

is the work of a young Australian sculptor, or rather sculptoress, Miss Margaret Thomas.

COMMERCIAL travelling in ladies' goods, such as baby linen, lingerie, millinery, is being increasingly taken up by ladies who desire to earn a living, much to the disgust of the commercial road-trotter of the male gender. It proves, however, disappointing work, and a life hard to endure. All weathers must be faced and any number of noes, and at present, there are not enough ladies to create the camaraderie so popular with the genuine traveller, and our sisters in the "commercial line" find themselves often very lonely; besides, so much is done now by way of post, especially parcel post, and advertising, that the Traveller with a big T. is not nearly so popular as erst he was.

MR. HERKOMER'S charming Art School at pretty Bushey grows apace, to the advantage of both master and pupils. It numbers now about eighty students, and the lady students are not in the minority.

THERE is a new manual by Eleanor Rowe, the able manager of the School of Wood Carving, entitled "Hints on Wood Carving." It may be recommended to those who desire to use wood carving as a profession, as well as to the amateur, for Miss Rowe knows certainly more than any other woman of the art of wood carving, and an art in the truest sense it is. Miss Rowe is also a clear and straightforward writer, being simple, yet graphic in her style. The interesting and instructive little work is published by Sutton, Drowley & Co. VEVA KARSLAND.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.*

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

Author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Within and Without," "Malcolm," &c.

CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED).—MY WEDDING.

I COULD scarcely believe them when I did. I was lying on a couch in a room—small, indeed, but beyond exception the loveliest I had ever seen. At first I was only aware of an exquisite harmony of colour, and could not have told of what it was composed. The place was lighted by a soft lamp that hung in the middle, and when my eyes went up to see where it was fastened, I found the ceiling marvellous in deep blue, with a suspicion of green, just like some of the

shades of a peacock's feathers, with a multitude of gold and red stars upon it. What the walls were I could not for some time tell, they were so covered with pictures and sketches. Against one was a lovely little set of bookshelves filled with books; and on a little carved table stood a vase of white hot-house flowers, with one red camellia. One picture had a curtain of green silk before it, and by its side hung the wounded knight, whom his friends were carrying home to die.

"Oh, my Percivale!" I cried, and could say no more.

"Do you like it?" he asked, quietly, but with shining eyes.

"Like it?" I repeated. "Shall I like Paradise when I get there? But what a lot of money it must have cost you!"

"Not much," he answered; "not more than thirty pounds or so. Every spot of paint there is from my own brush."

"Oh, Percivale!"

I must make a conversation of it to tell it at all; but what I really did say I know no more than the man in the moon.

"The carpet was the only expensive thing. That must be as thick as I could get it, for the floor is of stone, and must not come near your pretty feet. Guess what the place was before."

"I should say—the flower of a prickly pear cactus, full of sunlight from behind, which a fairy took the fancy to swell into a room."

"It was a shed, in which the sculptor who occupied the place before me used to keep his wet clay and blocks of marble."

"Seeing is hardly believing," I said. "Is it to be my room? I know you mean it for my own room, where I can ask you to come when I please, and where I can hide when any one comes you don't want me to see."

"That is just what I meant it for, my Ethelwyn—and to let you know what I *would* do for you if I could."

"I hate the place, Percivale," I said. "What right has it to come poking in between you and me, telling me what I know and have known for—well, I won't say how long—far better than even you can tell me?"

He looked a little troubled.

"Ah, my dear," I said, "let my foolish words breathe and die."

I wonder sometimes to think how seldom I am in that room now. But there it is, and somehow I seem to know it all the time I am busy elsewhere.

He made me shut my eyes again, and carried me into the study.

"Now," he said, "find your way to your own room."

* Copyright.—Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Limited, St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)