

the vinegar, and when it has infused the same length of time as the first lot, drain all the vinegar away from the fruit, pass it through a jelly-bag and boil it gently for four or five minutes with its weight of roughly-powdered sugar, carefully removing all scum as it rises. Pour into jugs and cover with a thickly folded cloth, and the next day pour the vinegar into glass bottles, corking them tightly at first, and after four or five days pressing the corks in closely and storing in a cool dry place.

A spoonful or two of this vinegar in a glass of water makes a delightful summer drink, and is also often acceptable to invalids. It may also be used as a sauce to custard and other simple puddings.

Strawberry vinegar is made in the same way, only the brightest red preserving strawberries being used for the purpose. A little lemon-juice will be found to improve the flavour.

Raspberry acid is preferred by some people to raspberry vinegar.

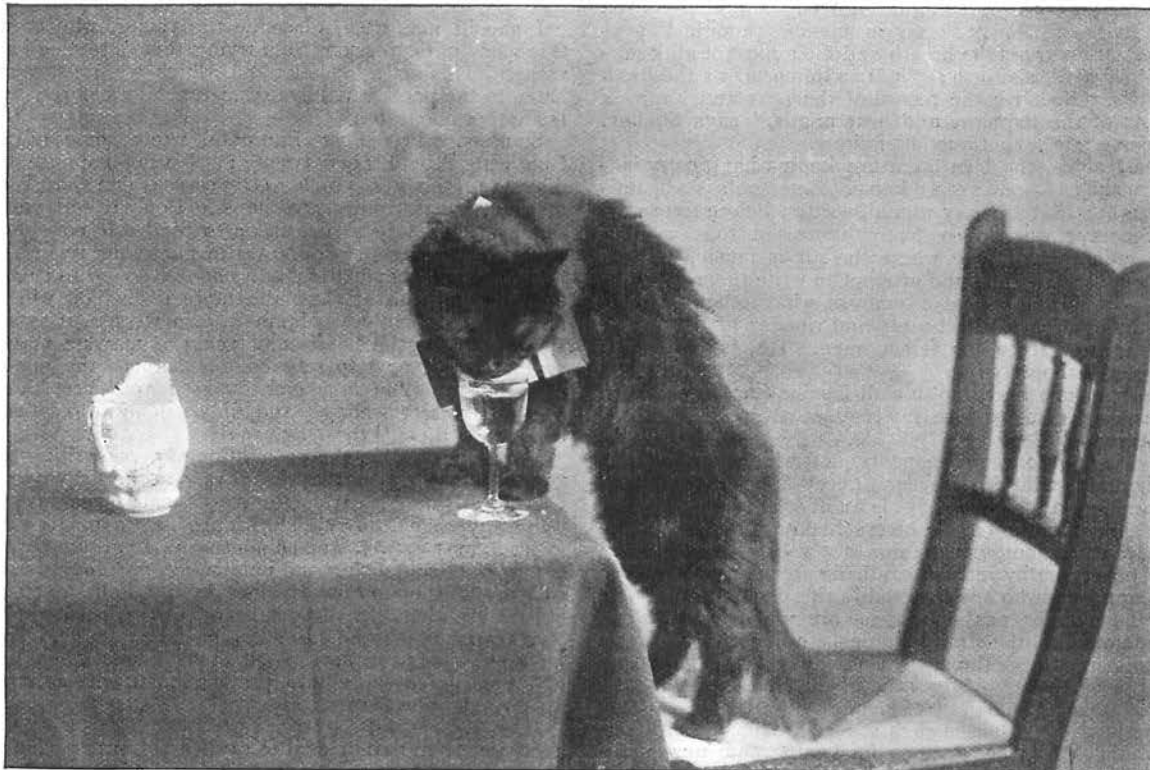
To make it allow to every quart of raspberries one pint of cold water, and a quarter of an ounce of tartaric acid. Let them stand together for twenty-four hours, strain through a fine sieve and to every pint of liquor allow one pound of sugar. When the sugar is fully dissolved, bottle the acid and keep it in a cool dry place.

In conclusion I would suggest that really good iced coffee is always appreciated at a picnic or garden-party.

The coffee should be made clear and strong, allowing to each breakfastcupful a tablespoonful of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of milk and two of rich cream. The sugar, milk and coffee should be mixed at just below the boiling-point, and left to cool and then the cream added, taking care, by the way, that the

milk is strained so that no skin gets in. Place the mixture in a deep stone jug and set in a wooden or zinc pail, if you do not possess a proper freezing-machine; surround the jug with a mixture of salt and roughly-chopped ice, taking care that it is not more than three parts of the way up the jug; lay a saucer over the top of the jug, and leave for half-an-hour, stirring the coffee frequently lest it should freeze to the sides. For a picnic the coffee may be placed in bottles and set in a pail of ice till needed.

Serve in china jugs, or if you prefer to have it served in cups, which must be small "after-dinner" ones, omit the cream when freezing, and having whipped it to a stiff froth place a spoonful on the top of each cup just before serving. Ice wafers should be handed round with coffee made in this manner, as they are generally preferred to richer cakes.



"TIMMA."

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

THIS is the picture of a cat—a most respectable member of the society in which it moves. It is by no means a terror by night and a thief by day, as, it will not be denied, some feline characters are; on the contrary, its virtues are many, and its faults few; indeed, in the eyes of its admiring owner it is faultless. The writer first made its acquaintance at the studio of her owner, a charming flower-painter; but, not being very enthusiastic about that particular region of natural history, to which it may, without irreverence, I hope, be said to belong, our first impressions were, possibly, somewhat mutually indifferent. Yet this particular beauty does stand out among its order. I am assured it does—not so much physically as intellectually. Thus, for instance, it has accomplished great things, and it is of these deeds, heroic and otherwise, that I shall narrate.

An attentive hall porter, or "receptionist," is not to be lightly regarded in this age of quite unnecessary brusqueness

and, sometimes, downright discourtesy. No sooner does one get on to the landing and "rat-tat" the studio knocker than this understanding creature is there. It does not actually open the door, though I very nearly believe that if locksmiths placed latches a few inches lower down, dilatory servants might be dispensed with, to this extent, at any rate. The quality that has impressed me more than any other in this cat is its perceptive faculty. It knows. It is perfectly conscious of the extraordinary labyrinth of circuitous routes adorning its kind owner's flat, and its whole mind is evidently set upon relieving each new visitor, as far as possible, of the task of trending his or her way along these many winding paths. This it does to perfection, eventually landing one in the presence of its busy mistress at her easel. Here then, obviously, is the "whole matter" of its wonderful promptness in "answering the door," as we are accustomed, stupidly, to say.

"'Timma' was brought to me," her mistress tells me,

“seven years ago—a tiny, all black kitten, wearing a red ribbon. Accompanying the pretty bundle was the following message, ‘If I did not think her beautiful enough to love, she was to be returned.’ Her long coat, with not a white hair, her ruff, all other points perfect save one—the disgrace of a white palate to her mouth—I felt she was just the kitten I wanted. Now, after seven years of close friendship, she is an honoured inmate of our studio-flat.

“She early displayed a love of society, and accompanied me on my shopping excursions to Oxford Street and Regent Street, by ‘underground’ rail or omnibus with perfect *sang-froid*. Tucking her paws in on my arm, she would watch the people and traffic with evident interest. It was when we began our purchases that an aspect of her temperament used to create a little but quite needless alarm. When the tying-up of the parcel commenced, the salesman was occasionally startled by a sudden spring and the landing upon him of ‘Timma,’ making wild endeavours to get inside the brown-paper parcel.

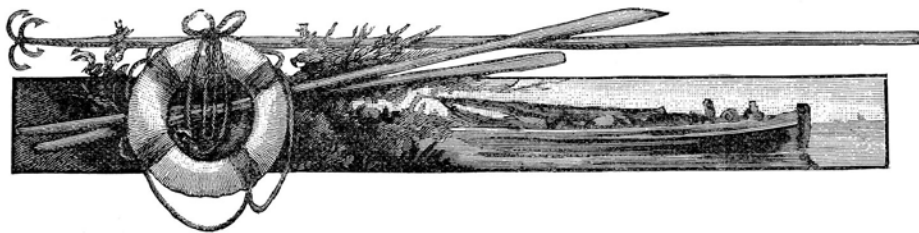
“‘Timma’ rarely ever leaves me. She accompanied me on my sketching days once at Weybridge, where she was the admiration of young and old alike. In those happy days for cats when the Muzzling Order was in force, she used to follow me with bounding jumps across the common to my favourite garden, where she spent the day, returning with me at night to my rooms on foot, quite half a mile. ‘Timma’s’ education has been carefully attended to. She politely shakes hands, lifting her paw high according to the fashion of her time. She has her own stool at the dinner-table, her neat wine-glass and saucer. Perfectly well aware as she is of the hours of our meals, it is pretty, indeed, to see her just before these times running from room to room heralding the approach of dinner or luncheon. Begging on her part has been strictly tabooed. She must not do that, and never does, but waits her turn to be helped. Between her courses she tucks her front paws in on the ledge of the dinner-table, and if her glass is not filled, she will touch the handle of the glass water-jug gently to remind us of her want. One Christmas Day she dined out

at Clifton, and behaved herself as admirably as every pretty *débutante* of seven should. She went through all the courses, from soup to pincapple; but seeing the butler solemnly proceed to change her plate, protestation became necessary.

“‘Timma’ has served her Queen and country. During the war-time recently, she collected for the ‘A. M. B.’ Fund the sum of ten shillings—sitting at the door of our flat in Pembridge Crescent with a tiny box round her neck. The tradespeople, and all who went in and out, gave to ‘Timma,’ who would come upstairs when the weight of coppers was more than she could bear. When the cares of motherhood came on her, she lost her taste for society; but she remains the faithful friend of her mistress, following her from room to room, and watching for her when out.

“It was imperative that she should be photographed, and she enjoyed the experience immensely, taking quite an interest in the photographer’s studio. But, dear friend, I could never exhaust all her good qualities and cleverness. Young people particularly cannot know too well how much pleasure can be derived from pets if they treat them with consideration. Cats above all are responsive to a gentle hand, and will repay by great devotion.”

Here this little biography was to have ended; but, alas! ‘Timma’ has got into trouble. The serious illness of a relative called its kind owner and her husband to Dublin. ‘Timma’ was left at the studio in good hands, yet would not be comforted. At every opportunity she flew to the window, marvelling greatly in her loneliness. Unhappily she made one excursion too many, and came to grief. “What will you say,” Mrs. Miller writes me, “when you hear that ‘Timma,’ my pet, in search of me, jumped out of the window—some fifty feet. We are nursing her back to life, but she is very much hurt.” Yes—with one leg in splints, and little more than a parcel of skin and bones, she is verily a wreck of her former self. Albeit, she should recover and once more sit upright at dinner-table; for loving attention and the best surgical skill are such wondrous factors in restoring health and strength, even if the patient be merely a poor black cat.



AN ENGLISHMAN ON AMERICANISMS.



GLOSSARY is sometimes needed to explain the peculiar phrases, idioms, and colloquialisms in which our American cousins indulge. They display a marvellous fertility of invention in this respect. Their political nomenclature is constantly receiving additions which English readers are often at a loss to understand. It is impossible to take up an American newspaper without reading of certain persons who are designated by such terms as scallawags, kickers, bolters, mud-slingers, cranks, dudes, bulldozers, dead-heads, loafers, roustabouts, mugwumps, &c. The origin of some of these epithets is purely conjectural, but they have come to possess a greater or less degree

of currency, and some of them are to be found in recent issues of popular dictionaries. Whether the purity of the language is thereby maintained, is open to doubt; but the Americans appear to delight in coining expressive and forcible phrases and epithets, especially for political purposes. Thus, the word “bolter” was freely used a year or two ago in connection with a movement of a section of the Republican party, who, being dissatisfied with the nomination of Mr. Blaine for President, supported the Democratic candidate, Mr. Cleveland. This was stigmatised as “bolting” from the party, just as a horse will sometimes rush away before the signal is given to commence a race. A “mud-slinger” is a man who searches over and rakes through the record of a politician, in order to discover something to his prejudice, which may be thrown at him, and yet without risking an action for libel. It