

dresses, who have not acquired the right knack of the thing, generally rub the skin off their hands, and consequently feel the effects of washing-day two or three days after it is past. There is no occasion for this. There is a right way of doing everything, even of rubbing clothes, and five minutes of the right way will do more to make the fabric clean than ten minutes of the wrong way. When clothes have been soaked, and when the right way of rubbing is adopted, it is wonderful how little rubbing will make them clean.

After washing, clothes must be boiled in water in which some of the soap jelly already mentioned has been dissolved. This water must on no account be boiling when the linen is put in. Boiling water would fix any stains there might be. The water must be lukewarm, and twenty minutes' boiling will be quite long enough to get rid of the dirt, and the clothes must be pressed well under the water while this is going on.

Even in the copper it is important that distinctions of quality should be respected. Fine linen will never be a good colour if coarse articles or stained articles are boiled with them at the same time.

After having been boiled, linen should be rinsed in cold water and blued, and if it is very superior it should be rinsed in one water and blued in another. To blue clothes properly is a very delicate process. Again and again it has happened that clothes which have been excellently washed have been spoiled in the blueing. When clothes are streaked or spotted with blue we may be almost sure either that the blue rinse has been carelessly made, or that too many articles have been put into it at once. The blue ought to be very gradually squeezed into the water through a thick flannel bag, and it ought to be mixed well in. Also not more than one article should be dealt with at once, and this should be dipped in once or twice, and then wrung out and shaken. Also clothes should never be allowed to lie in blue-water, and the water should be only slightly tinged with blue. There is nothing more vulgar than to have clothes too deeply blued, and we are justified in suspecting that laundresses who are partial to too much blue have a reason for their peculiar taste. At the same time, a little blue must be employed, or the linen will look yellow.

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## A RISING WELSH TOWN.

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**C**ARDIFF is rapidly becoming the metropolis of coal. It is the chief of the great ports of the Bristol Channel, and through its docks much of the fuel sent from this country finds its way abroad. It has claims to notice other than these. There are historical associations of interest attaching to its castle; it has been peopled by

British, Roman, Saxon, and Norman tribes; its growth has been wonderfully rapid in this century; and it furnishes a field almost unequalled for the study of the character of the many nationalities. Its coal-field is young beside that of Newcastle, but it encloses no small share now of the available fuel of our country; its river is small and of less note than the Tyne; yet



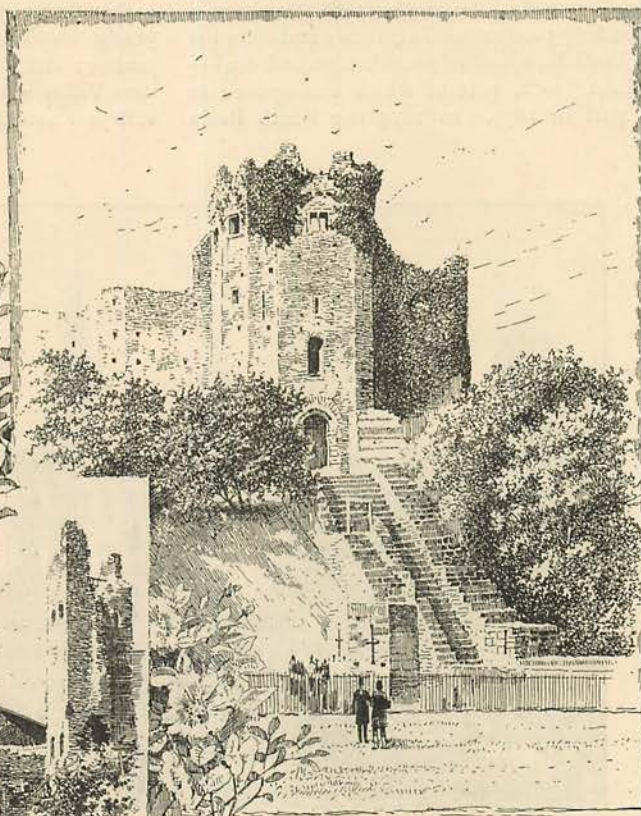
PENARTH GARDENS.

it is rapidly gaining on the great Northern port in the coal trade. Away back from the town are the collieries which furnish so much of our fuel, and Cardiff does not give the beholder the idea of a coal port that some others do, possibly because its chief railway stations are distant from its docks. It is to the latter that the town owes its prosperity. Fifty years ago it was described as "an ancient and respectable borough-town and port"; vessels came up to the town by means of a canal—tide permitting; but the first of the Bute Docks was in contemplation, and it was then believed that Cardiff "would, ere long, be considered one of the principal towns in South Wales." The population in 1831 was 6,187, and in the previous ten years it had been nearly doubled. There was no railway then, but three

Down at the docks of Cardiff, coal predominates. You may see piles of pit-props and of timber; there are engineering works, which have a hankering after North-country names; there is a suspicion of patent fuel, and an indication of imports of food, but these are all subsidiary to the coal that is filling the railway sidings, impinging in trucks on the quays, rattling in



LEANING TOWER, CAERPHILLY.



THE OLD KEEP, CARDIFF CASTLE.

coaches ran through it, and there was one "steam packet daily, the *Nautilus*," as well as three sailing vessels. Now its roads are the haven for vessels of every nationality; four docks are within its bounds, and others beyond it; many railways serve it; and its population may be roundly put this year at 120,000—a busy, pushing, bustling people. Few places show more the variety of their life; the rough jostle towards the docks, the quiet of the road towards the new Roath Park, the business life in the heart of the town, the serenity as that "smallest city," Llandaff, is approached—these contrast vividly with each other.

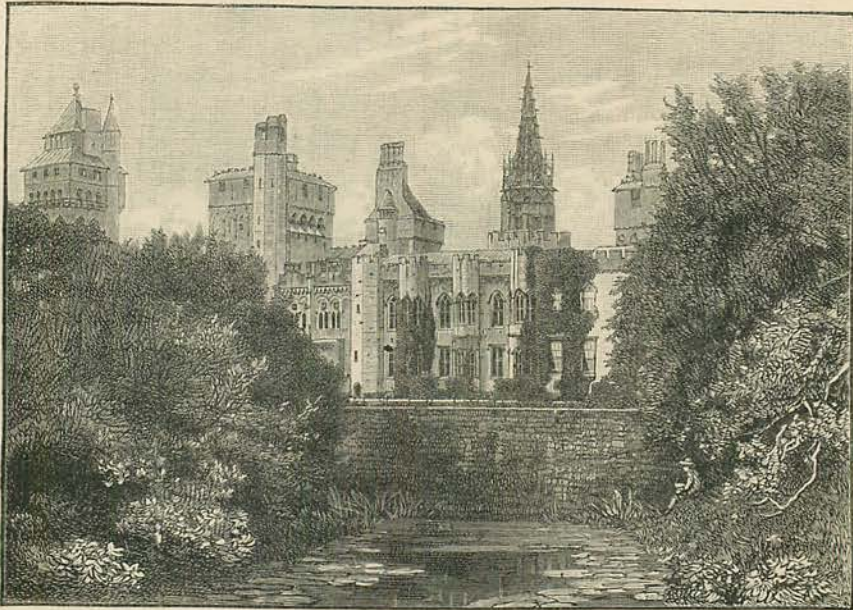
the iron spouts, and furnishing employment for many a gang of trimmers and teemers, before it leaves the port at a rate of more than 1,100 tons per hour day and night for every trading day in the year! Glamorgan and Monmouth contribute from their many collieries to the vast export of coal from the chief port of South Wales, and the rich Rhondda Valley finds many of its pits work to give the coal for the thousands of steamers which visit Cardiff for it. It has not the iron wealth that Newport has, nor the fame for copper which Swansea possesses; but it is rich in coal, and that carboniferous treasure gives it a potentiality beyond the dreams of avarice. Its position gives it value: it is on the edge of what may be perhaps called our richest coal-field; it is in the way of the great ocean traffic of the world from east to west; the transfer of the ocean carriage from the sailing vessel to the steamship has many times multiplied the consumption of coal; and Cardiff, and the men who have

moulded its trade, have seized their opportunity, and they supply now the largest portion of the fuel that the marine steam-engine calls for.

The late Marquis of Bute was perhaps the first to perceive the true needs of the district, and especially to see the need for an outlet for the coal which is behind the Welsh coast. He projected a dock, and it was opened in 1839, its cost being "£220,000 in hard cash, and £130,000 in limestone and timber from Lord Bute's estate." The dock made necessary a railway—the long-prosperous Taff Vale; and soon the trustees of Lord Bute had to provide a second dock—the Bute East Dock, part of which was opened in 1855, and part in 1859. In 1874 the Roath Basin

homes, seamen's hospitals, dispensaries, industrial schools, sisterhoods, and other attempts to fit for the world, or to mitigate suffering. Finally, the Marchioness of Bute cut, in August last, the first sod of a magnificent park, which will afford that recreative exercise which is essential in great communities.

We have said that the prosperity of Cardiff is built up on coal. The valleys near it overflow with the carboniferous treasures—Rhymney Valley sends out yearly its 600,000 tons; Bargoed Rhymney is as prolific; Taff Valley produces twice as much; Aberdare Valley sends out nearly 3,000,000 tons; and the valleys Rhondda Fach and Rhondda Fawr together



CARDIFF CASTLE.

was opened, and in 1887 there was opened the Roath New Dock. In addition to these docks and works of the Marquis of Bute—on which £3,500,000 have been spent—there are docks completed and to be completed at Penarth and Barry, and with each dock extension the town and the trade of Cardiff have prospered greatly. And whilst the coal shipments in 1840 were only 165,880 tons, in 1854 they were 1,040,757 tons; in 1864 they were 2,316,000 tons; in 1874 they rose to 3,379,000 tons; and by 1885 they were 8,219,000 tons.

Cardiff, with a growing population, has had this century to provide largely for their spiritual, mental, and material wants. It possesses over eighty-two churches and chapels of various denominations. It has erected a noble "University College" for male and female students; its School Board has about a dozen schools, and there are private seminaries of many grades. There are free libraries, convalescent

yield 7,000,000 tons. It is evident that all this coal does not come to Cardiff, but much of it does, and it is on this, on the colliers, and those who depend upon them, that the prosperity of the port of the Taff depends. These miners follow their coal—on business occasionally, and on pleasure oft; they stream down to the town at the mouth of the Taff, and add to the thousands who crowd its streets, and give to it the spice of Welsh life, with all its characteristics of vivacity, earnestness, and oddness of dialect to the Saxon.

Much more is to tell of Cardiff and its district. There is Penarth near it—a village half a century ago, now a prosperous little town. Caerphilly, Swansea, Neath, Ogmere, and other places near, have their castles, with more or less of "decay's effacing finger" effects visible thereon; but Cardiff Castle is restored and kept with reverent care by its owner. The Roman station at the mouth of the Taff repelled long the

invaders ; the castle, more than seven centuries ago, was the scene of the imprisonment and the death of Robert, Duke of Normandy ; it was nearly destroyed by Owen Glendwr in 1404 ; and gradually it sank in

men ; but, following the custom of the day, the Bute Docks Company has recently taken the place of the nobleman who is still the chairman of the Board of Directors. With the "inexhaustible resources" of



HIGH STREET, CARDIFF.

(Drawn in Pen and Ink from a Photograph by Messrs. CATHERALL & PRITCHARD.)

importance as peaceable times came near ; but in the hands of the Bute family it has become a restored residence, and chief of the few historical buildings Cardiff possesses.

The late Marquis of Bute, the trustees who succeeded him, and the present Marquis, have spent on the docks and the estates many millions sterling, but they have derived a golden recompense. They have surrounded themselves with singularly capable

the Welsh valleys behind it ; with the "capital and enterprise" of which it boasts ; with the wealth of the Butes, their earnestness, and the skill of their associates to back it ; and with the colliers of that "Land of my fathers" of which "Mabon, M.P.," delights to speak and sing, to give it the backbone of labour, Cardiff should prosper in the future, as in the past.

\* \* The illustrations to this paper (except where otherwise stated) are engraved from photographs by Messrs. POULTON & SONS, Lee.

"WHEN THE WIND IS FROM THE EAST."

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



HERE was a little old woman once lived in a hut on the edge of a stunted pine-wood, and close by a bleak and dreary moorland, in Aberdeenshire. She was, of course, reputed to be "no canny," if not exactly a witch, and when we boys went bird-nesting, we used to give her cottage a wide berth. If we did happen

to come suddenly upon her, breaking the lichen-clad boughs of withered larch-trees to light her fire, it gave us quite a turn. She was very, very old, over ninety they said, and probably very faded, though not much

of her face was visible even on Sundays, when she crawled to church and squatted on the pulpit-stairs. At some remote period of her life she may have had a Christian name and surname, but now, in her old age, she was universally called "Sod-head." A "sod," in the north of Scotland, is not simply a turf, it is a turf cut in a moss or from a hill, and is covered with rank tall heather. When I say, then, that this old lady's idea of comfort, out-doors and in, was to wear half a dozen flannel caps and flannel bandages, and surmount the whole with an old woollen under garment, you will admit that the sobriquet, Sod-head, was deservedly applied. A little soldier in a shako looks odd ; Sod-head's oddity was of the same stamp,