

# Through Storm and Sunshine

When Neslie was standing in the full glow of the sunshine, near a cluster of gadioli, that formed a picture in themselves, all crimson and gold, bees buzzed in the buds, butterflies hovering round them. She had been looking at the gorgeous flowers, and still held one in her hands. There was no fairer spot in England than this sunlit garden, where the hebes of Lancelwood stood with thoughtful face and dreamy eyes. Look where she would, nothing but beauty met her eyes, marvels of color, wonders of sunshine and shade. It was a garden rather old-fashioned than otherwise, full of heavy, rich roses, orange and scarlet nasturtiums, big fair clusters of hydrangeas; there were blossoms of purple and white carnation-bell-shaped flowers, and white peonies, and white bell-shaped flowers in the divine beauty of flower and tree. An old-fashioned sun-dial stood near the bright gadioli; not far from it was a fountain of rare and quaint design; tame white doves fluttered round, and birds of bright plumage sang in the trees. June sunbeams sang in the perfume of sweet as the odors of Araby.

Vivien Neslie gazed round with dreamy eyes. Looking at her, one would say she was rightly placed near the crimson and golden gadioli. She was in perfect harmony with the beauty of the garden—a tall, stately girl, with a Titian face, dark, glowing, splendid in its exquisite coloring and perfect features, the eyes of a rare purple hue, such as one sees in the heart of a passion flower, darkening with every passing thought, bright as the stars in the sky, fringed with long lashes—mystical, dreamy eyes, full of passion and power—resting in the liquid depths of which it was easy to lose both heart and senses; straight, imperial brows, sensitive, sweet, yet with some proud, scornful curve—a girl that Titian would have painted, holding with white hand a crimson flower to her lips. A mass of dark hair, soft and shining, was drawn back from the beautiful face, and lay in luxuriant profusion over the white neck and shoulders. In the bloom of her girlish beauty she looked brilliant as a passion-flower in the sun.

Suddenly one of the tame white doves fluttered round, lighted on her shoulder, and Vivien Neslie awoke from her dream.

What do girls fair and young dream of in the sunshine and flowers? Of the lover who is to come—the love that is to crown them—the sweet, vague possibilities of life?

No such pretty thoughts occupied the hebes of Lancelwood. She had been through the Hyde woods and round by the river; returning, she stopped to rest by the old sun-dial, and there her dark eyes wandered over one of the fairest scenes in England. She saw the dark masses of trees in Hyde woods; she saw purple hills rising in the far distance, crowned with rich foliage; she saw the deep, clear river glistening in the sun; she saw rich clover-meadows, golden cornfields, and after acres of undulating, fertile land; she saw a picturesque park, where grand old trees of the growth of generations formed a shade for the antlered deer; and to the left lay the sunny Southern sea. She saw Lancelwood Abbey, the home of her race, the grand, massive building that was like a poem in stone; and the thought that brightened the dreamy eyes was—"One day all this will be mine." All this—the wealth of wood and forest, of field and meadow—even the far-famed old Abbey—all would one day be hers, for she was the only child of Sir Arthur Neslie, and heires of Lancelwood. She had the proud air of one who had always been obeyed. There was a grandeur about her such as comes from a frank independence, a certain kind of defiance—for it was a noble face, and a noble soul looked out of it.

"All this will be mine," thought the young girl—"and I will make good use of it. If I live long enough, my good deeds shall be my monument. I will leave a name that will live in the hearts of the people around me. This is my kingdom, and I shall be its queen."

It was not vanity that shone in her face as she said the words—it was something higher and nobler—pride that, rightly trained, might have made her what she wished to be, a noble woman—pride of race and of lineage, pride in a spotless name and high descent, pride in the grand old home that was second to none in the land.

All to be her own—and she would use it royally. She had often thought of the old sun-dial, looking round on the vast domain, thinking what she would do when it became hers. She had been brought up as heires of Lancelwood. No other fate, no other lot in life, no other possibility had ever occurred to her except this. She had filled her mind with grand and noble thoughts, all for the good of others, when she would be queen of this fair domain. It should be a pattern and model for all others—no one should be poor or sorrowful. She would be a lady bountiful, going amongst her people with open hands and open heart, relieving all distress. There should be churches where none had been built before—schools, almshouses. Her heart warmed as she thought of it all, as she pictured the white heads of the old and the fair faces of the young; and all were to be made happy by her. They were noble dreams—not out of place in the glow of the sunlight and amid the fragrance of flowers.

The pretty tame doves aroused her from them. She dropped the flower, and turned to the fountain. The gold fish almost seemed to know her as she touched the water softly. Presently down a broad path, shaded by ancient trees, came a young, handsome man, looking about him eagerly, as though in search of some one. At length he saw the glimmer of a white

rose from her seat, a crimson flush spreading over her face, she flung the letter on the ground at her feet. "I will not believe it!" she cried. "It is a forgery! My father never wrote that."

He made no reply; his pity and his love were so great that they made him speechless.

"Read it!" she commanded. "Read it, Gerald Dorman, and tell me if I am mad or sane!"

He took up the letter. "Do you really wish me to read this, Miss Neslie?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, slowly. "I cannot believe it. My eyes, my senses must have deceived me; the words I have seen cannot possibly be written there. Read it, and tell me if the news be true."

He read the letter. She stood watching him with a bewildered, dazed look, with white parted lip, and darkened eyes. Then he laid it down on the sundial, and turning to her, said—

"It is quite true, Miss Neslie. I knew it when I brought this letter to you."

"You knew it!" she cried. "How?"

"Sir Arthur wrote to tell me. I received his letter this morning, and I felt sure that yours contained the same intelligence. It was for that reason I ventured to disrobe you and remain here instead of looking for the book."

"Then it is true," she moaned; "my father has a wife—some one in my mother's place. I—I cannot believe it. Mr. Dorman, why, only ten minutes since he stopped and now I find he has a wife. He has been all the world to me—as I have been to him; and now he has a wife. The love and the home that have been mine so long will be mine no more."

"Nay, Miss Neslie," said the calm, pitying voice, "it will not be so bad as that. You are, and always will be, heires of Lancelwood. The Abbey will always be your home, unless—"

"Unless my father should have a son to succeed him, in which case Lancelwood would never be mine," she said, slowly. "Half an hour since, Mr. Dorman, I thought myself as certainly heires of Lancelwood as that the sun shone in the sky."

"You must not look on the very darkest side, Miss Neslie," counseled the young secretary. "Sir Arthur says that Lady Neslie is young and beautiful."

She interrupted him with a gesture. "One must be as weak as a man," she said, "to care much for youth and beauty."

"Pardon me," he continued, gently; "I was about to say that, being beautiful, she is almost sure to be kind of heart. Minds and faces are in harmony."

She interrupted him again. "How little you know of the matter, Mr. Dorman! As though beautiful women ever cared for anything except themselves!"

"Being young," he pursued, "she will be timid, and will not venture to take any leading part in the management of the household."

"Did you ever see a timid Frenchwoman, Mr. Dorman? I never did. What can have possessed my father to marry—above all, to marry a French girl?"

"Perhaps," said the young secretary, with a meaning look that any one less proud would have understood. "Sir Arthur may have fallen in love, as others do."

"Love!" she repeated, scornfully. "Pray, pardon me, Mr. Dorman, but the notion of my own father's falling in love is too absurd."

There was an interval of uncomfortable silence; it was broken by the young secretary who said—

"I am sorry, Miss Neslie, to bring a disagreeable matter before you, but Sir Arthur says he wishes arches of evergreens erected in the drive. I am to consult you about them."

"You may spare me the insult, sir. If I erected an arch at all, it would be one of yew and cypress."

"And do you think the same well-come given to her?"

"I tell you 'No!' I would rather cut off my hands than use even one finger in such sacrilege. Let those who will erect triumphal arches—I shall not."

The young secretary looked terribly perplexed.

"I can understand your feelings," he began.

She turned again with her queenly gesture of impatient scorn.

To be Continued.

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

### THE WINTER ROBIN.

Now is that sad time of year when no flower or leaf is here; when in misty southern ways Oriole and jay have flown, and of all sweet birds, alone The robin stays!

### HOPE OF SPRINGTIME YET ABIDE!

See, in spite of darksome days, and wind and rain and bitter chill, Snow and mist-hung branches, still The robin stays!

### MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

So much has been written concerning the servant-girl question that it seems almost as if the housewife ought to know by this time what to expect of her maid, and what her maid expects of her.

A certain man who seems to know as much about the subject as the average woman has issued a proclamation that tells how to have and to keep them. His recipe follows: Buy your household on business principles; servants should have regular hours of service daily. Complete freedom after work is done. Do not be too pretentious with only one maid-of-all-work. One afternoon and evening out each week.

Mean, wholesome bedroom; substantial food. Social privileges within reasonable discretion. If you have a young good-looking, capable servant, she probably wants a husband some day. Do not drive her into the street to get courted.

Do not permit familiarity from the baker's, grocer's and butcher's boys. Insist on respectful treatment to your servant, and set them the example. Avoid personal supervision while off duty.

Do not let slipshod, careless work go unnoticed. A good mistress is always critical, firm and exacting, but she always appreciates conscientious effort.

### FLOWERS AS PERFUM.

In Provence, one of the districts or provinces of the south of France, are nearly a hundred distilleries of perfumes, for the making of which hundreds of acres of roses, violets and other sweet-scented flowers are cultivated. Fifty of these are located in the town of Grasse. The distilleries give employment to large numbers of boys and girls, the adults being engaged in growing the flowers.

All the blossoms must be gathered while the dew is on them, as they are then most fragrant. There are three processes, the "couillage," or gathering; "triage," or stripping the petals from calyx and stem; and "enfleurage," the distilling the petals to produce the essential oil or perfume. The girls who strip the petals get four cents for two pounds; some of them are so expert they can earn from fifty to seventy-five cents, occasionally a dollar. The green of stem and calyx injures the scent.

In the distilleries the petals are put on a glass slab coated with pure fat, being laid on half an inch deep. Another glass slab coated in the same manner is laid over them. The fat absorbs the perfume in from twelve to twenty-four hours. When saturated it is packed in tins for shipment to the manufacturers, where the odor is washed out with alcohol.

Some delicate perfumes require fifty to eighty layers of petals upon the same fat. These flowers very strong in perfume do not require so many blossoms. It requires about sixteen thousand pounds of rose petals to produce one pound of attar of roses, or the essential oil of the flower. No wonder the precious oil is more valuable than gold.

In some factories the petals after the stripping are simply shot down a trap into a cauldron of boiling fat. This is a wasteful process, as much of the fragrance escapes into the air and is lost.

It has been said that "Provence is the garden of France and Grasse the garden of Provence." It seems quite and peaceful now, but through many centuries it was the battleground as well as the garden. It has been sacked by Spaniards; it was laid waste by Francis I. on the approach of Charles V., and plundered by the invader when he reached it. It was again devastated in 1870, when the strife with Frederick the Great. Almost every war in Europe has been felt in Provence. Sometimes the invaders could be appeased by a ransom; once ten thousand bottles of perfume were demanded in addition to a heavy money indemnity. Nevertheless, Grasse has thriven and the people grow rich through the pretty industry which ministers to the luxurious habits of the wealthy. It is not often, though, that Grasse has had such a customer as Madame Pompadour, who spent five million francs on perfumes in a single year.

### CHILDREN ARE NOT PLAYTHINGS.

Mothers must remember that their babies are not given them for their own pleasure or amusement, nor to display as marvels to their friends," warns Barnetta Brown, writing of "Mothers' Mistakes and Fathers' Failures" in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "But mothers must consider that from the first moment of life the child is destined toward growth, development, progression. A dallying with this bit of wisdom in the beginning makes rare occasions for much that is disagreeable later. And let no mother make the error of being lulled by the cry of 'heredity.' Much of what is called heredity is really imitation.

### A DISADVANTAGE.

The automobile is a wonderful invention, remarked the man who used to own horses. Yes, said the harnessmaker, sadly, there isn't a hitch in it.

# IS IT FINAL?

Many a man is so faint-hearted, so intensely matter-of-fact, that he will take a girl's "No" as final, and go away forever—discouraged and sad, and propose to some other girl for whom he does not care, just because he has to do something to relieve his lacerated feelings.

Now, the man who has had experience with women will not do that. He will try again, after the first shock of that dreadful little two-letter word has subsided, and she has had time to think of it. And not infrequently his perseverance is rewarded by "Yes."

Not one woman in forty, or man, either, knows her own mind at the beginning of a love affair. There are so many factors operating for and against a certain course, which, after it is once taken, must be irrevocable. If you can make the girl you love hesitate, you have won a long score in your favor.

And if you are a young man, and are in love with a girl, and you are sure that there is no other man in the way, don't take that first "No" as final. A girl likes to think you are persevering, especially if that perseverance is exercised in winning her favor.

A man who has common sense will not make himself obnoxious to a woman by asking her to reconsider her previous "No," particularly if she be entirely heart-free.

We know of a very happy couple, now married ten years, but not married until the masculine party to the transaction had "asked" her five times and been told "No" four times before the final "Yes."

Girls are curious creatures. When they are quite young, they set a very high valuation upon themselves. At sixteen, a girl would hardly consider a prince. At twenty, she might favor a duke. At twenty-five, a lord, or count, would fill the bill. At thirty, she would not scruple to give herself to a millionaire. At forty she would marry a missionary "from love of the cause" and at fifty, she would jump at the chance of comforting a widower with five children and a maiden aunt in his family.

A girl's ideal is high. If the man upon whom she looks with favor does not come up to her ideal, she endows him with imaginary virtues and graces. She places a good deal of stress on fine eyes, and handsome nose, and a mustache. By and by, when she is older, she will realize that, for a life of support, eyes and nose, she looks to a man's strength and stability of character; and still later, she considers his bank account quite as much as she does the shape of his nose.

Young men are too autocratic. They fling themselves at the heads of the girls they fancy and practically say, "Take me, or leave me, just as you please. There are others."

Wait a little, dear young friends. The world was not made in a day, and surely its manufacture was a bigger job than the courting of any pretty Minnie or Mollie.

Have a little patience. If you go fishing for pickerel, you do not expect the fish you covet to jump out of the pond at your hook when he sees you coming. You must wiggle your bait, and hold your breath, and if he does not bite, you come again to-morrow. And keep on coming until you know just what other fellow has caught him. Can you have as much patience with girl you love?

There are girls, we regret to say, who make a point not to say "Yes" the first time they are asked. If they do too much like jumping at the first chance, they will tell you; and if there is anything a woman generally wants to avoid it is anything like "being too forward" in a matrimonial race. It is feminine to retreat—maudlin to advance.

And there is some sense in it; for men generally like to do the courting before marriage, and leave it to women to do it afterward. Well, "turn about is fair play," says the old adage.

If you are a young man, don't throw yourself down at a girl's feet for her to walk over. Don't spend all your income "treating" her to ice cream and confectionery. A girl of that kind is not worth asking twice. Better take the first "No" as final.

A girl respects a man who has a mind of his own. She may get vexed when she fails to carry her point, and have a fit of the sulks, and go off with the other fellow; but if she carries a grain about you—and you don't want her unless she does—she will soon be convinced that, even though a man is in love, he has "a right to say his soul's his own." And all you experienced people, who have had love affairs, know what a jolly thing the making up of a lovers' quarrel is.

And so, young man, in closing, permit us to say—if you love a girl, and has no interest in any other man, or her decision final; and if she says "last says 'Yes,'" hurry up the wedding day, and be happy.

—KATE THORNTON.

### COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

Charley, dear, said young Mrs. Tomkins, please don't try to deceive me. I haven't tried to deceive you. I told you that I had four cocktails last night.

Charley, dear, I know that a few chicken feathers would not make you act like that.

It is a somewhat curious fact that in the Church of England there are two brothers who, as extemporaneous preachers, enjoy the reputation of being no superiors. These are the Bishop of Ripon, and the Rev. Archibald Boyd Carpenter, the rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury.

# ABOUT THE HOUSE.

### PAY FOR A SPOT.

Two mothers of large families were discussing domestic matters one day, and the younger of the two spoke with a sigh of the way in which her tablecloths were spotted through the daily mishaps of her two boys.

"Perhaps you'd like to know how I have helped my boys to be careful at the table," said the older woman. "It is the plan on which my mother brought me up, and I've never found a better."

"The rule in our family," she proceeded, when urged by her friend to explain her method, "is this: Any one who makes a spot on the tablecloth must cover it with a piece of money, and the piece must be large enough to hide the stain entirely; no rims are allowed! The children have to provide the coins out of their own pocket money. This rule applies to their father and me as well as to them. The sum goes to buy new table linen."

"The first year I tried the plan we had money enough for three hand-kerchiefs, but since then there has been less and less. This is the fourth year, and although none of my boys has yet reached his 15th birthday, and they are by no means unskillful in their management of knives, forks and spoons, they have learned to serve themselves and others so well that I am inclined to think their contributions to the 'tablecloth fund' will be very slight."

### DESTROYING THE CHILDREN.

Do American men and women realize that in five cities of our country alone there were during the last school term over sixteen thousand children between the ages of eight and fourteen taken out of public schools because their nervous systems were wrecked, and their minds were incapable of going on any further in the infernal cramming system which exists to-day in our schools? Inquires Edward Bok in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "And these sixteen thousand helpless little wrecks," he continues, "are simply the children we know about. Conservative medical men who have given their lives to the study of children place the number whose health is shattered by overstudy at more than fifty thousand each year. It is putting the truth mildly to state that, of all American institutions, that which deals with the public education of our children is at once the most faulty, the most unintelligent and the most cruel."

### INDOOR LILAC CULTURE.

There has always been a demand for lilacs at unseasonable times, and the florists have made this an important branch of their business, and reaped the dollars accordingly. A correspondent has found the indoor culture a very simple proceeding which will repay any one who wants winter blooming lilacs to adorn the house and make it a bower of beauty. She says: "The Persian varieties are beautiful and have been grown in Europe in pots with a single stem like a standard, drooping with its wealth of floral beauty. It is a charming decoration for the window, corner of a room or conservatory. Take up a plant with a ball of earth around it and with as little loss of roots as possible; plant in a pot of suitable size in rich earth. Keep the earth covered by leaves, which should be moistened and the temperature at 60 to 65 degrees. Under such conditions a fine harvest of lilacs may be gathered at any time during the winter months. A lot of stocky shrubs must be taken up before the ground freezes solid and heeled in the ground shed or cool cellar, so that they may keep dormant until wanted."

### HOW TO RIP A DRESS.

Most people have an idea that it is easy enough to rip a garment to pieces. Any child can do this. It is a matter that requires scarcely any care or attention. Dresses are usually pulled to pieces, snipped at with scissors, or cut with knives.

To rip up a garment properly there should be no pulling, tearing, or dragging apart. If one cannot take the end of the thread and pull it out, the stitches should be cut with a sharp knife. Very few persons can rip a garment with scissors without doing it great harm; indeed, many find it impossible to cut stitches with anything without making holes that render the goods absolutely worthless for the one who originally wore it. When it is done the edges are so ragged that a much smaller pattern must be used.

In preparing goods for the dyer, or to be made over, every stitch should be taken out. It is scarcely necessary to say that facings, braid and hooks and eyes must be removed, but this is imperative, in view of the condition in which garments come to the dressmaker and the dyer. Many dresses, capes and jackets are perfectly wearable after being carefully ripped up, and an establishment for ripping set up and putting them in order for the dressmaker. The owner of them frequently has not time to rip properly, or is too careless and understands too little the way to do it, had she all the time in the world. Some women in every community might get a tolerable living, or at least add to a limited income, by preparing garments for remodelling.

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