

them." This lady, then, will, at so much per week, take those poor sufferers in and cure them if possible, *i.e.*, thin them down by judicious starvation. But I know of a case in point where this treatment did not answer altogether its purpose, for the stretched skin refused to shrink back to due proportions, and hung in bags on the unhappy animal, causing poor Bijou, one of those little toy terriers once so fashionable with ladies, to be indeed a sight *not* fair to see.

A CLEVER young Polish lady, the Countess Wanda von Szcauwinka, has lately taken the degree corresponding to our M.D., at Geneva, and is now a full-fledged physician. Whilst on the subject of Lady Physicians, I must really quote an advertisement which appeared the other day in one of the papers, and commencing, *To Invalid Ladies*.—"An English lady, a qualified Medical practitioner, would be willing to travel with an invalid lady or family, either on long or short voyage. Write Y, 738," &c. Thus it ran, and between the lines I read that this feminine M.D. has not found the profession of Medicine profitable, and has been obliged to exercise patience whilst waiting for patients. Please forgive the pun. I own it is a very bad one.

I MUST quote from a recent issue of the *Daily News* a most extraordinary letter, said to have been written to a lady lately by a "young lady" applying for the situation of house-parlour-maid. "Madom,—i call at Miss — office and she gave me your address as she wanted a Housepouler Maide aged 24 would you kindly write back by returns of post and say when i can se you or send me full pictulors of the situation i yours omble servent." Poor soul! she was not born, I fear, with the bump of orthography.

DEAR, dear, deary me! Revolution and change goes on still in the world around us, and in the world of books as well. The last new novel by Mrs. Oliphant—"Janet" is the title—is all about a governess; but instead of being the proper, staid, miserable, oppressed, perfect (adjectives by the dozen, you will say) governess heroine of a generation ago, the young lady who gives her name to the book is neither oppressed nor perfect. This is sad, but true, so old young folk who still like to read a novel, although grey hairs have made their appearance and memory can recall what happened in the sixties, avoid this book and spare yourselves the pain of being introduced to this young governess, who will *entirely* upset your old ideas of what a governess heroine should be.

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 IX.—THE FOUNDLING RE-FOUND.

ONE evening, during this my first visit to my home, we had gone to take tea with the widow of an old servant, who lived in a cottage on the outskirts of the home farm—Connie and I in the pony carriage, and my father and mother on foot. It was quite dark when we returned, for the moon was late. Connie and I got home first, though we had a good round to make and the path across the fields was but a third of the distance, for my father and mother were lovers, and sure to be late when left out by themselves. When we arrived, there was no one to take the pony, and when I rang the bell, no one answered. I could not leave Connie in the carriage to go and look, so we waited and waited till we were getting very tired, and glad indeed we were to hear the voices of my father and mother as they came through the shrubbery. My mother went to the rear to make inquiry, and came back with the news that Theo was missing, and that they had been searching for her in vain for nearly an hour. My father instantly called Wagtail, and sent him after her. We then got Connie in, and laid her on the sofa, where I kept her company while the rest went in different directions, listening from what quarter would come the welcome voice of the dog. This was so long delayed, however, that my father began to get alarmed. At last he whistled very loud, and in a little while Wagtail came creeping to his feet, with his tail between his legs—no wag left in it—clearly ashamed of himself. My father was now thoroughly frightened, and began questioning the household as to the latest knowledge of the child. It then occurred to one of the servants to mention that a strange-looking woman had been seen about the place in the morning—a tall, dark woman, with a gipsy look. She had come begging, but my father's orders were so strict concerning such cases that nothing had been given her, and she had gone away in anger. As soon as he heard this my father ordered his horse, and told two of the men to get ready to accompany him. In the meantime, he came to us in the little drawing-room, trying to look calm, but evidently in much perturbation. He said he had little doubt the woman had taken her.

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