

sugar to make it sweet, but not a syrup. Let the rinds simmer gently in this for ten minutes; strain them, and spread them on large dishes to cool. (The sweet lemon-water from the last boiling makes a pleasant beverage.)

The actual syrup is now to be prepared. This requires sugar to the same weight as the peels, half a pint of water for every two pounds of sugar, and half an ounce of sliced white ginger to every gallon of the finished pickle. Melt the sugar in the stew-pan, and when the syrup is quite hot, but not boiling, put the rinds into it, replace the lid, and simmer them till they look quite clear. Take them out; spread them on dishes to cool once more, and commence to work up the syrup by putting into it: for every pound

of sugar, one pint of the strongest malt vinegar; to every gallon of finished pickle, one heaped-up table-spoonful of powdered turmeric; also put in mace and cinnamon, or cloves and allspice, to taste. Boil up this syrup to perfect it into a fine, bright, golden-yellow, thick liquid, and then put in the rinds for a final slow simmering of fifteen minutes' duration. Remove from the fire, and, when slightly cooled, fill into glass jars or bottles, and seal them up air-tight.

This recipe is seemingly complicated and troublesome, but will amply repay all the requisite attention. One taste of the resulting pickle will be a reward which is not to be soon forgotten or thought lightly of. In my own case, the enchanting flavour of it, seventeen years ago, haunts me still.

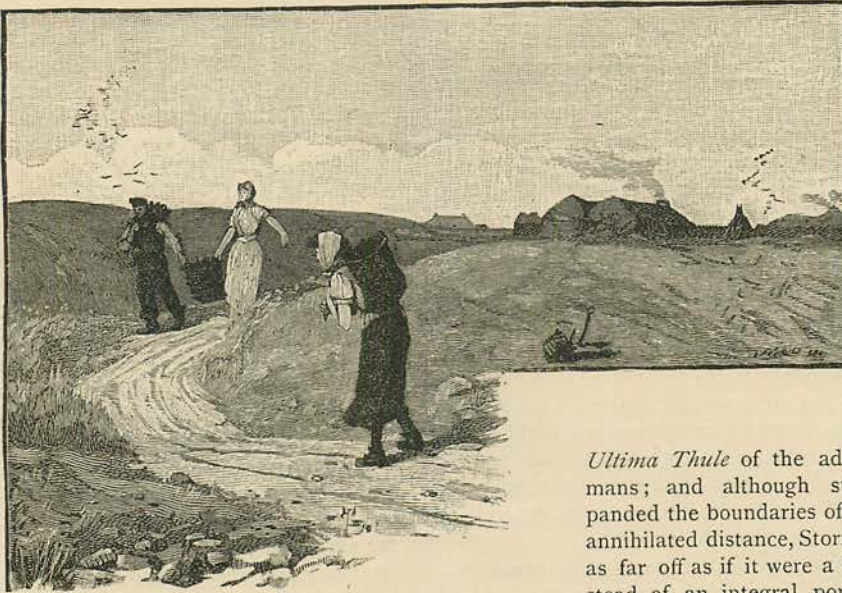
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FAR-AWAY STORNOWAY.

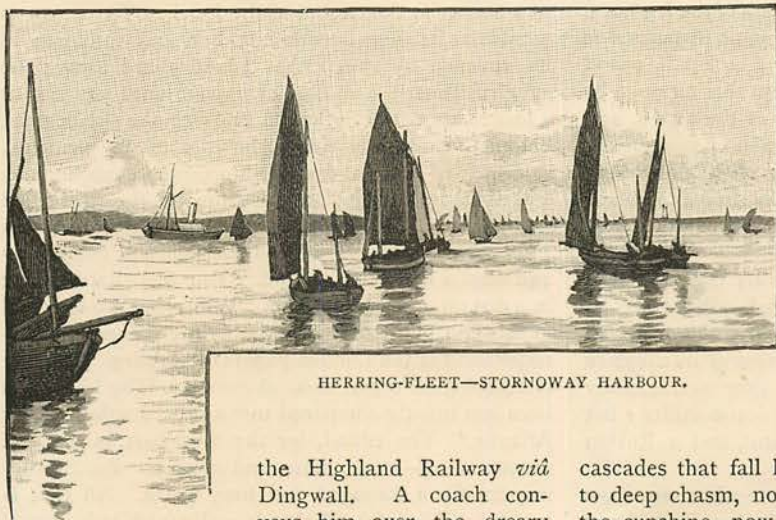
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POTATO-LIFTING.

**M**R. WILLIAM BLACK, whose charming story, "A Princess of Thule," is the best possible guide to the inhospitable Hebrid Isle of which Stornoway is the capital, contends that whoever has been to the Lewis knows that ever after it remains in his memory as a strangely remote and inaccessible place, "seeming further away than Gibraltar, or Newfoundland, or St. Petersburg, or any spot, indeed, that is a familiar geographical expression." The brilliant novelist accounts for this fancy, arising in part from the exceeding loneliness and desolate grandeur of the scenery on the West Coast of Scotland. The Lewis was certainly the

*Ultima Thule* of the adventurous Romans; and although steam has expanded the boundaries of the world and annihilated distance, Stornoway remains as far off as if it were a Fiji island, instead of an integral portion of Great Britain. It is near to us, and yet it seems remote. If time is an object, you can get from Glasgow to Stornoway and back within the week, having an entire day to explore the interesting island, and enjoying a sea-voyage, in a swift, and even luxurious steamer, that in its scenic glories, its historical associations, and its health-inspiring air, is not surpassed in the wide world. If you wish to still more economise your hours, and are at the same time prepared to sacrifice a little of your enjoyment, you can travel by train to Stromie Ferry and take the steamer thence to the island of Lewis. There is for the tourist tribe an even more accelerated route, whereby you can be in Inverness in the morning and at Stornoway at night. The passenger leaves Inverness for Garve by

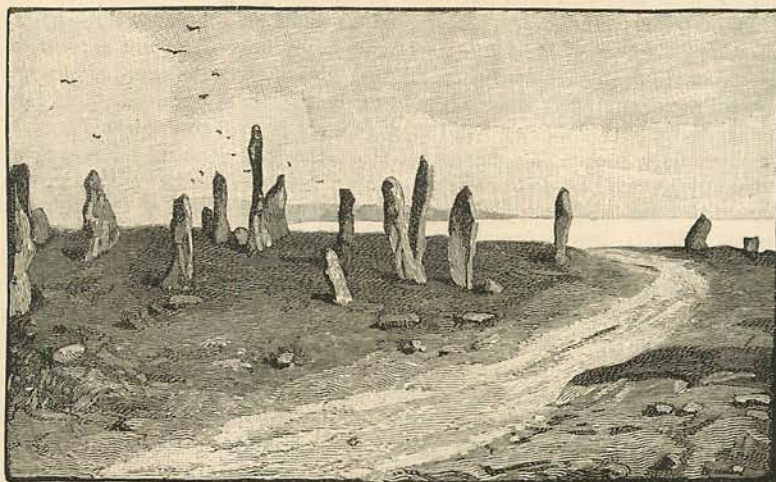


HERRING-FLEET—STORNOWAY HARBOUR.

wilds to Ullapool—a wild stag or two diversifying the monotony of the journey—where the mail steamer is in waiting to take him down the bold and beautiful reaches of Loch Broom, and thence across the rough and rushing waters of the Minch to Stornoway, the voyage being reduced to something like forty miles. The steamer route from Glasgow to Stornoway, by the Mull of Kintyre, is nearly 400 miles, and the cabin fare there and back is forty-five shillings, a rate so cheap as to induce the belief that the shipowner begs his ships, steals the coal, and gets the crew to work for nothing. If you are only a moderately good sailor, let me commend you to take one of the deep-sea steamers from Glasgow or Greenock to the far North. The *Clydesdale* is the oldest vessel on this route, and has weathered storms in which stout vessels have perished. My experiences of her seagoing qualities have been very pleasant ones. The *Claymore* is the newest, and is a floating palace; while the *Clansman* may be called the classic ship of a splendid fleet that numbers under its flag such superb craft as the *Columba* and the *Iona*. The Stornoway steamers leave Glasgow every Monday and Thursday, arriving at Stornoway on the Wednesday and Saturday, returning on the Thursday or Monday. It is a magnificent trip. You live on the ship just as if it were your own pleasure-yacht, without its risk, expense, or trouble. The sail abounds in scenic surprises, and happy and unexpected departures from the formal time-table, for the steamer will alter her course for the purposes of trade, running

the Highland Railway *via* Dingwall. A coach conveys him over the dreary mountainous and moorland

ascades that fall like liquid lace from rocky shelf to deep chasm, now gossamer-like and glistening in the sunshine, now gloomily grand in the rain and wind that drive the spray in rags of flying cloud. Other interludes occur, too, that defraud the trip of monotony. Suddenly, when you are miles away from land, the engines cease their throbbing, and everybody wonders why the great screw ceases to churn the water. Far away to the right a small boat is curtsying on the waves, making for the steamer with strained earnestness. It is a rude boat propelled with long, heavy oars, that a Viking might have pulled, and a rag of rusty sail. It comes to us from one of the islands with a box of salmon and a catch of lobsters. The bearded fishermen, with blue eyes and yellow hair, scramble with their spoils up the heaving gangway; and in another minute the screw throbs again, and the little boat with its sweeping oars and tawny sail drops away far behind, a mere speck in the dark blue plain of sea. And while you are studying the colour of this mighty water-way, the purples and light greys, the cool greens and metallic blues, the changes made by transient gleams and sunny rifts in the delicately pencilled sky,



DRUIDICAL STONES, CALLERNISH.

you are startled by the unearthly moan of the fog-horn. You see the captain, as you pass at some distance one of the islands, throw into the sea a small parcel wrapped in brown paper. What can this message be that he has committed to the mercy of the waves, and which now seems lost in the wide wake of foam made by the great steamer's vibrating screw? Something of consequence, for—look!—from the shores the black hull of a small boat, with a sail no bigger than a sea-bird's wing, is moving on the water. A man and a boy pull vigorously after the precious package, now left far behind, and it is recovered. What are its contents? Simply a Glasgow weekly newspaper to give these simple islanders some gleam of intelligence of the great world outside their grey and gloomy shores. The *Clansman* is a great scene-shifter; but the pictures a Turner only could paint, and a Ruskin only describe.

In the meantime, let us imagine that we have left that river of ink and stink—the Clyde—and started on our devious course, passing Bute, Milport, and Ailsa Crag; sailing under the jagged Alps of Arran; been rocked to sleep round the rocky and turbulent Mull of Kintyre, and in the early morning have sighted Islay and Jura and Scarba, and stepped on the quay at Oban at luncheon-time; to resume the voyage along the Sound of Mull, by Ossian's shores of Morven, along the intricate Sound of Sleat, by Muick, Eigg, Rum, and under the impressive mountains of Skye, until the Minch, with the rollers of the broad Atlantic sending showers of spindrift, like spun-glass, over the bows of the *Clansman*, gives us our first glimpse of the Lewis, appearing like a purple cloud lying amid the green white-crested waves that now and again fall hissing on the deck. This catalogue of places might have been cut haphazard out of the pages of a time-table; but to the voyager to the Hebrid Isles what revelations of scenic beauty do these mere names suggest; what panoramas of lake linked with lake, valley entwined with valley; what mountain grandeur and gloom; what visions of islands picturesquely placed between the sea and the setting sun, just as if they had been put there at the caprice of an ambitious landscape painter anxious to obtain sensational effects; what memories of rain and sunshine, beautiful colours, and magical seas and skies that in their strange radiance seem to belong to another world! A "saft tey" in the Highlands is to some people a melancholy experience; but the blue and sunny gleams that follow the depressing "drip—drip—drip" are a splendid compensation. Sir John Everett Millais has solemnly declared that three hours' sunshine in Scotland is worth three months' sunshine at Cairo; and he is responsible for the neat saying that "Scotland is like a wet pebble, with the colours brought out by the rain."

In the spacious bay at Stornoway all England's ironclads might anchor. Nature has favoured the West Highland ports by providing them with natural breakwaters. Kerrera protects Oban; a green island acts as a closed doorway when the Atlantic attacks Tobermory; and a similar island serves the purposes

of a barrier at the capital of the Lewis. The ocean is terrible in its rage outside the bar, and threatens in its violence to sweep that island guard away; the spindrift rises in a volume of vapour until you are at a loss to know where the sea ends or the sky begins; but in the midst of this turbulence of the elements, this strife of wave and wind, Stornoway harbour is as still as a canal basin, and as calm as the proverbial mill-pond. The first thing you do after leaving the *Clansman* is to make for the post-office at Stornoway and send a letter to England. You feel that you are in a distant and foreign land. While you are engaged in this epistolary anxiety, probably the Stornoway correspondent of the London papers is "cabling" his daily meteorological report to head-quarters. The Lewis has been not inaptly compared to "a peat floating in the Atlantic." The island, for the most part, is flat and uninteresting—moor, moss, and morass. But Stornoway itself is a thronged and busy place. All that is hopeful and helpful, all that is active and industrious, all that is courageous and resourceful, in the island of Lewis—an island sixty miles long and twenty-five miles broad—is congregated and concentrated in the streets and quays of Stornoway. Stornoway is the Great Yarmouth of the Hebrides. Next to Wick, it is the great seat of the herring fishery.

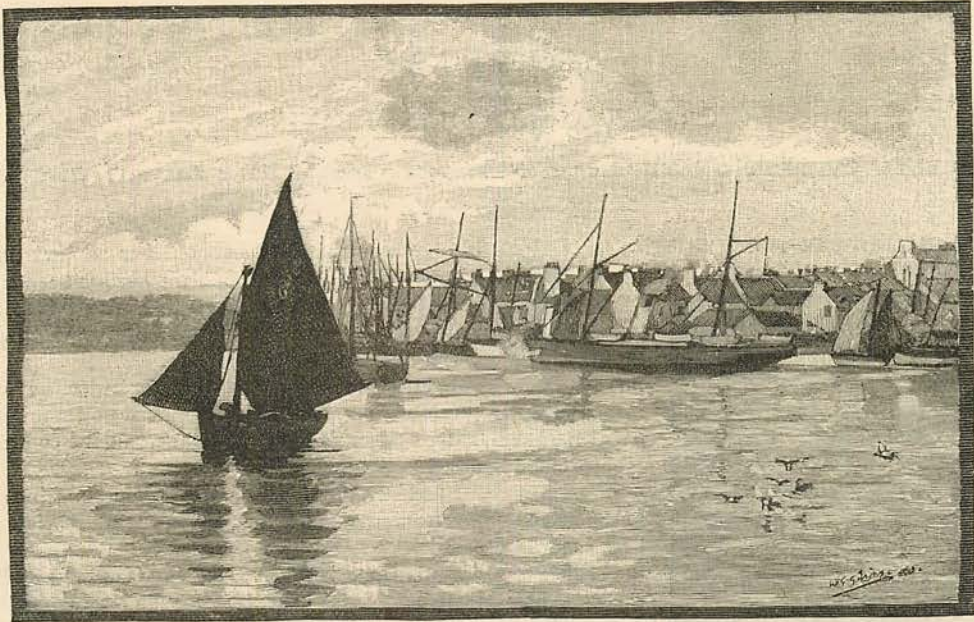
The inhabitants of the Lewis are two distinct races. The fisherfolk, energetic and hard of endurance, as prosperous as they are dauntless, are descendants of the Norsemen, and have the salt blood of the Vikings in their veins. Blue-eyed, fair-haired, tall, and stalwart, they have the Scandinavian type of face, and are full of courage and fertile of resource. The "crofters" are of the Celtic type, with all the Celt's constitutional failings. The "bee-hive" dwellings of the Lewis peasantry are little better than the huts of the Esquimaux. They possess neither window nor chimney. The interior is always filled with a thick cloud of stinging smoke from the mouldering peat fire; and the refuse placed under the rude, unmortared, turf-covered walls, is more fertilising than fragrant. In these humid hovels the people marry and multiply. But the patch of poverty-stricken ground they have placed under partial cultivation does not expand, although it is expected to support the ever-increasing demand made on it. Five-sixths of the island of Lewis is a morass. It would not pay to drain this land. The only profitable use it can be put to is sheep-farming.

Lewis Castle, the residence of Lady Matheson, is one of the sights of Stornoway. It is an imposing castellated building, standing on a terrace above the rocks, overlooking the beautiful bay, the wide Atlantic plain, and the distant mountains of Ross and Sutherland, rising vague and spectral in the pale greys and ethereal blues where the sea and sky absorb each other. The green plantations that surround Lewis Castle come as a grateful surprise to the eye tired with stern rocks, sombre shores, morose moors, and grey, neutral tints. In this fine domain there are ten miles of carriage-drives and five miles of winding, wooded walks. The conservatories make the Lon-

doner think of Kew Gardens. They form a tropical scene of flowers and fruit, of sweet smells and captivating colours in the midst of surroundings the most rugged, and a climate the most inhospitable. The contrast between the black and barren moors and this glass-closed world—these green terraces and wooded hills—is a very striking one, and the visitor to Stornoway should not omit visiting the Castle, where he will be received with true Highland courtesy.

It is customary to speak of the Lewis and the Harris as if they were two separate islands, whereas they are one, and known under the generic name of the "Long Island." The isthmus between West and

north-west side of the island. Here the coast scenery is weird and wild. Always bold and impressive, at some points it is savagely sublime. There are strangely indented headlands, their black heights half shrouded in mist, with the Atlantic ever booming with a sullen roar at their base, and sending up the iron crags columns of smoking spray. A favourite tourist resort is Callernish, with its "Druidical" stones. You drive right across the island to get to this isolated spot. There is a good carriage-road through the mountainous moorland, and you pass on the way those depressing evidences of the wretched hand-to-mouth existence of the peasantry to which



STORNOWAY.

East Lochs Tarbert forms a natural boundary between the Harris and the Lewis, the former being in Inverness-shire, and the latter in the county of Ross. Lord Dunmore once owned the island of Harris, but in 1871 he sold half of it to Sir Charles Scott. On his own half Lord Dunmore farms extensively. His flocks of Cheviots and herd of West Highland cattle are the pride of the Hebrides. The character of the scenery of the Harris is identical with that of the Lewis. A treeless waste of bare rock and black bog, it is the most dreary desert to which you could in an uncharitable moment wish to banish your bitterest enemy. The village of Tarbert, however, is superior to the hamlets in the Lewis. Some of the houses are so far civilised as to have slated roofs; and in these cheerful cots are spun the famous Harris tweeds. The machinery is primitive; but the quality of the wool is undeniable, and the cloth has a high reputation.

The most picturesque part of the Lewis is on the

allusion has been made. The "Druidical" stones are of great antiquarian interest, although they are a puzzle to learned archæologists. There are forty-eight roughly-hewn pillars of gneiss, standing on a lonely wind-swept plateau overlooking the Atlantic. These mysterious megalithic memorials recall the voiceless monuments of Stonehenge, and the inscrutable cromlechs on the Carnac plain of Brittany. A little further north of Callernish, and passing the remote inn of Garra-na-hina, which is so associated with sweet Princess Sheila, and the King of Borva, and John the Piper, is another relic of a far-off and forgotten past, dim, distant, legendary, traditional. The Pictish tower at Carloway stands on a bleak table-land overlooking the grey and gusty sea. Boulders of glistening gneiss protrude out of the barren heath. The walls of this ancient round tower—perhaps once the fortalice of one of the austere old Norsemen—are unmortared, yet the thickness of the walls has laughed to scorn the strenuous

Atlantic gales for centuries. The curious staircase between the double walls shows how well preserved is this relic, which has sent amiable archæologists into most edifying disputes regarding its origin and history.

When you have returned from these wild solitudes to the busy streets of Stornoway, there is that sunset splendour of sea and sky that makes the grey Lewis an enchanted island. The fishing-fleet is going out of the broad bay, with the blood-red flame upon two

hundred ruddy sails. The jet-black hulls of these boats move through water that is metallic in its ruby radiance. It is a plain of liquid light, luminous with reflected colours that have all the wonders of the prism. Late now is the evening; but the light lingers long in these northern latitudes. The glowing radiance has not quite died out of the west before there is a blush of rose-colour in the eastern heavens that tells of the dawn of a new day to the sons and daughters of men.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

## MONICA :

### OR, STRONGER THAN DEATH.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Torwood's Trust," "Oliver Langton's Ward," &c.

#### CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH. WIDOWED.



THE boat launched by the rescuing party vanished in the darkness. Monica stood where her husband had left her, in the shelter of the cliff, her pale face turned seawards, her eyes fixed upon the glimmering crests of the great waves as they came

rolling calmly onward, in their resistless might and majesty. Beatrice had twice come back to her, to assure her with eager vehemence that the danger was very slight, that it was lessening every moment as the wind shifted and abated in force—dangerous, indeed, for the poor fellows in the doomed vessel that had struck upon the fatal reef, but not very perilous for the willing, eager and experienced crew that had started off to rescue them. Beatrice urged this many times upon Monica; but the latter stood quite still and spoke not a word; only gazed out to sea with the same strange, yearning gaze that was like a mute farewell.

Was it only an hour ago that she had been with her husband at home, telling him of the dim foreboding of

coming woe that had haunted her all that day? It seemed to her as if she had all her life been standing beside the dark margin of this tempest-tossed sea, waiting the return of him who made all the happiness of her life—and waiting in vain.

Beatrice looked at her once or twice, but did not speak again. Presently she moved down towards the water's edge. Surely the boat would be coming back now!

Suddenly there was a glad shout of triumph and joy from the fisher-folk down by the brink of the sea.

"Here she is!" "Here she comes!" "Steady, there!" "Ease her a bit!" "This way now!" "Be ready, lads!" "Here she comes!" "Now then, all together!" "After this wave—NOW!"

Cries, shouts, an eager confusion of tongues—the grating of a boat's keel upon the beach, and then a ringing, hearty cheer.

"All safe?"

"All saved—five of them and a lad." "Just in time only." "She wouldn't have floated five minutes longer." "She was going down like lead."

What noise and confusion there was—people crowding round, flitting figures passing to and fro in the obscurity, every one talking, all speaking together—such a hubbub as Beatrice had never witnessed before. She stood in glad, impatient expectancy on the outskirts of the little crowd. Why did not Randolph come away from them to Monica? Why did she not hear his voice with the rest? Her heart gave a sudden throb as of terror.

"Where is Lord Trevlyn?"

Her voice, sharpened by the sudden fear that had seized her, was heard through all the eager clamour of those who stood round. A gleam of moonlight struggling through the clouds lighted up the group for a moment. The words went round like wild-fire: "Where