

chemicals, and finally pressed through a tube containing a number of minute holes. The silk so made was then spun, rendered fireproof, and when quite finished was indistinguishable from ordinary silk—that is to the touch, eye, etc., but it was almost as dear as the regular article.

How would our readers care to wear garments made of spider's silk? The thread one sees a spider spinning is made up of several smaller ones, but a wire made of the strongest steel would, were it only as thick as one of these multiple threads, be about a tenth as strong. A gentleman recently succeeded in manufacturing a pair of stockings from this material, but it took him some years to collect the silk and a good many thousand spiders to supply it, so that spider-silk cloth will not become very fashionable, although it is ten times as strong as sheet steel.

Savages sometimes wear dress of curious material—that is when they do wear it. The Indians of Brazil wear a kind of cloak which is grown on trees. Don't laugh, 'tis true. It forms the inner bark of these trees, and is obtained by stripping it off without breaking. They cut arm-holes and gather in the top, and lo! they have their cloak ready, and it looks exactly like a piece of coarse sacking.

Another cloak of curious fabric is worn, or was worn by a tribe of the fast dying-out Red Indian. This weird relic was composed entirely of the scalps of slain foes, and was for long a bone, or rather skin of contention amongst Indian tribes, as it was a unique specimen.

To conclude we will describe a cloak of much more artistic composition. This is the

one which was worn by the kings of Hawaii. It is part of the regalia, is eleven feet long by five broad, and composed entirely of the golden feathers of a certain bird. Only the king may wear it, but he no longer does so, though even to this day it is laid across the throne on very great state occasions. Its value is inestimable, for the bird, a species of blackbird which furnishes the golden feathers, only possesses two feathers which can be used, one under each wing. A new cloak used to be made every time one of the kings died; so that it may be imagined what a slaughter of these innocents there must have been to get a single cloak. At last, to prevent the extinction of the species, the specimens were merely caught, plucked of the coveted feathers and set free again.

RAYMOND T. REID.

"CANDIES."

By the Author of "We Wives," etc.



EVER since an enterprising brother, intent on scientific research, found that a lump of sugar applied to the flame of a candle resulted in beads of crimson colour, candy-making has been a favourite

pastime of ours. "Candle-beads," pretty as they look, are apt to taste of tallow and smoke. Sugared candies of other sorts are, or ought to be, free from such drawbacks.

Our "popped-corn parties" (*vide* THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for April, 1896) could assemble all the year round if approved of. But our "candy club" only met at stated seasons. It was as a law of the Medes and Persians that butter-scotch (for instance) should only be made when the first blizzard powdered our wide prairie land with soft fleeces of snow. That raspberry-rock should be baked only when bluff and shoulder-ridge were pink with the wild cane. That "cream-toffee" and "honey-ball" should only make their appearance when a cow came into the dairy for the first time, or a hive of wild bees were rifled of their store.

If any reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is inclined to follow our family pattern and start a candy club, I would advise some such rules to be made. Sweets are apt to cloy when too often indulged in, and cookies are sometimes cross (at least they are in America). Of course the club should always provide sugar, fruit, and tins. Mothers, generally, do not grudge other flavourings and fire.

Most likely when this paper appears, every garden in "Eū-rope" will be rich in raspberries, or have just laid by a store of the seedy jam or crimson syrup. So I will begin by telling you how our candy club made

*Raspberry Rock.*—To every pound of lump sugar or refined molasses we allowed three-quarters of a teacupful of cold water. We boiled it until the syrup thickened, and "beads" of heat broke out on the surface. Very careful we were to keep stirring all the

time, especially when the candy began to "crack."

We tried if it was done enough by dropping a little into a cup of cold water. When a "snap" followed and the droppings looked crisp and crinkly, we removed the pan from the fire and stirred in one of two things, either three dessertspoonfuls of jam boiled, with a little water, and run through a sieve, or as much raspberry acid. I will tell, at the end of this paper, how to make this acid. But, as our candy is popping and cracking, we must finish it up first. On the deal-table we always had some well-buttered plates. After stirring in the flavouring (and adding a few drops of cochineal, if needed, to improve the colour), we filled each with the hot syrup. It cooled slowly, and after a few minutes its face had to be scored with a knife, in diamonds or squares. The rock is too hard to break when cold, except with a sledge-hammer, unless this is done.

Some of the candy we used to "pull" into twists and true lovers'-knots. This is fascinating work, the feel of the soft, yielding, smooth stuff between one's fingers being especially delightful to a child, whilst well-boiled candy can take such pretty shapes!

The syrup or acid for this rock is made as follows:—It can be used as a delightful summer drink mixed with plain cold water. But it is (a brother's expression comes in here) "scrumptious," if added to a tumbler of "fizz," either soda-water or lemonade.

Take twelve pounds of raspberries. Put them into a pan, and pour over them two quarts of cold water, previously acidulated with five ounces of tartaric acid. Let all remain undisturbed for twenty-four hours, then strain through a flannel jelly-bag or piece of fine muslin, taking care not to bruise the fruit.

To each pint of this clear crimson liquid, add one pound and a half of finely-powdered sugar. Stir frequently. When quite dissolved, and after removing any scum that may have risen, bottle the syrup and store in a dry place.

This acid requires no boiling and will keep for a couple of years if required. It can be made from ripe strawberries in the same way, but, to my taste, the latter fruit is too luscious and the syrup lacks just the *souçon* of tartness necessary.

*Cream Toffee.*—This is just a variation of the ordinary butter-scotch. To every pound of brown sugar, or molasses, we allowed a pint of thick cream. When the sugar boiled

we stirred in the yellow, leathery stuff, instead of using mother's freshly-churned butter.

It was all boiled together until it "snapped," then turned into fanciful buttered tins and left till cold. Cream toffee is crisper and "shorter" than the ordinary stuff, but not quite as rich.

*Butter Candy*, heralded in, as it was, by the first snowstorm, was perhaps our favourite sweetmeat. It meant the beginning of stoves and hickory fires and winter sleighing. It meant the approach of long evenings spent in the pine-panelled kitchen busy with book or brush or plane. It meant earlier to bed and later to rise. It meant home lessons instead of school marms. So it was altogether suggestive of cosiness and cuddling and crooning and a great many other "C's"!

To make this, we always took half and half of butter and sugar. The browner the sugar the better the candy. It had to be boiled until clear and transparent, then poured into buttered paper. Some roughly chopped almonds sprinkled on it turned butter-scotch into almond candy. Or desiccated cocoanut strewn on its face masked it into cocoanut candy.

It was always stored in wide-mouthed bottles with tin tops. How long it lasted depended on how much we made, and on how many of the young fry were at home.

For "honey balls" we took half as much honey as butter and of course no sugar. We boiled until the "beads" appeared as in raspberry rock. When nearly cold, instead of "pulling" the honey candy, we rolled it into balls and set it aside to dry.

I think our candy club had one advantage many readers of this paper may fail to appreciate. Of course we had failures. Sugar "catches" easily, and burnt molasses is an abomination. But to our door sometimes came alarming looking squaws robed in buffalo and fringed with beads. On their backs always—we never saw a squaw unaccompanied in this manner—were one or two brown-faced, black-eyed, soft-skinned "papooses." What better way of hiding our failures (at the same time of propitiating the brave) than presenting a potful of "candy" to the dear things. They do not mind smoke, or tallow, or burn! A papoose with a cold potato in one hand and a hunch of burnt cream toffee in the other, is a sight to remember. And are there no wild Red Indians on the London streets? Whenever you fail in your candies call in the next little *gamin* that passes and see!