side. How much harm does one find? You will find many excellences in our country landlady and her serving maids, and, amongst other things, a taste for neatness, and a degree of interest manifested in and yours which seems a natural outcome of their previous training. They have been accustomed to a small circle of faces in a country place, and to know all about everybody, they cannot see you depart without a little manifestation of family feeling. But there is no gathering moisture in the honest eyes as you shake hands and say "Good-bye." Your youngest papa has never wet, yet the farewell kiss of the good woman who has often popped home-made cakes into the small hands belonging to these work-making, patterning feet during your stay.

To be concluded.)
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

Captain Delahaye's turn came soon after Paul had gone, and there were more farewells. Months passed of quiet watching and waiting, and then suddenly news of disaster and danger, bloodshed and siege, in which no letters came, and only an occasional scanty intelligence of those who were in the thick of the fray. Still, the news was comforting—of brave deeds, hardships cheerfully borne, horrible dangers safely passed through. Phil and her mother discussed these things when the others were in bed, for her mother alone could understand the keen, terrible anxiety that was underlying all the girl's brave thankfulness.

And at last when all was over, and two officers—an old one and a young one—received distinguished service medals and well earned promotion, what more natural than that they should come first for congratulations to those who knew best how to rejoice and be proud of such honours—Major-General Delahaye to his invalid wife, Lieutenant Clifford to the brave-hearted soldier's daughter who had given him his mission?

"Paul, we are so glad," she said, heartily, holding back hands to him by way of heartier greeting.

"You have been my good genius, Phil," he said, earnestly, "and must ever be to the end of my life. Will you take your money back now?"

"No, nor ever," Phil answered, quickly.

"I can only keep it on one condition," he replied. "There is, too, only one thing for which I value it, and that is, that if it had been yours now I should never have dared to say what I am going to. So it may be a blessing to us both, after all, if you will have it so; if not, it may go. I never have, and never will touch it."

So the fortune was Phil's after all.

[THE END]

"AS THE LIGHT OF THE MORNING."

BY SARAH GERALDINA STOCK.

When; in the east, the golden light
Of morning rises fair and clear,
After a dark and weary night,
Perchance of anguish and of fear,
Brings not the dawn a holy calm,
A lulling sense of peace and rest,
As if it owned a mystic balm
To soothe and heal the troubled breast?
Faint picture of the King who waits
To save and bless the storm-tossed soul,
And, passing through the long barred gates,
Will make it once and ever whole!

AT THE SEASIDE.

BY RUTH LAMB.

I shall only give one more sample of the genus landlord, though I could give a score or even a greater number, including hybrids. This last will be—

THE "HAVING" LANDLADY.

The adjective "having," as used above, is such a veritable treasure that if it is not a classical expression, it ought to be. It expresses so much in so little. I am not at all sure that it is not classical, I must ask the girls when they come in, for they, being much more highly educated according to modern notions than I, are sometimes appealed to. They are always ready to rummage for authorities on behalf of "Little Mother."

No. It seems "having" is not used by Sidney or Shakespeare in the sense it is meant to convey above; but is a very expressive pro-vincialism. As used in Lancashire, it denotes a grasping person who can never get or have enough; one whom every acquisition encourages to try for more still. Of such a person it is sometimes said, "He crave comes from Hovington," and a broad grin on the face of the hearer shows how well the term is understood.

We call upon our landlord, who hails from those parts. We like her rooms; the whole place is suggestive of order, cleanliness, and comfort. She is a business woman, fully alive to the effect of first impressions; and she meets your eye after it has made a tour of scrutiny in a fearless fashion, as if she would say, "Look as closely as you like, you will find all right. The more you examine the better you will be satisfied."

We ask the price. It startles us, and we say so. The "having" landlord is used to this. She calmly says that there are undoubtedly rooms to be had at a cheaper rate—even corresponding ones in the same terrace—but they are not like her rooms. We may have seen some of them already, she intimates, and as she looks steadily at us, we feel the hot flush on our faces, and know that she marks the rising colour, which tells that the little shack has struck home. She is quite easy apparently, and suggests that we may like to see still more, and call again if we cannot get suited on our own terms.

Everything looks so nice, and the landlord's coolness helps to make us more anxious to secure such eligible apartments. Perhaps if we go elsewhere we may lose the chance.

We think we will stretch a point, and that it is worth while to pay more where so many advantages are combined. So we ask, rather timidly, or rather, "we presume that these terms are inclusive."
AT THE SEASIDE.

"Well, there are always a few little extras, for instance." Considering that we are early folk and may probably light it in our bedrooms only, we think that cannot cost much at all. Five shilling shadlocks. We charge the same to everyone. If little is used, they please themselves; if much, we do not complain.

"Anything else?"

"Attendance, five shadlocks; fire, the same; boots and shoes cleaning a penny a pair, so that need not be much," adds Mrs. Having.

"Fire! We didn’t want fire unless the weather made it necessary, this, as to boots and shoes, we are not going to go out with dirty ones. I suppose you charge for attendance and engagement your servants. Washing may be paid for by yourself, and are not to expect gifts from visitors in addition.

Mrs. Haying explains that the fire charged for is in the kitchen and for cooking purposes. The shoe-cleaning would be, at one pair per day each, 3d. a day. The allusion to servants’ payment she quietly ignores, but we find there is yet another extra—the washing of bed and table linen, charged according to quantity used, of course. We can change the things daily. She is glad to say, "There is no scarcity of good linen in her house."

Another of our weak points attacked. Linen is often a great source of discomfort. Sheets too narrow for beds; towels not larger than a good pocket-handkerchief, and too few in number; blankets and quilts, which will not tick in, and which, to your drawer them up high enough to be comfortable about the shoulders, are precise not to be seen the feet uncovered. This is especially the case with these barreners in the lodging-house business and in new neighbourhoods. Mrs. Having’s boast helped us to swallow the extras, and we agreed to take the lodgings. I suppose we have been in a month or so. It would not be worth my while, and again we yielded.

The first week there was another extra in the bill for "castors," three shadlocks. We had sent in every article, we were certain, that could be required either for table or cookery, so we timidly asked what "castors" represented?

We were told there were always little things needed for seasonings which the cook could not or would not bother us for, and to save visitors trouble and worry, this uniform charge was made in all cases.

There were two daughters who did the work, and all the goods were carried everything to the doors. The Misses Haying and Mrs. Haying, both of whom are needed, whom they were accustomed to did not generally ask for food. They were afraid our "bone of lamb" had been given away amongst some broken vases to a poor woman who was in need, and whom they sometimes helped.

It turned out the "bone" was there. There was much meat, but we could hardly suppose the poor woman had eaten it on the premises and left the house to be picked up somewhere else.

As our mouth drew to a close, we were already ready to pay for the remaining time and leave a delightful place to get rid of the ever-increasing circle of Mrs. Having. Valuable articles of underclothing were also put up for the wash! We could not make a such an effort to make the poor housemaid pay for them! She arrived dressed in the work, and almost so many articles might occur. The laundrywoman’s terms were frightfully high, but she was paid through Mrs. Having, who, in thus paying a percentage on the bill, as well as on articles sold to us by the tradesmen she recommended, but with whom her dealings did not extend thus far.

As to servants, they took care to let us know that they benefited nothing by the charge for attendance, and we were frankly told that if one was obliged to give, yet she had never had a visitor under her roof mean enough to go away without liberally remembering the servants!

The young ladies did not produce say that they expected something handsome. They were careful to show us articles of jewellery and feminine adornment—tributes from former grateful lodgers.

To their hints we turned a deaf ear. The servants we only "remembered," as it was our custom to be taken as being asked, and at length we said what we might have should be the "final "good-bye" to Mrs. Having and her family.

I have given these sketches from nature—two pleasant, two otherwise—for the instruction and guidance of those who seek seaside lodgings. But I rejoice to say that I have only known one Mrs. Having proper, and another with a slight family likeness to her; only one easy-going landlord, and the acquaintances went no farther than her front door, and not quite in the same taste, and if we remember with true respect and affection, many of those dear, good women whom I have tried to describe under the type of "the landlord who has seen better days" and the "landlord from the country."

I hope all the girls who read this may meet with some specimens of my favourite varieties when they come to look for a room in Mrs. Having’s house.

The lodgings themselves.

Their situation has to be considered. Before engaging them, if we are not good walkers, we must note how far they are from church, shops, and so forth. If paterfamilias goes to business now and then, we have to think of his convenience for getting to the station in the early morning.

Excursions to the quiet and more select portions of our large watering-places. It is a curious fact that, coming from town, they are to be found wandering about amongst the outskirts of the town, and spending the hours that should be passed in the pure air, hesitating over cheap trumpery in the covered markets, taking short drives in overladen carriages, or, perhaps, sitting in the too-familiar public-house. The being conveniently near the places where we have to make our purchases often involves the seeing too much of the town.

If possible, and you are going to a place for the first time, run down and see it and the lodgings before engaging there. Get information if you can from friends who have stayed there. Do not let the idea that you will spend most of your time out of doors make you careless as to finding comfort. You want these for meals and rainy days, for<SUP>1</SUP> those long evenings.

Notice the sanitary arrangements; avoid any place where odours, suggestive of bad drainage, are to be expected. In choosing between dining and drawing-room suites, think whether the climbing of stairs will be an object to any weak one of the party.

The complaint of nightly marauders in any private lodgings, though we have occupied many, both in ultra-fashionable and quiet resorts. But when engaging with strangers, we have sometimes had an understanding that any want of cleanliness in this respect would be regarded as a notice to quit, and acted upon accordingly.

Pillows are rather a grievance to visitors located amongst new beginners in the lodging-house business. They are so small in length and width, so flat that they almost cause pincheions which have been mangled out. And if you sleep singly you sometimes find that one pillow will not suffice, and will become one without increasing in size. There has been a press of visitors, and your second pillow is gone to help towards the improvised pillow-case of the third. In choosing apartments notice quality of beds and pillows.

You can seldom get bedrooms with a sea view unless you get your rooms early, and rooms in old apartments are wanted for day use. Well, you cannot look at the sea and sleep, and if you have taken my advice and opened your eyes to it in the daytime, you will be ready to close them when night comes, and let the murmuring mingle with your dreams.

If you wish your rooms to be home-like, let your boxers contain a few things to make them so. A little set of bright toilet mats and a pincushion for each bedroom, with one or two special matters for the personal use of visitors. If you do not desire it, carry by carrying perishable articles of much value with you, there are numbers of graceful things to buy in Paris, or China which may be had for the nearest trifles. By the way, if you do not notice it, there may be a vast increase of brightness in your temporary dwelling, and give it a more homelike character. A handsome growing plant in the window, a vase of flowers on the dinner table, a few mats on the sideboard, a really artistic bit of crewel work on the chimney-piece, a few innocently chosen and arranged. I would not advise you taking one needless article if you were moving from place to place; but we are discussing a rest of weeks on the seaside. Indeed, after all, we enjoy it the more amid attractive and harmonious surroundings.

As to prices, they vary greatly according to pleasure season. It is not necessarily possible to give a reliable standard even if required accommodation could also be specified. Only it is always advisable to have inclusive terms, or a definite list of what extras are charged for, and at what rate. In some places it is the regular custom to charge for shoe-cleaning and kitchen fire. It is useless to bear in mind that these items are included in the terms. So with the trifles called "castors" in the bill, but I never knew any landlady except Mrs. Having charge more than a reasonable amount for odds and ends supplied. Indeed, we have often felt that our seaside hostesses have acted in a spirit of liberality rather than that of charge. Of any grasing or over-reaching temper manner, has been the exception, not the rule.

ON PACKING-UP.

A sensible mother with whom I am acquainted once gave me her views on this subject. She had no little children, and those she had were in their teens.

"I furnish each of them with a box of reasonable size," she said, "sufficient to accommodate all that they can really need. If what they require is not to be found, and after our arrival, the one who has omitted to pack will have to go without. I say, to go and hunt and look for it. With an antimacity, if you are old enough to do it, and to think of what you will want. Mind, I shall not send home for anything that you may leave behind, so consider well beforehand. You have only your per-
sand wants and wishes to bear in mind. I will do all that the common need demands, and pack for papa and myself."

My friend told me she adhered to this rule, and had every cause to be satisfied with the result. The young people learned self-reliance by it. The desire to take as many things as possible taught them to be good economists of space in packing, and able to do their mother's share on occasion as well as their own.

"And did they never leave anything behind of which they discovered the want on their arrival?" I inquired, anxious to know how the experiment had succeeded.

"I am not sure about this," was the laughing answer, "but if they did, I was not told of the omission."

I give the above as an example worthy of imitation.

Many mothers imagine that they ought to do everything for the girls as well as for themselves. They are wrong to do it, and girls have no right to expect it.

Still, in arranging all for the comfort of the family, the mother's eye and hand are usually indispensable. She will take in at a glance what others would be a long time thinking over, and will direct others, if she does not do it, so to pack that fewer boxes will be needed. It is a good plan to make a list of the articles you will require, running over those of in and out-door clothing—taking care to provide for changes of weather—music-books, work, writing materials, ornaments, toilet requisites, and games.

Girls should take their tennis shoes and neccesity. If Jack rejoices in a cricket set of his own, make him a long, narrow canvas bag to convey it in. This or coarse linen is better than a woolen material. It will bear a greater strain, will wear longer, and wash—a matter of importance in a bag for a lad's use.

There is often a piece of ground which can be hired for tennis, cricket, or archery purposes at a small sum per hour. If players join at the expense, the shares of each will be very trifling. Always have a fair supply of underclothes. Seaside landlords during the season are often so pressed with work that they find it hard to be punctual in the matter of sickness or accident of any kind; it is very unpleasant to be short of such things.

"I name sickness or accident. Perhaps even many a young man may recall being told of some of the items I advise her to pack, and without which I never go from home. These are some dressing-plaster and counter-plaster; bundle of bandages; a soft handkerchief or two; a narrow bandage three or four yards long, and, if we were going to a country place at a distance from shops, I should have some old flannel and a length or two of new; also a small quantity each of two or three simple, domestic medicines, the use of which should be thoroughly understood.

Don't forget a good-sized bottle of pure tincture of myrrh. I know of nothing to equal it for taking out the soreness of a bruise or cut, to say nothing of its value in other ways.

I learned the importance of having some of these little articles a number of years ago, when one of my girls, a child of seven, fell over the banisters at the entrance to the cottage at Llandudno."

The distance was thirty-seven steps by the stairs, and the child was saved almost miraculously by being locked from side to side between the banisters in her descent. The blow broke the directness of the fall, and she got off with her arm-bone bent, a dislocated wrist, and contusions in various places, none of which left serious mark or permanent mischief. But the linen, the bandage, the soft handkerchiefs were really precious that time. So take them, by all means, but I hope you may never require them during your summer or other holiday.

If bathing be thought of, there are the dresses to be taken. None are so good as woollen serge; not too heavy, or it will absorb too much water, and of that dark blue which neither sun nor sea will alter, made to fit easily and comfortably. You must insure this last, by taking care that the material is well shrunk before it is made up.

The very cheap, ready made articles cannot combine the advantages named. Though wonderfully good for the money, it is far better to choose the material and have them made to fit and last.

Mamma can include two or three little matters in linen in that one extra box, which will hold more than all the little additional luxuries suggested. One pair of large sheets, large Turkish towels for the bath, a nice table-cloth for a special occasion, if there is any doubt about the supply, and table napkins, which are rarely provided in lodgings. The girls must exercise their taste, so that the fruit may come on the table looking as attractive as a pocket full of butterflies are always useful in lodgings.

Take also a few articles for supplying the first meal or two. It is so unpleasant to have to go out on shopping when the journey is long, and all the incidental preparations. But do not have huge packages and hampers of consumable stores to last for weeks. Trade and shopkeepers, who often complain of the practice, and say that visitors would think it very hard if they found no reliable shops, and the tradesmen feel it equally so if holiday-makers only buy what they cannot possibly bring with them.

Is there anything else to be thought of? If there is, we will leave the girls to remind mamma of it.

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**THAT BOther OF A BOY.**

_by the Author of "Wild Kathleen," "That Aggravating School Girl," &c._

**CHAPTER III.**

"WHAT NEXT?"

It was Wednesday in the first week of December. Mr. and Mrs. Carmett had driven off to spend the day with some old friends recently come to an estate near the town, and Kate had an engagement to spend the afternoon with a very dear friend of her own. She had obtained permission to include Ted in the invitation, and only wanted to write some letters, after their early dinner together, before telling him of the pleasure in store for him, for he liked pretty, merry Florence Ennoble almost as much as she did herself.

"Find something to amuse yourself with indoors, Ted, for an hour, and be a very good boy," she said, as she prepared to leave the dining-room, "and then you shall be rewarded with a first-rate treat for the rest of the day."

Ted's eyes brightened. Nearly every half-holiday was made into some sort of a festival holiday, but, of course, the elements of the affair were generally trivial—leave to help the gardener dig potatoes, or permission to meet his father at the railway station, and take the reins in driving home. But this was evidently to be something grander. He ran across the floor, and clasped his sister's arm as she was leaving the room.

"Do you mean really, downright first-rate?" he asked, eagerly.

"Really, utterly first-rate, if you are good," was the laughing answer, and then Miss Carmett went off to get her letters written, and her young brother turned back into the dining-room with a very thoughtful face for a few minutes.

"Be a good boy, and don't trouble your sister more than you can help," his mother had said when he went away to school that morning. And now Katie promised him a reward for being good.

Altogether it was decidedly worth while to try to be something out-of-the-way praiseworthy. If he had sat himself down with his paint-box to paint pictures, or to read a story book, his sister would have considered that being a superlatively good boy, provided he had not taken somebody else's book to paint in, or nobody else's book to make dirty little thumbnails in. But this negative sort of goodness was not enough to satisfy Ted's aspirations just then. At last a thought occurred to him. A glorious thought, he considered.

"That's it," he exclaimed, and dancing on the sort of art dance found the housemaid, who had come in at the moment to clear the table. "That's it, Ann. I've got the very thing."

Ann gave him a little impatient push. "Well, Master Edward, if you've got it, I'm sure I wish you'd keep it instead of keeping me. I've double tides of work to do to-day, and cook an' Jane..."