RUCHE.

RUCHE.

We have chosen one of the new lace mantles for our paper pattern this month: it has a fitted habit shirt lining, and is a design easily made up at home;—a yard and a half of silk for this foundation, and about two and a half yards of deep—and the same of narrower—lace, with four yards of ribbon, will be required for it. The two ruches we illustrate can also be supplied, one shilling being charged for the two patterns made up in material. This will be a help to our girls in making up their gowns at home.

As the object aimed at is use, not fashion, "The Lady Dressmaker" selects such patterns as are likely to be of constant use in making, and re-making at home; and is careful to give new hygienic patterns for children as well as adults, so that the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be aware of the best methods of dressing themselves. The following in hygienic underclothing have already been given:—Combination (drawers and chemise), princess petticoat (under bodice and petticoat), plain gored princess chemise, divided skirt, under bodice instead of stays, pyjama or night-dress combination, American emancipation suit and bodice instead of stays, men's pyjamas, walking gaiter, dress drawers (made of the dress material, for winter use), dressing jacket, dressing gown, Canadian blanket-coat or dressing gown. *Children.*—Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, child's combination, child's princess frock, pinafores. *Mantles.*—Bernhardt with sling sleeves, mantle with "stole" ends, old ladies' mantle, Irish wrap or shawl cloak, four-in-hand cape with three capes, Tudor cape, yoked cape, mantle of three-quarter length, cloak with yoke, mantle of lace and silk. *Blouses.*—Norfolk blouse with pleats, Norfolk blouse with yoke and pleats, Garibaldi blouse with loose front, sailor blouse and collar, yoked blouse, new blouse with full front and back and frill. *Skirts.*—Skirt with pleats at back and foundation, fan-back skirt no foundation, four-gored skirt. *Jackets* and *Bodices.*—Plain dress bodice for either cotton or woollen material, tailor-made bodice, corselet bodice with full sleeves and yoke, jacket bodice and waistcoat, Bréton jacket and waistcoat, jacket for out or indoor wear, Senorita jacket, seamless bodice, bodice fastened under the arm, long basqued jacket, jacket with revers, summer out-of-door jacket, bathing dress, gymnastic suit, princess dress, tea gown, chemlette combination for winter under-wear, bodice with panier, umbrella skirt, four-gored skirt, long-basqued jacket bodice with coat tails, whole-backed jacket plain or with Watteau pleat, bodice with full front, cape with three tiers, princess dress with umbrella back, cape mantle of lace, etc.

All paper patterns are of medium size, viz., thirty-six inches round the chest, with no turnings allowed, and only one size is prepared for sale. They may be had of "The Lady Dressmaker," care of Mr. H. G. Davis, 73, Ludgate Hill, E.C., price 1s. each; if tacked in place, 6d. extra. The addresses should be fully given. Postal notes should be crossed, but not filled up with any name. Patterns already issued may always be obtained.

CAPE MANTLE OF LACE.
(*Paper pattern.*)

ALL ABOUT GLOVES.

BY EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

THE history of the glove! why, it is the history of the world!—*Uzaine.*

NO symbol, except the Cross, has so entered into the feelings and affections of men, or so ruled and bound the transactions of life in integrity and right, as *the glove.*—*S. W. Beck.*

IT is possible to grasp anything in the world if only we have on the right gloves.—*H. Heine.*

IT is a wholesome curiosity to desire information as to the origin and primitive purpose of articles of daily use, whether of dress, food, or toilette; and it is a matter of interest to learn if they have progressed or changed in any way during their travels through the centuries; and further, if they have played any important part in the history of nations, to find out in what way this has been done.

Few of us are aware of how many incidents of interest and excitement, or of how many tales of love and adventure, of heroism and chivalry, are bound up in those things we see and use every day of our lives—articles, maybe, of little worth in this present age, but which are illustrative of incidents which have helped to make our history.

For example, what do most of us know about *gloves* except that they are very necessary articles of clothing, and that their purchase dips very largely into our pocket-money? And yet the glove is not only rich in past history, but, as a friend of mine * was wont to say, "If *soap* is the criterion of a nation's civilisation, still more is the *glove* a criterion of its elegance"; and it was this saying of his often repeated that first roused in me the desire to learn all I could concerning it.

One of the advantages of this sort of study is, that it makes one acquainted with times, histories, and customs of which but for it we should very likely have remained in ignorance.

How or when the glove had its origin it is difficult to say, for it dates so far back as to be lost in the grey mist of distance. A great deal of labour and learning have, however, been spent in the research, and not wholly in vain.

It is said that Venus, being in love with Adonis, followed him to the hunt, and tore her hand on a thorn bush. In order to protect herself in the future from a like accident, she commanded the Graces to take the model of her hand, and make a covering for it.

"But Venus, vexed with pain,
Lest any hurt should touch her hand again,
Bade all at once her unclad Graces sew
A leathern shelter for her hand of snow.
The lovely Graces, draped in floating hair,
No longer left their own hands free and bare;
But bound and covered them as Venus did.
And now the glove's true origin is hid
No longer. This is it—Fair girls alone
Wore on their hands what now is common grown.
Then came the emperor, and then his court,
And then at last the folk of every sort."
—*A legend.*

Laertes, the father of Ulysses, wore garden gloves to protect his hands from the thorns, when engaged in his favourite pursuit, says Homer.

Again, in Scandinavian mythology we are reminded of the iron glove worn by Jupiter to enable him to swing the hammer of Minerva with effect.

Tradition tells us that St. Anna busied her-

* Baron Liebig of Munich.

self with knitting gloves, and thus it is that she is regarded as the patron saint of the French glove-maker.

It is considered by many translators and commentators of the Bible, as well as by those learned in the Talmud, that gloves were in use among the Hebrews, Babylonians, Sidonians, Persians, Greeks,* and Romans in very early times; but who of all these were the first to use them there is no record; the opinion, however, obtains that Persia was the land wherein gloves were first worn as a protection against the icy winds of their mountains and steppes.

Even before the time of Darius, the Persians adorned themselves with gloves, and it was written of them by Zenophon that they had, since the time of Cyrus, become so effeminate, that not content with covering their bodies, heads, arms, and feet to shield them from the cold, they protected their hands also by wearing costly fur gloves.

In Bible history we all remember how Rebecca made gloves of skins for Jacob in order to deceive Isaac as to his identity.

Much dispute has arisen about the passage in the book of Ruth iv. 7, many learned men asserting that for *shoe* we should read *glove*. The great German translator Levy translated it *handschuh*, or shoe for the hand.

"Over Edom will I cast out my *shoe*," is also rendered *glove*, for "to throw a shoe would have no warlike tendency," says an authority.

On the old Egyptian monuments and portraits may be seen long gloves, supposed by the learned in such matters to have been tributes from Asiatic peoples to the Pharaohs.

The use of the glove was evidently introduced into Greece by means of their many campaigns, and it seems that they had them made with fingers, and wore them at their meals to take up the hot meats—forks not then being in use.

Subsequently they found their way into Rome, where at first only the most effeminate among the people used them; but as refinement spread, the wearing of gloves became the fashion.

It is quite possible that the Romans introduced the wearing of gloves into this country. We know that the Anglo-Saxons wore them, for we read that in the time of Ethelred the Unready certain German merchants paid a duty of five pairs of gloves to this prince for the protection of their trade in this country, a sign, says Strutt, of their rarity and limitation to persons of high rank.

Planché has engraved, in his history of British costumes, the figure of an Anglo-Saxon lady wearing a covering on the hand like a glove, but having only a separate division for the thumb.

It is interesting to note, in the account given by Pliny the Younger of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that the amanuensis who accompanied him wore gloves upon his hands in winter, lest the severity of the weather should make him lose any time.

Musonius, a moralist, who lived at the close of the first century of Christianity, speaking of the corruptions of the age, says, "It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings."

The primitive shape of the glove was evidently like that of the boxing glove, or that which our babies wear, viz., a sort of sack with a place for the thumb, and it was nearly always made of the skins of animals.

The gauntlet introduced by William the Conqueror was a stout glove made of sheep or deer skin, with jointed plates of metal affixed to the back and to the fingers, which in no way impeded the free use of the hand.

That of the Commonwealth was made of sheepskin, with a top coming half-way up the arm, made of stout handsome buffalo hide.

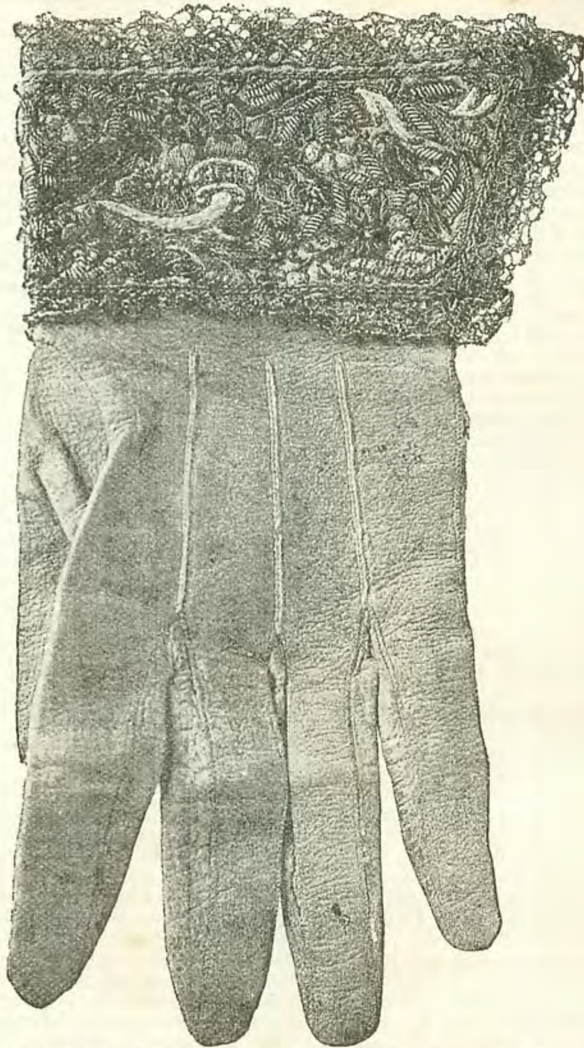
Ordericus Vitalis tells us that in the latter part of the eleventh century the young Normans covered their hands with gloves too long and wide for doing anything needful.

In Germany gloves were originally made in the cloisters by the monks, who at an early period made so many articles for their own use. In 790, Charlemagne granted a right of hunting to the abbot and monks of Sithin, for the purpose of procuring skins to make gloves and covers for their books also. The bishops, however, interfered, and claimed the exclusive privilege of wearing them; and so it happened that in 817 one of the laws issued by the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle was to the effect that the monks were to be permitted to wear gloves, but only such as were made of the skins of deer and sheep; on no account were they to put on those of costly material, which were articles of luxury rather than protection.

In the tombs of bishops and abbots who lived in the tenth century are found gloves having a cross worked on the back with gold thread, those of the bishops being almost invariably of silk worked in gold. The *colour* of the glove described the office of the wearer. If he were a pope, his gloves were *white*; if a bishop or abbé, *red*; if a prelate, *violet*; if a simple priest, *black*. It is interesting to note that Durandus, Bishop of Mende, in 1287, quotes authors to prove that the chirotheca were worn white, and remarks: "It was specified that by these gloves the hands would be preserved white, chaste, clean during work, and free from every stain."

Gloves are not only possessed of information upon many points of law and custom in our own and other countries, but are so intimately mixed up with the same that they have for the student a peculiar interest. Let us look at a few of them.

It is the custom in the East to confirm all sales or exchange of land by the gift of a glove, which is a sign of investiture or possession. It is a fact in history that the Earl of Flanders, by the delivery of a glove into the hands of Philip the Fair, gave him possession of Bruges, Ghent, and other towns of Flanders.



GLOVE OF THE CROWMER FAMILY, OF TUNSTALL, KENT—16TH CENTURY.
(*In the possession of Rev. W. C. Leeper.*)

Again, the Duke of Norfolk held the manor of Worksop on condition of paying certain small fees and of finding the king a right-hand glove at his coronation, with which glove the king held the sceptre, his right arm being supported by the Duke of Norfolk.

Another instance of this is, that at the coronation of the kings of France the king was presented by the bishop with a pair of gloves, previously blessed, as an emblem of sure possession. This was evidently borrowed from the Eastern practice of *investiture by a glove*.

It was the custom in early times for an English bishop, on his consecration, to give a pair of gloves to each of those who took part in the ceremony; no small tax this, as on

* "The ancients called the glove *chirotheca*, *gannus*, *gantus*, *guantus*, *wanto*, and *wantus*."—Glossary of Ducange.

such a day the church was filled with people. This lasted until 1678, when by command of the Government a sum of £50 towards the rebuilding of St. Paul's was substituted for the gloves, and was felt quite a relief, as the sum thus imposed fell far short of that previously required for the gloves.

Beside being the tenure by which estates have been held in many lands, the glove has also been the pledge of love, hate, security, and defiance; the symbol of honour, faith, degradation, and loyalty, beside being an ever-present witness on occasions of joy and sorrow, such as weddings, baptisms, and funerals.

Any one of these points, embroidered by a skilful hand with fancy and anecdote, would produce a fairy tale worthy of a place beside Cinderella and her slipper.

Until the end of the first quarter of this century a curious illustration of the glove being a sign of security existed in Portsmouth. During the annual fair, which went by the name of the "Free Mart," a golden or gilt glove was hung outside the door of the jail in the High-street, as a pledge that the persons of all those who attended the fair were secure from arrest for debt during the fortnight of its continuance.

To this day the glove is still hung out in some towns during fairs—a remnant of old customs.

I believe "hoisting the glove" is still practised at Exeter during the Lammas Fair. It is of immense size, stuffed, and carried through the city on a pole decked with flowers and ribbons, to the sound of music. It is then hung out of a window at the Guildhall, as a sign that the fair has begun, and on its removal that the fair is at an end.

At Barnstaple, a large glove decked with dahlias is hung out from the window of the Quay Hall during the fair, and at Chester the same is done.

As a symbol of honour, we may refer to the fact in history that George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, picked up a glove dropped by Queen Elizabeth, and on taking it to her she presented it to him as a mark of her favour and very high esteem. We read that the Earl adorned it with jewels, and wore it on his cap at tournaments.

As a sign of degradation we need only refer to the reign of Edward II., in which the Earl of Carlisle, being impeached and condemned to die as a traitor, his spurs were cut away with a hatchet and his *gloves taken off.*

We have a very good example of the glove as a pledge or a challenge in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*

"*King Henry:* Give me any gage of thine and I will wear it in my bonnet. Then if ever thou darest acknowledge it thine I will make it my quarrel.

"*Williams:* Here is my glove; give me another of thine.

"*King Henry:* There.

"*Williams:* This will I wear in my cap; if ever thou comest to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is *my glove*,' by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

"*King Henry:* If ever I live to see it I will challenge it."

Gloves as an emblem of defiance may be seen in Scott's *Ivanhoe*, between Rebecca and Beaumanoir: "'But 'tis enough that I challenge the trial by combat—here lies my gage.' She took her embroidered glove from her hand and flung it down before the Grand Master."

We have an equally good illustration in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, which in itself is a liberal education in glove-lore and glove-making: "'And by my honour it shall not miss for want of my asking the grace,' said the Earl of March, *pulling off his glove.* 'When I clasp Douglas it must be with a mailed hand.'"

Also in *Red Gauntlet*: "I have often heard that a female in disguise had taken up the champion's gauntlet at the present king's coronation and left in its place the gage of battle" (an iron glove).

And in *Quentin Durward:* "'There lies my gage, in evidence of what I have said.' So saying, he plucked the gauntlet off his right hand and flung it on the floor of the hall. . . . 'Silence! Lay not a hand on the man nor a finger on the gage.' 'After him! Take him! Take up the gauntlet, and after him!'"

All readers of history will recall the celebrated glove Charles V. sent to Westminster by a mere menial to announce to the Black Prince and to the sick king, Edward III., the confiscation of the Fiefs, the position of the messenger being an accentuation of the insult offered to our king and prince.

Once more, we find the following entry in *Pepys' Diary*: "*April* 23, 1661—*Coronation Day.*—The king's champion all in armour; a herald proclaims, 'That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion would fight with him,' and with these words the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times."

We find in an old book the following statement: "1601. Lots in a lottery, presented before the Queene's Majesty, *a paire of gloves.*

"Fortune these gloves to you in challenge sends,
For that you love not fooles that are her friends."

Defiance by glove was made in the Court of King's Bench as late as 1819, after which the law permitting it was expunged.

The custom of dropping or sending a glove as the signal of a challenge seems to be derived from its being the cover of the hand, and therefore put for the hand itself—a substitute for the hand, in fact. Matthew Paris mentions the incitement to a duel by throwing the glove as early as 1245.

The gift of gloves at weddings and funerals is a very ancient custom. Few know anything of its institution or antiquity. In the former they were looked upon as fees to the bridesmaids and groomsmen for service rendered, and in the latter ceremony, fees for attendance.

The custom at weddings in Belgium is very peculiar, and the signification of the glove is to be noted. The priest asks the bridegroom for a ring and a pair of gloves—red ones, if possible—which, it is understood, must have three silver coins inside. Putting the gloves into the bridegroom's right hand, he joins this with the right hand of the bride, and then dexterously loosing them, he leaves the gloves in the bride's grasp as a symbol that she *is taken possession of*—bought and paid for.

This gives us an explanation of the clown's words in *A Winter's Tale*, viz., "The *bondage* of certain ribands and gloves."

The custom of bestowing gloves at weddings is noticed by Ben Jonson in his *Silent Woman*, where he makes Lady Haughty exclaim to Morose—

"We see no ensigns of a wedding here,
No character of a bridale.
Where be our scarves and gloves?"

As a confirmation of the custom of giving gloves at funerals, we find in *Pepys' Diary* the following entries: "*June*, 1661. We set about getting things, as ribands and gloves, for the burial." "*March* 18, 1664" (at his brother's funeral). "Those present had white gloves given them."

There are many curious customs in which gloves have taken part which invest them with peculiar interest.

Until quite lately in Dresden it was the fashion at a baptism for the godfather to present the godmother with a little basket containing a beautiful pair of kid gloves.

An ancient custom, observed in England, Scotland, and parts of Germany, was the dropping of a glove into the graves of maiden ladies as a mark of reverence and love.

In some country places it was an old practice for the young people of the village to assemble and watch for the new moon, and the one who saw it first gave his or her neighbour a kiss, and obtained a pair of gloves as a reward.

Another, which has reached even to our time, viz., that of kissing a person when asleep, is alluded to by Gray in the lines—

"For custom says whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves."

White gloves at a maiden * assize represent the minimum of crime, the exact opposite of the *black cap.*

We might go on multiplying examples, but enough has been brought forward to show that gloves used to be something more than the mere covering of the hands, which is the way we in this prosaic age regard them—they were an outward and visible sign of faith in woman and honour in man.

* A maiden assize is when no sentence of death is passed upon a malefactor.

(To be concluded.)

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "One Little Vein of Dross," "Work, Wait, Win," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE miserable furniture that had been made to suffice for the room in Crowe's Entry did not accompany Susan Meade to Morton Place, but was sold to a broker. Only the two boxes and their contents were removed thither; and Susan's departure in a cab with such an amount of luggage on the top gave the inhabitants of the Entry something to talk and wonder about for a considerable time afterwards.

The interest of the juvenile population was promptly and vigorously displayed. The youngsters assembled in full force, down to the latest baby in charge of a youthful nurse; and those who were able to assert their rights squabbled for the best places near the door.

They watched the taking down of the old bedstead, and when this operation revealed the existence of two substantial-looking boxes, the excitement became intense. Even the desire to keep an

"No more slums," said Nan emphatically. "Tom will talk you to death on slums if you don't stop him in time, Mary. Let's have some tennis."

"Miss Pollard is too tired for tennis, I'm sure," Tom said, by way of contradiction. "Let's have some music."

"Oh, shall we?" said Nan, ready for anything but slums. "We can have some string quartets to-night. What fun! Four of us will be able to make a nice row."

"That's not a becoming and reverential way for a young girl to speak of such a sacred subject as music. The quartets of Haydn or Beethoven should not be spoken of lightly," said Tom to his sister, in a half-serious way.

"I was not speaking of their works, but of our performance of them," said Nan saucily. "I am aware that your performance on the 'cello is not to be spoken of lightly, because it's a very heavy one. Perhaps it's because you're too reverent and solemn to think about your touch;" and she made her escape from the room to avoid any punishment that might have fallen upon her. "Can you take one of the violins?" she said to Mary, when they were all in the drawing-room, and she was busily selecting trios and quartets to be tried over.

"I'm afraid I can't read much," said Mary diffidently.

"Oh, well, it will be good practice for you," Tom said. "I can't read much either, and Nan isn't much better, though she thinks herself a great swell." This remark Nan was too busy to hear. "We must all kneel to the shades of Beethoven and Mozart and Haydn, ask their pardon, and beseech them to take a tour to the North Pole while we are desecrating their works, and then we can proceed with a light heart. Mother, I shall request you to follow their august example. We are going to let the evil spirits of our instruments loose and make a little pandemonium, and it might not be pleasant for you, you know. Allow me to assist you out of the room," and he led her from her seat towards the door.

"Don't be in a hurry," she said, laughing and holding back. "I shall go fast enough, bless you; only I want my writing materials, and then I shall shut myself in the remotest corner of the house and write my letters, only be sure you don't let your demons loose as far as that, else they may give me a bad quarter of an hour."

"Here's your viola, father," said Nan, handing it to him; "I'm going to be first violin to-night."

"Indeed, madam," said he, "with a low bow. "So I must put up with the viola, must I?"

"A very good arrangement," Tom broke in, seeing another opportunity for "chaffing" Nan; "it will reduce us all to the same dead level of incapacity, which is absolutely necessary for everybody's enjoyment. Father doesn't know the viola part any more than Nan knows the first violin; Miss Pollard doesn't know hers any more than I know mine, so we shall be all perfectly happy."

A listener would have said they were most successful in producing the demoniacal effect Tom was anxious for, although they began with Haydn as being the easiest; and he, dear, good, cheerful man, was far from having any dealings with such spirits or from introducing them into his compositions. But as they laid aside Haydn for the loftier efforts of Beethoven and Schubert, the deep charm of the music laid hold of their spirits, and they strove to realise to the best of their power the true effect. They went on and on with untiring zeal, and that insatiable enjoyment of their united performance which is a common characteristic of the average amateur. The love of music pure and simple, without a mixture of egotism and vanity, is rare enough—only possible, perhaps, in a great mind; which is doubtless the reason that with all the music we flatter ourselves we have amongst us in our homes the general tendency is to degrade it to the level of an accomplishment, which is, properly interpreted, a means of personal display.

One could hardly say whether it was vanity or enjoyment of the music which lent a sparkle to Mary's eye and a flush to her cheek, or rather, one can safely say it was a mixture of both. It was the first time she had ever played with other instruments, and almost the first time she had ever heard a quartet rendered with any degree of intelligence, and the beauty of this form of musical composition was a revelation to her. She seemed to see life pass before her, with its infinite joy and sadness and pathos; but when she expressed some of her pleasure to Nan, she only made a comical face, and said, "My dear girl, wait until you've been to the Saturday and Monday 'Pops'; you will despise our poor efforts ever afterwards."

"But the season closed last month," said Tom.

"Oh, well then, there are other concerts. I suppose you've never heard an orchestra, either?" said Nan to Mary.

"Not a full one," she answered, "nor any that satisfied my ear. There is never any unity about them; each instrument seems to go on its own independent course, without reference to the others."

"Ah! you shall hear Hallé's orchestra," Nan said enthusiastically. "It's the finest orchestra in the world, and Hallé is the finest conductor. All the instruments go like one gigantic thing, just at the wave of Herr Hallé's wand. I can tell you it's grand. Oh, here's mother. Now she must sing to us."

"Yes, do, mother," said Tom; "something of Orphean sweetness, by way of banishing the dismal sounds we have been calling up from Tartarus."

"Sing us, 'Der Tod und das Mädchen,'" said Mr. Davey, "as we've had it in Schubert's quartet, and then give us some of Rubenstein's songs."

She had a fine contralto, that showed as yet no signs of wear, and she sang them Schubert's weird, thrilling song, and two or three of Rubenstein's exquisite lyrics, with such grace and expression that Mary was fairly enchanted, and begged for more, until they were sated with sweet sounds, and so went to bed.

(To be continued.)

ALL ABOUT GLOVES.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.

"G stands for gloves of exquisite kid,
H stands for hands they so daintily hid."
—*Old Alphabet.*

Very varied is the interest bound up in the history of the glove; look at it in whatever light you may, it has something instructive or amusing to tell.

It has passed through so many stages of existence, has been bound up in the concerns of all sorts and conditions of men, and has been present at such extraordinary ceremonies, that it would be strange indeed if it did not possess the power of interesting us; indeed, so much is to be learned from it that it makes one half afraid to attack the subject.

If it be asked, "What has the glove to tell?" why, everything. It can tell stories of sweethearts and lovemaking, of betrothals and weddings, of consecrations and coronations, of honourable deeds and fits of passion, of bereavements, of glory, of despair, and of treachery.

It is true that in this age the glory of gloves is departed, and equally true that gloves will never again occupy the position they held in former times. This being so, it is almost incumbent upon us to collect and preserve any of the sayings, doings, and surroundings which have come down to us in connection with them before they pass away into forgetfulness.

Gloves were so thoroughly recognised as emblems of trust and honour in former times that they were sent as pledges of safe conduct in times of truce; the one stain on this custom was that the Queen-Dowager of Navarre was persuaded to go to Paris, to attend the marriage of the King of Navarre, by the embassage of a pair of gloves, and unhappily, on the morning of the ceremony, met her death by means of poisoned gloves.

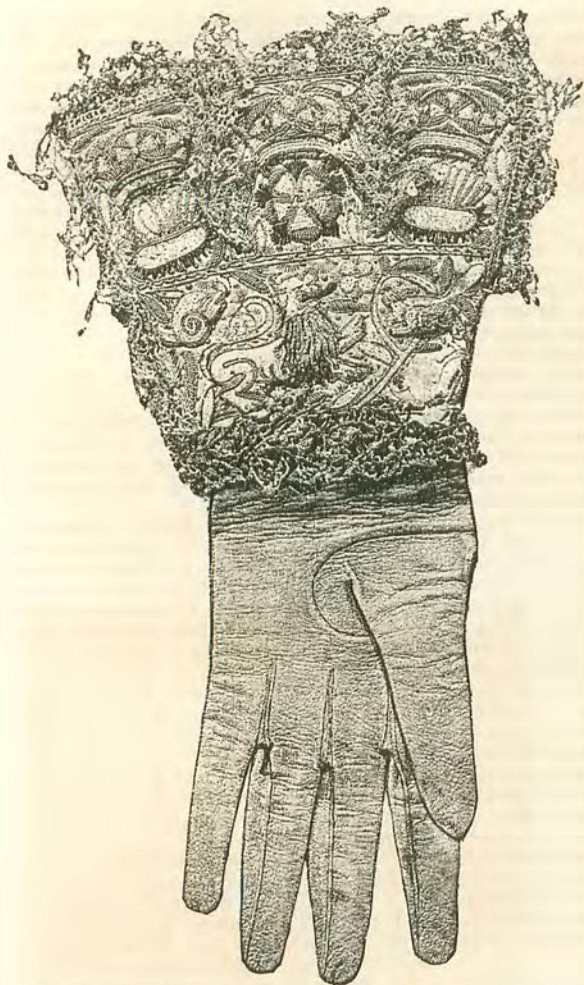
As a proof of the power of the glove, we would relate how, when Franz Joseph I. was travelling through the southern provinces of his kingdom, he met an old superannuated soldier, who complained that for some years he had not been paid his pension. The Emperor bade him call upon him the following day, when he would listen to all he had to say. The old man explained that he would not be allowed to pass the guard. Then the Emperor drew off one of his gloves and gave it to the man, saying, "Show this, and you will certainly be admitted into my presence." The directions were followed, and the sight of the glove was all-powerful. He was shown into the room where the Emperor sat, and received with kindness, and never again had he cause to complain of want of punctuality in the payment of his pension.

Another instance of the power of the glove is shown in the following historical fact.

When Conradin was deprived of his crown and life by the usurper Mainfroy, he flung his glove among the crowd as he stood on the scaffold, beseeching someone to take it up and carry it to his relatives, who would avenge his death. A knight who heard this appeal took up the glove and carried it to Peter King of Arragon, who, in virtue of this glove, was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

Everyone knows the story of the lady who threw her glove into the arena where the lion stood, in order to test the worth of her lover's vows, and who received as her reward the glove flung scornfully back in her face, with the applause of King and Court for the daring and disenchanted lover.

Almost equally well known is the story of how Richard Cœur de Lion was discovered



LEATHER, EMBROIDERED WITH SILK, GOLD, AND SEED PEARLS. *(Temp. Henry VIII.)*

on his fateful journey by the jewelled gloves which hung from his page's girdle.

An amusing anecdote is recorded of a Mr. Page, who sent a lady a glove with this distich pinned on to it:—

"If from Glove you take the letter G,
Then Glove is Love, which I do send to thee."

And she, answering in the same strain, wrote—

"And if from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page is Age, and that won't do for me."

It is said that Charles IV. of Spain was so much under the influence of any lady who wore white kid gloves that the use of them at Court was strictly prohibited.

Again, an ancient King of France was in love all his life with an unknown woman, only from having seen her glove in the midst of a masked ball given at his Court.

An amusing story is told about the glove which has the merit of belonging to our time. A famous actor, taking the part of "Othello," thought to save colouring his hands by wearing black gloves. At the end of the first act, on going to his dressing-room, he took off his gloves and threw them on the table; unfortunately, he forgot to put them on in the second act, and the laughter of the public on seeing the Moor with pinky-red hands nearly sent him wild. On going off the stage for a moment he caught hold of a person hanging about behind the scenes, and said, "I will give you ten pounds if you will run out and buy me a pair of flesh-coloured silk gloves before the next act." On appearing before the public again, in the third act, in flesh-coloured gloves, the laughter knew no bounds; quietly he drew off his gloves, showing hands of black to match his face. This clever trick met with the appreciation it deserved.

An anecdote in connection with the glove shows how fashions are started. A young and beautiful duchess, having promised to be present at an entertainment given for a charitable object in Trouville, found herself late in preparing. She hurriedly took up her gloves and put them on in the carriage. As she entered the brilliantly-lighted room she found, to her dismay, that she had put on one black and one white. The mistake had arisen from the maid having laid out two pairs, not knowing which her lady would prefer—black or white.

Imagine the surprise of the duchess on perceiving that in all subsequent entertainments of the season the ladies wore odd gloves, corresponding with the colours of the dress.

In trying to discover of what materials the glove has hitherto been formed, I came upon the following riddles, which will not be out of place here. The first is by Cotin, and runs thus:—

"With mortal flesh our five soft mouths we fill,
And in the winter to repletion feed;
If one of us be lost, the world's agreed
To treat the rest of us exceeding ill;
But if we five remain together, then
We do mostly all things done by men."

The second is by Francis Colletet:—

"We're two or ten, and to a body wed;
We once a thing of breathing life were over.
Like it we lived, and now, although we're dead,
Another life more excellent we cover."

This evidently means to show that the glove originally was the natural covering of some animal, while now it is the artificial covering of an animal more refined.

The skins of sheep and deer were those mostly used in former times for the manufacture of gloves. Those known as the English dogskin glove are really made from Cape sheepskin, which has a warm tan-colour.

Many materials have been tried in the manufacture of gloves. For example, they have been made of asbestos fibre, so that they might be cleansed by merely casting them into the fire; they have also been made of the beard of the molluscus *Pinna*, the silkworm of the sea, which is eagerly sought for by the Sicilian fishermen, and made up by them into various articles of great fineness and delicacy, which command a high price in the market.

As a last curiosity in glove-making, they have been produced from spider silk by Mons. Bon, a French naturalist, who, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, created a sensation in the scientific world by putting forward the homely and easily-propagated spider as a certain rival to the delicate silkworm.

He practically proved that silk could be produced from spiders, and in sufficient quantity to make small articles, and spider gloves were presented by him both to the Royal Academy of Paris and the Royal Society of London. But it was soon seen that a great success could not possibly be realised so long as the fact remained that nearly seven hundred thousand spiders were necessary to produce a pound of silk, and that each individual spider would eat as many other spiders as it could vanquish; naturally, therefore, fabrics of spider silk fell into disuse.

In the seventeenth century it is related that ladies of fashion used gloves made of chicken skin. These were really made of the outer lambskin, notwithstanding the following, which I have found in old books:—

"Some of chicken skin for night,
To keep her hands plump, soft, and white."

CRIMSON VELVET, EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD AND SILVER. *(Temp. Elizabeth.)*

SHAKESPEARE'S GLOVES.
(In the possession of Mr. Horace Furness, Philadelphia.)

Again:—

"Come; but don't forget the gloves,
Which, with all the smiling loves,
Venus caught young Cupid picking
From the tender breast of chicken."

Not so very long ago gloves of the giraffe skin were fashionable; and it is related of Paganini, the great violin player, that he went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves. The girl behind the counter showed him some of the then fashionable giraffe gloves. "No, no," said he, fretfully, "I would rather have them of some other animal." "Certainly, sir," said the girl, to whom he was a stranger; "perhaps you would prefer the *Paganini glove*."

It was at one time firmly believed that the best Paris kid gloves were made of rat skins, but this seems impossible.

The whole world was startled some short time since by the celebrated case of glove-poisoning, the account of which was given in a Petersburg journal. A young lady of high position, going to an evening party, put on a new pair of kid gloves of the cut and length known as the "Sarah Bernhardt."

After being half an hour at this party she was compelled to return home, owing to the intense pains in her hands and arms. The next morning they were covered with large boils, and after two days' acute suffering she died.

The physician examined the leather of the gloves, and declared that in his opinion the animal of whose skin the glove was made had had the pest.

This, and one or two other cases of like character, brought a very indignant protest from a firm of glovers, which has proved very comforting to us who wear them. This firm declared that the skin of a diseased animal would be utterly useless in making gloves, especially long ones—that they would, in fact, fall into holes. As I wanted to be quite sure of this and other facts concerning glove-making, I went to Dents, Allcroft and Co., where their London superintendent, Mr. Davy, took immense pains to give me correct information concerning the whole process.

First of all, the kid is the animal from which the largest proportion of gloves are made, and the best of these skins are obtained from Poitou, Dauphiné, Clermont, and all mountainous districts. Sweden, Norway, Saxony, Ireland, Austria, the German States and Black Forest also supply kid-skins, but not of the best quality.

Lamb-skins, which take a second place, are obtained from Spain and Corsica, from the Swiss and Italian Alps, and still further south, and a very large number come from the Russian fair of Nijni Novgorod. Those that come from South America, Turkey, Servia, and Arabia, are mostly used for linings. Squirrels' skins are also used for linings, and those of the reindeer for like purpose. The Argentine Republic supplies skins the best suited for Suéde gloves, being more elastic. 500,000 of kid and lamb-skins are annually absorbed by this one firm. Calf-skins from Kurland were at one time used a good deal, but not so much now.

And now let me say that no infection could possibly remain in a glove after all the processes to which the skins are subjected, so the notion that people can be poisoned by the disease of which the animal died is out of the question.

For example: every skin is first placed in lime and water for three weeks; this alone would kill any infection. Some of the skins, especially those of the reindeer, are full of holes, where tiny creatures have infested them. After this bath the hair can be rubbed off with your fingers, and then the skin is put in what is technically termed "pures," made of a variety of ingredients, among others bran, for light skins, and chemicals. In these pures all bad matter or grease is discharged.

After being taken from the pures the skin goes into a mixture of egg, alum, and salt, which brings it into a state of leather.

The egg bill of this one firm alone is immense. Formerly, as many as three million used to be bought by them in a year from Ireland and stored up, while boys were kept egg-breaking continually; but now they buy them in the yolk, ready preserved, by the ton.

The "pelts" having been leathered, they are dried, slaked, and damped in sawdust, and put by as white leather; the longer it lies the better it is; six months at least is necessary.

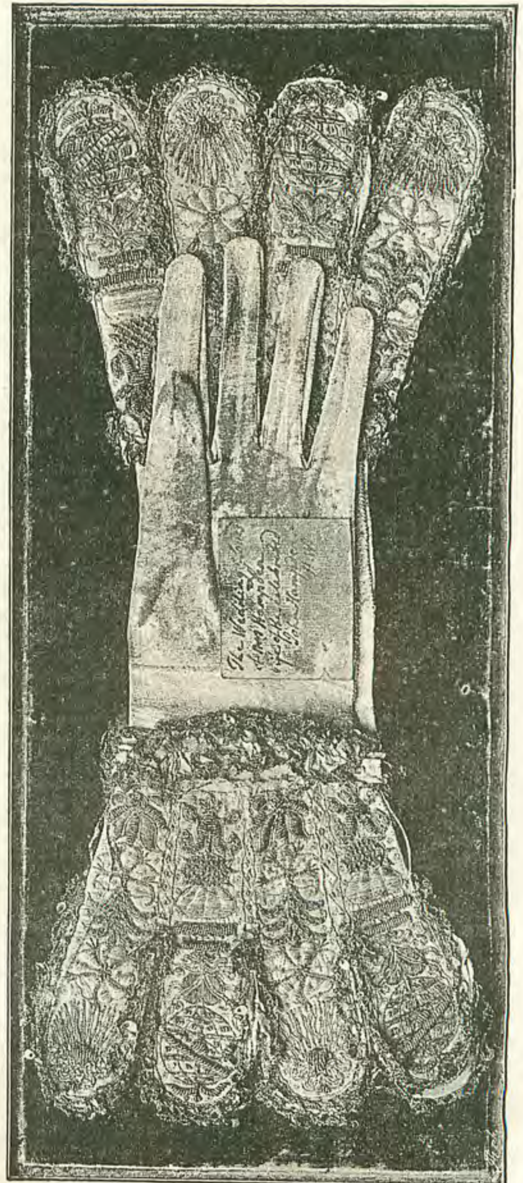
After the skins have been made white leather they are washed in warm water of from eighty to one hundred degrees, and put into the egg-bath, after which they are "slicked," or strained on to a board, when a mordaunt is put on, and they are ready to be dyed. Such dyes as they use they make themselves from Brazil-wood, logwood, and old and young fustick-wood. From the first they get red shades, which require a strong "striker;" from the second, black and dark colours are obtained—navy blue and black are really identical; and from the fustick light shades are obtained, which require a light "striker." Shades of slates and greys are derived from various berries, among others those of the privet.

It is curious to note that they cannot get the same colour on every skin; one skin will take one colour and not another, and it is remarkable that skins of one man's dressing will take a colour which those of another man's will not, and so the staining is one long series of experiments. Dent and Allcroft's old stainer is seventy-five years old, and any new colour or shade of colour he gets by experimenting, but keeps no record; if it be wanted again, he will go through the whole process once more.

No other industry has so little book knowledge to guide it, and no article of dress passes through so many hands. At every process in glove-making there is a special examiner, beginning with the leather-sorter.

More chemicals are used in the Worcester works than ever before, but they are all harmless; indeed, this is absolutely necessary, for the men stand about in the tubs all day, and their feet get so tender that any bad chemicals would greatly injure them; this again is a safeguard to the wearer.

You should see a skin after being "staked;" it looks so stiff, shrivelled, and worthless, that we inexperienced ones should certainly throw



THE WEDDING GLOVES OF THE WIFE OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

it away. But we should be wrong; the skin is pared, doled, or equalised with a chisel-shaped knife, mentioned by Shakespeare as "the glover's paring-knife."

This being done, it is now ready for the cutter, who pulls it out to its extreme width and length, and lays his pattern on it so that it exactly fits; and if you observe, he never cuts a good glove *across* the skin, but always, as it is called, from "stem to stern."

He cuts it into "tranks," and gives it to the "puncher," who punches it with a lever machine; then the "trimmer" takes it in hand, and the girls "point" the gloves either in a tambour frame or by machine, so many stitches ordered to the inch, therefore the workers know exactly how many to put in. The work-girls have also a flat sewing-machine by which they can close the glove, and this they call "prick-seaming."

The buttons, which are made at Grenoble and Birmingham, and the tapes, are put on by hand, and the button-holes are made in the same way. Thus we have seen how the skin of an animal becomes, under skilful hands, a dainty kid glove.

The history of the Worcester factory is interesting; it dates back to the period of the Civil Wars, when it was in the possession of Lord Windsor, who fought with Charles I. at Naseby. The mansion—for such it was then—passed into the hands of the Warmstray family. In 1700 it became the property of William Evets, a glover, and for nearly a century a portion of the premises was occupied by the well-known porcelain works. In 1840 they passed into the hands of the present occupiers, who employ 1000 hands in the factory and 2000 outside. Glove-making here is a house and factory industry combined, the making or sewing being done by girls in their own homes.

The introduction of machinery has made a difference in the sewing, as fewer girls are employed at high wages. The girls do not earn so much for hand-made gloves as for those made by machine; therefore they prefer that which pays best.

The sorting, staining, washing, cutting, preparing, pointing, and punching of the skins are all done in the factory, so that girls are as lightly worked in this business as in any trade.

The girls, or gloveresses, as they are locally termed, are very well paid; therefore they do not work as hard as they might; they could make four dozen easily in the week, but they rarely complete more than three. On learning this I could not help thinking of Mrs. Henry Wood's description of these girls in *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles*:—"They play one day and work the next. It's only a few of the steady ones that will work regularly all the week through." Again—"They be the unprovidentest things in the world, mum, these gloveress girls!"

The firm of Dent and Allcroft has been so good as to give me a card which explains the whole process of glove-making. First a piece of skin with the hair on; then a piece of white leather; next the leather after it has been stained; the leather ready for cutting, and paper patterns of a glove cut and punched, of a thumb gusset, of a "quirk" to go between the fingers, of the thumb itself, and the "fourchettes," or pieces between the fingers.

A BATTLE WITH DESTINY.

By JOHN SAUNDERS, Author of "The Lion in the Path," "Abel Drake's Wife," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRST DAY AT HOME.

WHEN Jeanie awoke, the first morning after her return, it was with the confused consciousness of something pleasant having happened. It was scarcely the thought of her dear father's kindness on the previous evening, nor yet the knowledge that she was again at home with him.

With a rush came the events of yesterday to her remembrance, and conspicuous among them were the image and behaviour of the young engineer. Thence came the happy consciousness, and she blamed herself that it could be so. Could the acquaintance of a few hours so monopolise her mind at such a time?

The bright light of the August morning shone through her blind, and revealed the dainty whiteness of her comfortable bedroom. It was next to the one allotted to Sybil, and opened also into another smaller room occupied by Beth; and these rooms possessed—as they had observed over-night—many touching tokens of their father's loving care and thought for them.

"Dear, dear father!" How plainly had every circumstance since they entered the house revealed his anxiety to make them as happy as he could! He need not have feared that the fact of their being less rich—perhaps even poor—would seriously trouble either of them. No, indeed!

She hastened to rise and dress herself, that she might carry out her good intentions by ministering to him.

When she drew up the blind a thrill of delight passed through her. Bathed in a flood of golden sunshine lay the garden, with its wide lawn, and the broad park stretching beyond. They, at least, all belonged to her father, and were undoubtedly their own. Poverty could not deprive them either of their grand, old home, or its delightful surroundings! The smooth green of the lawn, the flower-beds around the house, bright with blossom, and the freshly-gravelled adjacent walks, were all that her heart could desire.

Beyond these, however, the charming character of the scene underwent a melancholy change. The grass on the lawn there was unmowed, and rank, forlorn, and untidy, was bowed down with the rain of the previous evening; while, in the more distant part of the garden, weeds and decaying summer inflorescence equally held their own.

She turned with a sigh from the window, and, after seeing to what little attentions Beth might require from her, hastened down to the breakfast-room.

In the hall she met Sybil, and together they entered the room into which they had just seen the colonel pass.

"Good morning, my dear child! Good morning, Miss Capella! I hope you slept well," was the colonel's greeting as he came forward to meet them.

"Admirably, I thank you," replied Sybil.

"How are you, father dear?" Jeanie enquired tenderly, kissing him and stroking his grey hair, which she noticed, with a little pang, was even more white than she had thought the previous night. "I am so sorry you are down first. I meant to see breakfast was all ready, and be waiting for you."

"Hardly that, my daughter. I am an early riser. Generally downstairs by seven o'clock."

"Father!" Jeanie exclaimed in a tone of surprise, almost of reproach. "Where do you sit, then? Is this room ready so early?"

"No, dear. No—I go to my den till breakfast."

"Which is your *den!* Is it comfortable, and is there a good fire there for you when it is chilly?"

"Humph!" exclaimed the colonel, with an amused lifting of his eyebrows. "Where's little Beth? Ah, here comes the sleepy mouse!"—and the child bounded across the room, and threw her arms around her father's neck. "Mercy—mercy!" he implored, appearing to be strangled by her demonstrations, while his whole face showed the delight he experienced in the treatment.

Glancing over the table, Jeanie was struck with the difference in the preparations for the meal from those she had been formerly accustomed to. There was enough, and to spare; but what a contrast was presented to the superabundance and luxury which marked the breakfast-table during her grandfather's life!

But she was thinking how easy it would be with a few deftly-arranged flowers, and the judicious use of some of the many elegant adornments which the castle must be rich in, to beautify and refine the meals, gratify her father's artistic tastes, and add to his comfort.

Phœbe, the old servant, now entered, bringing in the coffee. She regarded the girls—particularly Sybil—with a look which it would have been difficult to interpret as expressing pleasure, disdain, or suspicion, the three were so oddly blended in her countenance and actions.

"Good morning!" said her master. "I hope you have made full allowance