Victorian Times

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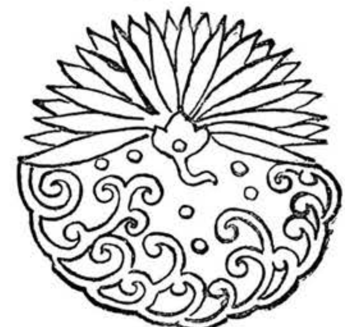

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* *The Girl's Own Paper* ***Cassell's Family Magazine*

An Ode to the GOP

As I put this issue together, I couldn't help notice a preponderance of articles from *The Girl's Own Paper*. There are several reasons for this! One is simple: Since my collection of GOP spans 21 years, with each annual running between 800 and 900 pages, that's a lot of material to choose from!

But there is more to the story than that. I confess, GOP is one of my favorite Victorian magazines. It's one of the few that I chose to "collect," gathering every "Victorian" issue (1880-1902). The magazine continued into the 1950's, but changed considerably after Flora Klickmann became its editor in 1908.

So: Here's a bit more about this favorite of mine. It was founded in 1880 by the Religious Tract Society. Charles Peters edited the magazine for 28 years, his goal being to "foster and develop that which was highest and noblest in the girlhood and womanhood of England." Early issues seemed a bit confused as to whether they were addressing "girlhood" or "womanhood," but soon "womanhood" won out. Articles were aimed more consistently at young women (and generally young women of "breeding"—though it was clearly read by "the help" as well), and articles along the lines of "tell me about these flowers, dear Auntie!" thankfully disappeared.

While the magazine had its share of preachy articles on "how to be good"—and more than its share of stories and poems with a Moral and a Message—it avoided becoming yet another "Sunday" magazine with no goal other than moral improvement. Instead, it became one of the most varied general-interest magazines for women of its day. One reason so many GOP articles are in the file for *Victorian Times* is the huge variety from which to choose. It naturally offered the standard "women's" fare of articles on fashion, cooking, and keeping house. But it also provided articles on law, archaeology, history, sports, recreation, nature, wildlife, and more. Its pieces on crafts assume that women can do far more than simply knit, crochet, and embroider; they might, instead, wish to carve wood, engrave bronze, or create faux stained glass. And while it ran many an uplifting article on women of virtue and benevolence, it also ran profiles of women adventurers, travelers, writers, reformers and more.

The magazine is a gold mine for anyone seeking information on how to "live" the Victorian life. Its many articles on housekeeping assumed that its readers might be novices in this field, and so instructed them on the basics that every young woman would need to know in order to manage a home for herself, her family, or a husband. Dora Hope's "Margaret Trent" stories were simply "how-to" manuals thinly disguised as fiction, and provide a wealth of detail on everything from caring for chickens to furnishing one's home on a budget.

Another reason I find the magazine fascinating is that it covers a period of dramatic change in the lives of women in Britain and beyond—and does a marvelous job reporting upon and reflecting that change. Opinions on both sides of the various controversies surrounding such topics as women's rights, education, and work appeared in the magazine. For example, women were just being admitted to UK universities, and the GOP saw both sides of the debate as to whether higher education was beneficial to women—or would forever destroy their saintly, sacred feminine virtues (as the poem "Girton Girl" on page 27 demonstrates). Writers like Sophia Caulfield pointed out that women could no longer rely on marriage, or the protection of a male relative, to support them in life, and offered advice both on the necessity of work as well as how to find it and what types of jobs were available to women. In later issues, articles begin to reflect the notion that earning a living might actually *be* a choice, rather than a horrid necessity. (And on a more amusing note, there is the heated debate as to whether women ought to ride bicycles!)

Mostly-Victorian.com offers the largest online archive of GOP articles available—nearly 2000 features! It also provides the only archive of complete scans of each annual from 1880-1902 (which are available in our bookstore). The GOP has yet to be scanned by Google or appear on Archive.org, perhaps because it is rarely found in US university libraries.

The GOP has been instrumental in introducing me to the fascinating world of the Victorian woman—and I hope to share that experience with my readers in the pages of *Victorian Times*. But don't worry; *Victorian Times* won't be "all GOP all the time." I have many other magazines in my collection, and over the next few months I'm planning a veritable feast of Victoriana! So don't go away!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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HOW I TRIED TO WRITE A STORY.

AN EXPERIENCE.

HOW I TRIED—yes, I did try; and with what result? you will ask. I will indite my experiences, but whether this truthful record will ever see the light in all the glory of type is a question which I cannot answer. If I am to judge by experience, it *won't.* Still, one should never be debarred from doing a good deed by the shadow of failure—I mean debarred by the shadow of failure from, &c. "Style" again!

I say "style again" because my first editor—no, he wasn't *my* editor—he was others' editor—when he returned my first manuscript, said my style wanted cultivating. Cultivating! "How," I asked myself, "can I cultivate style? Is it a natural production? and can it be improved like a cabbage?" He did not say: he merely suggested "cultivation"—perhaps pruning.

"THERE WERE THREE OLD MAIDS"

My first attempt at story-writing was very laudable. I had a sick aunt. I was poor, so was she, and as I lived with her, and on her, I thought a few pounds would benefit her. I had tried several other lines by way of assisting my aged and bed-ridden relative—and had noticed with what avidity she read tales and weekly newspapers. Even the pamphlets in which butter was enwrapped were devoured likewise. So I thought—not unnaturally—that if I could please my aunt, and cover myself with glory, as well as get paid for it, a story was the very thing.

The difficulty was what to write about. There were so many incidents in every-day life which are never chronicled—at least, they never appear in print—that I thought something lively and domestic would have an excellent chance of acceptance. There was a man on our local paper, manager, or "compositor," or something high up in the house, and he said, "Write by all means—you only want pen and ink and paper, *and ideas;* with these and a little knowledge of style and grammar, there you are!" "Where?" I asked. "Oh, anywhere," he said, laughing—"Try a story—a good sensation." So I did!

I wrote quite a sensational tale. I know it had a murder in it—I think two murders—for in the end the hero and heroine killed each other, if I recollect rightly. There was a robbery, and the robber was caught by a policeman. This was a touch of genius! Something quite novel, yet not *too* extravagant, I thought. Then the robber confessed that he had a brother in "the force," and the very policeman who caught him *was* his brother! The heroine was a young lady of ample means, living in Houndsditch, who occupied her leisure moments in disposing of cast-off garments, till she came of age, when she intended—or was intended—to marry a sailor who had not been heard of since his ship had been wrecked off Lundyfoot Island with a cargo of tobacco—more inspiration—snuff and Lundyfoot Island!

The probability was that the sailor was dead, as he had not re-appeared. But he turned up again, and then all the other characters disappeared. The hero and heroine killed each other, and the tale wound up, naturally, because there was no person left in it. This was artistic, *I* thought.

But the editor did not. He refused it!

He thanked me, however, for the opportunity I had afforded him to read the story, and made the little suggestion about improvement in style to which I have already alluded. There was a kind of impression in my mind, after his letter had been weighed, that fiction was scarcely my strong point—I mean perfectly imaginative fiction—so I made up my mind to try a solid foundation in fact for the basis of my next venture.

There were three old maids in our neighbourhood, of whom every one said—"What characters they would make in a novel!" They were rich and eccentric—kept dogs, cats, birds, and even reptiles, as pets. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected. I studied them, called on pretended errands, interviewed them as the emissary from the "Cats' College" or the "Snakes' Home," produced handbills from the "Lost and Starving Dogs," and asked for subscriptions for "Penniless Parrots."

I succeeded! I came, I saw, I studied—I wrote a splendid story, in which those three old ladies were accurately described; their house, tastes, and surroundings all put on paper. No one could mistake them. The neighbourhood would be delighted! Just the thing which everybody had said ought to be done—I had done it—I should be a hero.

My story was posted to another editor, and then I anxiously waited the result of my application. I told him my incidents were plain unvarnished *facts*, well known—that is, reported—in our neighbourhood: that the three maiden ladies, the Misses Jones (I called them *Johns* to conceal their identity, but used their Christian names to fix character), were living models, and the whole story most interesting and laughable.

I waited six days, and not having received any reply to my letter, I called on the editor. To my surprise,

"'LOOK HERE!'"

and somewhat to my alarm, I was ushered upstairs, and into an inner room, where I was informed that Mr. Boom "would see me in a moment if I wasn't in a hurry."

Hurry, indeed! Was it likely under the circumstances? and after all, only a moment! Why, if I *had* been in a hurry, a minute or two could make no real difference. So I waited.

"Has the clock stopped?" I thought, as, after waiting nearly half an hour, I ventured to descend the stairs and ask for the editor again. "He'll see you in a

"THIS ELDERLY BUTTERFLY FLITTED FROM ONE TO THE OTHER"

moment," said the lad; "I'll tell him agin. What name?"

He came back and ushered me into the room.

"Good day, Mr. ——. You have something for me, I think."

"No, I sent you something a week ago, a story called 'The Three Tabbies,' a very bright—ah—amusing story, I think."

"Oh indeed. 'Three Tabbies'! Let me see—old maids?"

"Yes," I replied, delighted to believe that he had read it—"that's the idea."

"Not quite original, but interesting, no doubt. Well, Mr. ——, I have read your preface and some of the tale, and I candidly tell you that it would make an enormous sensation if all you say is true."

"It is! I can show you the old women, and can vouch for the incidents and surroundings."

"Yes? Well, then, I must return you your MS. I have no wish to be defendant in an action for libel. Why, sir, we should be prosecuted at once. Here is your story; good day."

"But what kind of story do you want?" I asked.

"Oh, there's plenty of choice—pleasing fiction, with plenty of incident."

"May I send you another tale?"

"Certainly, if you wish, on approval."

"Then you don't want tales, I suppose?"—His manner was not encouraging.

"Want tales! My dear sir, we are simply full of them. Look here!"

He opened a press, and showed me a number of compartments, alphabetically labelled, full of dusty rolls and parcels.

"There; all those are tales sent here and never used—unusable—impossible! We can, perhaps, pick out one from that cupboard that will suit at a pinch, yet it's a chance!"

"But you have stories every week, new ones; somebody must write them?"

"Yes; but you must understand that an editor has his men on whom he can depend, who he knows can do what he wants, and to whom he can apply. Ladies and gentlemen, also, whose contributions are suited to the tone of his journal or magazine, upon whom he can depend, give him no trouble. Most outsiders are amateurs, by whom the literary world is being deluged. A new flood is rising."

"But surely some amateurs can write, sir?"

"Yes, and write well. But we do not complain of them. We object to the incompetent, the writers for charity, the unlearned. A young person thinks that pen and ink and paper make the author—and many writers foolishly encourage the taste without any means of knowing the capabilities of their friends. No, sir; study, read, and then, when you have mastered the first principles—spelling, punctuation, style, originality, and freedom—write a story and bring it to me."

"I am certain you are very kind, and sure you are discouraging—but——"

"Well, I have spoken plainly and fairly. Sorry if you are offended. I have told you all this because a friend of mine has mentioned your name. But I don't advise you to write. If you do --take my advice——"

"I TORE THE LETTER INTO A THOUSAND PIECES"

Here my friend, as I may call him, entered into an explanation which I will not give in detail, but will recur to at the end of my experiences.

When I quitted the office of the Journal, I felt rather hopeless. Then I thought of my poor aunt, and of my need for pocket-money. Try again, said Pluck—Try something else, said Prudence. Was the counsel of Prudence ever listened to? Well, not very often. Pluck carried the day. I tried again.

This time I made up my mind to succeed or perish—I mean not literally—yes, I *do* mean literally—that is, in a literary sense—I would do or die. I did, and I didn't die; at least, not quite. This is how I did it.

You will remember I had attempted Fiction, and Fact. Both had failed. There still remained to me a third source of gain—Compilation! Many people, of whom I had heard, maintained wives and families on Compilation. I would become a "compiler." It is an honest trade, I was sure. "All literary work is honest," said my friend the paper man, already mentioned—"Oh, yes!" I didn't *quite* like his manner when speaking of compilers; but what matter?

My first step in the direction of Compilation was to Bloomsbury. The British Museum Reading Room furnished me with materials *galore*. The difficulty was what to compile. There were so many people apparently copying books and drawings, or chatting, or sleeping. Some ladies seemed utterly unable to do anything unless some grey-haired youngish man sat beside them. There were three of these ladies, each in a different place—and this elderly butterfly flitted from one to the other, retailing amusing anecdotes, and exchanging little confidences with other men as

he passed. One or two ladies, similarly disposed, acted likewise. Some young students chatted audibly beside me about music-halls and "black eyes," and I became more confused than ever. But I did compile something very neatly, concerning "Harmony in Hives."

I knew a little about Bees—a little too much—because our next-door neighbour had hives, and his bees swarmed once on my head. In the twenty-five minutes during which I stood still, I had ample opportunities to study bees; but I am afraid I did not avail myself of them sufficiently. Still, I picked up something—it was not much—only a mass of fifteen dead bees which had stung me, simultaneously, with unanimity deserving of all praise in any other direction. On the whole, I considered the energy of those bees mis-directed. I may be prejudiced, but that is my opinion.

So I compiled "Harmony in Hives" from three different sources, very easily. From one distinguished bee-master I copied five lines, then five from each of the others—corrected for grammar, and, of course, for "style." So in a couple of hours I had a couple of pages about bees, a "Harmony in Hives." I am quite certain not one of the authors would have recognised his own writing; and that, I believe, is the art of Compilation!

I was delighted with my effort. I read and re-read it; wrote another page in the same way; took back my books—my "authorities" I called them—and went home. There I wrote a polite note to a weekly country paper, and sent my "Harmony." In ten days, to my intense delight, I received the "proofs" of my article! Success at last—Wealth—Honour!

I was so delighted with my "Harmony in Hives" in type, that my poor aunt thought I had got a "bee in my bonnet." But it was only the natural joy at the successful results of "honest labour." Compilation for ever! "Throw Fiction to the dogs!" I exclaimed—"let Facts be as stubborn as they please—give me Compilation!"

A month passed—and I thought I would ask for my money, else the Harmony would not be complete, so I wrote. The editor had not sent me a copy of his paper either, so I sent him a note with a modest demand for payment. I received a reply even more polite than my letter, in which the editor regretted to inform me that he did "not, as a rule, pay for occasional contributions." I dropped the letter in despair.

Not pay! Compilation not pay! I was thunderstruck. What's this "P.T.O."? "I regret further to have to mention that we had to suppress part of our second issue, in consequence of a letter from a 'bee-master,' pointing out manifest and *hardly accidental* similarities in your article to his famous paper on the 'Music of the Apiary'—yet——"

I read no more. Crushed, I tore the letter into a thousand pieces. No, let me be still accurate. I had no time to waste tearing up paper: I tore it across, and again across, and threw it from me. Something caught my eye in the envelope which I had also torn—I picked up the pieces: there was a blue paper, in pieces—a money order for seven and sixpence.

Since then I have had a little success in compiling and in translation. But I cannot say that authorship pays me. It may pay some people who are otherwise independent, and want pocket-money. *I* never have any. Nevertheless, I have gained some experience; my editor friend is right, and his golden rules already referred to are these—

(1) Submit a short abstract of your story.

(2) Write in a legible hand, and on only one side of your paper.

(3) Avoid sending long explanatory letters to the editor. And my own experience tells me, fourthly—

Do not stay too long in an editor's room if he grant you an interview. Say what you have to say: hear what he has to reply—and go. Don't worry him!

That is the plain statement of the case; and now, after many years, during which I have again dabbled in Fiction, and produced one or two little tales, so-called "successes" by my friends, I am jotting down my experience; whether my Facts will be accepted, I dare not say. If they are, I need hardly add that I shall be delighted, and try Fiction again—for a change! *Verb. sap.*

H. FRITH.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.

STRETCH the gloves on a clean piece of paper or a wooden hand, and apply benzine collas with a piece of cotton or flannel. Apply the benzine in a circular direction. Dry with blotting paper. By exposure to the air all traces of smell will speedily disappear.

TO CLEAN WHITE KID OR JEAN BOOTS.

When not very dirty, put half an ounce of hartshorn into a saucer. Dip a bit of clean flannel in it, and rub it on a piece of white curd soap; rub the boots with this, and take a fresh piece of flannel as each piece becomes soiled. When the boots are really dirty, the better way is to stuff them as full as possible with old rags or common cotton wadding to prevent any creases; then mix some pipeclay with water to rather a stiff paste, wash the jean boots with soap and water and a nail-brush, using as little water as possible to get the dirt off. When they appear tolerably clean, rub the pipeclay with a flannel well over them, and hang them up to dry. When dry, beat out the superfluous clay with the hand, and rub them till they look smooth. Flake white may also be used.

LIQUID TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS, &C.

Dissolve one ounce of pure pearlash in a pint of spring water, and to the solution add a lemon cut in small slices. Mix the ingredients well; keep the mixture in a warm state for a couple of days, then strain it and bottle the clear liquid for use. A little of this poured on stains of grease, pitch, or oil will remove them. The cloth should be washed in clean water as soon as they disappear.

TO CLEAN WHITE OR VERY LIGHT SILKS.

Take a quart of lukewarm water, and mix with it four ounces of soft soap, four ounces of honey, and a good sized wineglass of gin. Unpick the silk and lay it in widths on the kitchen table. Then take a perfectly new common scrubbing-brush, dip it in the mixture, and rub the silk firmly up and down on both sides, so as to saturate it. Rinse it in cold water twice, until free from soap, and hang it on a clotheshorse to drain, until half dry; then iron it with a piece of thin muslin between it and the iron, or it will be marked on the ironed side. Keep the silk quite smooth when laid on the table, so that every part may come under the brush. White silk requires a little blue in the water.

Silk stockings should be carefully washed in water that is neither hot nor cold. Any pure white soap will do, and the stockings should be dried on wooden frames made for the purpose. White silk handkerchiefs must be quickly washed in a lather of pure white soap, to which a squeeze of blue, with a spoonful of salt, has been added to prevent the colour from running.

MISPRINTS and the eccentricities of translators and artists have turned many editions of the Holy Bible into valuable and interesting curiosities. The first example reproduced shows us at a glance how the famous "Vinegar" Bible got its name. "The Parable of the Vinegar" appears, instead of the "Parable of the Vineyard,"

The parable of the vinegar. **S. L**

chief prieſts and the ſcribes came upon him, with the elders,

2 And ſpake unto him, ſaying, Tell us, By what authority doeſt thou theſe things? or who is he that gave thee this authority?

3 And he anſwered and ſaid unto them, I will alſo ask you one thing; and anſwer me.

THE "VINEGAR" BIBLE.

in the page-heading to Luke xx. This is an Oxford edition of the authorized version, published by J. Baskett in 1717. The book was produced in costly and gorgeous style, but was so carelessly printed that it came to be known as "a Baskett-full of errors."

The "Servant" Bible comes next; it was published in 1640. Observe that the first verse of the third chapter of Genesis commences in this startling manner: "Now the *servant* was more subtill than any beast of the field," etc. Of course, it should be "serpent."

CHAP. III. 5.31.

1 *The ſerpent deceiveth Eve. 6 Mans ſhamefull fall. 9 God arraineth them. 14 The ſerpent is curſed. 15 The promiſed ſeed. 16 The puniſhment of mankinde. 21 Their firſt clothing. 22 Their caſting out of Paradiſe.*

NOw the ſervant was more ſubtill then any beaſt of the field which the LORD God had made, and he ſaid unto the woman, †Yea hath God ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat of every tree of the garden?

2 And the woman ſaid unto the ſerpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden:

3 But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midſt of the garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat of it, neither ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die.

† Heb. Yea, because, &c.

THE "SERVANT" BIBLE.

It is strange enough that such errors should creep into a work which receives more care in being set in type and going through the press than any other volume. But the greatest care, even when enhanced by the fear of punishment, has not been sufficient to prevent misprints which absolutely reverse the meaning of the most important texts.

The passage that gives the "More Sea" Bible its name is next reproduced. This is an instance of the omission of the negative (in Rev. xxi., 1). The "Judas" Bible contains a very strange typographical error—none other than the substitution of name of the betrayer for that of the Saviour: "Then commeth *Judas* with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, 'Sit yee here, while I goe and pray yonder.'"

CHAP. XXI.

1 *A new heaven and a new earth. 10 The heavenly Jeruſalem with a full diſcription thereof. 23 She needeth no ſun, the glory of God is her light. 24 The kings of the earth bring their riches unto her.*

ANd *I ſaw a new heaven, and a new earth: for the firſt heaven, and the firſt earth were paſſed away, and there was more ſea.

2 And I John ſaw the holy city, new Jeruſalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

3 And I heard a great voyce out of heaven,

THE "MORE SEA" BIBLE.

35 Peter ſaid unto him, Though I ſhould die with thee, yet will I not denie thee. Likewiſe alſo ſaid all the diſciples.

36 ¶ *Then commeth Judas with them unto a place called Gethſemane, and ſaith unto the diſciples, Sit yee here, while I goe and pray yonder.

THE "JUDAS" BIBLE

THE "PAGAN" BIBLE.

The "Wicked" Bible, published in 1631, was so called from the omission of the important little word "not" in the rendering of the Seventh Commandment; and that the hapless printer should have been fined by Archbishop Laud the sum of £300 is only as it should be, considering the grossness of the blunder. The money, we learn, was expended on "a fount of fair Greek type," which was to render almost impossible such enormities as the above.

Published in London in 1572, the "Pagan" Bible is a real curiosity, containing as it does, at St. John, 1st Epistle, chap. i., a wood-cut of Mount Olympus and the Gods—Leda and Swan; Daphne and Apollo. This extraordinary Bible also contains other scenes from the Metamorphoses. It is perfectly inconceivable how such utterly inappropriate illustrations should have been allowed a place in an edition of the Bible. It is well known, however, that two or three centuries ago the difficulties of reproducing pictures of any kind in books were so great, that one block was made to do duty, not only in several works of wholly diverse kind, but was even used over and over again in the same book.

Perhaps the rarest of all the curious Bibles is the famous "Bugge" Bible, an edition of Matthew's Bible, published in 1551. In this we read, at Psalms xci., 5, "So that thou shalt not nede to be afrayed for anye bugges by nyghte." Coverdale's and Taverner's Bibles have the same word, equivalent to the modern "bogie," whom the children dread.

6 So the woman (ſeing that the tre was good for meat;and that it was pleaſant to the eyes,& a tre to be deſired to get knowledge) toke of the frute thereof, and did * eat,and gaue alſo to her houſband with her,and he f did eat.
7 Then the eyes of them bothe were opened,& they g knewe that they were naked, and they ſewed figtre leaues together, and made them ſelues " breeches.
8. ¶ Afterwarde they heard the voyce of

a.ii.

1.tim.2,14.
f Not ſo muche to pleaſe his wife, as moued by ambicion at her perſuaſion.
g They began to fele their miſerie, but they ſoght not to God for remedie

THE "BREECHES" BIBLE.

A perfect copy of the "Bugge" Bible recently fetched £60; whilst an admittedly imperfect copy realized £45 at Sotheby's auction rooms.

v He ſhall couer the vnder hys winges, that thou mayſte be ſafe vnder his fethers: his faythfullneſſe and truethe ſhal be thy ſhylde and buckler.
So that thou ſhalt not nede to be afrayed for anye bugges by nyghte, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day.
B For the peſtilence that crepeth in the darckneſſe, nor for the ſickneſſe that deſtroyeth in the noone daye.

THE "BUGGE" BIBLE.

The well-known "Breeches" Bible next figures in this article. It was one of several editions produced by the Protestant exiles at Geneva, during the last year of Queen Mary's reign. In the "Breeches" Bible, Gen. iii., 7, reads: "And they sewed fig tre leaves together, and made them selves *breeches*."

15 Also he said, Bring the || vaile that thou hast vpon thee, and holde it. And when she helde it, he measured sixe measures of barley, and laide it on her: and he went into the citie.

16 And when shee came to her mother in law, she said, Who art thou, my daughter? and she tolde her all that the man had done to her.

THE GREAT "HE" BIBLE.

Wycliffe, however, had used the word before, but Coverdale had rendered "apurns"—as he spells it.

The Great "He" Bible received its name from the passage next reproduced in facsimile, ". . . . He measured five measures of barley, and laide it on her: and *he* went into the citie," Ruth iii., 15. Of course, it should be "she," since Ruth is meant. This Bible was Barker's folio authorized version, published in 1611. The printer corrected his error in a second edition, which is known as the Great "She" Bible.

Another similitude put he forth vnto them sayinge: The kyngedome of heauen is like vnto a man which sowed good seed in his feild. But whyle men slept, there came his fo, and sowed tares amonge the wheate, and went hys waye. And

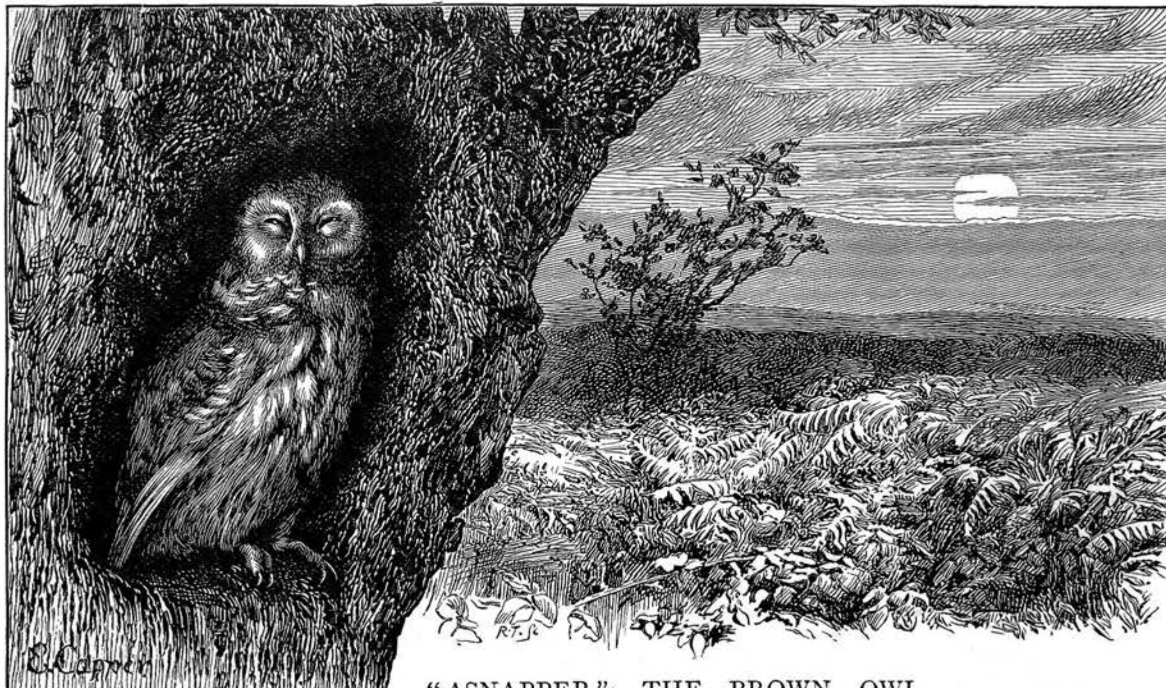
THE "WOODEN-LEG" BIBLE.

A Bible which is now extremely scarce, and which is increasing yearly in value, is the "Treacle" Bible, dated 1575. "There is no more balm at Gilead" (Jeremiah viii.) is a phrase we have all read or heard; but in this Bible it is rendered, "There is no more *treacle* at Galaad." When the horrified ecclesiastical authorities beheld these vagaries of printer and translator, they immediately suppressed the sale of the Bible containing the solecism, and gathered in, so far as was possible, all copies that had actually been circulated. These they carefully destroyed, and hence it is that the comparatively few copies that escaped have become so valuable in the eyes of collectors and curiosity-seekers.

Sorowe is come vpon me/and heuynes vexeth my hert: for lo/ the voyce of the criēge of my people is herde from a farre countre: Is not the Lorde in Syon? Is not the kyng in her? Wherfore then haue they greued me (shall the Lorde saye) wyth their ymages & foolysh straunge fasshyons? The haruest ys gone / the Sommer hath an ende / and we are not helped. I am sore vexed /because of the hurte of my people: I am heuy and abashed/ for there is no more Tryacle at Galaad / and there ys no Phylycyen / that can heale the hurte of my people.

THE "TREACLE" BIBLE.

We have next reproduced the illustration which gave the "Wooden-Leg" Bible its peculiar name. In this picture we see the Enemy of Man sowing tares among the wheat (according to the parable), but for some inexplicable reason, Satan is represented with a wooden leg! That he should have a tail is, of course, more or less in accordance with tradition.



notes of anger and fear, and I gather from this that the owl is apt to prey upon small birds and possibly robs their nests of eggs or young fledgelings.

Several writers assert that this bird also feeds on fish, being able to catch those swimming near the surface.

There can be no doubt of the extreme value of owls in reducing the number of rats and mice, and it is to be hoped that landowners in their own interests, if for no better motive, will take pains to instruct their gamekeepers to protect such useful allies to the farmer and gardener.

I met with an amusing instance of the value of the owl as a mouser when staying at a farmhouse in Surrey.

The farmer's daughter told me her brother had just discovered "a 'howl's' nest in a pigeon coo," and going up a ladder to examine it more closely had found two eggs in the nest, and ranged around it were fourteen dead mice. If that was the result of one evening's foraging, we need no other proof that owls are worthy of encouragement and protection. This anecdote relates to a barn owl which may well be called the "farmer's friend," for it delights to roost in barns and out-buildings where it can find plenty of mice, its favourite food, and on that account it should meet with a kind welcome instead of being trapped and shot and hung up to decorate the end of some outhouse, where I often grieve to see it, in company with the equally useful little kestrel and other hawks.

"ASNAPPER": THE BROWN OWL.

By Mrs. Brightwen.

Whilst enjoying the fresh beauty of my garden in the month of May, with its wealth of flowers and rich variety of leafage, my eyes happened to light upon a greyish tuft of feathers in a rhododendron bush.

Curiosity led me to examine this tuft more closely, when, to my surprise, I found it was a young brown owl—alive, indeed, but in a very exhausted condition. It appeared to be only a few weeks old, fully feathered, yet unable to feed itself; I suppose it had fallen out of the nest and was dying for lack of food. I need hardly say I carried it indoors and did my best to feed and restore the poor orphan, and right well did he second my efforts.

A juicy uncooked mutton chop was cut up and mixed with feathers, and with resounding snaps of his great beak, the morsels were received and swallowed. A second chop was disposed of before my friend seemed satisfied, and with such a mighty appetite I felt there would be no difficulty in rearing him. Next morning we happened to find two dead sparrows and a mouse; these soon disappeared and had to be supplemented by a piece of raw meat; and if this is the daily diet of a very young owl, we may form some idea of the way in which full-grown birds must reduce the hordes of mice and rats which would otherwise overrun the country.

Whenever we passed the owl's cage, he gave a resounding snap with his beak, not viciously, but as a friendly recognition, and somehow this habit suggested the name of the Assyrian king, the "noble Asnapper," until this, familiarly contracted to "Snap" for everyday use, became the recognised title of our new pet.

Asnapper lived quietly enough during the day in a large cage well covered from the light, but towards evening, when he had enjoyed his second repast of raw meat, he began to wake up and long for exercise. He was allowed his liberty in the house, and made full use of this privilege by going about from room to room, either running along the floor like a grey rabbit, or taking short flights with his noiseless wings. He would gravely pursue his way up the stairs a step at a time, and seemed to enjoy watching cattle in the fields whilst sitting motionless on a window-sill.

Until the bird could feed itself, it would have been no kindness to let it go out of doors and starve, so I resolved to make the creature's life as happy as possible, whilst I had thus a good opportunity of learning the habits of this interesting species of bird. I could not help being somewhat afraid of his formidable curved beak, which looked as if it could inflict a severe wound, but I soon learned how gently Asnapper could use it; he would play with my fingers and hold them with such care that we had merry games of play at evening recreation time, when he looked to be let out of his cage and go where he pleased for an hour or two.

If allowed to be in the drawing-room, the sociable bird made himself quite one of the party. Perched on the back of a chair he would watch all that went on with a grave air of consideration, or else he would amuse himself by chasing a ball, or cotton reel, upon the floor as if he tried to make believe it was a mouse.

I could not have thought there was so much latent fun in a solemn-looking owl, but then we are never out at night perched up in the tree-branches to see what goes on there amongst young owlets, so this afforded us a rather unusual glimpse into the habits and manners of the bird of wisdom in his merry days of youth.

This species, called the brown or tawny owl (*Syrnium stridula*), is found in most of the counties of England; it is rare in Scotland, and has not, I believe, been found in Ireland. It generally retires to thick woods during the day, coming out at night to feed upon rabbits, moles, rats, mice, frogs, and insects.

When Asnapper had more food than he could consume at one meal, he would hide the rest, taking pains to secrete his choice morsels in some dark corner where he thought we could not see them.

His soft blue eyes used to look very roguish as he peered round to see if we were watching him; those eyes, by the way, changed to a rich dark brown as he grew older, and would be, I fancy, quite black when full grown.

I have several times observed a brown owl flying quite late in the evening closely pursued by enraged blackbirds screaming their loudest

The brown owl has very different tastes as to its home, preferring a hollow tree in some secluded wood far away from human dwellings, although from Mr. Waterton's experience it will sometimes fly into houses in the dusk of evening. He says, "This pretty aërial wanderer of the night often comes into my room; and after flitting to and fro on wing so soft and silent that he is scarcely heard, he takes his departure from the same window at which he entered."

Mr. Waterton suggests that these birds may be encouraged to settle in our woods, if holes are made in old trees that are already slightly decayed, the brown owls will then readily adopt them as nesting-places.

I have not as yet heard Asnapper make any sound except the characteristic snap of his beak, and a low whining cry of eager pleasure at sight of his accustomed food.

We are very familiar with the loud melancholy hoot of his kith and kin, which we frequently hear at intervals during the night in the gardens and woods around the house, and Asnapper will join in the chorus, for as soon as he can feed himself we shall bid him an affectionate farewell, and have the pleasure of seeing him spread his broad wings and sail away to his native woods.

THE following recipes I have translated from a Swiss cookery book, recommended to me by a Swiss lady. Many of them are peculiar to the Bernese Oberland.

ALMOND SUGAR-BREAD.

Take half pound sugar-dust, quarter pound almonds (sweet) blanched and finely chopped, the rind of a lemon finely chopped, the weight of three eggs in flour, and five eggs. The yolks of the eggs and the sugar must be well beaten together until they begin to get white, then add the lemon-peel and the juice of the lemon, then the whites of the eggs (beaten till stiff), and lastly the flour and the chopped almonds, stirred in very lightly, and the whole well mixed. Pour into a cake-tin which has been previously well buttered and sprinkled with sugar. Sift sugar over, and bake.

SWABIAN BREAD.

Put thirteen ounces of flour on a paste-board, rub into it ten ounces of fresh butter, moisten with the white of one egg, and work them together; then add by degrees half pound sugar and half pound almonds, not blanched, the sugar and the almonds to be well pounded together before adding to the other ingredients, also half ounce pounded cinnamon and the rind of a lemon, with a little salt; work all together, and cut out into shapes with a cutter, brush over with the yolk of an egg, and bake on a floured tin.

LITTLE MACAROONS.

Quarter pound sifted sugar, quarter pound almonds (sweet) blanched and finely pounded, the rind of a lemon finely chopped, and the white of one egg beaten till stiff. Mix all together, and pour into little cakes; bake on a buttered paper.

TRONCHINES.

Three ounces sifted sugar, good weight, the finely chopped rind of a lemon, and the whites of three eggs beaten till stiff. Mix these together, and then stir in a good ounce and a half of flour. Spread this mixture on a buttered baking-tin, about the thickness of the back of a knife; when baked, while the cake is still hot, cut into small square pieces.

CHOCOLATE ROLLS.

Three ounces of sifted sugar, one and a half ounces good chocolate grated, the whites of two small eggs beaten till stiff; mix all well together, make into little heaps on buttered paper, and bake.

STEINERLI.

Take one pound of sifted sugar, one pound flour, and four eggs, the whites of which should be beaten a little; cinnamon according to taste, or the chopped rind of half a lemon; mix these ingredients together, roll out very thin, cut into shapes with a cutter, and bake on a floured tin; they should not be long in the oven, nor baked hard.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

Quarter of a pound of chocolate grated, half a pound sugar pounded, with quarter of a pound blanched almonds, a little pounded vanilla or cinnamon; mix all together with the well-beaten whites of four eggs, then stir in a handful of flour; put the mixture into a well buttered mould; bake in a moderate oven, so that it is baked quite through.

EXCELLENT LITTLE CAKES.

Half a pound white sugar, half a pound blanched almonds. Half the almonds to be pounded, and the other half to be cut into strips; put the latter in a small saucepan with a very little water and the sugar, stir diligently over the fire until the sugar is melted and the almonds a little roasted; put this mixture in a bowl with the pounded almonds and the whites of three eggs well beaten, stir well together; then form into little cakes (flat) on a slightly buttered plate or dish, and bake till a golden brown. Great care must be taken that they do not burn.

FREEMASON BREAD.

Half a pound sifted sugar, and two whole eggs and two yolks to be beaten together for an hour; then stir in ten ounces of flour, and lastly one and a half ounces of lemon peel and one and a half ounces orange peel, and the rind of a lemon finely chopped or grated, together with a little pounded cinnamon, and, if liked, a little pounded clove. Make this mixture into little rolls as long and as thick as your finger; sprinkle a baking-tin with flour, and lay the fingers pretty far apart on it; make three little cuts across each with a knife, and bake in a slow oven.

SCHMELZBRÖDCHEN.

The whites of five eggs, the yolks of three eggs, the weight of four eggs in sifted sugar, the weight of two eggs in fresh butter, the weight of two eggs in flour, and the rind of a lemon grated or finely chopped. Beat the yolks of the eggs together with the sugar and lemon rind, until little bubbles appear on the surface, beat the whites till quite stiff, and stir in lightly, sift in the flour, and beat together; lastly add the butter a little melted. When well mixed, butter some small moulds, and fill them a little more than half full with the mixture, and bake a light brown.

TIRE-BOUCHONS.

The whites of three eggs beaten till quite stiff, two ounces of sugar, on which rub the rind of a lemon, two teaspoonfuls of red wine and three teaspoonfuls of ordinary white wine, and a tablespoonful of flour. First dissolve the sugar in the wine, then stir in the whites of the eggs well beaten, and lastly add the flour; when well mixed pour into a slightly buttered tin (flat), which ought to be large enough to allow of the mixture being quite thin; as soon as it is baked cut into long narrow strips, and while they are warm wind them round a stick, slip them off when cold.

L. STANTON.

SERVIETTES, AND HOW TO FOLD THEM.

SERVIETTES are very frequently embroidered with crests, monograms, or initials. When this is the case, they should only be folded in such ways as will allow the embroidery to be seen. I have seen them worked (with ingrain cottons) in red, blue, buff, and white. White is perhaps the best, as it looks well with anything, and lasts as long as the serviette. To fold well, the serviettes must have a little starch in them. Some people like a variety of patterns on the table at the same time; but it is in much better taste to have all the table-napkins folded alike. The following are some of the favourite patterns. I begin with the most simple:—

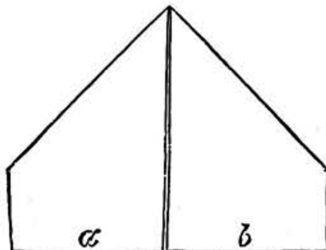


FIG. 1.

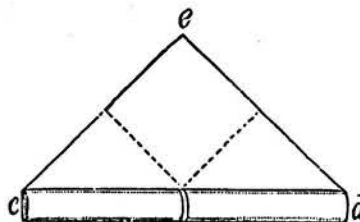


FIG. 2.

The Collegiate (Fig. 3).—Fold the serviette in three parts longways; then turn down the two ends to form Fig. 1; then roll up *a* and *b* from underneath to form Fig. 2; then turn the corners *c d* to *e* at the dotted lines; then turn the serviette over, and you will have Fig. 3. The bread is put under *f*.

The Neapolitan (Fig. 4) is folded thus:—Fold the napkin in three; then turn the top fold back on itself; turn the serviette over, placing it so that the four thicknesses are from you, and the two thicknesses near you; then fold as in Figs. 1 and 2, and turn over to find Fig. 4.

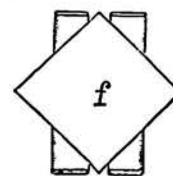


FIG. 3.

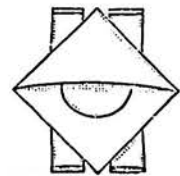


FIG. 4.

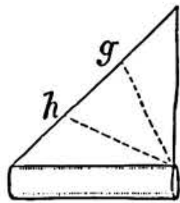


FIG. 5.

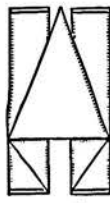


FIG. 6.

The Cinderella (Fig. 6) commences like *The Collegiate* (Figs. 1 and 2); but instead of turning *c* and *d* up, put them together and fold at the dotted lines *g h* in Fig. 5; turn the rolled pieces out and produce Fig. 6

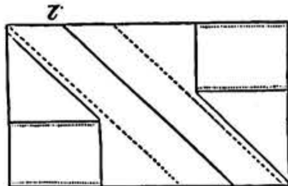


FIG. 7.

The Mitre (Fig. 9).—Fold the napkin in three; fold the two ends over, and turn the corners of the ends back, as in Fig. 7; then double the napkin back at the line *i*; then turn the two parts up at the dotted lines—

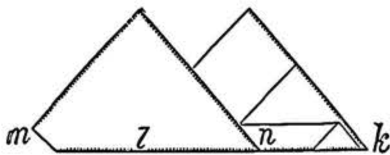


FIG. 8.

the left-hand one from before, the right-hand one from behind—and you will have Fig. 8. Then take the serviette in your two hands; turn the point *k* under *l* and *m* and into *n* for Fig. 9.

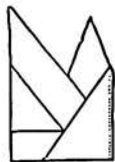


FIG. 9.

The Archbishop's Mitre (Fig. 12).—Fold the serviette in half; fold a hem an inch and a half deep under one end, and turn a three-quarter-inch hem over at the other end; next turn down the two corners with the wide hem at a right-angle, as in Fig. 10; then double

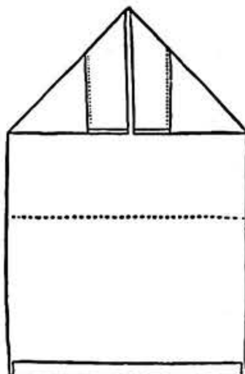


FIG. 10.

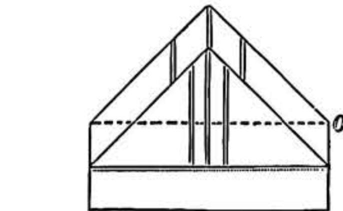


FIG. 11.

the other end of the serviette back at the dotted line, and fold the two remaining corners down at right-angles; next fold the piece below the corners up to *o* (Fig. 11). Take the serviette in your hand, tuck one end into the other, and make Fig. 12.

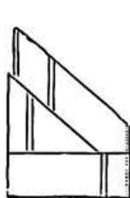


FIG. 12.

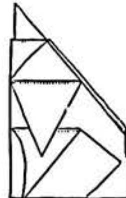


FIG. 15.

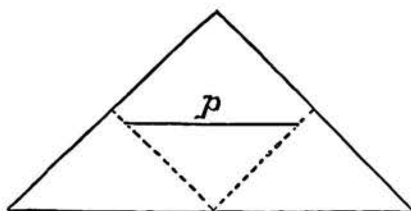


FIG. 13.

The Lily (Fig. 15).—Fold the serviette in two cornerways, as Fig. 13; then turn up the two corners at the dotted lines; then fold up the corner of the square at the line *p*; and then turn the points over, as Fig. 14. Tuck one of the lower corners into the other, as Fig. 15.

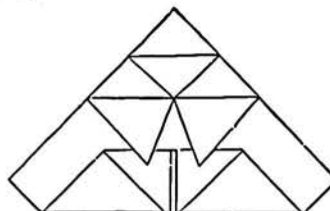


FIG. 14.

The Water-Lily (Fig. 17).—This pattern requires the serviette to be rather stiff. Lay the napkin on the table, and fold the four corners into the centre (Fig. 16); repeat the

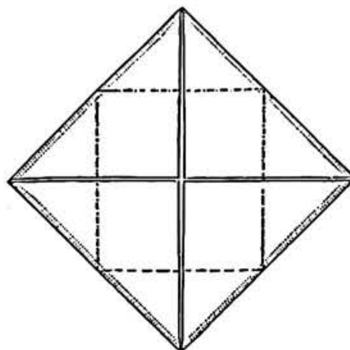


FIG. 16.

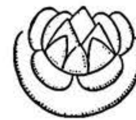


FIG. 17.

folding three times, as at the dotted lines, so as to make four times in all; then turn each of the remaining corners a little bit the reverse way; pull up the lily petals. The centre ones

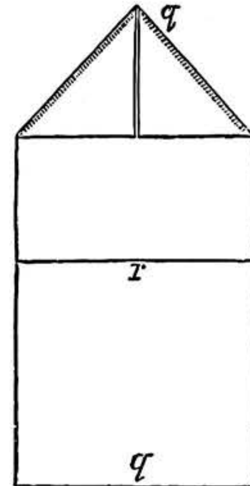


FIG. 18.

stand up, but the outside ones are turned backwards a little, as Fig. 17.

The Casket (Fig. 21).—Fold the serviette in two; double down the four corners so as to make points at *q q* (Fig. 18); fold the two

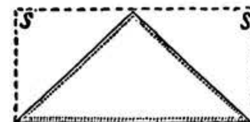


FIG. 19.

points over so as to touch the line *r*; you will then have a square which you must fold backwards at the line *r*, so as to leave the points outside. This makes Fig. 19. Then push in the corners *s s* until you have a triangle (Fig. 20); then take the upper corners *t u*, double

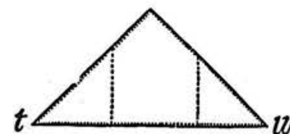


FIG. 20.

at the dotted lines, and put *t* into *u*; turn the serviette over and do the same with the two remaining corners; stand the casket up and put bread under it. For the square casket (Fig. 22), double the point in at the back and pull the top out square.

FIG. 21.

FIG. 22.

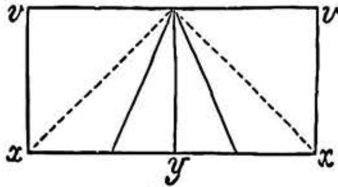


FIG. 23.

The Pyramid (Fig. 24).—Fold the napkin in four; then double half of it down (Fig. 23); tuck the corners *v v* into the dotted lines; then fold the two top corners *x x* to *y*; turn the serviette over and fold the remaining two *x's* in the same way, which will make Fig. 23 (A); bend the four points at the dotted lines, two one way and two the other, and stand the pyramid up like an extinguisher over the bread.

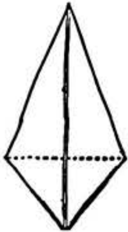


FIG. 23A.

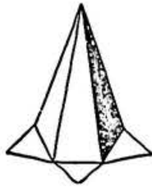


FIG. 24.

The Muff (Fig. 26).—Fold the napkin in four (square, not cornerways); then place it as in Fig. 25, with the four corners at the bottom; roll up the corners one after the other until you have four rolls, the first of which must come just beyond the middle; then fold the two sides under at the dotted lines; turn the serviette round like a muff, and push the point *z* under the rolls to make Fig. 26.

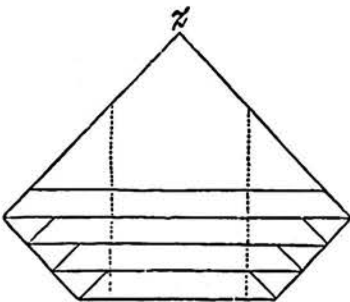


FIG. 25.

The Fan (Fig. 27).—Fold the serviette in four (longways); then fold it across the breadth, commencing at one end and folding from and to yourself in folds nearly two inches broad when folded; hold the serviette firmly in the left hand with the end with the two doubled edges up; then with the right hand pull down the inside folds to make right-angles with the top; turn the napkin in the hand, and do the same with the inside folds on the other side. This should make two rows of points, one point coming between two others, as in Fig. 27. The serviette must then be

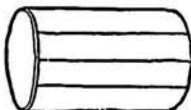


FIG. 26.

FIG. 27.

put in a hock glass or tumbler. The fan must be folded with the greatest neatness and exactitude, or it will look very bad.

The Cardinal's Hat (Fig. 30).—Fold the napkin in four; lay it with the thick double edge at the top; fold down the two top corners; then fold up two of the bottom corners like the dotted lines in Fig. 28; the

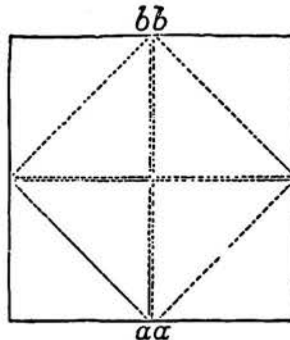


FIG. 28.

two remaining corners at the bottom double up underneath; then bring the points *a a*—that is, on the top of the two corners you have just doubled under—to *b b*; turn the serviette over and you will have Fig. 29; fold the sides over at the dotted lines; then double in the middle to bring the top and bottom points together,

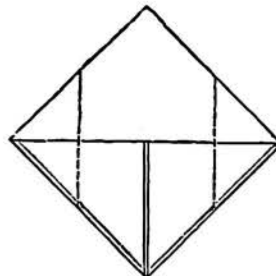


FIG. 29.

as in Fig. 30. Place the bread in the place for the head, and stand the serviette up.

The two following (Figs. 32 and 34) are very pretty for dish napkins.

Lay a serviette out flat, and fold the four corners into the centre; then double the points back to the edge of the square, as Fig. 31;

FIG. 30.

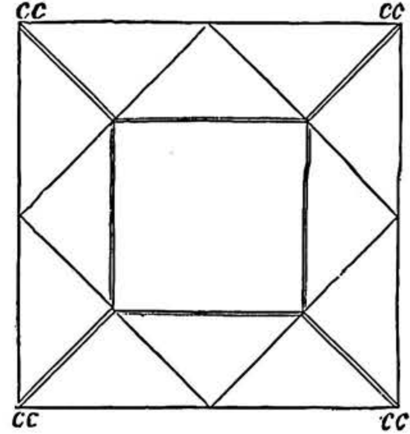


FIG. 31.

then double the four corners *c c* into the middle, and fold the corners back to the edge, as in Fig. 31; then double under one corner on each side and you will have Fig. 32.

Fig. 34 (*The Greek Cross*) is particularly pretty for serving little things on. To fold it,

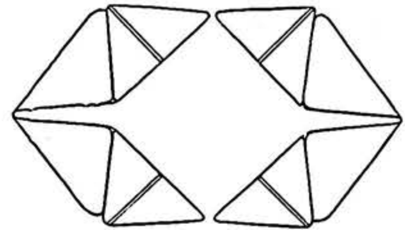


FIG. 32.

commence by folding the four corners into the centre; do this a second time; then turn the serviette over and fold the corners into the centre of the side now uppermost. This will make three times that you have *folded*, twice on one side and once on the other. Next

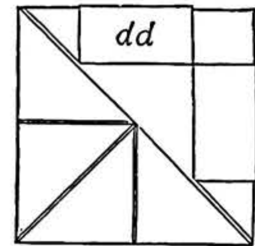


FIG. 33.

raise the corners last folded one by one; open them in the centre, and lay them back, as *d d* in Fig. 33. Turn the serviette over and once more fold the four corners into the middle, when Fig. 34 will appear. Anything to be served is put under the four points in the centre.

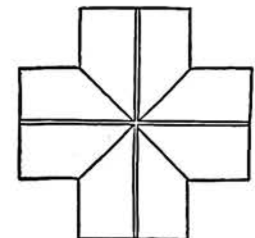


FIG. 34.

TWO CHAPTERS FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOGGIE STORY.

AM sure you will like to hear how this Doggie was lost and found. If I could not tell you how he was at length found, I would not write a word about the loss of him, because I do not like writing sorrowful tales for quite children to read. And it seems to me a very sorrowful thing when a dog that loves its master and mistress happens to be lost, and does not find them, or they him.

But I ought to mention that this is really not my story at all. It was told to me exactly as I am going to write it, by a friend who is very fond of dogs, and of whom every dog seems to be fond also.

It is quite curious to see how they follow her, obey her commands, and watch her with mute, worshipping eyes. Under some circumstances she might have perhaps been a "Lion Queen" in a wild beast show, but, as it is, she is just an English lady to whom every dog is a delightful friend, and who is continually being adopted by stray animals of all sorts and sizes.

Now, listen whilst she tells you how the Doggie found her, and how she helped him to find his master.

"I was going to town one afternoon to do some shopping, my huge and loving colley dog 'Scot' the sole companion of my walk. I meant to go on foot and return in a cab with my purchases. Passing through a certain grove, in which there really are trees, I saw a large, handsome dog stretched under one of them. I could not help noticing his weary, hopeless look; and his shaggy coat was muddy, as if he had travelled a long way.

"Being in a hurry, I did not stop to speak to him, but just gave him a passing pat; but a minute or two later, missing Scot, I turned round and observed that my dog was exchanging compliments with the stranger. They walked solemnly round each other, the unknown moving stiffly and as if he were quite foot-sore. Then they stood face to face, and seemed to be holding friendly converse.

"Everybody knows that dogs have a way of making each other understand; though we do not know what they say or how they say it.

"Now, this is what I think the stranger said to Scot, judging by what he did afterwards.

"'You seem to have a comfortable home, if your looks are anything to go by.'

"'I have,' growled Scot.

"'Is your mistress a kind person and fond of dogs?' said the stranger.

"'The best in the world,' said Scot, 'and very fond of dogs, as I have cause to say, that have been her dog for five years past.'

"'Do you think she has room for another?' said the poor, draggled beast with a moan; 'I am tired, hungry—in fact, lost! And I had the best of masters if you have the best of mistresses.'

"'I don't know,' returned Scot, hesitating, for the question touched his tenderest feelings, and he was the dog of the household. But in his large-hearted compassion he added, 'You can but try.'

"This," continued the lady, "is what I imagine the dogs must have said; for as I turned to call Scot, and reprove him for lagging behind, the other poor fellow came too, only just a step or two in his rear, every look saying, 'Please take me with you.'

"I told him to go back. I did more: I reasoned with the stranger dog, pointed to Scot, and asked him if he thought it likely that I could require a second dog when I already owned such a grand fellow? He looked sadly cowed, and hung back a little, as if owning the reasonableness of what I had said. But on my turning round again, he had resumed his weary tramp behind Scot, who I am certain stealthily encouraged him to come on.

"What was I to do? I resolved to be severe, and I shook my hand at him and said, 'Go back, sir, this moment; I have told you I do not want you.'

"For answer the poor beast sat down and extended one great paw. I could not for my life refuse it, and having shaken and released it, I was amused to see him hold out the other. I shook this too, and quite conquered, I said, 'Come, then, poor fellow, I will shelter you for the present, and if I cannot find your master, will get you a good home.'

"It was quite curious to see the change in the beast after I had thus spoken. He waved aloft the tail which a minute before hung between his legs, pricked up his ears, and tried hard to make me believe he could walk any distance; but I knew better than that. I began to think where I could leave him on the road.

"A few drops of rain decided me. I would take a cab from some stables close at hand, and would ask the proprietor to let me leave Doggie, and call for him on my return. This was cheerfully agreed to, and the coachman tried to coax my new friend into an outhouse, where a nice bed of clean straw awaited him. But, no thank you, Doggie was not to be beguiled, and I was obliged to give him a solemn assurance that I would come back for him, and to add that he must rest quietly until my return.

"He lay down as I bade him; but if ever eyes implored a friend to be faithful, that poor animal's pleaded with me not to forsake him.

"I got through my business as quickly as I could, and went home with one huge dog inside and another outside the cab, to the wonder of the passers-by; for Scot always would have his head out at a window, and the effect was unusual, as he seemed to be talking to the stranger in front.

"Doggie was fearfully hungry, but in spite of that he ate like a gentleman, and then I had him well washed, dried, and brushed. A beauty he looked as he shared the hearth-rug with Scot that evening! And how he slept!

"The next morning I said to 'Will'—my husband—'Look if there is an advertisement about Doggie.' He said there was not; but he had given himself no trouble, being too busy with the long speech of somebody or other, but he kindly handed me the advertisement sheet, and in a minute I saw '£5 Reward!' and read an exact description of Doggie, for whose recovery the sum would be paid. Apply Gt. Everywhereshire Railway Station.'

"I went to the station, received an effusive welcome from sundry officials, who devoutly hoped my canine guest would turn out to be the dog wanted; some of the juniors having got into trouble about his disappearance. Boys were sent off right and left in search of Doggie's owner—a director of said railway—and in a short time he came. Indeed, I had met him on the way, but had no idea his look of dejection was on Doggie's account, though I had noticed that he was troubled.

"That man deserved to have and to keep a good dog. His face beamed again at the prospect of recovering his pet, then fell, lest the tidings were too good to be true, as he had been so often disappointed already. He was willing to start, per tramcar, for my dwelling, three miles away, without a moment's delay, and it was truly touching to a dog-lover to see his anxiety, his alternate hopes and fears, while on the road.

"Shall I ever forget the meeting between Master and Doggie? The creature was not fussy; there was no barking, noising, capering round. But he looked into his master's face with a whole world of love in his honest eyes; he licked his hands, his clothes, his very shoes; and then, pushing his great head under the caressing palm, he stood there motionless and contented.

"'Do you think he is my old dog?' said the gentleman. 'If you have any doubt about it I will give you further proof.'

"I had no doubt, and I am not ashamed to say that the sight of the meeting brought moisture to my eyes. I told him how glad I was to be the means of bringing the dog and his master together again, and then the latter would show me some of Doggie's tricks. He put the room door wide open, and told the creature to shut it, which he did at once with his fore-paws.

"Then he told me that Doggie had been dreadfully jealous when he got married, and for six weeks would not be coaxed into taking the slightest notice of his wife. When the thing seemed hopeless he turned round all at once, as if he had made up his mind that she was not to be got rid of, or else that, as his master's companion, he ought to treat her differently. So ever after the dog shared his love between them; and when the husband was from home, was the lady's guard by night and day. He went with her to her room at bedtime, waited till she was ready to put out the light, and then withdrew to the mat outside her door, where he lay stretched until the morning.

"I wanted to know the faithful beast's name, and was told he never had one. He was always called just 'Dog' or 'Doggie'—nothing else. When his master attended railway meetings in different places the dog always went with him by train, and it was during one of these journeys that they missed each other. It was proved that, in the interval during which Doggie was lost, he had more than once taken railway journeys to places where he had before been with his master, but had missed him and gone on again elsewhere, until the gentleman had given up hope of finding him again.

"Before I said good-bye to Doggie and his owner, the gentleman urged me to accept the £5 offered in the advertisement, if only to give away to a charity. Of course I declined, but he was not to be foiled. I went out after he was gone, and was absent for several hours. On my return home I found a little parcel addressed to me; and when I opened it, there was inside a little box containing an exquisite gold brooch, with a single lovely pearl in the centre. On the blank side of a card, bearing the name of my morning visitor, were the words—'A Souvenir from the old Dog.'

"Well, there was no refusing it, so I just wrote and thanked Doggie's master for so delicate a mark of remembrance, and I valued it as much as if it had been the 'Koh-i-noor,' though I grieve to say I afterwards either lost it or was robbed of it in coming out of a concert hall. I spent a great deal of money in advertisements, but never recovered the brooch, though I shall not forget the old Dog, for all that, as long as I live."

There, that is my friend's "Doggie Story." It is quite a true one, and I hope you will like it as well as I did when she told it to me.

OUR HUSBANDS.

"MEN are kittle cattle," so the old saw tells us, and truly enough, as many an irritated wife will declare. They must be driven in such a way that they never take in that they are doing anything but following their own sweet will. Husbands need more art to bring up than mothers, children, brothers, sisters and lovers put together; and it is important for every young woman, directly she becomes engaged, to set herself to master that art. It is from the moment of her engagement that the girl's duties become those of the wife. From that time she belongs to the man, and he to her, and such a thing as the breaking of the tie that binds them together ought not to enter the thoughts of either of them.

It is of the utmost importance that before people marry they should know each other thoroughly, but this knowledge of each other should be acquired before the promise is given, the solemnity of which is second only to that of the marriage vow. No girl is bound to accept or refuse an offer directly it is made her. She can always ask for the time to consider which the man has, in all probability, allowed himself before he made his proposal. This is not so romantic, of course, as the novelesque mode of proceeding—

"Angelina, my darling!" "Edwin, my own, own love!" and a rushing into each other's arms; but when the love between the two has not been tested through the whole volume of vicissitudes which precede the last chapter of the novel, it is often the wisest course. In the conventual system the monk or nun serves a long novitiate before taking the final vows; this corresponds with the engagement. And, just as it is better for the monk or nun who finds he has "no vocation" to withdraw at the last moment from the life to which he had meant to pledge himself, so it is better for the girl who has discovered she cannot love the man to whom she is engaged, to tell him so, the very hour before the wedding, rather than perpetuate the fraud of giving him herself without her heart, and preparing lifelong misery for them both. But an engagement that is finally broken off is a very deplorable thing, extremely bad for the girl, and unfair on the man she is ultimately to marry. Therefore, I would recommend, in all cases where the woman is not quite sure of the state of her own feelings, or does not know the man better than it is possible to do through simply meeting him in society, that, before an actual engagement is entered into, there should be a time of probation, such as in the conventual system always precedes the novitiate; a period when the door is left wide open for the retreat of either party, before it is closed by betrothal.

During this period of probation it would be of the greatest advantage for the man and woman to become acquainted with each other's relations, and learn to know each other in the home life. This is where the true test is to be found, of what sort of husband or wife a person will prove. The good daughter and sister, the good son and brother, are not likely to be found greatly wanting in the closer relation of marriage. It is, I believe, somewhere the custom for young people (duly chaperoned, of course) to travel in each other's company before the final knot is tied. The plan has always struck me as excellent, for it is under the influence of unusual circumstances, small annoyances, unlimited opportunities for selfishness or the reverse, and continued demands for decision, tact and adaptability, that character comes out.

Having by some such means become thoroughly acquainted with each other, and having arrived at the conclusion that they are suited to spend their lives together, the couple become engaged, and from this time the girl —the man too, of course, but my concern at present is with the girls—should devote herself to preparing for her married life. When Lady Burton became engaged to the great African explorer, then a poor man, she took lessons in all sorts of household avocations; sewing, cooking, and dairy-work, to which, with life in the desert in prospect, she added the management of horses and other like accomplishments, which she anticipated might make her of greater service to her husband in the unusual existence she was to lead with him. And very useful did all these acquirements prove in after days when the time came for putting in practice what it would have been then too late to learn. Perhaps more valuable yet was that part of her preparation for married life, which consisted of days set apart for especial prayer.

In so awful a thing—I use the word advisedly—as marriage, on which hang results on the one hand so appalling, on the other of such untold blessedness, for two lives at least, and in all probability for many more, the most earnest prayer, the most solemn thoughts, are surely demanded of us.

"A married woman's life is a life of sacrifice," a young wife once said to me. "If one loves"—as, it may be added, the speaker herself did, in her union with an excellent and devoted husband—"it is a happy sacrifice."

The words are worth laying to heart, for unless it is in the spirit of self-sacrifice that a woman enters the married state, she can never fulfil aright its high obligations, and it is almost certain that she has before her a period of disappointment, if not of disillusionment. Poor Edwin is not perfect—though, of course, Angelina is!—and however well she has known him beforehand, there are many traits in his character which only come out after marriage. Nobody requires to have the point explained to them of the picture entitled "The End of the Honeymoon," where a young man and a young woman are seen sitting on either side of a tree with their backs to each other, each more or less absorbed in a book, with an expression on their faces in sufficient contrast to that of happy lovers.

Perhaps the honeymoon was partly to be thanked for that. I have always thought that if a young married couple were to go straight into the new home, so that the wife could begin its interests, its duties, its occupations at once, there would be saved not only a good deal of money, very useful for the new household, but a good deal of force frittered away on sight-seeing and railway journeys, and a certain amount of disillusionment would be avoided.

But, be that as it may, the settling down into life together must be a process a little difficult—let Angelina not forget this—for both of them.

"The first year of married life is always trying," said another wife to me—her case was that of a rarely ideal marriage, with perfect devotion on both sides, that has now stood the test of many years. It is in the way that year is spent, the amount of success with which the bride and bridegroom adapt themselves to each other, that the blessedness of the succeeding years depends.

Now, it is a great thing to come to any crisis prepared for it; and, before the door is absolutely closed behind her and him by the marriage, it is well for the future wife to be quite clear in her own mind what she is going to do with her husband when she has him. How is she going to bring him up? She probably knows very well the sort of influence she wishes to have with him; the question is mainly how is she to exercise that influence? How is she to get any influence over him at all?

Well, one hardly needs to tell her that this must be done by the heart. He must do what she wants him to do, become what she wants him to be, because he loves her so. Therefore at the outset the main point for her is to be very lovable. On what makes a woman lovable from a surface point of view, I have written in "The Art of Bringing Up

Lovers"; the roots which lie below the surface, and from which the flowers spring, have been touched on in "Our Brothers and Sisters," so I need only speak of the new elements that come into play in the new conditions of married life.

What is utterly new in this relationship is the absolute oneness of husband and wife. On this everything else is founded. The vows are spoken, and now, come what may, these two of yesterday are to-day one until death do them part. A perfect loyalty is then a wife's first duty. Hard as the counsel may seem, I do believe that no married woman should in any case, except that of consulting a doctor, physical, mental or spiritual, concerning some disease which needs treatment, and is of a kind beyond her own power to grapple with, take a third person into her confidence about her husband. It is a good solid foundation-stone for a man's trust in his wife to be certain that no word is ever said by her about him that she would be sorry for him to overhear.

There is One, indeed, to whom the wife may speak, may pour out every difficulty, every sorrow and fear, without reserve, and He will help her much more than any gossiping friend or sympathetic sister, even than any loving mother, when His aid and counsel are asked.

From this fact of an absolute union it further comes that all a husband's interests are his wife's own. She is bound to further them in every way she can, and proofs enough exist of the wonders a capable woman who puts her mind into it may do to help on her husband in almost any profession. His relations, too, must be accepted as her own, though, considering how invariably men marry girls the extreme opposite of their own sisters, and the peculiarly critical attitude of mind existing in mothers towards their sons' wives, this is not always easy. His friends must be hers, and, to make them so, she should be willing to put herself out as much as needs be to offer them hospitality.

It is rather tiresome, of course, for poor Angelina when she gets a telegram at 6 p.m., "Bringing Smith and Jones back to dinner," when there are just four chops and the remains of the gooseberry tart ordered for herself and Edwin, and Jane is not in the sweetest of tempers, after the day's washing. But if Angelina has used her time of betrothal aright, there are a dozen little dishes she knows how to make up in a hurry. There are packets of condensed soup in the store-room, and tinned apricots which need hardly any cooking, and, though it will be really her duty to give Edwin a little laughing scolding for his inconsideration in not allowing her to do them both more justice as hosts by giving her longer warning, this evening, *after* he has dined and when he is softened, she buckles to and meets the trio with a smile to take "pot-luck," as Edwin invited them.

[N.B.—By pot-luck men always understand cold beef, which they imagine (a) costs nothing, and (b) is always to be found in any larder.]

Of one thing Angelina should be very careful, and that is to lose none of the charms she exercised before her marriage, after it. "If you want to keep your husband's affection, never wear a shawl," was the advice given in the "Answers to Inquiries" column of a certain paper. Still more perilous would it be to come down to breakfast with fringe in curlers, and in the same category of Dangerous Wear must be included slipshod shoes, maculate collars, and that justly termed "depressing" attire, shabby finery. A wife should always be as neat and trim as a man-of-war, if she does not want her husband to lapse into carpet slippers, coat unchanged for dinner and a habit of smoking in the drawing-room. Little courtesies, too, should never be omitted. Angelina must not relax her own attentions, now that Edwin has been taken into everyday use, lest Edwin should forget those small civilities he was wont to render in the days of his courting, either of which would be a thousand pities. It is these minutiæ that form the bloom of life, so often carelessly rubbed off after marriage, but worth more trouble than it really involves to preserve.

Little squabbles, however desirable in lovers—though I personally have always failed to see the beauty or the humour of lovers' quarrels—are to be avoided at all costs after marriage. That desperate habit of nagging grows upon a woman all too easily, as does the habit of snubbing upon a man. Both habits are ugly, undignified, and work the precisely opposite of blessing both him who gives and him who takes. Angelina should never lay herself open by silly, unreasonable, or petulant remarks to the snub which, if Edwin gives it, places the relations between them on a lower level. A man is seldom tempted to be rude to a sensible, self-controlled woman, and two of the first qualities a wife should aim at are those of sense and self-control. These two characteristics are among the foundation qualifications for the main function of the home-maker, as wife, mother, mistress, hostess—the creation of an atmosphere. She is so placed that the whole household will take its tone from her, and it is her bounden duty—shall I not say her splendid privilege?—to fill her house, morally as well as physically, with sunshine and fresh air.

Sunshine, taking always the hopeful view of things, never attaching to tragic trifles undue importance, turning into a jest, where it is possible, the annoyances, the petty disappointments than occur. It really is just as easy to laugh as to grumble, when one has got into the habit of it, and oh, the blessing to a house when that is the tone which the woman at the head of it takes! Domestic troubles, troubles with tradespeople, worries with servants, all the tiresome little trials that are usual in the life of a wife, who has not a genius for management—observe, dear Angelina, these troubles arise mainly from your own want of tact or method —should not be poured into poor Edwin's ears when he comes home in the evening, tired with his own day's work, which is, though you hardly believe it, as wearing as yours. You don't want to drive him away from you, as, unless he is an absolute saint, this plan will do, to his club if he is of the upper, to his public-house if of the lower, and to a state of mind sadly unappreciative of the blessings of matrimony if he is of the middle class, and by habit a keeper at home.

If you do not want servants with suppressed irritation written upon their countenances, children given to tears and grumbling on the smallest provocation, and husbands with long faces and short tempers, sacrifice the satisfaction of extracting the due amount of misery from your grievances, and keep your house full of sunshine.

By fresh air I mean outside interests, your husband's own, which, if you are intelligent and sensible, he will be only too glad for you to share, and those interests which you and he should form together, pursuits which tend to the welfare of those around you, that will make you good citizens, good patriots, the centre of light and sweetness that every ideal Christian home must be. Selfishness *à deux*, if ever permissible, is only so to a pair of lovers. The husband and wife take their place in a great scheme of things, where no man liveth to himself, and the sphere of influence circles away into infinity.

Do you think that in advocating such a complete sacrifice of herself I am asking women to place themselves under the heel of men, to reduce themselves to a state of slavery against which our sex has in the last half century successfully raised the standard of revolt? Far from it, indeed! My only apprehension in counselling this absolute devotion on the part of a wife is that she will attain a mastery over her husband which will reverse the position to which an old-fashioned prejudice on my own part inclines, where the man is the head of the two. Directly a wife becomes indispensable to her husband—a state of affairs brought to pass through a laying of herself aside and considering him in everything—the reins are in her hands and not in his. Men are kittle cattle, are they? Well, then, remember it is in their kittleness our power lies. For to be *difficile* means to be unreasonable, changeful or obstinate, and these qualities betray weakness.

If the wife is better-balanced, wider-visioned, more free from selfish aim than her husband, she must in the long run become the leader. Strength cannot but prevail, moral strength most surely. When the influence is once gained, the task of using it will not be difficult, and if the wife wields her power as worthily as she attained it, she will in the end bring up her husband to be as wise, as loving and as unselfish a being as herself.

MOTIVES FROM OLD JAPANESE EMBROIDERIES FOR ENGLISH NEEDLEWORKERS.

By GLEESON WHITE.

PART II.

THE old advice to ornament your construction, not construct your ornamentation, is good. To design a house it is a foolish, if not an uncommon, policy, to draw a "pretty" façade and then make the internal arrangements fit it by hook or by crook, or to embroider lavishly a piece of silk, and then make it into a cushion or antimacassar solely to display the decoration it carries.

The amount of ornament to be employed is another matter entirely. A bowl of rough pottery adorned with a few incised lines may be as thoroughly decorated thereby as a bowl of jewelled Satsuma ware, a miracle of labour, involving the highest skill, and employing years to produce; either may be equally perfect of its sort. But to take the rough pottery bowl, and paint, more or less badly, a poppy, a wheat-ear, and a corn-cockle, all growing from one stem, and treated as a picture with cast shadows, is to ruin the original beauty of the rough pottery—to ruin the effect of the painting if it be good; and to merely destroy the effect of both the object it professes to adorn, and the applied decoration itself.

A picture on a coalscuttle may be—it is not likely, but it is safe to grant it as possible, for the sake of argument—a good picture in every respect, but if good as a picture, it is out of place helping to adorn a coalscuttle. A painted conventional ornament would serve the purpose of adornment far better, and the panel itself simply moulded, and well worked in its mechanical details, be probably far more beautiful without any extraneous ornament, since the rough purpose implied in such a thing makes it absurd when adorned with the delicacy of ornament that would be entirely suitable to a fan, or a piece of pottery intended chiefly for display.

There can be no question that conventional treatment of natural forms is the basis of all good ornament, and that any attempt to produce realistic imitations of flowers or landscape is almost certain to destroy the fitness of the decoration. Even in styles where the details are perilously near the limit that separates ornamental adjuncts from sculpture and painting, as, for example, in Raphael's decorations of the loggia of the Vatican, the whole arrangement of the details is purely conventional and arbitrary; and while a master may once and again employ realistic detail with success, nothing short of absolute genius prevents the effect being unsatisfactory. Imagine the beautiful carvings of the crowning period of English Gothic, the choir of Lincoln Cathedral, coloured to imitate veritable flowers and foliage!

For, in spite of modern practice to the contrary, the history of the arts shows clearly that good decoration must needs be a conventional, not an imitative, study of Nature. This broad rule cannot be insisted upon too strongly; but to say that if the ornament is conventional therefore it is good, is a *reductio ad absurdum*. It has been said by a cynical wit that the first requisite of a successful designer was to learn how not to draw. And this epigram, if but a joke, shows clearly the effect of conventional ornament that is in itself bad upon an outsider. But other things being equal, for surface ornamentation it is absolutely necessary to forego some of the requirements of a picture; and the decoration that has voluntarily abandoned all pictorial aim will be found the best.

The skill of the Japanese in carrying a naturalistic treatment of ornament close to the limits where it becomes pictorial, and yet just escaping that crowning sin against the proprieties of decoration, can hardly be overpraised; but this triumph is achieved in a way that, easy as it looks, is full of pitfalls to their would-be imitator. To take a single instance—the Western idea of perspective cannot give those subtle hints of landscape and distance, and yet preserve the flatness that is all-important in ornamental design.

This objection to implied relief is specially to be insisted on in connection with embroidery. If you study the best work of any school, you will find that beyond the faintest indication of shading to emphasise a form, no effort has been made to secure the effect of the round; for a pattern that apes high relief is as objectionable as a portrait that is apparently one flat plane. It may be taken as a safe general rule that surface ornament should never destroy the plane of the object it adorns. On a wall or a carpet we do not require the apparent distance that is the property of a picture, but prefer the feeling of the surface itself to any suggestion of space or distance beyond it.

And the rules that govern decoration generally, apply with added force to embroidery, for while the larger palette of a painter, and the possibility of blending colour by imperceptible degrees, gives him the power to achieve absolute success, the limited colour, and still more the mosaic surface whereby each colour can only touch, not melt into another, at once renders ideal treatment an impossi-

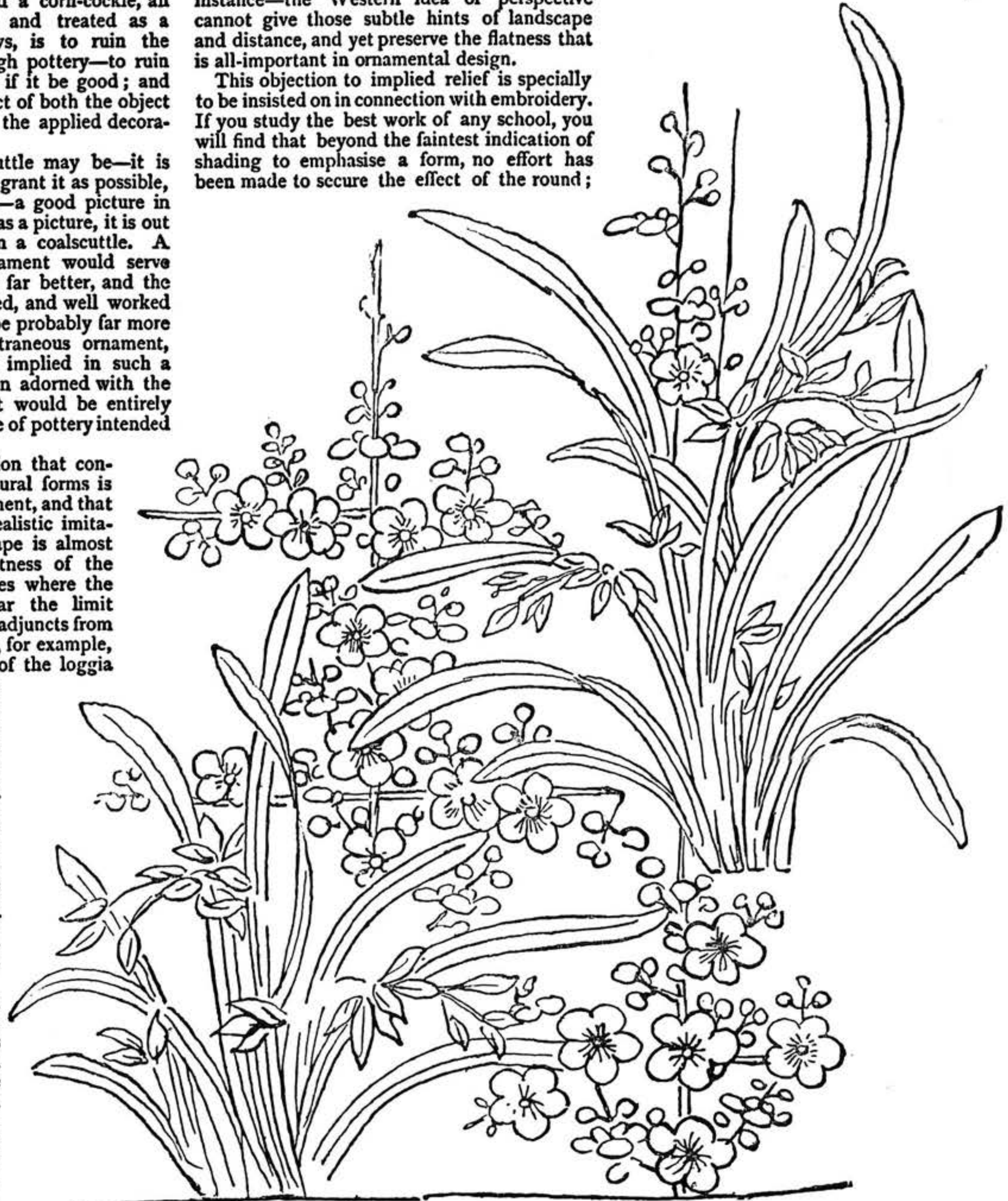


FIG. 13.

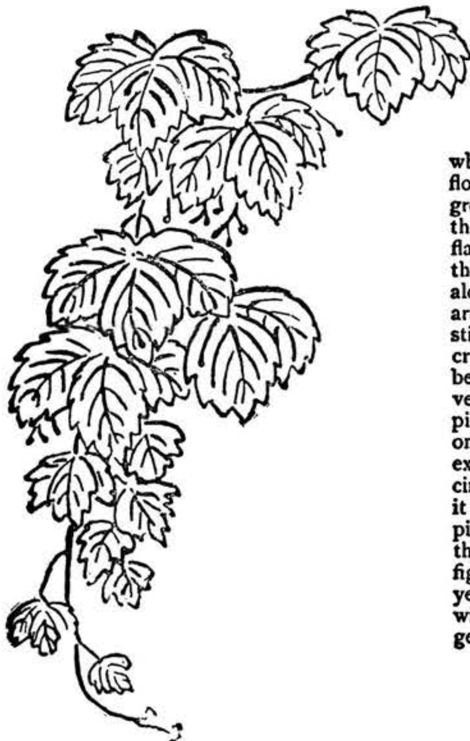


FIG. 14.

bility. As the painter is stayed by his impotence to reproduce actual light, so the failure to blend shades of colour must stay the artist in needlework.

This teaching, if true, is trite enough to-day; every manual insists upon it, every theorist proclaims it, but judging by results, not one in a thousand attempts to carry the excellent theory into practice. True the influence of the Æsthetic movement brought people to realise the charm of conventional art, but the followers imitated only the actual examples, and did their best to introduce as much realistic detail as possible, so that the design which in the hands of its creator was consistent and of one school, became a feeble compromise in the hands of its imitators.

A sunflower was well adapted for conventional treatment, consequently a sunflower was supposed to be a magic symbol; and whether treated with all the attempted naturalism of the old school or not, concerned them little; if it was a sunflower, it was correct, and that sufficed.

In needlework, advanced people shudder at the monstrosities of the old Berlin wool-work; and the pictorially treated groups of flowers were certainly bad enough. But crewels to-day are capable of crimes quite as deadly. Under the imprimatur of a society with "Royal" and "Art" in its title, one has seen a spray bent in a meaningless curve, from whose stem grew a red poppy, a blue cornflower, and a yellow wheat-ear, with emerald green leaves, in shape a happy combination of the foliage of the three. Three daisy blooms flattened out with five flat green leaves, like the fingers on an open hand, dotted at intervals along a border, is certainly a shade nearer good art than the cabbage roses shaded in square stitches of the Berlin wool *régime*, but only a crude recognition of the fact that flower forms being inimitable in needlework, were best conventionalised. To explain exactly wherein a pictorial representation and a conventional one differ, the sun may be chosen as a typical example. Everyone who sees a plain outline circle with radiating lines is prepared to accept it as a symbol of the lord of the day; yet as a picture of the sun it is hardly nearer its model than is the infantile drawing of the human figure on a school slate. When, however, a yellow disc of embroidery or metal is used with wavy tongues radiating therefrom, we do get a faint approach to the sun itself, and also

FIG. 15.

FIG. 16.

a piece of ornament pure and simple that has decorative value of its own.

In the rare occasions when needlework is applied to a tightly-strained surface, as a piano back or a panel of a screen, it might be possible to waive the vexed question, and allow a picture to be worked instead of painted; but even then it must be done in the archaic style of the old tapestries to be bearable. But for all ordinary purpose, whether on the undulating surface of a sofa-cushion, the folds of a curtain, or the hanging border of a shelf, you cannot break the surface of the material with an appearance of relief or perspective without completely marring its decorative value.

Again, it is well to insist upon simplicity in the ornament, however rich the whole effect may be, and on reticence in its use. A diaper of simple flower forms repeated, symmetrically or not, according to the style chosen, over a given surface of the stuff, will frequently yield a far richer effect than an elaborate pattern with ten times the amount of work covering the space, but failing to decorate it.

For all decoration of the household is primarily intended to take its place in the whole mass of objects seen at one time, and to give its value in helping to adorn the whole apartment. If you take a sofa-cushion, and embroider a posy of flowers with the utmost skill upon its centre, yet when treated as a natural

FIG. 17.

bouquet, from a distance, they represent a mere shapeless dab of colour. If, however, the same labour were expended upon a symmetrical pattern—whether with the formal symmetry of Western art, or the less conscious but only more subtle (not less symmetrical) arrangement the Japanese affect, then the thing decorated has a two-fold value, and fulfils its purpose both near and at a distance.

Could you reproduce the finest water-colour by Turner in exact facsimile upon a panel of white satin, and on another embroider one or two of the simple forms, as in figs. 11 or 12, and then survey them from the length of the room, the one would appear but a discoloured piece of material—the other a decorated panel with a quality of its own.

To attempt to make a piece of embroidery a picture, is only one degree less absurd than

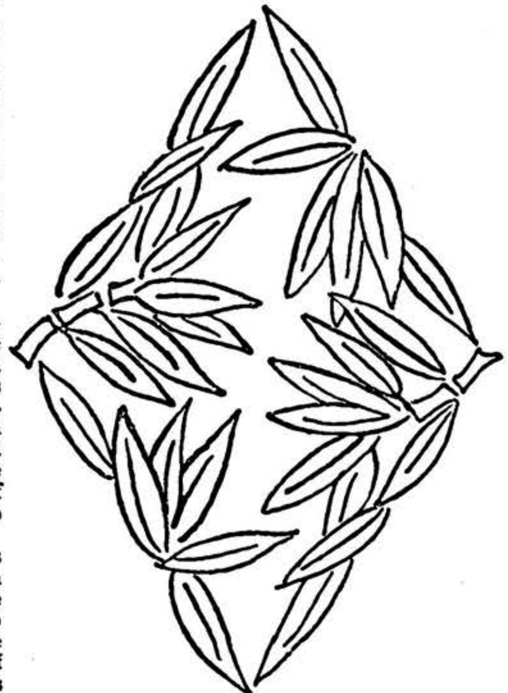


FIG. 18.

painting a picture to imitate stitches. The needle can never compete with the brush or pencil; but the needle can give certain richness *of effect that no* clever painting can

FIG. 19.

equal. To each the very obstacles to successful imitation of the other are vital points towards success in their own department; the quality of the stitches that give texture to the embroidery being, when rightly used, as valuable for decoration as the power of blending one colour into another that painting alone can accomplish fully. The tapestries after Raphael's cartoons could hardly be deemed good art, in spite of the mastery of the designs. The so-called pre-Raphaelite movement was one brave attempt to bring the public to appreciate the simple laws of design and painting; the Æsthetic movement was another, with similar purpose; but while each left its mark, the mass of people are still contentedly ignorant.

It has been well said that the joy of the *political economist*—division of labour—is fatal to the production of a work of art. Whether it be a penwiper or a monumental group in bronze, one mind should invent the idea and carry it through. This does not necessarily imply that one person must perform every atom of the mechanical detail. The sculptor may have his marble roughed to shape; the needleworker need not spin her own flax or weave her own fabric, but the individual expression of the artist should control the whole work. If a pattern is drawn by one —who is perhaps unfamiliar with the process that actually carries out the design, and could not execute his own idea, though his life depended on it—coloured by a second, traced or engraved by a third, and worked by a fourth, it must needs become more or less mechanical, and lack that curious interest

FIG. 20.

which makes the very shortcomings of handicraft far more delightful than the geometrical exactness of machine-made design. Of course this is a waste of time, and modern commerce, based always upon profit, condemns such foolish methods. But it usually happens that a work of art (?) produced in a hurry (which is entirely different from rapid work) finds its fame proportionately brief. The ancient saw that says "A thing worth doing is worth doing well," is as true as the day it first found shape.

A natural objection to the advice that every worker should carry out the whole scheme, from design to finish, would at once crop up. Many people with every wish to do so are entirely destitute of the power of inventing a design. For such it is obviously better to copy a good design, or adapt a pattern of undoubted value, than to hash up an awkward jumble of motives from other sources, and call the whole original. Rules for design in pattern are of much the same value as rules for composition in music or poetry. If faithfully obeyed, they will preserve the student from serious blunders, but are entirely powerless to help him to create a new melody, or infuse his rhymes with the spirit of poetry.

But if the would-be creator of fine needlework lacks the gift of design, it is more than

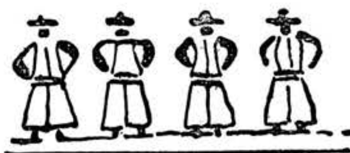


FIG. 22.

ever necessary to caution her against an indiscriminate choice from the patterns sold ready for tracing on to the stuff that is to be embellished. One in a hundred may indeed be excellent, but those who design for unknown buyers, find that the least labour for the greatest effect is the popular demand, and so comply with it only too readily. The least labour possible is a legitimate thing to ask, provided the effect is not cramped thereby; but to sacrifice all the essentials of good work for this one end, is better pushed to its logical

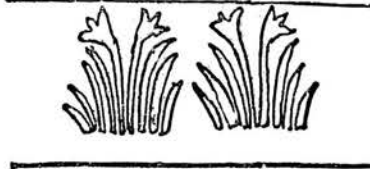


FIG. 23.

extreme, and sacrifice at once all labour—that is, leave the thing undecorated. One inch of good ornament well wrought is better than a square yard of commonplace pattern. A single motive, such as our illustrations supply, will add more beauty to, say the cover of a blotting-case, for example, than a crude piece of pattern sprawling over its whole surface, done hurriedly and with scamped work. The scale of the design is a very important matter, that the ready-made patterns cannot be trusted to decide. A border that would not disgrace a palace if applied to huge curtains, might be coarse for a mantel-border, and positively vulgar on a book cover. So many points have to be considered in regard to the absolutely right decoration for even the simplest object, that all advice given generally must needs be more or less vague. To those who live near any of our national collections, half an hour spent in intelligent study of old needlework will yield more valuable result than any text-book. But old needlework is not always right; bad taste is not entirely a thing of to-day, although the chances are in favour of the old work being good and the modern bad. Excepting always a certain group of workers to-day, whose labours, shown at various exhibitions and illustrated frequently in the current periodicals, betray a renascence of the long dominant feeling for decoration that

FIG. 21.

made the England of half a century ago a realm of contented ugliness in home life.

The Japanese embroideries, and most of the Indian and Persian work, until vitiated by European taste, are as a rule entirely good. True, many of their ideas are Oriental in their colour and thought, and can no more be translated into English idiom by an ordinary being, than their ancient manuscripts could be easily paraphrased into colloquial cockneyisms. But in all Oriental art there is much that appeals to the cultured taste of the West. With a growing appreciation for art, we may look to see the splendid heritage of the Indian Empire treasured as tenderly as our own cathedrals. When one reflects on the pilulously minute knowledge of Oriental art possessed even by the better informed Briton, we cease to wonder at the vulgarity and monstrosity of the decoration that still floods our markets, in spite of the new crusade for beauty in the house.

Many of these patterns are peculiarly suited for appliqué work; that is, for work wherein patches of other stuff, cut to the desired shape, take the place of stitches all over the ground enclosed by the outline of the ornament. If bold in scale and of coarser texture, such work may be done in the hand, but more delicate treatment requires the support of a frame during its manipulation. The designs here reproduced are clearly on too small a scale to be copied exactly for most purposes. Having enlarged the design, as explained later on, it should be traced with great care on to the material to be applied; if this is of plush or velvet, it will, of course, be needful to reverse the pattern, and trace it on the back

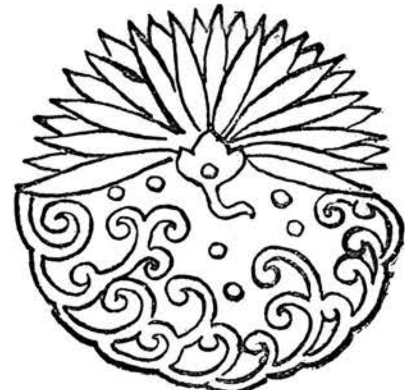


FIG. 24.

of the stuff. Having transferred the design, it is to be cut exactly to the outline with sharp scissors, and laid in its proper place on the panel to be decorated, which should have

a tracing of the whole design (supposing, as it most probably will be, that it is formed of several features). Each piece of stuff to be applied should be touched with very thick gum, to keep it in its desired place, care being taken that only just enough is used to cause it to stick, otherwise it will soak through the material and be unsightly. Each piece must be quite flat and uncreased, and not stretched out of its proper shape. The edge is then outlined with a cord of the same colour, or of silver or gold twist, sewn neatly on, or the edges are sewn over with button-hole stitch worked in the colour of the piece itself, or in a lighter or darker shade, as personal taste may decide. The veins of leaves and small details of bird forms or conventional devices are expressed by stitches of the colour chosen for the outline. Petals of flowers, feathers of birds, and such lines as are absolutely necessary must be sewn as in ordinary embroidery. The value of these added lines is great, and where possible it would be advisable to indicate their position in the first tracing, unless the skill of the artist can place them right by the guidance of the eye alone. In all embroidery it is best to avoid tracing, and put in the "drawing" of the design with no mechanical aid, if the eyes and hands of the worker can be trusted to do so.

FIG. 25.

Fig. 13 is a design covering the front of a robe. The clever way by which each group breaks, as it were, out of the stuff, the value given to the subtle curves of the plants by the juxtaposition of the straight branches of the plum blossoms (miscalled hawthorn, which, on very high authority, I am told is unknown in Japan, despite our nomenclature "Hawthorn Blue" of its dainty china). The colour scheme of the original has the favourite French grey ground, with long leaves in bright greens, and branches of dead leaves in russets and orange yellows across them. The plum blossoms are white, with traces of pink in the buds, the stems of the branches black, or a rather dark brown. This group might easily be repeated to cover a much larger space, but is intended for working to large scale, as the tracing includes the whole design on the front of the robe it embellished.

The spray of fig. 14 is a charmingly-drawn branch of a vine-like creeper, but calls for no special remark. The Japanese Pegasus (fig. 15) is so adapted for the decoration of book covers to MSS. that it needs no apology for its insertion; worked in appliqué, it would be a noble symbol for guarding the emanations of our young poets. Fig. 16 is a corner spray of small beauty, but yet probably a useful motive for workers. Fig. 17 is a very clever arrangement of two sprays of foliage, capable of indefinite repetition, either by the diamond shape it fills, set side by side, or arranged to have an undecorated space between each in chequer fashion. Fig. 18 may serve a kindred purpose; while fig. 19, although Japanese, is so fatally commonplace that only failure to discover any other device of the right size to fill up the page can explain its presence, for it is as banal as the worst European art.

The grotesque birds, figs. 20 and 21, are deliciously comical, and yet admirable spots for decoration; the quaint way the bird character is represented by the simplest arrangement of lines is worth study; the self-satisfied delight of "21," and the half-frightened air of "20" are naïvely expressed. The border No. 22 is a curious example of a serious attempt to use figures for decoration that is rare in Japanese art; to be sure these are as conventional as the

FIG. 26.

infantile drawings upon a slate; but they fulfil their purpose. Fig. 23 is also an extremely simple suggestion of flower growth that has yet a touch of realism in its mere symbolism.

The device of No. 24 is again a purely Japanese notion, and one of great beauty. No pattern given is more likely to be useful than this; with the cloud forms worked in gold, and the flowers of varying colours, it might be repeated over the surface of a sofa-cushion or a tea-cosy, and make it sumptuous. No. 25 is probably a useful shape for application, and needs no special comment. The squirrel of No. 26 is from a genuine old example, and has some amount of charm in its grouping.

(To be concluded.)

RECIPES FOR PERFUMES.

Carnation Pink.

Five ounces of rose triple, three ounces and a half of extract of cassie, three ounces and a half of extract of orange, three ounces and a half of extract of violet, three ounces of extract of vanilla, eight drops of oil of cloves aug.

New-Mown Hay.

Ten ounces of extract of tonquin, five ounces of extract of jasmine, five ounces of extract of orange, five ounces of extract of geranium, five ounces of extract of rose, five ounces of rose triple.

Narcissus.

Ten ounces of extract of tuberose, five ounces of extract of jonquil, five ounces of extract of violet, three ounces of extract of rose, two ounces of extract of storax, three ounces of rose triple.

Wallflowers.

Six ounces of extract of rose, four ounces of extract of violet, three ounces of extract of cassie, three ounces of extract of orange, three ounces of extract of orris, three ounces of extract of vanilla, four drops of essential oil of almonds, four drops of essential oil of cloves.

Camphorated Chalk.

Four ounces of powdered precipitated chalk, one ounce of powdered camphor flowers, two ounces of powdered orris root, one ounce of carbonate of magnesia. Mix well and sift through fine muslin.

Hair Renewer.

Three ounces of oil of sweet almonds, three ounces of liquid ammonia 880, six ounces of honey water aug., twelve ounces of spirits of rosemary. Mix; apply with a soft sponge morning and evening.

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

PART II.

UP COUNTRY.

Now arrived at San Antonio, we enjoyed a few days' rest, and made the most of our freedom, after being on board ship for so long, in walking about and seeing all that was to be seen.

Of the history of San Antonio I know but little. Until 1836 Texas, the Lone Star State, was a province of Mexico. It was very thinly peopled before 1820, and was mostly sought after by the horse Indians during the winter months, when they had plenty of sport, and chased the wild horse and buffaloes on the wide stretches of prairie land. The Mexicans occupied a few towns, the two oldest and best fortified being San Antonio and San Felipe de Bexar; the former was then the capital. There are also some old missions, by name Refugio and San Patricio, founded by Jesuits.

When Texas threw off the Mexican yoke and became an independent State, desperadoes from all countries flocked thither, hence the bad name which it held for so many years. Since the annexation of Texas to the United States, emigrants from the North, followed later by many from other parts of the world, settled in that wild country, and, gradually dispersing the numerous tribes of Indians and Mexicans, are now the undisputed owners of the largest, and perhaps one of the finest States of the great northern portion of the Western Hemisphere.

A finer race of men, I may venture to say, cannot be seen than these hardy settlers, and during the late war of South *versus* North, the Texan Rangers, as the mounted troops they mustered were called, proved themselves to be valiant and capable soldiers, praised and admired by friends and enemies alike for their courage, hardihood, magnificent horsemanship, and expert marksmanship.

San Antonio is now a thriving city, the inhabitants numbering about 22,000, 6,000 of whom are Mexicans, or of Mexican descent; some few are Northerners, merchants, storekeepers, or otherwise, and a great many coloured folk, who are employed chiefly in the hotels, or make a living at laundry work. To "put washing out" there is decidedly an expensive luxury, the lowest charge being a dollar a dozen for the smaller articles, and that usually does not include starching and ironing!

In the town there are three very large squares or "plazas," the Main, the Military, and the Alamo, the space of which is in the daytime mostly occupied by the waggons coming from and going to the country, and drawn by horses, mules, or steers. Here and there is to be seen an occasional Mexican rider, with highly ornamented accoutrements, and large sombrero, often richly embroidered with silver or beads. These large and shady hats, made of grey felt or of Panama straw, vary in price from $5 to $500, according to quality and the amount of silver on them. Frequently, too, may be seen a party of jovial "cowboys" from the mountains and surrounding prairies, also wearing the sombrero, not embroidered, but often completely surrounded by the rattles of those formidable snakes, and who, dressed in their red or blue flannel shirts, jean knee-breeches, jack-boots and spurs, and mounted on their trusty mustangs or mules, are equally, if not more, to be admired.

In the evening the plazas are scattered over with little stalls and benches, where is served that special dainty of Mexicans, *chila con carne*, for the price of 10 cents (5d.) a plate; the vendors thereof being Mexicans. The shops or "stores," as our cousins across the Atlantic call them, are good, but the prices of most articles are very high. Meat was an exception, beef being sold at 6 cents (3d.) a pound, mutton fetched 8 cents (4d.) per pound, and bacon about 8 to 12 cents (4d. to 6d.) per pound. This was during the winter months, for later, when the heat is greater, there is very little killed, only as much as the butchers are sure of selling on the spot.

There are several large churches in the town, a Mexican (Catholic) Cathedral, also another Catholic Cathedral, not built many years ago, for the use of the English-speaking population. Besides these there are a German Catholic Church, a Lutheran, and a Methodist one for the coloured people, who mostly belong to that persuasion.

Finding it very expensive work living at an hotel, the charge being one dollar per head a day, and having to pay for our luggage lying at the depôt, we looked about us for a small cottage, and in the course of our rambles we came across the very thing to suit us. It was a tiny frame house, *i.e.* built entirely of wood, standing in a piece of ground, and consisting of four rooms, all on the one floor. We inquired the rent, and agreed to take it for a month for $12 (dollars), about £2 10s.

Another English family shared it with us, and we invested in a good stove and a few cooking utensils, and, after bringing our luggage from the station, we at once installed ourselves in our temporary abode.

Beyond bringing a couple of camp bedsteads from England we had no furniture whatever, but made use of our trunks for sitting on, and out of a packing-case we knocked up a table which did service well enough for us to eat off, and to do our ironing when necessary. A few odds and ends of china, flasks, goblets and tin plates, knives, forks and spoons, answered their purposes just as well as the best silver and china could do.

Altogether we were very happy in our little cottage, and commenced getting our hands into the work necessary for us to do up country. We did our washing, making a large fire in the ground surrounding the house, and were greatly surprised at the rapidity with which the clothes dried, and the beautiful colour they bleached. We also initiated ourselves into the art of baking, etc., and took it in turns to cook.

Our firing consisted of logs of wood, as coal, if used at all there, which I doubt, must be an enormous price.

As yet I believe I have made no mention of the weather at that time of the year. The days were glorious, clear blue sky, and bright warm sun, the early mornings and nights being cold; but when a "norther," as they call a cold north wind, blew up, it was bitterly cold while it lasted; it might be for a few hours only, or for a day or two. It seldom rained, but very heavily when it came. Towards the end of February it grew very warm, and we were glad to take the children by the tram-car to the San Pedro Park and Springs, some little way out of the town, and walk home when cooler by sundown.

Orchards of peach trees were then in full blossom.

While we were domiciled in the cottage, in charge of the English gentleman of our party, my husband had been busy. After seeing us settled as comfortably as possible in our little house, he went the rounds of the yards in the town to choose and buy a good horse.

This done, he took a few necessaries for camping out, namely a "blanket" or travelling rug, as we call it, a Mexican saddle, "lariat," or horsehair rope, also a tin coffee-pot and mug, some coffee which we had roasted and ground, a piece of bacon, and salt and bread, all securely packed in the

saddle-bags. Discarding his "billy-cock" and boots of English manufacture, he appeared in jack-boots and large grey felt sombrero, and armed with gun, and belt securing pistol and bullets, he set off "up country" to explore, and look about for land which would be suitable for a ranche, either to rent or buy as we chose.

The horse he bought was a beautiful creature, a roan, with black mane and tail, both very thick and long. He gave about $30 (£6) for him. In England he would have fetched £50. We named him "Tommie," and he became a great favourite with us later.

My husband was away about ten days, having gone in a northerly direction, but not coming across any suitable land for sale, he altered his course and struck out for the north-west. After three days' riding he arrived at Bandera, a "city" about sixty miles from San Antonio.

Five miles beyond Bandera there was a large tract of land in the market. He went over it, and found it was the very place to suit us, having the Medina River running through it, thereby the one great necessary for a ranche was provided for, together with plenty of good grass. He returned to San Antonio to see the agents and arrange upon the terms for taking it. We agreed to rent it at 45 dollars per year, for five years, with the option of purchasing either then or before, the extent of the land being 3,300 acres.

Next he bought a "Studebaker" waggon, a couple of good strong mules for $90 (about £18), harness, etc., a plough, farm tools, crowbar, etc., and set off once more to Bandera, and, with the assistance of a carpenter of the neighbourhood, built a little house of rough cedar and cypress lumber, on high ground and near a creek. In a fortnight's time he returned with the waggon to fetch us and our belongings.

A day or two was spent in getting together seeds for planting vegetables, etc., and a few procurable groceries, and on the 1st of March, a glorious day but very hot, we were all safely ensconced in the waggon, another following with the rest of the luggage, and soon left San Antonio behind.

Our English friends were with us, and were going to remain on our land, too, for some time, another little "shanty" being built by them not far from ours. So we made a very jolly party to go up country. Mr. —— rode, and my husband drove the waggon, containing the lady and her four children, myself and our little boy, together with part of our luggage, and our rugs, etc., for camping out at night.

San Antonio lies very low; as far as the eye can see it is a dead level on every side, and for some miles out the land is covered with a very short turf and the stumpy mesquit brush, which is useful for nothing, not even affording shade for the herds of cattle which we encountered continually.

About an hour before sundown we camped (that is we dismounted), and after hoppling the mules and fastening a bell to their necks, we turned them loose to graze till morning, and proceeded to make our fire, always an easy job when there is plenty of wood and dry grass. When in the midst of boiling the coffee and frying our bacon, a terrible "norther" blew up suddenly, much to our discomfiture, and continued all night.

Of course, we had taken good care to make enough bread to last us for three or four days, so the trouble of making it out in the open was saved, and after giving the children a good supper we put them to sleep with the lady on a mattress at the bottom of the waggon. We were glad enough to get a good warm at the fire and roll ourselves in our blankets and get to sleep round it.

About four o'clock in the morning we were roused and given an hour to be ready to be off again. The gentlemen busied themselves with the fire and in getting some hot coffee and bacon cooked, while we attended to the little ones, who thoroughly disapproved of being awakened and made to get up in dark; but on having some food to warm them they soon got reconciled to the inevitable. By "sun-up" we had caught and harnessed the mules and horses, and were again on our way to Bandera.

The "norther" continued till mid-day, and what with it blowing in our faces and the hot sun scorching them, our lips and cheeks began to smart and burn in a most uncomfortable manner, and we were not sorry when we arrived at Pipe Creek at noon, and camped down for an hour; and while the gentlemen made the fire, we took the little ones, and all had a refreshing wash in the creek.

The scenery now commenced to be very pretty, and increased in beauty and wildness as we went along, and was no longer flat and uninteresting. A few wild flowers, quite new to us, peeped out here and there, and sometimes within our reach hung branches of beautiful purple, crimson, and white blossoms, the forerunners of wild fruits to be tasted by us for the first time. Among the branches of the trees, which now grew more thickly, or flying across our path, we saw many kinds of bright-hued birds, and some with sweet notes but dull of plumage. The bright red cardinal, so prized in England, the little blue-bird, and others with golden and black feathers, were there in quantities, and the voice of the soft dove-coloured mockingbird was continually heard imitating the song of one or other of its feathered companions, and mingling with the tender cooing of the wild dove.

Herds of cattle were to be seen everywhere, their skin in some cases almost covered with letters, numbers, or designs of all descriptions, the brands of the various owners whose hands they had passed through at some time or other. They are "rounded up," with the help of "cowboys," once or twice a year. Now and again we would pass a skeleton of one of their deceased brethren, or of some wilder animal bleaching in the sun; or more unsightly still, a poor beast but recently dead, and on which those hideous though must useful scavengers, the buzzards, had already assembled, gorging themselves with their ghastly feast. Once we passed a swamp in which a poor unfortunate beast was hopelessly stuck fast up to its haunches, dying a slow and frightful death. It was impossible for us to attempt to rescue it, imploringly as it looked towards us as we passed it by, and equally impossible was it for us to shoot it and put it out of its misery, as the law out there is very strict on the subject of stealing, killing, or maiming another person's cattle.*

By nightfall of the second day we camped on the San Jeronymo Creek, a lovely spot, almost like a bit of an old English park, and here we rested till morning. There was a slight frost that night, but when the sun rose and we were once more on our road it became very hot again.

Here the track we followed wound in and out of the most charming bits of scenery in which an artist would have revelled.

Higher and higher the hills rose on either side, the creek running parallel with us, and then after crossing it once more we passed a large frame house. The charitable occupants came out directly we pulled up, and brought us hot coffee and goat's milk, and cakes for the little ones, and after a chat with them we went on our way. Once a herd of fine deer, startled by the approach of our waggons, bounded across our path about half a mile ahead of us.

Through cedar-brakes, which scented the air with their delicious fragrance; now putting the mules to the test, as steady and surefooted climbers, and now holding on like grim death to the break and sides of the waggon, as we went at a rapid pace down steep and rough inclines, through creeks, over rocks, nothing standing in our way, thus we gradually neared our destination, which we counted on doing that night.

Late in the afternoon we reached the city of Bandera. Across the Atlantic all towns are "cities," whether in an advanced state or only in embryo, Bandera city decidedly one in the latter stage. As far as I could make out it consisted of an hotel, a saloon (answering to our inn or public-house), a couple of stores, and about half a dozen small frame or stone cottages; a church which had been used for Catholic service, but was now closed; and that was all!

By this time my husband was well known to the inhabitants, so on seeing our waggons arrive all wanted to have a look at the Englishman's family. The rough but honest fellows shook us warmly by the hand, with a "How-dy, marm, hope you will like your new home," "Guess you will not choose to return to the old country after a while," coupled with plenty of invitations to go and look them up at their various ranches or shanties.

We had still another hour's driving through about six miles of the country to the north of Bandera city, so set off again quickly. There being no twilight, it was dark almost immediately after sunset; but tired as we were, we gazed with delight and awe at the several prairie-fires which lit up the distant mountains with a weird and lurid light. These, I may here notice, were started purposely by those holding the land, as a customary thing every spring, to burn away all the long dry grass, so that the young and fresh can benefit by the rains and sun. Men are stationed at the various points where it is necessary to check it; this is done by beating it out with long sticks or wet cloths, and I need hardly add is done when there is little or no wind, and when in a favourable quarter.

On arriving at our abode on our ranche, the scene which presented itself was picturesque in the extreme. At a little distance from the house a huge camp fire was burning, round which were seated or standing several women and children, and about eighteen to twenty men. The women were busily employed in cooking goat's flesh and bacon, making tea and boiling coffee, and baking cakes of bread in a skillet in the embers; and the men attending to their horses and mules, or chatting and smoking round the fire, watching the preparation of the evening meal. About fifty yards off a tent had been pitched, and several waggons were standing about. Altogether the effect was charming, and with the fitful gleams of the fire lighting up the faces and figures around, worthy of the brush of a Rembrandt.

Within a very few minutes we were seated with the rest around the blazing fire, enjoying a hearty meal, and answering all inquiries regarding our journey, etc., and listening to what the rest had to tell regarding the country and our neighbours. Strange as it may seem, I must here mention that nearly everyone of those camping for the night were perfect strangers, who were only passers-by through the country; but so great and general is the habit there to receive and give hospitality to all alike, that we felt no surprise at finding so many on the ground making themselves comfortable for the night.

After the children had been put to sleep on

* It is a common case for cattle thus to get fast in a morass; owing to the length of time they are often without water, they drink to such an extent when they have the opportunity that, being weak from extreme thirst and weighted down from the amount of water inside them, they are rendered perfectly incapable of extricating themselves.

mattresses hastily put down on the floor in the house, we returned to the fire, and listened to story upon story, as the demijohn of whiskey was freely passed round, of amusing and interesting adventure with the Indians and Mexicans, or with the snakes, and other wild animals natives of the country, interladen with recollections of the late war, in which most of those present had served, until, thoroughly tired out, we also thought of sleep, and retired for the night. Some of the women and children slept in the tent, the men lay rolled in their blankets round the fire, a few of them on the floor in our little house. Soon the camp was in sound repose, the stillness alone broken by the bells of the mules and horses which were hoppled and turned loose for the night.

At "sun-up" all were astir, and after breakfast round the camp fire, dispersed on their several routes, leaving us to enjoy the comparative quiet of our first day in our new home "up country."

(*To be concluded.*)

To Our Editor.

I am a cat: Miss Jetty Vogel's cat;
What think you, gentle editor, of that?
With fox-like tail, and tufted paw and ear;
With mane and ruff when wintry days are here.
A Persian cat of somewhat mixed descent;
Argent and azure in my 'scutcheon blent.
Argent my coat, my optics azure are;
Sure charms like these condone the adverse bar!
Azure mine eyes; at least, one eye is blue,
The other greenish-yallery in hue.
But what of that? Two blue eyes they aver
Make pussies deaf when linked with snowy fur.
And now each mouse beneath the floor I hear,
Each gentle epithet delights mine ear;

And when each month the G.O.P.* is read,
With joy I hear the editor hath said
That Persian cats require the tenderest care.
With sympathy, soft bed, and dainty fare,
I purr approval; nor can I complain
Of aught shortcoming in domestic reign.
For twice five years the household joy and pride,
My fads respected and my wants supplied.
Warmed is my saucer, lest the milk be chill,
Fish, poultry, veal, my little platter fill.
My sole complaint when on Bank Holiday
With drum and fife the band pursues its way;
Distraught with fear, I up the chimney fly,
Emerging, what a sorry wretch am I,
Till, rubbed with flour, my coat regains its hue—
This wrinkle owe we, gentle sir, to you.
I fain would come and visit you in town,
At Paternoster Row to light me down,
But cannot, for my too majestic weight
Exceeds the parcel post's extended rate;
So send three hairs, plucked to suggest the rest,
Where beats my heart within my snowy breast.

*Girl's Own Paper

SOME CHARMING DISHES.

We have noticed in our household, and no doubt other people's experience is the same as ours, that of our attempts to please the palates of our guests, some are received with much more favour than others. Indeed, we have one or two dishes for which we are noted, their popularity is so widespread. Their appearance is the signal for their disappearance. We are continually asked for the recipes by our friends; but they are few in number, and one cannot go on presenting the same old favourites week after week and year after year. But if other people would let us into the secrets of their popular dishes, giving us full directions how to prepare them, we feel that we should owe them a debt of gratitude, which we could only attempt to repay by making them a free present of our own. Our payment shall be made in advance.

The most popular sweet dish that appears on our table is dignified by the name of a casserôle. It is especially a favourite with gentlemen.

The Recipe for a Casserôle.

Take one pound of French plums, those sold at tenpence to a shilling a pound; take out the stones, set the fruit in an enamelled saucepan, with three-quarters of a pint of cold water, a few lumps of white sugar, and a small piece of lemon peel cut very thinly from the lemon. Let the fruit stew until it is quite tender, when add an ounce packet of gelatine dissolved in a little hot water (care must be taken that it is thoroughly dissolved before the prunes are removed from the fire) and a small glass of port wine. If you possess a casserôle mould, pour the stewed fruit into it, but if you do not the following plan answers admirably. Take a cake tin of the size that would hold an ordinary shilling cake, place in the middle of it a moderate sized Liebig or currant jelly jar, turned upside down. The object is to turn out the stewed prunes when cold in a smooth round jelly, with a space in the centre for cream. Please do not forget to carefully oil the tin, and observe that there should be a sufficient proportion of juice to quite cover the fruit. You will have to place a heavy weight on the little jar before pouring in the fruit, or the juice will rush underneath and lift it up. This weight must remain until the jelly is firmly set, which will take twelve hours. Now crack the stones and take out the kernels. Carefully remove the little jar, and turn out the jelly on to a glass dish. Take half or a quarter of a pint of thick cream, whip to a froth, fill up the hole in the centre, and lay the rest in the dish round the casserôle. Colour a little crushed loaf sugar by laying it in a saucer with a little cochineal, and sprinkle lightly over the cream. Stick a double row of kernels round the top of the casserôle, and it is finished.

Let me add that where strict economy is an object, a quarter of a pint of cream may be made to answer the same purpose as half a pint, by beating the white of an egg to a stiff froth with a knife, and adding it to the cream, before proceeding to whisk it. This dish is really very easy to make, the critical points in it being to have a sufficient quantity of juice, so that it may turn out a smooth dark jelly filled with fruit, to stew the fruit until perfectly soft, and to turn it nicely out of the tin.

Next in order of favour comes a German or spiced apple tart. This is an extremely pretty dish, and makes a charming addition to a luncheon, supper, or high tea.

Recipe for German Apple Tart.

Take one pound and three-quarters of good cooking apples, a quarter of a pound of dates; peel and core the apples, cut them up small, and put them into an enamelled saucepan with the dates stoned and cut up. Let them stew together till quite soft. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, an ounce of butter, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful of ground ginger. Beat up smoothly, and turn out into a dish to cool. In the meantime proceed with the crust.

Take half a pound of flour, add to it two ounces of castor sugar, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, a small teaspoonful of baking powder, and a quarter of a pound of butter. This tart is best made in a small oval baking tin, the sides of which are as straight as possible. An ordinary tart dish slopes too much, besides which it is always more difficult to get an undercrust thoroughly baked in earthenware than in a tin. Mix the dough with the yolk of an egg and half a teacupful of milk. It should be mixed dry enough to leave the sides of the basin quite clean. Cut the dough into three pieces. With one, rolled out to a thickness of a quarter of an inch, line the bottom of the tin. With the second piece line the sides of the tin, wetting the edges of the crust where it overlaps with a little milk. Fill the tin with the stewed apple, and with the third piece of crust cover the whole. Trim the crust round evenly where it joins the sides, and notch it round. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, taking care that the undercrust is thoroughly done. When baked, loosen the tart from the sides of the tin, but do not turn it out until it is about half cold, or it will probably break. Have ready a suitable dish with a d'oyley neatly folded on it. Turn the tart out on to it. The easiest way of doing this is to place a small chopping-board over the tin, reverse it, and let the tart drop gently on to the board, then slip the tart from the board to the dish. In the meantime, beat the white of the egg (the yolk

of which you used for the crust) to a stiff froth with the blade of a knife, sift in two ounces of castor sugar, add a few drops of vanilla, and spread smoothly over the tart. Ornament it round the edge with preserved cherries, cut in half alternately with pieces of preserved greengage, apricot, or fruit of any prettily contrasting colour. A star in the centre, of the preserved fruit, is a pretty addition. Two ounces will be found sufficient for ornamenting the tart.

A very favourite pudding, both with adults and children, is one which goes by the name of snow pudding. It may be eaten either hot or cold.

Recipe for a Snow Pudding.

Take any pieces of stale bread, or if you wish a very delicate pudding the crumb of a stale roll, cut into small pieces; pour over them a pint of boiling milk, and let them stand near the fire until thoroughly soaked, so that they can be beaten up to the consistency of bread sauce. Then add a little sugar according to taste, but be careful not to over-sweeten, two ounces of butter, a few drops of vanilla, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. When sufficiently baked (it will take about three-quarters of an hour), spread over the top a layer of raspberry jam. Beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth with a knife until it is like snow, and pile lightly on the top of the pudding.

A dish which is always welcomed by the gentlemen of our household is pineapple fritters. Fritters are not nearly so difficult to make and serve as pancakes. They require to be very hot, but they will keep very nicely in the oven for a quarter of an hour or so, provided the oven is a hot and not a cold one. If allowed to cool they become flabby and greasy.

Recipe for Pineapple Fritters.

Make a batter with half a pint of milk, two eggs, and sufficient flour to make it the consistency of thick cream. Have ready a tin of pineapple—those containing a whole one are much the best. Cut off as many thin slices as you require, and drop them into the batter. With a large spoon or saucer take up a slice of the pineapple with enough of the batter to quite cover it. Drop this into a frying-pan of boiling lard. When it is nicely crisp and brown, take it up with a skimmer and place on some kitchen or coarse tissue paper on a dish in the oven. When drained from all extraneous fat, pile on a very hot dish, and sift a little crushed sugar over the fritters. A little practice will enable you to fry three or four fritters at the same time. Do not stint the lard for frying; it should quite cover the fritters, and any left in the pan can be poured into a pot and set by for future use.

One very favourite dish in our house I must not omit to give you, it is such a delightful way of using up cold beef.

Recipe for Beef Olives.

A very useful joint for a large family is nine or ten pounds of the top side of the round of beef, the part from which prime buttock steaks are cut. It yields plentiful and delicious gravy. When the joint is served hot, some of this gravy should, if possible, be set by for the olives. If this is not at hand, some stock must be made in the usual way, or failing that a small quantity of the soup sold in tins, say ox tail, makes a very good substitute. Cut your cold beef into slices as evenly as you can, and about four inches square. Make a plain forcemeat with a cupful of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of mixed herbs finely pounded, and a little pepper and salt. Mix into a mass with a little milk; with a knife spread a little forcemeat over each slice of meat, roll it up neatly, and tie it round with cotton, or fasten with a small skewer. Place these rolls in a stewpan with an ounce of butter, and braise them a nice brown. Pour away any fat that may remain, dredge a little flour into the bottom of the pan, let it brown but not burn, then cover the olives with some stock. Bring it quickly to the boiling point, then add a small onion, a carrot, a turnip cut into dice, and a little celery. The outside pieces from a head of celery do admirably, as it is only the flavour that is required, and the celery itself should be removed before serving. Add a few peppercorns tied in a piece of muslin, and salt to taste. If tinned soup is used instead of stock, less vegetable will be required. The soup may be diluted with two parts of water. Let the whole simmer gently for an hour. Take up the olives, remove the skewers or cotton securing them, place them on a hot dish in the oven. If the gravy is not sufficiently thick, add a little flour rolled in butter, or mixed with a tablespoonful of walnut or mushroom ketchup. Pour over the olives, and serve. Garnished with young carrots, or enclosed in a wall of snowy mashed potatoes, this dish makes a very presentable *entrée*. It may also be made with fresh meat, when it would take two and a half hours' gentle stewing.

SOME FOREIGN SWEET DISHES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

ALMOND PUDDING.

Half a pound of almonds blanched and finely pounded, five ounces of sifted sugar, the rind of a lemon finely chopped, and the yolks of eight eggs. Mix these ingredients well together, and then add the whites of the eggs (which should have been previously whipped till quite stiff), then stir in lightly. Pour into a buttered mould, and bake like a custard. Turn out before serving, and pour round it at the last minute the following cream sauce :—

LEMON CREAM.

Quarter of a pound of sugar rubbed on one lemon, half a cupful of lemon juice, one wine-glassful of water, and three eggs, the latter to be well beaten. Cook in a lined saucepan on the fire, beating it all the time. When it begins to get frothy and thick it is done.

ALMOND BALLS.

Half a pound of almonds blanched and well pounded, six ounces of sifted sugar, the finely-chopped rind of one lemon. Mix these ingredients well together with three eggs, and add flour until the mixture is stiff enough to form into balls the size of small apples, then fry them a golden brown. When done insert small slips of candied lemon peel to resemble an apple-stalk in each one, and serve with the above lemon cream placed in a sauce-boat, the balls to be arranged in a glass dish.

APPLES IN CREAM.

Pare and core as many apples as will make a nice sized dish, stew them with water and sugar until the liquid is nearly all boiled away, and the apples are transparent, but not so soft as to lose their shape, then arrange them in a glass dish. Make a cream of three-quarters of a pint of cream, which cook in a lined pan until it nearly boils, then stir in three well-beaten eggs, three ounces of blanched and pounded almonds, and three ounces of sifted sugar; keep stirring until it begins to boil, then take it off quickly, and when both the apples and cream are nearly cold pour the latter over the apples, strew with sifted sugar, and before serving pass a red-hot salamander over the top until a pretty glaze is formed.

CREAM AND SPONGE CAKE.

Three-quarters of a pint of cream and four yolks of eggs, well beaten together, with the rind of a lemon rubbed on a piece of sugar. When mixed, put on the fire in a lined pan, and keep stirring until the cream begins to boil. Cut three or four stale sponge cakes in four pieces, and arrange in a glass dish, and pour the cream over them. Then beat up the four whites of the eggs till quite stiff, add a little sifted sugar, and when the cream is cold pile up the beaten whites on the top, sift sugar over it, and colour with a red-hot salamander.

PISTACHE PUDDING.

Butter a mould and line it with puff paste—a pie-dish will do as well. Then take a teacupful of blanched and pounded pistachio nuts, six whole eggs well beaten, and three-quarters of a pint of cream. Beat all these ingredients well together and pour into the mould. Cover with thin puff paste, press the edges well together, and bake the same time as a custard. Turn out on to a dish before serving; either a cream or rum sauce is best with this pudding.

FLOAT KUCHLI.

Half a pound of flour, four ounces of butter, two ounces of sifted sugar, two tablespoonfuls of sour cream, and two yolks of eggs. To be all well mixed and kneaded together. Put on one side for two or three hours, then roll out, cut into fingers about five inches long and one and a half inches wide, and fry well in hot fat. Serve piled up in a glass dish, to eat with creams or stewed fruit.

SUGAR NUTS.

Four ounces of sifted sugar, half a pound of flour, three well-beaten eggs, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and any flavouring that is liked. Mix well together, and knead well. Then form into balls about the size of a walnut and fry in very hot fat. Serve piled up on a cloth, with white sugar sifted over them.

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

By SOPHIA F. A. CAULFEILD.

I SCARCELY know whether the family of *Campanulaceæ*, or bell-flowers, may be fitly awarded a place amongst those styled "historical"; but the "blue-bells of Scotland" has become a household phrase. Another species, "Venus's looking-glass," has been the subject of classical fables, and the "Canterbury bells" (or nettle-leaved bell-flower) are associated with the pilgrims who flocked to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, for these pilgrims rang bells placed upon poles as they went, chiming (in harmony, it is to be hoped) with those on their horses' necks. These flowers used to grow in great abundance in the low woods around or near the ancient city, and there exists a tradition that they were likewise so called in memory of St. Augustine of Canterbury. The blue harebell may be included with its fellows of the family as being the emblem of St. George. The "azure harebell" is mentioned by Shakespeare, and old herbalists so called the *Hyacinthus non scriptus*; but the "nodding blue-bell" of the heathland, or *Campanula rotundifolia*, is the harebell of modern poets, and is said to have been originally termed "air-bell" on account of their waving under the slightest breeze, supported on such slender and delicate stems, called by the country-folk of some counties the "witches' thimbles."

Amongst the special favourites of the flower-loving world, the *Chrysanthemum* most certainly may be ranked, although it makes no appeal to our love of perfume. It was first introduced into this country by Miller (1764), who had received a specimen from Nimpu, a *Kokfa* or *Chrysanthemum indicum*, and he cultivated it in the Chelsea Botanical Gardens. But we have some indigenous species of our own; as, for example, the "corn-marigold," the "feverfew," and the "ox-eyed daisy." These all bloom in summer only, while the Chinese, Indian, and Japanese chrysanthemums blossom in the autumn and as late as November. As the special heraldic emblem of the Mikados of Japan, this flower deserves some notice, and because it is honoured with a special festival in that country, being one of the five annual flower fêtes, viz., those of the golden *Kiku* (or chrysanthemum), the cherry-tree, the iris, the *Fudsi* (or *Wistaria sinensis*), and the plum-tree. The Japanese florists build up their chrysanthemums into effigies of their deities and celebrated heroes, real or fabulous; so arranging the colours of the flowers as to array these personages in gorgeous fashion, the "Sun-goddess" being clothed in golden blossoms. What are called by English florists the "Pompon" varieties are produced from the Chusan daisy, brought to England in 1846 by Mr. Fortune. It is much used in Japanese art for house decoration; "sprinkled" in the irregular style which has appealed so strongly to English taste, and superseded the hitherto formal lines of our own designs.

Clover, known by its old English name of "Trefoil," is a plant likewise dignified by historic associations. The ancients symbolised Hope as a little child standing on tip-toe holding a clover blossom in his hand. I need not do more than notice the fact that St. Patrick is said to have represented it as an emblem of the Holy Trinity, having endeavoured to explain the mysterious nature of the holy "Three in One" to the ignorant heathen to whom he preached in Ireland.

The *Shamrock*, or common wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*), thenceforth became the badge or distinctive heraldic device of that country. By old herbalists it used to be called both "Alleluja" and "Cuckoo's Meat." Gerard says, in explanation of these names, that "when it springeth forth the cuckoo singeth most; at which time also 'alleluja' was wont to be sung in our churches." The finding of a four-leaved clover is variously regarded in different countries as very "lucky," or much the reverse. The Druids esteemed it greatly, and believed it to be a charm against evil spirits; and even now, in the North of England, it is placed in dairies and stables to ensure them against the spells of witches. We find the trefoil much employed in architectural decorations, the form being adopted in church windows, for the capitals of pillars, and as a finish to the four limbs of crosses. In the "language of flowers" it is used to symbolise "fertility," and it possesses the distinctive characteristic of being able to vegetate after having lain dormant for many years. The early Italian painters in their representations of the crucifixion introduce the wood-sorrel on account of its symbolic meaning.

The next flower to which a few words of notice may justly be given is very specially an English one; I refer to the *Daisy* (*Bellis perennis*). The Welsh call it *Llygad y dydd*, which translated into English means "Eye of the day," or "Day's-eye," the ancient English name of the flower, and so written by Ben Jonson, while Chaucer calls it the "ee of the daie." We read of it in the poems of Burns as the "wee, modest, crimson-tippit flower," and Shelley describes them as—

"... Those pearl'd *Arcturi* of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets."

Certainly this simple wild flower has been more distinguished in the songs of the poets than the majority of its fellows, whether of the woods and hedgerows, the meadows, or even the luxuriously cultured denizens of garden parterres. Poets have inmortalised it from the days of Chaucer in the land of its birth, and the great and the noble have exalted it to the honour of a distinguishing badge. Louis IV. associated it with the royal *Fleur-de-lis*, and wore a ring, which he caused to be made, round which was a wreath of daisies and *Fleur-de-lis* enamelled in relief, the two flowers being engraved on a sapphire, with this inscription: "*Hors cest anel, point n'ay amour.*" This motto may be explained by the fact that he referred to his wife, Marguerite of Provence, and implied that his affections were centred in her and in his country.

Margaret of Anjou likewise selected it as her emblem, and the knights who entered the lists at the tournament at Nancy, held in honour of her marriage (at the tender age of fifteen), wore garlands of daisies, as did all our nobility, knights, and squires, in their bonnets and caps of estate, on her arrival in England. Moreover, King Henry caused her device to be enamelled and engraved on his plate, and the modest little flower, now so ruthlessly beheaded by the modern gardener's daisy-mowing machine, was cultivated in the greatest profusion in the gardens of the palace. The words of Drayton (attributed to the lovely queen on a different occasion) are now again applicable:

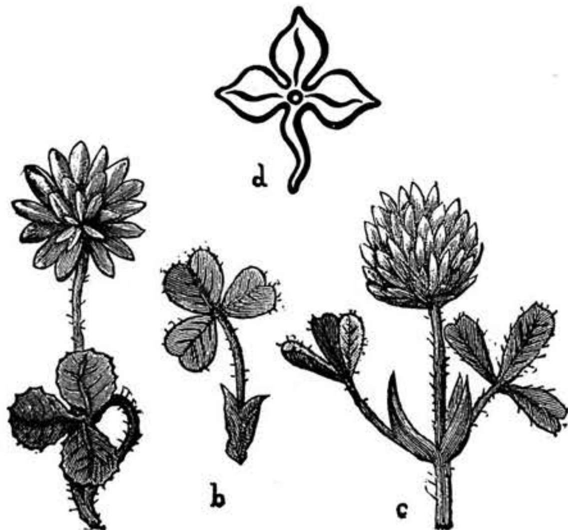
"My daisy flower, which erst perfumed the air,
Which for my favour princes deigned to wear,
Now in the dust lies trodden on the ground."

Queen Katherine Parr adopted a tuft of three daisies and *two buds* as her badge; a pretty design much employed in modern decorative embroidery. There are many ancient legends connected with this flower, and amongst them we find its origin traced to the race of nymphs called *Dryads*, through one of the *Belides*. She is said to have encouraged the suit of *Ephigeus*, the rural divinity, and while dancing with him on the green sward, attracted the admiration of the guardian deity of orchards—*Vertumnus*. To escape from his attentions she was changed into the daisy. There are other fables connected with it, which are scarcely worthy of relation. In an ancient floral vocabulary it is said to represent "candour and innocence."

In Teutonic and Scandinavian mythology, the special flower dedicated to the moon is the daisy; which seems a curious idea, since the "wee crimson-tippit flower" closes her "ee" to the light of her nocturnal patroness. There is another name by which it has been called—*i.e., Herba Marguerita*, after St. Margaret of Cortona. In French a *Marguerite* means a pearl; and in German, also, it is known as the "Meadow-pearl." The Greek for pearl, *Margarites*, became in Latin *Margarita*, as it remains in Italian; the same word in each language denoting both a pearl and a daisy. The mother of Henry VII.—the

BLUE-BELL.

Lady Margaret—wore three white daisies; and so likewise did the charming sister of Francis I., so called by him his "Pearl of Pearls." But no loving appreciation of her merits,



CLOVER.

(*a, b, c*) *Various forms of Clover or Trefoil.*
(*d*) *The Trefoil in Heraldry.*

whether mental, moral, or physical, appeared to affect her extreme humility. In writing to the Bishop of Meaux (Briçonnet) she calls herself "that imperfect, ill-shaped, and counterfeit pearl!" and her piety was of a public and an active, as well as passive and private character; distinguishing herself as she did, as the protector of Calvin, Clement, Beza, Marot and others, who took refuge at her Court at Nérac.

The *Fleurs-de-Lys* (or *de Luce*) are conventional representations of the Iris. The French name is a corruption of *Fleur de Louis*, originating in the fact that Louis VII. of France adopted it as his device, A.D. 1137. But it would seem that, as a symbol of that country, the Iris is traced back to the time of Hadrian, A.D. 100 (and odd), when, according to Nicholas Cousin, a lady holding one of these flowers (a lily or a gladiolus) was the emblem of Gaul. Tradition relates how, on the field of Tolbiac, Clovis, being converted to the true faith, was made victorious, and was presented with a lily, with which flowers the soldiers crowned themselves, finding them in the vicinity of the battlefield. These were probably blossoms of the Iris.

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

It would seem that the conversion of this warlike sovereign was due to the persevering prayers of his Christian wife, Clotilda, and when, being threatened with defeat in this before-named battle with the Huns, he prayed to the God of his holy wife and recommended himself and his army to Him, the tide of battle turned, resulting not only in a splendid victory, but in his obtaining baptism at the hands of St. Renie (early in the sixth century).

It will be observed by those who may see any pictures of St. Clotilda, that she is represented with an angel attendant, bearing a shield with the device of three *Fleurs-de-Lys.*

Many of the Carlovingian monarchs wore this latter flower on their crowns, as did Fredegonda. Their sceptres bore the white lily. The banner presented to Charlemagne by Leo III., when he gave him the title of "Defender of the Church of St. Peter," was blue, *Semée* with *Fleurs-de-Lys* of gold. Prior to this, toads were the heraldic emblems emblazoned on the flag of France. See Givillim's "Display of Heraldrie," 1611. He states that the charges were "three toads, erect, *saltant.*" Referring to this fact, Nostradamus, in the previous century, calls Frenchmen *Crapauds*, a nickname which has naturally stuck to them ever since, notwithstanding that Louis VII. dismissed them from their exalted position. The circumstance which induced him to exchange these reptiles for the elegant *Fleur-de-Lys* is said to have been a vision or dream on the occasion of the second Crusade, and they were then designated the *Fleurs-de-Luce.*

I said that the word *Lys* was a corruption of "Louis," but other derivations are assigned to it; amongst others, that it was from *Löys*, in which manner the first twelve monarchs of that name spelt it. It was also said that the flower was so called because it grew on the banks of the river Lis.

We find the lilies of France in combination with the lions of England, and for the first time, on the escutcheon of Edmund of Lancaster, second son of Henry III. This circumstance is explained by the fact that in 1075 he married Blanche of Artois. In the year 1340, when the crown of France was claimed by Edward III., the shield of that country was quartered with the lions of England. In the first year of the present century the lilies finally disappeared.

Before concluding my remarks in reference to this distinguished historical flower, I must observe that it was not alone the symbol of royalty. When residing at Rouen, many years ago, I often had occasion to pass through the square of La Pucelle, in the centre of which a statue of Jeanne d'Arc was erected. The *Fleurs-de-Lys* emblazoned on her banner, and borne by her as her insignia, by royal grant, were sculptured on her monument, together with an inscription, which, being translated from the Latin, ran as follows:—

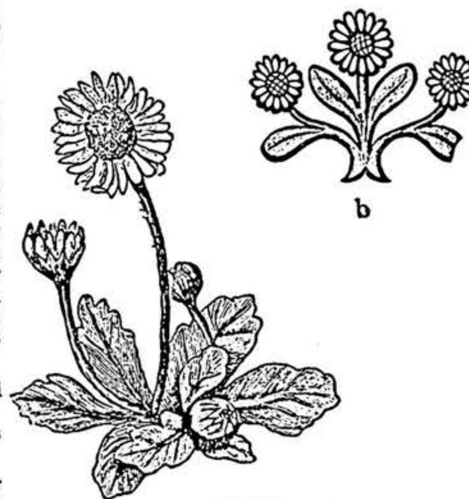
"The maiden's sword protects the royal crown;
Beneath the maiden's sword, the lilies safely blow."

It may be observed that the *Fleur-de-Lys* was chosen by Flavio Gioja to surmount the northern radius of the compass; this was done in honour of Charles of Anjou, in whose reign, as King of Sicily and Naples, that great discovery was made. The Bourbons retained this flower in its conventional form as their emblem; but its assumption was not limited to royal personages and races; it was borne by the Medici, and Est, by our own Montgomeries, Earls of Eglintoun, inherited from their ancestor, John Mundegumri, on whose seal it is found (about the year 1175). The Chateaubriands also bore it, with the motto, *Mon sang teint les Banniers de France*, conferred by St. Louis; and several of the Spanish Orders of Knights assumed it likewise.

Returning to the question of its origin as the royal badge, I should not omit to name an idea promulgated by some—viz., that it was adopted in allusion to the "Salic law" or "code," denying the sovereignty of the kingdom to a woman, and with reference to the passage of Scripture which says of the "lilies of the field," that "they toil not, neither do they spin;" and here we find the origin of the proverb, *Le Royaume de France ne tombe point en quenouille* (freely translated, "the kingdom of France falls not under the distaff").

The initial letter of this section of the series on "Historical Flowers" gives a representation of the *Forget-me-not* (*Mysotis palustris*). Another plant, the identity of which has not been very decisively determined, was woven into collars, and was likewise so called in the days of chivalry, or designated in the language of the times, "*Souveign vous de moy.*" At a famous joust between Edward IV.'s brother-in-law, Lord Scales (brother of Elizabeth Woodville), and a French knight, of Burgundy, such a collar formed the prize. But the flowers may have been the *Veronica chamædrys.* Yet as far back as the year 1500 (and odd) German botanists gave the name *Vergiss mich nicht* to the *Mysotis palustris*, as we do ourselves. According to Miss Agnes Strickland (in her "Queens of England"), Henry of Lancaster (Henry IV.) "gave to the *Mysotis* its emblematical meaning, by writing it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of 'S.S.,' with the initial letter of his *Mot*, or watchword, '*Souveign vous de moy.*' It was with his hostess, wife of the Duke of Bretagne, that Henry exchanged this token of goodwill and remembrance."

But there is likewise a German legend, which disputes with Henry the origin of this poetical name as connected with these pretty blue clustering flowers. Two affianced lovers—a knight and his lady-love—observed a spray of them floating by on the waters of the Danube. The bride-elect expressed her regret at their fate, and the devoted lover



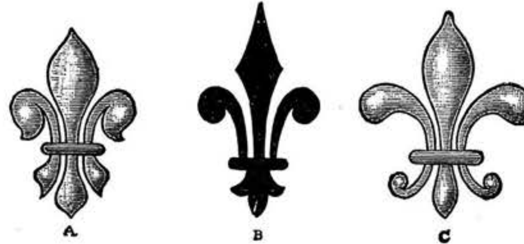
DAISY.

(*a*) *Natural Daisy.*
(*b*) *Daisy Badge. From old Embroidery.*

plunged in to secure them. The flowers were grasped, but the current carried the knight away; and he flung them on the bank as he

swept past, exclaiming, "*Vergiss mich nicht!*

"History repeats itself;" and just such a fate might have overtaken the late Emperor, Louis Napoleon, when walking by the Rhine with his thoughtless cousin, the Princess Marie of Baden. It is related that she was inveighing against the degeneracy of modern gallants, as compared with the chivalrous knights of old. Just at the spot where the Neckar and Rhine unite, a flower was blown from the hair of the Princess into the rushing stream, eliciting from her unwary lips the exclamation, "There! that would have been an opportunity for a cavalier of the olden time to have shown his devotion!" "That is a challenge, cousin," returned the Prince, and without a moment's hesitation he sprang into the surging waters. The story goes that again and again he rose, to disappear beneath them, but in the end reached the bank with the so nearly fatal flower in his hand. "Take it, Marie," he gasped, as he shook the water from his clothing; "but never again speak to me about your 'cavalier of the olden time!'" The regretful Princess afterwards married the Duke of Hamilton, and died very recently.



FLEURS-DE-LYS.

Conventional Forms of the Fleur-de-Lys.

(*a*) *From the First Seal of Eton College, Bucks.*
(*b*) *From a French MSS.* (*circa* 1430).
(*c*) *From the tomb of Lady Elizabeth Montacute* (*circa* 1354) *in Oxford Cathedral.*

THE LAW OF MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

By A SOLICITOR.

ACCORDING to a learned writer the relationship of master and servant is one founded on convenience, whereby a person is directed to call in the assistance of others where his own skill and labour will not be sufficient to answer the cares incumbent on him. It is a relationship which has existed from time immemorial, though in olden times the respective positions of a master and his servant were much more akin to each other than they are in the present day. Of old the servant was more in the position of a slave, whose life and body were entirely at the disposal of his master, but as the age became more enlightened, his position improved. All traces of slavery in England vanished by the end of the sixteenth century, and thenceforth the relation of master and servant became one of pure contract.

In the present day a servant may, therefore, be defined as "a person who voluntarily agrees, either for wages or not, to subject himself at all times during the period of service to the lawful orders and directions of another in respect of certain work to be done." It follows from this that a master is the person who is entitled to give such orders and to have them obeyed.

From the foregoing definition it will be seen that the term "servant" has a very extensive meaning, and includes every person who is under the orders of another, no matter what his duties may be, but the following lines have reference to domestic or household servants only. Domestic servants are sometimes called menial servants, but there is a distinction in the meaning of the two words. The word "menial" has a wider signification than the word "domestic," and includes it. Every servant who at all times during the service is under the immediate control, discipline, and management of his or her master or mistress, and is liable also to attend their persons, is a menial servant; whereas those only who form part of the family household are domestic servants. There is no hard and fast rule as to who are domestic or menial servants, but each case depends on its own circumstances. All indoor servants whose duty it is to attend on their masters and perform household acts are clearly menial and domestic servants, and this will include a coachman or gardener living in a lodge or other separate cottage, but it will not include a farm bailiff, though living in the house. Neither is a governess a menial servant, from the position she holds in the family of her employer and in society generally.

The contract for the hire of a servant by a married woman as mistress of her husband's house is a good and binding one, and her husband will in most cases be bound by it to pay the servant's wages; for, although it is the wife who actually engages the servant, and who will during the service probably be the person to whom the servant will look to for her orders, still the wife only acts as her husband's agent and by his authority. This authority may be given expressly or may be implied by circumstances. A servant, suitable to their degree in life, engaged and hired by the wife can recover wages from the husband. Where a husband and wife do not live together, it depends on the circumstances of the case whether or not the husband is liable. For instance, if when living apart the husband allows the wife sufficient means to enable her to maintain herself in her proper position, he cannot be made liable for the wages, nor can he where he has expressly forbidden his wife to hire a servant, if the latter is aware of the fact.

[As this paper appears in a magazine devoted to matters of feminine interest, the word "mistress" will be used throughout the rest of it instead of master, though the latter must be understood to be included, and for the same reason the servant will be referred to by words indicative of the female sex, although the law laid down is equally applicable to males.]

With regard to the duration of the period of service, the contract of hiring between a mistress and servant is deemed to be a general one, and to last for the period of a year; and where there is no express mention made of the time for which the hiring is to continue, or of the time for giving notice, it is understood that the hiring is for a year, but may be determined at any moment by either party giving to the other a month's notice, or warning, or a month's wages in lieu of notice. Where, however, the duration of the engagement is expressly mentioned, the presumption that it is for a year is rebutted; and where there is nothing to show that it is not intended to be a yearly hiring, the payment of wages at short intervals, such as a fortnight or a month, will not make it less a hiring to last for a year, nor even the payment of wages by the week, where the engagement was to be determined by a month's notice. As before stated, it is a well-known rule—founded solely on custom, however—that a contract of service may be determined by either the mistress or servant giving to the other a month's notice, and at the expiration of this month, on the servant's leaving, she must be paid her full wages up to that time.

The service may also be determined at a moment's notice on payment by the party giving the notice to the other of a sum equivalent to a month's wages. (These remarks do not apply to the case of a mistress summarily dismissing a servant for misconduct, which subject will be mentioned later on.) If a servant gives notice and leaves there and then, she is entitled to be paid a proportionate part of the wages accrued since the last day of payment up to the time of leaving, but in return she must pay her mistress a month's wages as compensation for not serving the month out. If, however, a servant packs up her boxes and goes away without saying anything about it, she utterly forfeits all claim to any wages which have accrued since the last day of payment, and cannot, after wilfully violating the contract according to which she was hired, claim the sum to

which her wages would have amounted had she kept her contract, merely deducting therefrom one month's wages.

Some persons may, perhaps, think this somewhat harsh, but it is nevertheless the law, and, moreover, it is more consistent with honesty and common-sense than to allow a servant to break a contract, and at the same time claim a benefit under it, when upon simply giving notice to the mistress and paying, or agreeing to allow the mistress to deduct from the amount due to her, a month's wages, she can leave at any time. The distinction between leaving at a moment's notice and leaving without notice at all, may seem to some perhaps rather fine, but the practical effect of adhering to the strict letter of the law is merely to compel a servant to give her mistress notice when she wants to leave, which can be but little trouble to the servant, and will, in most cases, save the mistress a good deal of unnecessary trouble and inconvenience and, perhaps, loss. So that if a servant is paid on the first of each month, and on the fifteenth of the month she gives notice to leave, she may go there and then, and the mistress must pay her the amount of wages earned in those fifteen days; but the servant must pay the mistress a full month's wages as compensation *for not staying the month out.* But if, instead of giving notice, the servant simply goes away without saying a word, in that case the wages which had accrued between the first and the fifteenth would be absolutely forfeited.

The service is also put an end to by the death of the employer, and, of course, by the death of the servant. If, therefore, a servant be discharged on the death of the employer, she can claim and must be paid wages from the time of the last payment up to the death. If, however, the servant is kept on by the representatives of the deceased to look after things, she will then be their servant, and they must pay her. If a servant dies during the service, all wages due to her up to the time of her death must be paid to her representatives, who may sue for the same if withheld.

One of the cases in which erroneous impressions frequently exist is as to what will justify a mistress in summarily dismissing a servant. The following are the principal grounds which will justify the discharge of a servant at a moment's notice:—1, Wilful disobedience to any lawful order; 2, gross moral misconduct; 3, habitual negligence; 4, incompetence or permanent incapacity from illness.

As to wilful disobedience, if a servant will not obey a lawful order she must suffer for her obstinacy. If a servant will persist in going out, or standing at the street door, and such like, after having been forbidden to do so, such conduct will justify instant dismissal. In one case a female servant persisted in going out against her mistress's orders, though it was to visit a dying mother, and she was thereupon dismissed. It was subsequently decided by the judges that such summary dismissal was justifiable. This case is not quoted as an example to others to do likewise, but simply to show under what circumstances summary dismissal is justifiable. The mistress's orders must be confined to those services for which the servant was hired, and a mere obstinate refusal to do some particular act will not justify dismissal, the refusal must be persistent.

Again, theft, immorality, drunkenness, and such like, all constitute good grounds for discharging a servant. If a servant is grossly rude and insolent she may be at once dismissed; and if she is violent and uses abusive language to her mistress or one of the family, the latter may send for a policeman and give her into custody.

If a servant won't do her work or is habitually negligent in it, she may be sent away at once; but mere occasional neglect which does not cause injury, does not justify instant dismissal without compensation. And, again, if a servant is hired for a particular purpose and proves utterly incompetent to perform it, this is a good ground for discharge. For instance, if you engage a cook who represents herself to be thoroughly proficient and highly trained in the culinary art, and you pay her high wages, you will be quite justified in dismissing her if she altogether fails to redeem her profession in any essential particular. As a rule, however, it is not safe to dismiss ordinary domestics without notice or payment of wages for incompetence, for it is common knowledge that a great numbers of servants offer themselves, and are hired to perform services which they are utterly incapable of rendering. Want of experience, clumsiness, absence of skill and finish about their work must be expected when untrained servants at low wages are hired, and must be taken as part of the bargain, and it would be safe to dismiss only in the higher branches of domestic service, when special knowledge and skill are necessary, but are not forthcoming in the servant who professed them, as in the case of the cook just mentioned. Of course when a servant is dismissed for any of the above offences she forfeits all claim to any wages which have accrued since the last day of payment, in the same manner as if she left without notice.

A temporary illness, with incapacity for work, is not a good ground for discharging a servant unless the contract has been rescinded; but permanent illness is a good ground for dismissal. The wages that have been earned by the servant up to the time of the illness must be paid, because it is no fault of hers that she cannot continue the service; and unless the contract is put an end to, there is no suspension of the right to wages because of her illness and incapacity to work. It may as well be stated here that a servant cannot legally compel a master or mistress to find her medicine when she is sick, or surgical attendance when she has met with an accident, unless the illness or accident is the direct result of fulfilling a lawful command. However, very slight evidence will fix the master or mistress with liability, and it is probable that if a servant were ill and sent for a medical man with the master's knowledge, the latter would have to pay for the attendance. Indeed, in one case a servant was suddenly taken ill and sent for a doctor, and on the matter subsequently coming to the master's knowledge he sent his own doctor. It was held that he was liable to pay the surgeon called in by the servant, simply because his wife knew that he had been called in and did not express any disapprobation.

Now as to character. No mistress is legally bound to give her domestic or menial servant a character. It is, however, the duty of a mistress to state fairly and honestly what she knows of a servant when applied to by anyone who may be about to take the servant into their employ, and those who are about to employ them have a corresponding interest in knowing the truth concerning them, so that they may be rightly informed as to those who are coming to form part of their domestic household. Masters and mistresses should be freely, unreservedly, and truthfully outspoken as to their opinion of those servants who have left their service, not keeping back that which is unfavourable, nor speaking ill of them, nor recklessly exaggerating their faults and shortcomings. For while the law in the interests of society holds the communication of the character of servants privileged, yet a deliberately stated falsehood would be evidence of malice, and would tend to deprive the communication of its privilege, and render the person making it liable to an action at the suit of the servant. The mistress is in duty bound to state not only what she knows of the servant at the time of her discharge, but if she knows of any circumstance subsequently happening of which the inquirer is entitled to be informed, also to tell further what she conscientiously believes to be the case; therefore, if a good character is at first given, and the mistress subsequently finds out things unfavourable to the servant, it is her duty to communicate the discovery to the person to whom the character has been given.

Any communication made by a mistress as to the character of a servant—no matter how damaging such a character may be—if fairly and honestly made, is a privileged communication; that is to say, that such communication will not render the mistress liable to any action by the servant for slander. This privilege arises from the duty which, as before stated, lies upon all mistresses to state fully and fairly the truth about a servant, whether in her favour or against her; and a mistress, so long as she does not go out of her way to injure, need not be afraid of telling the truth about the real character of any servant. Any person knowingly giving a false character to another person about to hire the servant, and the latter subsequently robs or injures his or her master or mistress, the person giving the character is guilty of a criminal offence which renders him liable to a penalty of £20 or three months' imprisonment with hard labour. But a false character *bonâ fide* believed to be true will not render the giver so liable.

When a servant enters into the service of a mistress it is her duty to fulfil the engagement to the best of her ability; to be honest, respectful, and diligent, to take due and proper care of her mistress's property, and to obey all lawful orders. These orders must be lawful and within the scope of the employment for which the servant was hired; and no servant is obliged to obey an order attended with risk; for instance, a lady's-maid would not be obliged to clean the scullery, and such like.

It is the duty of a master to supply a servant with proper food and shelter, and to pay the wages agreed on between them.

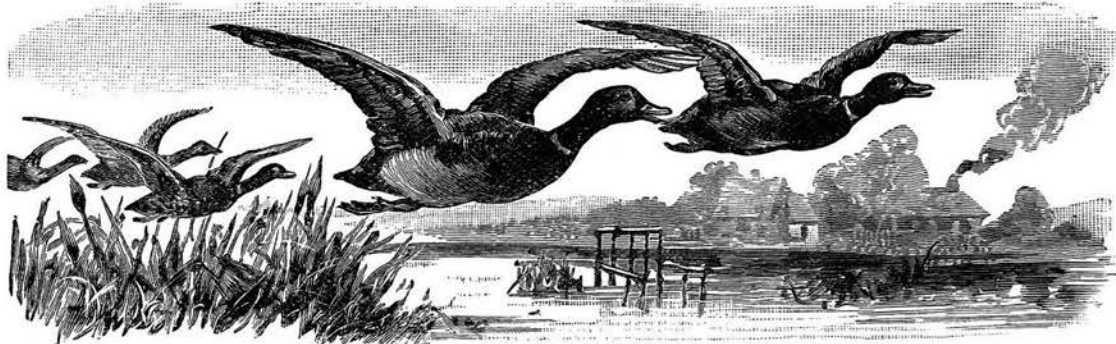
A master may not, under any circumstances, chastise a servant, no matter how incorrigible. If they cannot agree, the servant must be discharged. A master is not liable to a servant for any injuries inflicted by fellow-servants in the ordinary discharge of their duty; for a servant, when he or she engages to serve, impliedly undertakes as between himself or herself and the employer to run all the risks of the service. This branch of the law is, however, somewhat complicated, and in case of an accident happening, the liability or non-liability of the master or mistress would depend so much on the actual circumstances of the particular case, that it is impossible, in a paper of this nature, to lay down any general rules bearing on the subject; and the only safe course under such circumstances would be to lay the case before a solicitor, and be guided by his advice.

Lastly, as to the liability of a master or mistress for the acts of the servant.

The principle on which a master or mistress is liable for the actions of their servant is that of agency. The mere relation of master and servant does not invest the latter with a right to pledge the master's credit, and if the servant purchase goods on credit without the leave of the master no liability attaches to the latter. But if a master holds out a servant as his authorised and accredited representative, it is only right and just that he should accept responsibility for his acts. For instance, where the master is in the habit of sending the servant to buy goods upon credit, and is not in the habit of paying for such goods at the time of buying, but on a particular occasion does furnish the servant with money to

pay for such goods, and the servant either loses or steals the money, but orders the goods, the master is liable, because the tradesman has been in the habit of supplying goods on credit. But when the master is in the habit of supplying his servant with money to pay cash down for the goods he orders, and the servant steals or loses the money but orders the goods, the master will not be liable, because he has always been in the habit of sending the servant with the money, and nothing but the master's express authority to the tradesman to supply the goods on credit will render him liable.

In conclusion, it may be stated generally that a master is liable for all the acts of a servant which come within the scope of the latter's employment, however wrongful and negligent such acts may be, but is not responsible for the wrongful act of a servant unless that act be done in the execution of the authority given by him in the course of the employment, for beyond the scope of his employment he or she is as much a stranger to the master as to any third person, and his or her act cannot, therefore, be regarded as the act of the master.



BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

SOME dozen years or so ago a singular sight was to be seen in Boston, Mass. If you had gone to a certain house as a visitor you would have been ushered into a daintily-furnished sitting-room, where the family mostly lived and received their friends. But the curious thing about this room was that in one wall a strongly-barred and grated door had been let in, and behind this during the greater part of the day might be seen two almost full-grown lions stretched out at their ease. Their favourite position was just behind the bars, where they would lie and watch the operations of the people in the room. Besides their den, which was large and airy, they had the run of a part of the garden behind the house, where they were taken for their daily exercise.

The walls of their room were built of brick, the floor being of wood. There was one long window looking out into their own particular yard, and altogether they were about as happily placed as it was possible for animals in captivity to be.

The lions were a little over two years of age, and strong and large for their age. They were male and female, and the only survivors of their respective litters. One was an orphan, while the parents of the other were travelling about the country earning a comfortable living for their owners.

The little ones were born in New York, and their owner, the widow of a showman, took them under her own care, and fondly called them her "babies." She would speak to them about their "mamma," and they responded to her caresses and would kiss her face. She has been their sole keeper, and while they were quite young, used to nurse them on her lap. They even slept on her bed at night until they became too large and heavy.

One she named "Willie," and the other "Martha," and she would pet them and fondle them with no more fear than if they were dogs or cats. She used to let them have the run of the house, but when they grew up visitors stood a little in fear of them, and so she had a room turned into the den we have described, and kept them behind the grating. But the lions seemed to like to press as close to the grating as they could, where they would stretch themselves out in the most satisfied manner possible.

Their mistress gave them each day twelve pounds of good beef, and no other food, as they seemed to thrive best on that meat. On Sunday, it seemed, they got nothing, that being, apparently, the custom then in menageries.

A visitor to this interesting family at the time thus described the interview:

"Nobody goes inside their room but this lady, Mrs. Lincoln, and nobody else feeds them or does anything for them. I could not help asking what would happen if the beautiful Maltese-and-white kitten that was frolicking about the room should stray within the reach of 'Willie's' great, quick paw. But Mrs. Lincoln said they had always had a cat there, and nothing had befallen her; she knew better than to go near the grating.

"The lady took a little rattan in her hand, opened the door of the den, and walked in. Willie was lying just under her feet, and she said 'Get up, sir!' and 'Roll over!' and he obeyed. Something else that she asked him to do he seemed to feel rather lazy about, and she gave him a rap, after which he appeared to be very sorry, and made a plaintive little whine, and reached up his great head and kissed her, as if to coax her; at which she said, 'Yes, kiss mamma,' which made him happy. She made him stand up on his hind feet and stretch his fore paws up as high as he could. She put her hand in his mouth, between his long, sharp teeth, and patted him on the head. Then he came back to the door and lay down again, growling a little, perhaps with satisfaction that it was over. She says they never attempted to harm her, and she has no fear they ever will."

"Martha" was a much quieter animal, but her beautiful quick eyes gave sufficient evidence that she could be lively enough when the occasion called for it.

Such a sight has probably never been seen anywhere else, as these two great lions thus living on such amicable terms with a woman, and being so absolutely under her control. There was no way out of their own den except through the living-room, and so they were conducted day after day to their playground out of doors. That neither the lions nor their mistress felt any fear was of course due to her having brought them up from infancy: in fact, all along they seemed to have been treated more like human babies than lion's cubs. They were fed from a baby's feeding-bottle until they were old enough to lap milk from a dish. When their teeth were strong enough to tackle a beef bone they were fed only once a day, at noon, when they were also given a drink of water. They were playful with each other, but sometimes roared rather loudly, no doubt to the annoyance of the neighbours.

What became of them subsequently we do not know, but probably they are now travelling about the country, thus repaying their mistress for all her care when they were young.

GIRTON GIRL.

By CATHERINE GRANT FURLEY.

"Why, sir, should you seem so startled
When you chance to come on me
Talking silly baby-language
To the child upon my knee—
To this happy, crowing urchin,
While his peasant mother stands
Watching us, while she is wiping
Thick-flaked soapsuds from her hands

"When you met me first, at dinner,
At the Hall the other night,
You were seated on my left hand,
The professor on my right;
And you saw I cared to listen—
Saw it with a scornful mirth—
To the facts that he was telling
Of the strata of the earth.

"And again, when of the Iliad
My companion chanced to speak,
You were less pleased than astounded
That I quoted Homer's Greek.
And beneath my half-closed eyelids
I observed your covert smile,
When our hostess spoke of Ruskin,
And I answered with Carlyle.

"Then you thought you read me fully—
'Woman in her latest phase,
Following with feebler footsteps
In far-reaching manhood's ways.
A half-taught, conceited creature,
Something neither wise nor good;
Losing for a vain chimera
All the grace of womanhood.

"'Failing in her mad endeavour,
Though in every languid vein
Love-warmed heart-blood she replaces
With cold ichor from the brain.
Woman striving to be manlike,
Making him her enemy,
Fighting where she best had yielded'—
This was what you saw in me.

"Sir, I claim to be a woman:
Nothing less and nothing more;
Laughing when my heart is joyful,
Weeping when my heart is sore;
Loving all things good and tender,
Nor so coldly over-wise
As to scorn a lover's kisses,
Or the light of children's eyes.

"Over-wise! Nay, it were folly
If I cherished in my mind
One poor fancy, one ambition
That could part me from my kind—
From the maiden's hopes and longings,
From the mother's joy and care,
From the gladness, labour, sorrow,
That is every woman's share.

"Not for all life's garb of duty
In the self-same tint is dyed;
I must walk alone, another
Shelters at a husband's side.
Yet I claim her for my sister,
While—though I must stand apart—
All her hopes, her fears, her wishes
Find an echo in my heart.

"*True it is* I love to study
Every page of nature's lore.
Must that make my soul less gentle?
Nay, it softens me the more.
True it is I love the story
Of the old heroic age,
True I love the aspirations
Of the poet and the sage;

"But if poet, artist, thinker,
Lend me some inspiring thought,
Must it follow that the duty
Of the woman is forgot?
No; 'tis you who err, believe me,
Thinking, as perchance you do,
That because her brain is empty,
Woman's heart must beat more true.

"'Tis not learning that unsexes,
'Tis not thought will make us cold,
Nor at sight of heavy volumes
Love on us relax his hold.
Woman is for ever woman;
O'er her life love rules supreme,
Though his kingdom be but fancy,
And the bliss he gives a dream.

"Nought besides, however worthy,
In her heart can take his place—
But enough! The child is frightened
At the graveness of my face.
I must bring him back to laughter.
Pray you, leave us for a time,
Or you'll hear a Girton student
Teaching him a nursery rhyme."

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

August is the glorious time of harvest. The year has now reached its prime. In the fields the busy reapers are hard at work from early morn to dewy eve, getting in the fully ripened corn. Sheaves of wheat are now piled upon the carts, and the whole countryside is astir with life. In addition to the wheat, oats, and barley, the hops are now gathered, and the picturesque hop-gardens are alive with busy hands, picking the long green sprays of hops, which will be converted sooner or later into beer, that great English beverage! To the sportsman, too, does August bring work and pleasure, for on the 12th of this month he hies to the moors with his dogs, and commences the slaughter of the much-coveted game. Yet although the noon is hot, and the sky is blue, there is the beginning of the silent change that tells us that the year is on the turn, and we must look forward to winter, and backwards to summer.

August derives its name from the Roman Emperor, Augustus Cæsar, to whom it was dedicated in honour of his being created Consul in this month. It was the sixth month in the Roman Calendar, but Numa Pompilius made it the eighth; Julius Cæsar gave it thirty days; and Augustus, taking one day from February, gave August henceforth thirty-one days. The Anglo Saxons called it *Arn-monat*, or *Barn-monat*, alluding to this being the period when their barns were commonly filled, the Saxon word *Arn* signifying harvest.

The 1st of August is called Lammas-day, and was one of the four cross quarter-days of the year; Whitsuntide being the first of these quarters, Lammas the second, Martinmas the next, and Candlemas the last; and such partition of the year was formerly equally as common as Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas. Lammas seems to have been held as a day of thanksgiving for the new fruits of the earth. It was probably a great heathen festival.

The 6th day commemorates the Transfiguration of our Lord, which is not observed by the Church of England, although it is inserted in the calendar attached to the Prayer-book. The *Greek* Church instituted this feast as early as the year 700; but the *Latin* did not adopt the institution until 1456, when Pope Calixtus passed a decree for its general observance.

On the 10th a grand festival is held in Spain in honour of St. Lawrance, who, being by birth a Spaniard, has ever been highly exalted by the Spanish nation, and is their tutelary saint. The celebrated Escurial, situated near Madrid, founded by *Philip II.*, and dedicated to St. Lawrance (in honour of a battle won on his day), is built in the form of a gridiron, which is supposed to be the instrument of torture by which the saint met his death at the hands of the Emperor Valerian.

On the 15th of August, 1769, was born, at Ajaccio in Corsica, Napoleon Bonaparte; the great leading star, military and political, of the Western World, for nearly a quarter of a century. During the reign of the second Empire in France, this anniversary was always considered a *grand jour de fête* among the Parisians. The illuminations were magnificent, and everything was done to give due prominence to the birthday of that Emperor who had done such great things for France. What a different story is told to-day!

The 24th day is dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and this festival was instituted A.D. 1130. When the Apostles took different routes, the more extensively to propagate the Gospel, St. Bartholomew travelled with energetic zeal and great hazard through Arabia Felix, Lycaonia, and Phrygia, in which latter country he witnessed the cruel death of his friend St. Philip, and narrowly escaped a similar fate, to suffer a death yet more painful; for, about the year 72, he was flayed alive by order of Astyages, brother to Palemon, king of Armenia. He may readily be recognised in all Scriptural paintings by the representation of a knife in his left hand, in allusion to the terrible death to which he was doomed. His day has also a horrible historical celebrity, in connection with the massacre of the Huguenots in Paris, in 1572, by order of the king, Charles IX. of France, and his mother Catherine de Medicis.

Prince Albert, the illustrious Consort of our Queen, was born at the castle of Rosenau, on the 26th of August, 1819, and his marriage with Her Majesty took place in 1840. He was the son of Ernst Anton Karl Ludwig, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, whose ancestors were Margraves of Meissen, in the twelfth century, and Electors of the Empire from 1425 to 1547.

On the 28th day, 430 A.D., died St. Augustine, one of the most celebrated Fathers of the Church, at Thagaste, in Africa. His mother, Monica, appears to have been a woman of considerable piety, and instructed him in the principles of the Christian religion. Valerius, Bishop of Hippo, in token of his high estimation of St. Augustine's virtues, ordained him a priest; and in the year 392 caused him to be advanced to the dignity of Bishop of that place, Valerius himself being preferred to another See.

The allegorical representation of the month is a young man of rustic and cheerful countenance, with a flame-coloured habit; upon his head is a garland of rye and wheat; upon his arm a basket of ripe fruits; at his belt a sickle; and at his side the sign *Virgo*, the Virgin, because the sun enters that constellation on the 23rd of the month.

RECIPES FOR AUGUST.

Nasturtium Seeds.—The seeds of the nasturtium plant, which we gather this month, are excellent as a substitute for capers, or as an addition to other pickles. Gather them while they are young and green, let them soak in cold water with salt until the next day. Dry them, put them into glass bottles and cover them entirely with boiling vinegar. An ounce of salt, a dozen peppercorns, and a few leaves of tarragon should be put into each pint of vinegar. Cork up tightly at once, and keep in a cool dry place. If the bottles are held in a basin of boiling water while filling them, there is no need to fear their cracking.

Mushrooms are ripe for those who can seek them in the fields and on waste lands. They should be eaten whilst fresh, or not at all. The objection urged by many people against mushrooms is that there are so many poisonous ones, but this is not an objection that deters a great number from enjoying those which are good. Dr. Badham, a great authority on fungi, enumerates no less than forty-eight species of mushroom, all of which are good to eat. A great deal depends upon the place in which they grow; those which grow in woods or shady places are generally unwholesome, also those which grow in tufts on the trunks and stumps of trees. If doubtful about them, an easy way of detecting the presence of poisonous fungi is to hold a silver spoon, or drop an onion into the pan while they are stewing. If there are any poisonous ones there the spoon will immediately on being taken out turn a dark or black colour, so will the onion. If, on the contrary, these keep their natural colour and appearance there is nothing to fear.

Broiled Mushrooms.—Remove the stalks, peel, and dip each one (the large flap mushrooms are the best for the purpose) into a marinade of oil, pepper and salt, lay them on a gridiron if they are firm enough, and broil over a clear fire. It is easier to set them on a tin and cook in a quick oven, and quite as nice in result. Serve on a hot dish, with a squeeze of lemon-juice and a piece of butter on each one.

Dried Mushrooms will be found very useful when fresh ones are not to be had. For drying use the white or button mushrooms, lay them out separately on sheets of white paper, and let them dry in the oven or on the top of the range. They will shrivel up, but only require to be laid in cold gravy or stock, and warmed up slowly to make them swell to their original size.

The large dark mushrooms make a powder, if dried slowly and then rubbed through a sieve. Store in a canister. A pinch of this powder is an immense improvement to stews, hashes, etc.

There are many other ways of using this free harvest of the pastures; while they are in season it is a great pity not to avail ourselves of them.

Poached Eggs with Mushrooms make a variation, and also make this dish a little more substantial. Lay the eggs like snowballs lightly on the top of each square of toast that is mushroom-covered.

Mushrooms on Toast.—A breakfast dish. Peel, and place them in a stewpan with a little butter, a sprinkling of flour, pepper and salt, and a very little water. Cover up and set in a corner of the oven, and cook for twenty or thirty minutes. Have ready meanwhile a slice of fried bread or buttered toast, pour the mushrooms over it, and serve very hot at once. A spoonful of vinegar will make them more piquant.

Mushroom Sauce for boiled fowls.—Use button or white mushrooms for this; scald them, then mince small, and cook in a little butter until tender, but do not let them colour. Turn into half-a-pint (or more) of good white sauce, add lemon-juice to make it piquant, and serve hot, poured over boiled fowls.

Housewife's Cream.—Rub the yellow rind of a fresh lemon upon a dozen lumps of sugar. Crush the sugar and stir it into a half-a-pint of thick cream. Strain the juice also carefully into the cream and whisk until it grows thick. Serve in custard-glasses, and keep in a cold place until required. Serve these with a *compôte* of plums or peaches.

Golden Pudding.—Shred and chop very finely four ounces of fresh beef-suet, add six ounces of fine white breadcrumbs, three ounces of orange marmalade and the same of castor sugar. Beat three eggs, mix the ingredients with these without milk. Let the mixture remain a few hours, then put into a buttered pudding-basin, tie down with white paper, and boil or steam for three hours. Turn out and serve with custard sauce.

General Satisfaction Pudding.—Make a custard by mixing a tablespoonful of cornflour with two of new milk, pour on to this half-a-pint of boiling milk flavoured with lemon-rind; add two spoonfuls of castor sugar and an ounce of sweet butter, also the yolks of two eggs. Line the edge of a pie-dish with light pastry, and ornament. Three-parts fill it with sponge-biscuits spread with jam or jelly. Pour the custard over them, and bake in a moderate oven. When nicely cooked whip the whites of the two eggs to a stiff froth with a little more sugar, pile on the top of the pudding and return it to the oven just to set the *méringue.* Serve either hot or cold.

Sweet Pickled Plums, Peaches, etc.—Prick the plums or damsons (or tomatoes), put them in a preserving-pan, with alternate layers of fruit and sugar; add vinegar enough to just barely cover, bring slowly to a boil, boil five minutes. A few cloves and a morsel of stick-cinnamon should be put into the vinegar. Take the plums out with a perforated ladle, spread them on dishes to cool. Boil the syrup a little longer, pack the fruit into glass jars, and pour the syrup on while boiling-hot.

Cherry-tomatoes are particularly good put up in this way—they should not lose their shape.

Invalid's Cutlet.—A cutlet should be cut from the loin or best end of neck of well-grown mutton. Trim off all fat, make into a nice shape; lay in a stewpan with just enough water to cover it. Stew gently for at least thirty minutes; remove all fat, and add to the gravy a half-teaspoonful of celery-salt, a good pinch of pepper, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, and pour over the cutlet on a hot plate. Serve a light vegetable with it, or some whipped potato if liked.

Pickled Mushrooms.—Use the smallest white ones or button mushrooms, peel them, removing the stalk, throw them into boiling salted water; as soon as tender lift them out and drain on a cloth. Boil vinegar according to the quantity of mushrooms, allowing enough to well cover them. Add peppercorns and a little spice; pour over the mushrooms while hot, and cover the jars when cold.

Pickled Cabbage.—Take off any superfluous leaves and the greater part of the white root. Quarter the cabbage, and then with a sharp knife shred it finely on to a dish with a perforated bottom. Sprinkle alternately handfuls of coarse salt and layers of cabbage. Set in a cold place for twenty-four hours. Drain off the brine and lay the cabbage out in the sun for awhile. In the meantime prepare the vinegar. To every pint of clear brown vinegar allow an ounce of rase ginger, a dozen Jamaica peppercorns, a teaspoonful of black pepper and a few cloves. Boil these together for five minutes, pack the cabbage into jars, pour the vinegar over it whilst boiling hot.

This will be ripe in four weeks' time.

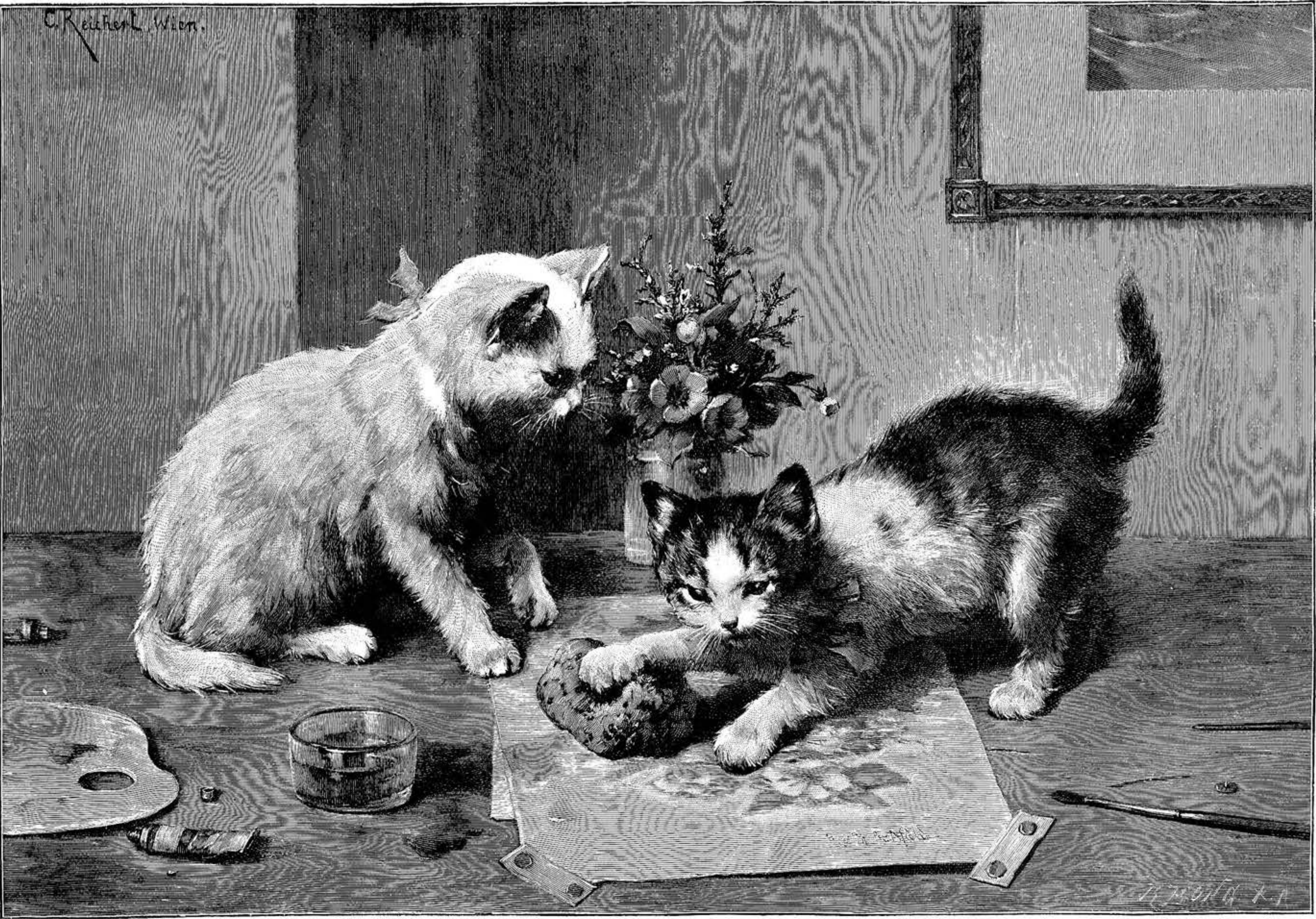
Poor Man's Galette.—A nice breakfast-cake. Rub an ounce of clarified beef-dripping into half-a-pound of flour, with also a small teaspoonful of baking-powder and the same of salt. Mix with milk to a dough, roll out to an inch thick, brush over with milk and bake in a quick oven for ten minutes. Split, butter, and eat whilst hot.

Pickled Cucumber.—Pare some cucumbers and cut them down and across, then into inch-lengths. To a quart of vinegar allow a table-spoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of ginger, one of celery seed, one of black pepper, a pinch of mace and a few cloves; add a few shalots and two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar. Boil the vinegar well, then strain it, put in the cucumbers and stew gently for two hours. This is ready to eat as soon as it is cold.

Candied Plums.—Boil a pound of lump-sugar with a very small teacupful of water until quite a thick syrup. Drop the plums into this after previously pricking them with a fork, let them simmer very gently for at least an hour; lift out carefully and dry them in the sun, then coat each one with powdered sugar, and arrange them on a glass dish.

LUCY H. YATES.

The Girl's Own Paper, 1899



ARTISTS.

APOTHEOSIS OF THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LACED HANDKERCHIEF.

If you did not understand the meaning of the word apotheosis, I hope, my dear reader, that you looked for it in the nearest dictionary, and having found it, no doubt you will wonder what in the world it has to do with a pocket-handkerchief. This is only natural, if you know nothing of the early days of the handkerchief; of its degradation before the 15th century, its rise to grandeur and dignity, to the most gossamer of cambric, and the most costly of lace; when it became an article of fashion, an ornament to be worn, and carried in the hand and used on state occasions.

The first word that we find used in English for handkerchief was "muckinder," which was also written "muckiter," and "mockadour." This word has its origin, probably, in the Anglo-Saxon, Gothic, old German, or some of those early tongues; but it exists in Spanish as *mocador*, in Provençale as *moucadou*, in French as *mouchoir*, and in Latin as *muccinium*. So this word, though not at all an elegant one, was probably the word applied to the handkerchief, as used in daily life, from a very early date.

We find this word "muckinder" applied, in its last days, to the handkerchief worn by children and hung to the side. It was generally attached by a tape, so that it might not be lost. This name is found during the 17th century up to the end, when it was superseded by the word "kerchief." When handkerchief was introduced, and that monstrosity, "pocket-handkerchief" came in, I cannot tell. The latter was perhaps inspired by the French *mouchoir de pêche*, but it is quite a needless addition. A recent writer says that this word pocket-handkerchief is one of the most curious compounds in the language. The first form of the word being kerchief, from the word *couvrechef*, a covering for the head, then we prefixed the word hand, and got handkerchief, a covering for the head held in the hand, but when we use the term pocket-handkerchief we speak of a covering for the head, which is held in the hand, and is kept in the pocket. The words handkerchief, and still worse, pocket-handkerchief, are, says the same writer, verbal monstrosities. So I hope my readers will begin to use the old word kerchief or at least handkerchief at once.

The word kerchief or chef comes from old English coverchief, and the French *couvrechef*, from *couvrir* to cover, and chef, the head. In Scotland a curch is a covering for the head. The word cur, for *couvrir*, is found in curfew, also in curtain, where it still retains the sense of covering. The vulgarism "handkercher" which is still used amongst us, is found in Chapman in the year 1654, when apparently it was not a vulgarism, but in ordinary use. However, that was a time when many things were in vogue which we should deem worse than vulgar now.

It does not seem improbable that the idea of much decorated and embroidered handkerchiefs came to Europe from Eastern lands, where they have been employed for ceremonial uses from a great antiquity. When presents are given, they must be enveloped in one of these much ornamented handkerchiefs, and they are used at all ceremonials. At what time they were introduced it would be impossible to say, but in the year 1498 the Portuguese began to trade with a part of India, and there was always a certain amount of intercourse with other countries in the East.

We find an allusion to this habit of wrapping valuables in napkins or kerchiefs in our Lord's Parable of the Talents, St. Luke xix. 20.

The earliest historical notice of handkerchiefs is, perhaps, the mention in the Acts of the Apostles xix. 11, of the handkerchiefs which had touched the body of the apostle Paul, being carried to the sick, for their healing and relief from evil spirits. And at an earlier date than this we find the traditional story of the handkerchief of Veronica. Dr. Brewer gives it as follows, "It is said that a maiden handed her handkerchief to our Lord on His way to Calvary. He wiped the sweat from His brow, returned the handkerchief to the owner, and then passed on. The handkerchief was found to bear a perfect likeness of the Saviour, and was called *Vera-Iconica* (true likeness), and the maiden was ever afterwards called St. Veronica. One of

MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HANDKERCHIEF, 1800.

THE HANDKERCHIEF AND BOUQUET IN 1837.

these handkerchiefs is preserved at St. Peter's at Rome, another in Milan Cathedral."

In the first volume of Chambers' *Book of Days* you will find a representation of this handkerchief, and all that is known of its history. Also, in Mr. Heaphy's valuable book on the true likenesses of our Lord, you will find a notice of it. It is of great antiquity, there is no doubt; and in this way is valuable, as showing the continuance of the traditional type of our Lord's countenance, the hair parted in the centre, and the long and sorrowful face.

The description of it is, that it is a painted cloth, the material being coarse linen. And the illustration shows that it has the scenes of the Crucifixion painted as a border all round it.

The various methods in which the handkerchief has been used would form a chapter to themselves. From those early days in the 16th and 17th centuries, when it first emerged from being a "muckinder," till it was carried in the hand in Elizabeth's reign, we have several mentions of it in old comedies and plays. In Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614, "a wench with a basket of linen" enters in the first scene with various articles for sale; she cries, "Buy some quoifs, handkerchiefs, or very good bone-lace, mistress." Then addressing Spendall, one of the characters, she asks, "Will you buy any handkerchiefs, sir?" to which he answers, "Yes, have you any fine ones?" She replies, "Yes, I'll show you choice, please you look, sir."

At the same date, we find "Silk handkerchiefs" named, "laced round with gold;" and in *Friar Bacon's Prophesie*, 1604, we read,

> "Handkerchiefs were wrought
> With names, and true love's knots."

Nearly of this period there is another mention and by a more illustrious playwright—Shakespeare—of the handkerchief which performed a fatal part in the tragedy of *Othello*, and that mentioned by the hapless boy, Prince Arthur. In pleading with Hubert to spare his eyes, he asks—

> "Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
> I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
> (The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
> And I did never ask it you again."

A description of the former is worth reading. It was given, said Othello, to his mother by an Egyptian, or what in these days we should call a gipsy; but later on he says it was "an antique token my father gave my mother."

It was evidently of silk, and was embroidered, and must have been rather large, for it is called "a napkin," a well as a handkerchief. Those were the days when people believed in charms, spells, and incantations, to ensure and to preserve love; and so Othello says this handkerchief had been specially prepared by the gipsy, and would guarantee the continuance of affection, if carefully cherished. We know better in these days, and have learnt that the true charms lie in the beauty and sweetness of character, manners and temper.

The kerchiefs of Plesaunce belong to the days of chivalry and romance. They were of silk, embroidered, and presented by a lady to her chosen knight, to wear for her sake. He was bound to place it on his helmet, and to defend its possession against every enemy. So in like manner we read of scarves and gloves being placed on the helmet; the first-named being, perhaps, more generally bound round the arm.

No notice of handkerchiefs would be complete without mention of the Bandana—that importation from the East, which was thought absolutely needful to elderly gentlemen; especially to those who took snuff. Plenty of them are still sold, for there exist people who prefer them to anything else, but fashion has long passed them by. The origin of the name seems rather doubtful; but without question the Indian word is the true source of it, as it shows the peculiar method of their making. This word is *Bandhna*, and it is Hindu, and means a special method of dyeing. The Spanish word *Bandana* is generally quoted as the original term, and this is in its turn taken from the word *Ban-da-la*, which means bast; and the early Bandanas were made, it is said, of bast, which is the inner bark of the lime or linden tree, from which matting and cordage are made. These handkerchiefs have been long made in Europe. The original ones came from India, and were of silk, having white or coloured spots, or diamonds, on a red, blue, or other dark ground. The process of making them seems to have been first practised in India, where the Hindus have understood it from time immemorial. The method adopted was that of binding up with thread the parts of the handkerchief that were to be uncoloured, and then exposing the whole to the action of the dye. The process for making the European ones was invented by M. Koechlin of Mulhausen in the year 1810, and by this method the Oriental ones have been exceeded

THE HANDKERCHIEF AND FAN, 1847.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE STYLE.

in precision and beauty. And as the process is an interesting one, and in vogue to the present day, I will describe it to you. The pattern, which in the real bandana (or bandanna as the earliest spelling was) is spots or diamonds, is cut out in leaden plates. These are placed at the top and bottom of a thick pile f handkerchiefs, which have been dyed a dark colour, mostly red. Hydraulic pressure is then applied, and the pattern is made by discharging the colour with bleaching liquor, which is run in on the uppermost plate, and passed through all the folds of the fabric. The pressure required to work the pattern clearly is said to be enormous. In England, in the year 1851, the chief seat of this trade was stated to be in the vicinity of London, though it was also pursued in Lancashire, Cheshire and Scotland. The trade in that had been reduced to one-fifth in less than sixteen years; the change in the fashion from coloured silk handkerchiefs for men, to white, having then commenced. On reading over this report an item has suddenly come under my eye, which shocks me dreadfully. In 1700 the chintzes and muslins which were worn by the upper classes, and were beautifully fine, and well printed, all came from India, and they were so popular that they nearly superseded other fabrics, which excited popular clamour against them and all printed fabrics, including the bandannas. The Government of the day actually yielded to the clamour, and passed an Act of Parliament prohibiting the wearing of all printed calicoes whatsoever, an Act which disgraced our English Statute book for ten years! This was in the reign of good Queen Anne, I suppose; though I cannot find the exact date, which is not mentioned in the report. I have been trying to think what people did without their chintzes, but I suppose they returned to woollen and linen, both of which were made in England; grogram gowns were worn in the country at this period, which was a coarse woollen cloth.

The costliest lace handkerchief in the present day is said to belong to Queen Margherita of Italy. It was sent to the World's Fair in Chicago, and is valued at £6000. It took twenty years to make, and three people were engaged on the work. Its lightness is so great that you could not feel its touch, and it can be folded up into the size of a halfpenny stamp.

In San Francisco, some of the millionaires are reported to have their initials worked on their handkerchiefs in diamonds; and I daresay, in any account of a New York trousseau, you would not fail to see the value of the wedding handkerchief marked at £1000, or even more.

We have only one proverbial saying in English, I think, derived from the handkerchief, and that is taken from a game which is still played by children, called "Kiss in the ring." A handkerchief is thrown from one player to another; the one to whom it is thrown carrying on the game. Dr. Brewer also mentions a Norfolk game of a similar kind, and gives a quotation from the *Times*, showing the use of the proverb in a Committee of the House of Commons.

The handkerchief, since the advent of Her Most Gracious Majesty, has gone through several phases and has been much decreased in size. We are the only country, however, where this change has come in, for in Germany and Switzerland those used are as large as ever.

Many years ago, when people now living were young, it was a matter of pride to be considered not to find it necessary to have resort to a handkerchief at all. I have recently heard a lady say that her grandmother never used a handkerchief—at least, I suppose, not visibly—and in this connection it was amusing to hear, as I did this year, that on the Continent we are considered not to use them, or very little indeed.

"I should never have thought of blowing my nose before my father," said an elderly lady the other day. "He would have been quite outraged by such a thing. We were never allowed, as children, to blow our noses in company." And even to the present day this seems to be the teaching of the well-brought-up English child, and is probably the origin of the small use we make of the handkerchief. Until you live in the house with persons who have not been taught to consider the feelings of others in their use of the handkerchief, you will never fully estimate what a really disgusting habit it may become—using it otherwise than absolutely silently.

There are several methods of using the handkerchief which are objectionable in the extreme. The first is, rolling it into a ball, and the next is shaking it out before you use it. I cannot think of anything that requires to be so carefully taught to children as the use of the handkerchief, for it seems to be a key to the delicacy and refinement of the character.

As an unfailing remembrance, a knot in the handkerchief seems to be a man's supreme belief; but I do not notice that many women share it. I have known a man to arrive at home with a perfect army of knots, having forgotten the reason for every one. The effort to recall them to his memory taxes the wits of the whole family; but as they are generally acquainted with the grooves his mind runs upon, you may rely on it they will guess nearly all. I am sure you are all well acquainted with the old story of the gentleman who put a knot in his handkerchief to remind him to propose to his wife, or rather the lady he wished to make his wife! And I have always wanted to know how the story got out.

The illustrations will show you some of the variations in the use of the handkerchief in society from the early days of the century till now. It used to be carefully unfolded and spread over the front of the best gown in the partaking of a "dish of tea," as it was then called; and I am not sure that they were not refolded and returned to the pocket. The teacups in those days had no handles, and the tea might very easily have been spilt, I think; and the company rejoiced in hot buttered toast and such muffins and crumpets as we can only dream of.

After this there came a time when the handkerchief was held in the hand; being

HANDKERCHIEF IN THE GIRDLE.

taken delicately by the middle and shaken out so that it looked even as to the corners and the embroidery and lace was properly visible. The fan and the bouquet were its accompaniments in general; and you may see, in the sketches of those days, how much was made of this part of the apparel.

I have several of these old handkerchiefs in my possession, and they are veritable wonders in the way of needlework and fine stitchery. Valenciennes lace was that most generally chosen for their decoration. Indeed, in those days, a gentlewoman thought there was nothing possible in the way of trimmings for her linen but cambric frilling or Valenciennes lace, or both together.

Then there came a time when the handkerchief was carefully stuck into the front of the dress in such a manner that the pretty corners showed; and later on it was tucked in under the waistband, and the ends fell below it on the skirt. Then followed a season when it was severely left to its proper uses, and it was not the thing even to take it out at afternoon tea, nor to let people know you owned one at all.

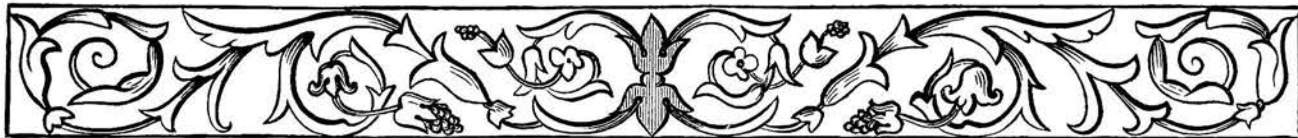
From being twenty-five inches square in the '30's it sank to twenty; and in the '50's and '60's fell to fifteen. To-day we have arrived at a handkerchief of ten or twelve inches square—generally made of the thinnest cambric, or muslin even—and the very last ones seem even smaller, and are constructed of coloured cambrics, the favoured hues being mauve and a pale shade of grey.

We have quite changed, some of us, in our habits of carrying it, and have gone to the army for our examples in stuffing it up the left sleeve. The army, as is well known, is not allowed pockets, and our female sufferings are somewhat of the same nature, for we are only allowed pockets at the extreme back of the gown, where it is impossible to get at them, especially when the band chances to be covered with a glove.

Just as I finish this I have made a discovery. Below my window lies one of those encampments formed by the workmen when any reparations are being carried on in the streets. First there is a small wooden house, painted drab, on wheels; then, in front, a confused mass of picks with no handles, machinery in a pile covered up with a black tarpaulin; and, in front of that, a brazier, about two feet high or so, filled with live coals. All round this there runs a fence or barrier made of long poles and cross-trees. It is a kind of London *laager*.

In the space round the ruddy warmth of the brazier are gathered ten or a dozen workmen, who are each supplied with a tin bottle or can, and on the lap of each is spread a red-and-white handkerchief, containing their mid-day meal. This evidently is the correct thing, as every man has the same, and it is also the rule in all the other London *laagers*. So there are clearly fashions even where red-cotton handkerchiefs are concerned!

HANDKERCHIEF IN SLEEVE, MILITARY STYLE, 1896.



"SPRING CLEAN."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I know you take an interest in all kinds of studies, and am therefore led to communicate to you my latest discovery of an occult form of worship which goes on in all English households about this season of the year. There are lesser forms of the worship at other periods, but the great festival is usually held in April and May. The deity is known under the name of "Spring-clean," and, although it seems a homely title, his power and influence are really wonderful. He is able to move even the largest pieces of furniture right out of their places! I myself saw a huge wardrobe standing in the middle of a room where it never used to be; looking-glasses are invariably turned upside down, and, as I suppose, the rites need a great deal of space, the smaller pieces of furniture generally overflow into the passages exactly where people are most likely to fall over them!

It is always interesting in the history of nations to observe the forms of their worship, and as regards this particular "cult" I had been much exercised, it seemed difficult to arrive at exact particulars on this point. However, early this morning I obtained some light upon the question. Creeping with bated breath into a room where the "orgies" had been held the previous day, I gazed around. Everything was shrouded in white wrappings, giving a most solemn effect, all was weird and unearthly. I felt a cold shiver pass through my frame, but I rallied my powers and determined to unravel the mystery to the end. In Eastern countries worshippers are not admitted into the temples unless they remove their shoes. So here I found an approach to the same thing, the carpet was removed! I was much struck with this curious variation in the form of reverence. But what was actually done by the worshippers? That was what I resolved to find out.

Although one is not allowed to be present, it is possible to judge a little by the things used in the cult, and to my delight I found the evidence I was seeking. In one corner was a large basin full of tea-leaves, evidently they were scattered about as an offering. I believe they are supposed to have a quieting effect upon the nerves of "Spring-clean," a grosser kind of incense sprinkled before his shrine. That, at any rate, was one point established, I made a note of it.

The next discovery was a saucer full of silver sand with a kind of damp flannel on the surface. I have been told that the worshippers are required to bring the sand in contact with metals of various kinds, and to use a great deal of bodily exertion to prove the earnestness of their vocation. There was something that looked to be of the nature of soft soap, and at a certain stage of the proceedings this material is applied to woodwork, the poor slaves of the idol being compelled to do this mainly on their knees, slowly traversing the length of the room, and only *leaving off* when quite exhausted. I noticed some small bottles containing various liquids, but into these mysteries I did not like to intrude. One remarkable thing I have found out is this: that the male part of the population never seem to believe in "Spring-clean," they are for ever scoffing at him in a most irreverent way. In some cases they view him with such abhorrence that when the season comes round for his worship, they go away either abroad or to some pleasant watering-place, and in their absence the rites are carried on with tremendous vigour. Probably some of your readers will be in a position to confirm what I have now stated on this subject.

I remain, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours truly,
VERAX.

Odds and Ends.

No fewer than 1122 women candidates passed in the first-class, at the examination for admission into training colleges held at midsummer, Miss Jessie Dunn, of Liverpool, standing at the head of the lengthy list. All the candidates were educated in schools connected with the School Board, the National Society, the Church of England, the British and Foreign School Society, the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, the Roman Catholic Poor School Committee, parochial bodies in Poor Law Union schools. The results are in every way most admirable, sometimes brilliant.

THE University of Edinburgh has at last bestowed upon women the right to compete for its medical degree. For some twenty-five years past a hard struggle has been waging with the object of wresting this concession from the authorities, Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake, the Dean of the Edinburgh School of Medicine for Women, having been the prime mover in the matter. Owing to the unsympathetic action of the Edinburgh University, the University of St. Andrews appointed some of the women who had studied under Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake as lecturers, to instruct other women for St. Andrews' medical degrees; but the mother-university, Edinburgh, went to some considerable trouble to render this broad-minded arrangement abortive. However, the Edinburgh authorities have now come to their senses, and every facility will be given to women-students to study medicine and obtain degrees.

DR. MARGARET SHARPE is a firm believer in electricity as a cure for disease, especially of a nervous order. She was the first medical practitioner to introduce its systematic use into London, having seen the value of the treatment in Paris after she had qualified as a physician. Dr. Sharpe resorts to its use chiefly in cases intractable to ordinary drug-treatment, and for the alleviation of excruciating pain, such as is induced by rheumatism or neuralgia.

A WRITER in a German magazine has recently declared that the pockethandkerchief was unknown prior to 1540. In that year a Venetian lady, whose name unhappily is not recorded, appeared in public carrying a *fazzoletto*, and from that time its use became common throughout all Italy. From Italy the handkerchief crossed the Alps to France, where it was immediately adopted by the courtiers of Henry II., but it was forty years later before it reached Germany, where its use was a sign of princely birth and great wealth, the people of Dresden, in 1595, being forbidden by an edict to emulate their superiors by its adoption. Among the courtiers of Henry II. of France, the handkerchief was a very valuable possession, being made of the most costly fabrics and richly embroidered.

BELGIUM is still far behind several of its neighbours in the matter of throwing open professions to its women. But the brilliant success of Mdlle. Esther Charpentier, who has come out at the head of the list at the Brussels Pharmaceutical Examination, should be the signal for universal recognition of the claims of Belgian women to devote themselves to scientific pursuits if they so desire.

ADDRESSED "The Queen-Empress, Buckingham Palace," an Indian carpet made for the Queen in the Agra Central Prison, has been safely delivered at Windsor Castle. The carpet weighed three tons, was done up into a roll forty feet in length, and was conveyed to Windsor from London upon several railway trucks.

A FRENCH newspaper has recently given some very interesting facts about the queens and leading princesses in Europe, their wardrobes and their style of dressing. The Princess of Wales is said to have given the vogue to the *costume anglais*—the plain blue serge dress with a high collar, which is her day costume, even in London. In the evening, however, she makes up for the simplicity of the day by gorgeous dinner-gowns and superb jewels. Queen Victoria's love of mourning is shared by the still beautiful Empress of Austria, who, since the tragic death of her son, the Crown Prince Rudolph, has never worn anything but black, occasionally relieved by white lace. On the other hand, Queen Margherita of Italy is passionately fond of white, generally wearing vaporous gowns of *mousseline de soie*. The Queen is very fond of mountain-climbing, and during her summer excursions amongst the Alps invariably wears a short walking-dress of white cloth, and in place of a hat the head-dress of the mountaineers. The young Queen Amèlie of Portugal is given to extravagance in the matter of wearing-apparel, therein following the example set by the dowager-Queen, Maria Pia, who was a constant source of income to the great Parisian dressmakers. The Empress of Russia follows the example of her sister, the Princess of Wales, wearing only the plainest and simplest dresses in the day-time. For state functions and her evening receptions, she wears the rich national costume, her delicate beauty being greatly enhanced by its gorgeousness. The Grand-Duchesses Vladimir and of Leuchtenberg are the leaders of fashion at the Russian Court, the latter going to Paris every season to collaborate with the men-dressmakers in the designing and choosing of marvellous costumes. Of other queens, the Regent of Spain always dresses with the elegant simplicity of a woman of taste, whilst for the Queen of Belgium, costly and elaborate gowns are always associated with weary Court ceremonials which she detests. She is a charming, domesticated woman, who is only happy when living a quiet home-life. The child-Queen of Holland has already evinced considerable original taste in the choosing of her still infantine dresses.

LOVERS and growers of roses will be interested to learn that Mrs. Strauss, of Washington, owns the largest rose-farm in the world. In England, the most enthusiastic and best-known rose-grower is Dean Hole, of Rochester, who has written a valuable book on the subject.

OWING to the recent craze for bicycle-riding on the part of women, the National Cyclists Union are very wisely discouraging ladies from entering races, going so far as to suggest that no record made by a woman should be recognised or noted. It is only in the West of England that women have been known to race on bicycles in this country; but in America, at a recent race, three out of ten were married women—a sign that bicycling is more popular with our American cousins than with ourselves.

THERE are, according to the last census, 53,057 women-nurses in the United Kingdom. Of these many only earn an average income of £30 a year, preferring to be attached to an institution or a hospital rather than undertake the more remunerative, but more hazardous, system of nursing entirely upon their own account.

WOMEN writers have been especially busy during the present year. In one month alone there were between forty and fifty announcements of the publication of books by women authors.

THE Royal Irish School of Art Needlework at Dublin are the makers of a handsome pelisse for the baby Prince Edward of York. It is of white poplin, most delicately embroidered in a design of roses, shamrocks and heather. The royal baby will be well supplied with clothes—the handiwork of two very admirable institutions—for the Edinburgh Gentlewomen's Self-Aid Society have made him an elaborate white lace and muslin frock.

THERE are in England eight Homes for ladies in reduced circumstances, of which three are in or near London—at Bayswater, Lewisham and Norwood. The other five are at Cheltenham, Newport (Isle of Wight), Folkestone, Matlock, and Scarborough. The boon these Homes must afford to many ladies, poor and without friends, is incalculable.

"Sow a thought and reap an action; sow an action and reap a habit; sow a habit and reap a character; sow a character and reap a destiny."

NORTH AMERICA is certainly the land of marvels. In Arizona there is a petrified forest covering some 2000 acres. The tree trunks are enormous, the largest being about ten feet in diameter. One tree, 150 feet long, spans a chasm, and is, in consequence, called the "Agate Bridge." Cart-loads of the petrified wood are carried away daily to be pulverised to serve in place of emery powder. To such an extent is this done that the entire destruction of the curious district is inevitable.

AN amusing story of an old army officer comes from Paris. This worthy gentleman engaged rooms in a pleasant house in a pleasant quarter of the French capital, but when he arrived to take possession of them the landlord objected to the presence of his dog, his inseparable companion. After much discussion the ex-officer sold the dog, but the next day brought home a donkey, which he installed in his sitting-room. Unaccustomed to such luxurious surroundings the animal with the long ears began to bray, whereupon the landlord rushed in crying—

"I do not keep this house to provide lodgings for donkeys."

"Yet you live here yourself," the owner of the noisy animal retorted.

But the other had the last word, for he induced a magistrate to show the ex-officer the difference between a quadruped and a landlord.

ANOTHER amusing story is told of a lady in a London omnibus. She had been shopping, and soon after taking her seat fell into a brown study. The conductor approached, holding out his hand for the fare, but instead of receiving coppers it was taken by the lady and warmly shaken, she murmuring the while, "I am so very glad to see you."

The absent-minded one left the omnibus at the next stopping-place amidst the ill-concealed smiles of the other occupants of the vehicle.

MRS. S. FRANCES CLARKE is the best known lady-amateur photographer in England. The majority of her photographs are taken in a small back garden, surrounded by high walls and buildings, but she shows great artistic feeling in the arrangement of her subjects. Owing to the assistance and encouragement given by the American photographic societies there is a larger proportion of successful women photographers in the United States than in England, where the various societies deny membership to ladies. Mrs. Main, of St. Moritz, is another well-known amateur photographer. Her photographs are invariably taken in the Alps. She read a clever paper on photography before the World's Congress in Chicago.

THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

By H. G. Adams.

At the stile,
Half a mile
From the turnpike gate,
By the dell,
Where rabbits dwell,
We shall have to wait.

Looking out
All about,
On the golden grain ;
Rink-a-tink!
Wink and blink!
Falls the summer rain.

In the glen
Brown-faced men
Send the smoke on high;
Crackle sticks,
Boil the chicks,
Make the broth; oh, fie!

To and fro
Children go,
In the leafy lane ;
Yet awhile,
At the stile,
Waiting we remain.

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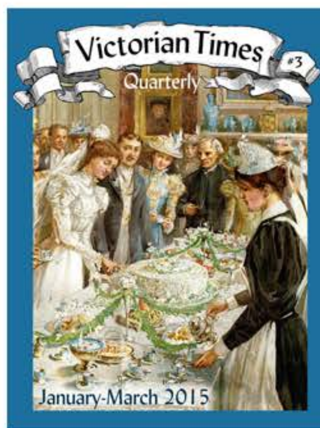

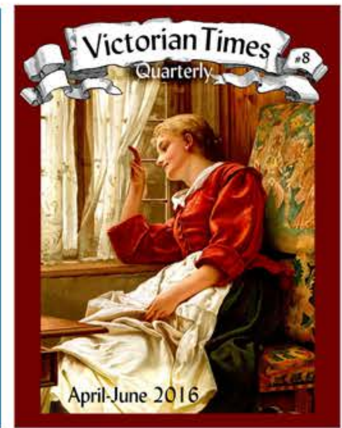

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