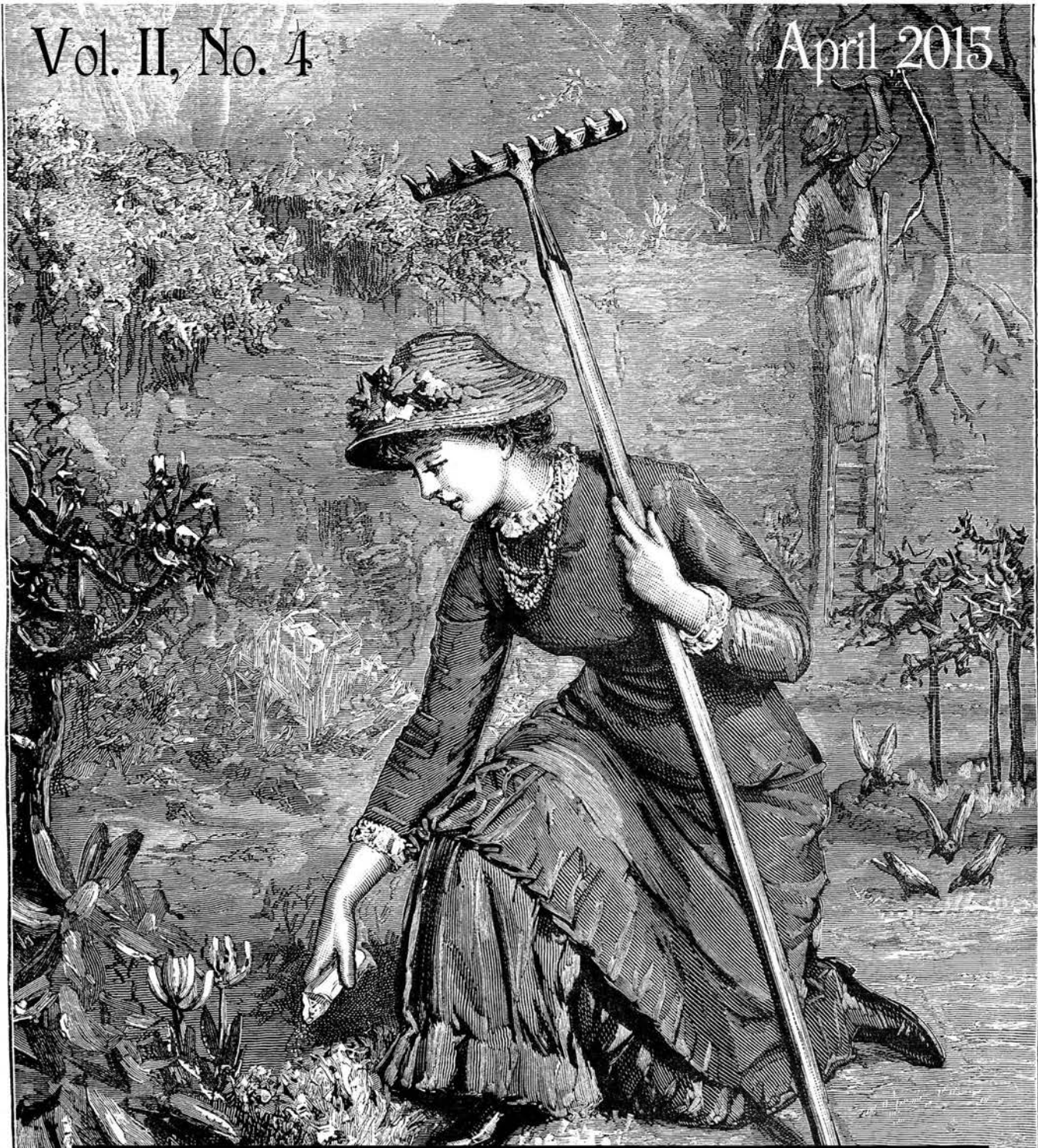


Victorian Times

Vol. II, No. 4

April 2015

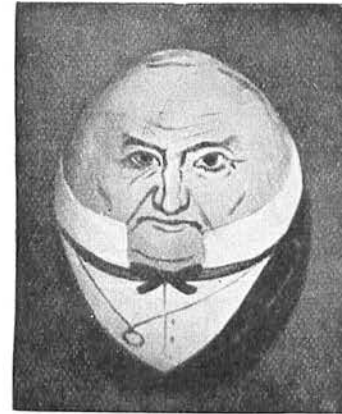


*Victorian Easter Eggs • Railway Travel • Jack the Fox Terrier • April Folklore
E. Nesbit's School Days • Delicious Continental Sauces • Crewel Embroidery
"How I Got My Telephone" • How to Be a "Swell" • Angling in April
A Book-Emblem Supper • An Inexpensive Trousseau • Visiting Etiquette*

Victorian Times

Volume II, No. 4
April 2015

- 2 Editor's Greeting: Bad Victoriana, by Moira Allen
- 3 Easter Eggs, by L.S. Lewis (*The Strand*, 1897)
- 8 Poem: "Spring" by Bryant (*GOP**, 1880)
- 9 Easter Eggs (*GOP*, 1887)
- 10 Notes for April (*GOP*, 1887)
- 11 Jack: My Fox Terrier, by Daniel Dormier (*GOP*, 1894)
- 13 Railway Travelling in Comfort and Safety
(*Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1885)
- 15 My School-Days, Part 4, by E. Nesbit (*GOP**, 1897)
- 16 How I Got My Telephone for Nothing: An Experience
(*Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1885)
- 18 Some Foreign Sauces (*GOP*, 1901)
- 20 Poem: "Redbreast's Ride," by Esther Tiffany (*St. Nicholas*, 1888)
- 21 Poem: "April" (*St. Nicholas*, 1888)
- 23 Hints on an Inexpensive Trousseau, by Margaret Erskine
(*GOP*, 1891)
- 25 Domestic Changes of the Last Fifty Years (*GOP*, 1887)
- 26 Recipes for April, by Lucy Yates (*GOP*, 1896)
- 27 How to Embroider in Crewels, Part 2, by Dora Hope
(*GOP*, 1880)
- 29 Useful Hints (*GOP*, 1883)
- 30 Maxims for Parents (*Chatterbox*, 1889)
- 31 A Book-Emblem Supper (*GOP*, 1900)
- 32 Chronicles of an Anglo-Californian Ranch, Part 5,
by Margaret Innes (*GOP*, 1899)
- 33 Girls as Visitors, by Lily Watson (*GOP*, 1900)
- 35 April: Angling (*Illustrated London Almanack*, 1849)
- 37 Social Lectures: On Swells, by Lewis Hough
(*Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1874)
- 39 Useful Hints (*GOP*, 1894)
- 41 Odds and Ends (*GOP*, 1895)
- 42 Poem: "The Month of April," by H.G. Adams
(*Chatterbox*, 1873)

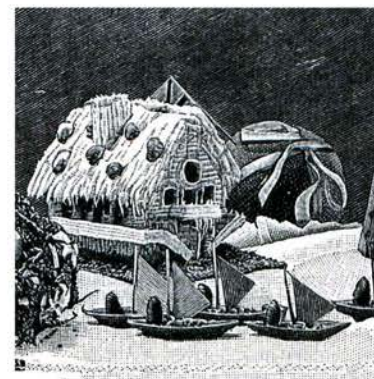


MR. GLADSTONE.

p.3



p. 27



p. 31

A publication of VictorianVoices.net
Moira Allen, Editor - editors@victorianvoices.net

To subscribe to the free electronic edition, visit
www.victorianvoices.net/VT/index.shtml

Print editions available quarterly on Amazon!

Copyright © 2015 Moira Allen

*The Girl's Own Paper

Bad Victoriana

I recently came across a little story pasted into a Victorian scrap album. The title is “Mind What Mamma Says,” and it was apparently first published in *Church and People* and then reprinted in a newspaper (from whence it was clipped for the album). It’s very short, just two half-columns.

The gist of the story is that 6-year-old May is bored—allegedly because her birthday is a whole month away and she is impatient. She wants to visit her friend Ella, but her mother tells her no; Ella is sick with scarlet fever. But (surprise, surprise) little May sneaks off to visit her friend. To make a short story even shorter, May catches scarlet fever—and her little brother dies of it. The story concludes with this paragraph: “And on her birthday May sat at the window and saw them take her dear brother away in his coffin. What a day! May never forgot this lesson.”

Ya’ think? Today, May would probably have spent the next 20 years of her life in therapy, but that’s not really my point. My point is—yes, there is a lot of truly bad Victoriana out there!

While I adore *The Girl’s Own Paper*, reading it is a constant reminder that it *was* published by the Religious Tract Society—and so had a certain mandate to teach Christian principles and values. In its early years, nearly every story and serial carried a moral message, and the magazine was packed with poems advising girls on the importance of good, godly behavior. The remainder (and often in combination) tend to have to do with death: Dead wives, husbands, sweethearts, siblings, and children. Here, for example, is the first verse of an 1883 poem by Anne Beale titled “Easter Day”:

“In and out among the tombs / Fearless childhood glances; / Underneath in narrow rooms, / Dull decay advances; / Sound on silence, swift on slow, / Life above and death below.”

Cheerful stuff, for an Easter poem! Of course, experts tell us that the reason for so many poems about death, dying, and “going to a better place” is simply that Victorians dealt with a great deal more untimely death than we do today. But... bad poetry is still bad poetry!

Stories and poems like these have contributed to the reputation that clings to Victorian literature today—a reputation of being moralistic, melodramatic and maudlin’. And certainly a great deal of what was published in Victorian times is all of that—often, all three at once.

Yet in a way that makes combing through the Victorian magazines all the more fun. It’s a hunt for the pearls amidst the dross. If it were all pearls, there would be a thousand websites like VictorianVoices.net. I suspect one reason that there are not is simply because people have come across stories like “Mind What Mamma Says” and assumed that this is what *all* Victorian literature looks like.

Even if that were true, however, it says nothing about the Victorian period that could not be said about our own. Today we have far more books and magazines than the Victorians—but I suspect the ratio of pearls to dross is just about the same. Imagine, perhaps, the “EVoices.net” of the future, run by an editor who combs through the literature of the early 21st century in search of those precious nuggets that are worth preserving for future generations. “Just who *are* these Kardashians?” I can picture this unhappy editor demanding, tearing at his or her hair in front of the data crystal reader.

Every era produces a mound of drivel. And every era produces its geniuses—we can also thank the Victorians for Dickens, Stevenson, Carroll, the Brontes, and dozens more. But for me, the real delight lies in between: The works and the writers that fall between the drivel and the genius, and are hence most likely to be overlooked. They are what we might have called “midlist” writers today—producing solid work that is still well worth reading.

That’s what makes my job so delightful: It’s like an endless Easter Egg hunt for those special pearls of Victorian writing that are worth polishing up and presenting to the world once again. I plan to keep digging—and I hope you’ll all keep reading!

—Moirra Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

Easter Eggs.

By L. S. LEWIS.



It is more than thirty years since Mr. Joseph Hartl, an Austrian confectioner, re-introduced into England Easter eggs wrought in sweetmeats; and although our confectioners do not receive a

worth of jewellery—watches, rings, brooches, clocks, tuds, pins, etc.

Eggs in which such presents are placed are mere *papier-mâché* shells, covered with hand-painted satin. Frequently, however, a lady will order a plain white satin egg to be painted upon by herself, and then returned for filling and dispatching. Returned travellers will bring in ostrich eggs to be painted and filled; and an egg of the extinct great auk has passed through Messrs. Buszard's hands—truly a present for a prince, empty or filled.

All sorts of presents, from gloves and bonnets to

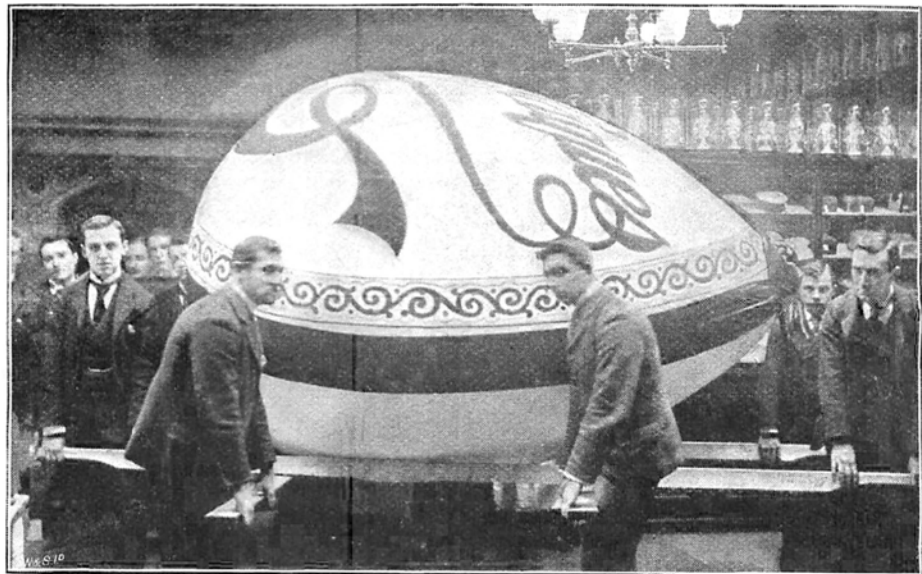


FILLING EGGS WITH SWEETS AND JEWELLERY.

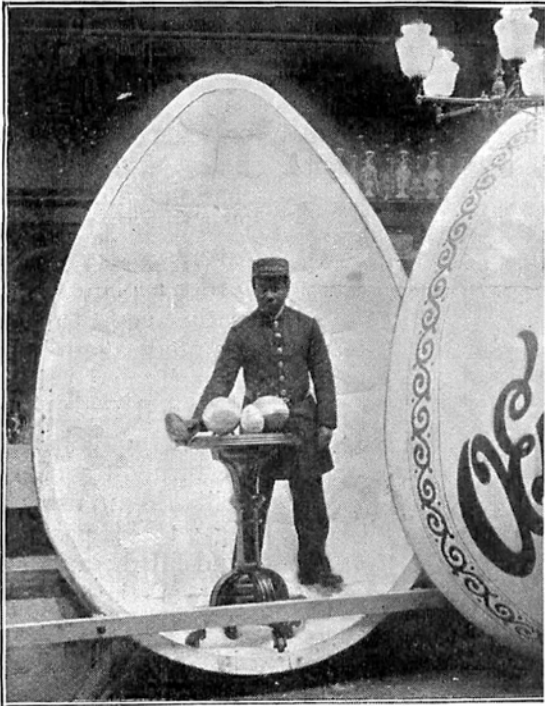
hundredth part of the encouragement given to their *confrères* on the Continent, yet they are absolutely second to none in ingenuity of design and general excellence; this will be evidenced by the photographs reproduced in this article.

The first photo. shows a corner of Messrs. Buszard's spacious show-rooms in Oxford Street. One assistant is putting confectionery into the eggs, whilst his colleague is inserting various articles of jewellery, which have been ordered at the jeweller's and then sent on to Buszard's to be placed in specially made eggs, and dispatched to all parts of the world. On the counter is seen between £3,000 and £4,000

articles of furniture, are placed in Easter eggs; for ours is a practical age. The record egg, in point of size and costliness, was made at Buszard's splendid establishment, and here it is. Seven men are carrying it on a kind of bier. The shell of this monster egg was entirely of chocolate, nine feet high, and eighteen feet in circumference at the widest part. It held about half



THE BIGGEST EASTER EGG EVER MADE.



MAN STANDING INSIDE THE GREAT EGG.

a ton of superfine confectionery, besides the whole expensive trousseau of a South African millionaire's bride. A great number of the wedding presents were also packed in the egg. The sweetmeat part of the order, including the elaborate external decoration, cost £500. The packing of the filled egg was a work of art, and the whole was insured for many thousands of pounds before being delivered on board a Castle liner at Southampton Docks.

The next photo. gives an excellent notion of the size of this wonderful egg. One of Messrs. Buszard's liveried servants is seen

standing in an unfinished half of the shell ; a little table is before him, and on it are placed some plain satin eggs of ordinary size. Easter eggs worth £20,000 have been sent out by this famous wedding-cake house ; but, of course, the value lay chiefly in the precious contents—perhaps a superb diamond necklace composed of specimen stones.

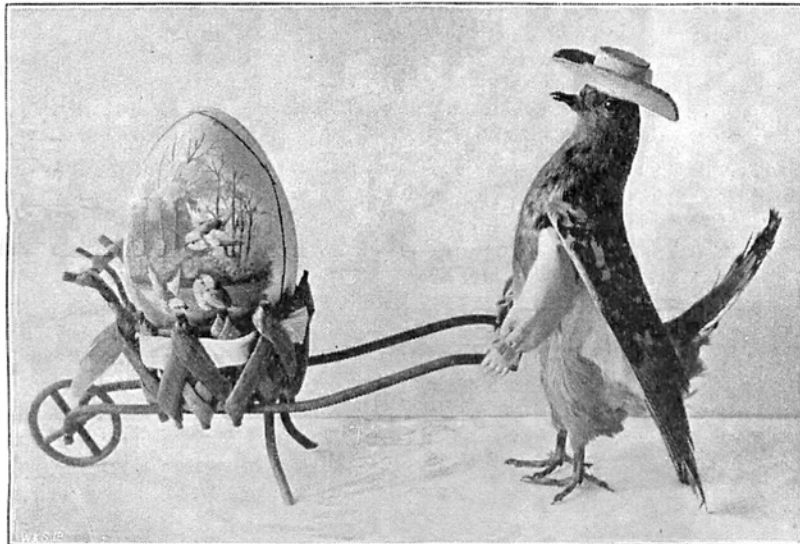
The next photo. shows an amusing novelty. It was made by Messrs. Buszard, and would



TWO EASTER NOVELTIES.

cost two or three pounds. A very perky pigeon, wearing a smart hat, is wheeling an elegant little wheelbarrow, in which is a beautifully decorated and painted egg, filled probably with perfume or sweets.

When I mention that £10 is quite a common price to pay for an artistic Easter novelty in the West-end of London, some idea may be gained of the extent of the Easter trade in New York and capitals of Europe. The inhabitants of St. Petersburg, rich and poor, exchange more Easter eggs than the people of any other two of the world's great capitals. Paris used to come next (Easter novelties may still be seen there, priced at 5,000 francs) ; but second place



A PIGEON OF IMPORTANCE.



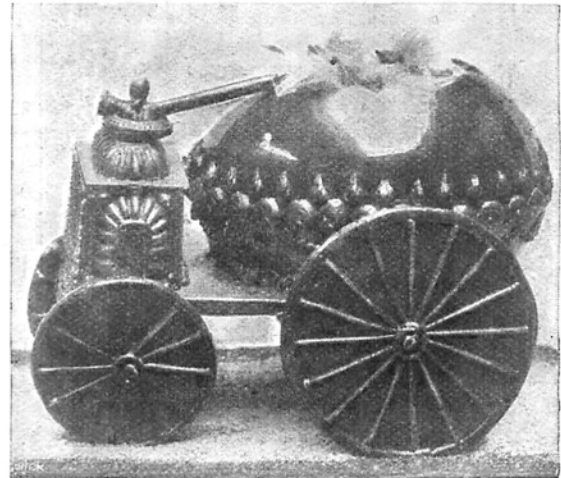
MOTHER OWL AND HER LITTLE ONES.

must now be given to New York, in which city, as everyone knows, things are conducted on a magnificent scale. Mr. Tom Smith, the "Cracker King," told me of a superb Easter egg which a New York railway magnate presented to his little son. It was really a miniature carriage, the body being in the form of a huge egg, enamelled white, lined with white quilted satin, and drawn by a pair of marvellously diminutive ponies. London comes last in this matter—a long way after Edinburgh, Manchester, and Birmingham.

Here are two more tasteful and pretty novelties from Buszard's. One is a little Swiss carrier who has the inevitable egg in his pannier; and the other is an egg made in the shape of a nest, mounted on a rustic stand, and with a doll clinging to the outside. This brings me to Easter eggs for children. At Hamley's, in Regent Street, you will be shown a satin egg containing a doll's complete trousseau; an egg of plaited straw, containing a miniature tea or dinner-service, or, perhaps, a regiment of soldiers; and huge expen-

sive eggs filled with games and mechanical toys of all kinds.

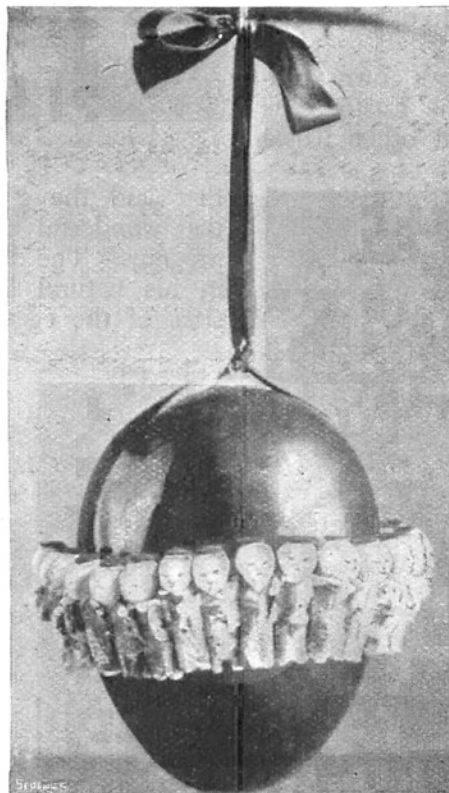
The next novelty shown here was made by Messrs. A. J. Caley and Son, of Norwich, the well-known confectioners. Here we see a big, wise-looking owl with her family; the bodies of all consisting of a delicious chocolate Easter egg. The big chocolate egg lower down, engirdled with a regiment



GREAT MOTOR-CAR OF CHOCOLATE.
From a Photo. by Avenell & Co., Brighton.

of Japanese youngsters, is from the same great East Anglian house.

Of course, to some extent topical events affect the designs of Easter novelties; but the craze *must* be something which can be fashioned into the shape of an egg. Thus, a bicycle wouldn't do. But look at this ingenious little motor-car, which was designed and "built" by Maynards, Ltd., the well-known retail confectioners. The motor-car is one mass of chocolate, weighing 18lb. This is a big egg, but, in point of size—though not in tastefulness and ingenuity of design—the Parisians eclipse us. I have seen, in Paris, Easter eggs as big as an ordinary door. Not all sweetstuff, however. One, I remember, was merely a huge shell of interlaced cane or wicker, which was to be filled with moss and stuck all over with fresh flowers—a costly and



A JAPANESE EGG.



"THE MILLINER'S APPRENTICE."
(A Little Chick.)

beautiful ornament for a lady's boudoir. This cost 1,500 francs.

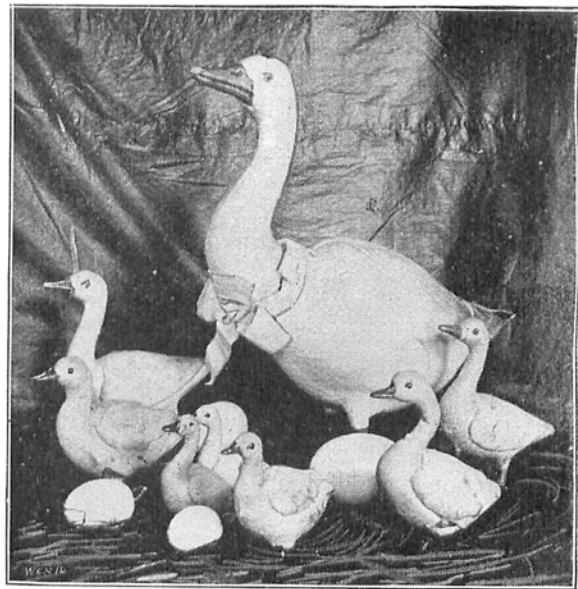
The next photo. shows another of Mr. Hartl's designs—a real chick dressed up as a milliner's apprentice, and carrying in her hand a box of eggs. The donor can, of course, buy an expensive hat or bonnet and place it in the box, to be delivered, as it were, by the gay little chick.

Mr. Ponder, Her Majesty's own confectioner, usually prepares some Easter eggs for the little Battenbergs and other Royal

children. These eggs are in the Continental style—that is to say, real eggs boiled hard, dyed various colours, and then inscribed with names and mottoes. The Queen herself receives Easter eggs from some of her numerous relatives, and also from foreign monarchs.

The elaborate Easter egg next shown is reposing in a kind of hansom cab, or jinricksha, made of bamboo and drawn by a team of four little storks. A fifth stork, of commanding mien, is driving the whole concern, post haste to the residence of the lucky recipient.

But Easter novelties would be incomplete without some representation of "the goose

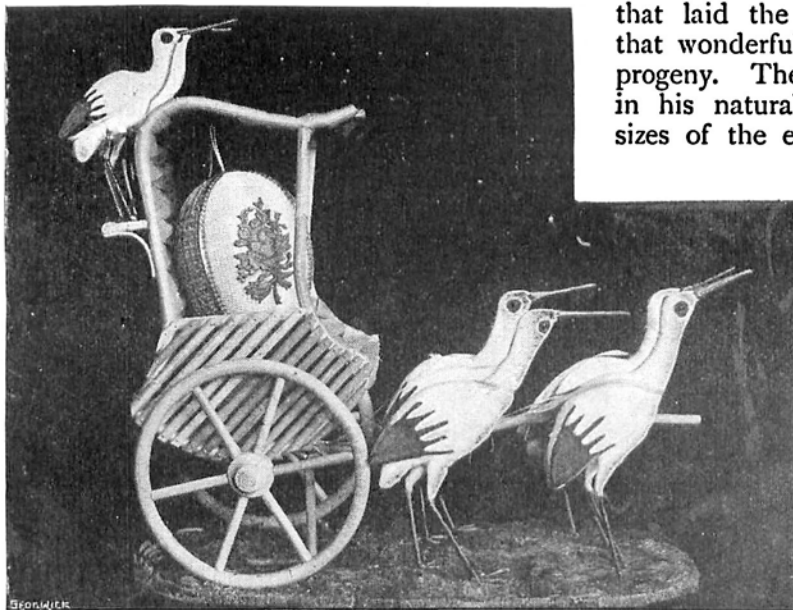


"THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS."

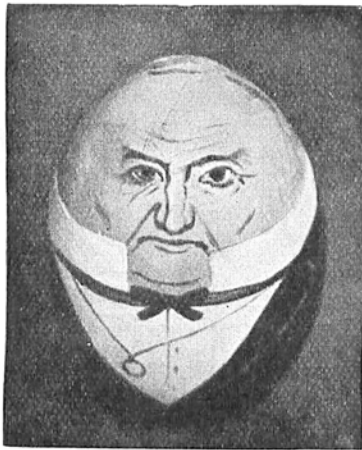
that laid the golden eggs"; and here is that wonderful bird, attended by numerous progeny. The designer may be a little weak in his natural history (notice the relative sizes of the eggs)—but it were churlish to criticise such pretty things.

The larger goose is a mechanical bird—there being a somewhat painful view of clockwork at the place where the neck joins the body. That goose will nod complacently for hours, as though it knew its eggs contained (as many ultimately do) a little pile of twenty or fifty bright new sovereigns.

Lastly we come to some of the many novelties turned out by Mr. Fuller, the



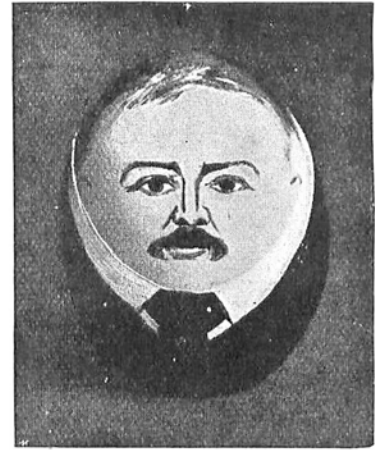
ELABORATE EGG CONTAINING JEWELS.



MR. GLADSTONE.



MR. CECIL RHODES.



DR. JAMESON.

famous American confectioner. In the first place, then, there are rich American cakes in the form of magnificent eggs, iced and decorated in a most beautiful manner, and bound at the joining of the halves with pretty satin ribbons. Then there are blown egg-shells filled with chocolate cream (poured through the pin-hole), and ultimately heated in a saucepan and placed in one's egg-cup on Easter morning.



A CLOWN.



A "DUDE."

Naturally, even the shrewdest suspect nothing, but attack the egg in the usual way.

But Fuller's funniest and most original things are reproduced here. They are of American origin; and here is the manner of their making: About a gross of hen's eggs are bought and blown by the girls at Fuller's works, naturalists' tools being used for this purpose; the contents of the eggs, by the way, are sold to the girls very cheaply, at so much per quart. The blown shells are next taken to the drying-room and left there a few days, before being weighted or balanced. This is done by pouring in through the hole a little fine shot, on top of which is poured melted wax. The eggs are then stood on a per-

fectly level surface and allowed to settle. Then they are placed in the hands of an artist, who judges from the shape of the egg (and the shapes vary) what "character" shall

be imparted to it by means of oil paint. I have chosen for reproduction the following: Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cecil. Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, a clown, a "dude," and a penguin. Now, these eggs are as funny as they are novel. Push Rhodes—

knock him down as many times as you like—and he bobs up again, protesting furiously. The masher rolls about with a tremendous swagger; the clown, with reckless *abandon*; and the penguin, with that comically stupid and helpless air so notoriously characteristic of the bird.

In very few of these eggs are "properties" needed; I mean legs, arms, and so on. They depend solely for their effect upon the weighting and the painted likeness on the bare shell. In the case of the penguin, however, a head and a pair of wings have to be stuck on with gutta-percha. At first these weighted eggs were called "dancing eggs," but that name had to be altered, because people were disappointed at finding no clock-work inside!



THE STUPID PENGUIN.



WINTER is past—the little bee resumes
 Her share of sun and shade, and o'er the
 lea
 Hums her first hymnings to the flowers'
 perfumes,
 And wakes a sense of gratefulness in me:
 The little daisy keeps its wonted place,
 Ere March by April gets disarmed of
 snow;
 A look of joy opes on its smiling face,
 Turned to that Power that suffers it to
 blow.
 Ah, pleasant time! yet, pleasing as you be,
 One still more pleasing Hope reserves for
 me,
 Where suns unsetting one long summer
 shine,
 Flowers endless bloom where winter ne'er
 destroys:
 O may the good man's righteous end be
 mine,
 That I may witness these unfading joys!
 BRYANT.



EASTER TIDE

A PRAYER.

*Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants
free,
That we may live and sing to Thee
Alleluia!*



EASTER EGGS

THE origin of the practice of connecting eggs with our Easter festival is, I believe, lost in antiquity; but they are said to have been used by the Jews at the Feast of Passover. In some Eastern countries there is a very old custom, which still prevails, of presenting eggs at this season of the year—some say because the egg is an emblem of crea-

tion, or recreation, there being a tradition that the world was created in the spring. In parts of Russia people present eggs to one another on Easter day, saying, "Jesus Christ is risen," being answered, "It is so of a truth," or "Yes, He is risen." The Russians also serve red eggs on that day, symbolising at the same time the resurrection and the blood of the Saviour. At the time of Edward the First the eggs to be given to the members of the royal household on Easter day formed an item in the expenses. Over four hundred eggs, which cost about one shilling and sixpence, were, we learn, distributed on that day. Eggs used to be blessed by the Pope for allotment throughout the Christian world, and the service of Pope Paul the Fifth contains the following curious form of consecration:—

"Bless, Lord, we beseech Thee, this Thy creature of eggs that it may become a wholesome sustenance to Thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to Thee, on account of the resurrection of our Lord."

In some parts of the north of England, particularly parts of Cumberland, decorated Pasch or Pace eggs are still sent to children, so that the present fancy for ornamenting eggs is but the revival of a very old custom. Some young readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be disposed to try what they can do in this way. I will, therefore, tell them some of the methods employed; but first let me mention that all eggs to be decorated must be perfectly clean, for the least spot of grease where it was not wanted would spoil the effect aimed at; and they should be boiled hard.

To simply colour the eggs they need only be dipped in water, then placed in a decoction of logwood for the various shades of purple; of cochineal for red, or boiled with onion peelings, or in an onion, for amber, or coloured with spinach juice for green. But superior to these simple colourings are Judson's dyes, which may be obtained of any colour, and can be used as paints on the

shells as well as dyes.

The eggs are dipped in water before being put in the dye, to make them take the colour evenly. If it is desired to keep part of the shell white—for instance, to have a name or motto in white on a red ground—proceed thus: When the egg is warm after boiling take a small piece of mutton suet, which, being hard, you can cut to a point almost like a pencil. With this draw or write what you wish on the warm egg, which you can then place in the dye. The part greased will not take the colour, but when dry the fat is easily removed, and the white design can be left or filled in with another colour, or with a little gold or silver paint. A pretty way is to grease a delicate piece of moss, a fine fern leaf, or a skeleton leaf, to roll either round a warm egg so as to leave a greasy print on it, and then put it in the colour; but great care must be taken in handling the work not to blur the design. An egg spotted with grease then put in a yellow dye, the grease removed, and then a pale blue dye used, produces an effect that would puzzle a naturalist. Brown and blue dyes answer, used in the same way.

Eggs may be also simply treated by having small leaves or little bits of moss bound on to them with various coloured wools, or ribbons (not fast-coloured ones), before they are boiled, the wool or ribbons being removed when they are dry again; the effect is often very good, but there is great doubt about the results in this way of colouring.

A neater and much better way than greasing the design, for those who do not mind the trouble, is to dye the egg all over, and then to scratch out the motto, or whatever is required white, with a penknife. This is, of course, a much more difficult process, and requires great care.

Eggs dyed pale blue, and a little cloud and sea with a tiny boat painted on them, or dyed yellow and turned into a little sunset picture, with a tree added, are very pretty. They can be done in oil or water colours.

I have seen cupids and like subjects painted on them, but they are quite unsuited for Easter eggs, which are not, and should not be used as, adjuncts of Valentine's day.

For more elaborate work, the eggs, having been boiled hard, can be painted over with gold size, and then covered with gold, or any metal leaf, which may be again painted on with oil paints, or by using a medium and body colours, with water colours.

A gilt egg, with a white lily on it, or a silvered one with a daffodil, looks very pretty; violets and primroses, emblems of spring, are also appropriate, while eggs with butterflies or small birds bearing mottoes painted on them, are much appreciated by children. When painted in water colours, the eggs can easily be varnished. On Easter day I once saw the breakfast eggs which the cook had boiled, some with red and some with blue dye in the water, sent to table in a nest of green moss lined with a little white wool; the eggs-

were only cooked the usual time, and were greatly relished by the younger members of the family.

I would recommend the use of Easter eggs to those girls who take Sunday-school classes; they are very good mediums for giving precepts or words of advice; a judiciously chosen motto or text may often do a great deal in helping a child or person to correct a fault, and a motto is more attractive on an ornamental egg than in a book.

I remember a little German book called "Ostereier" (Easter eggs), in which a charming account is given of an Easter festival, when motto eggs were distributed to a number of children. Some of the rhymes given are very pretty; they lose in translation, but are such as "Goodness, not gold, wins love and trust," "For meat and drink the giver thank," "A good conscience makes a soft pillow."

Such sentences as these do for quite small children, but a short verse from a hymn or a text can easily be written on an egg. They look very well coloured pale blue or mottled green and blue, as directed above, and the words written on after with red, or blue ink of a darker colour, and a little ornamentation round. For school-children water colours should not be used in painting the eggs, for the warm and often moist hands

of the recipients of these little gifts would smear the paint.

We must now come to another kind of egg I have found much appreciated, as it is eatable, though imitation only. It is prepared thus: Procure some half egg shells which you can colour or not, as you please, but you must cut the edges as smooth as you can with a pair of small, sharp scissors; next take one pound of ground almonds (they can be bought ready prepared), mix with the beaten whites of three, or if small, four eggs, add a teaspoonful of orange flower water, or a little more, if needed, make into a paste, and stir in one pound of fine sifted loaf sugar, and work with a wooden spoon into a smooth paste; next shake a little icing sugar into the half shells, and fill them with the almond paste, scoop a piece out of the centre of each half, and as you put the two halves together insert a preserved apricot (dried) without a stone; if the apricots are too large use half ones, but whether large or small they must be pressed into suitable shapes before they are used, as they have to represent the yolks of the eggs.

When the parts are joined together, a strip of tissue paper should be fastened round the junction with white of egg, and then a ribbon or ornamental paper put round and the shells decorated with a little water colour paint. If preferred, the shells can be used as moulds

only, and removed as soon as the paste is dry, but if this is to be done the two edges of the almond paste must be *moistened with white* of egg before they are put together, or they would come apart when the shells were removed.

The almond eggs must be put in a warm, dry place as soon as made; a very cool oven will do to dry them.

If you remove the shells, cover the almond paste with icing sugar that has been well worked with a little white of egg and lemon juice; this is not an easy operation, but if the sugar is well worked before using, it will cover the paste more neatly than if used quickly; if sufficient smoothness is attained the sugar can be decorated afterwards with some harmless colouring, such as saffron or cochineal.

To make sugar eggs, mix one ounce of raw arrowroot with one pound of icing sugar, add the beaten whites of three or four eggs, according to size, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; work the mixture well; use the egg shells as moulds and proceed as with almond paste, putting anything that is liked in the centre, and joining the halves together with white of egg; dry thoroughly, in some place not warm enough to melt the sugar, before you remove the shells. It is easier to take the halves off if they are slightly oiled before the sugar is sifted into them.

NOTES FOR APRIL.

It is very interesting in the spring to watch the gradual development of a frog from the egg, through the tadpole stage of its existence, till at last it assumes its final form.

The old frogs emerge from their winter hiding places in the mud, early in the spring, and during March their eggs may be found floating on almost every stagnant pond. A group of these eggs in their early stages of development looks like a mass of clear white jelly, containing numbers of black specks, each of which is really the germ of the future tadpole.

In order to watch the development, a group of the eggs should be taken and put in a shallow vessel of water, which, if kept in the house, should have a bell-glass, or some other covering over it, to keep out the dust.

The jelly-like mass which envelopes the future tadpole is so clear that all its changes can be easily watched. First the head appears, then a flat tail, and in course of time the nostrils, mouth, and large eyes, till at length the completed tadpole bursts open its gelatinous covering, and apparently not in the least embarrassed by its new surroundings, begins swimming briskly about, looking for something to eat. The time occupied in hatching varies in different countries, according to the climate, from four days to a month. In England the tadpole does not often appear till towards the end of April.

The following stages are even more interesting, especially for those who can take advantage of the transparency of the parts to watch the circulation of the blood through a microscope.

The body of the tadpole gradually gets broader, while the tail gets thinner and thinner, till it finally disappears altogether; but before that happens its place has been taken by two hind legs, which first appear under the skin and then gradually push their way through. The fore legs next appear, and so on through all the stages of development, till in a longer or shorter time, according to the amount of warmth, light, and food it can obtain, the complete frog appears.

But woe betide the unfortunate tadpole

which, first of the shoal, attains to the dignity of possessing limbs, for so ferocious are the later ones, and so jealous of their precocious little brother, that they almost always fall upon him, and, not content with killing, never rest till every morsel of him is eaten. And unless several of the tadpoles assume their final change about the same time, this proceeding is repeated till their numbers are very considerably diminished, or, as sometimes happens, till only one survivor is left, who, having helped to eat all his brethren, instead of meeting with his deserts, is allowed to live on in peace, till some day in the course of his walks abroad, he, in his turn, is snapped up as a delicate morsel by some hungry snake or waterfowl.

Insects and flowers are much more closely connected with one another than we sometimes think.

Not only do many insects depend upon flowers for their food, but many flowers also depend upon the visits of insects to carry their pollen from one flower to another and so continue the life of their species.

There are some flowers, however, whose pollen is carried by the wind instead of by insects, and which are therefore an exception to this general rule. These, not needing to attract insects, are small and insignificant, with neither scent nor honey, but with a very large quantity of pollen. They generally flower early in spring, before the leaves are out, as these would catch the pollen as it is blown along by the wind, and prevent it reaching; the flowers for which it is intended. Notice, for example, the flower of the oak, elm, ash, and Scotch fir.

April is a busy month in the garden. Auriculas and polyanthus in bloom should be watered often, and shaded if the sun is very bright, and sheltered when the weather is cold; tulips also must be sheltered from severe cold, though they may safely be encouraged to grow now.

Seeds of perennials and biennials for flowering next year should be sown now, such as wallflowers, carnations, and pinks. Heartsease for autumn flowering should also be sown, and

cuttings taken from old plants. Hardy annuals should be sown not later than the middle of April. Give them good soil, and do not cover the seeds too deeply with earth (some of the smallest kinds should only be sprinkled on the top), and when they begin to shoot up thin out the young plants vigorously; amateur gardeners almost always leave them too close together, but the more room they have the better and stronger they will grow.

If there is no greenhouse, or "heat," half hardy annuals may be sown out in the open garden towards the end of April, and if diligently cared for they will grow well and thrive.

After a warm day, evergreens are benefited by syringing. Ivy that is wished to grow close should be clipped all over; and grass should be cut about once a week, and often rolled. It should not be allowed to get long before cutting the first time, or it will be troublesome to get into order again.

April is the month in which we welcome most of our spring bird visitors. The nightingale and cuckoo have already come and begun their song; the swallow and house-martin will arrive about the middle of the month, and are soon busy making new nests, or patching up old ones. The whitethroat appears towards the end of the month.

During the April showers the whole air seems full of song. Walking through woods ringing with bird music, we are once more reminded of the problem which so puzzled Daines Barrington. "Do the birds all sing in one key? And if not, why do the songs harmonise instead of producing unpleasant discords?" Perhaps it is the distance which lends enchantment and softens the discords. No doubt if all the songsters were in one room, the result would not be quite so happy.

Many eggs, larvæ and cocoons of butterflies and moths may be found this month among heaps of dry leaves, on low bushes, or trunks of trees. Grasses and rushes shelter several of the early species, which are already flying about, and some rare insects may be found now which cannot be obtained later in the season.

JACK: MY FOX TERRIER.

A TRUE RECORD.

By DANIEL DORMER, Author of "A Dream of Queens' Gardens," etc.



YESTERDAY was one of the very sad days of my life, for yesterday my dear dog died.

Even now, though I am sitting by his grave this hot morning, under the shade of a high hedge of hawthorn, I cannot realise that Jack is really dead.

There, just before me, at a corner of one of the lawns of our country garden, is the uneven turf which was taken up yesterday and laid again over the deep earth which hides the stiffened little white body. On the faded disturbed grass stands a lovely pot of pale pink roses, over which a white butterfly is persistently hovering, and at its base lies a cross of white flowers. I will tell you presently why I had no hesitation in choosing that sacred symbol of our sublime faith to mark the spot, though it is only a humble little dog who lies buried there.

Even now I keep expecting to see the daintily-modelled small white fellow, with his pretty ears pricked, one white, one black, and his loving brown eyes expectant, come trotting down the path and over the turf to lie down on the cool, shadowy grass beside me. Even now—and yet my eyes are full of tears, and my heart is heavy with the knowledge that I shall never see my dear daily companion here again!

In the house, before I came here to sit beside his grave, I thought I heard the little whispering whine he used to make outside the door of any room where I, his mistress, was. I even got up mechanically to open the door from long habit of responding to the invariably welcome request for admittance; but before I touched the handle I remembered, and with a pang sat down again.

The pages of the half-filled note-book in which I am writing blows over with a welcome breath of wind this sultry morning, and I see sketch after sketch of my pet. All more or less faulty, yet all too sadly recalling the intent gaze of the big intelligent eyes, the observant droop of the sensitive silky ears which, to my memory, need no recalling.

It was on a dark rainy afternoon in winter,

four and a half years ago, that Jack arrived—a little leggy, shivering puppy in whom, I now remember with amazement, I felt but mild interest.

Tea was waiting on the basket-table at one end of the room, and the leggy puppy indicated his hunger and his entire lack of embarrassment simultaneously by standing on his hind legs and putting both fore-paws into a plate of bread and butter which stood on one of the little side shelves of the table. Thus was the ice broken between us, and a valuable old china plate was nearly broken with it! For the plate flew up, and the thin slices scattered far and wide over the carpet, while I and my sister laughed and caught up the small miscreant.

Then we gave him some food, and afterwards he lay in my sister's lap by the fire—for he still shivered, fox-terriers being specially sensitive to cold—while we talked. Now and then the talk ran on Jacko, I amusing myself as I frequently did throughout his subsequent life by making up conversation which I playfully attributed to him. He always loved to curl himself up in one's lap, though he scorned the notion of being a lap-dog. Only the day before yesterday,

when he was growing mortally ill, with a heavy effort he leapt on to my knee, and sank down there breathing a deep sigh of content. He had a remarkably soothing way of expressing his sense of comfort by these long-drawn sighs of satisfaction.

Beyond the hedge and sloping field which bounds our garden runs a busy railway line. The birds—nightingale, thrush, blackbird, and lark sing day and night in the tall elms there, nothing affrighted by the rushing trains; but the small fox-terrier was terribly alarmed by the snorting iron monster at first, and when, soon after his arrival, we began to walk or sit in the garden, he would play gaily on the grass with his sole canine companion, Rusty, a Yorkshire terrier, until the approach of a train, when he would scurry across to the friendly shelter of our skirts, hiding under them or making frantic efforts to scramble up them on to our knees.

What a contrast Rusty was to Jacko! He, poor fellow, was stolen from us a few months after Jacko came; but how he ill-treated Jack! Many a time the latter had to be rescued from his attack. The poor puppy was never daunted, however. He was always willing to play humbly and happily, if a little boisterously, with his friend, till such time as that friend would suddenly give way to a fit of temper and roll him over and bite him fiercely.

But Jack was soon left to be our sole pet. And how completely he twined himself round our hearts and into our lives! No lover of animals ever saw him without falling in love with him. His loveliness is the characteristic which stands out most in many minds to-day, not least certainly in those who knew him best.

About six months after he came, I had a terrible illness. The wee man was away here, down in the country, while I and the rest of the family were in our London home. I longed very much for the sweet air and quiet of the country, but most of all I longed for my small white dog.

I recovered, and reached this cottage in safety. And every hour of each long day of

my slow convalescence I was helped by Jack. He lay on my bed hour after hour, soothing me with his quiet presence, while I stroked his warm, silky ears and white coat. He ate bits of my food; not greedily, but willing to eat anything I had brought up to me, though he would not touch such kind downstairs—even to drinking a cup of tea! simply, as they told me, and I could not but believe, because he loved me so. When I was carried out into the garden, he exhibited great delight, careering at my side and jumping up to me, or still more often dragging at the train of my loose pink gown as I went, tripping over it, stumbling head over heels again and again in his excitement, till once, later, when I could walk, he carried my train to such good purpose, tugging along, that he dragged me off my weak feet! But neither then nor at any other time did he do me one scrap of harm; only good.

He was very fond of my father—gave him a most affectionate good-bye look yesterday—but he loved his mistress more; and if the two went for a walk together, and either turned back alone, Jack evinced a decided preference to stick by me. His companionship was pleasant to my father, though; and consequently I declined to be escorted by Jack, which difference of will proved a fruitful source of struggle between us for a while. But the duty of obedience was insisted on, and in that, as in all other points, Jack learnt to yield and obey, so that he soon made no attempt to follow me when we separated, but went merrily forward, after just one wistful glance. It was indeed this trait of cheerfulness in submission which is one of the *raisons d'être* of this little record.

Another trait was his lovable companionableness. On one occasion when I was very sad he looked up in my face and then jumped unbidden into my arms. If we laughed together Jack got up wagging his stump of a tail vehemently. If we kissed one another he rose and whined and jumped up to us, till he too got patted and caressed.

He had a good deal of mischief in him. He would make dashes after cows or horses when we passed them in the fields, delighting in the chase, utterly fearless of their dangerous heels; though indeed he was so lithe and agile that the danger to him was small. Now and then he would "go for" a collie or retriever, much to the anxiety of the master or mistress who happened to be with him at the time. But he never in all his gentle life attacked a small dog, or even one of his own size, unless the latter set on him; then he responded heartily—though always with the moderation of one acting in self-defence and conscious of his great strength. For no better developed, more athletic dog ever lived. All connoisseurs praised his condition, and his mistress was proud of the beautiful shapely little creature. He was never spoilt at all, or petted over-much; but was well-behaved and courteous. "What a gentleman Jack is!" people exclaimed. He even hunted "Tommy" the stable cat in a well-bred fashion! taking the vicious claw-scratches with imperturbable good-humour indicated by a wagging tail, and making rushes at his antagonist with an open mouth which was always gentle though the blood trickled down the dear doggie's nose. "Tommy! Tommy! Where's Tommy?" I said two days ago, seeking to rouse my pet. He raised his head, and cocked his black ear; but was alas! too weak to stir. His peace-

ableness seemed to be recognised instinctively amongst his own kind. At a furnished house which we took last winter at St. Leonards, Jack occupied a new kennel which I bought for him; or rather I should say he seldom occupied it. For the mistress of the house owned a dog, which was kept by her next-door neighbour during her absence from home; probably the dog resented Jack's occupation of his abode, for he was perpetually invading our precincts, and usually slept in Jack's fine kennel! Yet Jack would turn him out of doors in a twinkling if ordered to do so.

This hospitable tendency of his finally cost him his life. For not many nights ago he harboured a starved puppy, sharing his bones and water and bed with him. In the morning our groom discovered and drove away the small intruder, for he had distemper. But alas! it was too late, the mischief was done; Jack took the infection though he was so old a dog for it, and it paved the way for the fatal inflammation.

He had a pretty way of his own of springing along on a lawn or in the fields, bound after bound he went, scarcely touching the ground between the leaps. It was charming to watch him, reminding those who had seen them of the graceful action of black buck.

He would have made an excellent sporting dog; but was never required for sport, and so remained untrained. He delighted however to "put up" pheasants and partridges, and worked very cleverly for his own amusement. I have seen him run after a covey of young partridges and push them gently with his nose to make them rise, without touching them further, though they were too young and weak to benefit by the very strong hint he gave them of their bounden duty towards sportsmen.

I never taught him any tricks. He learned to beg from seeing Rusty do it. The funny young thing would sit up behind his senior, dangling his puppy legs before him in comical parody of the Yorkshire's finished performance. He learned to pick up pennies because some happened to be dropped near him one day, and he joined in the scramble, as he always joined in everything that looked like play. He learned to put out lighted matches, because a vesta was dropped alight on the carpet and one of us jumped up to put a foot on it to extinguish it: next time it happened Jack was first in putting out the flame, patting it with his paw, and being enormously pleased and excited afterwards with the commendation the feat elicited for him.

Then another endearing little trick of his own origination was to jump on to a sofa which nearly touches the backs of the chairs of those seated on one side of the dining-table in our country cottage, and to put his fore-paws round the neck or on either shoulder of anyone sitting there. After he had once done that, I encouraged its repetition, saying, "up! up!" and patting my shoulder; and he did it again immediately. He needed no further bidding; but whenever subsequently his capital appetite prompted the coaxing suggestion that his meal-time approached he would jump up and caress one in that way.

Every evening after dinner he had his one daily meal. Throughout dinner-time he lay quite still under the table. But when after the family had retired I began to prepare his food, he came out. Then he would stand on his hind legs, resting his paws on my knees up to the elbow—it always seemed like a child resting its elbows there to me—and watch operations with hungry eyes and a wagging tail. Directly the food was ready he thrust an eager handshake upon me, and forthwith enjoyed his dinner heartily. Surely no dog ever ate so fast before! Now and then I used to pull him back from his dish for fun, dragging him by his short snipped tail, when

he would pretend to bite my hand with the strong teeth, from between which I never feared even to take a bone, and resume his dinner when released with much wagging, saying, oh so plainly, that he understood the play and liked it.

A tiny Maltese terrier came occasionally to visit us. Then, while the little guest was permitted to perambulate the room begging for scraps, Jack was required to lie quiet under the table as usual till the meal came to an end. And further, Joseph, the little visitor, was given first choice of the dish of food they had in common, Jack's great hungry eyes looking pathetically on. One day, and only one, Jack lost his temper with his friend and fell upon him. He was in earnest that day; but he was forcibly taken off the wee fellow and received instantaneous chastisement. Then he collapsed, thoroughly ashamed, retiring to hide behind his mistress's skirts, leaving the remainder of his food untouched, apparently heart-broken at having been betrayed into violence towards his small visitor. So sensitive were his feelings that he would droop ears and tail at one reproving word.

One peculiarity of his was that he would never eat his food unless I were in the room with him. Over and over again he left it and whined at the door after me when I tried leaving him alone to it. So I used to sit with him. As a rule, as I have said, I prepared his simple meal at our own table after dinner. But if friends were dining with us, this became impracticable; so I gave orders for him to be fed in the kitchen. Not a bit would he touch there, however. Again and again I tried him, but it was useless. So I used to go down myself and do it; and once, when a strange *chef* was in occupation below, and a dinner-party of special dimensions was in progress, I secured his food for him, and while the ladies chatted in the drawing-room, and the gentlemen smoked in the dining-room, I sat on the stairs beside my happy little dog while he enjoyed his food. It was not dignified perhaps; but I am glad I did it. And he quite understood the fun of the situation—kept on leaving off eating to look up in my face wagging his tail vehemently; in which pretty way in greater or less degree he always rendered his thanks for all he had.

At one time, two years ago, he got into bad company, and took to going off out alone. He always came back on these occasions looking guilty—which particular expression in him strongly resembled a rabbit. His ears were laid flat, far back on his head; his eyes were abnormally large and prominent, besides being very mournful, and his tail, of course, was tucked close in between his legs. Dear doggie, what a human creature he was! He never seemed like the generality of dogs at all; his was such a distinct personality. One day this playing truant reached a crisis, and came to an abrupt termination. We missed him in the afternoon, and grew sufficiently anxious towards evening, having searched in field and road and failed to find him. Then late at night we heard two long-drawn dismal wails outside the house-door.

"What's that?" we said. "Can it be?—yes it is, Jack!"

There he sat in a corner of the porch, a dim, white, dejected little object. He was conscious of the enormity of his fault, and had not dared to ask to be let in as he usually did, with a little whining cry or scratch at the door, so he had sat down and howled. No human being ever knew right and wrong more surely.

He had a rooted objection to postmen. One of these usually harmless and useful individuals had thrown stones at the wistful puppy, who, we were told, was always to be seen in the front garden on the look-out when we were all from home. And from that foun-

ation grew a fear and detestation of postmen as a genus. So that when we were spending last winter in a furnished house on the south coast, the innocent wearer of the condemned uniform dare not enter the garden-gate, but on more than one occasion hovered outside, like a restless will-o'-the-wisp, kept at bay by Master Jack (despite his lantern "opened to fright the dog" as he announced), till one of our servants saw him and went to his rescue.

Once, and once only, did he lay hold of a man. My sister took him when she went to be photographed.

"Is your dog dangerous?" asked the photographer.

"Dangerous?" was the amazed answer; "he is the gentlest creature alive." And her hand sought Jack's intelligent head, as he sat close beside her in the nestling way in which he always sat close to those he loved.

Presently the photographer approached his sitter, and laid his hand on her shoulder to move her in order to obtain a better position. When lo! Jack had him by the leg in a moment. He did no damage at all, but gave such a serious warning, that the man rushed off to a chemist frightened and much incensed, though not at all hurt. Apparently Jack could not stand by and see his charge pulled about by a strange man without remonstrance.

He did no great thing, just lived the brief life his Creator gave him—only he lived it so well. For, be sure, there are noble and ignoble dogs, every whit as truly as there are noble and ignoble men and women. And so nobly did Jack take any correction that he soon needed none, and was the happiest dog imaginable.

And so he lived—then drooped, and suffered, and died.

"How he watches you about, miss! just like a child;" said a sympathetic servant, whose heart had also been won by the little favourite.

And the words were very true.

There he lay, stretched helpless on two chairs, with quivering body, each breath drawing heavily through the choked, inflamed lungs, and watched me with his brown eyes. He swallowed nauseous medicine and spoon-food under pathetic protest of jaws locked together with all his remaining strength: bore mustard-poultices and other tortures at my hands, yet the eyes gladdened unmistakably whenever I went near, and perpetually followed my every movement to and fro.

To try and make sleep come to him, I and my sister both left him on that last sad morning of his life. It was oppressively hot, and the door leading to the garden from the room where he lay stood open. After a moment's absence I crept noiselessly back to this doorway. But I soon went right in, for my dear dog was crying, with the sobbing shadow of the little cry he always made when he was trying to get to me and could not.

Two hours after that, when his unexpected end was very near, my sister was sitting with him and I joined her. I knelt down beside him to get my face on a level with him to soothe and comfort him a little. (It was but half-an-hour before his death, though we little knew that.) I talked to him, and touched his ears in the way he loved. Then he began to sob, looking eagerly at me, so that my sister begged me to go away.

"I wish you would leave him, dear," she said; "this cannot be good for him. He is much worse when you are here; he does so try to tell you how ill he is."

For his sake, I went, sadly enough. But, presently, finding him left alone for a few moments I stole back once more. I could not keep away. In an instant I noticed that a marked change had taken place in his breathing. I stood over him.

"He can't last long if he breathes as quick as that, miss, can he?" asks the maid who had crept in after me to see him too.

"No," I replied anxiously, and laid my hand on him.

He looked up right into my face with the most loving look I ever saw; the dear dumb suffering eyes brimmed with devotion, and the breathing quieted down.

"Why, it's different now; it's done him good to have your hand on him, miss, hasn't it?" said the girl in round-eyed wonder.

And it was unquestionably true. Then I knelt down once more and touched his head with my other hand also. Once more he looked me full in the face and tried to lick my hand. Then came a terrible convulsion, and Jack fell down again, dead.

"He is dead—quite dead!" I heard myself sobbing, as though it were another person who spoke. For I am not ashamed to say I cried like a child—or is it not childish, but only womanly to weep most real and bitter tears over so dearly-loved and loving a fellow-creature as Jack was?

I was broken down all that day, and all night, till towards morning, when the birds began to sing, better thoughts came. "How could I best preserve the memory of my good dog?" I wondered. "A little drinking fountain in a thirsty spot for dogs? A gift to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?—Yes," came to my mind in a hesitating fashion. Then arose a vivid remembrance of him; his perfect enjoyment of the happinesses of his short life, his cheerfulness in submitting to the many little disagreeables in his path, his patience in suffering and death—for the utter absence in him of anything like complaining or rebellion had impressed itself so strongly on my mind that I felt reproved for my great misery in his loss. Could I not learn something from his example? I asked myself. Would not some good habit formed in my own daily life in remembrance of my little dog best preserve his memory? And would any others join me in this, I wonder? If I wrote a little record of the innocent life just ended to the "girls" to whom I wrote once before, would any among them help me

to honour God through God's humble little creature's life and death?

Is the idea strained and far-fetched? Surely not. Is it not true that he excelled most of us in many points? In his obvious gratefulness for all that was done for him, notwithstanding the discomfort it inflicted; as well as in the delighted appreciation of the good which fell to his lot; in his complete and unhesitating obedience to those in authority over him, though doubtless one was whimsical and irritable in the exercise of it occasionally as far as he could know; above all in the daily lovable-ness and faithful affection by which he brightened and gladdened the lives of those with whom he lived, I see very deep and valuable lessons which I, at least, have but half learnt.

So I resolved to try; and here and now I ask you, beloved Girl-reader, will you remember Jack's unconscious example? Recall him and renew the effort every time you see a fox-terrier, if you will. In that way Jack will need no other—could have no better—memorial. He will live on thus in the best possible way; even if there be no other life reserved for dogs.



RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN COMFORT AND SAFETY.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



SOME years ago a discussion took place, chiefly in the medical journals, as to the effects of railway travelling on the health. At this date I do not remember the conclusions generally arrived at. It is little matter, for even if I did, I should form my own independent opinion. Travelling by train may be

productive of much pleasure, and the health may be benefited by it when judiciously and comfortably gone about. On the other hand, our railway system is accountable for a good deal of chronic illness, quite apart from those accidents to life and limb against which there can be no real protection.

It certainly is not my intention, however, in this paper to put forward railway travel as a new cure, or

even to recommend it as a curative agent of any kind, but merely to offer a few hints and suggestions, coupled with a word or two of good advice and warning, which may be found useful to those in health as well as to the invalid.

There is a large class of travellers in this country whose duties take them every day to the City, or to cities, and whose homes are in the country or suburbs. They spend, in point of fact, a considerable portion of their lives in railway carriages; and there are many others, notably commercial travellers, who do the same. Now, those belonging to either of these classes may be excused if they sometimes ask themselves the question, "Does constant railway travelling injure the health in any way, and tend to shorten life?"

The answer to this would, I think, be: "It all depends on how one travels." I happen to have

among my acquaintances quite a large number of railway guards, several of whom have been in the company's service for thirty years, and some for a much longer period, and all of these, as far as I can at present recollect, are hale, healthy men, whether old or young, pleasant and good-natured and *calm-minded*, as a rule, amid all the roar and bustle incidental to their occupation.

This, the reader may naturally reply, proves nothing. The sick and infirm, those whom their calling has used up, drop off the line, and are therefore out of count. True; but I also happen to know that most of those who do leave, do so either to better themselves or because they are getting up in years.

I know the case of an old gentleman (he is well-nigh seventy) whose profession—a rather singular one—compels him to live almost constantly in railway carriages, with only intervals of a few hours' toilsome work at the places he visits. He has been leading the same strange life for, I believe, twelve or fifteen years. He eats and sleeps in the train, and abjures Pullman. He takes breakfast one morning at, say, Aberdeen, sups next evening perhaps in Exeter, and next probably at Newcastle, or it may be Glasgow or Perth. Well, I do not know where I could find a healthier man, nor a harder, nor hardier. His secret is this—and it is the secret also of the surprising health which railway guards enjoy—he does his work and travelling systematically: he times himself: he never hurries.

There is as much difference between the method of travelling adopted by these people, and that of most commercial men, as there is between the flight of a hive bee and that of a blue-bottle fly.

Those people who have business in the City, but who go home every night to the country to dine and to sleep, have only themselves to blame if they do not derive more benefit from that mode of life than from staying constantly in town. To one not accustomed to railway journeys, the noise, the rattle, and dust are very fatiguing, but your constant traveller soon gets over this.

"When I have to make a journey of fifty miles by railway," said a well-known author to me the other day, "I always go first-class for *cheapness' sake*." The explanation is this: did this gentleman travel third-class, he would be incapacitated for clear, steady brain-work next day, and would thus be out of pocket far more than the difference between the two fares. The jolting of a railway carriage over the smoothest line tends to concussion the brain, to stupefy, to stultify it, and a period of rest must ensue before it is again fit for brilliant mental labour. Brain-workers like my friend the author, not much used to travelling, would naturally be more cognisant of this than others. And invalids would feel it too; therefore I say that the latter cannot travel over-carefully as regards their comforts, when they travel at all.

It is often, if not always, a matter of moment for the invalid to get over the journey as quickly as possible. Fast trains, however, are certainly the most fatiguing, so if time can be spared, the invalid should adopt the slower method of progression.

Hurry to or from trains should in all cases be avoided. It is dangerous to the healthy habitual traveller as well as the invalid. Many a one has suffered permanent dilatation of the heart in hurrying to catch a train; many a one has dropped down dead from the same cause.

Hurry in catching trains tends to weakness of the nervous system, to indigestion, and to heart disease, to say nothing of the risk of catching cold from sitting down in the carriage heated, in cases where the person has to walk quickly instead of riding.

For a large number of different kinds of complaints change of air and scene is prescribed for patients, and long journeys have to be made in railway carriages; it behoves the invalid, therefore, to look well after his comforts in travelling, and not to neglect the slightest precaution to make the journey easy.

Let him not—or, rather, I should say let *her* not; for ladies are more apt to err in this way than gentlemen—let her not, then, fidget and worry herself a week beforehand, thinking of the dangers of the journey, the perils of the road, including the fatigue. Once on board and started, invalids never fail to be quite astonished at the strength they possess, and at "how well they bear the journey." This is very pleasant, but I am sorry to tell them that their strength, in nine cases out of ten, is more apparent than real, and is due to the concussing action on the brain of which I have already spoken. For railway travelling has a numbing, I had almost said a narcotising, effect upon the senses. From this semi-lethargy the patient awakes next day, but it is very agreeable while it does last.

Long journeys should, if possible, be taken by night. And the patient will do well in this case to be at the station of departure in good time, and to make friends with the guard, or to place herself under the management of the station-master, who will see her into a good compartment.

It is a great mistake to take more luggage into the carriage with one than is actually necessary. There is a van for personal property, and no one has any business to travel who cannot so pack his or her luggage, so label and address it, as to insure safety. People who come lumbering and floundering and fussing into carriages with leather hat-boxes, great portmanteaus, or commercial tin-cases, I look upon as both selfish and disagreeable.

But rugs are essential to comfort, and so also, to the invalid travelling by night, is an india-rubber air-cushion. This is *so* easily carried, *so* easily inflated, and *so* comfortable. Here is a hint, by the way, to some makers of india-rubber goods. While travelling by day in, say, a second-class carriage, tired people often find it a great relief to be able to occupy even one-half of the seat: they can thus get their legs up. Well, in this position there is no other pillow for the head except the hard window-frame; would it not be possible, my dear manufacturer, to have a tiny air-cushion to fit this little window-sill?

The invalid will have a basket of edible provisions: this she would hardly forget. No strong meats, nor ham, nor beef, nor new bread should find a place

herein. Everything should be light and digestible and tasty, but pastry and sweet-stuff should be avoided; while of fruit, grapes and oranges are the best. A bottle of cold tea and a bottle of water should not be omitted. Tea is the best of all stimulants for railway travellers. A cup to drink from should not be forgotten. Spirits in any shape never fail to congest the brain of a travelling invalid, although they appear to give relief at the time.

Well, then, with her rugs, her air-cushion, and lap-basket, a lady invalid will travel with comfort, providing she does not forget books, and a reading-lamp to attach to the cushion beside her. The price charged for these candle-lamps at railway stations is preposterous, while very often, owing to a badly-acting

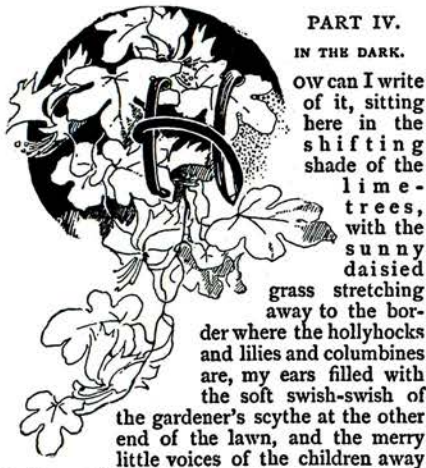
spring, or a too thick or too thin candle, the thing proves a failure after all.

Invalids in London should avoid travelling by the Underground as long as the present system of ventilation, or rather non-ventilation, is practised. The spectacle presented to the eye of an intelligent foreigner of an underground carriage, full of perspiring, yawning, semi-comatose people on a summer's day must seem pitiable in the extreme. And so it is.

Neither in winter nor in summer should people while travelling by train shut up the windows and ventilators of their compartments. The air soon becomes vile and vitiated, and, I need not add, most debilitating and unwholesome.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.



PART IV. IN THE DARK.

OW can I write of it, sitting here in the shifting shade of the lime-trees, with the sunny daisied grass stretching away to the border where the hollyhocks and lilies and columbines are, my ears filled with the soft swish-swish of the gardener's scythe at the other end of the lawn, and the merry little voices of the children away

in the meadow? Only by shutting my eyes and ears to the sweet sounds and sights of summer and the sun can I recall at all for you the dead silences, the frozen terrors of the long, dark nights when I was little, and lonely, and very very much afraid.

The first thing I remember that frightened me was running into my father's dressing-room and finding him playing at wild beasts with my brothers. He wore his great fur travelling coat inside out, and his roars were completely convincing. I was borne away screaming, and dreamed of wild beasts for many a long night afterwards.

Then came some nursery charades. I was the high-born orphan, whom gipsies were to steal, and my part was to lie in a cradle, and, at the proper moment, to be carried away shrieking. I understood my part perfectly—I was about three, I suppose—and had rehearsed it more than once. Being carried off in the arms of the gipsy (my favourite sister) was nothing to scream at, I thought, but she told me to scream, and I did it. Unfortunately, however, there had been no dress rehearsals, and when, on the night of the performance the high-born orphan found itself close to a big black bonnet and a hideous mask, it did scream to some purpose, and presently screaming itself into some sort of fit or swoon, was put to bed, and stayed there for many days which passed dreamlike. But that old woman haunted my dreams for years—haunts them still indeed. I tell you I come across her in

my dreams to this day. She bends over me and puts her face close to mine, and I wake with a spasm of agonised terror; only now it is not horrible to me to waken "in the dark." I draw a few long breaths and as soon as my heart beats a little less wildly I fall asleep again. But a child who wakes from an ugly dream does not fall asleep so quickly. For to a child who is frightened, the darkness and the silence of its lonely room are only a shade less terrible than the wild horrors of dreamland. One used to lie awake in the silence, listening, listening to the pad-pad of one's heart, straining one's ears to make sure that it was not the pad-pad of something else, something unspeakable creeping towards one out of the horrible dense dark. One used to lie quite, quite still, I remember, listening, listening. And when my nurse came to bed and tucked me up, she used to find my pillow wet, and say to the under-nurse—

"Weakness, you know. The precious poppet doesn't seem to get any stronger."
But my pillow was not wet with tears of weakness. These were the dews of agony and terror.

My nurse—ah, how good she was to me—never went downstairs to supper after she found out my terrors, which she very quickly did. She used to sit in the day nursery with the door open "a tiny crack," and that light was company, because I knew I had only to call out, and someone who loved me would come and banish fear. But a light without human companionship was worse than darkness, especially a little light. Night-lights, deepening the shadows with their horrid possibilities are a mere refinement of cruelty, and some friends who thought to do me a kindness by leaving the gas burning low gave me one of the most awful nights I ever had.

It was a strange house in Sutherland Gardens—a house with large rooms and heavy hangings—with massive wardrobes and deep ottoman boxes. The immense four-post beds stood out about a yard from the wall, for some "convenience of sweeping" reason, I believe. Consider the horror of having behind you, as you lay trembling in the chill linen of a strange bed, a dark space, no comforting solid wall that you could put your hand up to and touch, but a dark space, from which, even now, in the black silence something might be stealthily creeping—something which would presently lean over you, in the dark—whose touch you would feel, not knowing whether it were the old woman in the mask or some new terror.

That was the torture of the first night. The next I begged that the gas might be left "full on." It was, and I fell asleep in comparative security. But while I slept, came some thrifty soul, and finding the gas "burning to waste" turned it down. Not out—down.

I awoke in a faint light, and presently sat up in bed to see where it came from, and this is what I saw. A corpse laid out under white draperies, and at its foot a skeleton with luminous skull and outstretched bony arm.

I knew, somewhere far away and deep down, my reason knew that the dead body was a white dress laid on a long ottoman, that the skull was the opal globe of the gas and the arm the pipe of the gas-bracket, but that was not reason's hour. Imagination held sway, and her poor little victim, who was ten years old then, and ought to have known better, sat up in bed, hour after hour, with the shadowy void behind her. The dark curtains on each side, and in front that horror.

Next day I went home, which was perhaps a good thing for my brain.

When my father was alive we lived in a big house in Kennington Lane, where he taught young men agriculture and chemistry. My father had a big meadow and garden, and had a sort of small farm there. Fancy a farm in Kennington!

Among the increase that blessed his shed was a two-headed calf. The head and shoulders of this were stuffed, and inspired me with a terror which my brothers increased by pursuing me with the terrible object. But one of my father's pupils to whom I owe that and many other kindnesses, one day seized me under one arm and the two-headed horror under the other, and thus equipped we pursued my brothers. They fled shrieking, and I never feared it again.

In a dank, stone-flagged room where the boots were blacked, and the more unwieldy chemicals housed, there was nailed on the wall the black skin of an emu. That skin, with its wiry black feathers that fluttered dismally in the draught, was no mere bird's skin to me. It hated me, it wished me ill. It was always lurking for me in the dark, ready to rush out at me. It was waiting for me at the top of the flight, while the old woman with the mask stretched skinny hands out to grasp my little legs as I went up the nursery stairs. I never passed the skin without covering my eyes with my hands. From this terror that walked by night I was delivered by Mr. Kearns, now public analyst for

Sheffield. He took me on his shoulder, where I felt quite safe, reluctant but not resisting, to within a couple of yards of the emu.

"Now," he said, "will you do what I tell you?"

"Not any nearer," I said evasively.

"Now you know I won't let it hurt you."

"Yes."

"Then will you stroke it, if I do first?"

"I didn't want to."

"To please me."

That argument was conclusive, for I loved him.

Then we approached the black feathers, I clinging desperately to his neck, and sobbing convulsively.

"No—no—no—not any nearer!"

But he was kind and wise, and insisted. His big hand smoothed down the feathers.

"Now, Daisy. You know you promised. Give me your hand."

I shut my eyes tight, and let him draw my hand down the dusty feathers. Then I opened my eyes a little bit.

"Now you stroke it. Stroke the poor emu."

I did so.

"Are you afraid now?"

Curiously enough I wasn't. Poor Mr. Kearns paid dearly for his kindness. For several weeks I gave him no peace, but insisted on being taken, at all hours of the day

and night to "stroke the poor emu." So proud is one of a new courage.

After we left Kennington, I seem to have had a period of more ordinary terrors—of dreams from which to awaken was mere relief; not a horror scarcely less than that of the dream itself. I dreamed of cows and dogs, of falling houses, and crumbling precipices. It was not till that night at Rouen that the old horror of the dark came back, deepened by superstitious dread.

But all this time I have not told you about the mummies at Bordeaux. And now there is no room for them here. They must go into the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

HOW I GOT MY TELEPHONE FOR NOTHING: AN EXPERIENCE.



"THINGS are not looking very lively, Louisa," said my husband to me one morning after breakfast. "There seems a little conspiracy against my sketches of Canadian scenery—dealers won't bid!"

"Oh, Charlie! and they are so beautiful," I cried.

"Who, dear?" said Charlie; "the dealers or the pictures?"

"The pictures, of course, you silly fellow," I replied affectionately, for I am fond of Charlie—"still, what can you do?"

"That is just the point, my dear girl. But I must run off and write a few letters. It is a bore, this letter-writing. You are off shopping, I suppose?"

"Yes; I wish I had not to go," I answered; "there are such a number of things to attend to at home. Why can't one give orders without going out, as we did in America—by telephone?"

"My word, Louisa, you've hit it!" cried Charlie excitedly. "You've hit it this time. My dear girl, you are an angel. We'll have a telephone!"

"And pay twenty pounds for it, Charlie? Nonsense! Where are we to get the money? Travelling with the British Association was very cheap, and yet we spent a good deal of money. We positively cannot afford it!"

"We will afford it, because I think I see my way to getting it for nothing," replied my husband. "I have an idea, honestly my own, and I will use it."

"Well, meantime, I must go and order the things. What a dreadfully dreary day it is!" I exclaimed.

It was one of those drizzling, foggy mornings, for which the British climate is remarkable. Everything

was damp, dripping, and clammy. How nice, I thought, to sit quietly in my little boudoir, and—as I used to do in America—telephone to my tradesmen, or the cab-office, in fact make all my arrangements comfortably, without any trouble at all!

"Charlie," I said, "if you can manage the telephone you will be a public benefactor."

"Certainly," replied Charlie; "the company will find a way; I must find the means, and I will!"

Just as I was going out Charlie appeared again.

"Are you going round to the tradespeople, Loo?" he asked. "You look dressed up for a polar expedition."

"It's so chilly and damp. I wish you would go instead," I said tentatively.

"I will," he answered, greatly to my astonishment. "I will purchase your mutton, I will order your beet-sugar, or your Normandy dripping. What do you want?"

"Here is a list. Now run away, and come back as soon as you can."

So Charlie went off, and, as I afterwards heard, he interviewed all the tradespeople, sounded them, and proceeded to business. His manner of proceeding was simple. He first spoke to the butcher.

"Mr. Bullin," he said, "I want your assistance. Will you come to a meeting at the hotel on Thursday?"

Bullin, scenting a possible feast, agreed. So all the tradespeople—the baker, the chemist, the coal-merchant, the fishmonger, the greengrocer, the stationer, and linendraper—came; and all branches of business in our neighbourhood were represented. All these men were, as usual, totally opposed to dealings with the various "stores," a fact which my husband well knew when he selected the members.

"Gentlemen," began Charlie—this is what he said according to his report after—"Gentlemen, I have ventured to ask you to meet me this evening as representatives of the trading community. Those present, I perceive, supply, generally, the entire district here, and do, presumably, well."

"Not so well as we might," remarked one shock-headed man—"sugar's a drug."

"Not in my shop," tittered the little chemist.

"Well," continued Charlie, "I want to benefit you

all, and, I may add, benefit myself too. You would not, perhaps, believe me were I to say I am purely philanthropic. I am philanthropic after I see five per cent. for my money, or say seven and a half in some cases; but it will be your interest."

"To *pay* the interest do you mean, sir?"

"Indirectly. You will use a sprat, Mr. Fisher, to catch a salmon. In other words, you will benefit me and other residents, and keep all our custom in the neighbourhood, on certain conditions to be subscribed to by both parties."

"Let's hear 'em, sir," said the baker.

"I propose to reduce your working expenses, to insure you custom so long as you will undertake to provide the goods we require according to quality, and as ordered; to save you time and trouble, and save your customers money. My idea is this: you charge high prices because you have to keep up stock and send round for orders; then you have to send the goods afterwards. I propose to save at least half this expense—perhaps even more."

"All very well, sir; but how?" said Bullin.

"BY THE TELEPHONE!" said Charlie triumphantly; and then he explained his plan. His enthusiasm was infectious, and he wound up by saying—

"There are ten of you present. Let each of you put down two pounds—my discount for one year, ten per cent. on twenty pounds. Or you can divide the sums, some less than others. I want the twenty pounds for my TELEPHONE."

"What good will it do *us*?" inquired the fishmonger. "I don't care for new-fangled things."

"Ah! you *will*. Listen. Firstly, if I have the telephone in my house I can converse with you if you are on the system. This will save you a great deal of money. You will be able to dispense with the daily sending all round *for* orders, which means a cart and horse and boy the less. This alone will more than pay your connection with the telephone centre. You will *insure* a regular custom if you fulfil orders honestly. We shall gain in time and money. Look at me. I spend five hundred a year, at least; of that, three hundred pounds will surely come into your pockets for household necessaries. You can afford me seven and a half per cent. discount for ready money; that will pay for my telephone."

"Yes, but not our own telephone," said the butcher.

"You are unreasonable, Bullin. The saving to you, particularly, will be immense. Your whole expenses annually in the matter will be trifling when compared with your savings. Will you try it?"

There was some consultation, and they said they would think over it. Two days afterwards Mr. Bullin called to see my husband, and said as we had always dealt with him he would try the telephone. "It can't hurt much," he said. "If it pays with me the others will unite; meanwhile, they are willing to give you percentage, ma'am."

So it was arranged. All our tradespeople deducted seven and a half per cent. from our books weekly for ready money; and Charlie, delighted at the prospect, worked so well that he sold four pictures. Then we

went to the Telephone Company, who treated us very fairly indeed; and for the "agency," which Charlie was "sharp" enough to claim, he managed to get a discount from the company. So he netted a little there, too. The telephone was put up, and worked well.

One morning a neighbour, Mrs. Elmore, came in hurriedly, and begged to see me.

"My dear Louisa, what *do* you think? Just now I was at Bullin's shop, and bargaining with him, when a little bell rang, and he said, 'Excuse me, ma'am; I must attend to Mrs. Farrant.' I was perfectly astonished when he went to a little instrument, and talked to some one through a dice-box-looking mouth-piece. So I asked him, when he had finished, what it was. He said, 'The telephone,' and had got your orders for dinner. Now, *is this possible*? My dear, what a tremendous saving this would be! Why, I have to come out to see this man, and here you are, so cosy, at home! How *do* you do it?"

Here was an opportunity. I took Mrs. Elmore into my boudoir, where, locked in a case for fear of servants, was my telephone.

"Now, Annie," I said, "tell Mr. Bullin you have altered your mind, and will have a leg of mutton instead of the ribs of beef."

"Nonsense, Louisa. How can the man hear me all this way without telegraphing first?"

"Shall I do it?" I asked.

"Please—if you *can*," she added.

In a moment the case was unlocked and I rang my bell. The answer came directly.

"Put me on Number 5,016," I said. Mr. Bullin was 5,016.

"Right," came the answer. Then I told Mr. Bullin to change the joints, and he promised he would.

"The ribs have not gone yet," he added.

"Now, Mrs. Elmore, will you tell him you are here? Ask him something."

"I will tell him to send change for a note," she said. Then she called to him; he replied, and she told him. To her astonishment, when she returned home, she found the mutton and the five pounds in gold, which trusting Mr. Bullin had forwarded.

"I will have a telephone, Thomas," said Mrs. Elmore to her husband. "It is only twenty pounds, and I can get seven and a half per cent. off orders."

"Have it, by all means," said Thomas Elmore; "it will save me, too, a great deal of trouble, for I can have my office letters read to me when I am laid up."

So he had. *That is a fact!* By degrees all the tradesmen came in, and the telephone in our district became an institution. The other evening we went out to dinner, and the carriage was ordered at half-past ten. But an "at home" succeeded. Our friends insisted on our remaining; so Charlie walked down to Mrs. Elmore's, a few yards away, and telephoned home to tell Andrews, the flyman, to send the carriage at one o'clock instead of half-past ten. The livery stable keeper thanked us afterwards for not keeping his man and horse waiting, and got himself attached to the telephone at once, for he was enabled to use

our carriage meantime, and saved sending out another.

Thus we made the telephone quite a success; and Charlie, who has considerable business acumen (for an artist), made something out of his idea. We obtained our telephone for virtually "less than nothing," as we more than gained in the percentages. But the greatest triumph was to come.

We had been out one evening, and it was past twelve when Charlie came up-stairs. He generally looks out of the window when he comes into my room, and on this occasion he called out—

"Hallo! Loo, here's a fire, I believe."

"Where?" I cried, rushing to the casement.

"Up the road. It's at Adams's. The house will burn rapidly; the timber-yard will ignite the whole place. My goodness! this will be serious, and no call nearer than a mile!"

"Dear, dear!" I exclaimed. "But can't we telephone?"

"Of course; well thought of, Louisa!"

In a minute Charlie was in my boudoir, and was ringing to the Central Exchange. I looked in the book; the fire number was something—I forget what.

"Put Southwark and outlying stations in connection. Fire in Hamer Road, Kensington. Serious!"

"Thanks," came back in three minutes. In twenty minutes, and before the police had sounded the call in the street, an engine came up. Then four more in quick succession. In an hour and a half all danger was over, and Charlie came back.

Next day a gentleman called. He sent in a card from an insurance company.

"We have to thank you, I understand," he said, "for your promptness and presence of mind in an emergency. We do not suspect—at least, we do not wish to suspect—anything criminal, but that timber-yard is *very* heavily insured. Hem! in fact, insured far beyond its present value; so, sir, you did us a real service. The first half-hour is generally the worst for us—fires gain a hold so rapidly."

"I am very glad," said Charlie. "I am on the

telephone, so I was enabled to give the alarm at once."

"Yes, sir; I wish all our clients were. We are not so anxious concerning the *number* of fires; in fact—yes—hem——"

"In fact," said Charlie, "fires do you good; they make people insure; but disastrous fires have an unpleasant effect on dividends!"

"Well, you know, I cannot admit that," said the gentleman. "Will you come and see our directors on Wednesday?"

"Certainly," said Charlie. He did, and the Board of Directors passed him a vote of thanks. They liberally reduced our fire premium to a merely nominal sum, for Charlie, having so many pictures, is rather heavily insured.

So Charlie's idea, and mine, has prospered. We have had our telephone eight months, and have saved, or gained in time, postage, cab-fares, underground tickets, and worries, ten times our expense in putting it up! We can call on all our tradesmen, book our places at the various entertainments, transact bank business, and all kinds of other business, by telephone. I keep it locked up, so no one can tamper with it; and if Charlie dines out unexpectedly it saves a telegram.

In conclusion, I would strongly advise all heads of families to be connected with the telephone. Tradesmen will find it an immense saving, as our people have done. They have formed a little "Association," and thus all orders to them by telephone have precedence. They take off the discount on these transactions, and reap a perfect harvest in the saving of labour, and sending backwards and forwards to the houses. Charlie and I have no longer fears for the future, as he has received orders—owing to his being "on the telephone," and ready to act—to proceed to Scotland to make some sketches for an illustrated paper. Had he not been on the telephone, the editor says, he would have sent a cab for Mr. M—. But time pressed; Charlie starts to-night, and now I must rush and pack up, for I am to go too.

SOME FOREIGN SAUCES.



On the Continent sauces are in much greater demand than in England. There is scarcely a single dish, be it fish, joint, vegetable or sweet, that has not its accompanying sauce; in fact, a good cook on the Continent is more judged by his efficacy in sauce-making than by anything else. The plain roast beef and boiled potatoes, so beloved by the English, would be considered insipid to the

ordinary foreign palate. I never remember to have seen it served either in France, Italy, or Germany, unless specially ordered.

Some sauces, as, for instance, the Italian *dolce-forte* made of chocolate and vinegar, or a certain Swiss mixture composed of herrings and stewed plums, would be scarcely an addition to our English cuisine, but some others are so good that I venture to send in a few which may perhaps prove not unacceptable.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Horseradish, a quarter of a pound of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, a small lump of sugar, milk.

Mix the flour into the warmed butter in the pan, add the sugar and the ground horseradish, and enough milk to make the sauce an ordinary thickness. Let the mixture boil once, and serve. Bouillon may be used instead of milk.

N.B.—The horseradish must not be *pared*, but *ground* on the same utility as is used for grinding down cheese for soups, etc.

HORSERADISH WITH CREAM.

Ingredients.—Horseradish, vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cream, two ounces of sugar.

Mix the ground horseradish with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and the same quantity of cream, sprinkle over two ounces of sugar.

This sauce is good with fish, such as carp, hake, etc.

ORANGE SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One orange, three tablespoonfuls of broth, two ounces of butter, flour.

Peel the orange very finely, and cook the peel soft in boiling water. Take another pan, put the butter into it, and make a light sauce with one teaspoonful of flour, three tablespoonfuls of broth, and the inside of the orange. Pass through a cloth, add the boiled peel, and serve.

This sauce is very agreeable to eat with rich dishes, such as goose or duck.

SAUCE TARTARE.

Ingredients.—Mustard, salt, olive oil, Tarragon vinegar, pepper, yolks of two eggs, gherkins or pickled onions.

Break the yolks of the eggs in a basin, and add by degrees the oil and vinegar until the sauce is of the right thickness; double the quantity of oil must be used to that of vinegar. Add a teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and a small quantity of chopped gherkins. Pickled onions, shalots, or even plain onions may be used if gherkins are not at hand.

BRETONE SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Three or four onions, two ounces of butter, salt and pepper, half a pint of stock or gravy.

Pare the onions very finely, and fry a nice brown in the butter. Pour over them the gravy or stock. Add pepper and salt to taste, and let the whole simmer gently for about half an hour. Pass through a sieve, and serve.

N.B.—In all these recipes where stock or gravy should not be at hand water, with a little meat essence added to it, can be used instead.

SAUCE RAVIGOTE.

Ingredients.—Spinach (a handful), two yolks of eggs, one tablespoonful of vinegar, two of oil, pepper and salt.

Chop the spinach, and press it out in a fine cloth. Mix the green water which comes out with the yolks of the eggs well beaten and the other ingredients.

The sauce should be green and piquant.

OLIVE SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Olives, two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, salt.

Take about a quarter of a pound of olives, stone them, and let them simmer in salted water until tender. Strain them, and lay them by. Take the butter, warm it, add the flour, stir well, and then by degrees add enough salted water until the sauce has the consistency of cream. Add the olives, and, if liked, a flavouring of mace or lemon juice.

CHIVE SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of butter or dripping, a handful of chopped-up chives, a cupful of either milk or bouillon, flour.

Warm the butter, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour, add the chives, finely chopped, and then by degrees the milk, or, if preferred, water with meat extract therein. Let the sauce simmer for about five minutes, and serve it up with beef-steak or joint.

GARLIC SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One garlic, three large tomatoes, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt.

Cut up the tomatoes, and cook for a minute in the butter; add the garlic, which must be peeled and divided, but not chopped. After five minutes' cooking add pepper, salt, and a cupful of water or gravy, and strain before serving.

This sauce is very good with potatoes, rice, macaroni, or any sort of meat.

VINAIGRETTES.

Ingredients.—One Spanish onion, parsley, oil, vinegar, mustard, and the yolk of an egg, pepper and salt.

Chop a medium-sized Spanish onion very fine, and add a handful of finely-chopped parsley. Take the yolk of the egg, stir into it salt and pepper, and, by degrees, the mustard, vinegar and oil. Add the chopped parsley and onion, and serve.

TOMATO SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One pound of tomatoes, one Spanish onion, a quarter of a pound of butter, pepper, salt, and water.

Cut the tomatoes into small pieces, and shred the onion. Fry the onion in the butter until it is of a light-brown colour, and then add the tomato. Cook all together for a few minutes, and then add by degrees a breakfastcupful of water or broth. Add salt and pepper to taste. Pass through a sieve, and serve.

This sauce is cheap and excellent. It can be eaten with any sort of meat or stew, rice, macaroni, polenta, etc., etc.

ITALIAN SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Four shalots, parsley, half a pound of mushrooms, two ounces of butter, a glass of Madeira, one cupful of gravy.

Shred up the parsley, and put it with the chopped shalots, mushrooms, and butter in a pan. Cover with slightly salted water, and cook slowly for a quarter of an hour. Add the gravy and Madeira, and cook again for a quarter of an hour.

This sauce can be served with any kind of meat or fish.

HERRING SAUCE.

Ingredients.—One fresh herring, one Spanish onion, two ounces of butter, one spoonful of flour, the juice of half a lemon, pepper and salt, broth.

Take a fresh herring. Clean and bone it, and cut it up finely. Cut up also the Spanish onion. Fry brown in the butter, add a tablespoonful of flour, a cupful of broth, pepper and salt to taste. Cook altogether for five minutes, pass through a sieve, and serve hot. This sauce is equally good with meat or fish.

MUSTARD SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Two tablespoonfuls of dry mustard, one of flour, one of vinegar, one teacupful of water, two ounces of butter, and salt to taste.

Dissolve the butter, and add the yolks of the eggs well beaten, and all the other ingredients, to the pan. Stir well until the mixture boils. It should be as thick as cream.

This sauce is excellent with fresh herrings, or, in fact, any kind of fish.

SAUCE ROBERT.

Ingredients.—One Spanish onion, two ounces of butter, a cupful of gravy, lemon juice and anchovies, one tablespoonful of flour.

Shred up the onion, and fry it pale-brown in the butter. Stir in the flour. Add the cupful of gravy, and stir continually until the mixture boils. Add the juice of half a lemon and three or four anchovies passed through a sieve.

This sauce is very good with roast beef.

SAUCE D'HUXELLES.

Ingredients.—Three shalots, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a handful of mushrooms, one glass of white wine, a cupful of broth, parsley, pepper and salt.

Chop up finely the mushrooms and shalots. Fry them light-brown in the olive oil, add the white wine, broth, pepper and salt. Cook gently for about a quarter of an hour, and serve with chopped parsley.

This sauce can be kept. It is good with any sort of fish or meat.

LEMON SAUCE

Ingredients.—Two ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one lemon and the yolks of two eggs, wine and water.

Fry the flour in the butter until it is light-brown, add, by degrees, a cupful of white wine and water and the juice of a lemon, taking care to remove the pips. Sweeten the sauce with four or five lumps of sugar. Add the beaten-up yolks of two eggs, and serve.

This sauce is good with fresh ox-tongue and young ducks or chickens.

REDBREAST'S RIDE:

BY
ESTHER B. TIFFANY

S

AID Mr. Redbreast to his love,
"Do come and take a ride!
I have the prettiest little nag
In all the country-side.

"I'll sit in front and hold the whip,
And you shall sit behind."
"Perrup peree," Miss Robin said,
Which means, "You're very kind."

"Good-bye, Mamma! good-bye, Papa!
If I'm not back to tea,
Don't be alarmed, I'll be quite safe
In Redbreast's care," said she.

And so in gallant Redbreast's care
To Farmer White's she flew,
Where on the stable-roof there pranced
A charger full in view.

Then Redbreast took his seat in front,
Miss Robin perched behind,
"Perrup peree," Miss Robin said,
"I'm sure you're very kind."

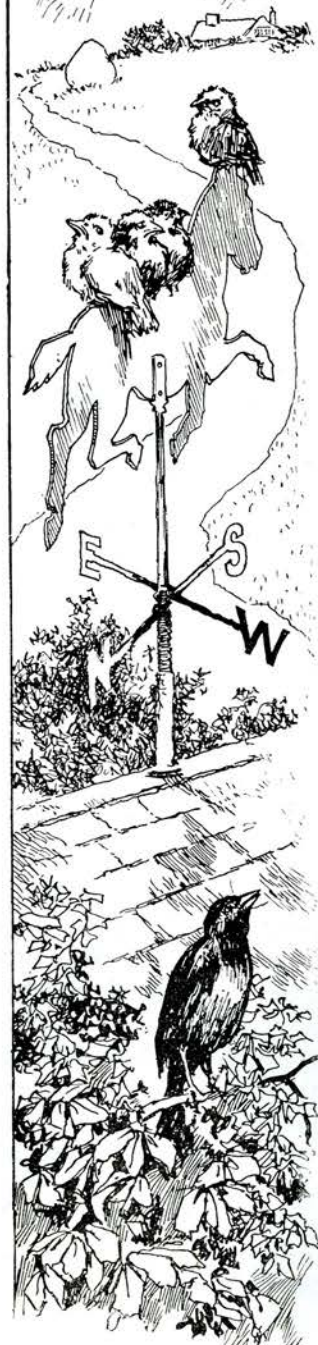
The swallows skimmed about their heads,
The oriole and jay
Sailed singing round the happy pair,
"How fast we go!" said they.

"A last spring's nest," fond Redbreast trilled,
"I've taken for this year.
The slight repairing that it needs
Won't make the rent too dear.

"A shaving here, some horse-hair there,
And now and then a twig,
Together with a little mud,
Will make it neat and trig.

"It's half-way up a cedar-tree;
No pussy lives near by.
A cherry-orchard's close at hand.
Can you make cherry-pie?"

"And, best of all, this pretty nag
Is just across the way.
I need a little housekeeper.
Miss Robin — don't say nay!"



You should have seen bold Redbreast then, and how he cocked his head,
And how his manly bosom swelled beneath his waistcoat red.

You should have heard Miss Robin then. "Peree perrup," said she,
"Peree perro," which means, "With joy I'll share your cedar-tree!"

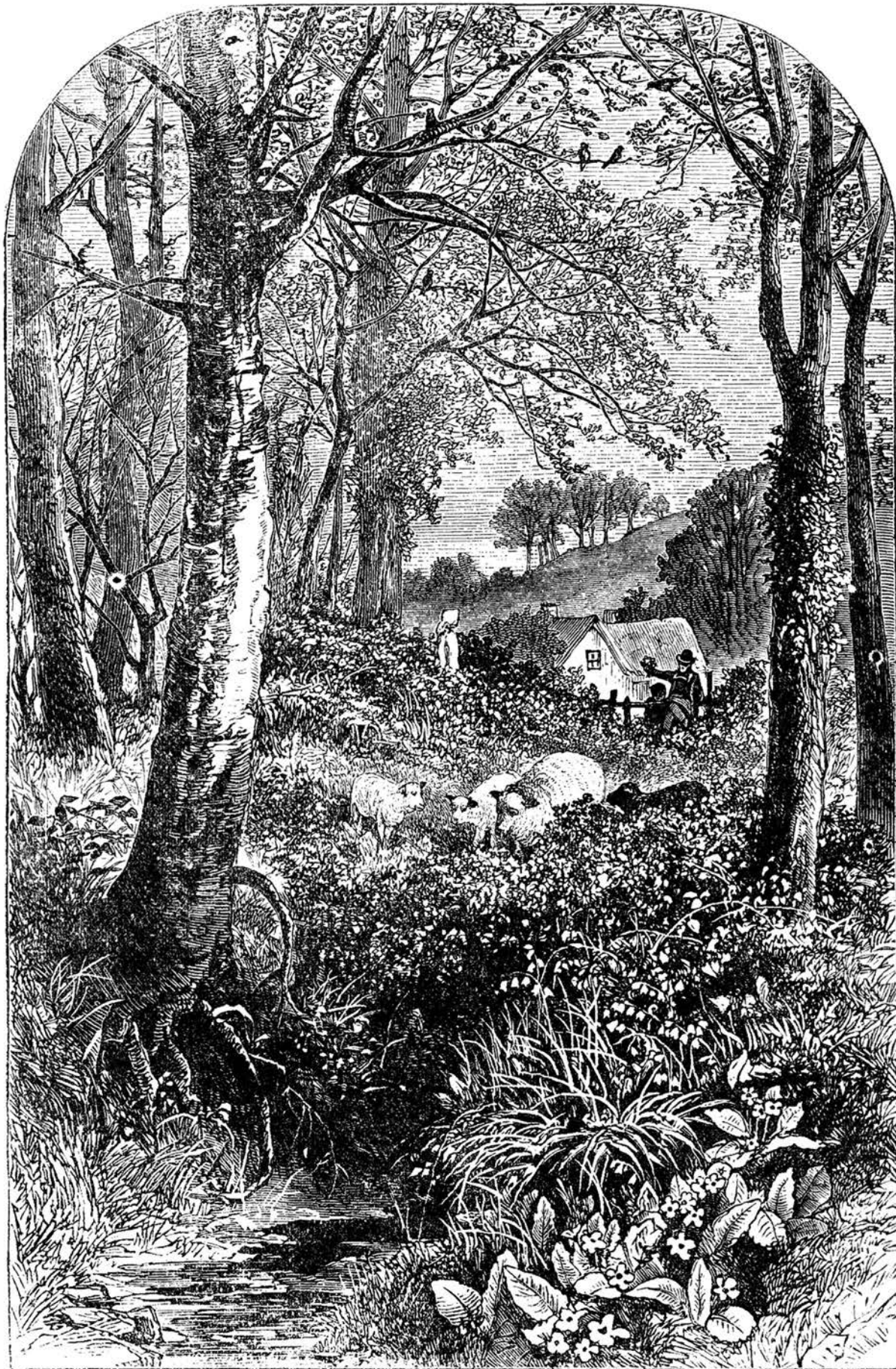
But when some sunny weeks were past, you would have seen, indeed,
Four chubby little robins perched upon the prancing steed.

Near by were Redbreast Ma and Pa,—Mamma with anxious mind.
"Cling tight, my little dears," she warned, "and don't fall off behind.

"I've always heard from Dr. Wren, and he is wondrous wise,
There's nothing better for the young than horseback exercise."

Piped up the little Robins then, upon the prancing steed,
"We quite agree with Dr. Wren, he's very wise indeed!"





Chatterbox, 1883

SPRING.

HINTS ON AN INEXPENSIVE TROUSSEAU.

By AUNT MARGARET.



I SUPPOSE that there is nothing in the world that entails so much thought and trouble as a wedding.

It is just the same in any rank of life, however humble, or however exalted, just as marriage is the unconscious mainspring of everyone's existence, the ideal after which so many hearts yearn, and to which so comparatively few attain, so is it absolutely certain that it brings in its train incalculable worry and planning.

If the family is a rich one, there is the intense desire that the daughter's trousseau shall be, above all things, original, and unlike the trousseau of anyone else who has ever existed! If poor, then every nerve must be strained, every penny saved, to enable the girl to go to her new home neatly and prettily clothed and appointed.

It is not by any means the richest girl who may have the prettiest or the smartest trousseau. For true taste exists, not in the amount of sovereigns that can be expended on a gown, but in the fashioning, and accompanying appointments of it. It does not follow that because a gown is purchased at a Regent Street shop that it shall be any more striking in its *tout ensemble* than the simple frock produced by the country dressmaker or the clever sewing-maid. The Regent Street gown may be worn with a Regent Street hat that is quite the wrong "motif" for the dress. Thus a smart, tailor-made frock, only wanting stiff collar and cuffs and a close hat and veil to be in perfect style, is ruined by being edged with frilling, and surmounted by a rustic flower-trimmed hat that would have been exquisite with a cotton gown.

There is more art in being well dressed than most people are aware of, and the natural taste, so conspicuous even among the very poor the other side of the English Channel, is often conspicuous by its absence among the upper ten thousand of our own native land.

I, Margaret Erskine, the "Aunt Margaret" of these pages, am an old maid, whose life would be a lonely one were it not for my nieces, who live in the same village, in the wilds of Lincolnshire. I write for an artistic paper, and am considered rather an authority on subjects connected with dress, although it is sometimes difficult to keep up with the prevailing fashions among green woods and meadows. But as my professional duties call me occasionally to London, I make it my habit to personally study shops and fabrics.

This is how it came to pass that my young niece, a pretty, fair-haired girl of eighteen, came to me, one early spring day, with a

wrinkle of perplexity on her white forehead, to throw her burden of trousseau difficulties at my feet. She was going to marry, in the following July, a young doctor, who had a rising practice in a provincial town in the North of England.

Her difficulties were great, for with a large family to provide for and educate, her mother and father felt that they could spare very little money with which to give their daughter a pretty trousseau; and poor Queenie was so fond of pretty clothes, that her fondness amounted almost to a passion. But she was a very good, unselfish girl, and as she sat there trying to keep the tears from her eyes, and telling me, in a would-be cheerful tone, how important it was for Walter's position that she should be well-dressed, and how anxious she was to go to her new home with clothes enough to last her for a long time to come, so that she might be independent of her husband's slender purse, I felt great sympathy with her.

"Mother said she was afraid I could only have twenty-five pounds for my trousseau because of Tom's going to school this term; but, auntie dear, how can I get everything for twenty-five pounds, and I know even that small sum represents pinching and saving for the whole family for a long time to come? And you know there is all the expense of the wedding itself, and mother is so anxious to have everything as nice as possible, because Walter's father and mother are very particular people."

"Very well, my dear," I said cheerfully, rising and going to my desk. "We must do what we can with a little. I have been arranging several trousseaux lately—one for a girl who is going to spend £500 on her clothes, and one for a clergyman's daughter, who can afford very little more than you can. So let us put our two wise heads together, and see what we can manage. To begin with, let me tell you that my present to you is £5, which may just as well go towards your trousseau," and so saying I put the bank-note into her hands. "That raises the sum we have to spend to £30." The poor child was most grateful to me, and that extra £5 brought the colour back to her cheeks, and the light of happiness to her eyes again; and Queenie Mordaunt was for the time being so successfully restored to joy and hope that I felt that my money had been well expended. "To begin with, my dear," I said, assuming a business manner, and consulting my notes with great earnestness, "we must consider the subject of underclothing, which is the most important one of all. You know, of course, that you will have to make every single thing, and that you must be contented with having a smaller number of each article than is contained in most trousseaux."

"Oh, yes, I quite understand that; and you know I am a very good needlewoman," she said brightly.

"Let us begin with nightgowns, of which I think you may find nine enough for your needs, the same number of calico combinations, and half a dozen camisoles for summer wear. You had better get 30 yards of calico at 6d., 18 at 7d., and 8 at 5d., 24 yards of Valenciennes lace at 1s. 1d. the dozen, and 50 yards of embroidery at 3d. a yard. These will be all the materials you need for your underlinen, as far as nightdresses, combinations, and camisoles go. Twelve yards of flannel—6 of white at 11d. a yard, and 6 of red at 7d.—will make you four flannel petticoats, which will look very smart if you embroider them with flossine. Then you must have two white petticoats at

4s. 6d. each; a summer underskirt at 3s. 11d.; and a winter petticoat at 7s. 6d. At the same time get one pair of white "bridal" corsets, at 8s. 6d., and one pair of black at 7s. 6d.; an embroidered French twill toilet jacket at 6s. 6d.; and a very pretty, useful dressing-gown of marl beige, which you can get for the moderate sum of 12s. 11d. So here we have your list of underclothing:—

	£	s.	d.
56 yards calico	1	9	5½
24 " Valenciennes lace	0	2	2
50 " embroidery	0	12	6
30 " diaper, at 9d.	1	12	6
12 " flannel	0	9	0
3 skeins flossine	0	0	3
2 white petticoats	0	9	0
1 summer "	0	3	11
1 winter "	0	7	6
Toilet jacket	0	6	6
Two pairs corsets	0	16	0
Dressing-gown	0	12	11
Slippers	0	2	6

£7 4 2½

"Those are very few things to possess, but they mean a great deal of work," said Queenie, rather ruefully; "and they have made a very big hole in my £30."

"I think that we are getting on very well indeed, my dear," I said. "And when your husband becomes a millionaire you can add all the many pretty things that are almost necessities to this bare outline of strict necessities. You know that Rome was not built in a day, and whenever you have a little money to spare, you can always spend it judiciously on your underclothes, and provide what I have not allowed you. Now for your gloves and stockings.

	£	s.	d.
4 pairs of black spun silk stockings, at 2s. 6d.	0	10	0
4 pairs of Lisle thread, at 1s. 11d.	0	7	8
8 pairs of black cashmere, at 2s. 6d.	1	0	0
2 pairs eight-button-length tan gloves for evening wear, at 3s. 6d.	0	7	0
4 pairs tan Suède gloves at 1s. 11½d.	0	7	10
1 pair Nantwich gauntlets	0	1	11½
3 pairs of Nantwich tan, at 2s. 6d.	0	7	6

£3 1 11½

"Always remember," I continued, "that black stockings are the most economical wear; and that gloves, although they may not be of the finest quality, always look smart if they are fresh and clean. I am afraid I cannot give you as many boots and shoes as I should like on the small margin we have left.

	£	s.	d.
1 pair strong walking boots	0	15	9
1 pair strong shoes	0	12	6
1 pair of tan shoes	0	9	11
1 pair of tan evening shoes	0	6	0
1 pair patent court shoes	0	3	0
1 pair of black house shoes	0	7	6

£2 14 8

Queenie was delighted with the list and illustrations of boots and shoes I showed her, and had decided hankerings after a pair of exquisitely-embroidered soft leather shoes with flaps, which cost the very moderate sum of

ros. 6d., but any such impossible desires had to be sternly repressed.

"And now, Queenie, we arrive at the most interesting subject of all—your gowns, and especially your wedding dress, which I am determined shall be white, as you are so young; or rather cream, which is more becoming to the complexion. I am quite tired of Liberty silk dresses, and I want your wedding gown, though simple, to be something out of the common; and as of course you can afford to give very little for it, it will require a good deal of thought. I have rather set my heart on a cream-coloured Indian muslin made with a plain skirt, edged at the bottom with three rows of narrow satin ribbon worked over in silver thread in this manner—a row of silver crosses webbed over the ribbon. The bodice made with a full waistcoat of silver embroidery or cream and silver gauze, and a line of the silver on the cuffs. Your hat must be made of the cream muslin, a Vandyke shape, with a bunch of silver wheatears and pale blue cornflowers, and your bouquet must be tied with blue and silver ribbons. You must wear tan gloves and shoes, and I rather think you will please Walter's fastidious taste in this rather fetching 'get up.'"

"It sounds lovely!" cried Queenie, clasping her hands ecstatically.

"You must have the whole idea carried out by a good shop, or it will look nothing. You ought, I think, to be able to get the dress

and hat for about £4 4s., if you embroider the skirt yourself with the silver thread, which is quite easy to do, and they will of course be your wear for smart occasions for the rest of the summer. I should also get one of the charming boating gowns of navy serge, which look so well on cold summer days, and which cost two and a half guineas, and have a straw sailor hat to match, which will cost about 3s. 6d. I should get your village dressmaker—who I know is a capable woman if you keep a strict watch over her—to make you a *vieux rose* zephyr dress, a colour which looks so cool, and yet which has the advantage of keeping clean for a long time. The whole dress will cost you 28s. including the making. Then, as to evening gowns. You cannot afford to wear light ones, and must content yourself with a pretty black Russian net skirt, with materials for bodice, at £1 15s. 9d., and your little dressmaker will make you the bodice for 2s., so that it will not be an expensive gown. I should also get a perfectly plain lizard-green velvet, without a morsel of trimming, cut low back and front, which you can have well made for £3.

"As you must have another hat of some sort, you had better buy a wire-shape, and cover it with pale flowers, perhaps roses; the floral toques are very easy to make, and yours will cost you 10s.

"You can get a very smart black serge jacket for £1 12s.; and by all means avoid a

coloured jacket, as they so soon look shabby, and black ones are far more worn this year.

"You can get a good umbrella for 8s., and a neat parasol for 5s., which brings our total up to £28 19s. 7d.

"There are many other things that are really necessities which you will have to forego; but as I know that you have a waterproof cloak in fairly good condition, and an ulster which you can do up for the winter with fur collar and cuffs, I don't think you are so much to be pitied, and I shall end your lists with a dozen fine cambric handkerchiefs at 12s., which will leave you with a margin of nine shillings for odds and ends, and tiny expenses that are sure to crop up.

"This is not by any means a perfect trousseau, mind, Queenie; but it is only an outline on which you can improve, and which is only meant to give you some idea as to the best way of dividing the sum of £30, and giving you a fairly complete trousseau."

"Oh, thank you, Aunt Margaret. I am so much happier now, with some definite notion of my arrangements!" said my grateful niece, kissing me a warm farewell. She went back to her happy home, and blissful dreams of the future; and I stayed behind, at my own solitary hearth, thinking of the past, and finally rousing myself to jot down these ideas on paper, in the hopes that they may perhaps help some expectant bride whose ways and means are as limited as those of my niece.



AN INEXPENSIVE TROSSEAU.



HAVE just been reading the very excellent article in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER for November—"An Inexpensive Trousseau for £30"—and have been wondering whether it were possible to give a few more dresses, including a real wedding dress and veil, for the same amount. I know that all girls like to feel they are as beautifully dressed as possible for this, one of the greatest events of their life.

The following lists will show my way of dividing the money:—Half-a-dozen of each article of underclothing would last a girl, with ordinary care, two years. I know that in the original article she has nine of everything; but then no vest, cloak, cuffs and collars, and only one stuff dress, which seems rather too few. I have taken for granted that some of the dresses are made at home. Most girls of the present day can make a dress and trim a hat,

or if they cannot, there is sure to be some friend only too pleased to help. It may seem that more than £5 is too much for the wedding costume in proportion to the whole; but Bengaline will wear a long time as an evening dress, and both clean and dye well; and the veil can be turned to good account by cutting it up afterwards to trim the body. Many of my prices are taken from the Store lists, where things are sure to be good, and the lowest prices have not been selected.

LINEN.

	£	s.	d.
Twenty-four yards calico at 6½d.	0	13	0
Twelve yards calico at 7d.	0	7	0
Twenty-four yards calico at 5d.	0	10	0
Twenty-four yards diaper at 8d.	0	16	0
Twelve yards flannel (six yards at 11d. and six yards at 7d.)	0	9	0
One winter skirt (material)	0	5	0
One summer skirt (material)	0	2	11
Twenty-seven yards embroidery at 3d.	0	6	9

BOOTS.

	£	s.	d.
Twenty-four yards Valenciennes at 1s. 1d. per dozen	0	2	2
Four vests at 2s. 2d. each	0	8	8
Two white skirts (ready-made)	0	9	0
Two pairs corsets at 8s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.	0	16	0
Ten yards flannelette for dressing-gown	0	3	4
One pair slippers	0	2	6
<hr/>			
	£	5	11 4
<hr/>			
	£	s.	d.
One pair thick boots	0	15	6
One pair thin boots	0	12	6
One pair walking shoes	0	10	6
One pair evening shoes	0	6	6
Two pairs day shoes	0	9	0
One pair white kid shoes	0	3	6
<hr/>			
	£	2	17 6

GLOVES, ETC.		£	s.	d.
Two pairs spun silk stockings (black and white)		0	5	0
Four pairs Lisle thread stockings at 1s. 11d.		0	7	8
Eight pairs black cashmere stockings at 2s. 6d.		1	0	0
Four pairs Nantwich tan gloves at 2s. 6d.		0	10	0
Two pairs evening gloves (white and tan) at 3s. 6d.		0	7	0
Four pairs Suède tan gloves at 1s. 11½d.		0	7	10
One pair gauntlets at 1s. 11½d.		0	1	11½
		£2	19	5½

DRESSES.		£	s.	d.
Fifteen yards blue serge at 1s.		0	15	0
Extras		0	5	0
Trimmings and making		1	0	0
Embroidered zephyr		0	15	6

		£	s.	d.
Nine yards beige (double width) at 1s. 6d.		0	13	6
Black lace skirt with material for body.		1	9	6
Making body		0	2	6
Sixteen yards nun's veiling at 10d.		0	13	4
Making and extras		0	12	6
		£6	6	10

WEDDING COSTUME.		£	s.	d.
Twenty yards of Bengaline at 3s. 11d.		3	18	4
Making and extras		1	10	0
Wedding veil—three yards tulle, 108 inches wide, at 2s. 9d.		0	8	3
		£5	16	7

ET-CÆTERAS.		£	s.	d.
Jacket		1	12	0
Tweed waterproof cloak		1	1	0

		£	s.	d.
Untrimmed hat, and materials for trimming		0	8	0
Sailor hat		0	2	6
Best hat (trimmed)		0	12	6
En tout cas		0	4	11
Umbrella		0	8	0
Two dozen hem-stitched pocket-handkerchiefs		0	12	0
Cuffs and collars		0	9	0

TOTAL		£	s.	d.
Linen		5	11	4
Boots		2	17	6
Gloves, etc.		2	19	5½
Dresses		6	6	10
Wedding costume		5	16	7
Et-cæteras		5	9	11
		£29	1	7½

In hand, 18s. 4½d.



DOMESTIC CHANGES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

In this jubilee year of Queen Victoria the air is filled with reports of manifold changes and improvements. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a speech at the Mansion House, said, "If there was one word characteristic of the reign of our gracious Queen, it was the word 'Progress.'" There has been political progress, and social progress, and progress in science, art, religion, education, invention, and in all departments of public life. But there has been little said as yet about the changes that have been witnessed in domestic life. Let it be our more modest task to refer to a few of the changes in this respect. Wherein do things differ now in our houses and homes from what they were in the days of our mothers and grandmothers?

In some of the most important points of home life, in household relations and arrangements, there is little of change to record; furniture, dress, service, cookery, and other domestic affairs are very much now as they were in other reigns and times. In fact, there has been in some of these things the reverse of progress. I do not think, for example, that servants are now better than in olden times; dress may be cheaper, but certainly is not better in substance than in times before *stuffs* and "shoddies" came in. It is the same with furniture; the old things were more solid and substantial than in this age of veneer and French polish. Still, there are sundry novelties and inventions of recent times that have

brought additional comfort and pleasure to our homes.

For example, what an immensity of time and toil is saved by the sewing machine, an instrument unknown a few years ago! Other American inventions as ingenious, if not so important, are of recent introduction. In the South Kensington Exhibition, popularly known as "The Inventories," there was quite a multitude of machines and contrivances of varied use quite unknown in former days. A whole host of useful things are produced from caoutchouc, or indiarubber, from "mackintosh" cloaks and sheets to the substitutes for ancient "clogs," familiarly called by our American cousins, "rubbers." Even in so small a matter as striking a light, what a contrast in the safety match to the old tinderbox or phosphorus bottle of fifty years ago!

Letter-writing is one of our common home occupations. What an advance we have seen in every epistolary and postal arrangement! The use of metal pens, whether steel or gold, is a great improvement over the old goose-quill pens, the frequent mending of which by a penknife must have been a great nuisance and waste of time. Paper is cheaper and better, with envelopes of every sort. Postage is vastly cheaper, and the conveyance of letters cheaper and safer, both by home and foreign mails. Do you know that no steamer had ever crossed the Atlantic to America until Victoria came to the throne? Railroads had only begun to run. The postage to Scotland was more than a shilling, and the time twice what it is now. There were no cheap newspapers in those days, and the so-called "taxes on knowledge" made books and advertisements, as well as newspapers, dear.

Photographs, with all their family and social pleasures, were unheard of in the early years of Victoria's reign. The new art of sun-printing was just beginning to be spoken about among scientific men; but it took years of invention and experiment before the now

universal photograph, whether in portrait or in landscape, became popular.

In the department of the kitchen and larder there is not much change to mention, except it be the introduction of gas cooking-stoves and register grates. The enormous supply of all sorts of provisions in tinned cases—meats, soups, vegetables, fruits, and even milk—is the chief novelty in the store-room.

In bedrooms the old wooden beds are very generally superseded by iron and brass bedsteads. The huge four-poster beds, with their heavy drapery, have disappeared from all but old-fashioned state rooms. We are told by Burton, and J. K. Lord, and other travellers, that not a few of the British four-posters have found their way to the houses and tents of Arab sheiks, and there do duty as the raised dais, on which the chief sits in ceremonial dignity smoking his pipe.

With regard to general changes in our houses, the last fifty years have seen improved drains, water supply, baths, and other sanitary arrangements. In the homes of the rich there are also various conveniences in the matter of lifts, speaking tubes, electric bells, and other comforts unknown in earlier years of the reign.

Last, not least, let us be grateful for what our parlours and libraries show of improvements in books and magazines. Take the illustrations alone. The art of wood-cutting has made immense advance since the days of the *Penny Magazine*, the first volume of which was contemporaneous with her Majesty's accession. Compare the pictures in that once popular periodical with those in similar works of our own day, the *Leisure Hour*, for instance, and the advance in illustrated literature is striking. Most conspicuous is this improvement in every branch of youthful literature. To go no further than the publication now in the hand of the reader, the earlier years of the Queen's reign could not have witnessed the production of a periodical known throughout Her Majesty's empire as THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

RECIPES FOR APRIL.

SPRING SOUPS, SALADS, AND VEGETABLE DISHES.

Potage Printanier (Spring Soup).—Take a pint of freshly-shelled peas, a lettuce cut into shreds, some cress, parsley, a few leaves of sorrel or spinach, any sweet herbs, and two or three onions; cook these in a small quantity of fresh butter until thoroughly tender. Then rub them through a colander, add a pint and a half of clear stock, let it boil again, then put in the green part of a few heads of cooked asparagus, season the soup well, and just before serving stir in the beaten yolks of two eggs, as these will enrich and thicken it. If the soup is "off the boil" there is no danger of curdling the eggs.



Watercress Soup.—The foundation for this may be either a *purée* of white haricots or green split peas—whichever preferred. A pint of either will be required, and they must be boiled until they will rub through a colander, make up to a quart with boiling water. In a separate stewpan place an ounce of fresh butter, add two bunches of picked watercress finely minced, two or three spring-onions, and any green herbs available. Let these cook a few minutes, stirring them frequently. Then dredge with a little flour to absorb the butter, and add gradually the contents of the stewpan to the *purée*; season well with pepper and salt, and when the soup has well boiled, stir in the beaten yolk of an egg, and pour at once into the tureen.



Sorrel Soup.—Pick and wash three or four good handfuls of young sorrel, chop it small and stew it with a little butter, an onion and savoury herbs. In a separate vessel have a quart of boiling water, and to that put a thick slice of white bread cut into dice. When the sorrel is cooked stir it into this, season well, and let it boil gently for a few minutes. When ready to serve take the pan off the fire, and stir in gradually the beaten yolks of two eggs and a pennyworth of cream. The eggs thicken the soup and correct the acidity of the sorrel.



Tomato Soup.—Dissolve an ounce of clarified beef-dripping in a stewpan, slice into it one or two small onions and a carrot cut small. When these have frizzled pour into them half a tin of canned tomatoes, or half a pound of ripe fresh ones. Let these cook gently for twenty minutes, then rub through a colander until nothing is left. Dissolve an ounce of butter and stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, add seasoning, then the tomato *purée* and boiling milk or stock from bones, and boil up for another minute or two, then pour over fried *croutons*.



For *Cucumber Soup* the required quantity of clear stock made from veal bones will be needed. Strain this, season it well, and let one or two spring-onions (finely minced) be added to it at the same time as a cucumber, which has been pared and sliced tolerably thin. When this has boiled slowly long enough to cook the cucumber, remove it from the fire and stir in a small teacupful of thickened cream already hot. Serve at once with *croutons* of fried bread.

Carrot Salad.—An accompaniment to cold salt beef. Slice thinly some carrots, which have been boiled whole and allowed to become cold. Lay them separately on a flat dish, and season with pepper, salt, and a drop of oil on each; squeeze some lemon-juice over them. Carefully lay the slices of carrot over some ready-dressed lettuce or endive, and sprinkle with scraped horseradish.



Watercress Salad.—Well wash the cress and swing it in a wire basket until dry, pick it into sprigs and dress simply (and at the moment it is required only) with pepper, salt, vinegar, and oil, tossing it very lightly in the bowl. One of the most delicious and wholesome of our salads, but it very quickly loses its crispness. The same remark applies also to—



Corn Salad, the dainty *coquille* which the French gourmet loves. This must be very freshly-picked, well-washed, well-dried, and very lightly dressed, although it requires rather more oil than watercress does, being of a somewhat rough nature. No onion or condiments, other than the simple dressing mentioned, should be used with these two, or with—



Dandelion Salad.—Unfortunately blanched dandelion is not so easy to obtain in our country as it is abroad, but we may blanch the leaves by uprooting them and inverting them in the soil, or by covering the roots with flower-pots turned upside down. Green, unblanched dandelion is too rank and bitter to the taste, but after this process it is pleasantly stimulating, and an excellent digestive tonic. Well wash and dry the leaves, pick but do not cut them, and dress as before directed.

Those who like the taste of spring-onions will be wise to add them to all lettuce salads; they add piquancy and flavour, and aid digestion.



Sardine Salad.—Prepare some lettuce for a salad, breaking the leaves into rather large pieces. Drain three or four pickled sardines from their oil, cut them across in small pieces, removing the heads and tails; mix lightly in with the lettuce, add a hard-boiled egg shred small, and dress with the usual condiments.



Boiled Cucumber with Sauce Poulette.—Pare the cucumbers thinly, cut lengthwise into four, then across into pieces about two inches long. Throw into a saucepan containing boiling salted water, boil for ten minutes, then lift the pieces out and drain on a clean napkin.

Melt an ounce of butter, stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, when smooth dilute with half a pint of lukewarm water, boil until it thickens; then add a pinch of pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, a squeeze of lemon-juice, and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir over the fire a few minutes longer, then put in the cucumber to heat through, and serve hot, with roast or boiled meat or poultry. This is a most delicate vegetable dish.

Ham Salad.—Mix together and put into a dredger a small quantity each of celery, salt, cayenne and black pepper, white sugar and allspice. Shave the lean of some cold boiled smoked ham, squeeze lemon-juice over each piece, and dredge lightly with the above seasoning. Shave thinly one or two white onions and a head of white celery, put them in a salad-bowl with two or three lettuce-hearts or a few sprigs of endive, or some chicory. Add the ham next, then pour three or four spoonfuls of oil over, and serve at once.



Cream Cheese Salads.—Prepare first a little dressing by mincing together a small shalot, some sprigs of chervil, thyme, parsley, and tarragon; add to them a pinch of salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of lemon-juice and three of salad oil, then mix well together.

Separate the leaves of a crisp well-hearted lettuce, in the hollow of each leaf place a little rocky lump of cream cheese, pour a spoonful of the dressing over and arrange the leaves simply on a glass dish, garnishing with scarlet radishes.



Potato Salad.—Slice very evenly some cold boiled potatoes, sprinkle them with some finely-minced parsley and shalots, and strew a little thinly-sliced lemon-peel among them (fresh). Mix a teaspoonful of grated horseradish with an egg-salad dressing, and pour it over. Decorate with sliced beetroot and sprigs of watercress.



Asparagus on Toast.—Boil the asparagus until quite tender, drain it, cut off the hard white stalk, arrange neatly on a slice of crisp toast or fried bread.

Dissolve a small lump of butter, stir in a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, add a pinch of salt and pepper and a drop of vinegar, then pour quickly over the asparagus, and serve immediately.



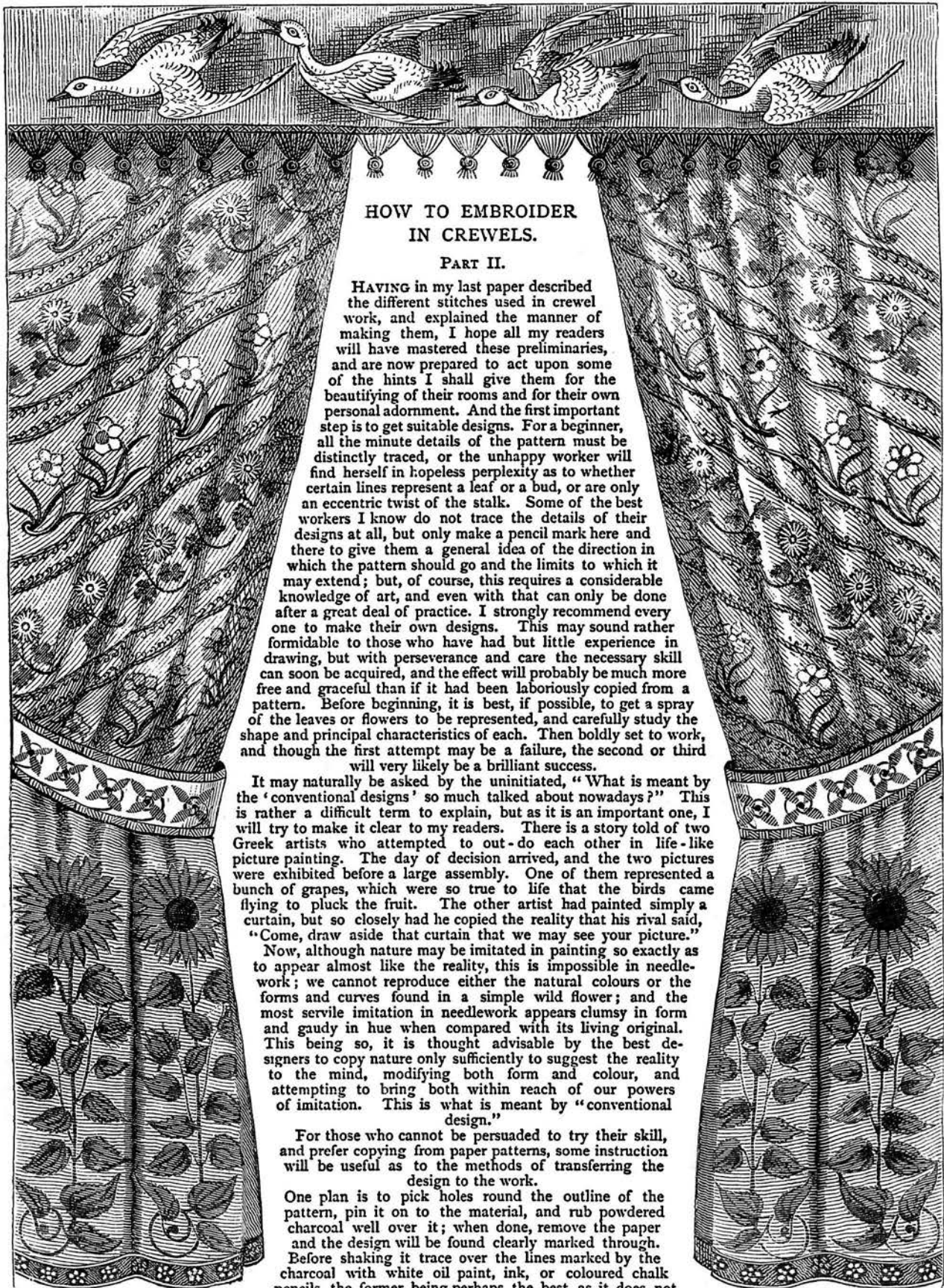
New Potatoes, Sautés.—Scrape, and boil them until just tender; then split them down if they are large, if small leave them whole. Place them in a small pan with a little butter, some chopped parsley, and a sprinkling of pepper and salt. Let them frizzle, but not to brown, stirring them about continuously and often.



Stuffed Cucumbers.—Prepare a mince from the remains of cold meat, poultry, or fish, season rather highly, and moisten with a little good gravy.

Pare a short, thick cucumber; with a corer remove all the seedy interior, and press the stuffing into its place. Melt a good lump of butter in a stewpan, place the cucumber in it, put with it an onion and a bunch of sweet herbs, and cover to stew gently for an hour or so. Remove to a dish, take out the onion and herbs, thicken the butter with a little flour, season it, add a spoonful of minced parsley and a few drops of vinegar, let it boil, then pour over the cucumber and serve.

LUCY H. YATES.



HOW TO EMBROIDER IN CREWELS.

PART II.

HAVING in my last paper described the different stitches used in crewel work, and explained the manner of making them, I hope all my readers will have mastered these preliminaries, and are now prepared to act upon some of the hints I shall give them for the beautifying of their rooms and for their own personal adornment. And the first important step is to get suitable designs. For a beginner, all the minute details of the pattern must be distinctly traced, or the unhappy worker will find herself in hopeless perplexity as to whether certain lines represent a leaf or a bud, or are only an eccentric twist of the stalk. Some of the best workers I know do not trace the details of their designs at all, but only make a pencil mark here and there to give them a general idea of the direction in which the pattern should go and the limits to which it may extend; but, of course, this requires a considerable knowledge of art, and even with that can only be done after a great deal of practice. I strongly recommend every one to make their own designs. This may sound rather formidable to those who have had but little experience in drawing, but with perseverance and care the necessary skill can soon be acquired, and the effect will probably be much more free and graceful than if it had been laboriously copied from a pattern. Before beginning, it is best, if possible, to get a spray of the leaves or flowers to be represented, and carefully study the shape and principal characteristics of each. Then boldly set to work, and though the first attempt may be a failure, the second or third will very likely be a brilliant success.

It may naturally be asked by the uninitiated, "What is meant by the 'conventional designs' so much talked about nowadays?" This is rather a difficult term to explain, but as it is an important one, I will try to make it clear to my readers. There is a story told of two Greek artists who attempted to out-do each other in life-like picture painting. The day of decision arrived, and the two pictures were exhibited before a large assembly. One of them represented a bunch of grapes, which were so true to life that the birds came flying to pluck the fruit. The other artist had painted simply a curtain, but so closely had he copied the reality that his rival said, "Come, draw aside that curtain that we may see your picture."

Now, although nature may be imitated in painting so exactly as to appear almost like the reality, this is impossible in needlework; we cannot reproduce either the natural colours or the forms and curves found in a simple wild flower; and the most servile imitation in needlework appears clumsy in form and gaudy in hue when compared with its living original. This being so, it is thought advisable by the best designers to copy nature only sufficiently to suggest the reality to the mind, modifying both form and colour, and attempting to bring both within reach of our powers of imitation. This is what is meant by "conventional design."

For those who cannot be persuaded to try their skill, and prefer copying from paper patterns, some instruction will be useful as to the methods of transferring the design to the work.

One plan is to pick holes round the outline of the pattern, pin it on to the material, and rub powdered charcoal well over it; when done, remove the paper and the design will be found clearly marked through.

Before shaking it trace over the lines marked by the charcoal with white oil paint, ink, or coloured chalk pencils, the former being perhaps the best, as it does not

rub off easily; but it should not be used for any hairy material. When this is finished, beat or flap it at the back to shake off the charcoal, but it must on no account be rubbed.

Another plan is to place a piece of black or coloured carboric

paper (which can be bought at most stationers) between the pattern and the work; trace over every line of the design with a knitting-needle, or any blunt instrument, and on removing the paper a clear impression of the outline will be found on the cloth. It should

then be inked or painted over in one of the methods described. In case of a false line being made with the oil-paint, the only way of removing it is to apply a little turpentine as quickly as possible.

The favourite piece of work for beginners

broider each of these with a tiny spray or bunch of flowers, such as forget-me-nots or daisies. This fashion of drawing the threads improves linen and crash very much, giving it a light and lacey appearance. It may be applied to many other articles, such as d'oyleys and mats of all kinds.

Having heard that a great many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER intend competing for the prize offered for a worked bed-pocket, an illustration of which was given in the number for January 17th, I propose giving some suggestions on the best way of treating it.

The designs would look very well on dark green or peacock-blue, but should linen be used, it will have the additional advantage of being washable. If the competitor does not feel able to copy the flowers straight on to her material, she should make use of one of the methods for transferring I have described. First cut out the pockets and back piece; the smaller pocket is a

straight piece, the larger one is wider at the top than the bottom. The design will, of course, have to be considerably enlarged from the illustration. It will be very easily transferred to the lower pocket, but the peach blossoms will have to be very carefully done. Lay the small pocket on the back piece in the exact position it is to occupy, having previously turned in the edges, then put the design on, using either the charcoal or carbolic paper. Both pockets must, of course, be worked before fastening on to the back.

The poppies require two or three shades of red and black for the centres. The daisies are white

with centres of a medium yellow shade. The peach blossoms may be worked in satin stitch, that is, sewing each petal over a n d o v e r ; t h e y should be salmon-pink, not too pale, with yellow centres, the stalks d a r k

border of leaves worked round the other three sides and also round the back of the satchel. Then tack it in its place and button-hole it round, continuing along the edges of the back. The colour of the border leaves and the button-holing must depend on the material. If it is worked on crash or linen, use different shades of china blue; if on dark material, gold silk instead of blue would look well.

Now that Afternoon Teas are so fashionable, it is necessary to give some attention

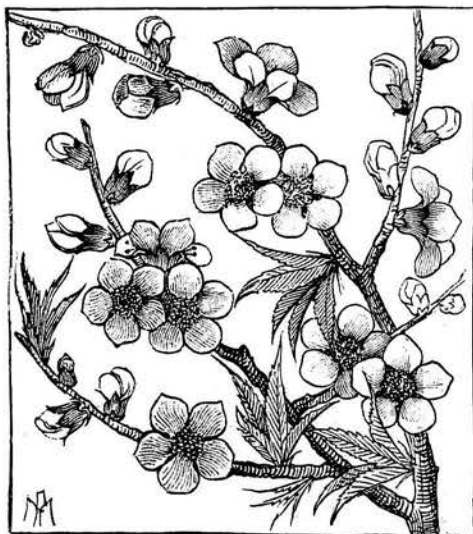


FIG. I.

to the arrangement of the tea-table: and much thought and ingenuity are expended in the choice of pretty and suitable designs for the tablecloth and tea-cosy, which, of course, are made to correspond. The material generally used for both is either white or unbleached coarse linen, and where practicable a design should be chosen in which the colours will harmonise with the tea-set. For instance, at a kettle-drum the other day, where the hostess prided herself on her good taste, I noticed that the crockery was Japanese, with stiff red flowers on an ivory ground, and the tablecloth and cosy were worked with sprays of red japonica. If there is nothing specially characteristic in the china, any design of fruit or flowers can be used. Figure 2 shows one corner of a tablecloth worked with blackberries. The full-blown flowers are white with yellow centres, the buds a pinkish white. The berries should be done in French knot, and of different colours, as though in varying stages of ripeness. Sometimes two threads of different colours are used together—for instance, black and red—which gives the effect of unripe fruit very well. Some of the leaves should be dark green and some shaded with warm reds and browns. The natural autumn tints of blackberry leaves are among the most beautiful we ever see, and reds and yellow-browns may be freely used in the imitation of them, of course supposing that the shades are well chosen. The latest fashion for tablecloths is to embroider them simply in outline, but of this we shall treat in another paper. The subject of tablecloths, however, would not be complete without mentioning the handsome ones which can be made of thick materials for ordinary use. One of the prettiest I have seen was in a lady's boudoir, the hangings of which were all peacock-blue. The cloth, of a rather dark shade of that colour,

The illustration (fig. 1) represents a branch of peach blossoms for working on a chair seat or a cushion. The stems should be dark brown, the leaves light green, and the flowers



FIG. II.

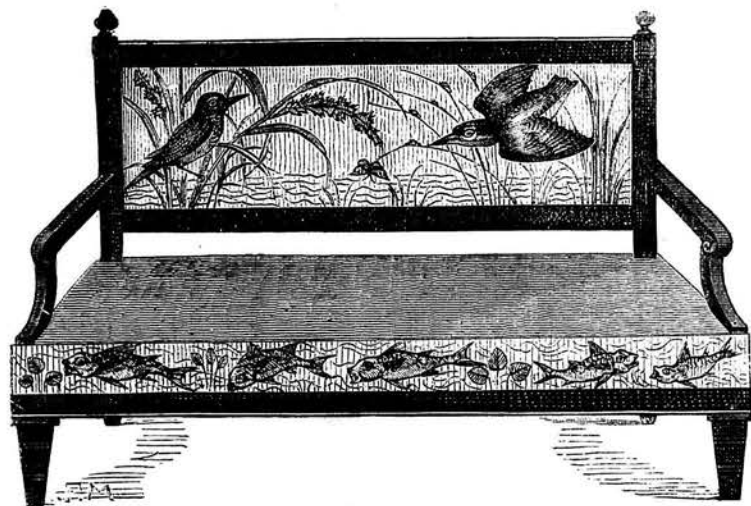


FIG. III.

salmon-pink, getting lighter at the edge of the petals, and yellow centres.

Another new and very pretty style for chair backs is to draw the threads of a piece of coarse linen so as to form squares, and em-

brown, and the calyx light green.

When the flowers are done, the small pocket can be button-holed all round and stitched into its place. The top edge of the large pocket must be button-holed, and the

was worked in each corner with a group of yellow daffodils and moon-daisies, and the centre was occupied by an elegant monogram in yellow silk. For hard wear, table-covers are best made of thick serge or cloth, which is very pleasant to work upon and wears well.

The room altogether was so prettily arranged that I think I cannot do better than describe some of the other charming things I saw there. A glass door, which led from the room into a conservatory, was half hidden by heavy curtains. The upper part of the curtains was quite plain, but they were held back, about three feet from the ground, by broad bands of the material, with an outline arabesque pattern worked in yellow upon them. Below the bands were tall, very conventional sunflowers, the work being continued quite to the bottom of the curtains, which, of course, only just touched the carpet, so that it gave the idea of the plants growing out of the ground.

The mantel-board was worked on velvet, with little bunches of primrose leaves and flowers, the bunches being about six inches apart, and the velvet curtains which fell from under it had each a yellow iris with leaves and buds.

The covers of the couch and chairs were also embroidered, and had a very good effect. Space will not allow me to describe all the other beautiful things I saw there; but I left the house fired with fresh enthusiasm for this style of decoration, which could transform an otherwise plain and unpretentious room into so charming and tasteful an abode.

A few words of caution may be necessary to those who think of decorating their rooms on a large scale and composing their own pattern.

For any large piece of work, such as a couch or a curtain, do not attempt to design it spread on a table. It is astonishing how different things look in different places; and you may be quite satisfied with your design while on the table, but when put into its proper place it will probably look small and insignificant. For a curtain, choose as heavy a material as possible, to insure its hanging well; and having cut it to the size you require, if possible hang it up where you intend it to be when done, before beginning to draw on it. If you cannot manage this, hang it over a door or screen and sketch in the design roughly with white chalk. You can then see the effect, and, as the chalk shakes off very easily, you can make any alterations you think necessary. Then take it down very gently so as not to shake off the chalk, and copy it over with ink or white paint, according to the colour of the work.

The picture at the head of this article is a design for a pair of curtains, valance, and bands. They may be made of any nice, soft fabric, the colour being either dark olive, green-brown, or peacock-blue. The carrying out of this design will involve a good deal of work, and therefore, to take less time, the flying wild ducks on the valance might be appliquéd on; this kind of work has not been mentioned yet, but will be fully described in a future paper. The upper part of the curtain is embroidered with alternate rows of conventional narcissus and chrysanthemum. The top row is narcissus, the flowers of which are creamy white, with yellow centres. Some of the chrysanthemums may be light yellow, the petals tipped with red; others should be of a darker yellow colour; in fact, almost any combination of yellow and red may be employed with advantage. The sunflowers, occupying the lower portion of the curtain, are a rich, dark yellow, the petals getting rather lighter towards the tips; the centres are brown, and give a fine opportunity for the practice of French knot. The small designs on the curtain-bands, and on the border at the bottom, may be of gold-coloured crewel,

or of any colour harmonizing well with the rest and with the material, and the same should be used for the lines separating the rows of flowers on the upper part of the curtain. The valance should be edged with handsome fringe, in which the chief colours employed in the work are blended.

A novel and pretty style for a sofa is to have it covered with embroidered cloth or serge. Figure 3 is an illustration of one worked on dark green art serge. The back has a design of grasses growing in water, with a couple of kingfishers. Along the front edge of the sofa water is represented by blue lines, with gold and silver fish swimming along it.

If this is considered too fantastic, a very pretty design can be made of oranges or pomegranates. Trace a long branch of flowers and fruit on the seat, and either a smaller spray of the same or a bird on the head. If flowers are used for the head, a swallow or some other small bird can be worked on the back. Oranges require some care in working to make the shape look natural. Begin them in rounds, starting from the point where the stalk joins the fruit. Having worked straight round two or three times, and come back nearly to the stalk, slip the needle under the work to the other side of the fruit, and continue up that side, nearly to the top. Then slip the needle under again to the opposite side, in the same way as at the stalk end, and so on till the rows of stitches form a sort of oval; and, by the time you get to the middle of the fruit, the rows will be straight up and down. A little practice will soon enable the worker to judge when she has worked sufficient rounds, and having once decided that point, she will find them very easy and pleasant to work. It is better not to attempt shading oranges unless you have a painting to copy from.

Generally speaking, fruit of any kind is the most difficult design to choose; as in nuts and cherries, &c., there is the same necessity for making the fruit a natural shape, and the same difficulty in doing so, as in the orange. The worker, therefore, who has little experience to guide, and no friendly advice to direct her work, will do better to keep to the simpler and equally effective floral designs, until she has acquired sufficient confidence to enable her to undertake more ambitious work.

(To be continued.)



USEFUL HINTS.

STEWED FRENCH PLUMS OR PRUNES.—Soak them in cold water over night, and cook them in the water in which they have been soaking; to a pound of prunes put one pint of water and half a pint of claret; sweeten with sugar to taste, and simmer gently for about two hours. This makes a nice dish for dessert.

BAKED APPLES.—Cut out the cores of a dozen good-sized apples, and fill up with sugar and one or two cloves in each; pour a little water in the tin, and bake in a quick oven until tender.

KEEP a bag for odd pieces of tape and string; they will come in useful; also a bag or box for old buttons, so that you may know where to go when you want one.

IF the tops of lettuces are cut off when they are becoming too old for use, they will grow up again fresh and tender, and may thus be kept good through the summer.

HERBS should be gathered while in blossom. If left till they have gone to seed, the strength will be lost.

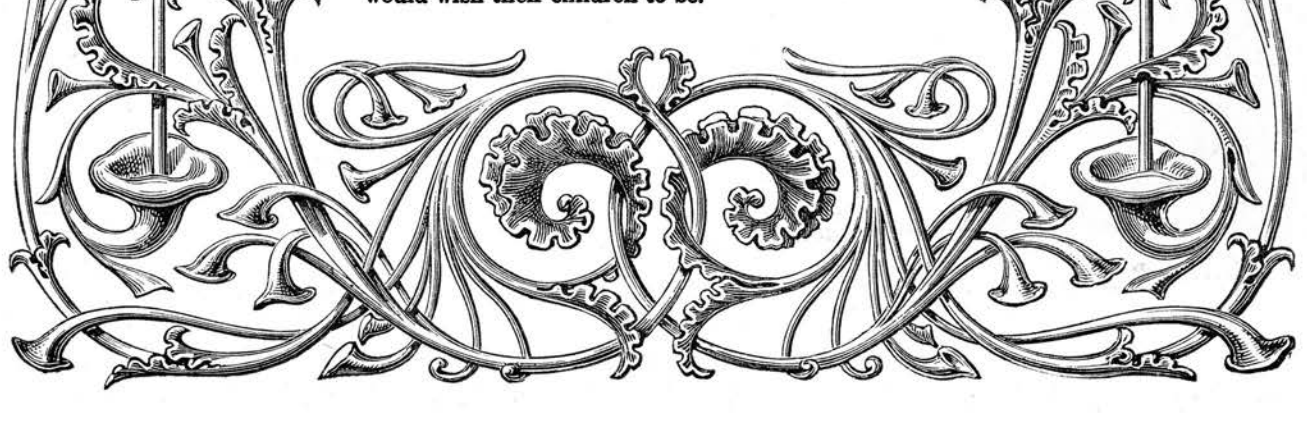
LEMON AND OTHER CREAMS.—To one pint of cream add four tablespoonfuls of sifted loaf sugar, one ounce of isinglass, previously soaked in a little milk, and the peel of a lemon; simmer gently until the isinglass is dissolved, let it cool a little, and then add the yolks of two eggs well beaten. Strain it into a jug, and place the jug in a saucepan of cold water; then over a slow fire stir the cream until it thickens, but do not let it boil. When nearly cold put in the juice of a lemon, pouring the cream backwards and forwards until the juice is well mixed. Dip your mould in cold water before pouring the cream into it, and then put it in a cool place to set. The colour of your creams may be varied by simmering a little beetroot in some milk for a pink cream, and spinach for green; these are both harmless and tasteless, therefore may be used with safety. Fruits may also be dropped into the moulds, setting it with a little of the cream first.

PANCAKES AND FRITTERS.—Mix eight ounces of the finest flour very smoothly with a pint of milk. In order to keep the batter smooth, mix the flour with the milk into a stiff paste at first, and gradually add the remainder of the liquid, beating thoroughly. Beat up the yolks of three eggs lightly, then add them, with a pinch of salt, to the batter. When ready to fry, stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a strong froth. Put a dessert-spoonful of dissolved butter or lard into an eight-inch frying-pan, and when it is hot pour in quickly four tablespoonfuls of the batter, previously measured into a cup; let it run over the pan, which hold over a brisk fire, and shake gently until the under side is brown and the upper set. Toss it, and let the other side brown. Turn the pancake on to a hot dish, sliding one half out of the pan and turning the other on to it, so as to make it into an oval shape. Plain fritters are made with water, oil, or dissolved butter, instead of milk, and fried like pancakes. Mix smoothly a quarter of a pound of finest flour with a pinch of salt and half a pint of water, stir in one tablespoonful of oil or of dissolved butter, and the yolks of three eggs. When ready to fry, add the whites of the eggs beaten to the strongest froth, and finish like pancakes.

IN all cakes where butter or eggs are used the butter should be well rubbed into the flour, and the eggs whipped to a foam, before the ingredients are mixed.



MAXIMS FOR PARENTS.

1. **Begin to train your children from the cradle.**
From their earliest infancy inculcate the necessity of Obedience—instant, unhesitating obedience. Obedience is very soon understood, even by an infant.
 2. **Unite firmness with gentleness.** Let your children understand that you mean exactly what you say.
 3. **Never give them anything because they cry for it.**
 4. **Seldom threaten ; and be always careful to keep your word.**
 5. **Never promise them anything, unless you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.**
 6. **Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish in a passion.** Be calm, yet decisive.
 7. **Do not be always correcting your children ; and never use violent or terrifying punishments.** Angry words and violent blows will produce no effect.
 8. **On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.**
 9. **Teach them early to speak the truth on all occasions.** If you allow them to shuffle and deceive in small matters, they will soon do it in greater, till all reverence for truth is lost.
 10. **Be very careful what company your children keep.** 'He that walketh with wise men shall be wise ; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.'
 11. **Make your children useful as soon as they are able, and find employment for them as far as possible.**
 12. **Teach your children not to waste anything ; to be clean and tidy ; to sit down quietly and in good order to their meals ; to take care of, and mend their clothes ; to have 'a place for everything, and everything in its place.'**
 13. **Never suffer yourself to be amused by an immodest action ; nor, by a smile, encourage those seeds of evil which, unless destroyed, will bring forth the fruits of vice and misery.**
 14. **Encourage your children to do well ; show them you are pleased when they do well.**
 15. **Teach your children to pray, by praying with and for them yourself.**
 16. **Impress upon their minds that Eternity is before them, and that those only are truly wise who secure eternal blessings.**
 17. **Above all, let parents be themselves what they would wish their children to be.**
- 

A BOOK-EMBLEM SUPPER.



THE spiritual and physical are so affected one by the other, so dependent one on the other, and one so much the outcome of the influence on it of the other, that our daily surroundings should demand a much deeper study than they receive.

Given dirty and degraded surroundings and we expect and do find dirty and degraded minds.

Given monotonous and badly-cooked food and the result proclaims itself in loud voice, defective digestion, diminished nerve and brain power, irritable temper, cruel words, cruel deeds, and the many miseries that invariably spring from it.

When there is an everlasting sameness in our cooking, the same things or the very limited round of things served up with everlastingly the same flavour, and invariably the same appearance, after a little time we get sick to death of its soulless repetition and long to taste some fresh flavour, we long to view a dish with some different appearance.

And then we get desperate, and rush to restaurants, cook-shops, and confectioners, just for the sake of change so necessary for good health and buoyant spirits.

And all because the women who are the heads of houses, and who consequently have the welfare of many dependent on them, have undertaken that responsible position without any adequate practical knowledge, or perhaps do not care to take the trouble of thinking out some fresh ideas or of placing them nicely and artistically on the table.

In thinking over these things it came into my head that, for an exhibition that was to be held in the west part of England, I could illustrate some well-known books by some dishes, the recipes for which, as well as the dishes, would be something new and novel.

These recipes, of course, are for high-class cookery, but simple and inexpensive cooking can be original and pretty in appearance if we only take the trouble to think.

Perhaps in a future article I shall show this.

Our supper will be all cold with the exception of a hot *consommé*, so it can easily be prepared beforehand, and the following will be our menu:—

“Plain Tales from the Hills.”

“Sea Urchins.”

“A Winning Hazard.”

“A Recoiling Vengeance.”

“When Leaves were Green.”

“A House of Hidden Treasure.”

“Ships that Pass in the Night.”

“PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS.”

Ingredients.—One ox-tail, two and a half quarts of gravy stock, a few peppercorns, a bunch of herbs.

Method.—Hang the ox-tail for a day or two. Cut into pieces, and cook gently in the stock for three or four hours. When cooked strain off the stock and allow to get cold; this is better prepared the day before. Then remove any fat, strain through a clean towel and clarify. Strain again, and add a lump of sugar. The sugar will give it brilliance and make it sparkle. Garnish with green custard cut in trefoil leaves.

Custard for garnish.—To every three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk take two whole eggs, add a pinch of salt and white pepper and a few drops of Marshall’s sap-green colouring. Beat up and strain through a pointed strainer. Pour into a buttered tin and poach in hot water on the side of the stove till firm, being careful that the water does not boil or the custard will be honey-combed. Turn out, cut into thin slices, and stamp out trefoil leaves with a small trefoil cutter. Add at once to the *consommé* and serve immediately.

“SEA URCHINS.”

Ingredients.—One hen lobster, a quarter of a pint of good mayonnaise sauce, one pint of aspic jelly, two tomatoes, one head of celery, one endive, one lettuce.

Method.—Line a basket-shaped tin with aspic jelly about a quarter of an inch thick, decorate this with sprigs of endive and celery cut into small stars and crescents. Set the decorations with a little more aspic.

Cut up the lobster into neat pieces, reserving the claws; break into small pieces some of the celery and lettuce, reserving the best pieces for garnishing. Whisk the mayonnaise sauce and aspic (which should be liquid but nearly cold) together, then stir in the lobster,

celery, and lettuce; fill the prepared tin with the mixture and put it on ice to set.

When firm, dip it for a moment in warm water and turn it out.

Decorate the sides with lobster coral, and pile up the top with chopped aspic, tomato, the lobster claws, and sprigs of endive.

Make a handle to the basket with two thin pieces of celery twisted together, which may be curled by putting them into cold water for about an hour before using.

Dish up the jelly on a green salad, with little clusters of chopped aspic amongst it.

“A RECOILING VENGEANCE.”

Line thinly a bomb-shaped mould with aspic jelly, then prepare a *purée* of hare as follows. Take ten ounces of cooked hare, chop it finely and pound in a mortar, add to it a quarter of a pint of good brown sauce, and half a pint of game jelly. Pass all through a wire sieve, and fill the mould. Put it on ice to set. When quite firm dip in warm water and turn out.

Our illustration shows it decorated with tricolour ribbon and a small flag.

Game jelly for purée.—Cut up one eschalot in small pieces, fry in one ounce of butter, add one bay-leaf and a sprig of thyme, chop up the game bones and put on the top, and fry all about fifteen minutes. Cover with three-quarters of a pint of good stock, and cook gently for one hour.

Remove the fat, and strain. Add half an ounce of glaze, and, just before using, dissolve in it three-quarters of an ounce of Marshall’s gelatine.

“A WINNING HAZARD.”

Ingredients.—Pound one pound of chicken with a quarter of a pint of veloute sauce and three-quarters of a pint of liquid aspic jelly; then pass through a fine wire sieve. When it is thickening, add three-quarters of a pint of stiffly-whipped cream, a pinch of cayenne pepper and a pinch of salt. Line some small card-moulds with pale clear aspic jelly, and decorate them like playing-cards, with hearts, diamonds, spades, and clubs, cutting the spades and clubs out of truffle and the hearts and diamonds out of tomato. Set these decorations with a little more jelly. Then nearly fill the little card-moulds with the prepared mixture of chicken, making it quite smooth; fill up the moulds with a little more jelly, and put on ice to set. Now take a shaped mould to hold about a



BOOK TITLES IN SUMMER DISHES.

pint and a half, and line it thinly with aspic jelly. When this is set, turn out the little cards and slip them into the large mould, alternating black and red round the sides; now take three-quarters of a pint of spinach *purée* and add to it a quarter of a pint of stiffly-whipped cream and half a pint of liquid aspic jelly. Line the large mould about one inch thick with this *purée*, and let this set; take the rest of the *purée* of chicken and add to it a small tin of *pâté de foie gras* cut up into small pieces; fill up the mould with the mixture; pour a little more aspic on the top, and place on ice to set. When cold, turn out. Have one playing-card more than you require for the inside of the mould; turn this out, and lay on the top also some small dice, made in square moulds and decorated with truffle. Garnish round the base with a little chopped aspic.

"WHEN LEAVES WERE GREEN."

Ingredients.—One sponge-cake baked in a border mould, three ounces of pistachio nuts finely chopped, two ounces of angelica cut in very thin strips, two tablespoonfuls of apricot jam, one tablespoonful of grated chocolate.

Method.—We mean to represent this title by a bird's nest full of eggs, so we must try to make it as natural-looking as possible.

First, then, pare off the mould and cut the parings into thin strips to represent twigs and straws; put them into a warm oven to become brown and crisp. Brush over the cake with a little warm apricot jam and roll it in the chopped pistachio nut till it has the appearance of moss. Fill up the bottom of the cake with any pieces over, and scatter grated chocolate over it inside. This makes it look like the lining of the nest. And now arrange on the twigs and straws of cake and angelica as naturally as possible, making them stick with jam, and rolling some of them in pistachio nut until your nest is quite rough and covered with twigs and grasses.

And now take three or four bantam's eggs, make a hole at each end, and blow them; stand the shells in sawdust, and fill them from the hole at one end with the following mixture. (Standing the eggs in sawdust or bran prevents the mixture running out at the other end.)

Filling for eggs for nest.—Take two yolks of eggs, half a pint of cream, one ounce of loaf sugar, half an ounce of gelatine, one

tablespoonful of curacao. Dissolve the gelatine in a quarter of a pint of milk; add the sugar. Make a custard with the yolks and cream; add the gelatine, and strain. Lastly, stir in the curacao, and a few drops of Marshall's sap green colouring. Fill the egg-shells quite full with the custard, by means of a small funnel, and allow them to set. When they are quite firm, break off the shell; take a little moist chocolate and just fleck the eggs with tiny specks of chocolate. Just before sending to table, pour a wineglassful of sherry over the nest. Put the eggs in the nest, and send to table.

"A HOUSE OF HIDDEN TREASURE."

Make some Genoese pastry thus:—Take six ounces of flour, six ounces of butter, eight ounces of castor sugar, and seven eggs. Melt the butter, and brush over a clean baking-tin; line the tin with paper, and brush over the paper also. Break the eggs into a basin; add the sugar, and whisk for twenty minutes till you have a frothy cream. When sufficiently beaten, stir in the flour and butter melted, very lightly; pour the mixture into the prepared tin, and bake till a golden colour. Then take the pastry, lay it flat on the table, and cut into pieces thus: two oblong pieces for the side-walls of your house, two rather larger oblong pieces for the roof, and two gable ends, and you will require a much larger piece for the floor of your house, as it must come about one inch beyond the walls all round. Cut out three or four windows in each side, and windows and a door at the end. Be very careful that each of your pairs match exactly in size, and that they are quite flat. Then return them to rather a hot oven for a few minutes to get quite crisp; take them out, and allow to get cold, being careful to keep them quite flat.

Then begin to build the little house. Take some Royal icing and cover the floor with it about a quarter of an inch thick; then put some on the ends of the walls, and place them together. When all the four walls are up, allow the icing to get firm. Next cover the walls outside with white Royal icing by means of a plain forcer and bag. Make little balconies with thin strips of angelica, and stick these firmly into the sugar. Make green shutters for the windows, and a door in the same manner. Now spread some warm apricot jam on the ground round the house, and over it sprinkle finely-chopped pistachio

nut and burnt almonds, also finely-chopped, to represent grass and gravel. And now put on half of the roof, and cover it thickly with Royal icing. This must be made a pale straw-colour to represent thatch. Rough it after having put it on with a forcer. Then put on some sugared almonds rubbed in chocolate to represent the large stones on the thatch. Do the other side of your roof in the same manner, but do not fix it on, and your house is ready; and we will give the ingredients for the "treasure" hidden inside.

For this, take three apricots, two pears, two ounces of cherries, two ounces of strawberries, two bananas, one wineglassful of curacao, one pint of whipped cream, one tablespoonful of sugar. Cut up the larger fruit, with a silver knife, into small pieces, removing the core; stone the stoned fruit; now make all into a *macédoine*, and add the curacao. Now fill the little house with alternate layers of the *macédoine* and the whipped cream, and put on the other side of the roof.

The side of the roof is removed for serving. In winter, crystallised fruits may be used, when they must be first cooked in a syrup and allowed to get cold.

"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

Take some small boat-shaped moulds and line them with cheese pastry made thus:—Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, yolk of one egg, salt and cayenne. Mix all well together into a stiff dough; roll out very thinly. Make some small triangular pieces of pastry as thin as note-paper, for sails. Also cut some small strips for masts. Place all these in a cool oven until they are a pale brown. Remove carefully from the moulds and allow to get cold.

For the filling of the boats we shall require:—One olive to each boat, a small tin of *foie gras*, a quarter of a pint of stiffly-whipped cream, a pinch of cayenne pepper. Stone the olives carefully, and force them with *foie gras*. Place a little *foie gras* in the bottom of the boats; stand up the olive at the bow of the boat, and the sail and mast in the middle. Flavour the whipped cream with cayenne pepper, put into a small bag with a rose forcer, and fill the boat with little roses of cream over the *foie gras* to represent bales of cotton. Garnish with a little pale-green jelly chopped round.



CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

CHAPTER V.

OUR FIRST DAYS IN THE BARN.

THE route we had chosen, a drive of about eighteen miles, was supposed to be the least steep in its ups and downs; an important consideration, with our heavy load. When we crept round the last turning and could see our hill, with its little patch of brown earth turned up, and the barn which looked like a small wooden box, we felt that our difficulties for the day were conquered. At that moment we were passing a ranch which was just being enclosed with a fence made of narrow laths wired together; these were lying in large bundles at intervals all along the road for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. To our dismay, when Dan reached the first of these bundles, he put back his ears and gave a

sudden and most violent shy, almost lurching the surrey over, and then stood trembling, his legs planted apart in an obstinate manner, and absolutely refused to move an inch further.

We tried coaxing, then whipping, till Dan showed us his heels in a series of most vicious kicks, higher and higher, till we feared he would break some part of the harness, or the surrey itself.

Eventually he did allow himself to be slowly coaxed past, I making myself as broad as possible to try and screen that side of the road, and leading him, and my husband checking his evident desire to bolt after each separate bundle was left behind. By this time it was grey twilight, and when we reached our haven, we had to be satisfied with the simplest arrangements possible for the night.

As we were occupying the rooms which by rights belonged to the horses, they had to be staked out on the open hillside, and during the night Joe managed to get loose and went careering off, up and down and round the barn, so that we were awakened by the clattering of his hoofs. It was a brilliant starlit night, perfectly still and mild, and all the family turned out in their night gear to help to catch him and fasten him up again. It was a curious sensation to be so absolutely alone, and free, with nothing but the great ranges of big bare mountains lying spread out into the far distance.

The absolute stillness was very weird; the smallest sound from miles around reached us in the calm quiet. The plaintive call of the little brown owls had a sad uneasy ring in it, and the coyote's mocking yelp seemed most uncomfortably near.

The mountain ranges looked so calm and stately and unreachable in the cold clear moonlight, and we felt horribly lonely.

There was one cañon some four miles away, across the Silvero Valley, called Mexican Cañon, and we wondered uneasily whether Indians and Mexicans lived there; for we seemed to be on the very borders of civilisation. When we got to know the neighbourhood better, we found nothing but peaceable ranches, and more ranches far back into the hills.

Returning to the barn we were rather glad to roll the big door to, and close it fast. We crept into our makeshift beds and were asleep before long. But we were awakened with a disagreeable start, hearing right inside the barn a strange cry, which, in our sleepiness and ignorance, might well have been the call of a Red Indian, straight from the Mexican Cañon, intent on securing the scalps of us "tenderfeet." The cry was repeated, as we sat up listening eagerly, and then we all laughed to see a little squat figure sitting on one of the open windows, and recognised a harmless little brown owl.

In the morning we made some kind of order and comfort around us. The one large room in the barn (viz., the hayloft) we had divided into two with a temporary screen, one half for our bedroom, the other for sitting- and dining-room. A small shanty had been added outside for kitchen, and a shed which was to receive the cow, when we had one, served meanwhile as bedroom for our "coloured lady." There was a lower floor which was divided into stalls for the horses, and which was entered by a lower road, as the barn stood on a steep slope.

The fifty cases of furniture, which had been stored at San Francisco till we sent for them, were strewn all about the hill top on which the barn stood, and our first task was to open most of these, take a few things out, and pack away all the rest safely before the rains came.

For days and days we worked away busily at this, my husband and I, and our boys, standing out in that hot glaring Californian sun, with the dry dust of the soil getting into our shoes and stockings and soaking all our clothes. Our ranchman was busy with the trees, and the coloured lady looked on when she was not cooking; looked on with a disdainful air, showing by many signs a great contempt for people who could be so foolish as to carry about such quantities of "stuff," as she called it.

To English eyes many Californian houses look very empty, and no doubt our possessions did seem ridiculously unnecessary to this

darky, who thought only of the bother they would be to keep clean.

As we packed away case after case into every available corner, stringing up chairs and sofas, and all manner of things on to the rafters, we began to wonder where we ourselves were to be housed. We have always since considered that it was a proof positive of great sweetness of temper that we got through a time of such terribly close quarters without doing any violence to each other.

But with all our contriving there were a number of cases for which we could find no room, and these we covered with bits of oil-cloth, and left them out of doors. They led us a dreadful life, those seven cases; our ranchman was for ever predicting rain, which did not come, but kept us anxiously on the watch. Finally, when it did come, it was unexpected, and we had to rush out one night to see if the high wind, which had risen with the rain, had dislodged the oil-cloth. That was a lively night, for the rain came running down the inside walls of our barn in little streams on the windward side, and pictures and other things hung there for safety had to be hurriedly removed.

It was the first night, too, that a large, handsome kangaroo rat paid us a visit, running about like an acrobat among the chairs on the rafters, and when I carried a candle quite near to him, to see what he was like, he looked down at me with the greatest coolness and impudence, with his brilliant black eyes. The place seemed to suit him, for he became a constant visitor. Another intimate guest was a particularly large lizard, who darted in and out under the big door.

We were a little uneasy lest some less harmless visitors should invite themselves. We knew that there were scorpions and tarantulas; the men who had built our barn had unwittingly pitched their tent the first night just over a nest of tarantulas, and had discovered them in the early evening, and spent the rest of the night in searching for and killing them with their hammers.

Ugly, wicked-looking things they are, with their enormous hairy legs and body and cruel nippers; they are very aggressive, too, and would much rather fight than run away.

But most of all we dreaded the rattlesnakes. Our ranchman had killed thirty on the adjoining land, and several had already been found on ours. Everyone told us they were very easy to kill, but that did not reassure us.

Our first introduction to snakes was more alarming than dangerous. We had put all our umbrellas and sticks into a corner of the barn behind a large corner seat. One day whilst we were quietly resting after dinner,

our youngest boy, Gip, asleep on his couch, my husband chanced to be looking at these umbrellas, thinking sleepily that he did not recognise one of the handles, which seemed to stand out from the rest, when he was suddenly made wide awake by seeing it move quietly round, first to one side then to the other, and knew that it was a snake. He reached out his hand quietly for something to strike it with, but it darted out of sight at once behind the couch, and though we searched long for it, we did not find it. We found, however, a large notch hole through which it had probably crept in, and we lost no time in closing this securely. It was not a rattlesnake, however, and was probably quite harmless, as numbers of the snakes are, some of them being considered valuable as destroyers of vermin.

Some of these try to pass themselves off as rattlers, however, and we often wondered how they knew that the faint sound of the rattle is so strangely horrible and frightening, that they should try to imitate it as a means of defence.

Another fright which we had, while still in the barn, was very thrilling. It was in the night, and we had been fast asleep, when all at once we became wide awake, straining our ears for the repetition of a horrible sound that we seemed to have heard in our sleep. It is impossible to describe the cold horror and fear which that curious dry rattle gives one.

Here was the thing we had so dreaded—a rattlesnake in the room. As we sat up in the dark the sound was repeated, seemingly from the middle of the room. Someone whispered, "Do you hear," and we answered, "Do not move." We reached cautiously for matches and candle, and of course these poor, wretched Californian matches—the worst surely in the world—did nothing but break off or go out. For some minutes the sound continued with an angry crescendo, till we began to wonder if the dreadful thing had got itself wedged in somewhere between the piles of furniture.

At last a feeble, uncertain light and four pairs of strained eyes searched the dim room. And there, sitting nicely balanced on his hind legs, with his sharp black eyes shining brightly, was a small field mouse with a long rattle between his teeth, shaking it about vigorously every few minutes, then running a few paces and rattling it again.

We had cut of a number of rattles from the snakes killed on our ranch to keep them as curiosities, and this was one of them which the mouse had got hold of and seemed to find such a good plaything.

(To be continued.)

GIRLS AS VISITORS.



TRIVIAL subject! In contrast with the relationships of daughter and sisterhood, discussed in my previous articles, a temporary and accidental relationship

like this may appear not worth the trouble of writing or reading about. Yet the virtue of hospitality is of most ancient dignity, and the privileges of the guest are bound up with the very dawn of history, as you will soon discover if your tastes lead you to explore in classic fields.

Hospitality, as it is described in the *Odyssey*, for instance, is a very sacred and serious thing, entailing solemn obligations, and in the beautiful play of *Alceste* by Euripides, which you may read translated in *Balaustion's Adventure* by Browning, you will see how a guest repaid his host in the hour of loss and bereavement.

It might be wished that the modern exercise of hospitality were attended with rather more of old-fashioned loyalty. "It's dreadfully troublesome, but I must ask Miss A., I suppose!" "Oh, here's an invitation from Mrs. B.! How wretched! Must I really go? I suppose I must." One has often heard remarks of this kind, and the reflections they suggest as to the artificial state of society are rather too commonplace to set down. On the other hand, perhaps, hospitality appears at its best in relation to girls who have not had time to

become *blasées*. Schoolgirls, at any rate, thoroughly enjoy visiting one another, and the pleasure of giving and receiving such visits is alike genuine. Then who can describe the joy in childhood of exchanging one's home for the home of a friend? I shall never forget the bliss of such visits in my own childhood: the departure for what seemed an indefinite period of joy; the home that received me, with the friend of my heart, imaginative and eager; her brother and sister, ready with ecstatic welcome; the mother, embodiment of all womanly charm and tenderness; the realm of imagination which opens most readily to children who are not akin, entered by means of many a quaint childish device, and last, not least, by wanderings in a beautiful wood that crept up to the very garden—fit kingdom of romance! All this formed a paradise, a fairyland for the

child of seven, and as I look back the memory is still radiant with a light not of the common day.

It was an exceptional home, it is true. But for the child who finds herself visitor in such a family the experience may make a difference to the whole of her after life, giving the brightness that sweetens the nature, just as the sunshine of summer days is stored up in the ripened fruit. As a contrast, the misery of a child-visitor who finds herself ill at ease is admirably sketched in the early part of Mrs. Gaskell's *Wives and Daughters*.

My subject, however, is hardly the child as visitor, but the girl who has emerged from the schoolroom and exchanges her own home temporarily for the home of others. Perhaps these visits are not so frequent an element in the lives of middle-class girls, now that women are disposed to take up an individual career which they cannot interrupt for the constant going and coming that used to intervene between the schoolroom and marriage. But, at any rate, "the girl as visitor" is quite a frequent enough character for my purpose, and she appears in many varied types.

First of all there is the girl (usually a country girl) who hates to leave home. She settles herself into a certain routine which becomes part of her life—she is bound to it, at all points of her nature, by a thousand invisible tiny links. She "grows there," as a familiar expression has it, and if she is wrenched out of her environment, she suffers dreadfully at the severing of these ties. She cannot express herself, or give a coherent reason for her dismay at the prospect of a visit; so her parents, thinking it "so good for her," joyfully arrange for her to go and stay with relations or acquaintance at a distance. The news comes upon her like a thunderclap of misfortune, but she cannot protest; she knows she is absurd, and can only suffer in dumb anticipation of the hour that steals swiftly nearer and nearer. Then she finds herself borne away by inexorable necessity, and has to endure the torture of homesickness—that misery of the young so little understood, so terrible to bear. She is usually so far alive to the unreason of her suffering as to keep it to herself; but her hosts think her a "most uninteresting girl." If she stays long enough, they perhaps change their opinion, for her nature may strike root afresh and put forth little timid buds and leaves, but in the interval neither she nor her entertainers are much the better for her visit. Poor child! I think parents and guardians should be very merciful over this malady of shyness and homesickness. The tendency to its attacks does not usually increase with age, and gentle remedies are the best whenever possible.

As a visitor among strangers the shy and homesick girl is not a success. She cannot appear at her best, or do herself justice in any way, and unless there is very strong reason for uprooting her, it seems best to let her flourish happily where she grows.

Of a very different type is the haphazard girl-visitor. She is not embarrassed by shyness in the very least; she delights to come and stay with you, and generally lets you know the fact beforehand, informing you that she has a round of visits to pay and will come and see you "some time" during the series. When exactly she will arrive it is difficult to ascertain. You are obliged, at risk of paining and surprising her, to give her a general joyful invitation, unless, indeed, you can hedge yourself round with definite engagements, and tell her, "This, and this only, is my free time." Even if you do this, she has a knack of frustrating you. "She knows you will not mind her coming a week earlier (or later) than arranged; it does not in the least matter what room she has, you will make no difference for her," etc., etc.; or she

enters, with the uncomfortable freedom born of old friendship, into your plans, and points out that she will not in any way interfere with them by her presence. You have, of course, to give in, for hospitality is an exacting virtue: one might almost say of it "*Noblesse oblige*." Then you begin to expect her. A vague and affectionate scrawl at the last instant mentions some train, snatched at random from a last year's time-table, and probably quite wrong; or she gives an approximate hour for coming, or gives no hour at all. Or a wire, wrongly addressed, turns up, with vast sums to pay for portage, after the carriage has started for the station, several miles away, to meet her, and you hear that for some trivial reason she is not coming till to-morrow. She drives the team of her own impulse and convenience serenely over your ordered garden of domestic routine, and never suspects that the process is devastating. "Oh, we are such old friends! You would make no difference for me, I know, darling!"

Perhaps you are a newly-married woman, with not a very large house, or staff of servants, and when your erratic friend does arrive, beaming, it is with a box of such colossal dimensions that it nearly fills up the hall, and can only, with the utmost difficulty and damage to your fresh staircase decorations, be hauled up to her bedroom by some hired minion from without. All the time she stays, you are haunted by the depressing thought that it has to be brought down again! Your visitor never has any postage stamps, and is apt to be late for meals, while if you propose any excursion, you are obliged to practise guile as to the hour it is necessary to be ready. She is equally haphazard as to any attention she requires from your maids, wanting you to send out telegrams and letters at inconvenient hours, and in domestic parlance "making work," but she is very good-natured, and would atone for it all by liberal "tips" at the moment of departure, if she had not forgotten to get change in time.

You may indeed think yourself lucky if you get rid of her at the end of her proposed stay. The next visit she is to pay is probably vague, and if she is happy with you, she will not move on, until some new freak seizes her, when her exit is extremely sudden. She does not depart empty-handed, for, like *Autolykus*, she is "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles." She borrows a favourite novel to read on her journey and forgets to return it; while silver thimbles, scissors, pocket handkerchiefs, have a knack of vanishing with her, not from any desire for petty larceny, but by reason of the happy vagueness of her discernment between *meum* and *tuum*.

A very different type of visitor is she who depends upon being amused, to a formal and troublesome extent. She will never be found guilty of the haphazard entry of the girl we have been describing. On the contrary, her arrival is planned long beforehand, to the hour; long enough, she considers, for you to have made abundant provision for her entertainment. When there is question of a visit from this girl, you are instantly absorbed in anxious thought as to the planning out of the time in the diversions suitable to town or country, wherever you may live. She has a way of silently making you feel that she vigilantly exacts from you the utmost dues of hospitality in this way; which, to do her justice, she is willing to return to the uttermost mite when you visit her. She brings dresses suitable for every sort of function, and you feel guilty if she has not opportunities of wearing them all. She is too well-bred openly to demand dances, concerts, private views, hunting, riding, tennis—the small gaieties of local society, or the larger functions of town; but all the same you are conscious that she considers it as her prerogative to be fêted and "taken about," and

quietly regards her visit as a failure if this is not done. I think many newly-married girls, who have not had time to settle down in their fresh neighbourhood, have been made to feel a little at a loss by the visit, so eagerly anticipated, of their dearest home friend, just because she is a visitor of this exacting type. She has an extremely high ideal of the qualities of a good hostess, and as she is prepared to strive after that ideal in her own person, she expects it from you. She is often exceedingly charming; but none the less is she fatiguing, and a visit from her is a serious matter.

A "missionary spirit" (I do not wish to use the term flippantly) in a visitor is a thing to be dreaded. There are girls who are always burning to set you right, and their entry into another home—especially if it is the home of a friend about their own age—affords them unlimited opportunities in this way. They remind one in their own person of the irritating articles on "home decoration" in which the local carpenter is to transform your home into a thing of beauty for eighteenpence. Your neighbourhood, your garden, your furniture, your dress, even your table, if you are intimate enough, all afford opportunities for criticism, gently insinuated. Whatever you or your mother may achieve in the rôle of house-mistress, your friend always knows of something better, and tells you indirectly how it can be done; she casually mentions what she has seen in other houses, taking care, of course, to preserve her remarks from absolute rudeness. You may be fond of her, but she manages always to leave an uncomfortable impression behind.

I have purposely chosen types of visitors that may figure rather as a warning than an example, for everyone can picture the ideal visitor: the girl whose coming brightens up the house, who instantly makes herself at one with the family life, who lets you feel that she can enjoy anything that is going on and needs no special "entertaining." If illness should occur during her visit, she is invaluable as a helper instead of an interloper whom you immediately wish to get rid of. She is welcomed with joy, and allowed to depart with grief and reluctance. And the reason is that she has learnt the secret of unselfishness: she is like Mrs. Browning's "My Kate."

"I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion: she did not attract
In the sense of the brilliant or wise; I infer
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her."

Such a visitor is specially delightful in the homes of old and lonely people. Age needs the presence of youth to brighten and to cheer, and when there are no children to take up this natural duty, the blank in the later years of life is often very painful. Yet old people cannot bear to be made to feel that their visitor has come as a sort of blessed martyr to their needs, or requires entertainment they cannot give; they would rather be dull and lonely. Girls, remember this! and if you can forget yourselves in making an old and solitary hostess cheerful, never mind the quiet house, and the uneventful routine. You will in return (though this is no motive to urge) probably learn lessons of life that may be of value unspeakable in after years.

The beautiful old saying has a significance which should be laid to heart by the girl-visitor as well as by those who practise hospitality in these latter days.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

LILY WATSON.



A fool! a col!—I met a col! in the forest.
 A motley fool! a miserable world!
 As I do live by food, I met a fool.
 "Good morrow, fool," quoth I.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT merry "quirks and cranks" have we seen played on April-fool Day! What gushes of laughter have rung out, as one after another was beguiled by this harmless foolery! Who ever forgot the old shoemaker's shop by the roadside, where we sent some witting for a pennyworth of stirrup-oil, and who invariably got thrashed by the old cobbler's stirrup-leather? At any hour we can picture the sheepish look of the boy—see him holding out his saucer, while a twinkling of merriment gathered about the wrinkled corners of the old man's grey eyes, as he unloosed the strap from his foot and knee; and, although the hardest blow he struck would scarcely have killed a fly, yet what roars of hearty laughter we sent forth as we saw the little simpleton scamper off, and beheld the merry shoemaker shaking his strap as he stood at his shop-door, in the sunshine of an April morning. Then there was pigeon-milk to be sent for at the milk-house; and here, perhaps, the tables were turned upon us, for the youth we sent, although he pretended ignorance, took the mug and the penny, and going in at once, asked for a halfpennyworth of milk, put the other halfpenny in his pocket, then came out boldly, and said, "Here it is;" while we looked at each other, and confessed that he had made April fools of us. Then what shoes we said were untied—handkerchiefs dropped—hats crushed—black spots on the face,

which we sent them to the glass to look at—where they only got laughed at for their pains.

Wicked and not always harmless errands did we also send others upon. Mr. Somebody wanted to borrow the large brewing tub, and the lender went toiling with it in a barrow: the load was almost more than he could wheel; and when he arrived at his journey's end, the pretended borrower only called him an April fool. He had his joke, and we our laugh; but never again had he the loan of the brewing tub. We sent the doctor post-haste to some one who was hearty and well, and probably busied in his garden. We had the fire-engine brought a mile or two; then laughed at the old man as we pointed out the leaden pump for him to play upon. Pigs had fallen into imaginary wells; horses and donkeys we pounded, then laughed at the owners, who never for a moment thought of looking into their own fields or stables until they returned. Yet very rarely did these tricks provoke any anger; all was considered fair on April-fool Day, for every one was disposed to be merry; and very often the laugh was as loud on the part of the deceived as the deceivers, and small sympathy did he obtain who lost his temper on the first of April.

Even grave sober matrons unbent their staid brows at our jokes; they recalled

the days when they also were young, and had their jokes—when they got their lovers to hunt for a needle they had never dropped, or to stoop for a cotton-ball which was safely deposited in their laps. Such tricks seem to sit lightly, even on the conscience of old age; they bring no regrets. Though we have known a swain sent ten miles to see his sweetheart, by an urgent letter, yet the laugh they enjoyed together seemed, somehow, to sweeten the long and unnecessary journey. April-fool Day was a merry time with our forefathers, who appear never to have lost a chance of making themselves happy whenever they could.

Spring-time stirred the blood of the great father of English poetry, Chaucer. He could not lie in bed when the daisies were opening. He tells us that he never found no delight in his books; that when he heard the birds sing, and saw the flowers beginning to blow, he bade farewell to his study; that he loved the daisies above all the flowers that grew; that scarcely a morning dawned in spring but what he rose early. As he himself says:—

—I am up and walking in the mead,
To see this flower against the sun spread.
When it upriseth, early on the morrow,
That blissful sight softoneth all my sorrow.
So glad am I, when that I have perceiv'd
Of it, to do it all reverence,
As she that is of all flowers the flower,
Fullfill'd of all virtue and honour,
And ever alike fair, and fresh of hue.

And over I love it, and ever alike new,
And ever I shall, till that mine heart die.
There loveth no one hotter in his life,
And when that it is o'v' I run blithe,
As soon as over the sun sinketh west,
To see this flower how it will go to rest,
For fear of night—so hateful she doth cease.
Her cheer is plainly spread in the brightness
Of the sun—for there it will unclose.

There has been a great outcry of late amongst many good and well-meaning people against the capturing and rearing of young birds. They have pronounced it barbarous and cruel in the extreme, however kindly they may be reared. Now this is a strange contradiction. Kindness cannot be cruelly, even if misapplied. Youth of both sexes who rear up birds do their utmost generally to keep them alive; and we have no hesitation in asserting that an attendance upon the wants of these little chirrupers cultivates kind and affectionate feelings, softens the heart, and contributes towards the making of better men and women than they would otherwise have grown into, had it not been for these necessary attentions. A girl will weep, and a kind-hearted boy be sorry, for the death of a favourite bird. And while such things help to refine the feelings, and are unaccompanied by cruelty, it is surely better that a half-fledged nestling should perish, now and then, through excess of kindness, than such virtuous emotions be stifled. We dare not put the number of young birds that are carried off, and devoured by hawks, weasels, &c., against the few that die through over-nursing; although a good argument might be twisted out of such matter.

But, whatever may be said about birds, no such charge can be brought against flowers; and as the following passage, which we wrote some years ago in praise of these "bowing adorers of the gale," has appeared in several publications without the acknowledgment of our name, we think it but justice to claim our own:—

"Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet find his images of beauty, if they were to perish? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence, and the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily; the winning eye is blue as the violet, and the sweet voice like a broeze kissing its way through the flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with fragrant flowers as she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in the narrow coffin, and they become emblems of our affections—of pleasures remembered and hopes faded—wishes vanished, and scenes cherished in memory, all the more, because they can never return. We look to the far-off spring in other valleys—to the eternal summer beyond the grave, where flowers that never fade bloom in those starry fields, which no chilly winter ever blow over. They come upon us in spring like the remembrances of a pleasant dream—a vision that hovered above us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and simple delights, embroidered with the richest hues of fancy. Sweet flowers!—that bring back again the scenes of childhood—faces remembered in youth—the love that knew not it was love!" Even in our rooms they conjure up images of the mossy bank by the wayside, where we so often gazed upon the early primroses. They recal the sheltered glen, darkly green, filled with the perfume of violets, that showed like another sky amid the scene. The sweet song of the village maiden again rings upon our ears while we gaze on them, and we remember those modest eyes "that ever loved the ground," and the time we first beheld them—

Fix'd as a pilgrim's—wilder'd in his way,
Who dare not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn of day.—DRYDEN.

What a mystery seems to hang about an old wood when the trees are covered with leaves, and the underwood is thick and impassable. We know not what flowers are growing in those untrodden solitudes; we cannot tell what birds build and hide in those hidden coverts; what badgers, weasels, polecats, martens, and snakes burrow, hide, climb, and bask, under ground and in the hollows of trees, about the great mossy branches, and on the unexplored banks, which accumulated leaves, and natural water-courses, and huge fallen trees have formed. It is this very difficulty of seeing beyond the few feet around us, that makes a wood so solemn. A hill or a moorland may be lonely, but there the view is open, whereas in the heart of an old wood all around us is dim shadowy, green, and mysterious. Many of the trees are large and aged; and we feel that we are in the presence of strange things, that have grown old in light and darkness for centuries; that they have outlived all other living things, and around them there hangs a kind of reverential awe, such as makes us marvel not that in the early ages, when England was first peopled, they were worshipped by the Druids and their followers. Then we come upon deep dells, over which the gnarled and withered stem leans, and the foliage darkens, and we marvel how these great hollows were first formed, for nowhere do they bear a trace of the hand of man. We know that the ancient Britons kept their corn in subterraneous places, which have slept undisturbed through the silence of many centuries. All traces of the work of these early excavations is buried beneath the accumulated gatherings of a thousand autumns and winters, which have cast down and rotted their leaves.

Here quivering aspens bow before the gale,
And hawthorns blow-out hid in sunless shade;
The mournful ring-dove coos her tender tale,
The holly's shining leaves are here display'd,
While silver birches overhang the glade;
The towering elm shelters the dusky rook,
The hazel in green beauty is arrayed,
The alder hangs o'er the crisped brook
In which the willow flowers in silence ever look.

And in such a spot the sudden starting of a large pheasant from out the deep underwood, as it goes with a loud "whur-r-r" high up amid the foliage, causes the lonely wanderer to spring back unconsciously, though he smiles the next moment at this needless alarm.

As Angling has already commenced, we shall glance at a few of the finny inhabitants of our streams and rivers; first beginning with the stickleback, with its three spines, which can either be raised or lowered at will, and which seems

fit for nothing but food for other fishes and the amusement of boys. "I know not," says quaint old Izaak Walton, "where he dwells in winter, nor what he is good for in summer." He is, however, a great ornament to a glass globe; his colours are splendid; and by a constant changing of the water every two or three days, he has lived in his glass house for two or three years. The minnow, which first appears in March, although so small, has a flavour equal to many of our more celebrated fish, especially when fried with the flowers of primroses and cowslips, and the yolks of eggs and butter—a dish delicate enough for the most imaginative of poets, though it was at one time very common. In summer they are full of spawn, and not so good as in spring. Everybody knows that a small red worm is a sufficient bait, that three or four hooks may be used at once, and sometimes as many fish be drawn out at a time, for they always bite eagerly.

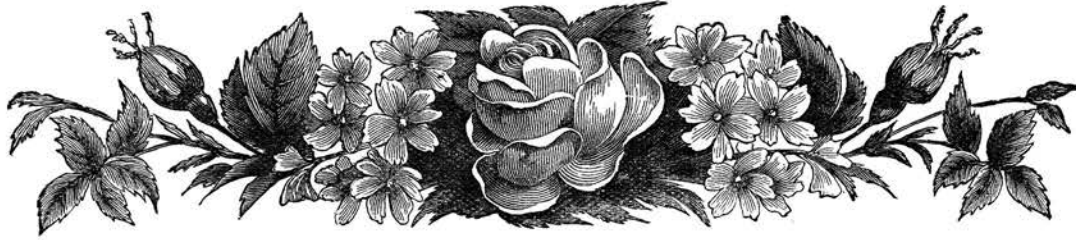
The bull-head, or miller's-thumb, with its immense head, large mouth, and spiny teeth, though anything but pleasant to look upon, forms an excellent dish, and those who have never tasted it will be agreeably surprised when they partake of one, and regret that they are not to be met with oftener at the fishmonger's. He is very fond of hiding under a stone, beside which, if a worm be dropped down gently, he will dart upon it in an instant, for he never stops to consider a moment about the matter if the hook is well concealed.—The loche we have often caught in the river Trent; it is a long fish, without either scales or teeth, bearded like a barbel. It is often used as a bait, especially for eels. Next in succession comes the gudgeon, which, though "little, is good;" it is well known to the London angler, being plentiful in the Lea river—that river of old historical associations, where English Alfred drew off the water and left the fleet of Hastings, the celebrated Sea-king, high and dry aground. It is rather a handsome-looking fish, broad in the middle, with a beautifully marked tail and back fin, and may be caught either with worm, gentie, or paste. The bait must touch the ground. It is fond of a gravelly situation. The bleak, or whiting, is a well-known fish, always on the move; is about six inches long, with large eyes, a small head, and silvery gills: the back is of a beautiful green colour. They are famous fly-catchers, and, from their rapid motions, are called water-swallows. Two or three hooks may be used, as in minnow fishing, and the same baits as for gudgeons. The flavour is very indifferent.

The dace, dart, shallow, dare, or by whatever name it is called, is a fast breeder, and during the summer months, very partial to playing about on the sunny surface of the water. It is found in many of our rivers, and appears to prefer such spots as are in constant motion, through the rolling of rapid currents and eddies. In cold weather it prefers a quiet hole, or the sheltered part of a stream overhung by the tall water-flags or tufted rushes. Its body is rather long, the back of palish green, varied with dusky marks, while the belly has a silvery appearance, and the fins a pale red tinge. It will almost take any bait in spring; neither worms, larvae of beetles, grubs, caterpillars, or even water-snails, come amiss to it. They are sharp quick biters, requiring to be struck suddenly; and, as they are not to be drawn out without a good struggle, it is necessary to use strong tackle. Blaine makes mention of a pie made of dace and roach, which seems to have been

A dainty dish to set before a King;
For when the pie was open the guests began to sing.

And, according to his account, they would willingly have dined off such a pie, once a week, at least, as long as they lived. Roach-fishing so nearly resembles that of dace, that we shall not pause to describe it. The beautiful gold-coloured circle of the eye and the rich red fins are familiar to those who have seen the roach in good condition; nor is it to be mistaken, on account of its great breadth when laid on its side. It affords excellent sport to the angler, and has been caught from a pound to two, or more, in weight. We pass by the rudd, a fish which has led to much discussion, some considering it a species of dace, and others of carp, and come to the bream, with its high arched back, forked tail, and large eyes. When in fine condition and a good size, the bream has a rich golden colour, in place of the silvery hue it before wore. They are a cautious race, and the angler ought not to throw his shadow upon the water, but keep himself as much out of sight as possible. A warm, cloudy day is considered the most favourable for biting, and a red worm the best of baits. He is a fish rather too fond of sucking the bait, but this can be easily detected by watching the float: for our part, we never struck in too great a hurry when we detected this half-nibbling; the better plan, we think, is to let him get well hold, or go if he chooses, though it is necessary to examine the bait after his departure. We must reserve a few remarks on this old and pleasant occupation for next month.





SOCIAL LECTURES.

ON SWELLS.



SLANG is a very bad thing; it has a thievish twang, and tends to corrupt the English language. Yet if a fact has only one name, and that a slang one, what is a speaker or a writer, who desires to allude to that fact, to do? Now the word "swell" is possibly of most disreputable origin, coined perchance by the Artful Dodger of some Fagin den, and for a long time the sole property of pickpockets and dishonest beggars. But it has pushed a way up in the world, and now occupies the place formerly filled by the equally slang terms, "blood," fop, dandy, with which it is by no means synonymous; for a swell is—a swell, and there is no other name by which you can designate him. Some men are born swells; to these the few remarks I am about to offer will perhaps be of little practical value; but there are others who would achieve sweldom, and it is to them that I more particularly address myself on the present occasion. For as I have observed that there are many young men possessed of regular features, symmetrical figures, and respectable incomes, who gaze with an awful admiration, not unmixed with envy, at the gorgeous beings who flash upon them from the Row and the club steps—who dazzle them at the opera, and abash them in the ball-room—and as many of these eligible youths are fired by a noble ambition to emulate such paragons, but do not rightly know how to set about it, it has occurred to me that a few hints for their instruction and guidance may spare them many false starts and humiliating failures, and so save some from giving up the attempt in despair, and falling back among the ordinary crowd who seem to consider life as a mere arena for contest and for struggle; who admit responsibilities, acknowledge duties, practise self-denial, and absurdly pursue such chimeras as love, friendship, and ambition. Let the neophyte take courage, for though a swell resembles a poet in this, that he is born, and does not issue, as some ignorant persons have imagined, from a band-box, like Hope, he differs from the paltry scribbler in the more important fact that he can be made. He can be made, and as the persons who have most to do with his manufacture are those artists who devote their talents to adornment of the person, the novice must begin by getting himself as well dressed as his present ignorance and uncultivated taste will permit, taking care to avoid bright colours and elaborate

articles of jewellery, until further study under the best masters shall enable him to indulge in such luxuries with safety; for if he neglects this advice, he will run the risk of splitting on that rock of would-be swells—vulgarity, and his hopes will be wrecked for ever. It is no easy matter for an unknown man to get a really first-class tailor to pay him proper attention; the only method of procedure is to give a large order in the first instance—say half a dozen coats, eight or nine waist-coats, and as many pairs of trousers—to try each article on at every possible stage of its manufacture, and to give as much trouble as possible. I dare say that you may have observed how badly for the most part statesmen and persons engaged in scientific pursuits are dressed, even though their social positions may be high, their fortunes large, the tradesmen they employ of fashionable reputation. Why is this? It is because they take no pains about the fit of their own clothes, but trust entirely to those tradesmen; and it is an idiosyncrasy of the hatter, the bootmaker, and especially of the tailor, that he feels no respect for the man who does not worry him to the verge of distraction. Now, without respect for the customer who is to be fitted no true artist can put forth his highest powers. And here I may remark that there is a grand old proverb, the true deep meaning of which lies hidden for the most part from those who utter it. I allude to the aphorism "Nine tailors make a man," which is used by shallow wittings in depreciation of that great art which principally distinguishes the civilised man from the savage; as if the wisdom of ages, condensed by the wit of a genius, would establish any such flippant nonsense as that the artificer who works up the raw material of nature into a thing of beauty was in any way inferior in the scale of creation! No, the true sense of the saw is that it requires the united talents of nine tailors to make a man, the ideal man, a swell. Guided by this light the judicious aspirant should, as he gains confidence, extend his patronage. One tailor may have a particular talent for riding-trousers, another for walking-trousers, a third for coats, and so forth.

But when he has once found a bootmaker, he should be constant to him. The wearer of boots, like the cobbler himself, should stick to his last, his *own* last. That is the best of boots, when the foot is once perfectly fitted the model can be fixed for ever in hard enduring wood, future copies may be relied upon as actual reproductions of the original, and the customer is no longer dependent upon the fluctuating skill of the craftsman. For that his powers do vary was

owned by a master in the art, who once exhibited so beautiful a boot in his shop-window, that an amateur wanted to buy it. But it was not for sale, and the proprietor refused to part with it at any price.

"Well," said the amateur, "can you make me another exactly like it?"

"Make another, sir!" exclaimed the artificer, "I did not *make* that boot; I struck it off in a moment of inspiration."

To obtain a shirt that will sit close to the breast in all movements of the body is no light task, and though the necktie is no longer such a stumbling-block in the path of him who would be well dressed as it was in the days of Beau Brummel, its perfect disposal will be found a considerable difficulty, which, however, with practice, fair natural abilities, and a careful study of the best models, is to be overcome.

Having attired himself in suitable clothing, including gloves which really fit him, and a hat that will cling gracefully to his head though the wind blow and his horse plunge, the incipient swell should now exert all his endeavours to form an acquaintance with some acknowledged model, with a title if possible, whom he may study at his leisure. This is often achieved by men starting under great disadvantages, who have devoted all their energies to that one object. It is strange if the noble ambition we treat of should inspire the breast of one who cannot, through family connections, or some old school or college acquaintanceship, get an introduction, if not to the great swell himself, at least to one of the satellites moving in his orbit, through whose means he may insinuate himself into speaking and bowing terms with him; and when he has once reached that point, there are many ways of worming himself into his intimacy. If the great man is in pecuniary difficulties, which is not improbable, he may buy a horse of him, or lose money to him at *écarté*; if he has a master-vice (and most men have), let him be companionable, and assume it; and as swells, like ordinary mortals, are subject to vanity, he must delicately flatter him.

Prior to or concomitant with this swell-stalking, the aspirant should strain every nerve to get into a *good* club. Many young men who are fitted by position, fortune, and inclination for swells, join second or third-rate clubs in the interim, hoping to gain admission into the more select ones at some future time. What is the consequence? Why, they get into a bad set; they are seen associating with ill-dressed men, who are quite outside the pale of fashion; they are marked as vulgarians; and when their names are put up at the clubs into which they desire admission, their chance is hopeless. The prospects of an utterly unknown candidate are infinitely better, so that the neophyte should get himself proposed for the very best club he can in the first instance. An insignificant candidate, especially if he is proposed and seconded by insignificant members, is far less often black-balled than one whose own or whose friends' merits and popularity have wounded the vanity or stirred the jealousy of the voters. It is the taller heads that are most likely to be lopped off. But should he meet

with repulse, let him remain clubless rather than seek refuge in an inferior establishment. His perseverance will be rewarded in time.

It may be, however, that there is some young man amongst my hearers who is endowed with money, beauty, tranquillity, a due regard for his personal appearance, and other qualities essential to success, but who is positively without any acquaintance of the most distant kind who can place him even on the margin of polite society. Let him then enter himself as a fellow-commoner at one of the colleges of either university, or, better still, get a commission in a cavalry regiment. It is true that there is considerable difficulty about this latter operation in these degenerate days; he will have to pass an examination in the first place, and then to undergo the ordeal of drill. The discipline of the riding-school, watering parades, early stables, are very trying indeed to the higher nature which aspires to complete calm; there is also the risk of his regiment being ordered abroad. But he will probably be able to get into the Rag or the Junior, and that will give him the first step which he requires. That accomplished, he can retire from the service as soon as he likes.

But this is a digression; we suppose our neophyte launched, free from distracting cares and occupations, a member of a good club, living in chambers which he need not be ashamed of, and possessed of a sufficiency either of money or of credit, and we resume.

His hair must be dressed daily by a first-rate artist, to whom he should entrust the entire control over his head.

He must not often dance, though he should privately acquire the utmost proficiency in the art; so that when he is positively obliged to practise it in public, he may accomplish the task gracefully, and with as little exertion to himself as possible.

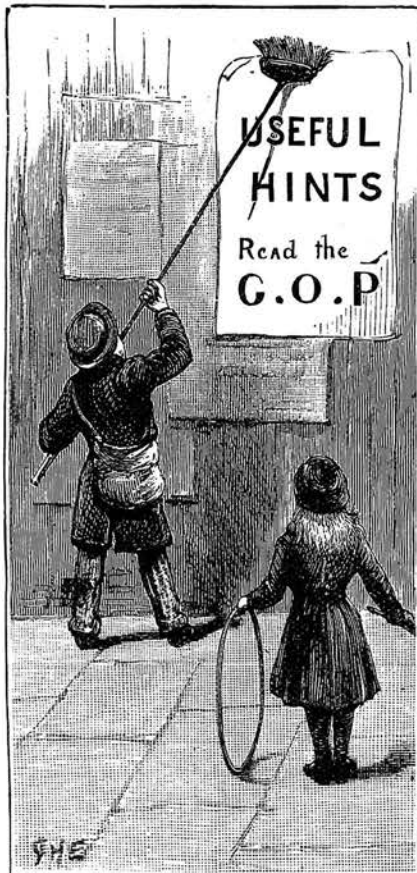
He should take no exercise on foot, but pay the greatest attention to his riding, and never mount a screw. The horse is so noble an animal that it is impossible for a good rider to look insignificant, plebeian, or undignified upon his back; so that the swell may ride at a pace which induces perspiration, if it is necessary for his health; he may even hunt, provided he carefully avoids those meets where cockneys and other vulgarians mostly congregate. All this, of course, is incongruous, abnormal; one conceives the perfect swell as merely lounging on foot, or ambling gently on horseback where people of fashion take the air, but engaging in no pursuit which might rumple or soil him. But there are months when he cannot be seen in London, and the time may hang heavily on his hands unless he engages in country pursuits and pastimes. He may therefore shoot, provided always he can do so without violent exertion. Cover-shooting, for example, may generally be taken very easily, there being plenty of sportsmen who are not swells ready to compete eagerly for the warm corners; and the practice of driving game seems to have been established expressly in his behoof. Shooting pigeons out of a trap is still less objectionable, provided the company be extremely select; but, in truth, the firing of a gun,

accompanied as it is with noise, smoke, recoil, and soiling of the gloves, is unsuited to him, and, like hunting, is only permitted as a concession to human weakness. The same remark applies to most other amusements: billiards is chalky, cards apt to excite, and the swell should never be excited. In short, I know of no pastime exactly fitted for him except croquet.

It may be that the neophyte has certain quondam acquaintances whose dress and style are compromising. If these are difficult to shake off in the ordinary way, the object may always be attained either by lending them money, borrowing it of them, or, best of all, asking them to back bills for him whenever they address him. If he is not short-sighted—in which case it would be impolitic to draw attention to a personal infirmity—he should wear an eyeglass, which will enable him *not to see* undesirable people without obviously cutting them. Rudely to cut any one is bad form, and only practised in these days at the universities. But an eye-glass in the hands of a dexterous swell will be found as useful as a parasol or a fan in those of a lady.

While the ambitious youth is qualifying himself in other respects, he must not neglect the moral and mental training, without which no amount of personal decoration can give him that high-bred air which is the peculiar characteristic of the real swell. He must never be angry or merry, or happy or unhappy, or frightened or amused or astonished; or should he unhappily experience one of those vulgar emotions, let him at any rate guard against the expression of it. He must learn to regard love as romantic folly, and friendship as a poetic myth. He may find more difficulty than at first he apprehends in cooling himself down to the proper degree of apathy and indifference, but dissipation, self-cultivation, and tobacco will aid him greatly. Let him consider to what a degree of perfection those Asiatics have attained, who spend their whole lives—as they trust to spend eternity—sitting or standing in one position, absorbed in listless contemplation of Buddha; and shall a civilised Englishman fail where a heathen barbarian has succeeded? Never! The true swell is his own Buddha.

LEWIS HOUGH.



A GOOD GRIDDLE CAKE.—The Scotch are quite famous for their excellent griddle cakes. The griddle is a similar pan to our frying-pan,

with this difference—there is a handle over the top and the bottom is slightly thicker. For the cake the materials required are quite a pint of sour milk, two breakfastcupfuls of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls of green treacle, and half a teaspoonful of salt. If the treacle is rather thick it can be made more liquid by putting it in a cup and standing it on the stove for two or three minutes; then mix it with the milk. Put the salt and flour in a baking bowl and mix them well. Make a hole in the middle and stir in the milk carefully, so there shall be no lumps. Beat it for five minutes and then add the soda dissolved in boiling water. Turn into the greased griddle and bake for about a quarter of an hour.

SODA CAKES.—Sift a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda into a pound of flour, put in a pinch of salt, and make it into a stiff dough with sour milk; divide into three portions, roll out and make each into a round cake an inch thick. Bake in a fairly hot oven, giving them ten minutes to rise, and bake one side, and then turn them over. When baked split each one, put on plenty of butter, and let them be eaten at once. These cakes suit dyspeptic persons who cannot eat a hot cake made with shortening. The following cakes are suitable for either breakfast or tea, and may be baked on a gas ring when the kitchen fire has been let out on a sultry day. If intended for breakfast it is a saving of time to mix up the batter over night, adding the soda in the morning.

CREAM CAKES are also baked on a griddle, but instead of being baked in one large cake the batter is baked a cupful at a time. The materials required are—a pint of slightly sour milk and same quantity of cream; four eggs, yolks and whites whipped separately; a teaspoonful of soda, a saltspoonful of salt, and sufficient flour to make a good batter.

Put about two cups of flour in a bowl, and

mix it smoothly with the cream and milk (mixed together) into a batter, of course adding more flour if the batter is not thick enough; then stir in the eggs, and lastly the salt and soda, the latter dissolved in just sufficient hot water to cover it. Beat all well up three or four minutes before baking. As they are baked lay them in the folds of a clean cloth to keep hot; they are best then. There are many other recipes I might enumerate, but will close with the German dish that does not require much preparation. Let the milk stand in the jug or bowl until it is quite stiff and resembles a blancmange, then put it in rather a deep dish and let powdered sugar be eaten with it. This is delicious, if liked; but the taste for it is mostly an acquired one.

PIGEONS DE BORDEAUX A LA BOURGEOISE.

—Procure as many Bordeaux pigeons as you require, and cut each one into four; have ready a saucepan with as much butter as you think necessary to brown them. When they are nicely browned lift them out gently, and fry one dozen small quenelles, which are very nice made of forcemeat and shaped with two teaspoons; when these are brown, take them out carefully so as not to break them, then rub into the butter one good heaped-up tablespoonful of flour, and let this fry till brown, then add not quite a pint of thin stock, or water will do, with the addition of a small quantity of Liebig's Extract. Stir till it boils, then add one wineglassful of port or sherry, and pepper and salt to taste. Now put in your pigeons, quenelles, and one dozen mushrooms and eight French olives which have been previously stoned, and let all stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. In a separate saucepan boil one dozen of carrots and turnips cut as near the shape of quenelles as possible, and serve the pigeons in the centre and the quenelles, mushrooms, carrots, turnips and olives placed alternately round with one dozen fried croûtons cut kite shape.

THE LEISURE HOUR.



The Leisure Hour, 1860

SPRING,

"HOW JOUCUND DID THEY DRIVE THEIR TEAM A-FIELD!"—Gray's "Elegy."

Odds and Ends.

AN experiment has been made in the United States of making stockings and gloves from paper. It has proved the greatest success. The texture is given solidity and durability by being placed in a bath consisting of a mixture of tallow and potato starch, and when finished its appearance is said to closely resemble the articles made from wool and cotton.

THERE are six hundred cards of admission issued for readers at the library of the British Museum, and of these two hundred and eighty are used by women. It has been ascertained that they are used much more regularly than those of the men, and also that few of the women are occupied with subjects supposed to be interesting to their sex. Theology, political economy, and science chiefly claim their attention, and one of the women readers has been working at the history of philanthropy in England for several months. These figures show that the studious faculty of womankind will assert itself when given the opportunity.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S household consists of nearly one thousand persons. Many of the posts have no duties attached to them, such as those of the bargemaster and a waterman, who each draw £400 a year for directing pageants on the Thames—now things of the past. Of the curious services rendered are those of the Queen's ratcatcher, who is especially attached to Buckingham Palace at a salary of £15 a year. Then there are four table-deckers, whose only duty is to lay the dinner-cloth and to see that the plates, dishes, and cutlery are in their proper places; a wax-fitter, who sees that the candles are properly placed; a first and second lamplighter, who receive £100 a year; and the Keeper of the Swans, who for £30 a year looks after the stately birds upon the Royal waters.

THE oldest cathedral in England is probably that of Winchester. It is supposed to have been built by the newly-converted British King Lucas in A.D. 177, on the site of a great pagan temple. There are portions of the present building which date back to the century before the Conquest.

RECENT excavations in Greece are bringing to light a most interesting number of antiquities. In Athens, near the Areopagus, a cluster of buildings has been discovered, whilst outside the boundaries of the city the ancient Treasury of Athens has been uncovered, showing a number of inscriptions, mostly official documents relating to Athenian matters. A large statue of Apollo in Naxian marble dug up at this spot, and bearing the signature of an Argive artist, is likely to alter the prevalent theories of early Greek art. Another "Hymn to Apollo," with music, has been found, and as many as forty inscriptions have been seen in one day. Nor is the discovery of these treasures of antiquity confined to Athens, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence," for at Argor and Eretria large temples have been laid bare, as well as at classic Delos.

IN Japan there are a large number of women who provide amusement for wealthy members of their sex by telling stories, reciting, singing songs, or playing musical instruments. They make a comfortable livelihood by this occupation.

FOR a recent competition the Royal Geographical Society offered twenty prizes; and although the scholarly successes of women are now becoming a commonplace, the fact that eighteen out of the twenty fell to women is worthy of being placed upon record. Twenty certificates were also awarded at the same examination, which was in geography, and of these nineteen were also carried off by women.

MRS. J. W. BAIRD has been called the "Queen of Chess." She was born at Hareston, in Devonshire, in a house which has belonged to her family since the reign of Edward III., and was taught to play chess at a very early age, although it was only recently that she began to compose the chess problems which have made her name so well known to all players. Mrs. Baird also paints and writes, and takes exercise in that old-fashioned but delightful amusement—archery. She is a firm believer in the possibilities of woman, and takes the keenest interest in all matters appertaining to their real advancement; but she frowns upon the female prosecution of "sport," and has consistently refused to take part in any of those amusements which entail suffering upon animals.

THE new railway up the Jungfrau is to have seven stations, all except the first being bored in the solid rock. Each station will contain dining-rooms and small bedrooms, like those of a state-room on board a steamer, to enable passengers to pass the night, should they so desire, at various altitudes. From each station exits are arranged leading to pathways by which those who wish may continue the ascent of the mountain on foot. The lift by which the summit is reached rises to a height of 216 feet, and there will be a spiral staircase for those who care to use it. The railway is one of the most marvellous engineering undertakings of the century.

"KEEP clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, subjects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities."

THE system in vogue in France whereby the Government retain the monopoly of the sale of tobacco is worthy of imitation in England. The right to sell is granted to people who have served the State in some way or other, and is found especially useful as a method for providing for the widows and daughters of retired public servants. If a single woman or a widow acting in this capacity desires to marry or re-marry, an authorisation from the prefect of the department or town must be first obtained. On receiving the application a commission is nominated, which makes an inquiry as to the expediency of the prospective bride continuing to keep her tobacco-shop. As a rule matrimony is a disability, but if the husband has any special claims, or is in a position to assure the permanence of the household, permission is granted for its retention. By this system a sure means of livelihood is provided for helpless women, and some similar plan might be seriously considered for adoption in England.

"LET humour bedew duty. Let gaiety take charge of dullness. So employ these qualities that they shall be to life what carbonic acid is to liquid, making it foam and sparkle."

ONE of the most famous yacht designers in the world, Mr. John B. Herreshoff, an American, is blind, and has been so afflicted since he was sixteen years old. He goes to his works every morning at nine o'clock, and without one moment's hesitation walks straight to his desk, takes out a bunch of keys, selects the right one, and opens the desk. Its pigeon-holes are filled with papers and designs, yet he picks out any particular document that he may want, entirely by memory and his sense of touch, which has been developed in a most extraordinary degree. He works out great problems in mathematics in his head, and evolves wonderful devices in mechanics without the aid of a secretary, or pen or paper. A small model of the yacht, showing the plan upon which it is to be constructed is made, and the blind man, sometimes sitting before it for days, runs his hands lightly over its lines, thus getting a perfect picture of the shape of the boat in his head. Many changes suggest themselves to him, and he works them out with mathematical precision to test their correctness. A few inches more of depth at a certain point may mean the added power of several hundred square feet of canvas, or the alteration of an angle may increase the speed of the craft without injuring its heavy-weather capacities, and all this Mr. Herreshoff plans with the greatest certainty. His is one of the most noticeable cases of indomitable will overcoming physical restrictions.

"CHOOSE well, and you will find life very good, and very well worth living."

"He of all others fittest is to write
That intermingled profit with delight."

Horace.

IT was said of old that men are divided into three orders. The first, those who see by themselves and find out what is good in every subject. These are the most excellent and able men. The second, those who see not by themselves, who need teaching, and submit to that which is good when others have found it. This is the second degree of ability and wisdom. The third, those who can neither see by themselves nor will submit to others. These are called unprofitable to all.

TURKISH CATECHISM.

Q. How dost thou expect to find favour of the Almighty or reward His goodness?

A. By promoting his religion and a charitable pity of my fellow-creatures.

Q. How will you extend the charity enjoined you?

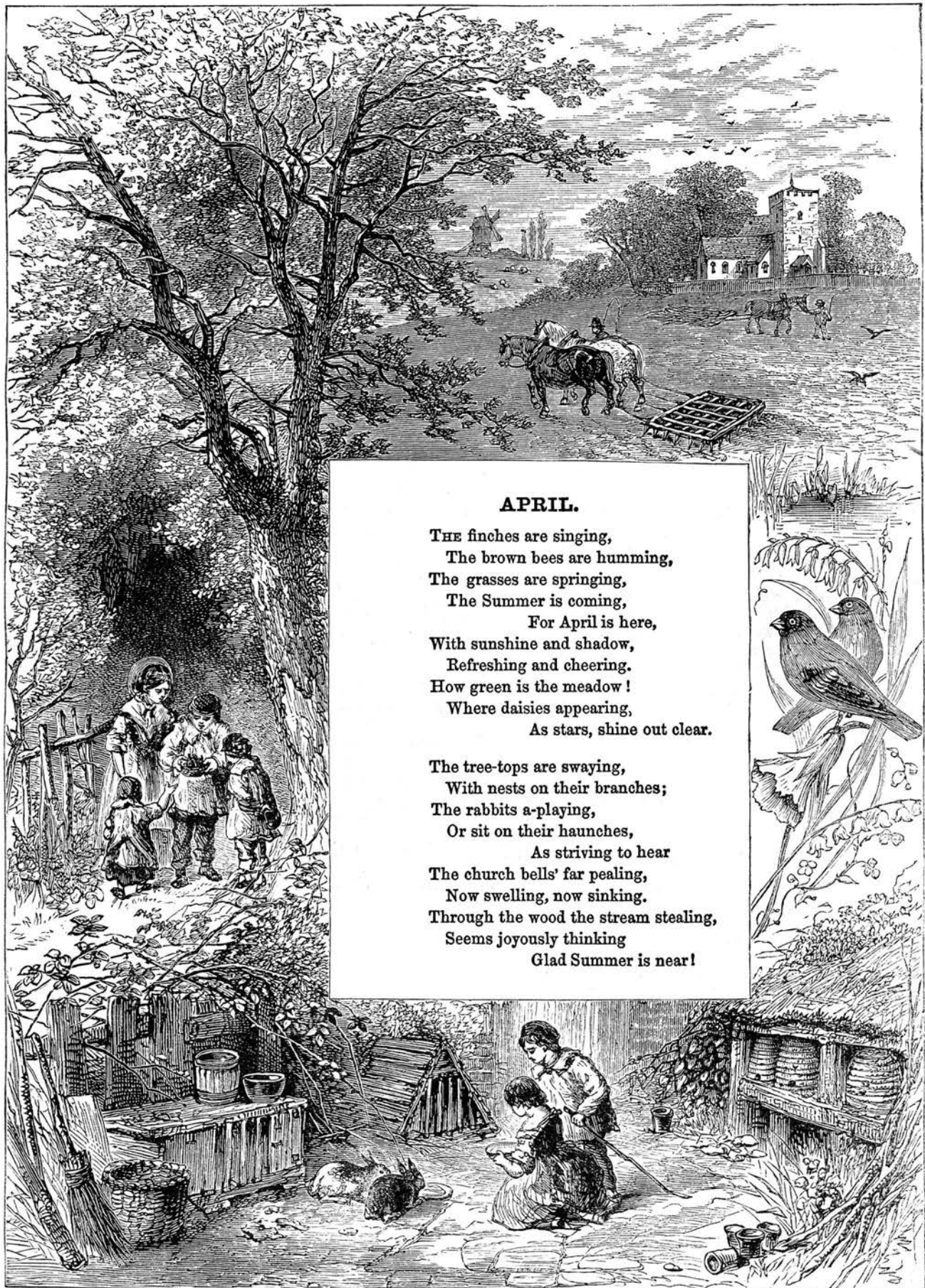
A. By erecting public inns for entertaining poor benighted pilgrims, by giving freely to the poor as much as I can spare, redeeming slaves and looking upon the beasts which serve our uses with a mild compassion.

Q. How are you to pity beasts or birds which serve you?

A. When an ox, ass, horse, dog, mule or camel has for many years been truly serviceable, I must let him graze in peace about my grounds and live the rest of his disabled life entirely free from toil or drudgery as a reward for all his former labours.

Q. What else are you required to do to such poor animals?

A. I am obliged to load my camels and all other beasts of burden favourably and with pity; buy the birds that pine in cages for their absent mates, and let them fly away to seek lost liberty.



APRIL.

THE finches are singing,
The brown bees are humming,
The grasses are springing,
The Summer is coming,
For April is here,
With sunshine and shadow,
Refreshing and cheering.
How green is the meadow!
Where daisies appearing,
As stars, shine out clear.

The tree-tops are swaying,
With nests on their branches;
The rabbits a-playing,
Or sit on their haunches,
As striving to hear
The church bells' far pealing,
Now swelling, now sinking.
Through the wood the stream stealing,
Seems joyously thinking
Glad Summer is near!

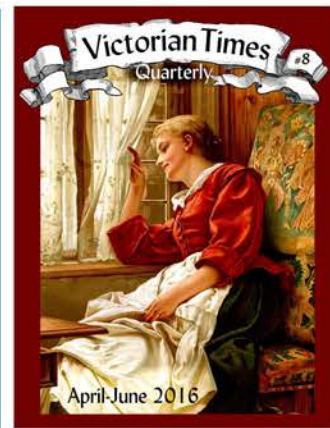
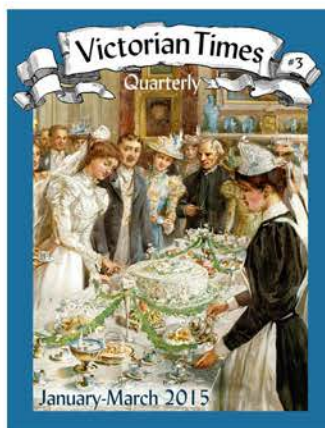


Give the Gift of Victorian Times... in Print!

Every three months, we issue *Victorian Times Quarterly*, the print edition of *Victorian Times*. These beautiful, collectible volumes put every charming article, delicious recipe and gorgeous illustration at your fingertips - the perfect reference collection that you'll be able to turn to again and again. Plus, they make the ideal gift for anyone who loves the Victorian era as much as you do!

Find out more, including issue contents, ordering links and annual indices at:

<http://www.VictorianVoices.net/VT/VTQ/index.shtml>



Coming in May 2015...

- May Queens
- Soups
- Lives of Professional Girls, in Their Own Words
- The Queen's "Tobacco Pipe"
- Curious Cases of Mistaken Identity
- Crewel Embroidery (cont'd)
- An Englishman's Look at American Women
- Country Customs: May-Day Games
- Dried Fruits
- Postmen of the World, Part 1
- Another Fox Terrier Named Jack
- E. Nesbit's School Days (cont'd)
- Chronicles of an Anglo-Californian Ranch (cont'd)



Download it today at VictorianVoices.net/VT/issues/VT-1505.shtml