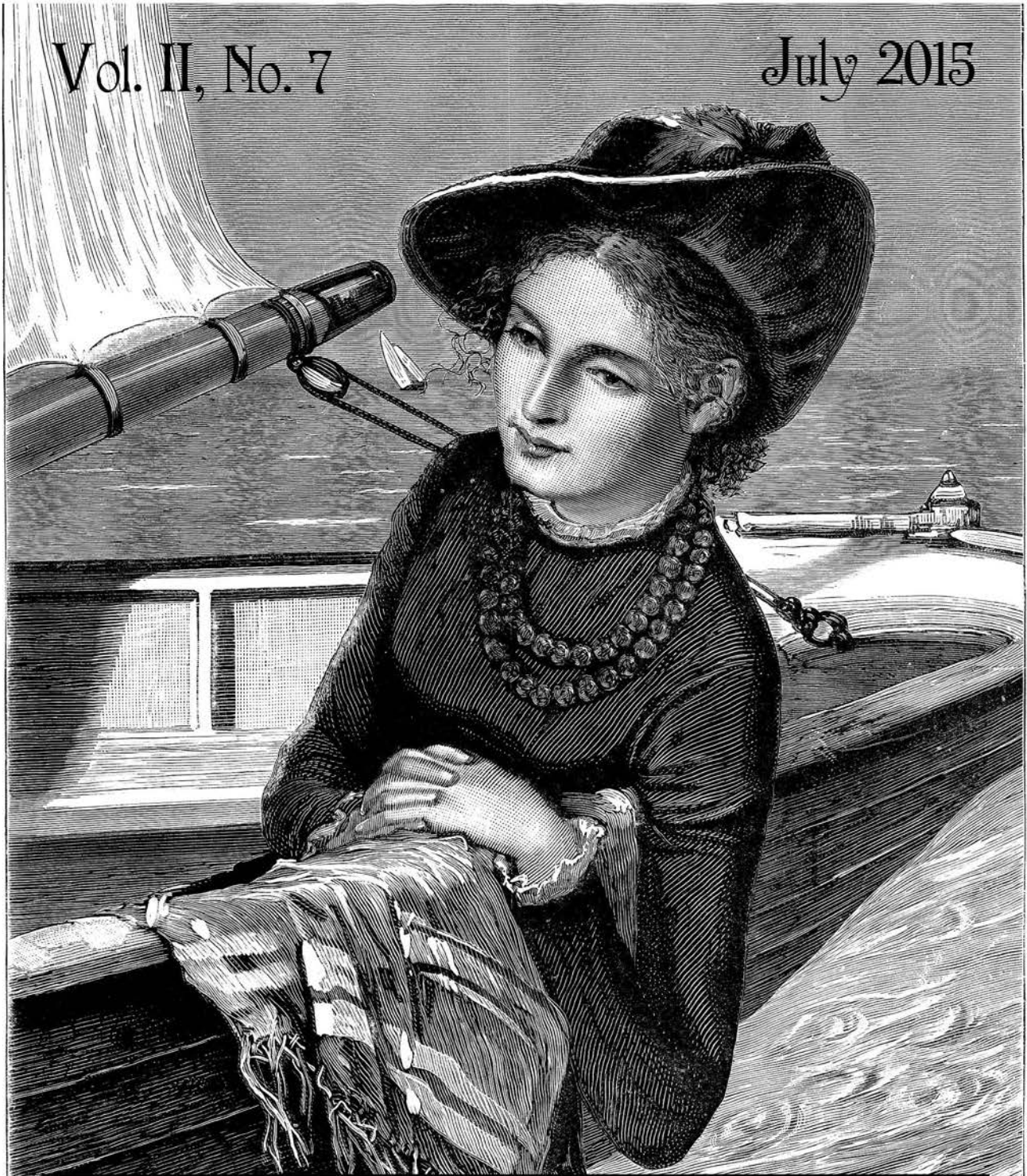


Victorian Times

Vol. II, No. 7

July 2015



*The Pleasure Telephone • The Typewriter • The Useful Lemon
E. Nesbit's School-Days • A Page of Puddings • London Ad Men
Embroidery Needlework • An Old Cookery Book • Playful Animals
Blackberry Recipes • Sheep-Shearing Feast • Curious Land Tenures*

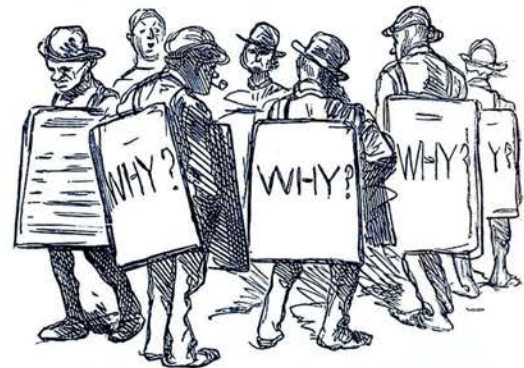
Victorian Times

Volume II, No. 7
July 2015

- 2 Editor's Greeting: When the Past Meets the Future, by Moira Allen
- 3 The Pleasure Telephone, by Arthur Mee (*The Strand*, 1898)
- 10 Cartoon: The Tale of a Cat (*Demorest*, 1888)
- 11 Some Useful Recipes (*GOP**, 1897)
- 12 Advice to Girl-Cyclists, by Lillian Campbell Davidson (*GOP*, 1896)
- 12 The Type-Writer and Type-Writing (*GOP*, 1888)
- 14 A Shilling a Day and His Board (*CFM***, 1885)
- 17 Embroidery Needlework, by Fred Miller (*GOP*, 1887)
- 19 Dips into an Old Cookery Book, Part 1, by Ruth Lamb (*GOP*, 1886)
- 21 Chronicles of an Anglo-Californian Ranch, Part 8, by Margaret Innes (*GOP*, 1899)
- 21 Useful Hints (*GOP*, 1893)
- 22 My Schooldays, Part 7, by E. Nesbit (*GOP*, 1897)
- 23 Poem: "The Library," by Frank Dempster Sherman (*Century Magazine*, 1890)
- 24 The Lemon and Its Varied Uses (*GOP*, 1901)
- 25 Animal Playfulness, by Alex. A. Japp (*CFM*, 1893)
- 28 Useful Hints (*GOP*, 1894)
- 29 July: Sheep-Shearing Feast (*Illustrated London Almanack*, 1849)
- 31 Recipes for July, by Lucy Yates (*GOP*, 1897)
- 32 Picture Feature: A Full-Rigged Ship (*Collier's Cyclopedia*, 1882)
- 33 Poem: "A Song of Degrees," by Margaret Vandergrift (*Century*, 1888)
- 33 Curiosities of Land and Other Tenures (*Leisure Hour*, 1860)
- 36 How to Make Paper Baskets for Carrying Flowers, by Eliza Brightwen (*GOP*, 1900)
- 37 Blackberries, and How to Use Them, by Phyllis Browne (*GOP*, 1891)
- 38 A Lance for the Lily, by Beatus (*GOP*, 1889)
- 39 Odds and Ends (*GOP*, 1896)
- 40 Poem: "The July Garland," by H.G. Adams (*Chatterbox*, 1874)



p. 3



p. 14



p. 17



p. 25

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
Available in print from Amazon.com
Copyright © 2015 Moira Allen

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

When the Past Meets the Future

One of the fascinations of articles from Victorian days is their ability to help us understand just how people lived in another time—a time that was at once similar, and very different, from our own. We read with interest “quaint” articles on proper etiquette, some of which actually make a great deal of sense even from a modern standpoint, and some of which make us glad that we no longer have to worry about such absurdities. We explore the Victorian home, in part out of curiosity and perhaps in part with the idea of adding some “authentic” Victorian touches to our own homes. We review recipes, finding some that might be worth trying and others that make us glad that “lard” is no longer a common element in our cooking!

Most of all, though, we are trying to form a picture in our minds of a world that existed more than 100 years ago. As we read such articles, the people start to come alive—we see how they dressed, we hear how they spoke, we discover how they worked and played and worshipped. We see the good and we see the warts.

And sometimes... we see them peering back at us!

Victorians, like ourselves, were fascinated by the past—but they were also fascinated by the future. Perhaps this was because they recognized that they were living in a world of change—a world with a faster growth of technologies than had ever been seen before. While we think of our own times as one of fast-paced growth, Victorians, too, lived through remarkable changes—from being hardly able to send a letter from one end of Britain to another, to being able to converse with people hundreds of miles away on the telephone! Victorian writers realized, correctly, that the changes they had seen thus far were simply the beginning, and that many more were to come, even if not in their own lifetimes. Thus many sought to predict just what form those changes might take!

In this issue, the charming article “The Pleasure Telephone,” from *The Strand*, shows some of these predictions in action. The author, writing in 1898, imagines a day when one might be able to do far more than simply *talk* on a telephone. He predicts a time when just about every imaginable form of information and entertainment would be “broadcast” over the “pleasure telephone.” A businessman might receive his stock quotes; sports fans would receive the latest cricket scores or even a play-by-play narration of the game; children could receive lessons; ladies might listen to sermons; and one could enjoy symphonies and operas in the comfort of one’s own home! One might even have two or three telephone headsets, so that more than one person could listen to the same broadcast—and the author imagines a comfortable wire headset to enable one to use this phone “hands free.”

The single flaw in this author’s prediction is the necessity for the wire. He cannot, yet, imagine that in fact, all these things would soon come to pass, not with the phone, but with the “wireless.” Though Marconi’s radio had been patented by this time, the ability to broadcast voices and music wasn’t fully developed until the 1920’s. Nevertheless, by the 30’s and 40’s, Britons and Americans were enjoying every function predicted in this article, and then some—by wireless radio.

Only after I’d gotten this far did it finally dawn on me that this writer was more prophetic than he ever imagined. (It took awhile to dawn because I’m still a bit of a techno-dinosaur when it comes to phones...) He was *right!*

Because, today, we can indeed enjoy all of these things—news, sports, music, entertainment—on our *phones*, just as this author predicted. I doubt he could have imagined the cell phone (let alone the “smart” phone). Yet even so, his prediction has at last come true—just without those pesky wires.

Thank goodness he couldn’t imagine texting whilst driving one’s carriage in Hyde Park...

—Maira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

The Pleasure Telephone.

BY ARTHUR MEE.



REAMS are fulfilled very rapidly in these days, but even Mr. Bellamy himself would doubtless have been amazed to know that one of his most daring predictions is on the eve of realization. Mr. Bellamy, in that remarkably prophetic book, "Looking Backward," wrote, ten years ago, of a young man who was amazed by hearing charming music in a room in which there was neither musician nor instrument, and who was still further surprised to be told that the music was supplied "on the co-operative principle." The reply of his hostess is so absolutely prophetic that it is worth quoting here:—

"Wait a moment, please," said Edith; 'I want to have you listen to this waltz before you ask any questions. I think it is perfectly charming,' and as she spoke the sound of violins filled the room with witchery of summer night. When this had also ceased, she said: 'There is nothing in the least mysterious about the music, as you seem to imagine. We have simply carried the idea of labour-saving by co-operation into our musical service as into everything else. There are a number of music-rooms in the city, perfectly adapted acoustically to the different sorts of music. These halls are connected by telephone with all the houses of the city whose people care to pay the small fee, and there are none, you may be sure, who do not. The corps of musicians attached to each hall is so large that, although no individual performer, or group of performers, has more than a brief part, each day's programme lasts through the twenty-four hours. There are on that card for to-day, as you will see if you observe closely, distinct programmes of

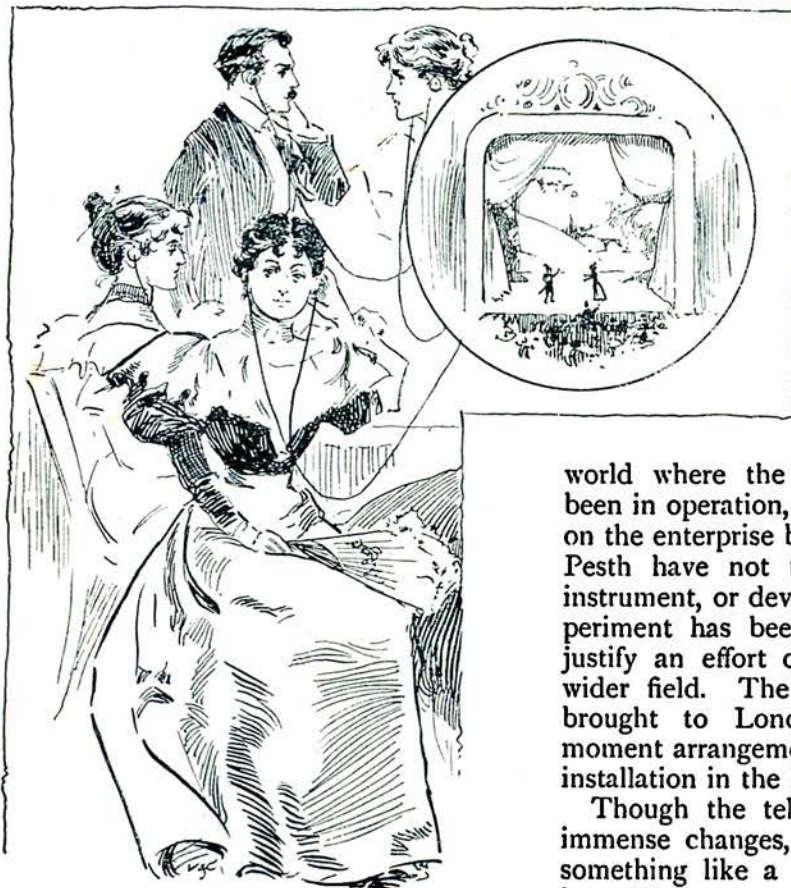
four of these concerts, each of a different order of music from the others, being now simultaneously performed, and any one of the four pieces now going on that you prefer you can hear by merely pressing the button which will connect your house wire with the hall where it is being rendered. The programmes are so co-ordinated that the pieces at any one time simultaneously proceeding in the different halls usually offer a choice, not



THE AFTERNOON CONCERT.

only between instrumental and vocal, and between different sorts of instruments, but also between different motives, from grave to gay, so that all tastes and moods can be suited.'"

It is probable that before the dawn of the twentieth century this prophetic picture will have been surpassed in actual fact, and the telephone will be a quite indispensable element in English social life. But it will be a much more comprehensive and effective instrument than the telephone as we know it



THE OPERA AT HOME.

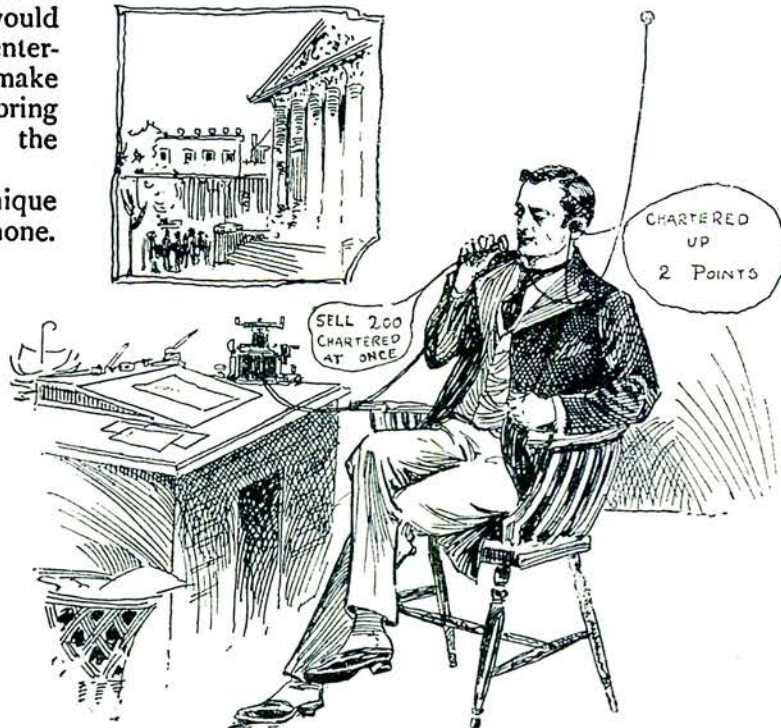
The honour of pioneering this revolution does not belong to England or America. The inventor of the Pleasure Telephone is a native of Hungary, where, for two years, he has been demonstrating the soundness of his invention with great success. The capital of the Hungarian Empire is the only place in the

world where the Pleasure Telephone has been in operation, and the restrictions placed on the enterprise by the authorities of Buda-Pesth have not tended to popularize the instrument, or develop it fairly. But the experiment has been sufficiently successful to justify an effort on a wider scale and in a wider field. The new telephone is to be brought to London, and at the present moment arrangements are being made for its installation in the Metropolis.

Though the telephone is likely to effect immense changes, and will no doubt create something like a sensation when introduced into this country, its installation is really a very simple thing. Indeed, the whole ramifications of the Pleasure Telephone—carrying business and pleasure into the homes of

at present, and the likelihood is that it will be fitted in our houses just as gas or electricity is now. It will be so cheap that not to have it would be absurd, and it will be so entertaining and useful that it will make life happier all round, and bring the pleasures of society to the doors of the artisan's cottage.

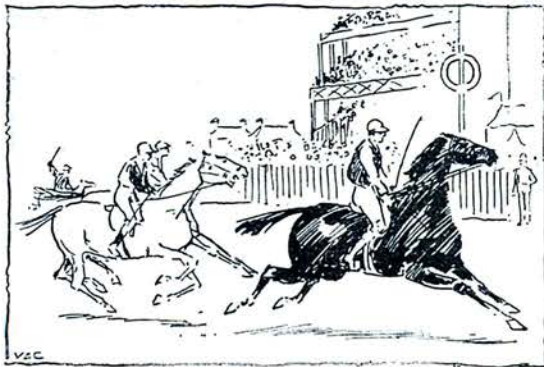
That, indeed, will be the unique feature of the Pleasure Telephone. It will make millions merry who have never been merry before, and will democratize, if we may so write, many of the social luxuries of the rich. Those who object to the environment of the stage will be able to enjoy the theatre at home, and the fashionable concert will be looked forward to as eagerly by the poor as by their wealthy neighbours. The humblest cottage will be in immediate contact with the city, and the "private wire" will make all classes kin.



THE STOCK-BROKER.

thousands, and making next-door neighbours, as it were, of strangers who have never met—will be conducted in one single room by one single man. The power of resistance of the telephone is said to be enormous, and the inventor has declared that it would be possible with its aid for one man's voice to be heard simultaneously by the whole six million inhabitants of London. All that is necessary is a central office, from which the whole of London—if not the whole of England—might be supplied with a constant flow of news and pleasure all day long.

It is proposed that the present telephone machinery shall be largely used in connection



with the Pleasure Telephone, the only addition necessary being a new main wire, with which each subscriber will be connected. The wire now in use in Buda-Pesth is 168 miles long, and carries sound as distinctly at the extreme end as an ordinary private wire in this country. There are 6,000 persons dependent on the wire, but, unlike our own telephone, a stoppage at one station — “station” signifying a subscriber's house—does not affect the main wire, and the rest of the subscribers are not interfered with.

Each subscriber has a time-table of the various items which will be telephoned during the day. Beginning as early as half-past eight in the morning, every hour is amply provided for as long as there is anything going on in the city. At half-past eight the subscriber is given the substance of the principal telegrams received throughout the night, which are condensed so as to be delivered in a quarter of an hour. Only the main facts are given, such as generally satisfy the average man thus early in the day, but in case any of the news is sensational the fresh telegrams are transmitted as they arrive later

on. After this foreign matter comes the news of the capital, with a programme of the day's events, and at nine o'clock news of an official nature is given. A little later—after a pause for breakfast—follows a concise review of the principal papers, with the substance of the leading articles. This lasts half an hour, and is followed by reports on the opening of the stock and corn exchanges.

The subscriber who is not interested in these matters has only to put down his receivers and wait a few minutes for the local news, the theatrical, art, or science notices, or the ecclesiastical intelligence. Next come the latest foreign, provincial, and sporting information, and all kinds of society and political matter.

The morning having been devoted to an exhaustive study of all the papers, the afternoon is spent mainly in keeping subscribers up to date concerning current events, which are frequently dispatched within a few minutes of the actual occurrence. Parliamentary reports are given at brief intervals, and the speech of a Minister is often transmitted throughout the capital while the Minister is still speaking. In London, for instance, under this system, the substance of the Budget speech would be known in thousands of houses before the Chancellor of the Exchequer had sat down, and it would be quite possible to acquaint every subscriber with the result of an important division five minutes after the figures were



“ALL THE WINNERS.”

announced in the House. The same with the result of an exciting election. And this news not only comes with extraordinary promptness, but it is brought to one's own fireside, without the trouble of running into the street for the paper.

But the name of the telephone—its full description is the “News and Entertainment Telephone”—implies that the instrument is not monopolized by news. Perhaps the most popular feature of it is its connection with the theatres, concert halls, and the hundred and one other places of amusement in the city. It is not necessary that sound should be conveyed directly into the telephone. The transmitter has only to be within sound of the



CRICKET NEWS AT THE CLUB.

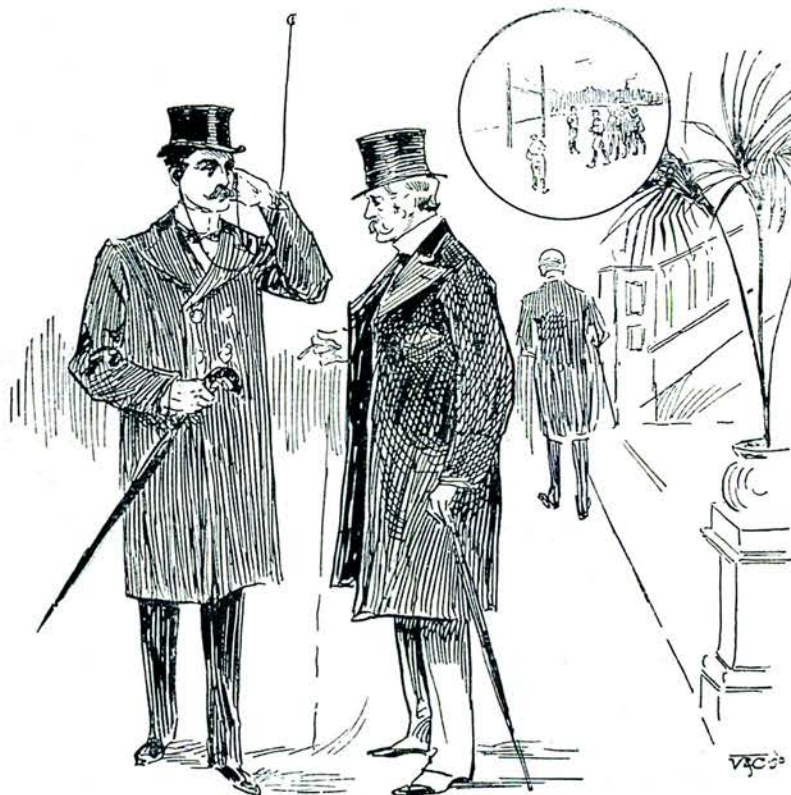
capital where it is not in operation, and even the churches have not objected to it, as our illustrations show. The preacher of Buda-Pesth no longer reckons his hearers by the state of the pews, but by the number of telephone subscribers. It may be objected, perhaps, that religious worship by telephone is not calculated to inspire reverence or inculcate virtue; but, at any rate, the system is an inestimable boon to the aged and infirm, the patients in hospitals, and the women who are unable to leave their houses. A single hospital in Buda-Pesth has over thirty installations, which carry brightness and cheer into the lives of the lonely sick.

No hotel in the capital can afford to be without

singer to carry the song along the scores of miles of wire. By special arrangement, the great concerts in the Hungarian capital are sometimes listened to throughout the whole of the empire, or even beyond its borders. A song sung in Buda-Pesth has been heard with remarkable distinctness in Berlin and other great cities, and there seems to be no limit to possibility in this direction. At night the subscriber is taken round the theatres, each being visited in turn, and weary folk may allow themselves to be lulled to sleep by the strains of some pretty melody sung a hundred miles away.

So popular has the Pleasure Telephone become in Buda-Pesth that it has found its way into every public place of importance. There is not a public building in the

instrument, which has become, in fact, practically indispensable, and is found not



"HALF-TIME."



FIRESIDE SERMONS.

only in private houses and hospitals, but in doctors' waiting-rooms, barbers' shops, coffee-houses, clubs, and business offices of all kinds. Waiting is never tedious in Buda-Pesth: there is always something to interest the waiter. Half the trifling irritations of life disappear under the soothing influence of this universal distributor of pleasure.

It may be urged against the Pleasure Telephone that the subscriber has either to keep the receiver at his ears all day long, or miss half the news, but that objection is answered by the existence of the programme. Everything is transmitted in strict accordance with the programme, so that each subscriber knows exactly when his interesting items are coming. But lest important items of news should be missed, a summary of all the news is given at noon and again in the evening. There is also an ingenious

emergency signal, by which all subscribers are "rung up" on the receipt of any special news.

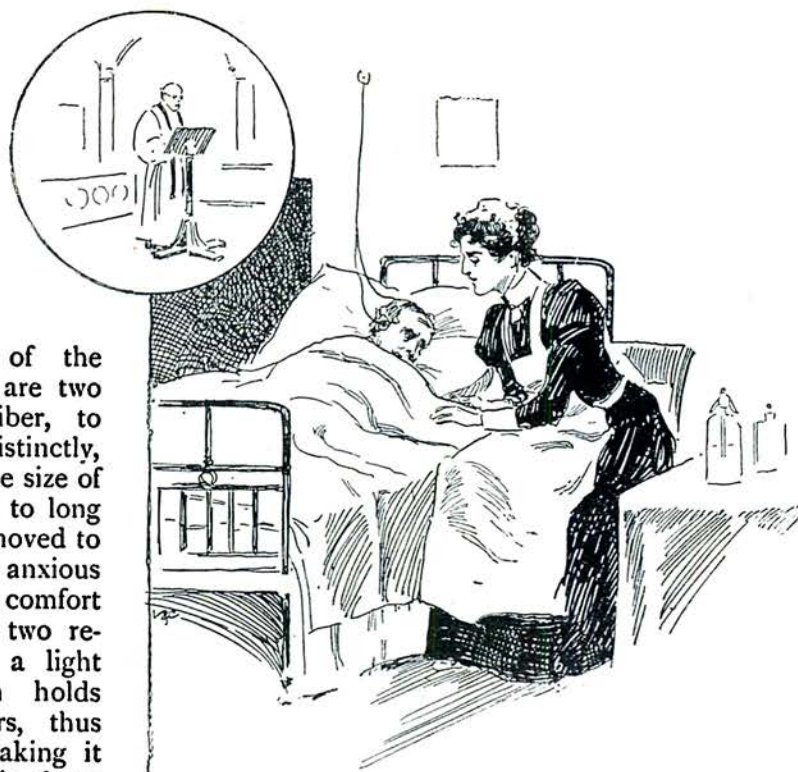
Though the communication between the central office and the subscribers is really very simple, it necessitates an enormous amount of preparatory labour. In many ways, the routine of the office resembles that of a newspaper, there being a staff of law, police, parliamentary, and news reporters, all of whom hand in their "copy" to the editor. The whole of the matter to be sent through is approved by the editor before it can be handed over to the "speaker," who speaks it into the instrument. The "speaker" must, of course, possess a strong, clear voice, and in order that the message may be perfectly distinct, no single speaker is on duty



THE COURTS.

more than two hours at a time.

The most wonderful feature of the Pleasure Telephone is its cheapness. So trivial is the outlay connected with it that the charge to subscribers is only a penny a day, or 30s. a year — ridiculously cheap when compared with the cost of the ordinary telephone. There are two receivers for each subscriber, to render the message more distinctly, each receiver being about the size of a watch. They are attached to long cords, so that they may be moved to any part of the room. So anxious are the telephonists for the comfort of the subscribers, that the two receivers can be attached to a light spring arrangement which holds them firmly over the ears, thus relieving the hands, and making it possible to walk about or lie down while listening to what is going on in the city. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that subscribers can only hear through



SUNDAY IN THE HOSPITAL.

the telephone and not speak back in return. The telephone is, of course, non-political, all controversial news being imparted with strict impartiality. Original articles of general interest are sometimes read, with occasional short stories.

There are, of course, unlimited possibilities in the new telephone. It is quite possible that concert managers and theatrical proprietors will object to the instrument. But the probability is much the other way. The newspapers of Buda - Pesth persistently boycotted the invention on its introduction, but they recognise now that, instead of being taken as a substitute for the newspaper, its effect is to whet the appetite of the public for details of events announced briefly through the telephone. The theatres, too, realize that to give the public a snatch or two from a favourite opera gratis has not, in the long run, an adverse effect on the receipts, and they in-



THE MARRIAGE SERVICE AT HOME.

variably support the instrument. Should the worst come to the worst, however, it is always possible to organize concerts and entertainments in the editorial office; and for an insignificant outlay on the part of each subscriber, it would not be by any means an impossible or unprofitable thing for the proprietors of the telephone to organize a concert, at which the cream of British vocalists should sing. Mr. Bellamy's prediction of a central hall of music with a

football field, which will keep us acquainted minute by minute with the whereabouts of the ball and the prospects of the teams. There is, indeed, no element in our social life which will be unprovided for, and if, as it is said to be not unlikely in the near future—the principle of sight is applied to the telephone as well as that of sound, earth will be in truth a paradise, and distance will lose its enchantment by being abolished altogether.

Where finality is to be reached in this matter is not known. Nothing that has been

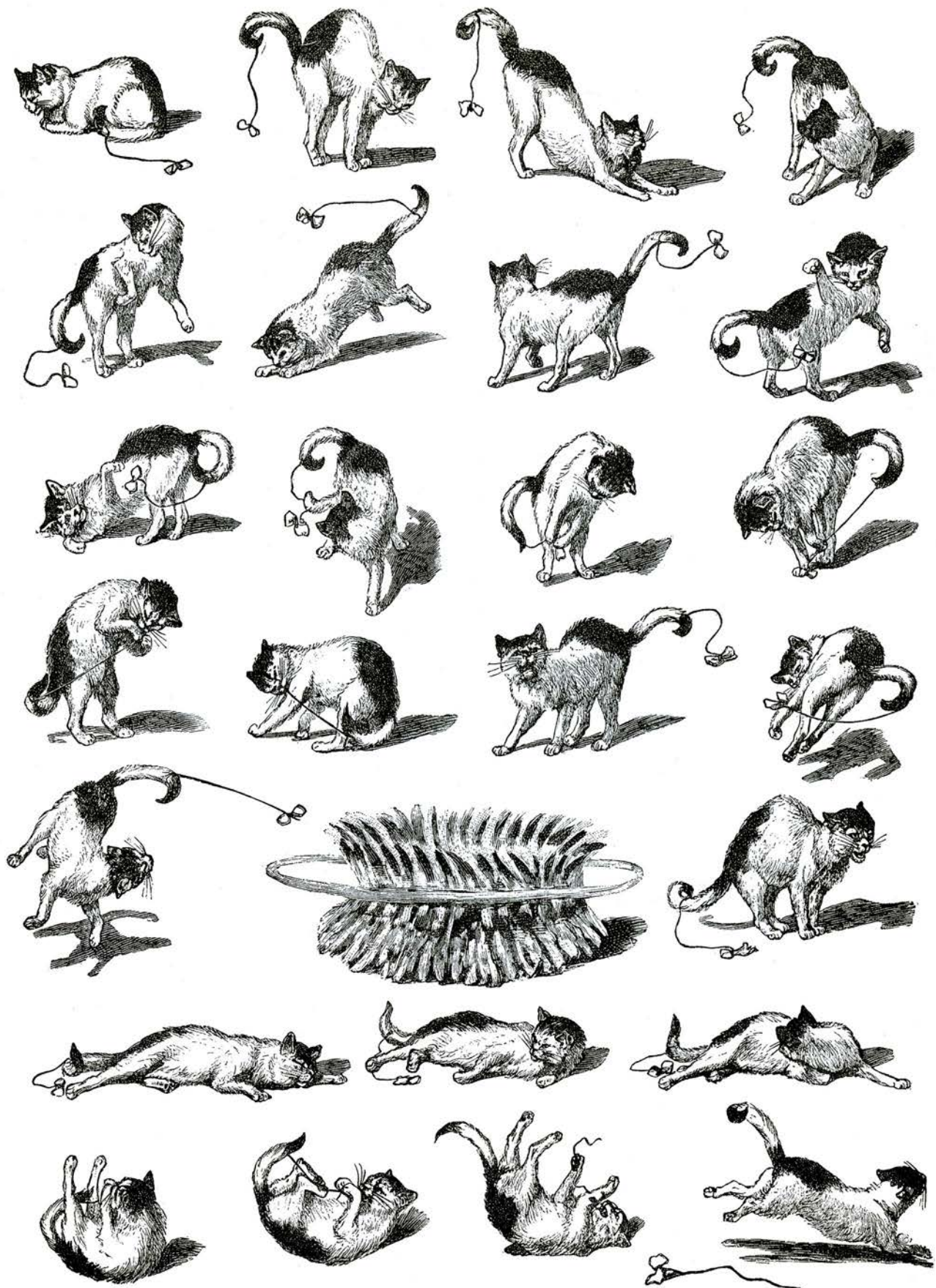


THE CHILDREN'S LECTURE.

twenty-four hours' programme is by no means impossible of realization. Patti and Paderewski may yet entertain us in our own drawing-rooms, and the luxuries of princes may be at the command of us all.

Who knows but that in time we may sit in our arm-chairs listening to the speeches of Her Majesty's Ministers, or allow ourselves to be soothed into blissful unconsciousness by a Parliamentary debate on bimetallism? There would be, at any rate, one blessing in this—the problem of the Ladies' Grille would be solved for ever. Then in the cricket season we shall follow our favourite wielders of the willow without risking cold or sun-stroke, and all the unpleasantness of winter travelling will be avoided in the football season by the fixing of a telephone on the

tried yet has failed, and it is confidently stated that a single wire would carry the same sound over the whole United Kingdom, if not beyond the seas. Whether this claim is exaggerated or not, time alone will prove; but at any rate the Pleasure Telephone opens out a vista of infinite charm which few prophets of to-day have dreamed of, and who dare to say that in twenty years the electric miracle will not bring all the corners of the earth to our own fireside?



THE TALE OF A CAT.



SOME LITTLE-KNOWN SWEETS ON OLD METHODS.

Lemon Pudding (an old recipe).—Ingredients: A quarter of a pound of sugar, a noggin of cream (a noggin is a small cup), a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of almonds, the rinds of three lemons grated, the juice of two squeezed lemons, and a little nutmeg; the yolks of ten eggs, with the whites of four beaten separately. Melt the butter with the cream, and let it cool. The almonds must be pounded in a mortar with the rinds of the lemons. Mix all well together. Put paste round your dish. Half-an-hour will bake it.

College Puddings.—Ingredients (after an old recipe): Half a pound of flour, half a pound of currants, half a pound of suet; the yolks of four eggs, the whites of two eggs; a little salt and sugar. Make this into small rolls, fry them in butter, and make a sauce of cordial, sugar, and butter.

Larkin Pudding.—Ingredients: One pound of flour, one pound of raisins, one pound of suet, half a pound of currants, two ounces of chopped apples, two ounces of grated potato, two ounces of grated carrots, two ounces of lemon-peel. Boil the above, when well mixed, for four hours.

Bakewell Pudding.—Line a tin with puff-paste, and put a layer of raspberry jam, and fill it up with the following ingredients:—Half a pound of clarified butter, half a pound of powdered sugar, eight eggs, but only two whites well beaten, the rind of two lemons grated very fine. Mix all well, and bake in a moderate oven.

Vermicelli Pudding.—A quarter of a pound of vermicelli boiled in a pint of milk, with cinnamon and bay leaf, till it is tender. Then add half a pint of cream, a quarter of a pound of powdered white sugar, a quarter of a pound of melted butter, the yolks of six eggs well beaten up. Lay a puff-paste round the edge of the dish, and bake it three-quarters of an hour.

Graham Pudding.—Boil one pint of cream, and mix with it the yolks of twelve eggs, and some powdered sugar. Pass it through a sieve, and put it in a mould. Place the mould in a stewpan with some water, cover it and close it, and let it simmer half an hour. Then whip the whites of eggs to a froth, cover the pudding with them; sift plenty of powdered sugar over it, and brown it with the salamander.

Queen's Pudding.—Line a dish with paste, spread a layer of raspberry jam, then take a quarter of a pound of melted butter, a quarter of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, three eggs (yolks and whites

well beaten separately), and a few sweet almonds pounded. Mix all well together, beating it until quite light, and pour it on the dish and bake it.

Watkin Pudding.—Ingredients: Six ounces of suet chopped fine, six ounces of grated bread, six ounces of sugar, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade well mixed. Butter a mould or basin and boil for four hours

The sauce for above.—Squeeze half a lemon, add sugar, and a quarter of a pint of water.

Iced Vanilla Pudding.—Whip the whites of three eggs to a good strong froth, then make a rich, well-flavoured custard, and when it is cold add the whipped whites and put it in a mould, into which drop dried fruit cut small, and fasten the top of the mould tightly down, and put it in ice for four or five hours. If you do not wish it to be iced, add isinglass to the custard in the proportion of half an ounce to a pint.

Fig Pudding.—Take one pound of figs, shred fine, half a pound of suet, chopped small, six ounces of bread-crumbs, half a nutmeg, and the yellow rind of a lemon, grated off, three eggs, well beaten, and sufficient milk to make it of a perfect consistence. Mix and boil in a cloth or buttered mould.

Irish Sally Luns.—Ingredients: One pound of flour, two eggs, two ounces of melted butter, two spoonfuls of barm. Mix all this with as much warm milk as will make it into a thick batter. Let it remain twelve hours mixed, and when you are going to put it into the oven, work it a little. An hour will bake it.

Irish Potato Cake.—To one pound of fresh butter well beaten up, add one pound of potato flour well dried, one pound of loaf sugar, grated, the yolks of twelve eggs, and the whites of six to be whisked separately, the strings picked out. Then take some grated lemon peel and caraway seeds. The butter is to be beaten while the other ingredients are added, but the seeds are only to be mixed just before putting it into the oven.

Tea Cakes.—Take half a pound of butter, melt it gently and mix with it half a pound of finely powdered white sugar. Add one pound of flour and roll it to a thin paste. Cut this into small shapes—the top of a wine-glass will do this—and bake them for a few minutes, but they must be carefully watched. Beat up the white of an egg and lay it over them with a feather, and then gently sprinkle a little fine sugar. If properly made they will eat very short and crisp.

Lemon Cake.—Ingredients:—The yolks of twenty-four eggs, the whites of twelve eggs, one pound of powdered sugar. The grated rinds of two or three large lemons and the juice of one. One pound of flour, two ounces of sweet almonds, half an ounce of bitter well pounded. Mix well and bake until of a light brown.

Soda Bread.—Take of dressed flour three pounds, bicarbonate of soda nine drachms, hydrochloric acid eleven and a quarter fluid drachms, water twenty-five fluid ounces. Mix soda and flour thoroughly by shaking the soda from a small sieve over the flour with one hand while they are stirred together by the other, and then passing the mixture through the sieve. Next pour the acid into the water and diffuse it by stirring with a stick. Then mix the flour and water so prepared as speedily as possible with a wooden spoon or spatula.

TASTY DISHES.

Brown Bread Savoury.—Grate a sufficient amount of Parmesan cheese and whip together with cream, say sixpennyworth of the latter, and two ounces of cheese. Whip until quite stiff, adding a pinch of white pepper and a sprinkling of salt. Spread the mixture between thin slices of brown bread and butter, cut into squares and serve as soon as ready.

Horseradish Sauce, for hot roast beef or mutton.—Scrape about two ounces of horseradish, and stir it into half a pint of cream made boiling hot, add an ounce of fine white bread-crumbs, a little milk, a pinch of cayenne, same of salt, and just before taking to table stir in the juice of half a fresh lemon.

Eggs and Mushroom Sauce.—Boil some new-laid eggs until they are quite hard, remove the shells without breaking them, and keep the eggs hot. Cover them with a thick brown gravy, made by stewing half a pound of dark mushrooms in a little butter, and when thoroughly done rub them through a sieve, stir in a teacupful of melted butter, season highly, add a spoonful of sharp sauce, a few drops of soy, and boil altogether for a moment.

A Delicious Dish of Tomatoes.—Take out the core from some large tomatoes, sprinkle them with pepper and salt and lay them in a baking-tin with a little butter; cook them in the oven for ten minutes. When done, lift each tomato on to a separate piece of toast just its size, and lay a poached egg on the top. For a more truly vegetarian taste, or to make a perfect luncheon-dish of these, a tin of preserved peas might be made hot, and the contents put as a bed for the tomatoes to rest on.

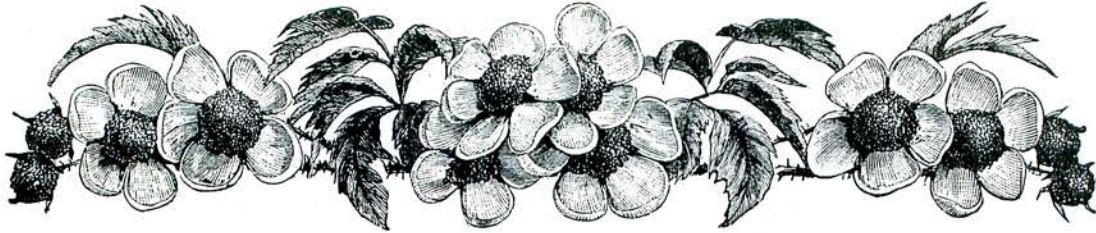
ADVICE TO GIRL-CYCLISTS.

CYCLING, however delightful it may be to ourselves, is perhaps not so enchanting to the large number of the general public who do not cycle. The introduction of thousands of cycles among the traffic, and along the country roads, has a tendency to create discomfort, unless riders are careful. It is just as well to avoid adding to it by every means in one's power. For this reason the lady cyclist should avoid riding on the wrong side of the road, ringing innocent people violently out of the way, when she might just as well get out of their way herself, and a variety of other transgressions;

she should not complicate traffic by riding through it for mere bravado, instead of because it is absolutely necessary; and should never ride in it with both hands off, or sitting on one side of her machine. It is not only her own neck she endangers, but the lives of other people, and she is guilty of criminal carelessness when she forgets this.

She should not dress in a style to excite undue notice, or make her pastime unattractive in the eyes of outsiders. Every cycling woman who appears in public, looking neat, trim, and charming, presents to the public an attractive advertisement; she makes other

women want to follow her example, and recommends it in the eyes of all beholders. If, on the contrary, she looks loud, fast, and simply a fright, she is doing it infinite harm, and prejudicing all sensible people against it. To look a fright on a bicycle is one of the simplest of matters, and can be readily achieved by anybody. One has only to wear garments badly cut and badly made, and thoroughly unsuited to their purpose, and, lo! the end is accomplished.—*From Handbook for Lady Cyclists.* By LILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, President, Lady Cyclists' Association. (Hay Nisbet & Co.)



THE TYPE-WRITER AND TYPE-WRITING.

JUST now the typewriter is attracting considerable attention; and though its use in England is far from being so general as in the United States, we feel quite safe in prophesying that even in our comparatively conservative land, for many purposes the pen will be in a few years superseded by this ingenious machine. This has already been the case in the younger but more enterprising country.

Under these circumstances, and as the subject is peculiarly interesting to ladies, a short account of the nature, uses, and advantages of the type-writer may be welcome.

Though it is eight or ten years since the first machine was introduced, much misapprehension still exists, even in commercial and professional circles, as to its nature.

Broadly speaking, the type-writer is an instrument designed to supersede the pen for writing letters and documents of almost every description. It has many and important advantages over the pen, the principal of which are the following:—

Speed.—The average penman writes usually at the rate of from fifteen to twenty words per minute. When necessary he can write much faster, and experts can attain the speed of thirty or even more words per minute, but usually at this rate the calligraphy is by no means a perfect model for imitation, and the speed could not be maintained for any length of time. The great saving in time gained by the use of the type-writer will at once be seen when we say that a competent operator will for hours together work at the rate of forty words per minute. If necessary this speed can be much increased, and skilful operators will on an emergency write sixty or seventy words per minute. Forty to forty-five words, however, may be taken as an average speed, and this result cannot but be deemed satisfactory, especially when other advantages are taken into account.

Legibility and neatness.—Who that receives many letters has not often had to grumble about the illegible character of the writing? How many business men, to whom time is money, have felt their tempers giving way whilst racking their brains over some choice specimen of calligraphy? Of how many ludicrous and costly blunders has illegible writing been the cause? With the type-

writer everything is clear, legible and straightforward; bad spelling cannot be hidden by an undecipherable scrawl. Of course, until the working of the machine is mastered, mistakes will be frequent and laughable, but a fortnight's hard work will remedy this.

Health.—In this respect the type-writer is far more favourably circumstanced than the quilldriver. Instead of bending over his work, he sits upright before it. The chest and lungs have free play, and the stoop about the shoulders, so noticeable in many clerks, is conspicuous by its absence. The operator experiences not one tithe of the exhaustion felt by the handwriter after a long spell of work, but rises from the machine comparatively fresh.

Writers' cramp, so prevalent amongst those who have much writing to do, is rendered impossible, since the fingers are kept in active exercise. Writing becomes no longer a toil, but a pleasure.

Type-writing is doing much, and will do more, towards solving the problem of finding suitable employment for ladies, it being an occupation peculiarly fitted for their nimble fingers. In the United States, lady typewriters are a large and important body, commanding good salaries, and as the instrument comes into general use in this country, ladies who have learnt to work it will have no difficulty in finding remunerative employment, especially if, in addition, they can write shorthand.

There are many different kinds of typewriters, but it would be an invidious task to discuss the comparative merits of each. A few words as to the chief characteristics of the principal ones may, however, be permitted.

The three principal fast writing machines are the Remington, the Caligraph, and the Hammond. The first-named is the original instrument, and, having obtained a good hold upon the market before others were introduced, is the best known and most widely used. In this machine the keys are arranged in step-like rows in front, and a light touch upon one of them raises, by means of a lever, a bar, or arm, upon the end of which steel type is fixed. This type strikes smartly against an inked ribbon working backwards

and forwards on two spools, leaving its impression upon the paper behind, which revolves between hard rubber rollers. The bars, or arms, all work to one common centre, and, as each leaves its impression, the inked ribbon and the carriage containing the paper move automatically onward, getting into position for the next letter. After the completion of each word, a bar in front of the machine is touched by the thumb, and the paper carriage is moved onward without any impression being made on the paper, thus leaving a space before the next word. At the end of each line, the carriage is pushed back to its original position, and by means of a lever the rubber rolls carrying the paper are revolved slightly to make a new line. A capital and its corresponding small letter is placed upon the end of each type bar, and by an ingenious contrivance, which cannot well be explained here, either of these types is made to leave its impression upon the paper.

The Caligraph is very similar to the Remington, from which, indeed, it is an offshoot. The chief points of difference are: (1) Instead of one type bar and one key doing duty for two characters, as in the Remington, each character has a separate type bar and key. This is claimed to be an advantage, as in the Remington when capitals occur both hands are required, and a certain amount of time is lost. On the other hand, advocates of the Remington aver that, as the capitals occur comparatively rarely, their position on the Caligraph is not properly learned, and time is lost in searching for them. (2) Instead of there being a spacing bar in front of the machine, a spacing key is provided at each side, either of which may be struck, as most convenient. We confess ourselves unable to decide which is the better machine; undoubtedly they are both good ones, and in our humble opinion very little advantage rests with either.

The Hammond machine is entirely different from the two already described. The type, instead of being placed at the end of bars, is arranged round two segments of a wheel working upon a kind of vertical spindle. When a key is struck one of these segments revolves, and the proper type being brought into position, a hammer strikes sharply against

it, or rather against the paper and inked ribbon, which work between the type and the hammer. As in the Remington, each key brings into action two and sometimes three characters. The type segments can be removed at pleasure, and others, containing a different variety of type, substituted, this being a decided advantage. The Hammond, however, is not so speedy as either the Remington or the Caligraph, but does beautifully neat work. Perhaps it is more liable to

get out of order than any of the other two, but upon the whole it is a first-class machine, and has many admirers.

In addition to these instruments there are others, such as the Hall, the World, &c., which do neater work than the former, but are not so rapid, being, in fact, very little quicker than the pen. Except for special purposes, these are not likely to be much used in business circles, where speed is the great desideratum.

The use of the type-writer is easily acquired,

and with a few weeks' hard practice an operator will in the majority of cases obtain a thorough mastery of the instrument. Care is, however, always requisite, or the most ridiculous blunders will be perpetrated, and, as with all other new things, inefficient operators will greatly retard the general adoption of the invention by turning out work full of mistakes.

During the first week or two the learner's attempts will probably be something like the following—

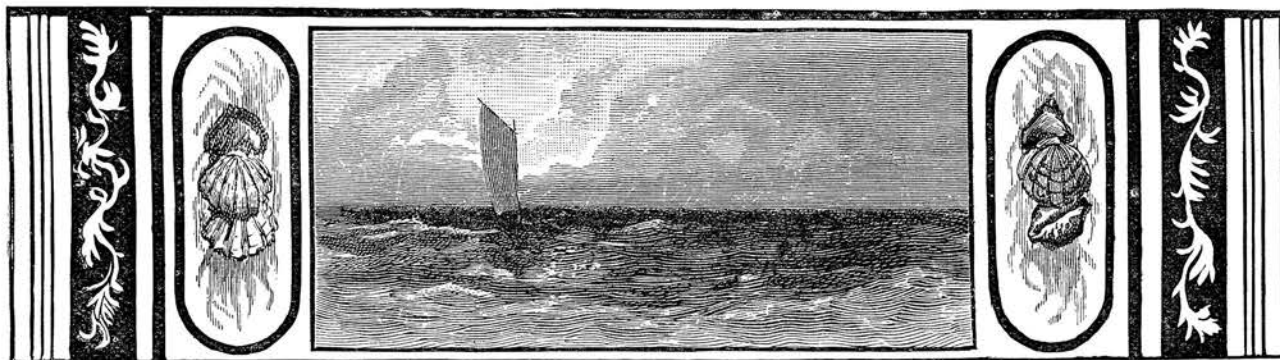
Uder aspreading che snut tree, the vilmage Smith y stands; the
 smit ha mighEy, man is he with larme and sine&y hands, and the
 mussles of his?brawny arms arestrong as iro bands, his haar is c& *
 and along his snave's arkhetantand his o&owh&swhelewohllhomasthe
 face forhe owes no tanyman. He goeb o' sunday to the Chuch
 and sits amonghis boys, he heads the parso pray and Lreach-he hears

* Here the learner has reached the end of a line, but, in blissful ignorance of the fact, he has gone on working, with the result shown. The next line will probably defy most of our readers, the fact being that one line is written upon the top of another, the operator having forgotten to make a fresh one. In all probability, too, before he has been at it many hours he will find that the letters are making no impression upon the paper, the cause of which is that the ribbon has got to the end, and the motion needs reversing.

However, as time goes on mistakes will become more and more rare, and in a few weeks the operator will revel in the knowledge that he has acquired complete mastery of an instrument, the use of which will make writing a pleasure instead of an infliction.

One word in conclusion. In learning to work the type-writer, as in the study of most other things, the truth of the old proverb, "More haste, less speed," is fully confirmed. "Slow and sure" is the best plan, for if the learner,

in his eagerness, hurries over his work, the inevitable result will be an alarming propensity for making mistakes, and the formation of bad habits, which will not be eradicated without a great expenditure of time and trouble. Practise slowly, but steadily and continuously, and before long you will find yourself capable of working, with rarely a mistake, at a speed which will make the adherents of the time-honoured pen open their eyes in wonder.



A SHILLING A DAY AND HIS BOARD

BY THOMAS ARCHER.



FEW years ago there appeared in a popular journal, conducted by the late Charles Dickens, an amusing description of a journey in a large square caravan, the external walls of which were covered with staring advertisements printed on great bills known as "posters," while the interior was occupied by the proprietor, who represented that he was known as "King of the Bill-stickers." The writer of the description saw this portentous vehicle slowly passing along Cheapside, and frequently blocking or being blocked by the traffic of other vehicles. He gained an introduction—or, rather, introduced himself—to the owner, who sat within in solitary state on a wooden stool, and during their jolting and somewhat prolonged journey through the City, not only participated in certain refreshments which were handed into the

caravan from a tavern on the route, but gave his audience of one some technical information on the interesting subject of the bill-posting business and its recent developments.

Glancing at that lively description to-day, one is almost startled to find what remarkable changes have taken place in the methods of public advertising since it was written.

Bill-posting is now not only a science, but an art, the professors of which have to deal with sheets, several of which are combined to make a bill of stupendous area, proportionate to the vast extent of hoarding on which it is to be displayed.

So large, so strikingly illustrative, and so varied in style and colour are the modern posters, that London thoroughfares, where extensive "improvements" are going on, take the aspect of irregular

*Editor's Note: Either *All the Year Round* or its predecessor, *Household Words*.

picture-galleries, sometimes of a character rather appalling than attractive, but always eminently suggestive of what we are pleased to call civilisation.

It would be rash to conclude that the art of bill-



sticking has attained its utmost limit; but, at all events, its professors often seem to occupy most of the important sites in the metropolis, and to keep possession for an indefinite period, and until the original timber of the exclusive hoarding becomes a solid and impregnable rampart of papier-maché, each successive layer being an interjectional chronicle of the history of a period.

We are not prepared to say that the men employed to display this mural record claim to rank as historians, but let us ask ourselves what would be the result if the entire staff—or, rather, clan or tribe—of metropolitan bill-posters lost their heads, so that the various innumerable sheets became inextricably mixed, and London awoke one morning to see hoardings and dead walls covered with irrelevant segments of thousands of pictured and “displayed” advertisements. Fancy the fearsome appearance of long streets, where at frequent intervals the otherwise blank spaces were filled with incongruously combined portions of the presentments of natural and unnatural heads of hair, bridal bloom, anti-corrosive paint, prize kitcheners, with smiling cooks, cattle food, cures for obesity, and patent wringers! Imagine the features and the forms of contortionists, statesmen, showmen, philanthropists, popular actors in character, comic singers, eminent divines, hospital nurses; figures displaying the latest shower-proof attire, modish hats, symmetrical umbrellas; gentlemen suspending the operation of dressing for dinner to discuss the merits of a new collar-stud; mothers neglecting rampant babes to extol the virtues of a revived food; ancient crones with a remedy for sprains; blooming maidens with scarlet cheeks, illustrating the effects of a wash for the complexion;—all commingled in heterogeneous segments, and associated with a meaningless eruption of letters, explaining nothing, and suggesting only abject hallucination!

Fancy recoils from the mere hint of such a possibility, and finds some relief by reverting to the times when the most striking advertisements consisted of

strange objects placed upon wheels and slowly moving through the chief metropolitan thoroughfares, to the dismay of the drivers of the public vehicles and the despair of already belated passengers. Special Acts of Parliament and ordinances of the Civic Council have reserved all rights of obstruction for the Lord Mayor and Corporation. On Lord Mayor's Day some occasional vestiges of the old advertising media reappear; but where are the giant caravans covered with posters, the Brobdingnagian hats, the seven-league boots, the painted and varnished pagodas, the monster tea-caddies, and all the other picturesque symbols which so often strangled the stream of traffic for an hour or two, and checked the feverish current of the streets?

These are nothing but a recollection now, and even the branch of itinerant advertising which still flourishes and has been largely developed in West-End thoroughfares, is sternly banished from the City of London. The “sandwich men,” as they are called—the chunks of humanity between slices of deal thinly spread with more or less piquancy—are allowed no place between the Griffin of the Law Courts and the outer eastern boundary. Light and entertaining announcements emphasised by repetition, as a line of board-men slouches in single file, are denied to the *habitués* of the districts between Aldgate and Cripplegate. Even a man who recently appeared in Cheapside wearing a waterproof coat painted with white letters, was summarily arrested and cautioned. The modern representatives of the heraldic office who bear blazoned on their rigid tabards the latest achievements of the age are, however, one of the cherished institutions of Western London, and the greater streets would lose some chief attractions if these were abolished. They are among the most entertaining of our few remaining public shows, now that legislation has declared against the strolling juggler, the acrobat of the by-way, and the pedlar who in years gone by stood and pattered



at the street-corner that he might sell “six handy and useful articles for a penny.”

How often has our weak curiosity yielded to the appearance of a grimy and melancholy-looking individual who, with a wistful and imploring air, bore on his feeble front a placard inscribed with the injunction

—"Do not look at my back"! How often have we been tormented day after day by a wooden-bordered square of unsullied pasteboard borne silently along, its centre containing the command, "Watch this Frame;" and having watched it with persistent expectation,



what has been our indignation when we discovered, later in life, that the frame had been filled with a recommendation to "Try Bubblejohn's Bunion Plaisters"! The means adopted for directing public attention to the depressed and too consciously inappropriate mediums of these advertisements, are often amazingly ingenious. A procession of heterogeneously-sized fellows, each provided with a pasteboard nose and a burlesque hat, is but a crude method of arresting notice. The appearance of a regiment of grotesques, each with a long pipe, and the legend "Smoke only Fungus's Old Virginia Cabbage Leaf," is but an initial form of announcement. A whole row of unmistakable denizens of Whitechapel and St. Giles' wearing imitation Chinese blouses, caps, and black calico pig-tails, and each bearing a fan which half conceals the inscription on his chest, is a higher range of invention. This has, however, been excelled by a recent advertisement of a drama at one of the most popular theatres, where, the success of the performance apparently depending on an episode of penal servitude, the announcements were borne by a gang of unhappy board-men, attired and numbered as convicts, and led through the public streets as though they felt their gyves, and the iron had entered into their souls. This was snatching a grace beyond the reach of art, and far transcended the exhibition of processions of shambling, awkward squads of elderly casuals habited in the coarsest burlesque of stage sailors or pirates, and with lineaments as melancholy as could well be imagined.

One ingenious and, for a time, attractive and successful device, was to marshal a regiment of board-men bearing on back and breast, in huge capitals, the consecutive letters of the title of some sensational drama. The chief difficulty was not only to place them in proper order, so that the public behind them, or before them, should read letter by letter the proper words of the advertisement, but so to regulate the march that each man should maintain his position in single file in spite of the obstructions and the traffic

of the streets. This was so difficult that the experiment has been almost abandoned. When a number of men—having had their mid-day rest, and eaten their bread and dripping, by the wall leading down to the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at the Charing Cross end of the Strand—prepare for the afternoon's march, and instead of exhibiting the consecutive letters which make the words "THE DUKE'S MOTTO, ADELPHI," show to the astonished gaze of the populace a legend running, "THE DUKE'S MILD HE POTATO," the difficulties and risks of that mode of announcement are obvious. And when, in an attempt to shuffle them into their right places, the letters burst forth with the declaration, "THE DUKE SMILED A HOT POT," it was not easy to restrain popular interference. But probably all previous successes of the combined effects of "sandwiches" and dramatic properties, have been surpassed by the quite recent spectacle of a procession of the conventional board-men, each with the impenetrable and depressed expression peculiar to the tribe, and each carrying a baby—that is to say, a doll of more than natural infantile beauty and proportions—becomingly attired. The effect of an interminable succession of infants, borne by such incongruous nurses, was irresistible. Even the grim features of the men themselves occasionally relaxed—moved by the laughter of the spectators.

It is not only the merely grotesque and incongruous that succeeds, however. Quite lately an advertisement in the newspapers offered a reward to a number of bald-headed men who would submit to have the name of a new cough medicine branded or stamped on their bare pates. The outcome of this was that a number of peripatetic mediums—otherwise board-men—were engaged to parade the streets wearing a "scalp" wig, on the back of which the name of the article was impressed, and over the front of the wig a hat of somewhat grotesque appearance. As some of these men were to pervade the bridges and the public thoroughfares singly, and were liable to rude salutations, not to say the occasional missiles and jocularities of a personal character, the pay was supposed to be



raised from the traditional shilling to eighteenpence a day; but the scheme does not seem to have been successful.



Of course, only the advertisements of the regular theatres and amusements, and those of some articles of commerce which have acquired the right to a specific name, hold a permanent place in the "sandwich" announcements. The sensational displays are necessarily ephemeral. There are a few boardmen who are pretty regularly employed when they choose to apply to the firms who engage their own mediums and supply the boards. There are others who are only too glad to get a job for a week or so; and these, as well as some of the more regular and steady itinerants, are readily mustered and roughly drilled by a gentleman who is an agent for conspicuous advertisements. Any one who has happened to be at the entrance of a certain court not far from St. Giles' Church early in the morning at this season of the year, may have seen the poor ragged regiment assemble there, for this is the agent's trysting-place.

Here the names of the queer contingent are enrolled, here they receive their board, and here they come for their shilling. Where do they live? When Sam Weller was once asked that question he answered, "Anywheres." You may take the same reply. "Well, you see, what's a shillin' or eighteenpence arter all? It may be better than hangin' about the docks all day on the chance of fourpence a hour for three or four hours three days a week; but them as hasn't got no reg'lar lodgin's with a family down Whitechapel way, or else by Waterloo Road, or perhaps Bermondsey, or closer by in this neighbourhood till Newport Market's all gone, why, they takes what they can get at the lodgin'-houses in Fulwood's Rents, down by Holborn, or similar.

"Breakfus'! Well, a haporth o' coffee and a bit o' bread mostly; or, if your missus is able to do anythink, perhaps cocoa and a chunk off the loaf. Bread an' drippin' or else a saveloy, or once in a way a slice o' cheese, about the middle o' the day, and them as thinks they need it a penn'orth o' beer. We takes our dinner-time mostly down by St. Martin's Church, them as works the Strand; and others down by the bridges, and such places as has walls to set down by, or to lean agin. We're off long afore dark, and them that's lucky can pick up a job in the evening, perhaps, if they ain't wore out with the weight and the heat of the boards at their shoulder-blades and on their chests. Some on us gets a job at the theayters; and I've known sech as goes on the stage itself in percessions and sech-like for what they call sooper-noomaries.

"Lor bless you, yes! there's a many of us as has seen better days. I have myself, though it was only as a plasterer; but that man over there, as looks so tidy an' clean, he kep' a good 'ouse over his head one time. Lost his all, he did, when some bank or another went and broke, and I s'pose he's never had no chance, or else no heart to take it, ever since; but he does better than most becos he's a steady, civil man, and gets employ to put up the shutters at shops, and when they want a extra hand at the theatre, and what not. I shouldn't wonder if he made—ah, as much as eighteen bob or a suffrin some weeks. But you must excuse me, sir, and thankee. Time's up, and I must get between the shutters agin. There's my mate a-beckonin' of me, and we've got to work round Pall Mall with this lot."



EMBROIDERY NEEDLEWORK

By FRED MILLER.

PART I.

If our readers were asked to say what they considered the most popular form of fancy work at the present day, we think the majority of them would say embroidery or crewel work. The reason of the popularity of this kind of art work is that it engages the inventive faculties as well as the skilful fingers of its votaries, and is at the same time one of the most useful and beautiful of the decorative arts. Few kinds of work have sprung so suddenly into public favour as this, for it is not many years since that the only kinds of fancy work were tatting and crochet and Berlin woolwork. It is little to be wondered at that when we compare embroidery with other forms of fancy needlework, the general taste should be so decidedly on the side of the former.

Embroidery, as practised in the present day, allows of much more freedom and variety of design, as well as individuality of taste, than the other kinds of work done with the needle; and so excellent is the quality of much of the work produced, that it speaks well for the talent of the workers that so worthy a position has been won for needlework among the other art handicrafts.

We propose in these two articles to consider the higher branches of needlework, and to give a few hints as to what seems to us are the principles that should guide our readers in designing for their needle. For we take it for granted that all our readers are by this time acquainted with this kind of art needlework, and as the subject has so often been dwelt upon in these pages, we shall proceed to discuss the question from a more advanced point of view than we have hitherto done. And we also hope to persuade those of our readers who have hitherto confined their efforts to small work, to try their hand at something important, some kind of work upon which their best labours shall be worthily engaged. And it seemed to us that no kind of work could be more useful than the embroidery of the curtains of a window, for all houses

require curtains of some kind or the other, and it is often a matter of great concern to careful housewives how to secure the best effect with the least expenditure of money. They are always a costly item, and if we go in for anything like a rich figured material, curtains run away with a good deal of money.

broidery for the window curtains? Agreed, say you, but how shall we set about it? Nothing easier in the world, my dear readers, and if you will give me your patient attention for a brief space, I will do my best to assist you.

First, then, choice of material; and here we meet with our earliest difficulty, for there are so many stuffs, both as regards price and quality, and colour and make, that one is embarrassed with the profusion. Here the tastes, pockets, and needs of the intending purchaser come into play. Umritzur cashmere is one of the best moderately-priced materials I am acquainted with. It is to be had in every variety of tint, and, as all the colours are harmonious, you cannot make any very serious mistake, whatever tint you may select. In this matter you had better study the prevailing colour of the furniture and decoration in your room, and either choose a colour that will harmonise or agreeably contrast with the tone of your surroundings. A more expensive material is plush, of course very handsome, but at the same time too costly for a good many pockets. If you choose a figured stuff, such as tapestry, select some pattern that is not too pronounced, otherwise it will interfere with your embroidery.

The next consideration is whether you are going to embroider the curtains themselves, or work your patterns on some other material, and afterwards sew it on the curtains. There is something to be said for both methods, though I think the weight of argument is on the side of the latter plan, and for these reasons. It is, first of all, easier to embroider a narrow strip of stuff than big curtains. Secondly, you can choose not only a different colour, but, if needs be, a richer material

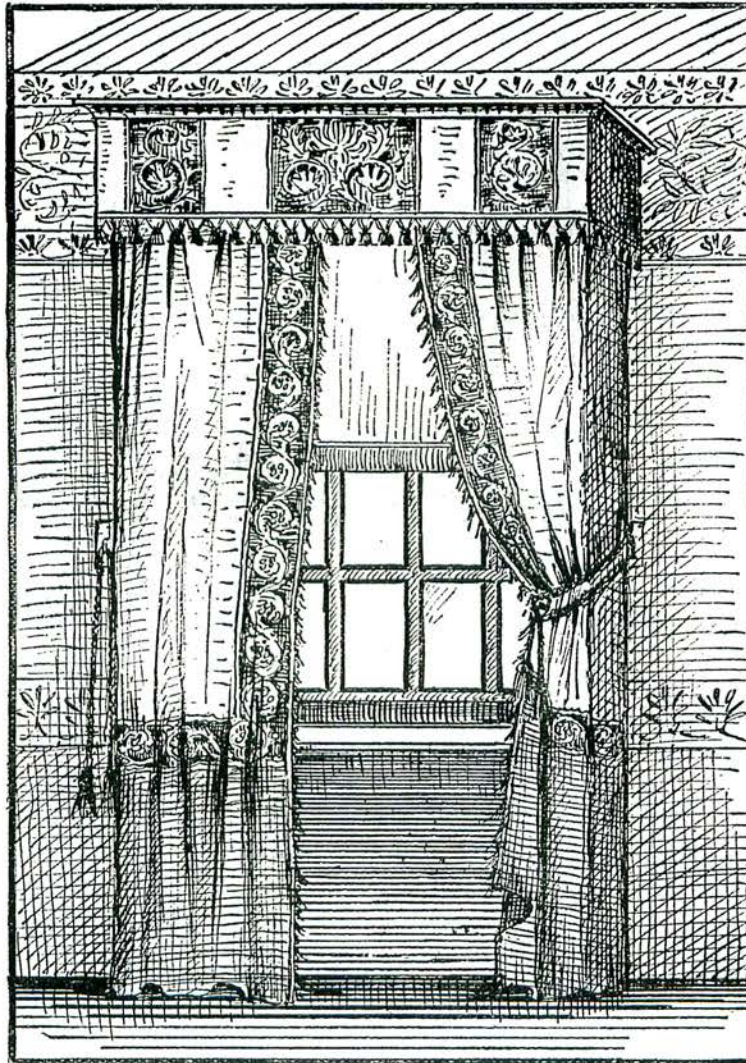


FIG. 1.

No part of a room's furniture is more noticeable than the curtains, and consequently no kind of domestic work is seen to greater advantage than anything relating to window hangings. Any embroidery bestowed upon them is most effectively displayed. Why then not set to work and work some em-

for your borders. For instance, you might have a plush border to Umritzur curtains. And, thirdly, you can always transfer your work to other materials, should the first curtains your work is sewn on get worn out. But, after all, this is a question which must be decided by the exigencies of each case, though

I think where practicable, as in the case of borders to curtains, the embroidery should be worked on separate material, for the reasons above given. In the case of diapers and patterns going across the curtain, it is, of course, necessary to work on the material itself.

A good many people have taken to embroider figured materials, such as embossed velvet, or plush and cretonnes. There is something to be said in favour of this kind of work where good designs are not easily obtainable, or where it is desirable to enrich a figured material with a little hand-work. Stamped plush or velvet looks very handsome when enriched in this way, and as there are many beautiful patterns in this material, your labour will not be thrown away. I have known some ladies produce most effective work by embroidering some of those elaborately designed cretonnes, containing birds, flowers, butterflies, and foliage, in more or less natural colours, and afterwards cutting out the more telling portions and appliquéing them on to some richer material. The colours of the cretonne are carried out as far as possible in the embroidery, some workers covering the whole of the pattern, others only enriching the edges and more brilliant portions with silk. In this kind of work great care and taste must be exercised in arranging the patterns when worked effectively on to the material to which the designs are to be appliquéed, and to attach them to the material the edges of the cretonne should be worked round with silk. The patterns on plush and velvet are generally of a more severe character than cretonnes, consisting as they generally do of running foliage, of more or less quaint design. The colours of your embroidery should be selected to harmonise or agreeably contrast with the velvet, and you should arrange in your mind's eye some complete scheme of colouring, from which you must not depart. Suppose your material is of a reddish hue, your embroidery should carry out this tone, and your wools or silks should blend one into another. Dark, rich olive greens can be enriched with golden yellows; yellow browns and the flowers might be worked with pale turquoise blues. Embroidered plushes and

velvets should when finished have one general tone running through their entire mass, so that at a little distance from the eye all the colours seem to have an affinity for each

at once, just as painters view their pictures during progress at some distance from the eye, as by this means they get the general effect, without being bothered by details.

We will now return to the consideration of the illustrations accompanying this article. We give at figs. 1 and 2 two arrangements of window curtains. In fig. 1 the curtains hang from below a canopy, and the decoration consists of embroidered borders carried three parts down the edges of both curtains, and instead of being taken to the bottom, are carried off to the right and left, thus forming a frieze or border to the "dado" portion of the curtains; for it will be noticed that the lower portion of each curtain is supposed to be a darker material than the upper portion. The canopy is decorated with three panels of embroidery, and the material used for the "dado" portions of the curtains might be introduced into the canopy by making the panels of this stuff and the rest of the canopy the same material as the upper part of the curtains.

Fig. 3 might be used as the border. It is designed as a continuous pattern repeating itself alternately. The lines on either side, and the simple pattern made of crossed stitches, would be a nice finish to the running border.

Fig. 4 is intended for the centre panel of canopy, and fig. 5 for the two side panels. The same character is given to all three designs to preserve the unity of effect, for the decoration being of an ornamental character, a certain uniformity, "a unity in variety," should be observed in the several portions of the work.*

Fig. 2 shows another arrangement of window curtains. The ornamentation takes the form of rich bands of embroidery running across the upper portions of the curtains, and in place of a worked border the edges of the curtains are scalloped and worked round with broad stripes of wool and a simple border.

* These ornamental designs are in many respects more suitable to purposes like the present one, than more elaborate and naturalistic patterns, for where you have to repeat the same design many times as in borders, a decidedly ornamental character should be given to the patterns.

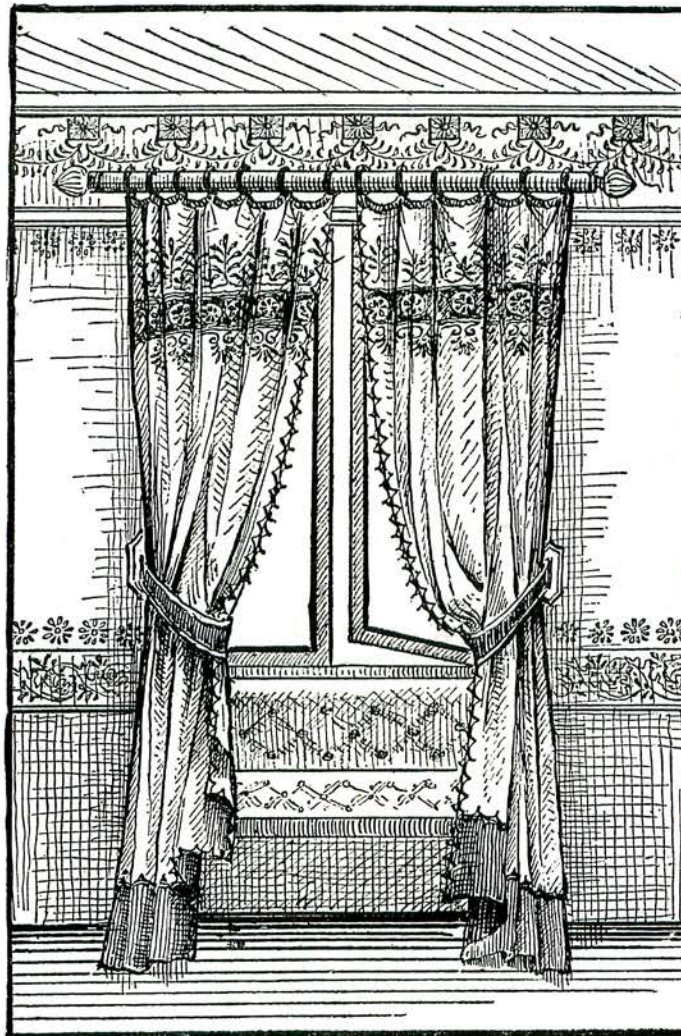


FIG. 2.

other. If this result be not continually kept before one during the progress of the work, and a great many different colours be employed, the general effect when completed will lack that unity and oneness so necessary to harmony and completeness of effect. While your work is in progress, view it and criticise it at some distance from the eye, so that you can take in the whole effect



FIG. 3.

There is no dado in this design, but a broad band of darker material is indicated at bottom of curtains. The top of curtains where the rings are fastened should be worked over, and the same pattern as used at edges might be introduced here.

Fig. 6 is an enlarged view of the band of ornament running across curtains, and, as will be seen, is of the ornamental character employed in the other illustrations. The reason for selecting this class of design in preference to a more natural or realistic treatment is that the ornamentation on large works such as curtains is always seen more or less from a distance, and, consequently a bold, simple treatment is more effective than a more elaborate and naturalistic one. We have confined ourselves to ornamental designs in this article for another reason, and that is that we have on former occasions given designs of a more natural character, and we thought it would be an agreeable change to adopt a more severe treatment. Then again the designs accompanying this article are intended to be worked in few colours and with broad stitches, so as to get over the ground quickly, for work of this description would remain too long in hand if a very elaborate kind of design were em-

you get the work out of hand the better. Don't attempt shading the leaves or even varying them much. Assuming that your tone of colour consists of browns and yellows

colouring and design is that the elder members of the family can plan, supervise, and direct the work, while the younger members, who could not carry out so large a work unaided, can lend their assistance in embroidering the several portions of the work; and by pressing all the available talent into the work you can soon get it out of hand, instead of allowing it to drag on a weary length until all are sick of seeing the same piece of work about so long.

We can give very few hints as to the colours to be used, as this so entirely depends upon the colour of your materials and other considerations, which one must be acquainted with before one can pretend to advise. We can only direct attention to our previous remarks on this part of our subject. Whatever else your colouring may be, let it be above all things harmonious.

Crewels will be better than silk for this large kind of work, as they are not only much cheaper but cover the ground so much more quickly. Silk might be introduced here and there to give brilliancy and sparkle to the general effect.

Of course it does not follow that the designs or arrangements given in our illustrations are to be strictly adhered to.



FIG. 4.

and sage greens, work one group of leaves in one colour, and then the next group in a slightly different tone, and so on. In the distance this will have just as good an effect,



FIG. 5.

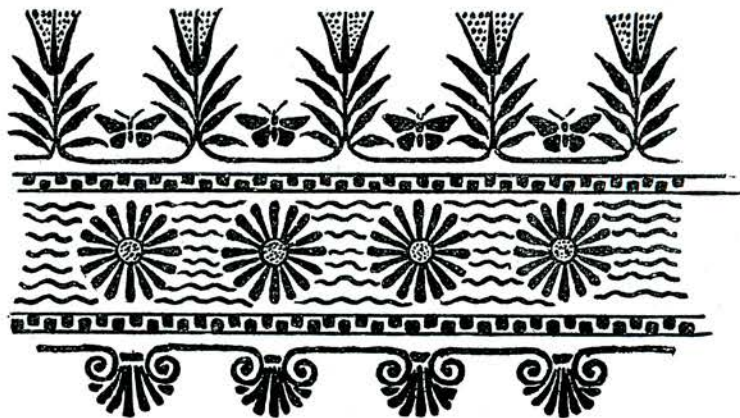


FIG. 6.

ployed, and would weary the patience of the worker. When you have enlarged your designs to their proper dimensions, and have transferred them to your material, the sooner

ay, and better than if each leaf were carefully shaded. Breadth of effect is as necessary in embroidery as in painting. Another great advantage in keeping your work simple in

The chief good of this article may be that we have directed the attentions of our readers into a new channel which they must follow up for themselves.

DIPS INTO AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

By RUTH LAMB.

DIP I.



the culinary art, we are bewildered with the number of volumes offered for our instruction.

HERE WAS NO GIRL'S OWN PAPER, or any other cheap periodical with its column of "Useful Hints" or choice recipes for concocting table dainties, in the days when this old MS. cookery book was written out. Now, if we want to study

We may read for ourselves, or we may go to school and learn cottage cookery, or we may fit ourselves to prepare a dinner composed of almost endless courses, and embracing everything, in and out of season, that wealth and luxury can suggest.

Things were different a century and a half ago. There were few printed cookery books, and these passed into very few hands. There were family recipes for dainty dishes, much valued and thought of. Instructions for making these were guarded as almost sacred mysteries, and rarely committed to paper. Mothers, even in well-to-do-homes, did the more delicate part of the cookery themselves,

and taught their daughters, and so the knowledge was passed on from generation to generation, or perchance from mistress to maid, when the latter was trustworthy.

The MS. book into which you are going to peep along with me, dear girls, was written out in 1721, and is one of the household treasures in a delightful old home, built more than a hundred years earlier still. The title page runs as follows:—"Mrs. Anne Jackson. Cook Book. Anno Domini, 1721." But, alas! I cannot easily give you a notion of the elaborate flourishes which adorn the name.

The capitals are something to be remem-

bered; but the zeal of the writer seems to have evaporated before the title was completed, for the "Domini" is quite devoid of ornament, and the date a very poor sample of figures.

Half a century later "Mrs. Anne Jackson. Cook Book" had passed into another hand; for, on the next page, we find the inscription: "Barbara Wilkinson's Book," with the further admonition, "When this you se, Remember me."

Mistress Barbara appears to have used this family cookery book as most people do their family Bibles; for, on its last page, we have a list of "Childer Born of John and Barbara Wilkinson," thirteen in number, between 1743 and 1767.

In the country districts of Cumberland at the present time there is a strong leaning towards Scriptural, and especially patriarchal names. John Wilkinson and his wife Barbara manifested the same liking in their day, as the register on the fly-leaf of the old cookery-book abundantly testifies. Amongst the boys' names are Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Jonathan, John, Thomas, and Mark, only George having a modern appellation. The girls are Ann, Mary, Grace, Betty, and Barbara.

Grace would, I suppose, be almost reckoned a Bible name, on the same principle as that of the man who called his child Acts in order to compliment the Apostles. Any way, Grace is a sweet name, and suggestive of everything that is good as well as attractive.

To return, however, to the contents of the "Cook Book," which comprise some ninety recipes, beside many which are lumped together in this wise: "For jillies, pastes, and creams, with some preserves, from ye 148 to ye 154"—that is, page.

The writing all through is beautifully neat, clear, and legible, being something like printing in italics, and has been the work of one hand, the index and one or two pages excepted, which are of a later date, and probably added by its second possessor, Barbara Wilkinson.

Mrs. Anne Jackson's views on the subject of orthography must, however, have been very independent of fixed rules, and her style foreshadows modern phonetic spelling.

One cannot but feel that it is at least desirable to select and adhere to one method of spelling a word; but Mrs. Anne sometimes uses a "c," an "s," or two of the latter, just as it happens.

I remember once asking a person, "How is your name"—a rather peculiar one—"spelled?"

"Some spells it one way, and some another," was the cheerful response.

"But how do *you* spell it?" I asked, determined to be correct if possible.

"I don't spell it at all, ma'am, or anything else, for I can't tell one letter from another. Put it any way you like. It's sure to please me."

I accordingly did my best, and I hope the person to whom the letter went would have no difficulty in finding out who was the writer, per my hand. I could not help thinking of this when I glanced through the "Cook Book."

One thing I feel certain about, and that is the excellence of the recipes so carefully preserved for more than a century and a half. I will quote a few in the quaint wording and spelling of the MS., and I think they will be found equally instructive and amusing.

The recipes for preparing freshwater fish, such as are found in the Cumberland lakes, are decidedly *wothsome*; and as we are this very day operating upon a large pike, caught by one of the youngsters, we will tell how he

is to be cooked, *à la* Mrs. Anne Jackson's Cook Book:—

How to Rost a Picke.

"Take ye pike. Scrape it and take liver, sueitt and herbs, and beat them all together like forcemeat. Then put it into the pike bely, and then sue up ye bely of ye pike. Then speet" (spit) "it allye length; then cordeit with brood inckle. So baste it with butter that it burn not" (you may take this for sauce). "Then take ye forsemeat out of ye pike belly, and ye gravy that drops from the pike and a little sack or wine and anchove dissolved in it. Beat it altogether" (for sauce.) "So serve it up. Garnish ye dish with pickel cockles & oysters."

We are told in another place how to pickle the cockles. "Take 6 quarts of cockles, and wash them: then sett them over ye fire. Stue them to ye open, then pick the fish out of them. You must save ye liquor and put salt and whole peper and clove peper, whole cloves and mace. Boyle those all together, then put your fish and give them a boyle. So then take them off ye fire, and cover them up fit for use."

The instructions with regard to the quantity of salt, and the various spices, would seem to a youthful cook slightly indefinite. An experienced cook would know that only a little of each is needed.

"To Bake Charrs" (a delicious little fish for which Windermere is famous, and the name of which is usually spelled char). "Take ye heads and tails and finns off them. Then cutt them and rub them very clean with a cloth. When you bake them, take for 3 dozen of charrs, one ounce of mace and cinnamon, the same of cloves, and peper for your seasoning. You must save a third part till they be baked, and then lye it on when you put in ye clarified butter."

The above is really a recipe for the famous potted char, the baked fish being placed in layers, seasoned, and covered with clarified butter, like other potted meats.

With our "Roast Picke" we must have a contemporary soup, and here is a recipe to make one, which will serve a good, large party.

"Take a hough" (shin) "and a neck of beef. Set it all night over ye fire. Put in a little peper of both sorts, a race or two of ginger, and a posy of sweet herbs. Stir up your pot next morning, and strain it through a collander, and let it stand till it be cold, and take off all ye fat. Fry some beef or veal or mutton with a little bit of butter to keep ye pan from burning, & to get ye gravy, and put ye meat and gravy into ye soup. Sitt it over a slow fire about half an hour. Put in 2 onions. Stick one with cloves; then put it" (the soup, not the onion, which should go in before the half hour's stewing takes place) "through ye collander again & then put in 2 or 3 anchoves and a little clarrit or strong bear, then pour out your soup into a boull. Then put into your stue pan half a pound of butter. Sitt it over ye fire till it be burnt brown; then put ye soup into it by podingers" (or mugs) "and lett every podinger full boyle up as you put it in and stir it very well all ye time with a little salt. Have on ye dish bottom a little rice or french barley bread and a little parsly, spinage, & sallory scodded" (scalded) "and shred small. Poor ye soup on it and into ye soup: fried bread cut in slices. Garnish your dish with nice parsley and carrots."

For our entrées we will have first "A Frigogy of Chickins." "Take chickens: cut them in small peices, season them with cloves, mace, nutmugg, peper and salt, some time and parsly shred small, and a handfull of grated

white bread. Fry them in sweet butter indiforant tender, then drane ye butter from them and put to them a pint of clarrit wine and some strong; or, if you have it not, take faire water and 3 anchoves, nutmegg and an onion and some lemon. Lett these all stue together and 2 yolks of eggs with a little clarrit wine. Put all together, stir it well together and dish it up *in all hast*."

Our second entrée shall be "Broyled Pigens." "Take peigons fresh out of ye coat. (Nothing is said about killing them before cooking). Pull them and dress them very clean. Wash them well and drye them with a cloth. Then take ye livers and shred them very small. Season them well with peper and salt and put the livers with a good peice of butter into their bellies and sew up at both ends. You may broyle them in an appleroster, if you have rot a thing on purpose" (Dutch oven suggested) "not too near ye fire and bast them as ye drye."

No instructions are given for ordinary roast meats, but we have elaborate information "How to dress Turkes and there sauce."

"Take yor Turkes and cut ye heads of, and dress it clean, and then drow it and square it like a chicken for roasting and stuff ye crops with forset meat, which make of veal, taking out ye skins and beast sueit. Shred and beat with a pestell to it be like past almost and then season it with cloves and nutmegg and peper of both sorts and salt, and sweet herbs dried and rubbed. Sage, sweet margon" (marjoram) "and time or winter savory and parsley with a yolk or two of eggs and a spoonfull of cream or two according to ye quantity of meat: but 1 yolk and 1 spoonfull of cream is sufiscent for 2 Turkey crops. Then speet them and ly them up close. So rost them; & for ye sauce take ye neck and head and set them on a stuepan with a little water and an onion or two. Lett them boyl along time. Then put in some grated bread and dust in some black peper and let it boyl to it be very thick. And so dish it up."

Game does not seem to have occupied the attention of the fair writer of the Cook Book, or else it was not plentiful in the neighbourhood. At any rate we find no recipes for cooking anything but ground game. There are instructions "How to Stue a Hair, a Rabbet, and to rost them," also a recipe for venison sauce, which last is so very comically worded that we may get a laugh out of it, though we may not be much enlightened in a culinary point of view. It runs thus:—"Take a neck of mutton and sett it on to boyle in a stuepan and lett it boyle all night. You may put in a few whole cloves and Jeemaca peper—if you have no other—for ye broth; then take it off and put it through a collander, then hadd clarrit wine and brown suggar and a good peice of cinnment and grated bread, and then let it boyle a peice to it be thick."

It is easy to ascertain the intentions of the writer, though the directions are slightly hazy, and we are not informed what should be put in if we are not restricted to "whole cloves and Jeemaca peper."

There is also no limit to the other seasonings, so a tyro would have to keep spoon in hand, and taste as she goes on adding.

But I will close the "Cook Book" for the present, only adding that our "Roast Picke" turned out supremely good, equally to the satisfaction of the young angler, and those who partook of his spoil, when thus prepared for the table.

I will dip again into some very attractive recipes for sweets, cakes, and home-made wines, and give you, dear girls, the benefit.

(To be continued.)



USEFUL HINTS.

BENGAL CHUTNEY.—Two pounds of green sour apples, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of raisins, one ounce of ground ginger, and same of garlic, a slight shaking of cayenne pepper, and one pint and a half of best vinegar. Put the whole in a stone jar and stir it well; then put it in a good hot oven and bake till all has become a pulp. Time, about six hours. Bottle it well that the air shall not get to it. It is ready for use as soon as it is cold.

CURRIED EGGS. Put about an ounce of butter into a saucepan; when it boils add half a teaspoonful of curry powder; when this has fricid for a minute break two eggs into it, stir and add a tablespoonful of milk and a little salt; when it is thick serve at once on buttered toast. This is a nice breakfast dish.

SAUCER PUDDING.—Separate the yolks from the whites of two eggs, beat the yolks with two tablespoonfuls of milk and a few drops of flavouring or the grated rind of a lemon, a dessertspoonful of castor sugar; whip the whites to the stiffest froth, lightly mix the whites with the yolks and pour into three good sized saucers that have been previously buttered. Bake in a quick oven for ten minutes a nice light brown. Turn them out into a dish, double them over, with a little raspberry or apricot jam between the folds, and serve.

STEWED GREEN PEAS AND LETTUCE.—Wash and take off all the outside leaves of two good-sized lettuce and lay them for about two hours in cold water with a good piece of salt in it, then slice them into fine strips and

put them into a saucepan with a quart of nice young peas, and four tablespoonfuls of good gravy, about an ounce of butter rubbed into a teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of castor sugar, and pepper and salt. Cover the saucepan and let them stew gently till the peas are soft.

TOMATOES À LA BOHÉMIENNE.—Cut some good-sized tomatoes in half and cut a little off the bottom with a sharp knife, so that they will stand firm on the dish. Take out part of the inside, and fill it up either with finely minced game or mushrooms, or any cold meat you might have by you. Now dip the tomatoes in sweet oil, put in a nice quick oven for fifteen minutes, and serve with a poached egg on each tomato, garnish with parsley or some nice fresh brown watercress.



CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LADY-HELP FROM HOME—THE JAP—THE AMERICAN GIRL—THE GERMAN WOMAN—THE CHINAMAN WING LONG—OTHER CHINAMEN.

I THINK I could write volumes on the miseries and discomforts inflicted by the ignorant and pretentious lady-help. Not for a moment would I say one word to wound the real honest workers, who can, however, be recognised at once, and I ought certainly to know, having been most devotedly helped and nursed through long years of ill-health by one of the best. But I speak of those women who have reached the age of maturity, and yet have never put enough earnestness into anything to learn to do even one single trifle well, and who tell you with an air, as though it were something to be proud of, that they have never done any work, but are quite willing to learn.

It was unfortunately one of this helpless class that was sent out to me, and though she had undertaken to cook and bake in good style for her £70, she had not troubled herself to learn the rudiments of either cooking or baking. She told me, with a ladylike smile, that she had thought she would soon be able to pick it up from me! She had had some time before leaving England, when she might have taken lessons; but as far as I could learn, she spent the time in making a round of farewell visits.

She considered herself eminently respectable and superior, and, I believe, thought that these virtues alone were worth her pay to any family. Before long, too, the ideas of equality, which she absorbed in a perfectly undigested state, went to her head, and made her take all kinds of liberties, which Americans born and bred would not dream of.

It is certainly a fact that ignorant aliens, taking up these new ideas, have a most offensive way, quite their own, of interpreting them.

We bore with muddle and confusion and fatigue for some seven months, longing to be able to dismiss her, but uneasy at the notion of her being adrift so far from home. We might have spared ourselves, as it so often happens, for she came one day to tell me, with a proud toss of the head, that she had

found another place that would suit her better.

So she went, leaving us thankful to escape from her on any terms.

Then we tried a Jap, who was also unsuccessful, and we returned to an American girl. This time we were more fortunate; she was a middle-aged woman, capable and willing, and fortunately also fond of reading; so that we were able, by lending her plenty of books, to keep the effects of the loneliness at bay for some time.

She thoroughly enjoyed all the most up-to-date books, and we often laughed among ourselves at the comicalness of Sarah Grand, Grant Allen, Ibsen, and even Mrs. Humphry Ward in the kitchen. She had decided views about all she read, and had, indeed, the intention, so she told us, of writing something for the public herself when she could get leisure. However, this peaceful time came also to an end. In eight months or so she wearied of the loneliness and wanted to return to town and her friends.

Our next fate was a German woman. I believe she was a little out of her mind; she certainly nearly drove us out of ours. She was an enormous, coarse-looking woman, and often told us how she had been a keeper in one of the large State asylums for many years; and, oh, how we pitied those poor lunatics at her mercy!

My husband was ill with an abscess in the throat while she was with us, and for some wicked reason of her own, whenever anything was put on the stove, such as beef tea or hot water for poultices, she regularly took it off again as soon as we left the kitchen.

Finally we telephoned our distress to our friend in town, and he advised a Chinaman. We agreed, and by the evening train out came a bright, smiling little man called Wing Long, and we found at once comfort and peace.

He was a beautiful cook, careful and economical, and very proud of making all his dainty cakes and sweets for much less than we could have bought them in town.

In the evenings, when we were all quietly reading, he would come in suddenly, carrying two big dishes piled up with different dainties, saying, "Coss one dollar in San Miguel,

make him fifty cents here," and plump them down in the middle of the table for us to admire. If friends were coming to supper, he he would work so hard, and would make innumerable dishes and dainties that I had not dreamt of ordering, and when the evening arrived, would come bustling in with all these grand "plats" till we could hardly keep from smiling at the grand show. His idea was not so much hospitality, I fear, as a great desire to make an impression upon strangers of the grand way in which we lived. He would say privately afterwards, "Dey no see notings likie dat, dey no eatie such our dinner; oh, no!"

One drawback to all his virtues there had to be, of course. He had told me, as the months passed and he still remained with us, that his friends in Chinatown were much surprised; for, he said, looking intently at me, he was called "Clazey Jim," and had never stayed long anywhere. This made us a little uneasy, though nothing could have been more reassuring and sane than his usual cheery, diligent ways. But once or twice he did alarm me slightly, when he would launch out about his hopes of some day becoming a Buddhist priest, when he should have saved enough money to take as an offering to the priesthood. In speaking of this he became quite excited, joining his hands together as though in prayer and raising them above his head, turning up his eyes, and telling me all kinds of wonderful legends about miracles that had happened to believers in Buddha.

He was quite embarrassingly generous. When he went into town for a holiday, he would return in high spirits. He was always in a perfect fever to get his bundle of purchases undone and to show us all he had bought. He would drag out a small pair of embroidered shoes for himself and show them to us; then perhaps a silk jacket or a tasselled girdle, such as they wear round the waist. Always, too, there were boxes and bottles of uncanny-looking medicine, of which he generally took several doses indiscriminately on the spot to prove to us how strong was his faith in their virtue; then, with a flourish, he would bring out a dainty parcel and hand it to me with a kind little word, and some

curiosity for the boys, or often a piece of pretty porcelain for the house.

It was too much, but we did not know how to stop it. His delight over all this was quite pathetic. So far in our experiences he is the only lovable Chinaman we have come across, and he proved to be out of his mind! For seven months all went well, however, and we felt that the five dollars a month extra in wage was money well spent for such comfort and order; then the friendly, kindly spirit of our little Wing Long seemed to cloud over, and we determined to send him away for a rest and a holiday. We still did not understand what was amiss.

He was to leave us the following morning, and had installed Chong Woh as *locum tenens*, when that night a violent opium frenzy seized him, giving us all a good fright, and keeping us awake and on the watch most of the night, lest he should set fire to the house or carry out some other mad freak.

In the morning he seemed quite sane, and painfully humble and broken-spirited. There was nothing for it, however, but that he must go. We had heard too much about the opium habit among Chinamen to dream of trying to overcome it. We heard, too, from Chong Woh that Wing had been in the asylum several times; so it seemed a hopeless business.

We none of us liked the *locum tenens* Wing had provided, and hearing of a Chinaman who was leaving a neighbouring ranch where the family had gone East, we engaged him. He was a tall, fat man, with a very stately way of carrying himself, and from his

airs most evidently considered himself a "beau." It was in the month of January when he was with us, and in the early mornings it was rather too cold to be comfortable with his thin white cotton jacket only, so he wore over this a wadded sleeveless jacket made of soft Chinese silk of a most lovely golden bronze colour, which made him look very grand indeed.

Like Wing, too, he seemed very generous, and had not been with us long when he produced from somewhere a large jar of very good Chinese preserved ginger, which he brought in upon a tray, together with a little Chinese box of "welly fine tea."

It was given with a gracious, lordly air, and I accepted it with the finest manner and the best compliments I could muster. Again in a few days he brought a sweet-scented Chinese lily, growing in a bowl, which I knew he had been tending in his bedroom till it should bloom; and a packet of his quaint writing-paper, which I had admired one day when I chanced to see him writing letters, he brought with the same grave courtesy.

But he had already been some months in the country, and soon wearied of the quiet or our place. He came one day and told me that he had urgent business to attend to in China, and must leave us and sail very shortly for his Celestial fatherland. So he went, and every time I go to the little Chinese store now I see him there, and we smile in a most friendly fashion to each other, while he serves me and asks if we are all well, and neither of us is so ill-bred as to refer to that "business in China"!

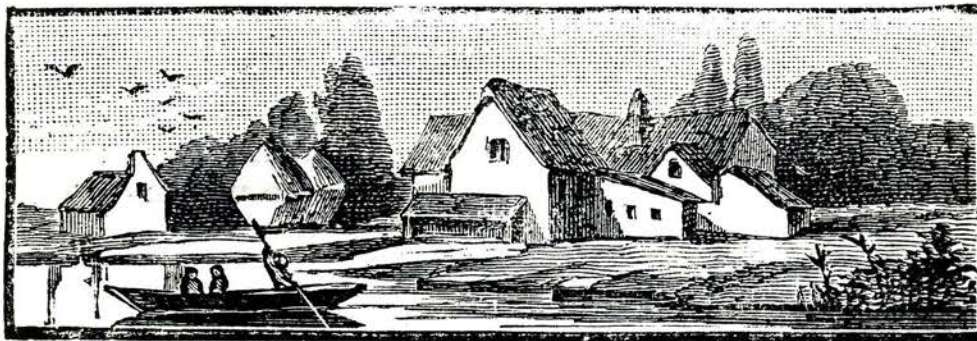
During the winter months the town of San Miguel is quite crowded with Eastern visitors; all the hotels and boarding-houses are full, and every Chinaman who is worth his salt, is engaged, at a good wage too. The only men who are at liberty are the blacklegs, the gamblers, and opium fiends. So, though our friend at the agency bureau did his very best for us, he could not save us from such a time of worry and annoyance as I can hardly bear to look back upon. We were all over-worked, tired out, and had illness in the house as well.

For three months we had such a succession of Chinese blackguards as makes my flesh creep to remember. Some of them stayed one day, some two or three, some a week; but we became positively ashamed of driving into El Barco station, taking in and bringing out different Chinamen.

It is a drive of ten miles too, there and back, and added no small bother and waste of time to the rest of the discomforts. Then there were gaps between, when the expected Chinaman did not arrive, and the buggy came home empty; and we would turn from the verandah where we had been anxiously watching, with an opera-glass, to see if there were one figure or two in the buggy, turn into the house with the knowledge that we must cook and bake and sweep for ourselves as best we could until better times dawned.

Alas, then, for a charwoman within call, however inefficient! It would be something, at least, to get the sweeping and washing-up done.

(To be continued.)



MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART VII. DISILLUSION.



WAS sent with a servant from Pau to Bagnères. She soon dried my tears by reminding me of the hideous blue and white knitted cuffs which my hot and rebellious fingers had for weeks been busy in knitting for my mother, and which I should now be able to present personally. They were

of a size suitable to the wrist of a man of about eight feet, and the irregularities at the edge where I had forgotten to slip the stitch were concealed by stiff little ruchings of blue satin ribbon. I thought of them with unspeakable pride.

We reached Bagnères after dark, and my passion of joy at seeing my mother again was heightened by the knowledge that I had so

rich a gift to bestow upon her. We had late dinner, in itself an event to me, and then I tasted for the first time the delicious *chemin de fer*, a kind of open tart made of almond paste and oranges covered with a crisp icing or caramel. I have never tasted this anywhere else, and though I have tried again and again to reproduce it in my own kitchen, I have never obtained even a measure of success. Even to this delicacy the thought of those blue and white cuffs added flavour.

After dinner I slipped away and made hay of the contents of my box till I found the precious treasures. I returned solemnly to the room where my mother was sitting by the bright wood fire, with the wax candles on the polished table.

"Mamma," I said (we called our mothers "mamma" in the sixties), "I have made you a present all my very own self, and it's in here."

"Whatever can it be?" said my mother, affecting an earnest interest. She undid the paper slowly. "Oh, what beautiful cuffs! Thank you, dear. And did you make them all your very own self?"

My sisters also looked at and praised the cuffs, and I went happy to bed. When I was lying between the sheets I heard one of

my sisters laughing in the next room. She was talking, and I knew she was speaking of my precious cuffs. "They would just fit a coal-heaver," she said.

She never knew that I heard her, but it was years before I forgave that unconscious outrage to my feelings.

Bagnères de Bigorre is built in the midst of mountain streams. Streams cross the roads, streams run between the houses, under the houses, not quiet, placid little streams, such as meander through our English meadows, but violent, angry, rushing, boiling little mountain torrents that thunder along their rocky beds. Sometimes one of these streams is spanned by a dark arch, and a house built over it. What good fortune that one of these houses should have been the one selected by my mother—on quite other grounds, of course—and, oh! the double good fortune I, even I, was to sleep in the little bedroom actually built on the arch itself that spanned the mountain stream! It was delightful, it was romantic, it was fascinating. I could fancy myself a princess in a tower by the rushing Rhine as I heard the four-foot torrent go thundering along with a noise that would not have disgraced a full-grown river. It had every charm the imagination could

desire, but it kept me awake till the small hours of the morning. It was humiliating to have to confess that even romance and a rushing torrent did not compensate for the loss of humdrum, commonplace sleep, but I accepted that humiliation and slept no more in the little room overhanging the torrent.

The next day was, I confess, tiresome to me, and I, in consequence, tiresome to other people; the excitement of coming back to my mother had quickly worn off. My mother was busy letter-writing, so were my sisters. I missed Marguerite, Mimi, even my lessons. There was something terribly unhomelike about the polished floor, the polished wooden furniture, the marble-topped chests of drawers with glass handles, and the cold greyness of the stone-built houses outside. I wandered about the suite of apartments, every now and then rubbing myself like a kitten against my mother's shoulder and murmuring, "I don't know what to do." I tried drawing, but the pencil was bad and the paper greasy. I thought of reading, but there was no book there I cared for. It was one of the longest days I ever spent. That evening my sister said to me—

"Daisy, would you like to see a shepherdess, a real live shepherdess?"

Now, I had read of shepherdesses in my *Contes de Fées*. I knew that they wore rose-wreathed Watteau hats, short satin skirts, and flowered silk overdresses, that spinning was part of their daily toil, and that they danced in village festivals, generally at moments when the king's son was riding by to the hunt.

"Oh, I should like to see a shepherdess," I said. "But do you mean a real one who keeps sheep and spins and everything?"

"Oh, yes; she stands at her cottage door and spins while she watches her sheep, and

eats a beautiful kind of yellow bread made of maize, that looks and tastes like cake. I daresay she would give you some if you asked her."

The mention of the shepherdess dissipated my boredom. I climbed on my sister's knee and begged for a fairy story. "And let it be about shepherdesses," I said.

My sister had a genius for telling fairy-stories. If she would only write them now as she told them then, all the children in England would insist on having her fairy-stories, and none others. She told me a story that had a shepherdess in it and a king's son, of course; a wicked fairy, a dragon and a coach, and many other interesting and delightful characters. I went to bed happy in the knowledge that the fairy-world was stooping to earth, and that the fairy-world and this world of ours would touch to-morrow, and touch at the point where I should behold the shepherdess.

I spent the next morning happily enough in drawing fancy portraits of the shepherdess, the king's son, and the wicked fairy. My sister lent me her paints and her best sable brush, and life blossomed anew under the influence of a good night's rest.

In the afternoon we started out to see the shepherdess. Over the cobble stones of the streets, among the little mountain torrents, we picked our way, and came at last to green pastures at the foot of the mountains. The Pyrenees were so bright in their snow coats touched by the sun that our eyes could not bear to look at them.

"We shall soon come to the shepherdess," said my sister, cheerfully. "You must not expect her to be like the ones in fairy tales, you know."

"Of course not," said I; but in my heart I did.

We came presently to a sloping pasture, strewn with fragments of rock.

"There she is," said my sister, "sitting on a stone spinning with her sheep round her."

I looked; but could see no one save one old woman, the witch probably.

"Where? I don't see her," I said. By this time we were close to the old woman.

"There's your shepherdess," said my sister in English, "look at her nice quaint dress and the spindle and distaff."

I looked, but such a sight had no charms for me. Where was my flowered-silk, Watteau-hatted maiden? Where was her crook with the pink ribbons on it? And as for the king's son, his horse could never have ridden up this steep hillside. It was a disenchanting world where I stood gazing sadly at a wrinkled faced old woman in a blue woollen petticoat and coarse linen apron, a gay-coloured shawl crossed on her breast, a gay-coloured handkerchief knotted round her head. She had wooden shoes, and her crook was a common wooden one with a bit of iron at the end, and not a ribbon nor a flower on it. But she was very kind. She took us up to her little hut among the rocks and gave us milk and maize bread at my sister's request. The maize bread was like sawdust, or a Bath bun of the week before last; but had it been ambrosia, I could not have tasted a second mouthful—my heart was too full. I came home in silence. My sister was sad because the little treat had not pleased me. I did not mean to be ungrateful; I was only struggling savagely with the misery of my first disillusion. Like Mrs. Over-the-way, I had looked for pink roses, and found only *feuilles mortes*.



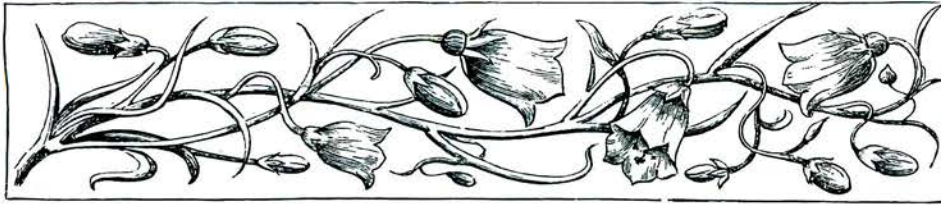
THE LIBRARY.

GIVE me the room whose every nook
Is dedicated to a book,
Two windows will suffice for air
And grant the light admission there;
One looking to the south, and one
To speed the red, departing sun.
The eastern wall from frieze to plinth
Shall be the Poet's labyrinth,
Where one may find the lords of rhyme
From Homer's down to Dobson's time;
And at the northern side a space
Shall show an open chimney-place,
Set round with ancient tiles that tell
Some legend old and weave a spell
About the fire-dog-guarded seat,
Where one may dream and taste the heat:
Above, the mantel should not lack
For curios and bric-à-brac,—
Not much, but just enough to light
The room up when the fire is bright.
The volumes on this wall should be
All prose and all philosophy,
From Plato down to those who are
The dim reflections of that star;

And these tomes all should serve to show
How much we write — how little know;
For since the problem first was set
No one has ever solved it yet.
Upon the shelves toward the west
The scientific books shall rest;
Beside them, History; above,—
Religion,—hope, and faith, and love:
Lastly, the southern wall should hold
The story-tellers, new and old;
Haroun al Raschid, who was truth
And happiness to all my youth,
Shall have the honored place of all
That dwell upon this sunny wall,
And with him there shall stand a throng
Of those who help mankind along
More by their fascinating lies
Than all the learning of the wise.

Such be the library; and take
This motto of a Latin make
To grace the door through which I pass:
Hic habitat Felicitas!

Frank Dempster Sherman.



THE LEMON AND ITS VARIED USES.

THE lemon was unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans. Now it is so extensively used in the culinary art, and we have grown so accustomed to the delicious flavour, that we could not very well do without it. It was the introduction of the lemon by the Arabs into Spain, about the twelfth or thirteenth century, that caused it to gradually become more freely used with meat and fish, as well as in the preparation of other dishes. As regards England, it was cultivated in the Azores in the year 1494, and shipped to England until 1838, when this particular trade ceased. At the present time the lemon is grown in Portugal as well as Spain, in California, Florida, etc., and there are as many as forty-seven varieties.

A lemon-tree grows from ten to twelve feet high, the flowers, somewhat like the orange-blossom in appearance, having, like that much-favoured bloom, a sweet odour of their own. In Spain or Sicily a large tree will bear, perhaps, three thousand lemons. The fruit is gathered green, each lemon protected in paper and packed in cases—about four hundred and twenty in each case.

The gathering is not confined to any particular part of the year, excepting in Sicily, where they appear to be collected only in November and December.

The candied lemon-peel which helps us to enjoy our mince-pies and Christmas pudding comes from Sicily. The fruit for this purpose is gathered ripe and crystallised in England.

Essence of lemon is manufactured in Sicily, at Reggio in Calabria, at Mentone and at Nice. But, strange to say, essence of lemon is hardly ever sold in a pure state. Being unaware of this, most housewives not unnaturally think the bottle supplied to them by the grocer, for flavouring jellies and creams, is the genuine article. It will be found more satisfactory, and less costly, to use the thin rind of a lemon, or a little piece of a vanilla pod, for this purpose, than to buy either of these favourite essences.

The reason that pure essence of lemon is seldom to be purchased, lies in the fact that four hundred lemons yield only from nine to fourteen ounces of essence, and the price at which the so-called essence is sold in England is less than the cost of the manufacture of the pure essence. Essence of lemon is not unique in the costliness of its production. One thousand rose-trees, we are told, are required to produce two ounces of attar of roses.

To return to our subject. Slices of lemon form a cooling and appetising table decoration. They may be cut in various ways, as fancy may dictate. At a cold luncheon, "high tea," or supper, by way of a pleasing variety, four red geranium petals may be lightly placed on each slice round the dish.

Lemon is a delicious accompaniment to roast or boiled turkey or chicken, mutton and veal cutlets, roast veal, salmon, sole, plaice, etc.

In the flavouring of sauces and soups it is invaluable. In the preparation of forcemeats it is an essential ingredient, as well as in all manner of sweet dishes.

We all know how great an addition a squeeze of lemon is to our pancake.

The following recipe for "Sir Watkin," or lemon pudding, will be found reliable.

Ingredients.—Two fresh eggs, half a pound of beef suet, half a pound of breadcrumbs, half a pound of moist sugar, and two large lemons.

Bread for puddings should, of course, be stale and free

from crust. The suet must be chopped finely. Put the chopped suet and breadcrumbs into a bowl, also the sugar; grate the rinds of the lemons; add the juice (leaving out the pippins) and a pinch of salt; stir well with a wooden spoon; well whisk the eggs; add these and thoroughly mix the whole. Butter a basin or mould, and pour in the mixture. The bottom of the mould may be decorated with a few sultana raisins, but the pudding will be very nice without. It should be steamed for two or two and a half hours. The "Yankee Idea" steamer cooks puddings excellently. If water gets into a pudding, it is, of course, spoiled. "Sir Watkin" may be served with cup custard, arrowroot sauce, or plain sweet sauce.

Lemon Sherbet is made by boiling the thin rind of lemons with a little bruised ginger and loaf sugar—the lemon-juice being added afterwards. The ingredients should be in the following proportions: two lemons, two quarts of water, half a pound of loaf sugar.

Lemon Cheese-cake is easily made, and forms a nice change from preserve for open tarts or tartlets or Victoria Sandwich. The ingredients are: one pound of crushed loaf sugar, six fresh eggs, three large lemons, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Grate the rinds of two lemons into a bowl, add the sugar, butter, and the juice of three lemons. Mix all well together, whisk the eggs (leaving out the whites of two), and pour to the mixture. Then put the whole into an enamelled pan and boil gently over a slow fire, stirring the while with a wooden spoon, until it has attained the consistency of honey. Put into pots, cover with paper, and it will keep a considerable time.

Lemonade is little trouble to make and is a delicious drink in summer or winter.

Select a deep jug and one that can be covered with a small plate or saucer. Cut the rind of four lemons as thinly as possible; put this into the jug with sufficient loaf sugar to sweeten. Squeeze all the juice out of the lemons into a basin (taking out all the pippins). Fill the jug with boiling water from the kettle. Stir once, to dissolve the sugar, add the juice and cover quickly. As soon as cold, strain the lemonade into a glass jug. If too strong, add water.

Pickled Lemons take a little time in the preparation, but are worth the trouble, as it is so nice an accompaniment to cold meat, and a change from other pickles. Grate off a little of the rinds, then put them into salt for ten days, *i.e.*, cover well with salt and do not let the lemons touch each other. Remove carefully from the salt, put into jars and pour over them some boiling vinegar in which pepper and spice have been boiled. In a week or two the jar will want filling with a little more vinegar. Keep the pickle some time before using.

Lemons are strongly recommended as a remedy for rheumatism. The juice of fresh lemons should be taken daily, increasing the quantity, says a recent writer in *Chambers's Journal*, until as many as twelve lemons per day are used, and, as soon as some improvement in the symptoms is observed, decreasing the dose in like manner (gradually) until the pain has disappeared.

The juice of a lemon, in a tumbler of hot water, taken each morning before breakfast, has proved itself a useful daily tonic to many who, like the present writer, have tested its efficacy. In conclusion, it may be remarked that a drop or two of fresh lemon-juice will be found as effectual (and less injurious to the fabric) as "salts of lemon" in removing a stain of ink, etc., from table or toilet linen. E. J. J.

ANIMAL PLAYFULNESS.

BY ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.



ANIMALS, as well as men, seem to act thoroughly on the motto that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Even the animals which are most burdened with the fear of enemies are no exception to the rule. Whoever has once seen the gambols of foxes with their young ones in the moonlight will acknowledge that Mr. and Mrs. Fox are very fond of a bout of fun. Nothing prettier in movement and gay manners could be witnessed. The old ones pretend to be hunted of their young, and double and tumble head over heels, and pretend to be caught by them in the most funny way. Many have been surprised to observe lions in confinement playing with their young cubs precisely like dogs or cats with their puppies or kittens. Surgeon-General Cowen has told of a pet tiger he had once, which was whimsically full of fun, and would play with its master for hours. Elephants are essentially playful, though occasionally clumsy in their ways; and tame bears are in this respect delightful. Whales and seals—grave mammals both, the seal especially, with its pathetic eyes, as though it felt itself cribbed, cabined, and confined, in

that footless, flappery condition—are buoyantly playful at certain times; and they say that to see the seals disporting with their young ones in the sea, just after they have first conveyed them there, is something not to be forgotten. Porpoises have definite games, and roll and tumble in the most diverting manner.

And the small creatures, in this respect, certainly do not let the big ones have the running all to themselves. If you have a lot of sticklebacks in your aquarium, and have a mind to watch them well, you will see playfulness and fun combined with business in such a manner as you could hardly elsewhere find. We have lain and watched the pretty little long-snouted, whiskered water-shrews at play for hours on the margin of the ponds where they live—chasing each other, tumbling over each other, and, when they were tired of the earth, carrying their game into the water, where they would pursue the chase, dive down after each other, and indulge in a thousand pretty gambols.

Miss Kingsley declares that the games of the little prairie dogs of America are so quaint and pretty that she never saw anything to beat them anywhere; and of the tricks and revels of monkeys everybody knows.

Many birds have dancing parties or balls, and, what is more, prepare bowers to have them in. Every one who has seen the American grouse, or prairie-fowl, at play, not to speak of the Australian bower-birds, declares that it is one of the queerest sights on earth. Whether or not the dancing is connected with the mating, there can be no doubt that it is "playful"—highly playful—and that, to parody the poet Wordsworth, "they enjoy the air they breathe,



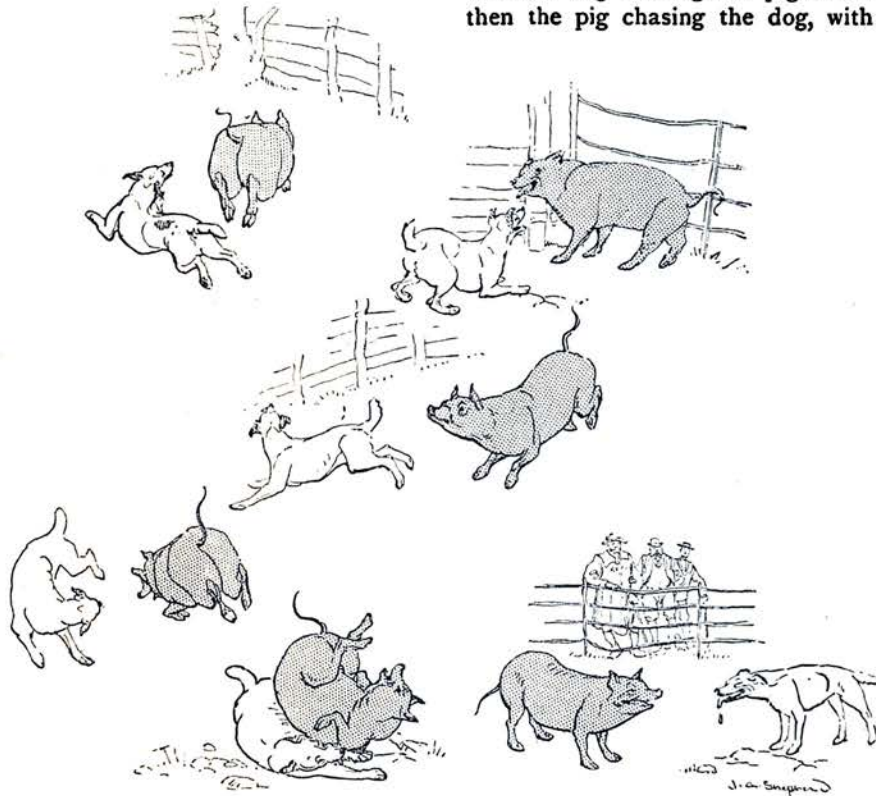
FOXES AT PLAY.

and every motion they go through brings a thrill of pleasure."

But our domestic animals afford plenty of room for observation, and will provide wealth of fun to those who are fond of them and like to study them.

"Shortly after I began housekeeping," says a friend, "we had a cat who used to come up, wake us every morning regularly, and then get to bed. At that time he was a kitten. We called him 'Thomas

invariable tendency thus to indulge in games of romps with each other. A friend of mine has told me over and over again of the amusement he derived for a whole season from the affection which a young pig had formed for a terrier dog. The pig would follow the dog everywhere it was allowed to do so, and was much distressed when it was driven back and the master would not have its company any farther. The dog and pig were wont to play the nicest games of "touch" in a meadow close by the farm-house; first the dog chasing the pig round and round, and then the pig chasing the dog, with a mixed chorus



A GAME OF "TOUCH."

Henry,' and he was a darling. At that time I also possessed a very pretty tortoise called 'Mary Ann.' Thomas Henry was devoted to her. They used to drink milk out of the same saucer, and when they had finished Thomas Henry would lick the milk off Mary Ann's head and neck, and tidy her up generally. She was so used to the process that she only blinked her eyes, and did not even trouble herself to draw in her head. When evening came, and Mary Ann was too sleepy to toddle about with him, he used to have a game of his own invention. He used to pick up Mary Ann in his arms, and see how far he could run on his hind-legs before letting her fall. I have often seen him run six or seven yards before letting her down. This absurd game always went on in a passage with an oilcloth floor, so that the quick scurrying footsteps could be heard at some distance, and every tumble made a great bang!"

The oddly assorted friendships and companionships of animals gain much in effect from their almost

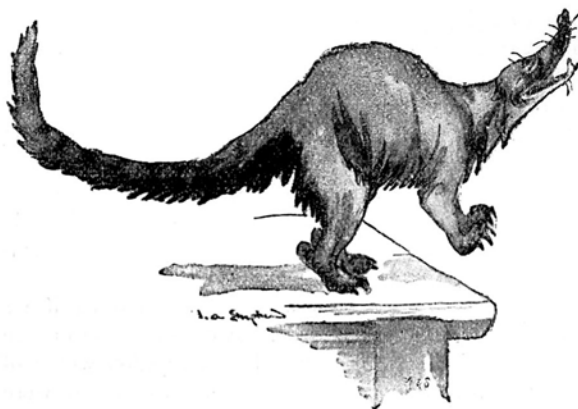
of squeals and barks, when sometimes one or other would be tripped up in mid-chase, and the two go rolling over each other. The farmer was wont to let the two loose in the meadow that his friends from the windows of the house might enjoy the laughable entertainment, accounts of which I have frequently heard from them as well as from him.

It is a commonplace now with the poets to speak of "silly sheep." But the wild sheep is by no means "silly" in any sense of the word. The sheep which has been under the domain of man from time immemorial has lost all "go" and fun in the process of putting on fat for the good of man; and when we think of this we always recall the theory of the old goatherd. that a goat was a sheep of genius that had set up a family on his own account; the ministry of man in many cases is destructive of the native genius of the creature domesticated, for purposes of utility, at all events, and perhaps in no case more so than in this. But the wild sheep are



"BY TWOS AND FOURS THEY ADVANCE"

hard-headed and crafty, and bad to hunt. Lord Dunraven says if you want to stalk them, you must ascend above, and not attempt it from below—they are too cute for you. And they are full of fun and playfulness. His lordship, in his account of hunting the wild sheep on the mountains, was very much struck by the fact that they mixed up business with sport and playfulness in a very noticeable manner. "Finding," he says, "that they generally came down about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, I used to get there about seven, and sit down and patiently wait for them. I have seen them over and over again descend the mountain, skylarking among themselves, galloping down a few hundred yards, and then stopping and looking out carefully over the whole country. Finally, with a deal of playful curvetting, they would descend to the pond, and, after some hesitation and a great deal of caution, would walk boldly out on the plain and begin to lick the alkali and browse a little on the grass. They would stop down sometimes an hour or two if undisturbed, and I



KIKO.

have often watched them scamper off again, butting each other with their heads in sport, and at last they would clamber up the mountain sides and disappear."

Many of the wild animals when tamed develop a more remarkable vein of playfulness and *naiveté* than even the long domesticated animals.

The Rev. J. G. Wood, for example, tells of a coati-mondi (*nasua narica*), a kind of racoon, which had been given to the children of a correspondent as a present by a Swedish captain. It used to play the oddest tricks, and enjoy them. Some of the friends of the family had a horror of Kiko. This he well knew, and used to take advantage of it. He would run, dashing at them furiously, making extraordinary noises, with his mouth wide open, showing his tremendous teeth. They used to rush away from him, of course, or get up on chairs and call for help. Kiko then would actually double up with fun, and chuckle with delight. A favourite trick of Kiko's was to lie in wait on the top of the garden wall, leap on the back of anyone who was passing underneath, and cling round their necks. This, we are assured, was done for pure playfulness and mischief, as he never treated any of his friends in this fashion.

The coati's tricks were almost matched by those of Jemmy, the Suricate, of which Frank Buckland so delightfully tells in one of his volumes.

Mr. Saville Kent, in an article in *Nature*, vol. VIII., p. 229, on "Intellect of Porpoises," tells how curious and playful these creatures are, describing how when a few dog-fish (*Acanthias* and *Mustelus*), three or four feet long, were introduced to the tank, they fell victims, the porpoises seizing them by their tails, and swimming off with and shaking them in a most laughable manner; reminding the spectator of a large dog worrying a rat.

Among birds playfulness is a very marked feature. Not to speak of parrots, starlings, jackdaws, and magpies, it may be seen in crows and pigeons, and many others. The tappings of the woodpecker on the old elm-tree, according to later observations, in which the Duke of Argyll led the way, are not gone through at all in the process of search for insects, as has been so long believed; in that business it does not want to warn the insects of its proximity to them by any such

noises. Scientific ornithologists say that in this exercise he combines playfulness with the business of courtship, as so many of his betters do; but, at all events, we may now say with certainty that Mr. Woodpecker is not engaged in his most *serious* calling when he is tapping the old elm-tree.

But to see playfulness reduced to system, just as human playfulness is reduced to system in outdoor games or in dancing-balls, we must turn to the American grouse, prairie fowl, and the bower-birds of Australia. In *Scribner's Magazine* for August, 1877, we find a description of the bowers of the American grouse, which are prepared by much beating of wings and stamping of feet. The prairie grass is thus stamped out. The hall is surrounded by rustling grass and golden asters.

Morning and evening a party assembles here, and pirouettes and curtseys. By twos and fours they advance, bowing their heads and dropping their wings; then they recede and advance again, and turn on their toes, swelling their feathers and clucking with gentle hilarity. Many cocks, we learn, join in the dance, but there is no attempt at unseemly battle.

The same habit is found in the prairie fowl. The only difference between this amusement of the two birds seems to be that the prairie fowl runs over a larger area, and usually selects some bare knoll covered with scant, short grass.

Mr. Lord, in his "Naturalist in British Colum-

bia," gives an excellent account of a dance he witnessed, at which there were present eighteen or twenty birds. Though he found it difficult to distinguish the males from the females—the plumage being so nearly alike—he concluded that the females were the passive ones. The four birds nearest to him, he says, were head to head like gamecocks in fighting attitude, the neck-feathers ruffled up, the little sharp tail elevated, the wings dropped close to the ground, but keeping up by a rapid vibration a continuous throbbing or drumming sound.

They circled round and round each other in slow waltzing time, he goes on to say, always maintaining the same attitude, but never striking at or grappling with each other; then the pace increased, and one hotly pursued the other until he faced about, and, *tête-à-tête*, went waltzing round again. Then they did a sort of "Cure" performance, jumping about two feet into the air until they were winded. Then they strutted about and "struck an attitude," like an acrobat after a successful tumble. There were others marching about, with their tails and heads as high as they could stick them up. We are further told that the music to this eccentric dance was the loud "chuck-chuck," continuously repeated, and the strange throbbing sound produced by the vibrating wings.

Signor Beccarri has given an account of a newer species of bower bird in New Guinea, which seems to be quite as playful as its earlier discovered congeners.

USEFUL HINTS.

SOUR MILK CAKES.—In summer-time milk frequently turns, if left over from one day to another. A thrifless housekeeper will throw it away, but a thrifty one will use it, knowing that for many purposes it is better than sweet, making cakes and other things lighter.

Pancakes, for instance, are usually a welcome addition to the sweets at either lunch or dinner, particularly when there are unexpected guests. Made in the following way they are delicious: Put twelve dessertspoonfuls of flour, a saltspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of moist sugar in a bowl. Mix well up and add sufficient sour milk by degrees to make a smooth batter—not quite half a pint. Then pour it into a jug and beat up two eggs in the basin; pour this into the batter, and add a teaspoonful of Borwick's baking powder. Measure a teacupful for a pancake and bake at once, taking care that the *friture* is as hot as possible. If it is not, the batter will not run, and the pancake will consequently be thick. Sprinkle castor sugar over and roll up as each are baked. Surround with slices of lemon.

CHESHIRE PUDDING.—Make the batter in the same way, only one egg; pour the batter in a hot tin well greased; put in a hot oven, and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes. When cooked cut it downwards into slices. Arrange them nicely on a hot plate, and put a spoonful of jam on each; contrasting jams, such as apricot and black currant, look best.

Yorkshire pudding: make and bake in the same way, substituting a little pepper for the sugar, but send it in on a hot dish whole, and let the carver cut it up.

TOURNE DOS AUX OLIVES.—Cut some thin slices from the undercut of the sirloin of beef, and fry them in butter, also cut as many pieces of bread as you have fillets, and fry. Dish them in a circle alternately and fill the centre with a ragout of olives stoned, made thus: Fry an onion to a nice brown in butter, then dredge in lightly a little flour, stir it till it is coloured, then add enough stock or gravy as may be required, season with pepper and salt and a few cloves. Let this boil up well, then strain, put it back into the saucepan, and lay in as many olives as you require, and let all simmer together, but must not boil after olives are added.

GREEN PEAS A LA FRANÇAIS.—Put a quart of nice young green peas and about an ounce of butter into a saucepan, and a small sprig of fresh green mint and as much warm water as will cover, and let them stand for ten minutes. Then strain off the water and put them back into the saucepan. Cover it and stir every now and again. When they have become a little tender add a dessertspoonful of castor sugar and an ounce of butter mixed with a teaspoonful of flour; keep stirring them every now and again, and if you find it become too thick you might add a tablespoonful of cream, milk or hot water.

TOMATO SALAD.—Twelve smooth-skinned, round tomatoes, cut in slices, two eggs hard-boiled, rub the yolks to a smooth paste, cut the whites into strips, one small onion finely chopped, a raw egg well-beaten, two table-spoonfuls of olive oil, one tablespoonful of

vinegar, one tablespoonful of mustard, half a teaspoonful of pepper, same of salt.

Lay the tomatoes in a bowl or glass dish, the onion and whites of the eggs over them, also a few bits of ice; mix the pounded yolks and the raw egg, mustard and seasoning together first, add the oil by degrees, the vinegar last of all. Pour over the salad, and set on the ice for a few minutes before bringing to table. This is delicious with cold-boiled salmon, boiled poultry, or with meat.

Fresh crisp celery cut into inch lengths may be dressed in the same way, only eat at once, as the dressing is apt to destroy the crispness.

CHEESE SALAD.—Half a pound of picked shrimps, half that quantity of grated cheese, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of white sugar, two tablespoonfuls of oil, and one table-spoonful of celery vinegar. Stir the grated cheese and the other condiments together, then pour over the shrimps in a shallow glass dish. Place little triangles of cut lemon and tufts of parsley round the edge.

Both these salads might appear as "relishes" where five o'clock tea is a substantial sit-down meal, and with a little contrivance both are excellent picnic dishes. Salads are a very suitable and often welcome accompaniment to baked or broiled fish; and I need hardly say they are just as good with hot meat and gravy as with cold. French people serve the salad alone, at the close of the savoury course, and it is by no means a bad arrangement, as it acts as a refreshment to the mouth, and removes all traces of meats and sauces, preparing the way for the sweets which follow.

JULY.-SHEEP-SHEARING FEAST.



Since finish'd our shearing, in feasting we're met,
 And our master before us this plenty has set;
 While gaily and gladsome we holiday keep,
 Let us give the praise due to the fleece and the sheep.—*Old Song.*

SHEEP-SHEARING Feast is one amongst the oldest of our English holidays; and appears to have ranked with the earliest celebrations of the olden times. It is frequently alluded to in the Bible, where we meet with the names of those who celebrated it; and we even find enumerated the many good things which were consumed at the feast. It is pleasant to dwell upon such ancient customs, to recal scenes which were in existence thousands of years ago, long before the shepherds assembled in the fields of Bethlehem, or the "star had arisen in the east" that illuminated a dark and benighted world. It was so natural, when mankind had gathered in the wool which was to clothe them, and the corn which was their principal food, to return thanks to the Giver of all good, and to be joyful and merry on such occasions. It is a pleasure to know, that in summer time there was the same bleating of sheep and lambs beside the brooks in the pleasant valleys of Palestine, as there is now in our own green English pastures; and that, ages ago, the shepherds washed their flocks in the hallowed waters of Jordan.

There is nothing more lively than Sheep-Shearing, where all the idlers in the village are assembled: where the crowded pens are filled with bleating sheep; while the shearers are bonding as earnestly over their work as if it were a matter of life and death, though the lookers-on only consider it as a pleasant

amusement. There is, also, something pleasing in the sound, as they every now and then pause to whet or sharpen their shears—in the very attitude of the clipped sheep as they turn away, as if they scarcely knew themselves, or their companions, for they all seem lost together; so strange do they appear in their ridgy jackets; for wherever the edge of the shears has clipped there is a mark which goes round and round, as if the sheep were bandaged in fine wool. Then there is something pleasing in the scenery amid which this labour takes place, in the large old barn in the background with its opening door, or the farm-yard surrounded with stacks, sheds, and out-houses, and carts, painted blue or red, on the shafts of which the fowls are perched. But the most cheering sight of all to the "clippers," for such are the sheep-shearers called, is the preparation under the oak before the farm-house door, or within the barn itself, for the feast; for they not only look forward to a merry time, but there is the consciousness that their labour is brought to a close; and when the last sheep is sheared, then comes the loud huzza! for no end of good things are inviting them.

The great copper is filled with firmity, made of boiled wheat, which, when cold, cuts like jelly; currants, raisins, spices of every kind: sugar shot in in pounds, which, when boiled enough, is emptied out into basins and pans, and

cooled with new milk. Round this delicious mess assemble the young—three or four, with huge wooden spoons, eating out of one pancheon, or large earthenware vessel, about two feet wide. Sometimes, they quarrel, like pigs around a trough; one has thrown a spoonful of firmity into the others' face; others have set off, and gone into the orchard to swing. The great kitchen is a very Babel of sounds.

In my "Pictures of Country Life," I have drawn the following picture of a Sheep-Shearing Feast, which is sometimes held in the barn: the immense door is turned into a table, and almost bends beneath its load of provisions. We talk of roast beef; taste what is set before them! Smell of that chine: what a nosegay! It is stuffed with all kinds of savoury herbs; it tastes like duck, goose, pork, veal; as if all good things were rolled into it, and made one. It would make a sick man well only to smell of it. What slices! What appetites! What horns of brown ale they empty! A waiter in a London eating-house would run away horror-stricken, and proclaim a coming famine throughout the land. They eat their peas by spoonfuls: a new potato vanishes at every mouthful; dishes are full and emptied ere you can turn your head. That was a whole ham ten minutes ago, now you behold only the bone. Who ever before saw such enormous plum-puddings? Surely they have eaten enough. Why, that broad-shouldered sun-burnt fellow has clapped a solid pound upon his plate—it is burning hot: look how he holds that large lump, and blows it between his teeth; the tears fairly start into his eyes. Where are those legs of mutton, the chines, and sirloins, and sitch-bones of beef? Gone, for ever gone! And now come the custards, and cheesecakes, and tarts. The men will assuredly burst. See, they loosen their neckerchiefs and their waistcoats, as if they were going to begin again in downright earnest. Every man seems as if he had brought the appetite of three, as if he were resolved to do his utmost; for "eat, drink, and spare not," is the order of the day; there is no one by to begrudge them.

The following beautiful song, which we found in a collection published nearly a century and a half ago, has, no doubt, often been carolled by many a voice, long since silent, at the old English Sheep-Shearing Feasts. We regret that we are unable to discover the Author's name, for every line is stamped with the impress of true poetry:—

Tarry wool, tarry wool,
Tarry wool is ill to spin;
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, rolled, and spun,
Th'n the work is almost done;
But when woven, drest, and clean,
It may be clothing for a queen.

Rise, my b'ny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountains steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go
Through the winter's frost and snow.
Hart and hind, and fallow deer,
Are not half so useful here.
From kilgs, to him the plough does pull,
Are all obliged to tarry wool.

Up, ye shepherds! dance and skip,
O'er the hills and valleys trip;
Of tarry wool sing ye the praise,
Slug the flocks that do it raise:

Harmless creatures without blame,
That clothe the back, and feed the home;
Keep us warm, and hearty full;
Let us love the tarry wool.

How happy is a shepherd's life!
Far from courts, and free from strife.
While the ewes do bleat and "bae,"
And the lambskins answer "mae,"
No such music to his ear.
Of thief and fox has he no fear:
Shepherd will watch—dog read and pull,
And well defend the tarry wool.

He lives content and envies none,
No, not a monarch on his throne;
Though he the royal sceptre wields,
He hath not sweeter holidays.
Who'd be a king, can any tell,
When a shepherd sings so well?
Sings so well, and pays in full,
With honest heart and tarry wool.

"It is a poor heart that never rejoices;" and when we think of the many bleak bitter nights at the close of February and the beginning of March which the shepherds have passed in the open fields, and on the windy hills, in the "lambling season," it gives one pleasure to see them still so happy. Many a lamb would have been lost, but for the care they took of them; for there they waited night after night, amid sleet and storm, in their little temporary huts, ready to rush out in a moment, and pick up and shelter the young lambs, which would otherwise, perchance, have perished in the cold. Proud were they, when finer days came, and they looked on and saw their new-born flocks racing in the meadows.

Now let us peep into that pretty parlour. There sit the farmer's daughters at tea. What piles of cakes, honey, butter, eggs, ham, cold fowl! What smiling faces! and some of them are really beautiful pictures of rosy health. Now they are singing in the kitchen; now the fiddle is heard in the barn; there is giggling and laughter in the orchard; whisperings somewhere in the garden; children playing at hide-and-seek in the stack-yard. See where those dark-eyed seducers, the gipsies, have congregated outside the farm-yard; somehow or another they have come in for their share of the feast: by and by, they will become bolder; or, bearing a child, will venture into the barn; another will follow; and as the ale-horn circulates, it will, long before midnight, be "Hail fellow! well met!"

Then come the morris dancers, "Robin Hood," and "Maid Marian," with such poetry as is not to be found in the old ballads. Well, there is plenty for all; the ale for Sheep-Shearing Feast was brewed many a long month ago; and there are still half a dozen barrels untapped in the cellar, all of which were brewed from an extra allowance of malt, for the great occasion of "Sheep-Shearing."

But where is the old farmer? He bade his men fall to, and welcome; and we have not seen him since. No, he is in the large, old-fashioned summer house at the bottom of his garden, with the butcher, and the miller, and the maltster, and the doctor, and the landlord from the "Black Bull," and they have drawn the corks of a few bottles of choice port, and are enjoying themselves in their own way. The young lawyer has brought his fiddle, for he is a gentleman fiddler; and the young ladies in the parlour will come soon, and dance on the lawn, for even there the line of distinction is drawn. The wealthy farmer's daughter may condescend just to dance a turn or two in the barn; and when they have gone, the old one-eyed hired fiddler will strike up "Bob and Joan," just to show his contempt for such proud, stuck-up "thingumterrys," as he will call them; "with their waltzes, and quadrilles, and such like outlandish fal-the-rals, as their grandmothers would have been ashamed to have been seen in."

All who have wandered into the country, about the beginning of summer, must have heard the unusual bleating amongst sheep in the neighbourhood of rivers and water-courses; and if they have never beheld such a scene before, must, when they have reached the spot, have looked both with interest and pleasure at a sheep-washing. There stand three powerful sun-burnt fellows, up to the middle in water. A sheep is forced in by a man on the bank; it is seized by the first washer, who, laying fast hold of the fleece, souses the poor creature about, as if he would shake it to pieces; he then looses his hold, and the bleating animal, as he begins swimming towards the shore, is seized by the second washer in whose hands he fares no better than he did whilst an unwilling prisoner to the first. He bleats more pitifully; and just as he is within a few feet of the shore, souse he goes over and over for the third time, and then he is at liberty. He reaches the bank, and there stands bleating, while the water flows from his heavy fleece. Others who have undergone the same fate bleat in reply; while the unwashed ones are not a bit behind-hand in their complainings, for a hundred sheep "baa" like one.

Then, what a roar of laughter comes ringing upon the air, at the sturdy shep-

herd boy, who, while thrusting and forcing along some obstinate sheep to the edge of the water, is carried in, headlong, with his woolly companion; and, by an unexpected plunge, both are sent head over ear together, and land alike with a kindred and sheepish look, for Jack is passed from hand to hand, amid loud "guffaws," which are heard half a mile off.

Sometimes the village girls will come down to the sheep-washing, and then there flies round many a rough random shot of country wit: the girls trace strange likenesses amongst the sheep to some envied rival; and, in allusion to the number of lambs, "more is meant than meets the ear." The frailties of some fair Phyllis are shadowed forth; while Damon, although midway in water, burns up to his very ears. You find that Dianas are not the only nymphs who haunt the neighbourhood of these pastoral Arcadians.

We have before spoken of Sheep-Shearing as being an ancient festival, and in the Book of Samuel, we read of Nabul, a man in Ma'n, whose possessions were in Carmel, who had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats; "and he was shearing his sheep in Carmel. And David heard in the Wilderness that Nabul did shear his sheep. And when David's young men came, they said to Nabul, 'We come at a good time.' We read again, in the same book, of Absalom having sheep shearers, and inviting all the King's sons to the feast; and David was afraid to let all his sons go, lest they should cause Absalom too great an expense; and further on we find that they made merry with wine. For in our own English poet Herrick, we have it recorded that on such occasions there was always plenty—that the table was strown with no niggard hand.

They should see first and chief
Foundation of the feast—fat beef;
With upper stories mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal;
With several dishes standing by,
As here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tomping firmity.

Summer now reigns in the full womanhood of her beauty. The roses of her lips now put in the rounded sweetness of their bloom; and the sun has stained her cheeks with the richest dyes of heaven. Her hair is wreathed with the last blossoms of her choicest flowers; and when these are faded, she will begin to look round for her place of rest, for the beautiful summer has attained her full beauty, and is already doomed to die. Slowly, slowly, you see the flowers and leaves falling, to make her death-bed; and soon the sweet songsters will take their departure, for they cannot stay to look, while one so beautiful is about to gather up her gaudy garments in "dying dignity," and stretch herself upon a grave of faded flowers, to die. And yet, once again, Time will meet Summer

At this same place,
She'll look as lovely as of old.
For there will spring another race
Of flowers from out the upstart mould,
That have been buried long ago.

This has ever been our favourite month for angling. Not that we ever stood high as disciples of the "gentle" craft; but rather loved to let our rods lie idly amongst the reeds and flowers; or to watch the float riding lazily upon the ripples, while we whispered to the silvery shiver which the willows ever were making; or, with half closed eyes, lay drowsed beneath the perfume that came floating from some neighbouring bean-field. What a music there was in the lapping of the little ripples, as they came, one after another, to warm themselves on the sunny shore, bowing the reeds that grew a little way out as they passed. Or to watch (as I have, in my poem entitled "Summer Morning," described a scene), when it rained,

The leaves "drop," "drop," and dot the silver stream—
So quick each circle wore the first away.
To soo the tufted bullrush stand and dream,
And to the ripple nod its head away;
The water-flies with one another play.
Bowling to every breeze that blows between,
While purple dragon-flies their wings display;
The restless swallow's arrowy flight is seen,
Dimpling the sunny wave then lost amid the green.

Such sights were more pleasing to us than the capture of a thousand fish.



RECIPES FOR JULY.

WHAT we delight in in July are the soft fruits, *i.e.*, the luscious raspberries, currants red, black and white, ripe gooseberries, and especially strawberries and cherries. But we cannot live on fruit entirely, and it will be well for us to consider a few ways of serving our ordinary dishes of meat, fish, or poultry, that will make these more palatable while we are being sun-baked.

We may introduce a few cold dishes with advantage. Cold meat and fish, nicely garnished, with the accompaniment of crisp, well-dressed salad is really more wholesome than the same dishes served hot at this time.

Salmon is good and cheap; it is more digestible when eaten cold, and it is very tempting if garnished with a carefully made sauce wherein the yolks of one or two eggs having been added to a little good "melted butter" have given colour to it; this sauce should rightly be flavoured with lemon juice and have sufficient pepper in it to be piquant. Mask the fish with this and make a ring all round it with sliced cucumber. Lightly sprinkle the surface with finely-minced fennel, and place crisp tufts of parsley alternating with tomatoes cut into quarters around the outer edge of the dish. Hand round a lettuce salad, or one made of sliced potatoes dressed, with this dish of salmon.

A fish that is much less expensive than salmon and equally good eaten cold is *Bream*. It should be washed and cleaned, but not scaled, then simmered in water until thoroughly tender, after which drain it, remove the skin and garnish with parsley. Serve new potatoes (hot) and a *sauce tartare* with this fish.

Brill is a fish that is in this month's list and very delicious it is, being nearly if not quite equal to turbot in flavour. Let it boil or simmer exactly as you do turbot; garnish and serve with the same accompaniments of sauce and potatoes. Brill would not be good cold.

Those who like *crabs* may indulge their taste this month also; but crabs are too rich for more than occasional eating.

Those who go a-fishing for pleasure while out holiday-making, may be glad to know how the small fish they catch, generally dace or dabs, flounders, etc., are best cooked.

Of the two the *dab* is much to be preferred, as after soaking for an hour or two in salt water, then dipping in beaten egg and frying in hot fat, serving with a sauce, the dab becomes a very respectable fish indeed.

Dace scarcely repays the trouble spent over it. It is best fried as soon after it is caught as possible. The sauce to go with it should be highly flavoured with cayenne and lemon juice.

Now that we have Windsor and kidney beans coming in, we must remember that these when boiled and cold make a salad almost equal to one of French beans. Add plenty of chopped parsley to a *Salad of French Beans*, but no onion, and dress it at the last moment before it is served. N.B., do not spare the oil when dressing a salad of this kind.

A *Peas Salad* should have fresh mint chopped added to it, and a few lettuce hearts as well.

With vegetables so abundant we ought to make use of them and dispense with meat; and though it has been said before, it is not out of place to remind our readers again that

a dish of spinach, a "*Purée of Spinach*," with poached eggs on the top, contains more real value medicinally than a combined dose of meat extract and iron pills. Spinach is *the* vegetable where enrichment of the blood is concerned.

Tomatoes, again most valuable, make a most satisfying and dainty dish served as follows:

Scoop out the core and replace it with a fine mince of meat or poultry highly seasoned. Butter a baking-dish, lay the tomatoes in it, sprinkling them with breadcrumbs, bake for a quarter of an hour in a quick oven, then lift each tomato out on to a piece of buttered toast its own size. Pile cooked green peas around them and lay a lightly-poached fresh egg on the top.

A salad of tomatoes in slices, dressed with pepper, salt, vinegar and oil, is delicious with cold meat, fish or poultry.

The young vegetables make *boiled meat or poultry* especially good at this season, and give a flavour to the broth that is quite unattainable in winter-time. A few green peas, cooked asparagus tops and sprigs of cauliflower may be added with the usual carrots, turnips and leeks. Forget not the bunch of savoury herbs, oh cook!

We must not forget that we shall have young *walnuts* ready for pickling very soon. These should be gathered while a needle will pass easily through them. Pierce each one several times and lay them in a brine of salt and water for three days, changing the brine every day. Then drain them, spreading them out on trays in the sun that its heat may turn them black. When black all over, pack them into glass bottles and pour over them sufficient boiling vinegar to well cover them, into which some rose ginger should have been put, with also black and Jamaica peppercorns. The proportions to be used depend chiefly on individual taste; but, as a rule, to every quart of vinegar allow two ounces of bruised ginger and one ounce of peppercorns.

For jelly-making purposes, currants should not be too ripe; but, for making jam, they must have reached full maturity and sweetness. A mixture of currants and raspberries make a delicious jam for fine eating, while cherries and currants boiled together and the juice strained make a beautiful jelly.

White currants with a few *raspberries* combined also make a delicate preserve either as jelly or jam; so do the small hairy gooseberries when fully ripe with raspberries.

Strawberries for preserving purposes are much improved by having currant juice added in the proportion of a pint of juice to two pounds of berries; without this addition the jam will be too sweet for the majority of tastes.

Cherry Jam is much liked, but it is apt to be somewhat liquid and therefore does not keep so long as other makes. The sour or "cooking" cherry is the best for the purpose. Morellas are more suited for bottling.

Black Currants—the "iron fruit" according to doctors and chemists—require to be fully ripe for jelly and jam making use; indeed, it is long before this kind of currant becomes too ripe for use.

An addition that can be made with much advantage and without its being in the least detected, is that of one or two pounds of green rhubarb (peeled and cut small) to every ten of black currants. The effect is to keep the jam softer and more juicy.

Stewed Black Currants ought to appear on our tables very frequently once this fruit is in season, because, as before said, this is one of Nature's grand tonics. With a plate of cooked cereals ("oats" of some kind), a dish of stewed currants, some cream and a cup of milk, we have one of the daintiest nursery breakfasts imaginable.

Red currants are the best corrective against the troublesome nettlerash and heat spots which trouble young people so much in hot weather.

With stewed fruits we may make use of our old friend the custard powder, for it is not only harmless but at small expense of time and trouble gives us an elegant dish at a minimum cost.

A blancmange made of rice flour turned out and smothered in custard, then served with a *compôte* of cherries, raspberries, or currants, makes a sweet dish of which we do not easily tire.

By way of a change, however, try this:

A Fruit Charlotte with Meringue.—Line a plain round mould with strips of white bread trimmed from all crust and laid each one slightly overlapping the other. Stew with sufficient sugar to well sweeten them, some raspberries and picked currants. If there be much juice, drain away a part. Fill the mould quite full while the fruit is boiling hot, then cover it with a plate and set it aside until cold. Turn out on to a glass dish, pour a little good cream round the base, then whip a little more cream with a spoonful of white sugar and the whisked white of an egg and pile it on the top of the shape.

Raspberry Solide.—Strain the juice from two pounds of stewed raspberries, add to it (if as much as half a pint) three tablepoonfuls of castor sugar, the juice of half a fresh lemon and a quarter of a pint of thick cream, the latter added when the juice is nearly cold. Stir well, then add half an ounce of isinglass that has been previously dissolved in warm water. Stir again, and pour into a china or glass mould that has been previously wetted, and set aside in a refrigerator for twelve hours or more, then turn out and serve with sweet biscuits.

Spanish Pudding.—To serve cold. Cut half-a-dozen penny sponge-cakes into long slices, butter a plain pint mould and arrange slices of cake all around it neatly. Sprinkle a few crushed ratafias at the bottom and then fill the mould three parts full of sliced sponge-cake spread with apricot jam. Whisk two eggs, slightly sweeten, and add to them half a pint of hot milk. Pour this custard over the cakes and cover the mould with a plate. Let the pudding stand for an hour, then steam it for another hour. Turn out when cold and pour a little dissolved jelly or fruit juice around the base, covering the top with whipped cream.

Stale bread may be made like new again by damping the loaf with milk and placing it in a slow oven to heat through gradually, and slices or pieces of bread should be laid on a tin and very gently re-heated.

Stale cake can be freshened by covering it tightly with another tin or basin, and letting it gradually heat through in the oven, its own steam will renew its moisture.

Very dry pieces of bread should be baked crisp and brown and ground down to furnish rasping for frying purposes.

LUCY H. YATES.

A Song of Degrees.

10.

HE. It is n't polite to call them fools,
But I do wish girls would n't meddle with tools!
I had to lend them, she begged me so,
And just see here what a state they 're in.
She reamed a hole with the scoop, you know,
And took the reamer to cut a pin.
And she 's went and knocked the head off the hammer—
(I don't care a cent if that is n't grammar!)

SHE. Of all the troublesome creatures, boys
Are the troublesomest, and fullest of noise!
I lent them my work-box to make a sail;
I had to, or else there 'd have been a fuss,
And I 'd sooner have lent it to a—whale!
Everything 's tangled, and all in a muss.
And now they say, if a girl was n't "dumb,"
She 'd wear her thimble upon her thumb!

20.

HE. Ah, not with those dear little hands—so white,
So sweetly helpless; it is n't right!
Give me the hammer, and let me, please!
Oh, yes! you were doing it bravely, love,
But I can't sit here in selfish ease,
And see you driving a nail, my dove.
If you think that I could, you do me wrong;
Your hands are so weak, and mine so strong.

SHE. Give me your gauntlet, Sir Knight—your glove,
I 'd call it, if I were not in love!
You 're graceful, whatever you do, you know,
But what sort of *fiancé* should I be,
If I even let you try to sew?
I will mend it neatly—you shall see.
I do love sewing; and you too, dear.
Now, do not be foolish—give it here!

30.

HE. It is more than a man can well endure!
If I 've mentioned this button once, I 'm sure
I 've mentioned it twenty times, and yet
I could n't induce you to sew it on.
It 's no excuse to say you forget!
It hung by a thread, and now it 's gone.
Just reach me the button-box off the shelf—
I 'll be hanged if I don't sew it on myself!

SHE. The lock of the pantry-door is broken,
And this is the fiftieth time I 've spoken!
There 's a handle off this bureau-drawer,
And here 's that chair that you said you 'd mend.
I will not speak of them any more;
It 's always so, I find, in the end.
I 'll do them myself—oh, you may scoff,
But I will, if I pound my fingers off!

Margaret Vandegrift.

CURIOSITIES OF LAND AND OTHER
TENURES.

WHEN we turn to the records of the infancy of a state, we find it to resemble in no small degree the infancy of an individual. The oddest, most childish and simple things are done with the seriousness and solemnity of the most weighty transactions; and acts the most ridiculous and puerile, judged at least by modern standards, are regarded as acts of the highest wisdom, and become precedents for future rulers and lawgivers. This infantine self-complacency is especially conspicuous in all that appertains to the distribution of wealth, and the bestowal of privileges upon those whose good fortune it was to be the favourites of royal con-

querors, their successors, and of persons in high authority. We find that the most valiant conquerors often turn out to be the worst managers—that the spoils of the sword are distributed with a lavishness as reckless as was the courage that won them, and gifts of the greatest value are conferred in return for services merely nominal, or of so trifling a kind as to bear no proportion to the price paid for them. This is to be accounted for from the ignorance of facts which never come to light in the infancy of a state—facts which political economy teaches, but which, as political economy is the last growth of civilization, are unknown to the rude founders of a nation. In our day, princes and sovereigns know the value of territory and monopoly, and are slow to surrender them but for value received. In old times it was not so, and both were often bestowed in reward for services exceedingly questionable. The rulers of our remote ancestry knew nothing of the pressure of population, and never dreamed of a difficulty to arise from such a source. They despised the people, who are not only the creators but the assessors of a nation's riches; they failed to perceive that the value of the land must increase or decline with the increase or decline of the people who dwelt upon it; and, acting in accordance with their ignorance, they squandered the inheritance of their descendants upon their personal favourites. As one of the results, the descendants of the monarch's favourites have grown richer than the descendants of the prodigal monarchs. As the people grew and multiplied, the land has grown in value, as a necessary effect of that growth and multiplication. Reduce the population of this country to what it was a thousand years ago, and you reduce the value of the land to the same level; increase the population to double what it is, and you will double the value of the land—a process which has, in fact, been going on within the lives of the present generation in a very remarkable way, as is patent to everybody who pays any attention to the matter. To pursue this subject, however, would lead to a wide field of speculation, in which we are not inclined to wander at present. We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of an old volume upon which we have accidentally stumbled, which was written by Master Thomas Blourst, about 200 years ago, and from which we shall condense some particulars which appear to us sufficiently curious, concerning the tenures of lands and privileges of various kinds.

The author sets out by informing us that mirthful and singular tenures are not peculiar to this country, and he cites as a case in point the city and province of Altenburg, in Hungary, which was held under the condition of keeping a number of peacocks. He then proceeds to recount a long list of curious tenures which were once in force in this country, and classifies them under various heads. It will be as well for us to get rid of the classification, which is of no manner of importance, and to quote a few of the most remarkable instances. They will be found not only singular in themselves, but will serve to throw a few gleams of light on the customs of Englishmen in the olden

times. The first is connected with the coronation of the sovereign. Thus:—

Robert Agyllon held land on the condition of making one mess in an earthen pot in the kitchen of the king on the day of the coronation. The mess was called diligrout, or, if there was any fat or lard used in its composition, it was called maupygraum. This mess of pottage was first made previous to the time of Edward I, and continued to be made down to the time of Charles II, who accepted the service at the hands of the holder of the lands, but declined most emphatically to regale himself with the diligrout.

William the Conqueror conferred certain privileges on the men of Shrewsbury, on the condition that they should, to the number of twelve, watch around the chamber of the king of England when he lay in that city, and should also attend upon him armed when hunting in their neighbourhood.

King John gave to William Ferrers, Earl of Derby, the house in the city of London which had belonged to Isaac the Jew, of Norwich, on condition that the earl should serve at the king's table at all annual feasts with his head uncovered, and bound with a garland of the breadth of his little finger.

Solomon Attefeld held an estate in Kent upon the condition that he should attend the king upon all his sea voyages, and be in readiness to hold his Majesty's head over the royal basin when the royal stomach paid tribute to Neptune.

John de Warbleton held the manor of Shirefield by the service of marshalling and managing the king's washerwomen, etc.

Roger Carbet held the manor of Chettington in Shropshire, for finding one foot soldier or man at arms, carrying with him one bacon or salted hog, on which he was to dine daily, and to serve so long as half the bacon remained unconsumed. The man's service was therefore in the inverse ratio of his fondness for bacon, and he had only to exercise a tolerable appetite to eat himself out of harness in a very short campaign. He was not allowed, however, to have the salted hog in his own keeping, it being expressly stipulated that the marshal should have custody of the bacon and dole out the rations; so that, if long service were needed, it could be enforced by short commons.

The inhabitants of Chichester formerly held a number of tenements in the suburbs, on the condition of paying to the king, whenever he should pass through Goddestrete, a spindleful of raw thread to make a false string for his cross-bow.

William de Oxencroft held lands at Leatherhead, in Surrey, in fee of the king, under the condition that he should provide a pound for all such cattle as should require to be impounded for debts due to the king.

Peter Spillman held lands at Brokenerst, in Hampshire, for the service of finding an esquire to serve the king for forty days, and for providing straw and litter for the king's bed.

The town of Yarmouth secured its privileges by fulfilling the condition of their charter, which bound them to send one hundred herrings baked in twenty-four pasties to the sheriffs of Norwich, who were bound to deliver them to the lord of the manor

of East Carlton. At the same time, Eustace de Corme and others, whom we take to be the said sheriffs, held thirty acres of land in Carlton, in Norfolk, by the service of carrying to the king, wheresoever he should happen to be in England, twenty-four pasties of fresh herrings at their first coming in.

Thomas Engaine held lands at Pitchlee (Northamptonshire) for providing dogs for the destruction of wolves and other vermin.

Bertram de Criol held the manor of Seaton, in Kent, by the service of providing a man with three greyhounds to hunt with the king in Gascony, until said huntsman had worn out in the chase a pair of shoes of the value fourpence.

The family of the Greens of Greens Norton, Northamptonshire, held their lands by the service of lifting up their right hands towards the king yearly on Christmas day, wherever he should be in England.

Thomas Wanhead held lands in Conington, in Leicestershire, by saying daily five Paternosters and as many Ave Marias for the souls of the king's progenitors and of the departed faithful.

Walter Barun held lands and tenements at Holecote, in Somerset, by the service of hanging on a piece of forked wood the red deer that died of murrain in the king's forest of Exmoor, and for entertaining all such poor and infirm strangers as should find their way to him at their own charges.

William the Conqueror gave the county palatine of Chester, first to Gherbord, a nobleman of Flanders, afterwards to Hugh Lupus, one of his own nephews, under the most flattering and honourable tenure ever granted to a subject: he gave him this whole county to hold to him and his heirs as freely by the sword as the king held the crown of England. And therefore, in all indictments for felony, murder, etc., in that county palatine, the form of conclusion anciently used was "against the peace of our lord the earl, his sword and dignity."

In 1278, Edward I, having made the statute of Quo Warranto, and instituted an inquiry into the tenure by which his nobles held their lands, demanded of John, Earl Warren and Surrey, by what warrant he held his. The earl produced an old sword, and, unsheathing it, said, "Behold, my lords, here is my warrant; my ancestors, coming into this land with William the Bastard, did obtain their lands by the sword, and I am resolved by the sword to defend them against whomsoever shall endeavour to dispossess me; for the king did not himself conquer the land and subdue it, but our progenitors were sharers and assistants therein."

Walter de Aldeham held lands in Shropshire by the service of paying to the king yearly, at his exchequer, two knives (whittles) of that value or goodness that at the first stroke they would cut asunder in the middle a hazel rod of a year's growth, and of the length of a cubit; said knives to be delivered to the chamberlain for the king's use.

The manor of Seckburn (Durham), worth £554 a year, was held by the easy service of presenting a falchion to every bishop upon his first entrance into his diocese. This service was connected with a tradition to the effect that Sir John Conyers,

knight, slew with his falchion a dragon, or flying serpent, who devoured women and children, and that he had acquired the manor by that deed of valour.

Sir Philip de Somerville, knight, held the manor of Whichnoor, in Staffordshire, by payment of two small fees, with the condition that he should find, maintain, and sustain "one bacon flyke hanging in his hall at Wichenoure, ready arrayed all times of the year, but in Lent, to be given to every man and woman married after the day and year of their marriage be passed; and to every archbishop, prior, or other religious, and to every priest, after the year and day of their profession finished," upon their complying with specified conditions and forms of application. The institution of this Whichnoor flicht differs from that of Dunmow, with which the reader is familiar, in that the bacon was obtainable by ecclesiastics, who were forbidden to marry, as well as by married couples. The conditions would appear to be, a declaration on oath, on the part of the claimants, that they were contented with their lot, after trying it for one year. In the case of married persons, it was not a *sine qua non* that they should have lived in uninterrupted harmony during the whole twelvemonth, so that they could affirm conscientiously in the terms of the covenant.

John, Earl of Warren and Surrey, granted to one John Howson a messuage in Wakefield (York), the said Howson agreeing to pay the annual rent of a thousand clusters of nuts, and to uphold a gauntlet firm and strong.

The holder of a farm at Brook House, in Langsett, in the parish of Peniston (York), paid yearly to Godfrey Bosville, Esq., in lieu of rent, a snowball at Midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas.

Henry de Aveyning held the manor of Morton, in Essex, in capite of the king, by the service of one man, with a horse of the price of ten shillings, and four horse shoes, one leather sack, and one iron crock (pot or jug), as often as it should happen for the king to go into Wales with his army, at his own charges, for forty days.

Lands were held in capite of the king for various other services, many of them not intelligible at this time of day, owing to the obsolete terms and phrases in which the record of them has been preserved. Among those which are intelligible are such conditions as the blowing of a horn before the king; the payment of a sack of hemp and a bottle; the providing a horse with a halter; the tribute of one catapulta; of one cross-bow, or of a certain number of arrows, feathered or unfeathered, and with or without heads; the furnishing of clean straw for the king to lie upon, or of a truss of hay for a reclining couch; the buying of ale for the king to drink; the making his Majesty a present of white hares; the safe keeping of the king's hogs; the keeping of the gate at Woodstock, during the king's visits; the gleaning and gathering a definite weight of wool from the thorns and brambles, for the king's use and behoof; the temporary loan to the king of a palfrey with a saddle, etc. etc.

It frequently happened that upon lands and manors thus held from the sovereign, the common people had old traditional and prescriptive rights; and for these the holders generally sought to com-

pound by the bestowal of privileges or the grant of licence to the populace to amuse themselves at recurring periods, at their lord's expense. Hence, many of the old manorial customs, marked some of them by savage cruelty, some by a grotesque kind of merriment. A common thing was the gift by the lord of the manor, of a bull to be baited; equally common was the liberty to hold a fair or mop in the park or forest of the manor; a custom which prevails at the present day in some parts of the country, as at Whichwood in Oxfordshire, where the forest fair lasts nearly a fortnight, at the close of the wheat harvest. A singular custom for a long time prevailed at Kidlington, in the same county. On the Monday of Whitsun week a fat lamb was provided, and the lasses of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, ran after it. She who with her mouth could hold the animal fast was declared Lady of the Lamb. The lamb was then killed, disembowelled, and, with the skin hanging on, carried on the top of a pole before the lady and her companions to the green, attended with music, a Morisco dance of men and another of women, and the day was spent in merriment and dancing. The next day the lamb was cut up and baked, boiled, and roasted, for the lady's feast, at which she sat majestically at the upper end of the table, and her companions with her, with music and attendants. This repast closed the festivity.

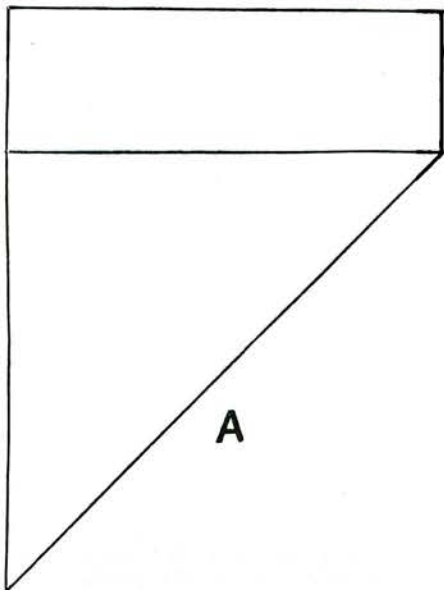
The townspeople of Ensham had the liberty, derived probably from a similar source, of going to the forest and cutting down as much wood as they could transport by their unassisted labour to the yard of the Abbey. If, having lodged it in the yard, they were able to carry it off again, in spite of the attempts of the servants of the Abbey, and, since the dissolution of abbeys, of the impediments offered by the family of the lord, the wood was their own, and was appropriated by them towards the repairs of the church, in diminution of parish expenses.

Occasionally the proprietor of the lands would shift the burden of satisfying the popular claim upon the clerical incumbent of the parish. Numerous instances of this economical course of procedure might be cited; but we are approaching the limits of our paper, and shall quote but one. At Coleshill, in Warwickshire, the young men of the town enjoyed for centuries the right of hunting the hare on the morning of Easter Monday, with the privilege, if they could catch one, and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock, of demanding and receiving a calf's head and a hundred eggs for breakfast, and a groat in money to make merry with afterwards.

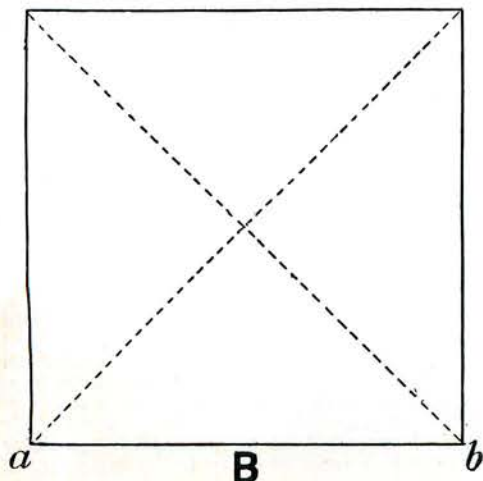
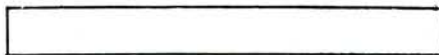
Such are a few of the details relative to the tenures which in old times were common in England, and to some of the customs that arose out of them. For their preservation we are indebted to the industry of a man of true antiquarian spirit, who routed them out from the obscurest resources, where they lay buried in dog-law-Latin of the vilest kind, and in antique Norman French. We give them for no more than they are worth; but they have a value, and may suggest profitable reflection for a leisure hour.



HOW TO MAKE PAPER BASKETS FOR CARRYING FLOWERS.



Handle.



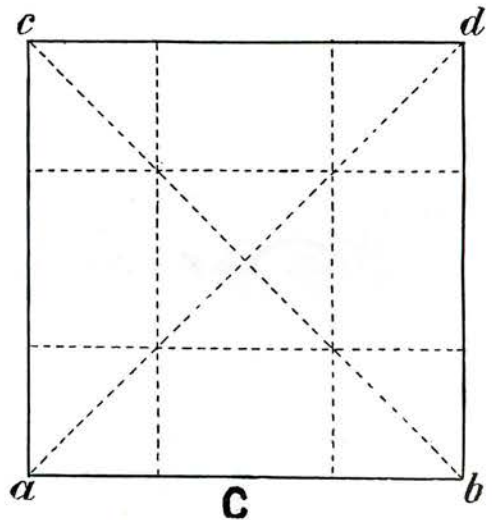
DWELLERS in the country who are in the habit of giving away flowers and fruit to their town visitors will, I think, be glad to know of a simple kind of paper basket to contain these gifts.

Although made only of newspaper it answers admirably for the purpose, and saves the recipients of the gifts the trouble of returning lent baskets.

One sheet of any kind of newspaper can be used, but the *Times*, being of firm stout paper, is to be preferred: this sheet, with four pins, will enable anyone to make a basket in two minutes.

The newspaper is folded in half, and then again diagonally, which, as the paper is not square, leaves a piece projecting as in Fig. A; this must be cut off and laid aside, as when it is folded in three it serves for the handle. Now open the triangular piece and fold it on the other diagonal, then open it and you have a square, as in Fig. B, with both creases showing.

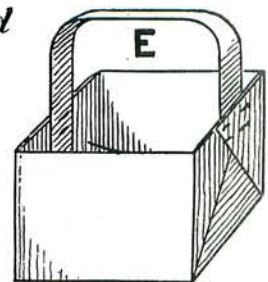
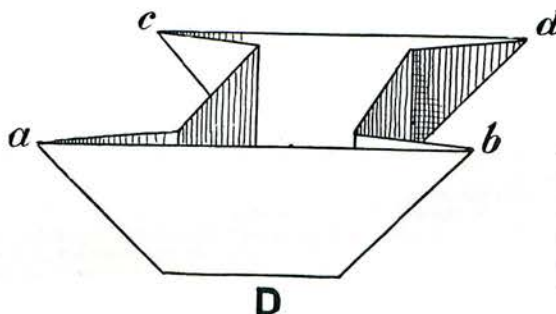
Take the edge *a, b*, and fold it over to a little beyond the centre, and do the same with the other sides, then you have the paper marked as in Fig. C. The edges *a, b*, and *c, d*, are now to be turned up, as are also those marked *a, c* and *b, d*, and the basket begins to take shape as in Fig. D. Fold in the corners *a, c*, towards each other, and fasten the handle on inside with two pins. Do the same with the two remaining corners and the other end of the handle, and



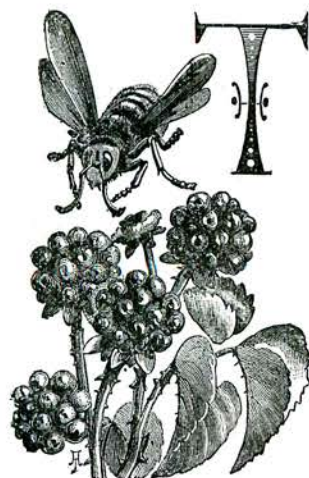
the basket will be complete, presenting the appearance of Fig. E.

These directions may seem rather complicated, but if carefully followed with reference to the diagrams the process will be found extremely simple, and the homely little baskets will probably be adopted in many households since they are adaptable to many purposes. When made of brown paper and tied with a piece of string, fruit as well as flowers can safely be carried in these paper baskets.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.



BLACKBERRIES, AND HOW TO USE THEM.



THE blackberry has been called the black sheep of the small fruit family. Yet it seems to be a favourite with mother Nature, for she has planted it liberally everywhere, and has produced many varieties of it. In England it grows so abundantly that it is little valued, and the number of individuals who will confess to liking it is very small. Because it can be had for the gathering, gardeners do not find it worth while to cultivate it, and in many a country district it perishes on the bush. If housekeepers are asked about it they say, "Blackberries are so full of seeds that we do not care about them." Yet if a little pains be bestowed upon the fruit it is most valuable. Mixed with apples it makes more delicious jam than any other, let that other be what it may (that is, in the opinion of the individual who makes this statement); and most excellent jelly, puddings, pies, and dainty dishes can be made from it. What a pity it is that it is not more respected!

A chief reason why blackberries are so little esteemed is, that they are nearly always gathered before they are ripe. Early blackberries are a delusion; they are sour, hard, and unprofitable; they consist mostly of seeds, and they yield very little juice for their weight. People who love to rail at our English climate say they cannot ripen with us, they get so little sun. But they might frequently get sun if only they could be left on the bushes longer; but when they are seized as soon as they are a little black they have no chance. Perhaps it was to protect her favourite against the peril of being picked too early that mother Nature supplied it with its terrible armour. Boys and girls who are sent to gather blackberries ought to be taught that not until the berry falls almost with a touch is it ready for use. It scratches cruelly because it is treated too familiarly and taken too soon. If we waited for it until it was in condition to give us its best, we need not be so severely wounded by it. Girls who make up their minds to try what can be done with blackberries, should make up their minds also not to touch the first fruits of this harvest. Those who go blackberrying in lanes and woods should realise that to pluck fruit that is simply red is wicked waste; such berries will have scarcely any juice, flavour, or sweetness in them. To gather berries that are simply black is a mistake; they should be ready to fall when taken if we wish to have them in perfection. Berries that have been left thus to ripen on the vines will yield much more juice than will those which are not thus mature.

A great connoisseur in blackberries, and in fruits generally, Mr. Mitchell, the author of a book called *My Farm at Edgewood*, has given some hints about the time to gather blackberries which are worth quoting. He says: "If you wish to enjoy the richness of the blackberry, you must not be hasty to pluck it. When the children say with a shout, 'The

blackberries are ripe,' I know they are black only, and I can wait. When the children report, 'The birds are eating the berries,' I know I can wait. But when they say, 'The bees are on the berries,' I know they are at their ripest. Then with baskets we sally out, I taking the middle rank, and the children the outer spray of boughs. Even now we gather those only which drop at the touch; these, in a brimming saucer, with golden Alderney cream and a *soufflon* of powdered sugar, are Olympian nectar; they melt before the tongue can measure their full roundness, and seem to be mere bloated bubbles of forest honey." It would be safe to say that out of the hundreds of girls in England who live near where blackberries grow there are not many who have any conception of the excellence of blackberries in this condition.

When through inadvertence or ignorance blackberries have been gathered before they are fully ripe, when they are merely black, it is worth knowing that if they are kept for a few hours they will improve. If set in a cool dry place for half a day they will be sweeter and more juicy than if used at once. But of course they ripen best on the bush; and if kept over long they will soon become mouldy.

This is the season when blackberries are to be expected, and it is possible that there are girls who would like to make the most of them. It may be, therefore, that a few recipes for cooking them will be acceptable.

Blackberry and Apple Jam is a homely but most delicious preserve. To make it, take equal weights of blackberries and of apples, always remembering that the apples should be peeled, cored, and cut up before being weighed. It will save both time and trouble if the two fruits are stewed separately before being put together. The apples, therefore, should be prepared the day before the blackberries are. Choose good cooking apples that will fall readily; peel and core them, and cut them into quarters and put them in a jar which has a tightly-fitting cover. Place this in a pan half full of boiling water, and keep the water boiling around until the apples fall. It is impossible to say how long it will be necessary to steam the fruit. This will depend upon the quality and quantity of the apples. Some sorts would not take very long; other sorts would need to steam for some hours; and it is this uncertainty about time which makes it advisable to steam the apples the day before the jam is made. If prepared in the way described (that is, peeled, cored, and cut into thick wedges), and if a couple of tablespoonfuls of water be put into the jar with them to prevent burning, they will need no watching, only the water round the jar will have to be renewed as it boils away. If, however, the blackberries and apples were put into the preserving-pan together they would be very tiresome. The apples having fallen to pulp, stew the blackberries alone until the juice flows freely; put the two varieties of fruit together, mix thoroughly, and add the sugar (three quarters of a pound for each pound of the original weight). After the sugar is added, stir the jam until it is done.

From this point our jam will not need to boil very long. We might say about a quarter of an hour, only as a matter of fact it is not safe to say positively how long jam should boil, because there are so many details likely to cause variation. A very usual test is to put a little jam on a plate, and if it sets when cold it is done. This is a safe rule as regards the keeping of the jam; but it often leads to a loss of delicacy of flavour. A great French cook, M. Gouffé, once gave the following advice to cooks who wished to

ascertain when jam is done: "Dip a copper skimmer into the jam, and take it out; when the jam on the skimmer is cool, try it with the finger, and if it feels greasy it is done. Another way of ascertaining this is by taking up some of the jam in the skimmer and pouring it off gently; if it flows in a sheet an inch or an inch and a half in width it is done." Another authority, Francatelli, says that jam should be boiled until it is so much reduced that it will hang in drops from the edge of the spoon. The last is an excellent test, and the probability is that when the blackberry jam has been boiled fifteen or twenty minutes it will answer thereto.

Blackberry Jelly.—Preferable even to blackberry and apple jam, in the opinion of folk who have tried both, is blackberry jelly. Blackberry juice is, however, so thick that it is quite safe to add a small measure of water thereto. It is most important, however, that the berries should be ripe—unless they are they will yield comparatively little juice. Take, say, twelve pounds of blackberries, put with them a pint of water, and stir over the fire for about ten minutes, or till the fruit begins to simmer; then strain off the juice through a jelly bag. Measure it, and boil it alone sharply for about fifteen minutes, beginning to count from the time that it boils equally all over. Now add three quarters of a pint of best white sugar to every pint of juice, and boil again for ten minutes. By this time the probability is, that if the skimmer be dipped into the jelly, then held up sideways out of it, the last drops which slide from it will hang in *drapes*, or wide drops from the edge. This "hanging in drapes" is a most reliable test of the condition of all fruit jelly. Sometimes girls say that they do not like it, and that "draping" is more suggestive of curtains than of jam. Nevertheless they are recommended to use it. If once they have learnt how jelly looks when it drapes on the edge of the spoon they need never again be in difficulty as to whether or not jelly of every sort is properly boiled.

Blackberry Jelly for Immediate Use is a most delicious and elegant sweet dish, and it may be employed as a substitute for pudding. Of course it should be made the day before it is wanted. Strain the juice from ripe blackberries as in the last recipe, boil it and skim it well, and dissolve in it half a pound of sugar for a pint. Stir in an ounce of gelatine which has been well soaked in a cupful of water and melted separately. Mix thoroughly, and mould in an earthenware shape, when the jelly begins to set—and not before. This blackberry jelly will be very superior if served with cream. If approved a strip of thin lemon rind can be stewed with the fruit. A little real blackberry jelly dissolved in water and boiled with gelatine makes excellent jelly for immediate use when the fruit is not in season.

Blackberry Roly-poly Pudding.—Shred four ounces of suet finely, and add a pinch of salt, three quarters of a pound of flour, and three quarters of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix with cold water to make a stiff paste, roll it out twice as long as wide, and the third of an inch thick. Spread it evenly with ripe blackberries, and leave an inch and a half without fruit at the edges. Roll up, pinch the ends and side edges securely, and wet them to make them adhere. Lay the pudding in the centre of a rinsed and floured cloth, roll it, and fasten the ends securely, then plunge into boiling water, and boil steadily for two hours. Turn out for serving, and send sweet sauce to table with it.

Blackberry Suet Dumpling; Blackberry Pasty; Blackberry Hydropathic Pudding, and

Blackberry Pie, are known to all. It is not necessary to give recipes for them. The same remark cannot probably be made about

Blackberry Cordial, which is a preparation much used in America as a cure for diarrhoea. Personally, I am not acquainted with this medicine, but I have heard it highly recommended. To make it, crush any quantity of ripe berries, and strain off the juice. With each pint put three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, and to every two quarts of juice add a quarter of an ounce of mace, allspice, cinnamon, and cloves, either whole or slightly pounded. Boil these ingredients to a thick

syrup, and when done add as much French brandy as there is syrup. Bottle, and keep well corked.

Blackberry vinegar makes a pleasant, cooling drink for hot weather. Pour a quart of good vinegar over a quart of blackberries. Stand for twenty-four hours, drain well, and put in again as much fresh ripe fruit as the vinegar will cover. Stand twenty-four hours again, and repeat a third time, and press out the juice. Measure it, and allow a pound of sugar to every pint thereof. Stir over the fire and boil for about ten minutes; when cool, put into small bottles and cork for use.

These are a few of the ways in which blackberries may be prepared with profit and advantage. It is to be hoped that some of the girls who read this paper will try them, for it is very certain that if blackberries were treated fairly, they would be more highly appreciated than they are; if they were appreciated by the general public, perhaps gardeners and fruit-growers might be induced to bestow a little more attention upon them, and so one of the food products of the country would be improved. This would be a very great advantage to the community generally.

PHYLIS BROWNE.

A LANCE FOR THE LILY.

THE age of chivalry is dead. Far down in the dim past, looming ghostlike through the mist of centuries, moves the form of the great Lancelot—the flower of knighthood, and rank by rank the knights of later days have been swept away by the resistless onset of time, till the historic field is filled with heaps of the forgotten dead—pale lips that never again will sing their lady's praise, and powerless arms that never more will hold a lance in rest for the honour of stainless maidenhood.

The age of chivalry is dead, and men no longer maintain the cause of those they love by knightly skill in the lists or fair encounter on the open field, for the age of progress is upon us, and what was done by hard blows then is now accomplished more conveniently by smart practice and short weights.

The conditions of female life also are changed and changing; moreover it is undeniable that on the whole they are improved, but the assertion of this pleasing fact is in the highest degree superfluous, for the boasted age of progress is nothing if not self-complacent.

It is then unnecessary to add one feeble note to the chorus of mutual congratulation which this improvement in the position of English-women has called forth, or to join in the loud-voiced demand for further developments of the system of so-called female emancipation. The object of this short article is rather to deter the crowd of would-be reformers, lest their eager feet should trample down many a lovely meadow flower; lest the dim religious light of the years that are passed should be wholly forgotten in the electric glare of those which are to come; lest the music of purer ages should be altogether drowned in the wild shout of "forward, forward," and many beautiful things should be carelessly sacrificed to the bare notion of advance.

If woman's nature differs at all from man's, her education, her attainments and her aspirations should be different from his; yet the tendency of the present day is to force both sexes by similar means along the self-same groove.

Women vie with men in the higher branches of the exact sciences, and, as a matter of course, the victory is not always with the strong. But it is more than probable that these individual cases of success are achieved at a terribly disproportionate expense to the sex as a whole. A woman may indeed attain a high place in the mathematical tripos, but in the course of her three years of close and unremitting study, how many sweet visions of life's spring-time have been lost; in the pursuit of those mental gymnastics so appropriate to the male intellect, how many natural feminine faculties have been thwarted and crushed!

Where, indeed, the necessities of life demand that women should leave their natural sphere in order to share in the terrible struggle for existence, no word except of encouragement

should be spoken, but that such a spectacle should be regarded as other than a deplorable evil, is mere sentimental optimism.

It is difficult to exaggerate the harm which has already resulted from the so-called higher education of women. The earnest sincerity which formerly characterised all good women is gradually being replaced by a light, easy infidelity of high and noble things. The drawing-room conversation of women who have suffered most from this educational scourge, is seldom more than a series of cynical criticisms and grotesque perversions, which may sometimes be witty, but are always more or less antagonistic to the cause of truth. Old principles are despised, old landmarks are swept away; much that was "good" in the old days is branded now with the name "respectable," to be treated with ridicule; and thus by many surface sophisms, right is merged in wrong, and vice becomes little distinguishable from virtue.

The effects of this forced intellectual culture are most painfully apparent in our large metropolitan schools and the ladies' colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. No one, at least of the male sex, can help but be struck by the rareness of physical beauty among school-girls in the higher forms, and personal experience has conclusively demonstrated that Newnham and Girton possess few dangerous attractions for the average undergraduate.

When, as is often the case, we meet a young girl living in the midst of an uncongenial society, surrounded by savants and college dons, her brow perpetually contracted by unnatural thought, a strained weary expression in the eyes which might otherwise have sparkled with careless happiness, it is but small comfort to be told that she is learned in Greek roots, and the knowledge so acquired seems a poor compensation for the loss of girlhood's brightness and beauty.

But however much we may deprecate the present scheme of higher education for females, no one would dare for a moment to suggest that women should not be highly educated at all. The sphere of reason may indeed belong pre-eminently to man, but woman reigns supreme in the realm of the emotions, and this difference should be recognised as fundamental in the education of the two sexes. Leave logic and arithmetic and chemical analysis to the male portion of the community, for notwithstanding a few notorious successes and the rhetorical compliments of interested school-governors, the majority of women will do no more than demonstrate their own inferiority by competing with men in this arena.

It seems to me (for I do not wish to clothe my individual opinion with the authoritative plural) that the first and foremost object of a woman's higher education should be the correct development of her emotional faculties.

Let our young girls, when they have attained an easy knowledge of common things, devote their time to the expansion of those attributes which constitute them sweetly feminine. Let them read good, pure books of human interest, let them sing the glad world song with the poets, and learn the divine mysteries of art and nature.

It is reserved for maidens who have been bold enough, or fortunate enough, to abandon for this training the system of education which has all the authority of fashion on its side, to shed the purest, holiest light on this dark world of ours.

Such a maiden have I known, living a sweet simple life in a home of love and beauty. The birds and the flowers were her companions, her fair face reflected the purity which dwelt around her and within; her graceful flowing dress was innocent alike of Parisian deformity and aesthetic eccentricity, her gentle nature was unstrained by effort and untainted by the world.

How vividly do I remember the termination of my first visit at her home. She was waiting in the garden to say good-bye to me. All the lawn on which she stood was chequered with sunshine and leafy shade. Sunny gleams fell too upon her white muslin dress and upon her hair; but on me the shadows fell, and when I drew near to her a feeling of my great unworthiness stifled the passion which might else have struggled to my lips. I dared not look into those deep calm eyes of hers—I took her hand in mine for a moment, and murmured the word "good-bye." And as we stood there on the lawn, to me longing for her love, burning with a wild desire for the great gift of her heart—she gave a flower.

A long half year passed by before I saw her again, but during those months of absence I never failed to feel the soft influence of her goodness and simple maidenhood; and when at last the time of our meeting came, I realised that the emotion with which she had at first inspired me had deepened into the passionate adoration of a lifetime.

In the charm of her presence the light-footed hours sped all too quickly, and too soon dawned the day of our parting. It had been a hard winter, the wild north wind chanted a shrill saga among the leafless, frost-bitten branches, the snow lay deep on the lawn where we had stood six months ago to say good-bye, the garden was desolate, and the roses of the summer were long ago faded and dead. But my dear love was still beside me, and now my arm was thrown around her, her sweet head nestled against my breast, the tears of emotion trembled in her eyes—she could give me no flower this bitter winter day, but she gave me her heart instead, and in mine, not untouched before by a cynic frost, she has created an eternal summer.

BEATUS.

Odds and Ends.

IN the British Museum there is a Chaldean tablet of stone on which is inscribed the story of the Deluge. According to the Chaldean scribe the Flood, as described by the Bible, was a punishment for sin against God. Only the Chaldeans were heathens, and Noah is made to say that he is the only righteous man, and the only one who paid homage to the gods. This account is not upon a separate tablet but is incorporated with a series of other legends known as the "Legends of Izdhubar," which formed an epic in twelve books or tablets, each of which was dedicated to a sign of the Zodiac. The story of the Deluge is written in cuneiform characters on the twelfth stone, and is dedicated to "The Month of the Course of Rain," corresponding to the Zodiac sign, Aquarius. It tells of great rain-storms which swept down the Tigro-Euphrates valley, at the order of the god Bel, who decided to drown all mankind. But the god Anu looked with favourable eyes upon Noah, and secretly advised him to build a ship. There are of course great variations between the Chaldean and the Hebrew accounts, but their general similarity is most interesting.



It is generally supposed that the lily is the national flower of France. But this is not the case, for although the *fleur-de-lys* is often taken for the emblematic flower of France as the rose is of England, it is in reality only the emblem of the old French royalty, and its import is no more a national one than the bees and violets of Napoleon. As a matter of fact France has no national flower, and if it did possess one it is much more likely to be the daisy than the lily, for this simple flower is a universal favourite with the French. The only heraldic emblem of the country is the Gallic cock.



THERE is in Italy a village entirely inhabited by organ-grinders who have acquired comfortable fortunes in England, that is for Italian peasants, and have returned to their native land to enjoy them with their families. They one and all speak English, and curiously enough many of them retain the instruments with which they have earned their independence, and at night it is no unusual thing to hear some popular tune of many years ago being ground out upon a piano organ.



Two American girls, Isabella and Sally Broadbent, who last year helped to save the crew of a wrecked Norwegian ship, have been presented with silver lockets and chains by King Oscar of Norway and Sweden in recognition of their bravery. The lockets are inscribed with the monogram and crown of the King, and bear the words, "For a Noble Deed."



THE largest bottle in the world is one hundred and fifteen feet high. Two enormous doors give access to the ground floor which is a refreshment room, staircases in the inside lead to the bottle's neck, where there is a terrace which holds nearly forty people. The cork is a kiosk.

SOCRATES was of opinion that if we laid all our adversities and misfortunes in one common heap, with this condition that each one should carry out of it an equal portion, most men would be glad to take up their own again.



HUMAN ingenuity is never satisfied. The latest discovery is golden steel which is being made in large quantities at Sheffield. It is an amalgam of bronze and aluminium, which has a most beautiful appearance, and is very successful for cutlery not requiring a keen edge, such as forks and dessert knives. The new alloy possesses the dual advantage of durability and beauty.



It has been reserved for a Dutchman to carry the penny-in-the-slot machine to its extreme limits. He has invented an automatic physician. In appearance the machine is a dignified metal man, the front of whose waistcoat is pierced with a number of openings, over each of which is inscribed the name of one of the commoner ailments to which humanity is subject. You put a penny in the slot set apart for your particular illness, and out pops a small packet of medicine. This automatic doctor may be consulted by the sound as well as by the sick, for one of the slots delivers a "refresher and tonic" distilled from wholesome herbs. The idea is certainly ingenious.



THERE is an amusing story told of Her Majesty and a canny Scotchwoman. Once, many years ago, when staying at Balmoral, the Queen went for a long walk by herself according to her custom. It came on to rain heavily, and entering a cottage she chanced to be passing, she asked the good-wife to lend her an umbrella. The woman regarded the Queen with suspicion, and said, "I hae twa umbrellas, ane is good, and ane verra old. Ye may take the old one; I guess I will never see it again." She offered a tattered umbrella which was quietly accepted, but the woman was sufficiently punished for her surliness when one of the royal footmen returned her tatterdemalion umbrella with his mistress's thanks.



"OH, you who are letting miserable misunderstandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them; you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, and yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men were dead tomorrow morning; you who are letting your neighbour starve, till you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy which you mean to give some day—if you only could know and see and feel, all of a sudden, 'the time is short,' how it would break the spell! How you would go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do!"—*Phillips Brooks*.

MISS MARIANNE NORTH, whose collection of drawings of the flora of practically the whole world, is known to all who have visited Kew Gardens, was born in 1830. She devoted the greater portion of her life to sketching flowers and trees in every part of the globe. After her tour round the world, Darwin suggested that she should amplify her collection of Australasian flora, and it was on her return from the southern hemisphere that she superintended the installation of the Gallery at Kew, which now holds her many drawings. Her last journey abroad was in 1884, after which she completed the gallery and settled down to a quiet life in Gloucestershire. She had studied tropical verdure in all its gorgeousness, and had seen all the finest sights in the world, but she wrote before her death, "No life is so charming as a country one in England, and no flowers are sweeter or more lovely than the primroses, cowslips, bluebells and violets which grow in abundance all round me here." Miss North died four years ago, leaving to the nation one of the most valuable monuments of woman's industry, in her unique collection at Kew.



WHATEVER the national emblem of France may be, the action of the Parisian police in prosecuting and securing the imprisonment of people who kill and snare birds that are useful to agriculturists, for the purposes of millinery decoration, is deserving of all praise. The result of a series of convictions with heavy punishments, is that most of the bird shops are being closed, whilst the manufacturers who dyed the feathers of the birds find it practically impossible to carry on their reprehensible trade, on account of the strict regulations imposed by the police. This example should be imitated by the English police, but until that time arrives every woman and girl can help considerably in the protection of bird-life, by refusing to wear their dead little bodies in their hats and bonnets. Women do not set their faces strongly enough against the use of plumage in millinery, and its continuance rests entirely with them, as it is always the demand that creates the supply.



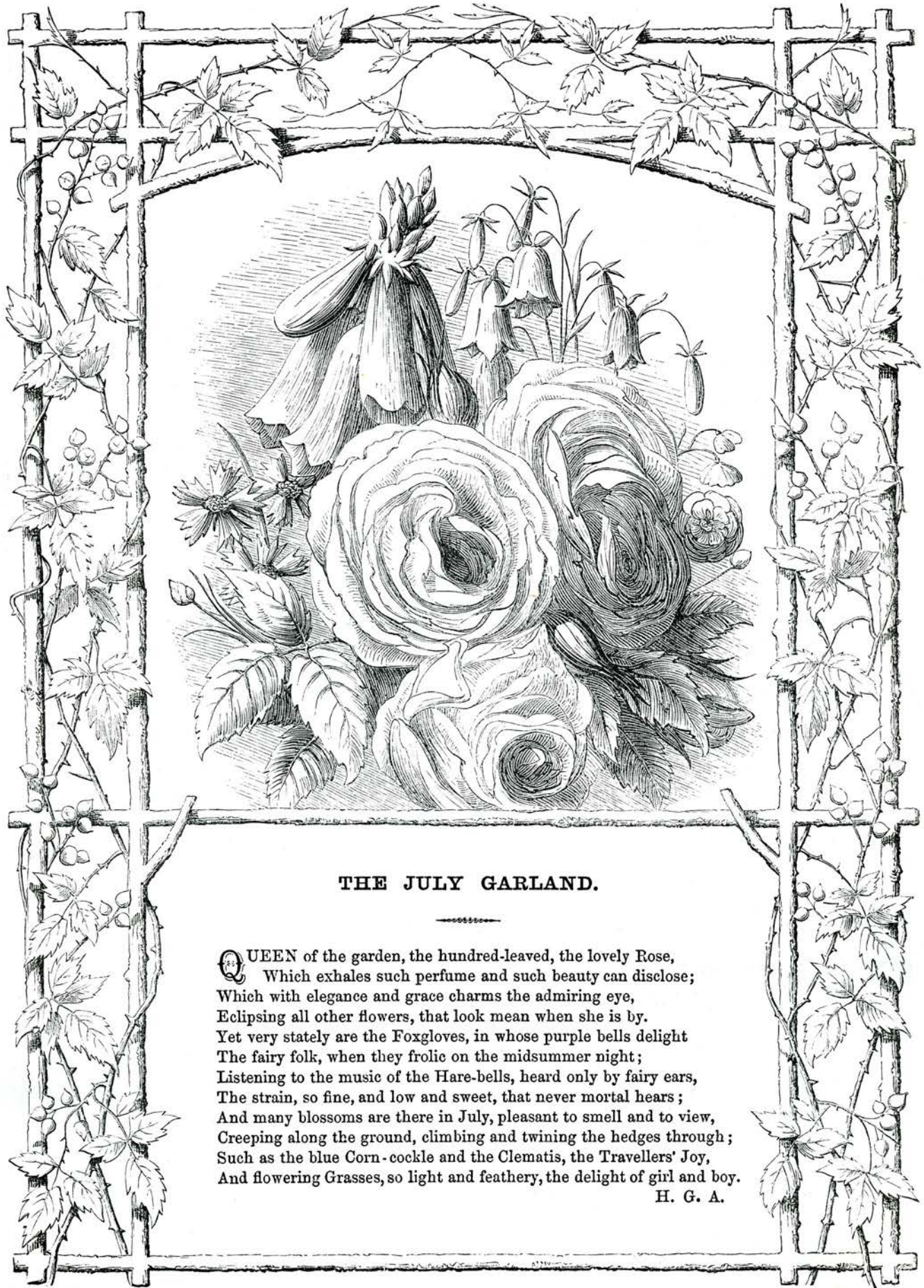
It is said that the voice of the great and good singer Jenny Lind, has descended to her grand-daughter. Madame Marchesi, a superb French singer, heard her sing, and was so impressed by the quality and fineness of her voice that she has undertaken its training. Some of the most famous singers of our time have studied under Madame Marchesi.



MANY an act of duty or self-sacrifice, at first sight supposed to be impossible, has, by continued contemplation, become so attuned to the disposition that it has been performed with ease and even with pleasure.



"BLESSED is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it."—*Carlyle*.



THE JULY GARLAND.

QUEEN of the garden, the hundred-leaved, the lovely Rose,
Which exhales such perfume and such beauty can disclose;
Which with elegance and grace charms the admiring eye,
Eclipsing all other flowers, that look mean when she is by.
Yet very stately are the Foxgloves, in whose purple bells delight
The fairy folk, when they frolic on the midsummer night;
Listening to the music of the Hare-bells, heard only by fairy ears,
The strain, so fine, and low and sweet, that never mortal hears;
And many blossoms are there in July, pleasant to smell and to view,
Creeping along the ground, climbing and twining the hedges through;
Such as the blue Corn-cockle and the Clematis, the Travellers' Joy,
And flowering Grasses, so light and feathery, the delight of girl and boy.

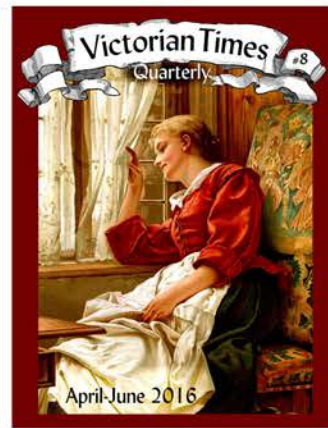
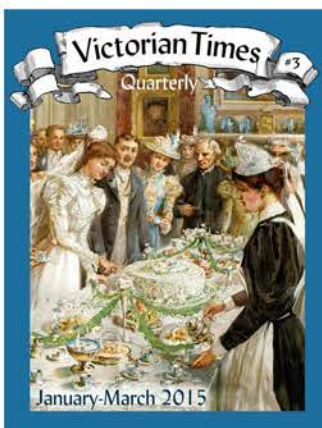
H. G. A.

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 August 2015...

- The Ladies of America
- A Day in the Life of a 15th Century Maiden/Future Queen
- American Breakfasts
- Hairdressing Extraordinaire
- The Folklore of Colours
- Dips into an Old Cookery Book (cont'd)
- Sorrows of a Young Robin
- Designing for Embroidery
- Don't (American Etiquette Tips)
- An Artist's Balloon Trip Over London
- Odd German Cures
- The "Season" in New York
- How New York Spends the Summer
- Country Customs: Harvest Home
- E. Nesbit's School Days (cont'd)
- Chronicles of an Anglo-Californian Ranch (cont'd)



Download it today at VictorianVoices.net/VT/issues/VT-1508.shtml