

MISS N. WINTER, M.B.N.A. :—

A mustard plaster or sinapism can be made on brown paper or linen, mustard to be well mixed with either warm or cold water, spread on paper or linen, and covered with thin muslin. Hot water should not be used in mixing, as the strength of mustard is taken out by doing so. The object of cold water is that it enables the patient to bear the sinapism longer, and it often proves more effectual.

MISS J. FRETTEY :—

The mustard for this purpose should be mixed with cold water, and care should be taken that it is fresh and good. The mustard having been well mixed with the water into the consistence of a paste, should be spread on a piece of brown paper, and over this a fine piece of muslin should be laid, to come between the mustard and the skin. If the plaster is not required too strong, add a little flour to the mustard.

MISS E. CROSBY :—

Ground mustard (bruised or ground seeds of white or black mustard) mixed on a plate to a thick paste with cold or tepid water. This is spread thickly with a spatula upon a piece of gauze, and over this a fine piece of muslin should be laid, to come between the mustard and the skin. If the plaster is not required too strong, it may be weakened by adding flour or oatmeal.

MISS WATSON :—

Have ready mustard, tissue paper, cup, spatula, poultice board. Take six or eight layers of paper, one sufficiently large enough to fold over the surface of whole. Mix mustard to a thick paste with cold or tepid water; a little flour may be added, but not necessarily. Spread it very smooth and thinly on layers of paper; place large layer over surface, and double back over edges.

The following received "honourable mention" :

Nurse Hall.
Miss Weedon.
Nurse Jessie Holmes.
Miss F. Webster-Wedderburn.
Miss L. Hern, M.B.N.A.
Miss Emily Sanderson, M.B.N.A.
Mrs. Duyck.
Miss Day, M.B.N.A.
Miss Florence Sheppard.
Miss Tiplady, M.B.N.A.
Nurse Metzger.
Nurse Burr, M.B.N.A.
Miss M. P. Thomson, M.B.N.A.
Miss Emily A. Bradfield, M.B.N.A.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.*

An Autobiographical Story.

By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

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

CHAPTER V.—"GOOD SOCIETY."

WE had agreed, rather against the inclination of both of us, to dine the next evening with the Morleys. We should have preferred our own society, but we could not refuse.

"They will be talking to me about my pictures," said my husband, "and that is just what I hate. People that know nothing of art, that can't distinguish purple from black, will yet parade their ignorance, and expect me to be pleased."

"Mr. Morley is a well-bred man, Percivale," I said.

"That's the worst of it—they do it for good manners; I know the kind of people perfectly. I hate to have my pictures praised. It is as bad as talking to one's face about the nose upon it."

I wonder if all ladies keep their husbands waiting. I did that night, I know, and, I am afraid, a good many times after—not, however, since Percivale told me very seriously that being late for dinner was the only fault of mine, the blame of which he would not take on his own shoulders. The fact on this occasion was, that I could not get my hair right. It was the first time I missed what I had been used to, and longed for the deft fingers of my mother's maid to help me. When I told him the cause, he said he would do my hair for me next time, if I would teach him how. But I have managed very well since without either him or a lady's maid.

When we reached Bolivar Square we found the company waiting; and as if for a rebuke to us, the butler announced dinner the moment we entered. I was seated between Mr. Morley and a friend of his, who took me down, Mr. Baddeley, a portly gentleman, with an expanse of snowy shirt, from which flashed three diamond studs. A huge gold chain reposed upon his front, and on his finger shone a brilliant of great size. Everything about him seemed to say, "Look how real I am! No shoddy about me!" His hands were plump and white, and looked as if they did not know what dust was. His talk sounded very rich, and yet there was no pretence in it. His wife looked less of a lady than he of a gentleman, for she betrayed conscious importance. I found

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