

THE SILVER SPOON CRAZE.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

THE collection of what are known as "souvenir spoons" has been a "fad" for some years both in the United States and Canada; but does not appear to have spread to our own shores. Perhaps it is because such a collection is both expensive and somewhat useless in daily life, though most people who have one use it for afternoon tea, on any occasions when somebody is coming to admire it. As a subject for conversation, nothing can exceed the suggestiveness of a promiscuous assortment of souvenir spoons. The most unimaginative person finds something to say about them, and people who have travelled really wax eloquent. The worst of this use of the spoons is, that their owner, if she be wise, will have to undertake the delicate task of washing them herself; for they are, in general, far too fragile and delicately-worked to bear the heavy touch of the best of parlour-maids.

The extent of this fancy may be gauged by

the fun that has been made of it and by the amusing stories that are circulated of the travelling American lady in search of these spoons. We are gravely assured that the sole remembrance of some beautiful city exists in the shop where she bought the souvenir spoon and what she paid for it. And another American is reported, by her own countrymen, to have declared that the use of travel, to her mind, consisted in the acquirement of fresh spoons for her collection.

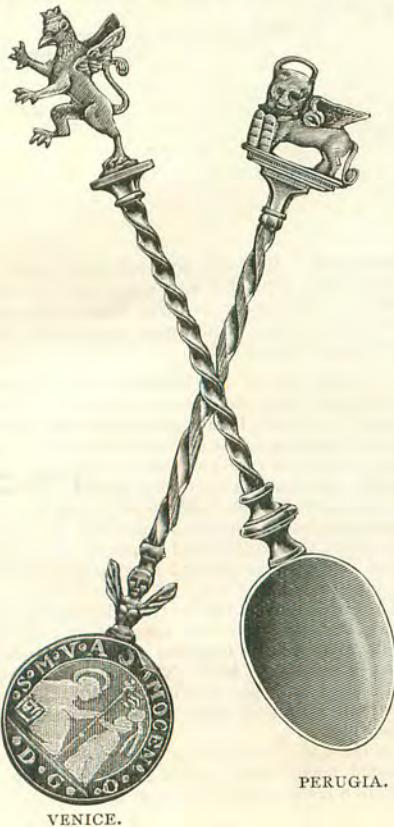
I have heard of very extensive collections of these souvenir spoons, the largest which I have seen myself was over two hundred, all of American or Canadian origin, except one or two. There are whole sets of various descriptions, such as those representing the poets of America. Some of these have become very rare and scarce, and it takes some time to make up a set. The likenesses on these poetical spoons are extremely good, and the workmanship is also quite above par. I admired Whittier and Longfellow very much. The fine head of the former lends itself to spoon-decoration admirably.

The report of this trans-Atlantic craze has spread to the various continental cities of Europe, and in most of them the various jewellers and silversmiths have managed to design a spoon which is emblematic of something in the history or literature of the town. Thus Berne, which always during the past centuries manufactured spoons, surmounted by the typical bear, has revived the fashion, and makes spoons with bears of all descriptions and in every attitude; but, alas! far less artistic and beautiful than those of earlier days. The other Swiss towns have generally adopted a shield with the insignia and colours of the Canton upon them. For instance, Vevey has a small shield with the green and white of the Canton de Vaud, to form the ornament of the top of the spoon-handle. In Geneva you find the same, but you will also see that the famous Brunswick monument has been utilised, and adorns the head of a spoon. The Swiss Exhibition of the year 1896 brought out "many inventions" in the way of memorial and souvenir spoons, and some representing the chamois, steinbok and gemsel were very well designed and executed.

In Italy, collectors can obtain a good selection of souvenirs in the spoon way. Gondolas from Venice, the cathedral from Milan, and many forms of the word "Roma" from Rome, as well as the three arches—all these form the heads of spoons. I have a very delicate one in my own collection, which hails from Perugia, and has a representation on it of the armorial bearings of that city, and the special and distinctive decoration of almost all the

public buildings. This spoon constitutes rather a trial to me, for it is so delicate that a careless hand might easily break the slender leg on which the griffin stands. This spoon is really made in Perugia; but, as a rule, I fancy that most spoons have their origin in large manufactories far from the place where they are sold, and of which they are intended to be the souvenir. In Canada, for instance, I think most of the spoons are (probably) made either in England or New York.

My own collection is a mixed one, both





CONSTANTINOPLE.



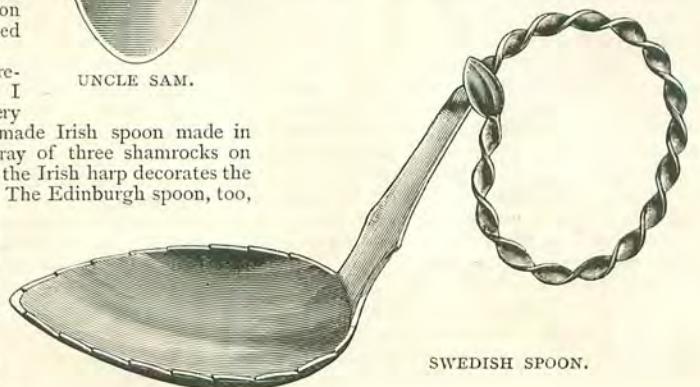
IRISH.



TORONTO.



UNCLE SAM.



SWEDISH SPOON.

antique and modern specimens being represented in it. I do not care for a spoon merely as a souvenir—as every collector should do—but for me it must be either curious or beautiful. The ancient examples are the finest in every way, and many people may not be aware that silver spoons are among the most ancient of English hall-marked plate in

appropriately decorated with an orange, a tiny gilded example, reposing in three or four leaves, which were of silver in one spoon, and had been exquisitely enamelled in another one. Oranges are often eaten with a spoon; and at the Chicago Exhibition I purchased a set of spoons manufactured for this purpose, which have a curiously-pointed tip to the bowl, and a rather stronger handle than seems usual. I afterwards saw many sets of these spoons, some of them extremely ornate, and decorated with a trail of orange flowers; the bowl of the spoon being a petal of the orange-flower, or a green leaf.

Some exquisite little spoons of the same description were, I believe, sent over from Australia some years ago, the set being intended for coffee. They were of silver gilt. At the top of the handle there was a tiny coffee-bean, so exact in its imitation of the real thing, that I thought it was one, but it proved to be, if not of ebony, of some Australian wood of the true brown colour, and very hard in its texture.

In London too we may find many representatives of the souvenir spoon, some of them well known and valued in America. The prettiest are the rose, shamrock, and thistle spoons, I think; but many of the great public buildings are represented on them, and I believe that a series of poets' heads are to be found amongst them. The "Manchester Ship Canal" spoon is an

senting the Scott monument, and other devices of the kind, were very good.

A Waterloo spoon, purchased on the field itself, is amongst my collection. The decoration of it is the well known Belgian lion—in fact, the monument as it stands. The workmanship is coarse, and it is poorly finished in the shank, while the lion monument is well cut, and is the same on both sides. A very interesting spoon comes from Ceylon with an elephant as a decoration. It is unmistakably of Eastern workmanship; and the same may be said of a Moorish coffee-spoon, the handle of which consists of two small coins one above the other; while the bowl is composed of a larger one bent into a cup-like shape. A very small model of one of the coffee-spoons used in Turkey is enamelled in colours, and shows how the jewels are inserted in those marvellous ones used by the Sultan, and by some of the rich pashas in Constantinople. These, with the tiny gold cups, are heavily jewelled. I have heard of a set, used by the Sultan, valued at a thousand pounds sterling, and I am told that this is nothing compared to the treasures found in Persia, where the coffee-sets belonging to the Shah, in gold filigree set with jewels, are of enormous value.

I have one very curious Swedish spoon with a twisted and curled handle, terminating in a very small heart. The bowl is chased on the outside with the simulation of the "rat-tail," and a sea-weed pattern diverging from it on either side, the edge being curiously cut, in a foliated or leaf-like border all round. I am afraid that I felt rather envious at the Norwegian Exhibition, two years ago, when I saw those delightful Icelandic spoons, so thoughtfully designed both to feed, and to amuse the baby; for they had tiny bells on their handles, which were evidently intended to tinkle, and make a musical sound while the little one was being fed. To this exhibition a wonderful wooden spoon was sent, made in Norway, the carving on which was considered as quite unique, being a Runic pattern of great antiquity. It was purchased by the Editor in Norway, and is much valued by the possessor.

The Chicago Exhibition was peculiarly fruitful in souvenir spoons. In fact, there seemed nothing else to buy there in the way of a distinctive memorial; and there were so many from which to select that it became quite a difficulty to make a satisfactory choice. The woman's souvenir spoon was very good, but I selected what was considered the best—not that specimen, I believe, of the American silversmith's work, with a chased "Chicago" on the flat part of the handle, and a relief picture of Fort Dearborn—the original Chicago—on the bowl. The other spoon I got there is not silver, but is a wonderful specimen of metal work. In the bowl is an exquisitely finished picture in relief of Columbus taking possession of the New World, in which are sixteen figures. On the front of the

existence. A recent writer says, that there is evidence to show that, from the earliest times, it was always considered the sign of gentility to be the possessor of silver spoons, and not a few founded their claim to respectability of social position upon the possession of a single spoon! In the wills of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, spoons were the objects of testamentary dispositions. To-day, most of these old relics of the past may be called priceless, and are rarely found in any private collection.

To-day, in England, we have returned, in a slight degree, to the old habit of presenting spoons at a wedding and a baptism. The modern pair of large spoons for dessert may, however, be expensive, but they are not often artistic or beautiful; nor do the dozen of spoons called "apostle" represent their beautiful ancestors in any way at all, save only in being the same in material and in number. The ancient baptismal spoons were very beautiful, especially in Switzerland; and there are some very curious old spoons used for sprinkling pounce over papers, having generally wooden bowls and silver handles. Indeed, one might very easily spend a fortune on a collection of ancient specimens, all of which are more or less expensive. The craze for the modern is far cheaper to adopt, for the "souvenir spoon" is generally priced at about ten shillings, or not exceeding one pound, though it might be more; but, of course, to be popular, it must be cheap, and to purchase even many of these a long purse is needful.

In Florida we find the alligator spoon, decorated with one of these big and ugly creatures, which is placed at the end of the handle. No collection is thought complete without one of this special kind to grace it. The prettiest specimens I saw were, I think, some hailing from California, which were

excellent specimen of silversmiths' work. It has a shield bearing the arms of Manchester, with the supporters on the handle, and the arms of the Ship Canal on the bowl, produced in relief-chasing.

Amongst my recent acquisitions, I must mention a very elegant and well-made Irish spoon made in Dublin, with a spray of three shamrocks on the handle; while the Irish harp decorates the back of the bowl. The Edinburgh spoon, too, is a very fair representative of Scotland, the thistle being well done; but it has not the simplicity of the Irish one. Those spoons in Edinburgh repre-

handle is a relief of Columbus departing for the New World, a head of Columbus, the date, and the name Chicago. On the back of the handle is a relief of the huge building dedicated to mines and mining, a marvellous quantity to be crammed upon one small spoon.

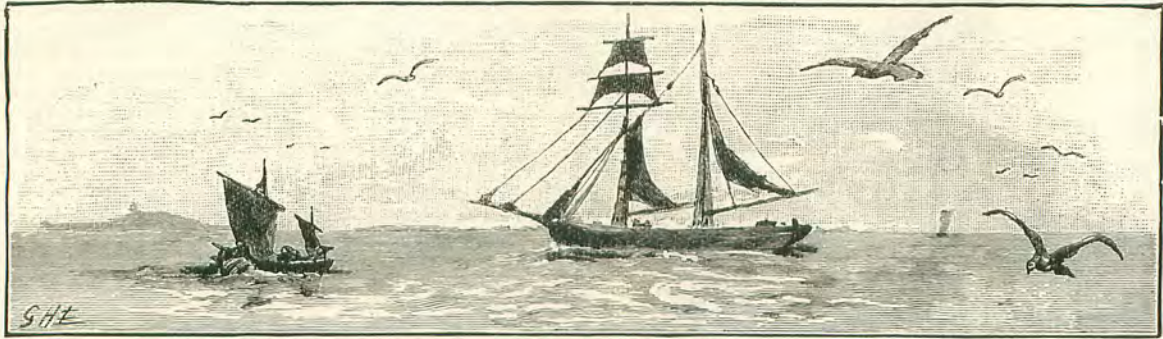
That year, too, I got two spoons in New York, which I am very fond of. The first commemorates the years 1492-1893, and bears the names of La Reina, Ysabel, and her consort, King Ferdinand; and has the Spanish word at the back, "Recuerdo." This spoon is beautifully engraved. The other spoon is called the "Uncle Sam" spoon, and the

handle represents the gentleman himself, clothed in the stars and stripes, the first forming the coat, and the latter the trousers.

The last of my spoons—at least, that I shall mention—are two Canadian ones. The first is the souvenir of London, Ontario, which is a solid, and rather heavy specimen, with a picture of Helmuth College, a large girls' school, for which the town is famous, and on the handle is the emblem of Canada, the beaver. The other spoon comes from Toronto, Ontario, and is a good specimen. It is silver gilt; the arms of the city, in an enamel shield, finishes the handle, and those of the province of Ontario are shown in relief in the bowl. It is a

pretty spoon, most elegantly made and proportioned.

And now a word must be said on the favourite method of keeping a collection of spoons. This is best done, and the spoons are displayed to the most advantage, in a case of plush or velvet, blue being generally chosen. This case is merely a long strip of material doubled down the centre, and sewn on an elastic covered with blue ribbon to match the plush. This ribbon is stitched at such intervals as will allow the spoons to be easily put in and held in place. Ribbon strings are sewn at one end, to tie up the roll and keep it neat, as well as to preserve the spoons from chafing or falling out.



DOCTOR LUTTRELL'S FIRST PATIENT.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Little Miss Muffet," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

"YOU MUST NOT LOSE HEART."

"Cherish those that love you; that if ye love, ye may be loved again."—*Moschus.*

WHEN Greta woke on her wedding morning she was greeted by the pale wintry sunshine. The weather was unusually mild for December, the sky blue and cloudless, and only the bare blackness of the trees and their stripped branches testified that winter had come.

"Happy the bride that the sun shines on," says the old proverb, and as Olivia repeated the saying, she felt her old cheerfulness and buoyancy return. Marcus had promised to meet them at the church, and to return with them to Brunswick Place, and her finery would not be thrown away.

It would be of course a very quiet wedding, the only guests would be the lawyer, Mr. Treherne, an old family friend, who had undertaken to give the bride away, and Alwyn's best man, a young artist.

As soon as the young couple had partaken of refreshment and Greta had changed her dress, they were to drive round to Galvaston House on their way to the station. The brief fortnight's honeymoon was to be spent at St. Leonards. Mr. Gaythorne had begged that they would not go very far away, and Alwyn had been reluctant to leave his father for a longer time.

Olivia had promised to spend the remainder of the day with Mr. Gaythorne, and if possible, Marcus was to join them in the evening, but she had another visit to pay on her way to Brunswick

Place, so when the brougham came round she drove over in solitary state to Mayfield Villas.

Mrs. Broderick regarded her niece with satisfied eyes. "Why, Livy," she said admiringly, "I have not seen you look so well since your own wedding-day. Fine feathers make fine birds. You are quite a striking-looking woman. Marcus will be proud of his wife."

"You must not make me vain," returned Olivia blushing. She was as pleased as a child with her beautiful dress. "Look what Alwyn has given me," and she exhibited a pair of delicate gold bangles. "You cannot think how smart I feel, for that pretty brooch that Marcus gave me the day before we were married was my sole piece of jewellery."

Mrs. Broderick smiled. "I am not much richer than you in that respect, Livy. I never would let Fergus spend his money on trinkets. I told him I was far too ugly, and that I preferred books. There are only two handsome rings to come to you, Livy, when I am gone," but Olivia frowned at this speech. She never could endure to think of anything happening to Aunt Madge.

Marcus was at the church door to meet her, and there was unmistakable approval in his eyes as they stood together for a moment in the porch. And as they walked up the empty church together each was thinking of the day three years ago, when they had plighted their troth in this very church.

Greta made a sweet-looking bride, there was a chastened gravity on her fair face, but no tremor as she repeated the solemn responses, but Alwyn was painfully nervous, and looked so

pale, that Olivia feared more than once he was ill.

He looked more like himself when the service was over, but that he realised his responsibilities intensely was evident from the few words he said to Olivia while Greta was changing her dress.

"I have not deserved all this, have I, Mrs. Luttrell?" he said in his impulsive way. "I feel as though coals of fire were heaped upon me. Fancy a sweet girl like Greta consenting to link her lot with mine. How am I to live up to it? but she believes in me, and God bless her. I will try not to disappoint her," and there were tears in the young man's eyes as he said this.

"Good-bye, Olive darling," whispered Greta as she put her arms affectionately round her friend. "I am glad that we are not to be long away, the dear new home will be quite ready for us," and then she took her husband's arm and the little group of friends watched them as they drove away.

When Olive went to Mr. Gaythorne an hour later she found him looking pleased and excited. "Alwyn is a happy man," he said, "he has got a good wife. Greta has tact as well as heart. She will let him have his own way whenever it is possible, and he will not find out that he is guided. That is what Alwyn's nature needs. I have found that out by bitter experience." And the old man sighed heavily. In spite of his contentment the memory of the past was still painful, and both he and Alwyn would carry their scars to their dying day.

"I am sure you will love Greta dearly," Olivia observed. "She is a little shy and quiet until she gets used