

No idea of breaking his engagement ever crossed the colonel's mind. He would as soon have drawn back after volunteering on a forlorn hope; but that would have been a less formidable matter than a marriage with Anne Hazelton.

It was clear that everyone had acted in good faith; and only a perverse fate had created the false position in which he found himself.

A feeling of pity even stole into his heart for the woman who had given him a love which he could neither value nor return.

"Poor soul! poor soul!" he said. "But, at least, she shall never know. Yet 'tis a hard matter for me. I would I could know the worst at once. I shall have no peace till she has turned round and shown me her face."

As if in answer to his thoughts, the door of his room was suddenly opened, and a charming face showed itself in the doorway.

For a moment the colonel could not speak. He did not hear his servant announce Mr. Bygrave, but stood as if turned to stone, till roused by his friend's hearty voice—

"You never expected to see Anne and me?"

"Miss Hazelton!" gasped Colonel Courtland, surprise and fear and hope contending in his voice.

Could this be the faded old maid whose face he had dreaded to see?—this sweet and winning countenance, transformed by happiness and love?

"I thought we should startle you," said Mr. Bygrave. "But I am come to Calcutta to settle our Bombay claims, and Anne persuaded me to let her come too. 'Twas reported in Bombay that you were dangerously wounded. But we heard as we came along that, happily, it was only your nephew."

"Poor lad!" said Anne kindly. "I trust he is the better of his wound?"

"He will feel much obliged by your inquiry. You have already won his heart, Miss Hazelton; but I cannot wonder at that," added the colonel gravely.

Thus it came about that Anne Hazelton "never knew"; and when in later years people remarked upon the unusual affection between General Courtland and his nephew, they little guessed it had its foundation in a secret which lay buried between them—a secret about the woman whom they honoured above all the world.

E. CHAPMAN.



THE ART OF WASHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME LAUNDRY," ETC.



HIS art of washing is almost one of the lost arts. Our great-grandmothers could use the Italian and goffering irons with skilful fingers. The dainty ruffles of real lace, the lappels on their quaint caps, the collars above their laced stomachers, all bore witness to the interest they took in this dainty pursuit. We read much of lavender-scented bed-linen, dazzling table-cloths, and simple muslin gowns. In this age, which of us house-mothers could garb our daughters or deck our houses with such? We give our clothes to be washed in some unknown region in the slums, in which lurk fever, and diphtheria, and many of the microbes introduced to us by Herr Koch. How much better for us and

ours if we grappled with the mysteries of a Home Laundry ourselves.

One would suppose this subject ought to be nearly threshed out. Such is certainly not the case. Scarcely one lady out of fifty knows anything about washing. Its secrets are, presumably, too deep. You would offend ninety-nine mothers out of a hundred if you suggested they could not cook or sew, or order their households well. Yet ninety-nine out of a hundred will not blush to confess that the domain of laundry-work is altogether a *terra incognita*.

Our servants have much of this to answer for. Like a famous soap, they "will not wash clothes"; representing that it requires herculean strength, and much expenditure of time. We have accepted this statement as a fact. Very few of us have proved how fallacious a one it is.

I am one of those few.

For nearly twelve years of married life I was content to be hoodwinked by my cooks, and browbeaten by a mild-looking, but, as I thought, indispensable washerwoman. Mrs. Green ruled me with a rod of iron. Flannels were shrunk, collars frayed, table-cloths stained, undergarments ironmoulded—and I bore it patiently. It was the apathy of ignorance! In order that “this reign of terror” in regard to washing may cease, I venture to write out and send to your FAMILY MAGAZINE the *modus operandi* of my home laundry. . . . We all wear the new sanitary underclothing.

Every Monday morning the heap of soiled, self-coloured garments is well shaken in the open air. This is to get rid of fine particles of white dust that adhere to them. A large pot of soft water is then prepared, in the proportions of two cans hot to one cold.

Into this is poured a little melted soap, made by shaving a bit of “household yellow” into a saucepan of water, and boiling the same. A stir of the hand makes a fine lather when enough of the soap-jelly has been put into your pan.

To this is added ammonia (strong liquid), one tablespoonful to one gallon of water.

In this bath every woollen article is soured, completely covered with liquid (every inch left above the water will shrink), and hermetically sealed with a board covered with a blanket.

For one hour—hearken, O ye shades of Mrs. Green!—our precious garments are left soaking in the above liquid and under the above cover.

At the end of that time a lot of very dirty-looking brown water is exposed to view. In it lies peacefully our sanitary clothing.

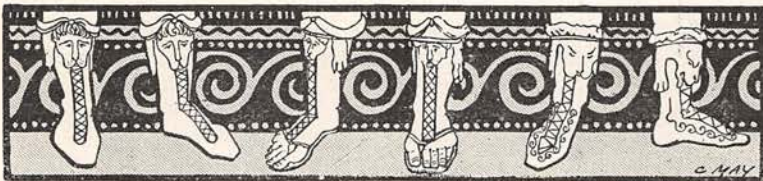
Quickly the garments are wrung out of their bath, rinsed in fresh clean water, wrung again, shaken vigorously to restore their original hair-like surface, and put to dry—not in the sun, or they would shrink, but in a breezy secluded corner of the garden. If it happens to be a wet day, our combinations and vests are hung on a clothes-horse in front of the kitchen fire. *Not* so near that they steam, or shrinkage would also follow, but in the warm, dry air near the range.

A mangle applied after folding, and our clothes are done for the week.

Very sweet they smell! Very clean they look! Not at all are they shrunk by the above process. I know this plan is against every generally received notion about flannel-washing. Mrs. Green's formula is “plenty of soap, no rinsing, lots of soda.” Result: hardness, thickening, and general shrinkage. Our method leaves us in possession of *worn-out* not *washed-out* garments.

The plan I have recommended answers for all woollen materials. I have washed a Redfern tweed gown—lined with silk—in this way, and thus saved a cleaner's bill. We have done smocked frocks of the baby's; dainty little nun's-veiling things, which came out looking as if fresh from Liberty's; grand-mamma's Shetland wraps are “in and out of the tub” regardless of consequences, as, in this case, there are none but the best. My little son's knickerbocker suits go into the bath, so do our best Witney blankets, and all our white flannel petticoats, silk embroidered or lace trimmed.

The labour expended is infinitesimal: our way of washing is a scientific one; the flannels wash themselves. Are not these very flannels the things most spoiled at the ordinary washerwoman's?



flowers, little girl,' he whispered in his kind, gentle way, 'and I will always keep them for your pretty sake.'

"Years afterwards I met Mario and Grisi again, and we were all happy and friendly together. In my drawing-room, if you look inside my little glass cabinet, you will see a ruby brooch and a pair of long ear-rings which they gave me at the time of my marriage, and which I count among my most valued possessions.

"My childish recollections are chiefly bound up with my father and mother, whom I fairly adored. No man could have surpassed my father in courtesy and goodness, and as for my mother, there are few like her nowadays.

She was always most devout, and never missed going daily to church whatever might happen.

"Years later, when I appeared at Covent Garden to sing as 'Amina,' 'Lucia,' and other characters, with the success that you know, it touches me to remember how my mother would attend each performance, and afterwards offer me a little hint here and a little encouragement there. This mother of whom I had once stood in awe as a great artist, ended by standing a little in awe of me!

"But now, you see, I have reached the period when I was eighteen years old, and a full-fledged prima donna, so I must talk of childish recollections no more."



THE ART OF WASHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME LAUNDRY."

SILKS, COLLARS AND CUFFS.



IN the good old times before this art was a lost one, we had a cook who rejoiced in washing.

On my wedding-day—as I stood before the assembled household in my gown of soft, creamy silk—"the sparrow," as we always called Mrs. Jenkins, hopped round me in ecstasy. With her hands clasped on her bosom, her eyes round with admiration, and

her little feet hardly able to support her, she exclaimed in a voice trembling with awe—

"Wouldn't it look *lovely* with a squeeze of blue?"

This speech was a very high tribute from Mrs. Jenkins. It has passed almost into a proverb with our family. We have all laughed heartily over it during these succeeding years.

Now that I have become an adept in the art of washing, I am afraid I often look at a pretty material or delicate dress with an eye to that "squeeze of blue." It seems such a

pity that the rose pinks, the terra-cottas, and the lavenders should fade so quickly from our skirts, and ribbons, and cravats.

If Mrs. Jenkins's sight could have been prophetic, she might have seen the remnants of that soft pongee only yesterday in the wash-pot! After thirteen years of lying by, that wedding-dress has been cut up into blouses for my eldest girl and smocks for the baby.

In and out of the pot goes the erstwhile

"Raiment of maiden
Fair and fine."

Yet it has never grown dingy or yellow. Mrs. Jenkins would have had it in rags long ago, but I treat my dear old friend with tender hands. Perhaps that is the reason it has lasted so long.

I generally wait until I have a goodly number of silk things that need washing. Then in a gallon bath of pure, cold, soft water I dissolve a teaspoonful of borax; this is my bleaching mixture. In it our blouses, handkerchiefs, and smocks are left soaking for some hours. Then a squeezing leaves behind a good deal of dirt, and the silks are transferred to a tub of warm water in which some soap-jelly has been lathered. This water must not be *too* hot, or the stuff will "yell," as my daughters say. Wash by *squeezing* again, only rubbing when wrists and collar-bands are more than ordinarily soiled.

In a little bottle ticketed and kept for such occasions I have some prepared gum. This is one ounce of best gum-arabic dissolved in a jar with half a pint of boiling water. It has

been strained, and will keep—if well corked—for months.

I pour one teaspoonful from this bottle into a basin of water. The silks are given their final rinse in this. Only in the case of pure white silk Mrs. Jenkins's "squeeze of blue" is allowed.

No one knows what a difference this gum mixture makes to the look of washed silks. It gives the *soupeçon* of stiffness possessed by *brand-new* silk, and prevents the limpness we almost inseparably connect with our best ties and the laundry.

The articles, after being mangled while still wet, are rolled up in a clean, *smooth* cloth. Anything in the diaper way will mark the surface, so I advise a soft towel kept for the purpose.

A short time, and our silks are ready for the iron.

That is one of the comforts in this branch of laundry work; the whole operation only takes a few hours. A tennis-blouse can be washed in the morning, and be ready for wear in the afternoon.

Between the right side of the silk and your smoother lay a piece of muslin—an old handkerchief does very well; then use a *hot* iron fearlessly. It is necessary to begin with a cloth between you and the silk; the wet materials coming in contact with your hot iron would leave a rusty mark. Yet, in order to get a gloss on the surface of your silk, the heater must pass over it *without* the intervening shield.

So finish, as you began, on the *right* side—but without the muslin.

If my readers will manipulate their things in the above way, they will be surprised how *new* and fresh their silk ties will be; what a good colour they will retain, and how seldom they will need replacing.

From soft silk to stiff collars and cuffs is a long jump; but I think we will take it in this paper. Everybody knows how difficult it is to get the neck-bands and wrists of our blousy-shirts made stiff enough to stand pressure; and yet not so stiff that they break our finger-nails.

One also remembers, by sad experience, how very many shillings have gone into Mrs. Jones's rapacious pouch, for the proper making-up of the shirt-fronts and stocks worn continually by our men-folk. In my home laundry we make up all cuffs and collars ourselves, as well as the girls' blouses.

The boys' shirts, worn with their Eton suits, are rather too big a job for us to undertake. All the same, the cold starch formula given below will answer as well for the big as the little things. No one need fear attempting such if time is theirs, and economy a pressing duty.

Let us suppose we have eight Eton collars and four pairs of cuffs to make up.

Take
 2 tablespoonfuls white starch.
 2 teacupfuls cold water.
 1 teaspoonful borax.

After dissolving the borax in a little boiling water (*unmelted* it would discolour the articles) I add it to my starch, which has been thoroughly blended with *dribblets* of cold water, until the whole has been used.

Into this all the collars and cuffs—previously washed, blued, and bone dried—are put. They are then actually *washed* in the starch; soap carefully rubbed on both sides, and well kneaded. It is necessary to rub in the starch very completely. Unless this is done, innumerable wrinkles and air bubbles will arise afterwards to worry and vex our souls.

The collars are then rolled up tightly in a smooth cloth and put away till evenly damp all over.

In order to iron well, your heaters must be bright and smooth. To ensure this, rub them before using on some finely-powdered bathbrick or on a knifeboard. Take your collars, and, with a rag dipped in warm water, rub over both sides. Begin to iron on the *wrong*, and finish up on the *right* side; always point your iron out towards the edge. Press heavily, and hang before the fire to air and stiffen.

If you wish for an extra china, enamel-like surface (I myself do not care for it), you must invest in a "polisher" for tenpence. After your collar is apparently finished—*i.e.* stiff and glossy—rub over once more with warm water, put on the bare table, and give a final smoothing with your bright round iron.

If this is properly done, your starched articles will look exactly as if fresh from the shop, to say nothing of them resembling celluloid.

It is wonderful how long properly made-up cuffs and collars will wear without soiling. It is also wonderful how very long a packet of starch will last!

In my next paper I will discourse upon laces and muslins.

L. O. C.



using the shapes are as varied as leaf decorations for open jam tarts; no two people will place them exactly alike. In addition, a morsel of angelica is quite a boon, especially if only a yellow custard be at hand. And yet another mode. Some of the apples may be stewed in quarters and a border formed of them. They want careful treatment, and firm apples should be selected to avoid breaking. A pile may be put in the centre, and for a plain dish will pass muster.

To cheapen the trifle, so as to make it suitable for a children's party, use a greater amount of bread and dispense with the macaroons, add a layer of plain custard, such as cornflour, before putting on the chocolate, and dust over with "hundreds and thousands," or crushed pink sugar candy. There are few children who dislike apples, and fewer still who would turn away from chocolate.

Cherry Roll with Chocolate Icing.

This is our old friend "Swiss roll" with a new face. The well-known foundation of equal weights of flour, sugar, butter, and eggs cannot well be improved upon. Supposing from four to six ounces of each to be used, incorporate with them about a quarter of a pound of glacé cherries, cut in quarters, and enough pink colouring to give a *decided* pink tinge. If too little be used, the cake will look *muddy* when done, and imperfect mixing will result in *streakiness*. These two hints are worth attention when colouring cakes of any description.

Assuming this to be carefully baked as usual on a flat tin, it must be spread with

all speed and rolled while warm. You cannot roll it if allowed to get cold, for there will be cracks all over it. But what about the "spreading"? A choice is at your service, but something yellow is required. Lemon or orange curd, marmalades of the same fruits, magnum bonum or apricot jam, all good, and not much of either, must be used, or the cake will be not only rich, but sickly. When quite cold, finish off with the icing given for the jellied cake, and served in slices overlapping each other straight down a dish. The combined pink, yellow, and brown blend very harmoniously. It may be served hot, in the pudding course; this is worth remembering by way of a change, and, given a good oven, it does not take long to make either. In this case, the chocolate custard of the apple trifle comes in handy, and it should just coat the roll. Round it, if time permits, a hot custard, coloured pink, and flavoured with cherry syrup, may be poured; or the syrup from bottled cherries, heated, will be found delicious.

The mixture given for the roll is a good one for hosts of small cakes baked in moulds of fancy shapes. They may be decorated on the tops after baking with cherries or other pink fruits, and small fancy chocolates of various kinds; or yellow colouring and fruits of the same hue may be put in the mixture, and the same fruits used with chocolate outside. With the latter, some of the tiny silver sweets sold by confectioners may be used with certain success, for gold and silver with brown, though not very common, is most effective.

DEBORAH PLATTER.



THE ART OF WASHING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR HOME LAUNDRY."

LACE AND MUSLIN.



Not taking up any women's paper of the present time one often sees an advertisement to the following effect: "WANTED.—A good hand at cleaning and mending valuable lace, etc." Now, if every lady would do the washing of her own laces in her own hand-basin, no such advertisements need appear. To wash the most fragile Valenciennes, or Limerick, or Rose Point is quite an easy thing if one knows how to set about it.

The way *not* to do it was exemplified by Mrs. Jenkins, of household fame. Some valuable lace cravats *à la* Louis Quatorze—given me as a wedding present many, many years ago—were handed over to the one servant who *loved* washing.

Mrs. Jenkins had been a soldier's wife. She had watched Dhôbies at work in the Ganges; she had sniffed at French "blanchisseuses" in Jamaica; she had studied the ways of the Heathen Chinese in the Middle Kingdom of the Golden Umbrella—and a Chinaman *can* wash! Yet she took my precious cream-coloured ruffles, kept them *bleaching* for several weeks, and brought them back to me

white, stiff, and thick with starch. I hope none who carry out the following instructions will ever experience the despair I felt on that occasion.

We will suppose we are doing up a Limerick founce three inches wide. The tools necessary are a bottle and a new toothbrush.

Wind your lace round and round the bottle, taking care the edges do not overlap one another. Tack the end firmly; immerse in a basin of warm water and melted soap-suds. Go over every nick carefully with a brush. The soft, short bristles find out every speck of dust and dirt in a wonderful way. When the edges are quite clean, untack and reverse the process, going over the foundation in the same manner.

Now unroll, and gently *knead* the lace in your suds. Never venture to *rub* such a delicate substance, or your Limerick will certainly be damaged. Rinse in water (with a squeeze of blue in it *only* if your lace is pure white). In any case, have one teaspoonful of gum mixture in the last water. The formula for this was given in a former article. Perhaps I had better repeat it. Dissolve one ounce of best gum arabic in half a pint of boiling water. Strain, bottle, and use for stiffening silks and lace, in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a pint of either warm or cold water.

Now the lace must be thoroughly dried; otherwise it would stick to the iron.

Before ironing your founce it must be damped with hot water and rolled in a soft towel, *not* huckaback. Pat and press with your hands.

Have a really hot iron, but try its temperature first on a piece of common linen. Remember, a *scorch* is ineradicable in the web-like substance with which we have to do at present.

Begin ironing at the edge and on the wrong side always. If your lace is Rose Point or Carrickmacross, you should have several thicknesses of blanket under it. This will keep the raised surfaces so much admired in this kind of lace.

For muslin washing—and who would not like to rival the Quakers and wear kerchiefs and gowns of snowy hue and web-like texture?—prepare two basins at once: one filled with warm water and melted soap lather, the other with rinsing water.

Shake your article, be it curtain, apron, or skirt. Immerse, squeeze, and knead. Muslin requires the same handling as lace. Don't rub. Any spots or stains may be brushed gently with the soft toothbrush. If obstinate, pour borax mixture through. This is made with a pinch of borax thoroughly dissolved in

a little boiling water. It is a very valuable cleaning and bleaching agent, if used carefully and in the right proportions.

I never allow muslin to be wrung in my laundry, except through a towel. This prevents pulling and fraying, yet dries it quite enough, as you need it *damp* in order to starch properly.

I must give the formula for boiled starch: One tablespoonful of white starch, two tablespoonfuls of cold water, quarter-inch common candle, half teaspoonful of borax.

Mix the starch with the cold water until quite smooth. Add the tallow or wax. Stir well, and, while stirring, pour on boiling water till the starch becomes transparent. Then add your borax previously dissolved in a little *boiling* water.

The above would make anything dipped in it very stiff. Of course, for muslins it must be very much diluted.

Pass your things through, and dry thoroughly.

Before ironing, sprinkle through a rose or sieve with *warm* water.

The white, dull spots so often seen on a clear-starched garment come from using *cold* water for this damping. Roll away tightly. Iron in an hour's time with a hot iron, previously well brightened and polished with bath-brick.

No one knows how much easier and pleasanter and more satisfactory it is to use properly kept heaters. I always have a board thickly covered with powdered bath-brick in my laundry, on which the irons are rubbed every time they are taken off the range. An old soap-box cover does very well, or a bit from a broken orange case. It costs *nothing*, and is invaluable to all laundresses—amateur or professional.

In these three papers on the art of washing I have tried to show how we manage our laces, muslins, jaegers, woollens, collars, and silk in this house.

I wish every woman knew the capabilities of her own hand-basin.

In many cases while washing my hands I have at the same time made clean and dainty and fresh and sweet some little thing of household use. I think my palms and digits and wrists are as soft and smooth and unchapped and unreddened as any lady's need be. I always dry them carefully, and use good soap.

If anyone wishes to follow my example, I would bid her take courage. There is nothing degrading or disgusting or fatiguing in the art of washing. It is a very pleasant, and cleanly, as well as essentially a womanly pursuit.