Victorian Times

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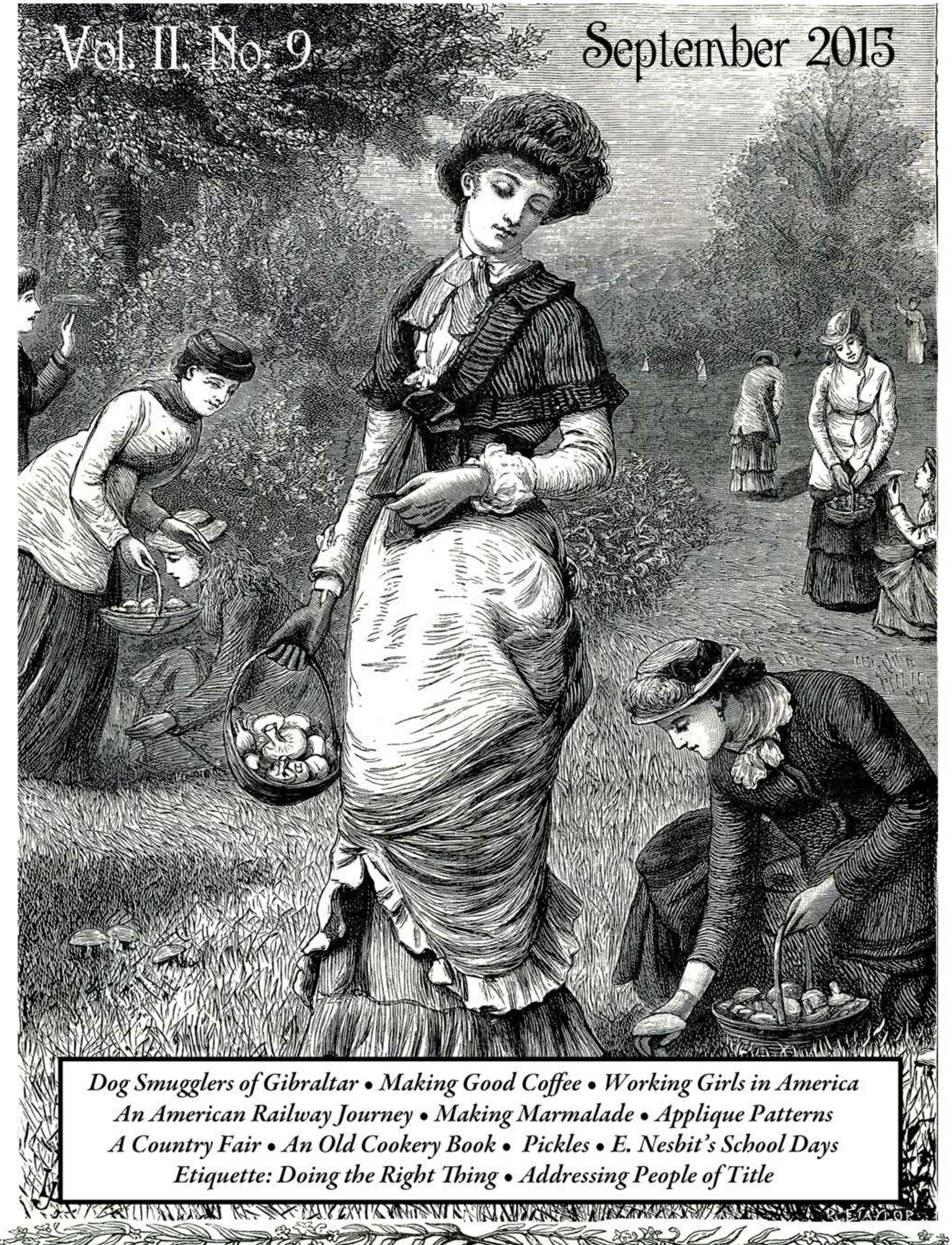
September 2015



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An American Railway Journey • Making Marmalade • Applique Patterns
A Country Fair • An Old Cookery Book • Pickles • E. Nesbit's School Days
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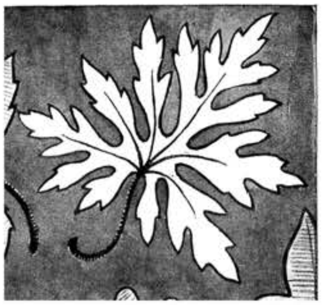

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* *The Girl's Own Paper* ***Cassell's Family Magazine*

Nostalgia or Not?

On a recent visit, my sister made a point of picking up a copy of *The Good Old Days: They Were Terrible!* at our local bookstore. She's quite convinced that I have developed a horribly romantic view of the Victorian period—why else would I be "celebrating" it in a magazine like this? Would I, she wonders, actually want to have *lived* in Victorian times?

The answer is easy: No. The "why" of that answer gave me a little more pause for thought, however. There are some obvious reasons for not wanting to live in the "bad old days," and some less obvious ones.

Was it because I didn't really care to deal with the social issues facing the Victorian woman? Of course, those issues depended a bit on which part of the era we're talking about—women's rights and roles evolved dramatically between 1850 and 1900. But I rather like having the right to vote, and since I run my own business, I also like being able to claim ownership of its profits. As a married woman, until 1870, those profits would have belonged to my husband, along with anything else I might once have owned.

Was it because I don't relish the thought of living in a world that had little to offer in the way of sanitation and indoor plumbing? I've dealt with privies, and may do so again, but I do like hot and cold running water. (Of course, this isn't always available even in every British home today!) Was it because I'd hate to give up my electric stove and my microwave? (Notice I haven't even mentioned computers, television or cell phones...)

All of these, however, are issues that mean far more to the time-traveler who visits a period in history than to those who actually lived there. From the perspective of the time-travelers (like ourselves), we are comparing what was then to what is now—our past to their future. When we are born into a particular era, we compare our present to our past, and generally consider it an improvement.

Had I been born in Victorian times, for example, I would consider chamber pots and privies as normal, rather than a hardship. Hauling water by the bucketful for the bath would be routine (though I could only hope I might have been born into the class that was hauled *for* rather than doing the actual hauling). Cooking over a wood stove or fire might be a bit unpleasant in the summer (having done so, I can assure you that it is!), but to the Victorian-born me, such a stove might actually seem "high tech."

Perhaps, then, it is those issues that are discouraging regardless of whether one is born to a time or "just visiting." For example, I'm glad that, today, I don't have to worry about getting arsenic poisoning from my wallpaper, or from that lovely green silk gown I bought for Lady So-and-So's "crush." I'm glad I don't feel the need to enhance my beauty by putting drops of belladonna in my eyes or painting my face with white lead. As for the cooking question, the article in our August issue on "What to Do if You Catch Fire" addressed a serious issue for women who wore long skirts around open hearths. And as for the risks of Victorian fashion in general, I have one word: Corsets!

I'm also glad I don't live in a day when my tea might contain such substances as tar, rat feces and "lie-tea" (sweepings from the floors of tea factories, cemented with starch and moulded to look like tea leaves). I don't have to worry about chalk in my honey or sand in my sugar. (I have a lovely trio of articles on "food adulteration" planned for the January issue!). On the other hand, I'm not sure a Victorian would regard the lists of additives on so many of our processed foods as "progress"!

But none of these are the real reason why I wouldn't care to have been born a Victorian. The main reason I don't feel too terribly nostalgic for the era is that, had I lived there, I probably wouldn't have lived long. When I was eight or so, I picked up a nasty case of blood poisoning when we were camping, having pricked my finger on a splinter of some sort. It was a tiny, tiny wound that neither I nor anyone else paid attention to—until I came down with a fever of 100-plus degrees.

Penicillin was discovered in 1929. It's probably the reason I'm here today, writing about the Victorians. And it's definitely the reason I'm glad I wasn't one of them!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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Dog Smugglers.

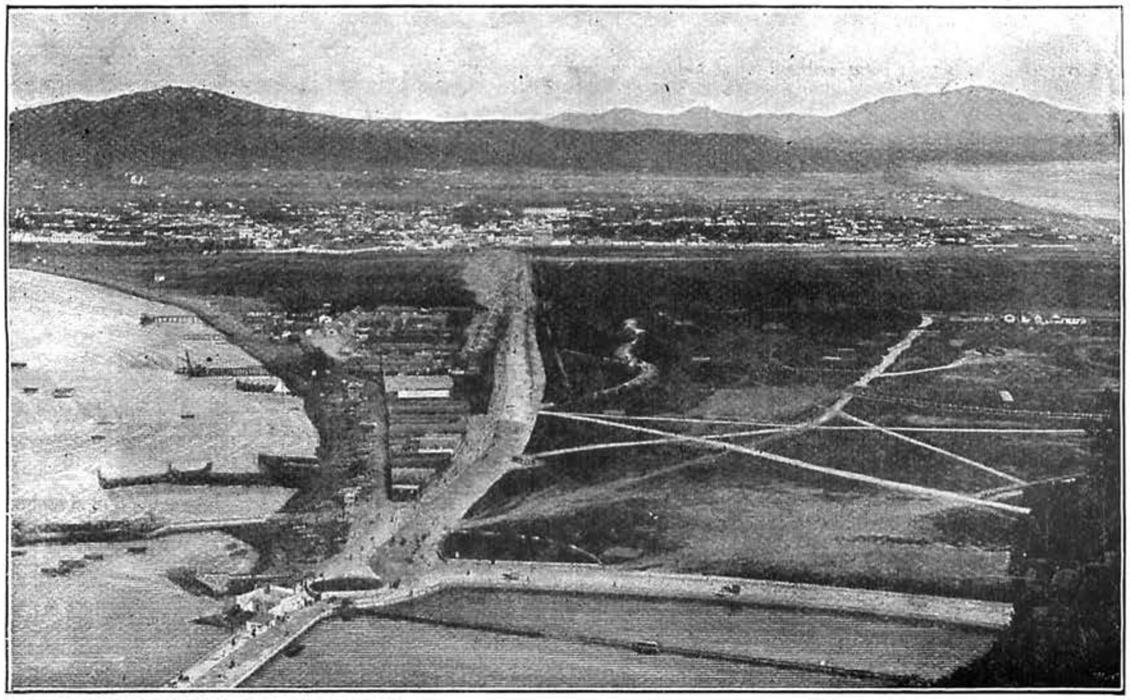
BY CHARLES S. PELHAM-CLINTON.

IT is no uncommon thing for visitors to Gibraltar to hear the report of a shot ring out in the stillness of the night, and echo against the vast mass of rock that goes by the name of "England's Key to the Mediterranean." They must not think, however, that this means that war has broken out between England and Spain, and that the Spaniards are attempting to regain possession of their lost stronghold; it only means that the *Carabineri*, or Custom House authorities, are endeavouring to suppress, with a strong hand, the smuggling of tobacco. Their bullets, in this instance, are not directed against two-legged smugglers, but against those with four legs—dogs, in fact—though these are aided, of course, by their biped *confrères*.

Nearly everybody knows of the neutral territory that lies just to the north of Gibraltar; but for the sake of any who do not, it may be said that it is a strip of land about half a mile wide, running across the isthmus which connects the Rock with the mainland, and which is bounded on the south side by the British lines, and on the north by the Spanish, or La Linea, as they are distinctively called; and at this latter place there is always a strong force of Custom House officials on the look-out for smugglers. The illustration given below will make this description clear.

It must be remembered that, although a British possession, Gibraltar is an entirely free port, with the exception of a light import duty on alcoholic liquors, which has been recently imposed. This privilege was granted to it at the beginning of last century, in the reign of Queen Anne, and for the last 200 years the Rock has been the paradise of those who prefer Free Trade to what some of our home politicians dignify with the name of Fair Trade. Spain, on the other hand, imposes heavy duties on most of her imports, so that the difference in the prices of many commodities on the opposite sides of the neutral ground is very marked.

The Spanish, perhaps more than any other, is a nation of smokers, and when one knows that, in addition to the heavy duty imposed on tobacco, its manufacture is a jealously-guarded Government monopoly.



VIEW OF THE NEUTRAL TERRITORY BETWEEN GIBRALTAR AND SPAIN—LOOKING FROM GIBRALTAR TOWARDS THE SPANISH LINES.

yielding a revenue of between three and three and a half millions sterling per annum, the inducement for a Spaniard to become a contrabandist will be seen to be very strong. Signor Espagnol strolls across into the town of Gibraltar, and while there thinks he may as well buy a pound of tobacco free of duty; this he does, and then he has a chance to exercise his ingenuity in getting back past the line of *Carabineri*, who are waiting at the Spanish boundary to examine all persons, carts, carriages, beasts of burden, and parcels, to see if there is any tobacco concealed in or about them.

Thomas Carlyle, a great lover of the soothing weed himself, by the way, once said, with the open expression of opinion and hatred of sham that characterized him: "The Government lays a tax of some hundreds per cent. upon the poor man's pipe, while the rich man's wine pays scarcely one-tenth of this impost; but it is a comfort to think (as I have been told) the amount of tobacco smuggled is about as great as that which pays duty." Such may have been the case in this country when these words were written, but here, at any rate, they do not now hold good. At Gibraltar, however, in spite of the watchfulness spoken of above, the quantity of tobacco smuggled from the Rock into Spain is still very great, although, owing to the co-operation of the British authorities with the Spanish, it is considerably less than it was a decade ago.

The love of tobacco is pretty nearly universal through all grades of Spanish society, from the street urchin to the highest in the land, and it is said that even among these last there are to be found some who are not above evading the tobacco tax should opportunity offer. When one of the Governors of Algeciras, so the story goes, had come from that town, which is on the west side of the Bay of Gibraltar, to call officially on the Governor of Gibraltar, the members of his suite took advantage of the opportunity to fill their pockets with the "weed," and, of course, they were not searched when passing through La Linea, for a Spanish officer is surely above reproach!

The ways of even the most commonplace smuggler are always of interest to the more honest portion of the populace, for, as has been said time and again, the ingenuity they display in devising means to carry on their illicit calling might, if turned to a legitimate purpose, have benefited the world as greatly as the inventiveness of a Stephenson or an Edison. Many of the methods adopted by the smugglers at Gibraltar have been discovered and suppressed, but it is not easy to put an end to the traffic altogether, even though the methods by which it is carried on are known to the authorities. One very ingenious idea was that of a Spaniard who used to smuggle from Gibraltar to San Roque by means of a freshly-baked 4lb. loaf, of the ordinary English type. To all appearance it was only a very ordinary sort of loaf, the outside being beautifully brown and crusty, but, oh! the base use to which it was put. This loaf was only a thin bark of the staff of life to hide the three pounds or so of tobacco which contributed nothing to the Spanish Exchequer.

Another gentleman adopted the device of arraying himself as a priest, and devoutly attended mass every morning in Gibraltar. Like the good man he wished to seem, he invariably carried with him his Bible, a tome of goodly size, and there is little doubt that he derived considerable benefit from it, from a worldly point of view at any rate, for on a certain day one of the Custom House officers had the impertinence to ask him to open the book, whereupon it was found to be nothing but a box, and its leaves, instead of being of paper, were discovered to consist of tobacco. Both this Bible and a specimen of the loaves mentioned above now repose among the relics at the head office of the Custom House at Madrid.

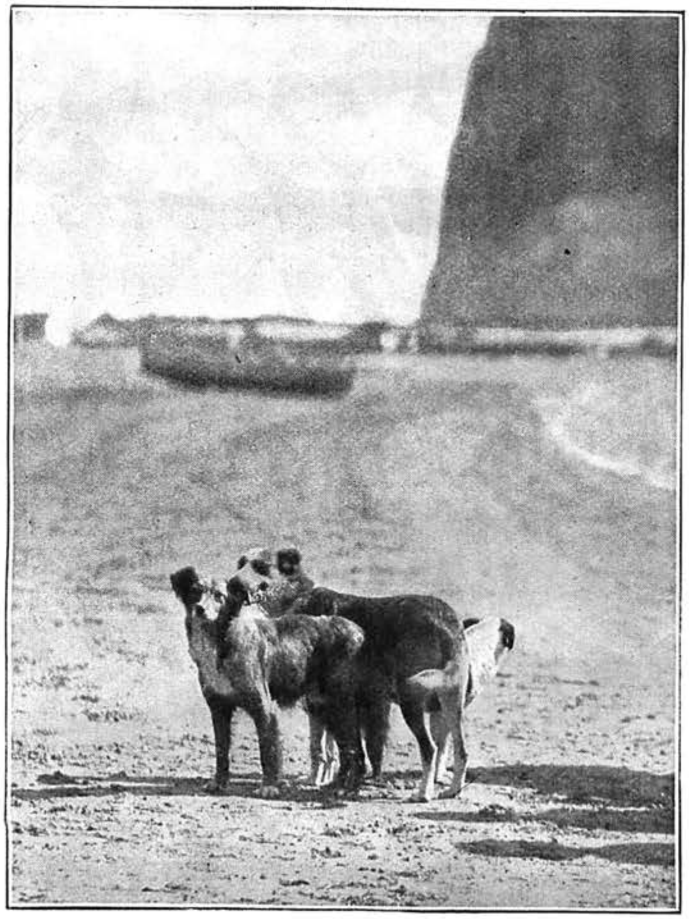
A good deal of smuggling is also done by sea, and the fishermen are in the habit of getting empty paraffin tins and filling them with tobacco. They then attach to each tin a small weight, just sufficient to sink it, and throw them overboard in shallow water when they see a storm coming on. This is always done at a particular state of the night tide, so that with the combined effect of the tide and the waves raised by the storm, the tins are washed ashore, where their owners are carefully watching for them, and when they reach the strand, they are at once conveyed to a place of safety.

Another vehicle for smuggling by sea in comparatively large quantities was only discovered a few weeks ago, although it had been in use for a considerable number of years. It took the form of a boat with a double bottom, so ingeniously constructed that it would probably never have been discovered had not some traitor given information to the *Carabineri*. It was provided on each side, near the keel, with small doors, by means of which the space between the true and false bottoms could easily be filled with tobacco, and the whole was so perfectly constructed that no damage could be done by the admission of sea-water. Of course, there could be no harm in this boat taking an occasional cruise from the Spanish territory to Rosia Bay, and equally of course, it was the most natural thing in the world to haul her up on the beach when she was not going to be used for a few days, in order to keep her out of reach of the storms, sudden and severe, which break at times over the Bay. But a new light was thrown on the *raison d'être* of the boat and her crew when it was found that she was run high and dry only to give an opportunity for taking the concealed tobacco from her, and naturally, when this came to light, the officials at once confiscated and destroyed her, so promptly that not even a photograph of her was taken.

A GROUP OF DOG TRAINERS.

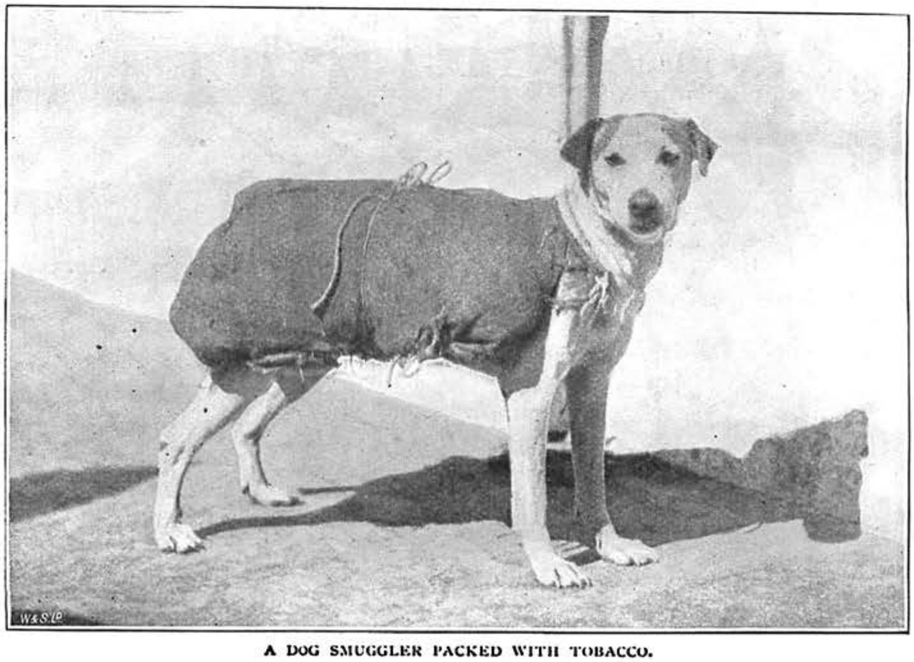
The services of other than human bipeds have also been put under contribution by the smugglers, and a ruse which succeeded for a long time was that of a Spaniard who kept a turkey farm. Englishmen are notoriously fond of turkeys, so our farmer would drive such of his birds as were plump and ready for consumption across from Spanish to English territory, so that the purchaser in Gibraltar might be sure that he bought only quite young birds, and that they would be freshly killed. He was either a very unlucky or a very poor salesman, or, perhaps, the dwellers on the Rock didn't want turkeys at any price, for his flock was rarely much diminished in numbers and not at all in the size of the individuals, when he wended his way back across the neutral ground before evening gunfire, after which the gates are shut, and no one is allowed to pass through. It may have been from sympathy, or it may have been from suspicion, but one evening a *Carabinero* took it into his head to try and examine one of the birds, and he noticed, as the gobbler opened its wings in running away, that there was a fair-sized package under each of them. Naturally a general scrutiny ensued, with the result that each member of the flock was found to have a parcel of tobacco, weighing about half a pound, tied under each wing. Needless to say that since that time the import of live Spanish turkeys in Gibraltar is considerably reduced.

One of the earlier four-legged smugglers was a fine large donkey, which used to pass to and from Gibraltar daily, under the care of an innocent-looking rustic. After the



DOG SMUGGLERS IN TRAINING.

lapse of some time it was found out that this animal had been completely covered over with the skin of a dead donkey—that rarity of rarities—which was so well cut and so beautifully padded that it fitted to perfection. A further examination revealed the fact that the padding was composed entirely of the forbidden leaf, and as a result, the false skin has joined the Bible and the loaf in the Museum at Madrid, and the rustic and his donkey no longer travel between Spain and Gibraltar.



A DOG SMUGGLER PACKED WITH TOBACCO.

In both the cases of animal smugglers mentioned above it was necessary that a man should be in charge of them, and this, of course, was a considerable drawback. To obviate this disadvantage some genius conceived the idea of training dogs in the wary and cautious habits necessary for successfully carrying on the contraband business, and one man had a dog who, like the donkey, had a double skin, with a quantity of tobacco placed between the false outer skin and the true inner one. This intelligent animal had been trained to play with other dogs, and so to get through the lines from the Rock, after which he went straight to his master's house to be unloaded, and sent off for a fresh consignment. In this manner he used to make several trips a day; but, alas! he, too, was eventually caught. It is probable that this dog was only one of many which were used for the same purpose, so at least the Spanish Tobacco Company seem to have thought, for they have had a high fence of wire netting raised right across the isthmus from sea to sea, a distance of about a mile and a quarter, and thus the land smuggling dogs have been rendered useless.

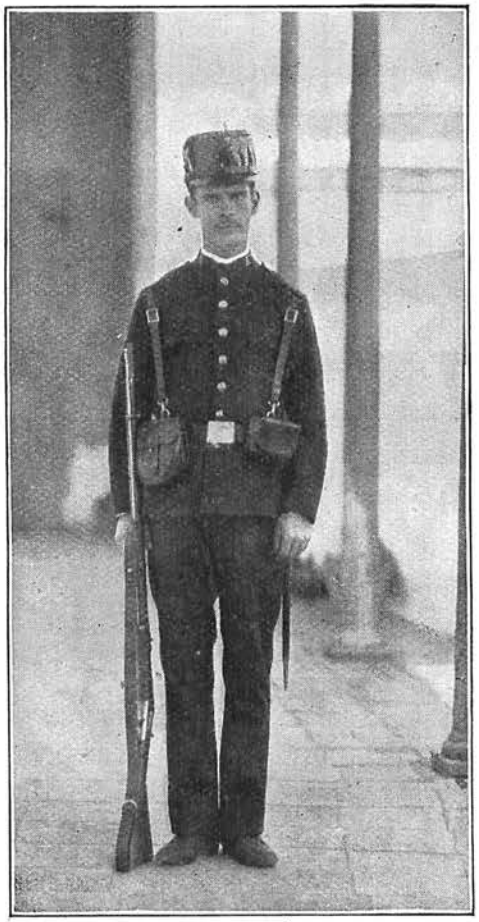
Of late years, owing both to this wire netting and to the assistance given by the authorities in Gibraltar to the Spanish officials in suppressing the illicit trading on the neutral ground, the smuggling by dogs is carried on from a number of hulks, which are anchored in the Bay, opposite the English territory. On these hulks a number of men are occupied all day long in making up tobacco in small, convenient packages, tied up in waterproof paper. Towards sundown, men may be seen coming from La Linea in the direction of Gibraltar, accompanied by a suspicious number of dogs. Men and dogs all embark in a boat, and row, or are rowed, out to the hulks at anchor, and, once on board, the packages of tobacco are carefully fastened around the bodies of the dogs and covered with sacking—as depicted in the illustration on the previous page—care being taken not to overload the animals.

As soon as night falls the dogs are again placed in the boats, and are quietly rowed towards the Spanish shore, and when a short distance from it, they are gently placed in the water at short intervals and left to swim ashore. The spot where this takes place is to be seen at the left of the illustration on the first page of this article, and the dogs land beyond the wire-netting which runs across the isthmus in front of the Spanish lines.

Before being actually started on their smuggling career, the dogs undergo a course of training, each being taken out for a walk in the country by his master; and a friend of the latter, dressed in an old *Carabinero's* uniform, and armed with a bludgeon, hides himself somewhere on the route the dog and his owner intend to pursue. The dog is encouraged to go forward, and immediately he comes within reach of the hidden counterfeit officer, the latter catches hold of the animal, and gives him a sound drubbing with his weapon. After a few lessons of this kind the dog's intelligence teaches him to carefully avoid anybody dressed in the hated uniform, as he has souvenirs of wearers of it on every part of his body.

But to return to the dogs we have left swimming in the surf: they nearly always reach the shore safely, and then they display almost more than human intelligence and cunning in avoiding the approach of the *Carabineri*, hiding until the coast is clear, and then making a bolt for home as fast as their legs will carry them. The *Carabineri*, however, are in watch and wait, and in spite of the cleverness of the dogs, the snap of a rifle and a short "yap," showing that the bullet has gone home, often shows that the life of the smuggler dog has been cut short in his attempt to evade the law.

While, as I have said, the trade is greatly decreased, so long as there is any duty on tobacco in Spain, just so long will there be found men ready to evade it, and the only thing that will effectually stop it will be an export tax from Gibraltar, which will double the difficulty of evading the Custom House, and make the game not worth the candle.



THE DOG SMUGGLER'S ENEMY.

HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD COFFEE.

We have generally been accustomed to have France held up to us as *the* country for really good coffee. Within the last few years this old dictum has certainly been vastly modified, for not only has Vienna almost outrivalled France, but in England great improvements have been made, although, even now, at many hotels, railway refreshment-rooms, and on steamboats, the coffee is an abomination.

In winter it is well worth while for housewives to give their earnest attention to the making of this beverage, as coffee possesses considerable heat-imparting properties, and to most constitutions it is harmless and far more lasting in its effects, and conveys more caloric to the system than an equal quantity of alcohol—that is to say, if it is strong and properly made. An impression seems to exist in England that there is some secret mystery attached to coffee-making above the comprehension of ordinary mortals. There is no secret whatsoever, and it only requires care and common sense to make the best coffee in the world. Without going into recipes, the following broad principles should be impressed on a housewife. First, have coffee; a great deal of the stuff we drink is not coffee at all. I should strongly advise the coffee to be entirely without chicory; the chicory may add somewhat to the strength, but at the loss of the flavour. Chicory is a good deal used in France, and also in Rome, but it is best not employed at all, as the low price of it, compared with coffee, offers an inducement for the introduction of an overdose. Those who have the means of roasting coffee-berries at their command should always buy them unroasted, and perform the operation themselves. When they are roasted, care should be taken to keep them in an air-tight receptacle, the best form being wide-necked bottles with glass stoppers; for coffee, like tea, quickly catches up foreign flavours and scents, and all possibility of contamination should therefore be carefully avoided. Highly sensitive in its raw state, it is far more so when roasted; even ship-cargoes of coffee have been completely spoiled, due to their being inadvertently stowed in company with spirits, pungent spices, and fruits.

Every Continental cook and housewife roasts her own coffee, and yet our cooks, as a rule, resolutely set their faces against this. If the mistress would only take the trouble of superintending this operation once or twice, she would soon find that there was no mystery, and that only care was needed to roast it to a nicety. If not sufficiently roasted, the true flavour will not be extracted, and if roasted for too long a time it becomes bitter. Various machines are used for roasting; but the simplest is perhaps a frying-pan. The coffee should be previously washed, then place the beans in the pan over not too fierce a fire, and stir them gently with a spoon until they are of a dark mahogany colour, but not black; take them off the fire, and allow them to cool. No interval should elapse between roasting and grinding, and the oftener it is roasted the better. For all ordinary purposes twice a week is sufficient. No one who desires good coffee can get on without a coffee-mill, which is easily obtained at a trifling cost in any size. It is a bad plan to let the grocer grind the berry, and send it home at his convenience; for this means a lapse of time between the grinding and the making, which is quite fatal to the preservation of the aroma. In many eastern countries the beans are pounded in a mortar instead of ground. Coffee beans should be kept in a dry place, and are greatly improved for keeping a long time.

Neat-handedness and judgment, so necessary for cooking an omelet, are quite as much required for the perfect making of coffee. As soon as the coffee is ground no time should intervene before the boiling water is poured upon it, and even in applying the water there is something in the dexterity with which it is done. More strength is obtained by simple boiling than by any other plan; but we must take care not to overboil it. The water must be boiling. If the coffee is put in all at once, the coffee-pot or pan should be placed over a gentle fire and just allowed to come up to the boil two or three times, and each time quickly removed. Before letting it settle, pour out a cup or two of the liquid, and return it immediately to the vessel, or else pour in half a cupful of boiling water. Then place it near the fire for a few minutes and pour it out gently, or strain it through a fine filter or flannel bag into the coffee-pot for the breakfast-table. In France they usually merely filter; but it makes the coffee less strong. If we wish our coffee to be extra clear, a raw egg should be mashed up, shell and all, in a slopbasin full of coffee-powder, and boil as before.

Professor Liebig's method of boiling half of the coffee for a few minutes, and then putting in the other half without letting it boil, has its advantages. The first half of the process extracts the strength, and the latter preserves the aroma.

Of all the coffee machines in use, perhaps none is simpler than the French percolator, which consists of one coffee-pot on the top of another, the upper being for the making of the infusion, the lower for the infusion itself when it has filtered through.

Those who like to see their coffee made on the breakfast-table can use the pretty French invention for making coffee, consisting of two glass globes, one above the other, with a spiral lamp beneath. The water is placed in the lower globe, and is forced up by the heat to the coffee, which is in the upper globe. The lamp is then removed, and the coffee flows into the lower globe, from whence it is drawn off.

The Viennese have perhaps the best coffee machines, notably the Non Plus Ultra. The Napier Coffee-pot, a Glasgow machine, is very simple and most expeditious. Both of these are very suitable for the sideboard. The latter is specially useful for being able to warm coffee a second time; for we have only to light the spirit-lamp under the glass globe in which the coffee has been left. The mouth of the globe, however, must be tightly corked up to preserve the aroma when it is left standing in the globe, but it must be removed before the spirit-lamp is lit.

A little muslin bag containing coffee, and fitted into the top of the coffee-pot, and the boiling water poured on, makes very excellent coffee.

Some eccentric people infuse it cold, allowing it to stand for a long time, and heat it just before serving *it*; but this is rather too elaborate a method to be frequently adopted.

The Germans make their coffee as above described, except that they use a flannel bag instead of a muslin one. They pour the boiling water on, and let it boil up once, and then serve. The water runs through the bag into the lower part of the pot, so that the liquid is quite clear without fining. This is one of the most economical ways of making coffee; but plenty of coffee must be put in.

Coffee is often so weak that it will not admit of boiled milk. It is an entirely mistaken economy to think that we can make up for the want of a sufficient amount of coffee by infusing a small quantity for a long time. Whether brewing for few people or many, the infusion must be strong and bright. For each cup two or three good teaspoonfuls of coffee are not too much; but, of course, it is a matter of taste. There is no better breakfast beverage than a good cup of *café-au-lait*, and whether intended for that or *café noir*, it should be equally strong.

The Eastern or Arabic fashion of making coffee is the simplest and most primitive of all; it only consists in pouring boiling water upon the coffee in a tin pot and letting it boil for a minute. This is not likely to become a favourite method with us, as the grouts would remain at the bottom, but with the Eastern peoples, since they pulverise the berry, their residuum is a delicate, soft, almost toothsome one, resembling in consistency soft chocolate. Connoisseurs have had many disputes as to whether coffee should be ground or pulverised. Brillat Savarin, king of the gastronomes, held a council of his friends and disciples, who decided, after mature deliberation, in favour of pulverisation, as yielding the fullest flavour of the aroma.

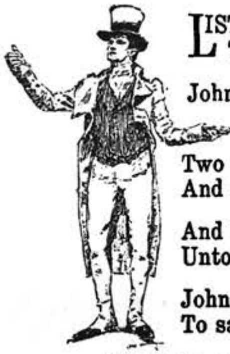
As to the choice of the berry, this again is a matter of individual preference; but generally a mixture of several sorts, as with tea, produces the most satisfactory result. The best "Mocha" coffee has now become an entire fallacy, for we have more of this breakfast or cigarette-accompanying beverage from Madras, Central America, and Ceylon, than any other parts. In France the perfect mixture is said to be composed of equal parts of Mocha, Bourbon, and Martinique coffee.

We do not drink as much coffee as we might with advantage, and only perhaps on this score is much blame to be attached to us as a coffee-making nation. It matters little nowadays of what nationality coffee makers are, provided there is skill and common sense, coup'ed with the practice that makes perfect.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Ballad of a Bachelor.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE.



LISTEN, ladies, while I sing
The ballad of John Henry King.

John Henry was a bachelor,
His age was thirty-three or four.

Two maids for his affection vied,
And each desired to be his bride,

And bravely did they strive to bring
Unto their feet John Henry King.

John Henry liked them both so well,
To save his life he could not tell

Which he most wished to be his bride,
Nor was he able to decide.

Fair Kate was jolly, bright, and gay,
And sunny as a summer day;

Marie was kind, sedate, and sweet,
With gentle ways and manners neat.

Each was so dear that John confessed
He could not tell which he liked best.

He studied them for quite a year,
And still found no solution near,

And might have studied two years more
Had he not, walking on the shore,

Conceived a very simple way
Of ending his prolonged delay—

A way in which he might decide
Which of the maids should be his bride.

He said, «I 'll toss into the air
A dollar, and I 'll toss it fair:

If heads come up, I 'll wed Marie;
If tails, fair Kate my bride shall be.»

Then from his leather pocket-book
A dollar bright and new he took;

He kissed one side for fair Marie,
The other side for Kate kissed he.

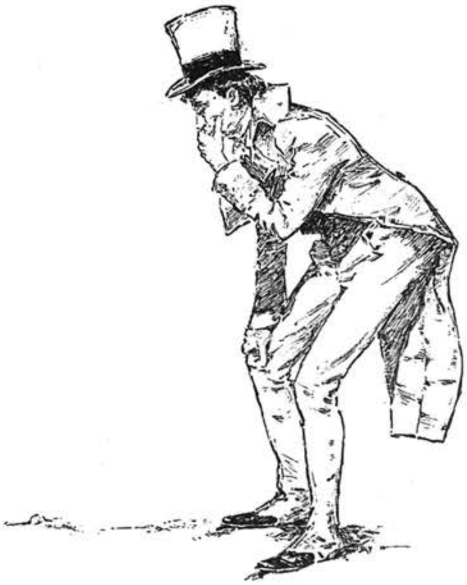
Then in a manner free and fair
He tossed the dollar in the air.

«Ye fates,» he cried, «pray let this be
A lucky throw indeed for me!»

The dollar rose, the dollar fell;
He watched its whirling transit well,

And off some twenty yards or more
The dollar fell upon the shore.

John Henry ran to where it struck
To see which maiden was in luck.



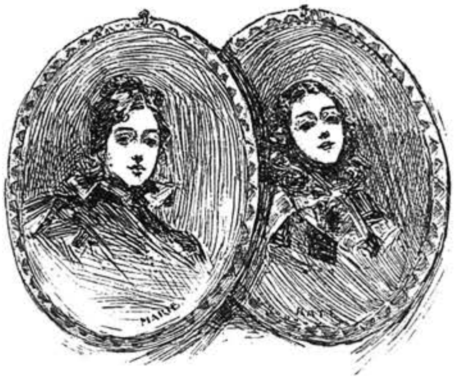
But, oh, the irony of fate!
Upon its edge the coin stood straight!

And there, embedded in the sand,
John Henry let the dollar stand!

And he will tempt his fate no more,
But live and die a bachelor.

Thus, ladies, you have heard me sing
The ballad of John Henry King.

Ellis Parker Butler.



BUSINESS GIRLS IN AMERICA.

BY A LADY CORRESPONDENT.

SOME time ago I endeavoured in the pages of this Magazine to briefly describe some phases of the life of the out-door business girls of London, and since that time much has been done to improve their condition. The result of observation and inquiries made during a recent visit to the United States, with regard to the position of business girls in that country, may not prove uninteresting.

We have heard much of the treatment of women on the sunset side of the Atlantic. It is the proud boast of Americans that they take much better care of their women than we do: feed them better, clothe them better, invent clever labour-saving contrivances for them—in short, that they will not "beteem the winds of heaven visit their faces too roughly." All that may be quite true of a certain class; but when it comes to the women who work, I think the condition of our English girls will bear favourable comparison.

Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love, is considered one of the best places in the United States for women. Great numbers are employed there, in a great variety of occupations, and wages are good; therefore the position of business women there may be taken as a fair, if not favourable, example of the country.

Many of the shops or stores are enormously large, and the first thing that strikes a stranger on entering is the vast number of women employed. They are crowded behind the counters almost as closely as they can stand; and all the way to the top of the high building, as we go up on the elevator, it is the same. In the larger stores the variety of goods displayed for sale is simply amazing—dry goods, or, as we say, drapery, in its endless variations, glass, china, jewellery, ornaments, picture-frames, photographs, perfumery, fancy work, crewels, books, magazines, and candies; the last being by no means the least important department. In the largest store we visited in Philadelphia—and it is one of the largest, if not the very largest, of its kind in America—we were not very favourably struck with the appearance of the girls employed. They did not look as neat and orderly as those we are accustomed to see at home. They were dressed in every style and shade of colour; all wore disfiguring aprons, black, brown, or white, and more than one we observed with her "front hair" screwed up in bits of ribbon wire—the American substitute for curl-papers. We missed the uniformly neat black dress and plain linen collar that we are used to here; indeed, we were struck by a general want of neatness and order everywhere, both in the stores and the arrangement of the stock. Obliging, the assistants certainly are, as far as serving customers with what they actually require goes; but there is an obvious lack of courtesy and polite attention—a sort of rough-and-ready independence about the employés that would take one some time to get used to. Very few of the shops close before eight, and many keep open till nine, or even after; and as business begins soon after seven in the morning, the hours are extremely long. Nowhere do the girls employed live on the premises, nor are there any meals provided for them in the establishment.

They have breakfast before they come in the morning, and either bring their dinners with them, go out during the half-hour allowed to a neighbouring restaurant, or send for something to eat; but as a general rule they bring their dinners with them. Tea in winter they sometimes make on the premises, having little tea-pots, cups and saucers, &c., of their own, and plenty of means to boil water, but very indifferent accommodation for partaking of it when it is prepared; though there are in many places luxurious waiting and refreshment rooms provided for customers. In summer the girls, I have been informed, live almost entirely on fruit, which is plentiful and cheap, and the quantities of peaches, grapes, apples, and bananas consumed are amazing.

Many of the girls employed in the stores live with their parents, who are perhaps in business themselves, for an American girl will rather work anywhere than at home; but the greater number live in boarding-houses, private lodgings being almost unknown.

Nobody walks much in Philadelphia, the state of the streets in winter rendering it almost impossible, and in summer the heat and dust making it equally so. Tram-cars run up and down and crossways in every direction, and the fare is six cents (3d.), no matter how short the distance, and nine cents for a transfer ticket from one line to another. These things must be fully taken into account, as street-car fares are a regular item of expense, and must be made allowance for.

Women are paid, in proportion to the work they are able to do and the departments they are employed in, salaries varying from *three* to *ten* dollars a week. Five or six dollars, however, is the usual sum paid, seven to girls in the silk, velvet, and other expensive departments, and from seven to ten to forewomen, head dressmakers, &c. Ten dollars a week is £2 1s. 8d. English money, and that seems at first sight a very large sum for a woman to earn; but there is to be taken into account the cost of living, board, &c., dress, which is very dear—and going out in all weathers is ruinous to clothing—street-car fare, and washing; the last an alarming item. I met one girl who was receiving 8 dols. a week, and she told me she could not save a cent. She paid 5 dols. a week for her board, one dollar and a half for washing and car-fare, and the remainder hardly kept her in gloves and shoes; and when one considers the cost of those very necessary articles, it's not so surprising. Gloves of the commonest quality cannot be bought under a dollar a pair, nor the best under four, or even five.

Another girl I questioned, who worked as a dressmaker in a large establishment. She received 6 dols. a week, and paid 4 dols. for board, having breakfast at 6.30 a.m., taking some slight luncheon with her, and returning (by special personal favour) in time for dinner at 7 o'clock.

An American boarding-house is not a particularly pleasant place to live in at best, but a fourth or fifth-rate establishment, such as business girls can afford to reside in, is cheerless in the extreme. The girls sleep two, three, or four in a room, according to the size, and generally two together, and as they are continually coming and going, one cannot be sure of a companion for any length of time. In fact, there can be no comfort, as we understand the word, no privacy, no home life at all, only a sort of scramble through existence from day to day—a scramble for breakfast, a scramble to get to business and a scramble through it, a struggle for sitting or standing room in a car home; and if there is to be any amusement, such as a theatre or concert, it's the worst scramble of all.

Employers of labour in America do not seem to hold themselves responsible in any way for their assistants out of business hours, and the latter would most probably resent any interference, and tell "the boss" to mind his own affairs. Indeed, it seems as if both employers and employed work pretty well all the time. Sunday, their only idle day, they spend pretty much alike, as far as their respective means will permit; in winter they generally go to church, in summer they go to the park.

All working people seem to be entirely at the mercy of their employers. *Instant* dismissal frequently follows some trifling offence, or without any offence at all. It is no way unusual for an employer to say, when paying a girl on Saturday night, "We shall not require your services on Monday." Girls are sent away every day without any further explanation or apology. Even in wholesale establishments the rule seems the same; men are dismissed at a moment's notice, and often without any particular reason. Employers are in a position to do this, because the market is overcrowded with applicants for situations.

After much patient inquiry and many personal interviews, I have come to the conclusion that business women in America are no better off on the whole than women who work elsewhere; they have higher wages, I admit, but longer hours, harder work, heavier expenses, and less comfort. Certainly they have more liberty and more independence, and are treated with more familiarity by their employers, but I do not see that there is any very great advantage in that. During business hours they have little comfort. Dress, millinery, and mantle-making rooms are generally small and overcrowded, and so dark that the gas is usually burned all day during the winter. Lavatories, &c., are insufficient, and the accommodation for dining very inadequate. The system of heating can hardly fail to be injurious to health, and stepping into the keen, cold air from the almost tropical atmosphere of the store produces chills, sore throat, diphtheria, bronchitis, all of which complaints are very prevalent during the winter, as well as numerous forms of lung disease, while headache is a constant companion; this latter being produced without doubt by the over-heating of the houses. The girls, as a rule, are good-looking, though apparently not strong; and while they may, as a matter of fact, dress better, they do not look nearly so well and suitably dressed as our English girls filling similar positions.

I observed that very many of the young women wore wedding-rings, and on inquiry I was informed that they went to business after they were married just the same as before. Men and women marry young, live together at a boarding-house, and go to work every day just as usual, leaving their children to be "raised" by coloured women, or putting them out to nurse. They seem to have little or no idea of comfort or home life, and a young married woman considers it no hardship to live in a boarding-house and go to work every day. Home duties, responsibilities, interests are little thought of, and housekeeping is the ordinary business girl's aversion. A casual observer would be more favourably struck by the appearance of the business girls of New York. They seem brighter and neater, but their conditions are practically the same; they are paid somewhat less than in Philadelphia, but then the cost of living and dressing in New York is somewhat cheaper. They live in much the same way, in boarding-houses. The shops close a little earlier, so the girls have a little more liberty, and infinitely more temptations to abuse it. One thing in New York struck me forcibly, and that was the great number of mere children employed in some of the stores as "cash" clerks: little girls from eight or nine to eleven years old running from the counters to the cashier's office with change. It seems hard to keep such very young children confined all day, and their education must be sadly neglected. In Philadelphia there has been a decided improvement made on that plan. In one of the monster houses I observed an arrangement of pneumatic tubes crossing and recrossing each other in a perfect network overhead, by which each assistant was enabled to hand in money and get back change without leaving her place or calling, or rather screaming, for a "cash." The fitting up of these tubes is expensive, but they answer admirably, and are a great saving of time to the customer, who has frequently to wait ten or fifteen minutes for change, and to the assistant, who in some cases has to go herself to the cashier's desk.

On the whole, I think the condition of business girls in America is no better than at home, nor are their ultimate prospects brighter. *Good* servants can command good prices—as, indeed, they can anywhere; but the business markets in the east are overcrowded—

the "wants" many, the "wanted" comparatively few. There is poverty, misery, destitution in New York and Philadelphia, as in other large cities. Fortunes are made, and lost, and spent as elsewhere, but there does not seem to be any particularly safe and easy road to wealth. I was told by a business man in New York that the time is gone by when ten cents were enough to start with, ten million to retire on; that now a man wants capital, energy, talent, unfailing attention to his business, and even then he does not always succeed in making his way.

But to any one thinking of emigrating I would repeat the advice given me by a good authority, "Go west." If you are able and willing to work and to "rough it," there are names and fortunes to be made in the Western States.

CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE RANCH—THE ANIMALS.

It would be difficult for anyone who has never had the work to do, to realise how puzzling it is to take an up-and-down hilly piece of land, all covered with shrub and brush, and plan it out so that all shall be placed conveniently, and also look at its best.

In our great hurry, we had certainly chosen the wrong place for our barn, and, moreover, it was much too small. We saw now perfectly well which was the right place. So as soon as the last piece of furniture had been lifted into the house, the carpenters set to work to take the barn to pieces, and carry it down the hill to the new site upon which we had settled.

It is a wonderful and rather a fearful thing to see how they can move large and small buildings about in this land of ingenuity. One feels quite embarrassed the first time one meets a house walking down the middle of a street. No doubt it is a great convenience to be able to keep your own house, and yet change your neighbourhood!

An acquaintance of ours, having some money to invest, put up a neat row of small detached houses on a piece of land which he had bought during a boom in those parts. The boom, alas! departed, leaving, as usual, disaster and emptiness behind, and these poor little houses stood all by themselves, never a single tenant or purchaser offering for them. Finally, however, someone of enterprise was found, who chose one for himself, and having a "lot" in an attractive part of San Miguel, had his new cottage driven over and rearranged in its new setting.

This answered so well, that it seemed to break the spell of ill-luck for the others also, and soon we were much amused to meet another and yet another of Jim Baxter's houses driving with stately slowness up and down the different streets of San Miguel, till the desolate little row, planted quite four miles away in an empty waste, had all been absorbed into friendly comfortable corners of the town.

Our present barn has very little resemblance to the original one, which was, however, all absorbed into it. With all the additions which have grown as they were felt to be needed, it is now about four times the size of the little wooden box we lived in during those four hot, dusty months.

There is a large, cool, lemon-curing room in the centre, over which is the hay-loft, holding twenty-five tons. At one side is a convenient workshop, with joiner's bench, and all necessary arrangements for the many different kinds of jobs one has to do for oneself here, such as harness mending, soldering, etc. A nice little room for the ranchman is built over this. At the other side is a waggon-shed, and good-sized buggy-house, large enough to hold four vehicles. There are stalls for six horses and the cow, with one loose box, and a shed extending over one part of the corral, to give shade from the fierce sun. This, with hen-houses, etc., is quite a little settlement.

We have a comfortable bench down there, where I often sit in the evening, during "chore" time, while the animals are being made comfortable for the night; the cow milked, with the barn cat in close attendance, waiting for her accustomed share; the horses each in turn brought to the trough for a drink; the hens, too, after much fuss and hysterical chatter, fed and shut up, lest the coyotes, whose mocking yelp sounds often so very near in the night, should "carry off one to his den, oh!"

We soon realised in our ranch life how very much the animals added to our pleasure and interest. They are so very happy on a ranch, both dogs and horses, that one catches many a wave of the infection from them. They are so interested in each other and in us, showing such friendliness and affection, and also so much individuality. When the horses are not needed on the ranch, they are put into the corral, where they go through an impromptu circus performance of their own. After a good roll over in a spot carefully selected by much snuffing and pawing, they will stand on their hind legs in front of each other, pawing the air, and looking huge, then chase each other round and round the corral at such a speed, that one wonders they escape hurting themselves against the enclosing fence.

Poee, who is very exclusive, and resents the slightest intrusion on the part of any of the horses, lady or gentleman, has a stall close to the corral. As there is a window in her box, it is one of their mischievous pleasures to go softly up to it and look in, so as to hear Poee's angry shrill squeal, followed by a few hard kicks, when they scamper off, just as pleased as any wicked schoolboy who brings out an angry servant in answer to a runaway ring at the bell.

Jennie, the only other lady among them, though very nervous and high-strung, is much more amiable; in fact, she is quite ready to flirt and coquette with Rex. Like other flirts, she has more than one string to her bow, and though she does not really approve of Ben, she will tempt him to pay her attentions, which she receives with a virtuous and indignant squeal. They are all accustomed to being talked to, and look for occasional mouthfuls of something dainty from friends.

The dogs take a more intimate part still in our lives, and, indeed, we miss them greatly if for any reason they have to be left out of any expedition or undertaking. Whatever the spirit of the moment, they understand, and take the cue. If it is a pleasure drive, off for the day, with baskets of eatables and drinkables, then there is such excitement among them that they can hardly wait till we are ready, but make little false starts by themselves, to rush back, jumping up at the horses' noses again and again, bumping up against each other, and smiling at us. Or, if the business in hand is serious, like any work on the ranch, or hauling firewood from the Silvero Valley, they take part with quite a different air; every line of head and tail shows grave responsibility, and I am sure they are convinced that things could not be carried on without their help.

It is quite pathetic to see old Sport doing his ranch duties. He is a brown setter, and was getting well on in years when given to Larry, and is now showing many signs of real old age; but when the little grey team are being hitched up to the cultivation, or Ben is waiting, staid and obedient, to be harnessed to the plough, Sport will lift himself rather stiffly from his favourite seat, which is on the top of the rain-water cistern, from which high perch he can keep a ready look-out all over the ranch, and after a grave shake he trudges down the hill, and stands waiting quietly till all is ready, and will follow the plough up and down the ranch till his tired old legs can do no more, when he limps up to the house, and rests in a cosy corner with the air of one who has done his duty, and can look any man, or any dog, in the face.

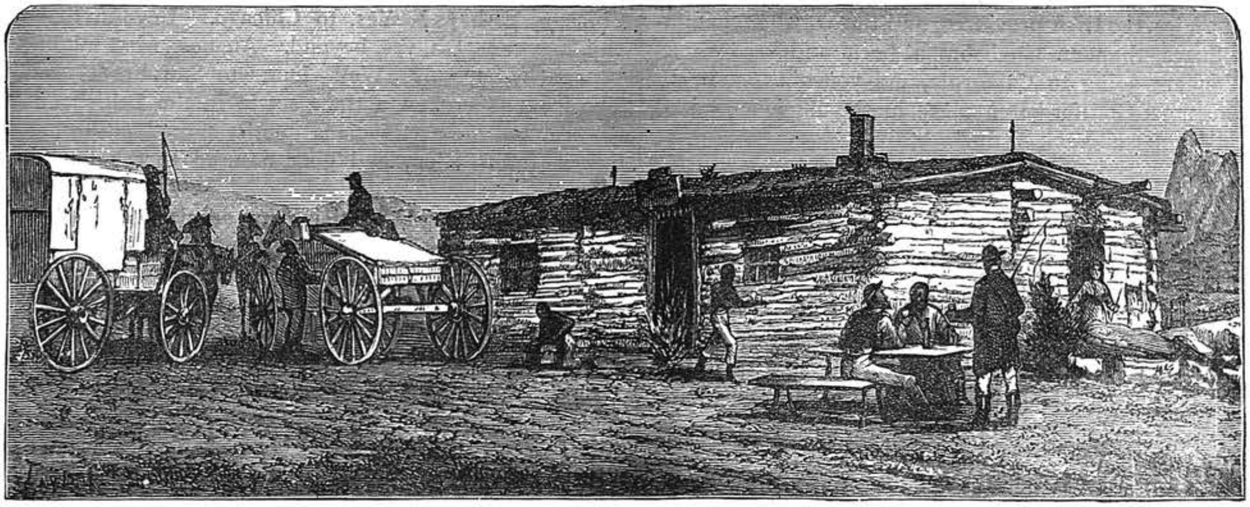
Between him and Bullie there is an undying rivalry, kept in abeyance generally by the truly gentlemanly spirit of both dogs, but breaking out now and again into a savage fight, when everyone flies to the rescue, lest poor old Sport should have his little remnant of pleasant life shaken out of him.

Bullie is a very "low down" dog, mongrel to the tips of his big, clumsy toes; but he is Tip's dearly-loved friend, and, indeed, we all take part in him.

Skibi, the bull terrier, is a perfect darling. She is so bright, and loving, and quick, so anxious to please, so brave, that she would fain fly at all the dogs three times her own size, bristling her whole back, and looking terribly dangerous. It is no wonder that Bullie and Sport look hatred and murder at each other for her sake. Both Skibi and Bullie adore the horses. Bullie will stand perfectly rigid in front of Dick and Rex, waiting anxiously for a little notice. If they lean down and sniff at him, he seems to hold his very breath, and when they lay hold of him, by his thick, loose skin, and lift him off his legs, as they do sometimes (though he weighs sixty pounds), then the very height of his pride and ambition is reached.

The greetings which the dogs give one, either in the mornings, or when one returns after any absence, is so full of true love and friendship, that we would feel quite bereft without our faithful comrades in this lonely life.

(*To be continued.*)

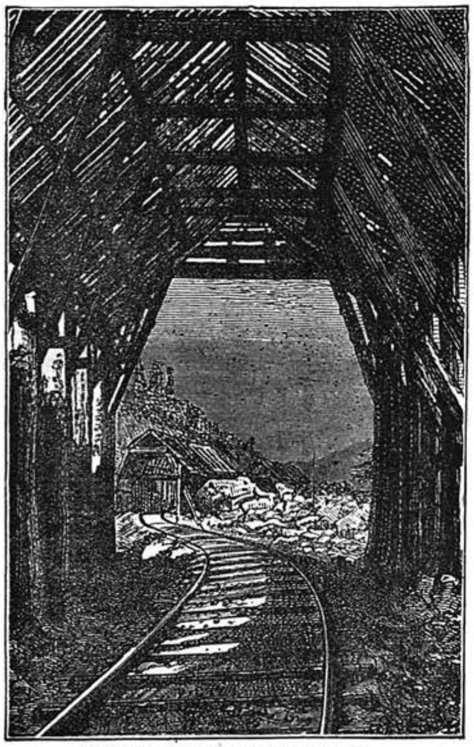


HALTING-PLACE IN THE DESERT OF UTAH.

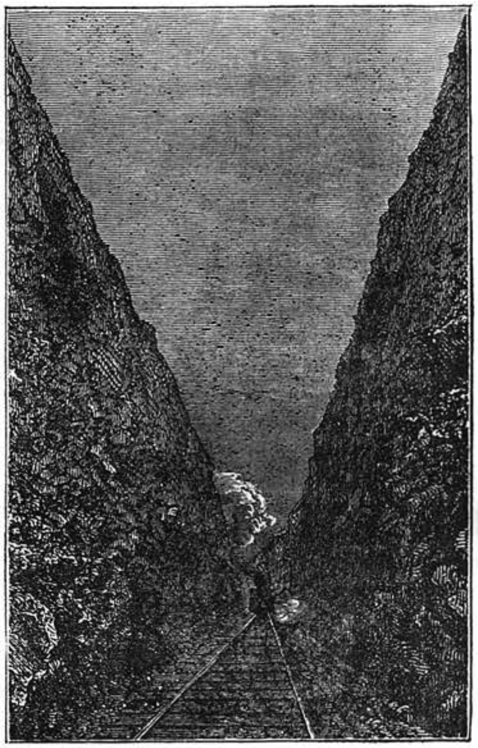
SOMETHING *LIKE* A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

MY little railway trip lasted just a week of seven days, and as the distance travelled was THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN MILES, and the country traversed was the entire width of a great continent, I saw some sights, and received some impressions. So many, in truth, that several of the one have been forgotten, and a number of the other have either partly faded or quite vanished. The remnant nevertheless, I humbly hope, put into black and white, will not be uninteresting to readers at home whose excursions have been of a more limited character.

At New York I found that even native-born Americans were not unanimous regarding California. But even before this discovery, I had ceased to believe that our American friends knew everything, had been everywhere, and could do anything; and had begun to perceive that there was as much *bonâ fide* human nature in Brother Jonathan as in obstinate John Bull. At the advice of one gentleman I purchased a six-shooter, and would, before starting on my journey to the land of the setting sun, have made my will, had there been anything to devise. On the other hand, it was insisted that New York was the true frontier-line and cradle of Rowdyism, and "'Frisco" the best type of American civilisation. A third prophesied starvation, and bade me beware of perishing by the way; a fourth discoursed most learnedly on the use of the bowie-knife, and the treatment of bowie-knife wounds. Another on the previous evening had said: "I am glad you are going to see a little of the States before you return. It is a fault in you English that you don't see enough. You are ignorant of your own country; a travelled American



SNOW-SHED ON THE SIERRAS.



A GLOOMY CANON.

as a rule knows more of the beauties of the English counties, the Irish provinces, and the Welsh mountain-villages, than an Englishman born and bred there. You are going to California, and you will find it, sir, the most God-forgotten place in the universe; and I wish you well back again."

This was how an occupant of a very thinly-made glass-house shied stones around him, and the little incident is mentioned here to show that in these matters, all the world over, you may match your friend's six by your own half-dozen. However, my New York acquaintances, hospitable and genial to the last, gave me a farewell supper on the eve of my departure, overwhelmed me with the most conflicting advice, and, as I afterwards found, although many of them knew Europe well, proved their utter ignorance of the Pacific State as to which they lectured the innocent Britisher. It is quite true that the English Smith, Jones, and Robinson will go to the "Continong" in preference to the charming places which adorn their own country; but it is also true that their American brethren and sisters manifest a kindred neglect of the glorious mountains, valleys, and plains of the Far West, which may be reached with ease, and at less cost than their favourite European tour.

There is no travelling in the world, for comfort, to equal a railway journey in the United States. Thus it fell out that my little railway trip wearied me less than a journey of four or five hours has often done at home. At the beginning you somehow lay yourself out for a long spell, and settle down to a protracted journey. The American carriages are replete with contrivances to lighten, and not, as with us too often, to increase, the inconveniences of travelling. The length of the journey, instead of being a terror in itself, is a distinct element of enjoyment; for you step into the car as if you were taking possession of a temporary residence. The steady pace of two-and-twenty miles an hour, at which most of the journey across the American continent is performed, may, to one accustomed to the "Wild Irishman" of the old country, seem a dismal business; but in America, as in Germany and Russia, it is the moderate speed which enhances the traveller's enjoyment. The best class of carriages, in the train which bears you from the Atlantic sea-board to the Pacific coast, are in truth luxuriously appointed drawing-rooms on wheels, where you may read, write, eat, drink, and sleep, and feel that it is merely home in motion.

The insignificant run of a thousand miles through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, by the southern limits of Lake Michigan, I shall pass over—it is to our westward flight what the journey from Euston to Rugby is to the tourist bound for the Highlands. Yet one might well linger at Chicago, risen from its ashes with a swiftness and dignity marvellous to behold. Its wonders, its vigour, its resurrection had been fully described to me by a fellow-passenger, a genuine American, with whom silence was an absolute impossibility. Did I go far? he inquired, within two minutes of the starting of the train. The Britisher, fancying himself at home, put on the usual stony expression, and replied laconically that he did. To Chicago, perhaps? Yes, to Chicago. Beyond that city, maybe? Oh, yes, beyond. Ah, now, what might I mean by beyond? Well—hum—to San Francisco. The ice thus broken, a thaw set in in the Britisher's reserve, and the pertinacious querist turned out to be full of information, and good-natured to the backbone.

"Yes, sir," he said, noticing my admiration of the fine scenery of the Hudson River and Catskill Mountains, "we are laughed at consumedly for our tall notions of this country, but it is great, and if you are going across to 'Frisco, you'll say so before you see New York again. I know the country, sir; I travelled over the Rocky Mountains before there was a railroad, and you shall show nothing finer in Europe than the Sierra scenery. Do I know Chicago? Well, some, as the youngsters say—some, for I live there. I lost every cent in the world in the fire, and that was three years ago, and now I have doubled what I had before. The city was desolate, sir; not a man of us expected a shadow of luck for half a century. But we did it, sir. We went on building at a house an hour, and in a year, sir, we were forging ahead right and left like a flood."

My fellow-traveller was right. The citizens of Chicago "did it;" there are their magnificent buildings to show for it; there is the "City of Beasts," where 21,000 cattle, 75,000 hogs, 22,000 sheep, 350 horses are accommodated as, Heaven help them, few of our wretched poor are cared for.

"Why, sir," cried my companion, "you talk of your Smithfield Market. Stop till you see our stockyards. In 1869 we sent through Chicago nearly five hundred thousand head of cattle, and more than a million and a half of swine. In those stockyards, sir, we have thirty-five miles of sewers, and ten miles of streets all paved with wood; the pens are fenced in with heavy double plank, and there are seventeen miles of railroad connecting the Town of Beasts with the city of Chicago."

The real journey due west begins at Chicago, and every one I found spoke of this wonderful corn and cattle emporium as the boundary between east and west. The traveller whose purse is long enough can charter a drawing-room car at New York, and occupy it until San Francisco is reached; but there was an entire change of passengers at Chicago, and the newcomers seemed to be of a different type. Between New York and Chicago the gentlemen struck me as absorbed in business calculations, and as anxious to reach their destination for purely speculative and money-making purposes. We were a more miscellaneous company after Chicago, and it were hard indeed to guess the professions or objects of one's fellow-travellers. But they all at once plunged into conversation, and became very sociable within a quarter of an hour.

It is now that you are able to fall into the ways of the road and be at rest; rest such as seldom falls to the lot of mortals; such rest indeed as, were I a doctor, I would unfailingly prescribe for a patient whose overworked brain had led him into difficulties.

Shut off from the remainder of the car is the drawing-room, upon whose table you can write with comfort. Arm-chairs and sofa are placed to command the best view of the passing scenery; books, carpets, and ornaments are there. At night a porter appears to convert your two easy-chairs into a berth; the sofa is in like manner transformed; the table is shut up somehow, and whisked away; shelves which you had not before noticed are brought into action, and two more berths are created; and all the beds are covered with spotless linen and brightly-striped blankets; so you undress and go to bed like good children, leaving orders as to what time you would like to be called. If the weather be warm, your drinking-water is iced; if cold, the cars are heated with hot-air pipes; while double windows bid defiance to frost and snow. Between Chicago and Omaha we have a dining-car attached to our train—a luxuriously appointed apartment, with little tables at which four may sit, finger-napkins, coloured wine-glasses, and a bill of fare at which an *ultra* epicure must fain forbear to complain. Waiters and servants of various kinds are at your call day and night. Under these circumstances, who would dare to consider seven days of ever-varying landscape a hardship?

The Father of Waters, the rolling Mississippi, interposes in our path at Burlington; but in America neither river nor mountain affrights the iron horse. At this point we are sixteen hundred miles from the mouth of the river, which we cross by a long and well-constructed bridge. Omaha is the next stage, so to speak, of our journey; and from that station communication with California is continued by a single line, the Union Pacific—or, as the Americans love to call it, the Trans-Continental Railroad—with continuing lines belonging respectively to the Central Pacific Company from Promontory to Sacramento, and to the Western Pacific Company from there to San Francisco. The broad plate-glass windows of the cars give many pleasant pictures of life and natural beauty in Iowa and Illinois; and it is easy to see that here is a country which drops fatness on every side. The idea of space, illimitable space, never leaves you, for everything is on a Brobdignagian scale, man alone appearing in the normal stature of his race.

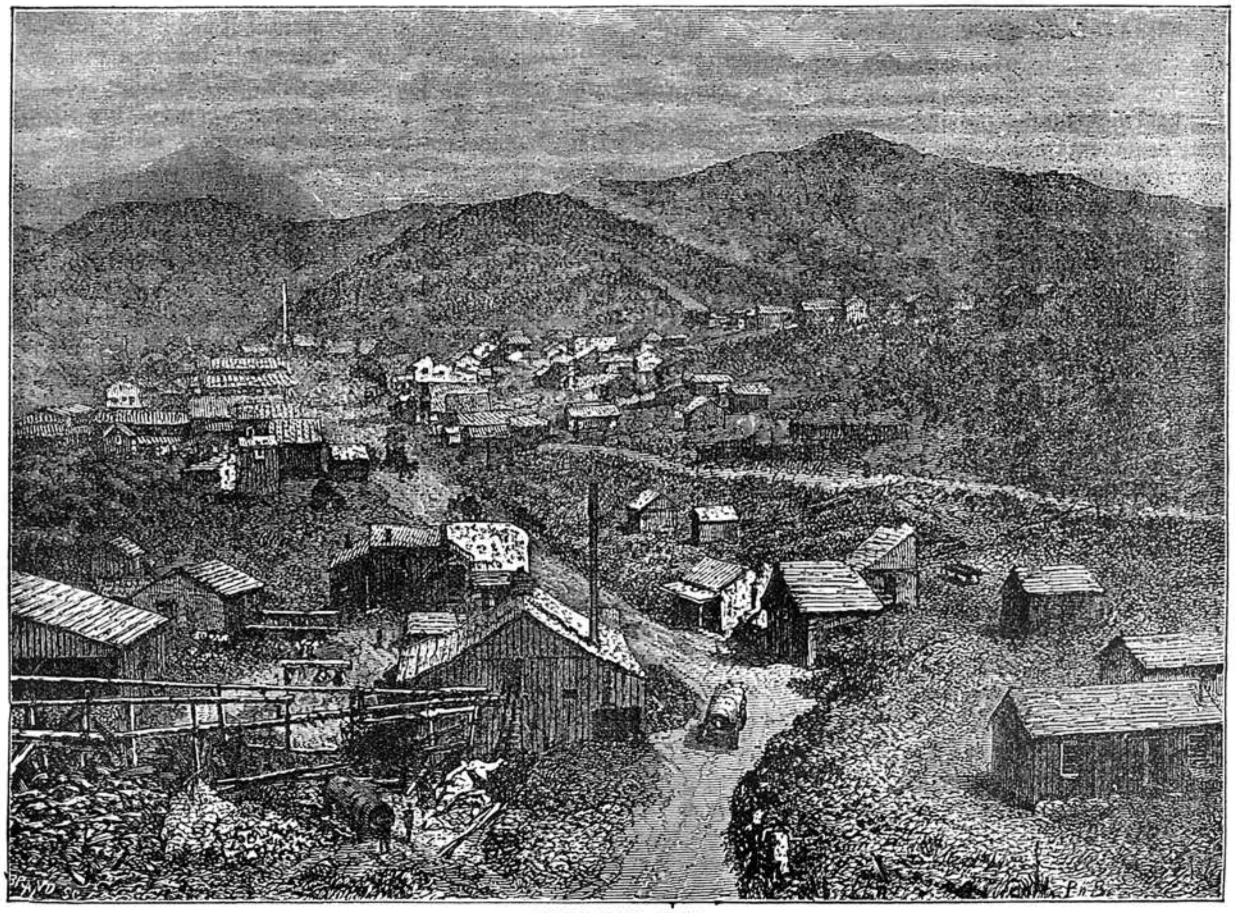
The Missouri is crossed at Omaha by a bridge over a mile long; and the yellow, turbid flood rolls beneath us with something of anger. This, a fellow-traveller assures me, is not always the case; "for," quoth he, "the river is as variable in its mood as a woman."

You may be sure that this treasonable speech is made in a car where there is no lady. From what I saw of lady Americans, the bravest man would fear so to offend his womankind; and from what I saw of the men, their innate courtesy to the other sex would save them from the danger.

Omaha is of course termed a city. A store, a drinking-saloon, and a few sheds and houses often—shall I say generally—constitute a city here, just as a twisted moustache and French cap make a man a general or a colonel. Because, however, to-day your city might almost be covered by a blanket, it must not be supposed that in a few months it will not be worthy of its name. Omaha, for example, is now a thriving town, growing rapidly every day, and full of importance in its sentinel post on the western bank of the river. But Omaha is a bran-new community, which, within the memory of young men, was the camping-place of a handful of squatters. Then it put up its dry-goods store, added the drinking-bar, and all the other incidents of civilisation followed. Before my little railway trip came to an end, I had seen many a "city" just as bran-new and limited which by-and-by will teem with go-ahead inhabitants, and publish its two or three daily newspapers. There is a gentleman still living in Omaha who received the first appointment of post-master; the chief difficulty he had to contend with was the non-existence of a post-office. The letters, however, were not numerous to out-of-the-way Omaha, and the worthy official was wont to clap the mails into the crown of his hat, and keep them there until by chance he met the person whose letter thus reposed upon his honoured head. Omaha is now a kind of postal centre, has a grand post-office, and half a dozen clerks.

"You notice," an Omahaian said to me at the station, waving his hand generally over the plain, "we don't wait for population; we lay down a pretty steep project, and work it straight up. That's how we had a railway from Omaha to 'Frisco. The people follow it like sheep after a bell-wether. When our post-master was appointed, we swarmed hereabouts and settled, because it was necessary he should have a decent post-office. That's how we con-trive, sir."

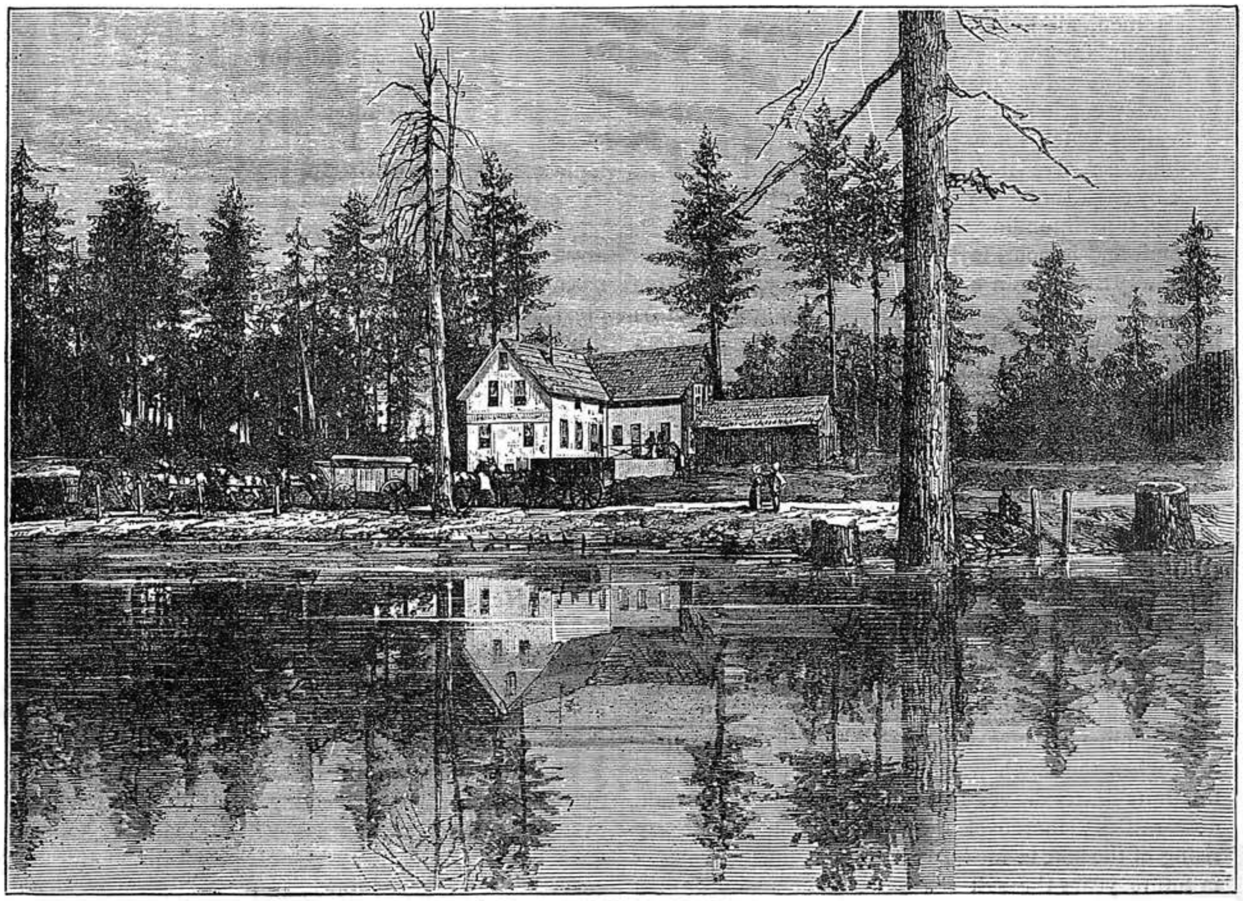
For awhile the road, after leaving Omaha, runs parallel with the river Platte, a tributary of the Missouri, and almost as great a stream. The valley enriched by its waters teems with fertilisation, and the boundless plains stretch away to the very verge of the northern horizon. Now everything is strange and novel. I have referred to Omaha as a sentinel: it is sentinel over the vast prairie country where pioneers are bringing their "willing strong right hand" to bear upon the virgin soil. Mechanical agencies become rarer and scarcer as we proceed westward; habitations are sparse and humble; we begin to think and talk of buffalo and antelope, although as a matter of fact there is but one line (the Kansas and Pacific) from which railway passengers by any chance catch a passing glimpse of the former beast. The plains have not sufficient wood and water to tempt settlers in any numbers, but even on these wastes, once the dread of emigrants travelling in company for the sake of protection, homesteads smile beneath you, and you are forced to remember the wisdom of the Omahaian, and to accept his ruling that in "the States" the locomotive is the forerunner in whose wake cities and peoples will be drawn. And in this great Agricultural State of Nebraska the plains, if wide and bare, are marvellously rich, and there are grass-lands in our track said, and no doubt with truth, to be unsurpassed. A party of sportsmen had travelled from Chicago in our



AN EMBRYO CITY.

train, bent upon the destruction of the antelope and prairie fowl which abound in this splendid valley; and I can answer for one passenger who surveyed them from his easy-chair (tilted back at an angle of forty degres) with feelings of unmitigated envy. Prairie Dog City is one of the sights shown to each other by travellers, and to travellers by the railway officials, between Omaha and the mountains, and we were promised a salute from the merry little quadrupeds as we passed. If, however, they honoured us with a barking chorus, it was in the recesses of their burrows, for not a creature appeared upon the mounds where they are generally to be seen gravely seated on their haunches.

As you approach Cheyenne the Rocky Mountains lift up their crowns, and the land becomes wild with the wildness of rugged barrenness. The smile of the waving valley has given place to a fixed sternness, and it is the stern face of nature, as the stern face of man, which often exercises the greater power. The atmosphere is highly exhilarating; by the time we have ascended to Cheyenne, we are over six thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and the Rocky Mountains invite to a still higher elevation. Like Omaha, Cheyenne is bran-new and thriving. Not far to the south—as in this country we count distance—is Denver, and the outlying riches of Colorado; and Cheyenne is the antechamber to that land of lawlessness and gold. Onwards, still Westward Ho! we pursue our journey. Granitic masses, rude bluffs, sage-brush, alkali plains, and distant peaks, tell a tale of human perseverance and engineering skill. Snow-sheds and snow-fences appear suggestive of the severe winter storms and the snow-plough with which the locomotive cuts its way through the whitened track. There are miles upon miles of snow-fences; and on the plains, and on the mountain-sides, there stand snow-ploughs, eleven feet high, ready for the six or eight locomotives which, in a few months, will be urging them forward through the accumulated snow. The snow-sheds are solidly constructed with plank and stone, as they must needs be, since their presence indicates a point of danger. Upon this section of the line you eat at stations placed at proper distances apart; and the food, though dear —too dear, I fancy, for the poorer passengers, who appeared to carry their own private provision basket—is of excellent quality. Buffalo, elk, grouse, prairie fowl, antelope, turkey, and other "small deer," are offered to you in great variety; and as you are permitted a stay of half an hour, and five minutes' grace if required, the meals may be partaken of in a sensible English style, as distinct from the gobble and sweep which is the invariable Yankee motto. Sometimes a party of us united in telegraphing to some station ahead, and then we found seats reserved, and a bounteous table spread in the wilderness.



A PLEASANT HALTING-PLACE.

Cañons and gorges are now frequent, and the rugged scenery puts on increasing grandeur as the train proceeds onwards and upwards. Sherman stands on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, eight thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and we have now, in round reckoning, completed two-thirds of our trip, and are assured that the last third is infinitely more interesting than anything previously experienced. Such shrubs and trees as have now the hardihood to burst into existence in these high latitudes are dwarfed and shrivelled, but there is game galore in the district, and the brooks and water-courses, galloping down to the plains, abound with trout. Heavy brakes—and the brake principle is applied to perfection upon these lines—are required as the train speeds down the western slope of the mighty mountain range, and in good time a halt is called at Lamarie,* which may be designated the Crewe of the system. The veritable prairies come next, home of countless herds of deer, and haunt, in the depth of winter, of the ponderous elk. Still imposingly rugged is the landscape, and most imposing of all, the Wasatch Mountains, which form the wall of partition between the Rocky Range and Salt Lake City. The Wasatch Cañons are sublime; the mountains overlooking Salt Lake Valley, surpassingly lovely.

At Ogden, the station for Salt Lake City, the running is taken up by the Central Pacific Railway Company, and strong must be the temptation to a European compelled to pass the junction without the opportunity of turning aside to leave his card at Brigham Young Esquire's chief habitation. A tall, thin, silent man, with a small party of emigrants, amongst whom women predominated in the ratio of five to one, left the main line here, and walked away, mysterious as they had been throughout the journey from Chicago, in the direction of the Salt Lake branch. Two grisly men met them on the platform, a deputation of elders perhaps from the City of Saints, only thirty-nine miles distant. A Mormon, an English artisan from Liverpool I am ashamed to say, with whom I contrived to engage in conversation over a cigarette, gave me a somewhat dolorous account of Salt Lake, of the difficulties encountered in hauling timber for building purposes a score of miles from the mountains, of the dependence of everything upon irrigation, and of the several hardships of life in Utah. According to this critic, Brigham, like the ancient leader whom he pretended to imitate, led his people into the wilderness, but did *not* finally lead them into a land flowing with milk and honey.

The Americans speak with special pride of the Central Pacific Railroad, likening it even to the Mont Cenis achievement. Their pride cannot be too great for an enterprise which is worth a prominent page in the history of courageous undertakings. A couple of hardware merchants, a wholesale grocer, and two dry-goods men, all living in Sacramento, conceived the idea of linking the east and the west together. Inexperienced as railway managers or railroad makers, they ultimately carried their scheme through in the face of difficulties which many a time appeared to be insurmountable;—five merchants, opposed and ridiculed alike by engineers and capitalists, raising the necessary money, superintending the works, and in the end, with triumph and honour, laying down eight hundred miles of railway through an uninhabited country, remarkable for its mountains and alkali deserts! The wholesale grocer, chairman of the company when the directors used to hold their board meetings around the stove of a shingle hut, was president of the State when the railway was opened for public use, and was free to the title of "Honourable."

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* Presumably Laramie, Wyoming (ed)

The waters of Salt Lake come within our ken, distance lending enchantment to the view, and shadowy mountain summits dotting the horizon beyond. And soon we enter what with too much grandiloquence has been termed, and is still known as, "The Great American Desert," sixty square miles of alkali plain speckled with the stunted sage-brush. Agriculturists maintain that this apparent waste, dreary to the eye, and useless to mankind, is unmistakably fertile. Geologists prove to a demonstration that the Salt Lake, in those mystic days when the earth was fashioned as it is not now, lifted its bitter waves over the spot where the train now rattles; moreover they dwell upon the steady rising of the lake in modern times, to speculate whether in future years the salt sea will not come by its own again. Who shall put bounds to the products of this land? Coal and iron may be had for the delving; the passing trains coal direct from Mother Earth. It is true that the heroes who built this railway, here 4,200 feet above the sea-level, had to draw drinking-water for the labourers from a distance of forty miles; true that the men were obliged to dig tunnels under ice and snow to work at the permanent way. Yet here in the midst of the alkali country, at Humboldt Wells, the desert already rejoices and blossoms as the rose, thanks to the careful culture and scientific irrigation which have produced the grain, vegetables, and fruit that gladden the present harvest time.

The Humboldt Valley, of which we see a fair sample *en passant*, is a famous grazing land, and amongst the huge, fierce-horned cattle you may pick out the sturdy Hereford and aristocratic Devon, to remind you of home. Where mountains reign valleys are tributary; and this strip of living green runs eighty miles, with an average width of ten miles. Soon we are in the regions where miners toil and sojourn. The long line of small black objects winding down yonder hill-side is not an army of ants on the march; it is a column of mules and mustangs, laden with stuff that represents the needs and fruits of a miner's life. On the plateau there is a settlement upon the skirts of the mining country, a loosely planted township of wood, which may be abandoned to-morrow, or perchance suddenly become a firmly planted city. There is a station in Humboldt Cañon, a gorge gloomy in its picturesque boldness, and impassable in former times, when the caravans had to make a toilsome *détour* into the valley to Gravelyford, the scene of encampments, perilous fordings, and skirmishes with rascally Shoshones. Since leaving Omaha an occasional Indian, a dismal red-skin, half-heathen, half-Christian, has looked stolidly at us as we passed; but the most sentimental of our company would have been puzzled to discover in him any remnants of the noble savage who, in the fascinating stories of boyhood, ruled the wigwam and made glorious the war-path. Further down in the midst of the vapour which enclouds Hot Spring Valley, a spur of little hills athwart the broad hollow divides the districts preyed upon respectively by the Shoshones and Pintes, two prowling tribes who are Past Grands in the science of prowling and robbery. Humboldt Lake offers some curious sights, good fishing, and fair sport amongst the waterfowl which infest the willow-islands and swamps. Between Humboldt and the Sierras, to which we are by this time looking anxiously forward, as the Nebo from which we shall descend into the Promised Land, there are many lakes; we shall enjoy the consummated grandeur of the final mountain scenery the more keenly after the lava, sand, broken hillocks, straggling vegetation, and basaltic rocks of the Nevada Desert.

The Sierras are now before us, with leagues of massive snow-sheds protecting the railroad from the avalanches and snow-drifts which the lofty peaks, deep caverns, and terrible precipices hurl into the cuttings the genius of man has made and maintained through the last wild barrier. We hasten through a succession of surprises into the Summit Tunnel, and are not astonished to learn that the conductors of the railway have every year to protect their passengers and rolling stock from five-and-forty miles of severe snow-line. Then come a glimpse of California below us, and the morning of the seventh day heralding in a rush down the Sierra from Summit to Colfax, that shall make the blood tingle and the pulses fly again — a rush from a seven thousand to a two thousand five hundred feet elevation, in two hours and a half. The wind makes weird music as you whirl round curves and cliffs, looking down into awesome chasms and upon dense woodland steeps. At the end of the train there is an open car, where, if you are so favoured, this glorious panorama may be surveyed without let or hindrance.

The operations of the gold-miners steal your attention on the lower ground, and the long flumes through which the water is conducted up and down hill, to serve the hardy miners, will for awhile keep the track close company. It is a new land, after the deserts a welcome Goschen, into which you have now entered. Airy piazzas surround the farm-houses, brilliant flowers spangle the fields and banks; the snow-sheds and Sierras seem the remembrance of a dream in this atmosphere of summer. See the gardens and shrubberies and orchards, out of which rises the splendid dome of the Capitol of Sacramento city, and you shall be pardoned for whispering to your neighbour, that if you were not wedded to the "free fair homes of England," you would be content to dwell in peerless California.

It was at Placerville that the gold-fever rash broke out in this part of the world, and at Placerville a Californian passenger taken up at Sacramento ventures—singular to mention—to speak in terms of slight of the local gold-mining. He declares it a played-out game. The future of the State he believes lies in its magnificent agricultural resources, and in the abundance of the more prosaic minerals. To support his theory he gives me certain statements which I subsequently have the opportunity of verifying, and I will summarise them as the lessons I laid to heart at the close of my pleasant little railway trip; premising, by the way, that the six-shooter was never taken from its mahogany case, that the civilisation of San Francisco struck me as far superior to that of New York, and that while not forgetting the old adage, "It is not all gold that glitters," nothing will root out of my mind the conviction that California is the richest and most beautiful of the United States of America.

And now for brief evidence to character as to this paragon State. In South California, flowers bloom and the grass is green throughout the winter; invalids and children pass the greater part of the day out of doors in December, January, and February; corn planted in March and May is often harvested in December, the land producing two crops—first wheat and barley, secondly oats in the same field. The harvest season being rainless, grain is threshed and bagged in the fields, and left there till sold. Chilian clover—capital feeding-stuff—has been known to produce fifteen tons an acre, yielding six to eight cuttings a year; cotton, silk, hops, beet, castor-bean, wool, almonds, olives, oranges, lemons, citrons, and English walnuts are fruitful sources of income to the husbandman. A farmer was met by a gentleman (whose name I could give) carrying to market, on a bright January day, oranges, pumpkins, a lamb, corn, green peas in their pods, sugar-cane, lemons, and *strawberries*. Heliotropes climb twenty feet high over the piazzas, and the winter flowers include jasmine, tuberoses, and fragrant stock. Peach-trees bear a peck to the tree in the second year from the pit, apple-trees give a full crop in five years, vines yield well in the second season, and the kitchen-garden is productive all the year round. Willow or cotton-wood planted for fences supplies a man with fire-wood in two years, and gives him besides poles to support his overladen fruit-trees.

This and more of a similar kind might be told of this land of overflowing plenty. The one difficulty is water in the dry season, and those windmills we saw when San Francisco first opened out to our gratified eyes are largely employed in the necessary irrigation. M. A.

MARMALADES.

It may come as a surprise to many of my readers to find that the word "marmalade" is applied to any other article than the one made of oranges; and also, that its origin indicates that it belonged to quite another fruit, namely, the quince. For the word is derived from the Portuguese *marmélo*, a quince, which comes again from two or more Greek words joined together. The quince is itself a native of the South of Europe, and there its juice, and a syrup prepared from it, are much esteemed as remedies amongst the people. A mucilage prepared from the seeds is used in America and probably elsewhere, to assist in keeping the hair in curl.

Marmalades, fruit pastes and jams differ little from each other in reality, the first name being applied to those confections which are made of the firmer fruits, such as apples, oranges, pineapples, quinces, and pears; while jams are made of the more juicy berries—strawberries, raspberries, or currants; and fruit pastes are a kind of marmalade, and consist of the pulp of fruits boiled to a proper consistency, and then mixed with sugar, and made very thick. It is then spread out on sheets of tin and dried in the oven, afterwards it is cut into strips and formed into any shape that may be desired—knots, rings and twists for desserts.

Of these fruit-pastes, the one we know best at present is what is called "damson cheese," but they are now rarely made in private houses, as their manufacture is difficult, and requires much care; and when the mistress of the house retired from the still-room, these, and the delicious home-made syrups and wines ceased to be made.

The Seville, or bitter oranges, make their appearance in the London market about the beginning of February, and from that time to the middle of April is the proper season to manufacture the marmalade. But in all cases it is better to make it as early as possible, before the oranges begin to shrivel, for the amount of juice soon lessens in them. Most of the recipes used for the Seville orange will be equally good for the common kinds; but, of course, the marmalade will lack the bitter flavour, which makes the real thing so delicious a breakfast conserve. The home-made marmalade is always the best, even if you buy that of the best makers; and as it is so cheap to make it, and the personal trouble is all that is requisite, it seems a pity not to attempt it. But let it be a "law of the Medes and Persians" to do the thing yourself, and to choose a time when you can give your full attention to it. So shall your marmalade be good, and there will be neither waste nor disappointment.

In the early recipe books, those given for making it are of immense length, and of apparently insurmountable difficulty. In one old book it takes nearly a week to complete, and the description runs into a page and a half of respectably-sized print. In general, the method recommended is, to scoop out the inside part, the pulp, squeeze it to get out the juice, and then boil with the sugar, sometimes clarifying the syrup with the white of egg. The rinds are soaked and boiled in water, the white part cut out, and then cut up into very small slices. The amount of sugar is the same as we use to-day, a pound to a pound of fruit.

One of these old recipes I shall give intact. It is taken from that celebrated cookery-book called *Meg Dods*, written by Mrs. Johnstone, a Scotswoman. Meg Dods, I daresay you may remember, is one of the best comic characters in low life, which appears in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, in the tale called *St. Ronan's Well*. She was the landlady of the Clachan Inn, in St. Ronan's Old Town; and there she reigned despotically, and was such a famous cook, that Mrs. Johnstone took her name for the title of her book.

"Scotch orange-chip marmalade," according to *Meg Dods*, runs thus:—"Take equal weight of fine loaf-sugar and Seville oranges; wipe and grate the oranges, but not too much. (This outer grate boiled up with sugar, will make an excellent conserve for rice, custard or batter puddings.) Cut the oranges the cross way, and squeeze out the juice through a small sieve. Scrape out the pulp from the inside of the skin (peel), and pick out the seeds, and boil the skins till perfectly tender, changing the water to take off part of the bitter. When cool, scrape the coarse white skin from the inside of the skins, and trussing three or four skins together for dispatch, cut them into narrow chips. Clarify the sugar, and add the chips, pulp, and juice to it. Add, when you have boiled for ten minutes, the juice, and grate of two lemons, to every dozen of oranges. Skin, and boil for twenty minutes; pot, and cover when cold."

The sugar is clarified by stirring into it the white of an egg beaten up in a wineglass of cold water.

Here the grating of the fruit strikes one as the odd part; and we should think it spoilt the fine orange-yellow of the marmalade when finished. You will notice too, I daresay, that there is no mention made of the proper quantity of water to be used to make it; only that the syrup is to be made and clarified first.

The average cost of marmalade made at home is said to be from fourpence-halfpenny to fivepence a pound pot, the number of oranges used being one dozen, with either two or four lemons, a dozen pots of marmalade being the result. A small machine for cutting-up the orange-peel is now in the market, but, of course, it is only required where a large quantity is being made. In many houses where they make marmalade every year, pieces of planed board are used, like very small paste-boards, for cutting the oranges upon. Wherever the carpenters have been at work these small pieces, about half-a-yard square or probably less could be obtained.

I propose to give two excellent recipes for marmalade. The first is from a well-known cookery-book, and is as follows—

"Take any number of Seville oranges of a medium size with dark smooth skins, and one lemon to each dozen of oranges. Weigh them, and then with a very sharp knife cut them into as thin slices as possible, removing the pips but nothing else. Put both juice and fruit into a large jar, and pour on two pints and a half of water to every pound of fruit. Let it stand all night. Next day turn it into a preserving pan and boil till the rind be perfectly tender. In home-made marmalade the rind is frequently quite hard from lack of proper boiling. To prevent this the rind must be boiled before the sugar is added to it. It will take about two hours from the time it simmers equally all over. Then remove from the fire and let it become cold, weigh it again, and to every pound add a pound and a half of loaf sugar. Boil again till the syrup will jelly, which will be in about twenty minutes." The author of this is Phyllis Brown, who has been for many years a writer in the "G. O. P," and I have found it a very good recipe.

In America, however, last year, as well as in Canada, I found very delicious home-made marmalade, each young lady vying with the other in her manufacture of it; and I begged for the recipe of it, and I think it is really the very best I have ever tasted. In some ways it resembles the one I have just given.

To three dozen Seville oranges add six lemons. Slice them all up before boiling, taking out the pips and saving them carefully. Cover the sliced fruit with eleven quarts of water (if possible soft), and let them stand for thirty-six hours. Put the pips into about a quart of the same water and let them stand for the same time, and then strain the jelly from them and put the fruit and jelly on together to boil for two hours. Then add twenty pounds of loaf sugar and boil for two hours longer, stirring and watching it all the time for fear of burning, which it very easily does.

One lady gave me as her special quantity to make by this same recipe—One dozen Seville, one dozen sweet oranges, four lemons, seven and a half quarts of water, and fourteen pounds of sugar.

The next marmalade I shall mention is that made from quinces, which, if history may be believed, is the real "Simon Pure." The quinces must be quite ripe. Boil them in a small quantity of water till they be tender, then peel and quarter them, cutting out the cores and all the hard parts. Put these and the parings into a pan with as many quarts of water (using also that in which the quinces were boiled) as there are pounds of pared and quartered quinces, and let them boil in this till reduced by one-half. When thoroughly done, strain the liquor through a jelly-bag. Now cut the quartered quinces very small and put into a preserving pan, and strew over them a pound of sugar to each pound of quinces. Then pour over them the strained liquor, and boil them up into a rich marmalade, mashing the pieces of quince smaller as they boil. Use a wooden spoon for this purpose. When they are all quite reduced to a soft and thoroughly tender pulp, put the marmalade into pots.

Apple and pear marmalade are both made in a similar manner. Peel and quarter some of the best baking apples or pears, and boil them till quite tender and easily mashed, with a quarter of a pint of water and three-quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit to make a syrup. Clarify it with white of egg, and add for each pound a quarter of a pint of the liquor in which the fruit has been boiled, the quantity of which must be regulated accordingly when you pour it on the fruit in the first place. Boil this syrup till it adhere to the spoon, then put in the pears, and in from seven to ten minutes after it boils the whole will be reduced to a proper consistence. Then put it into pots. I have generally boiled the fruit in a quantity of water and used this water after measuring for the syrup, adding water if required afterwards.

I am sure those of my readers who have visited Switzerland or the mountainous parts of France will remember the conserves of barberries that one is sometimes lucky enough to get there. And as this conserve is a marmalade in reality I will give the recipe for making it, as I dare say it may be found useful by some of my readers. Wash and stone any amount of barberries, then boil them in a clean porcelain saucepan, with a quarter of a pint of water to each pound till they be reduced to a mash. Continue to boil this mash till it will almost stick to the pan, taking great care that it does not burn. In the meantime, prepare a syrup with a pint of water and a pound and a half of sugar to each pound of barberries. Clarify it with white of egg, and boil it till the syrup be reduced to almost one-half. Now put in the barberry paste, stir in well with the syrup so that they be thoroughly incorporated, but do not let them boil, though they must nearly approach the boiling-point. Take them off the fire and put the marmalade into pots. Though I prescribe the clarifying of the syrup on each occasion, I must observe that it is not needful where the marmalade is only for family use. It renders the whole beautifully clear, but is not actually necessary.

Carrot marmalade was, we believe, the invention of a famous London doctor, and was intended to be used as a breakfast confection by persons of a scorbutic habit. In fact, at Vichy, the only vegetable which the doctors allow to the patients at table is the carrot; and it appears at the *déjeuner* as well as the *table d'hôte*. The idea seems to be, that the carrot is more rich in potash salts or "pectin," and will be useful in the cure.

Carrot marmalade should be made in the months of September and October, if possible, or at any rate, while they are not shrivelled. They should be washed and cleaned well, and brushed with a hard vegetable brush, the tops and tails cut off, and finally dried. Cut into pieces two inches in length, and throw away all parts that have changed colour, or are decayed. Put the pieces into a pan with as much water only as will prevent their burning. Cover them closely, and let them stew over a moderate fire till quite tender, and fit to mash thoroughly and well; and then pass them through a hair sieve. Then prepare and clarify a syrup, using for every pound of pulp a pound of sifted sugar and half a pint of water. Boil this up till it adhere to the spoon, then put in the pulp, boil it up till it become a marmalade, and put it into pots. It will keep a long time.

Pumpkin marmalade is an American confection; so are peach, wild plum, and cherry marmalades. The last three all follow the lines of any ordinary recipe such as carrot, or apple marmalade. Pumpkin marmalade is, however, rather more recondite, and is so like an orange marmalade, and so cheap, that it is within the reach of the poor to procure. Cut the pumpkin first into slices, then peel those slices, and divide them into little bits. Stew these in a well-covered pan, with sufficient water to prevent the pan from burning. Let it simmer till soft enough to be rubbed through a sieve. Add to every pound of pulp a quarter of a pound of the pulp and juice of either the Seville, or the common orange. Then prepare a syrup with a pound of sugar to a pint of water for each pound of mixed pulp, and boil up till it adhere to the spoon. Then add the pulp, and boil the whole for a quarter of an hour or less, if it have reached the proper thickness during that time.

In parts of France a kind of coarse marmalade is made from the common black grape, boiled up with a cheap brown sugar. It passes under the name, I believe, of *raisinet*, and is rarely seen by strangers on the table, but it is thought to be most wholesome. A good grape marmalade can be made from any grape, either green or black, with fine loaf sugar. Make a syrup with a pound of sugar and a pint of water to each pound of grapes. Boil up the syrup, very well indeed, and add the grapes to it, having washed and picked them off the stems, and add them to the syrup, and boil the whole to a marmalade. This recipe may, perhaps, be found useful to those who have a difficulty in getting their grapes to ripen well; a small quantity should be tried first, for experience sake, to ensure success in a larger quantity.

Raisin marmalade is much to be recommended, as it is highly nourishing and life-sustaining to invalids. Stone the raisins and pound them to a fine paste in a stone mortar, and add to them their own weight of finely-powdered sugar-candy. Then put this into a pan with a quarter of a pint of lemon juice to every two pounds of the paste, and add two ounces of rose conserve to each pound of the paste; be careful it does not burn, and the moment it has boiled take it off the fire and stir into pots. Sir William Gull's opinion of the sustaining power of raisins was so great that he always had some in his carriage when out on his rounds, and thought with a biscuit and some raisins, and a glass of milk from one of the many dairies he passed, he had lunched well and sustainingly.

In an old cookery book I find a recipe for egg marmalade, which seems more curious than useful, but I will give it for one reason, that is, to show how much people used to do, in fact were obliged to do long ago, in preparing suitable and nice dessert dishes. Beat for two hours the yolks of six dozen eggs, mix with them half a pint of orange-flower water, and an ounce of peach kernels reduced to a fine paste by pounding. Incorporate the whole well together with half an ounce of cinnamon powdered. Then stir-in four pounds of sifted lump sugar, and put it over a slow fire, stirring it one way till it thicken, but be careful that it does not boil. Put into pots, and when quite cold strew a little powdered cinnamon over the top of each pot, and over the cinnamon a little powdered sugar, Then put over it a paper dipped in brandy, tie a bladder over the pots, and over the bladder put white paper. This kind of marmalade must be used within three months after it is made, and was in those old days considered a very great treat. I fear at present we should, most of us, be staggered at the amount of eggs, and what should be done with the whites of them would need serious consideration.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

APPLIQUÉ IN EMBROIDERY.

NEW SUGGESTIONS AND EXPERIMENTS.

I TAKE it that to suggest new methods of work and indicate fresh developments is one of the chief duties of a writer on handiwork: at all events that is what I have endeavoured to do in the articles which have already appeared in the last volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. In concluding this series of papers your Editor commissioned me to contribute, I shall experiment with *appliqué* in embroidery, *i.e.*, work in which the whole or an important portion of the design is produced by sewing on or applying another material to the one to be decorated. In this article we will take up designs suggested by plant and insect forms, and in the next and last one those in which animal form plays the leading part. A visit to the collection of old needlework at South Kensington Museum will show that *appliqué* played an important part in much old embroidery, and those readers who are desirous of carrying their work as far as is possible should visit this, or some other good collection, for many valuable suggestions may be obtained by such a visit. I went to South Kensington Museum more than once during the preparation of these articles, not only to obtain definite material, but also for the sake of the mental stimulus one receives by contact with work of good report, the result of well directed hand-cunning. A visit to a museum is often more useful to the worker for the indirect good, for contact with excellent craftsmanship refines the taste. And perhaps the best use the illustrations I have drawn for these pages will be to my readers is the possibilities hinted at rather than the actual achievement. That is as it should be. You can take any suggestion hinted at by me and develop it for yourself.

One of the simplest forms *appliqué* can take is that suggested by Fig. I, where well-known leaf-forms are cut out of various coloured materials and applied somewhat negligently—"powdered" over the surface as it were. The wealth of variety of leaf-forms would make a curtain treated in this way full of interest, while at the same time it might be exceedingly effective. Suppose we chose a deep rich reddish brown or dark olive or myrtle green as the colour of the curtain, and then cut the leaves out of yellow and red materials, suggestive of autumn tints. Here we have a scheme that would be easy to carry out, and those workers who are not very skilful at drawing, might lay actual leaves down upon the material and cut out the *appliqués* from the leaves themselves. I should recommend the reader, however, to sketch the leaves out in charcoal on paper, as you must not get them too small, for *appliqué* is not effective unless bold and somewhat large in design. There are plenty of leaves—such as English chestnut, vine and sycamore—large enough in themselves (if you select the largest leaves you can see growing) from which to take direct impressions. This can be done by taking a little oil colour out of an artist's tube, say burnt umber, and brushing it thinly over a sheet of glass or oil paper and pressing the leaf down on its under side on to the colour. A sufficient amount will adhere to it to enable you to obtain an impression on paper by rubbing over the leaf under some blotting-paper.

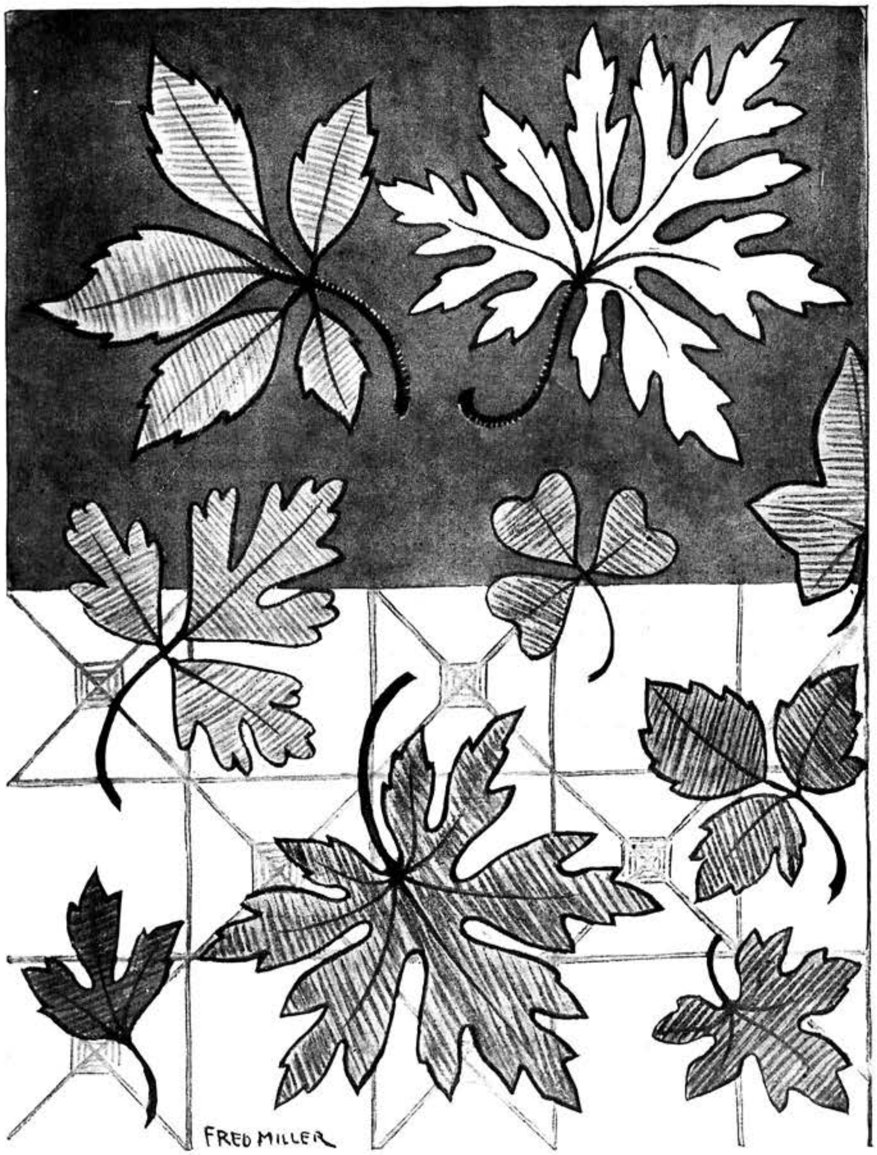

FIG. I.

Various materials could be used for cutting out the leaves, such as silk, satin, art serge and velvet, and if some have a pattern upon them, the effect will be helped, provided the pattern is not too pronounced. Materials of a damask-like nature, like some of those Chinese silks, with the pattern produced by the weaving, would be very suitable. Both silk, flax and crewels can be used in applying the cut-out pieces, and the shades might vary. The stalks and any veining should also be put in with the outlining colour. Some leaves too might be wrought in outline only for the sake of variety, but these variations you must think out for yourself, for the great thing is to think all the time you are working, to do nothing mechanically, and to be on the alert to take advantage of any suggestions that may come to you. If you wish to add to the richness of the effect, you can work the diaper I have indicated on the background. This should be in a lighter and quieter colour than the outlines, so that it may keep its place and not interfere with the *appliqué*.

These leaves would look just as effective applied to a light material, and in that case the leaves would be dark on light as shown in the sketch.

The sprigs shown in the illustrations are founded upon such familiar flowers as the tulip, iris, campanula and dandelion. Of course they are simplified to adapt them to *appliqué*, for the intricacies of nature could not be reproduced in cut-out patterns, which, in this respect somewhat resemble stencils. As I have said before *appliqué* should be bold and simple and not on too small a scale, therefore keep these sprigs above life-size. Some good suggestions for such designs can be obtained from nurserymen's catalogues and gardening papers, though, ot course, I should recommend my readers to make studies themselves from nature. In these sprigs two or more colours can be used. The tulip, for instance, can have the flower cut out of red silk and the leaves out of a green woollen material. In some the flower only might be *appliqué* and the leaves outlined in crewels.

As regards arrangement the sprigs can be powdered over the material at regular intervals, but in the next article I give a sketch of the whole curtain showing one way of arranging them. The syringa and rose, it will be

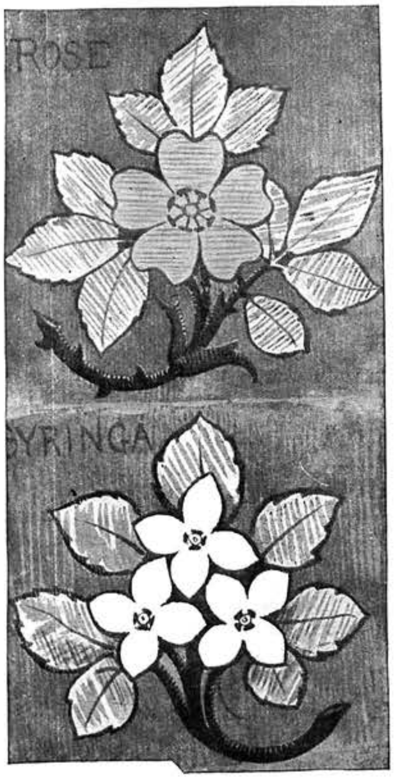

FIG. 2.

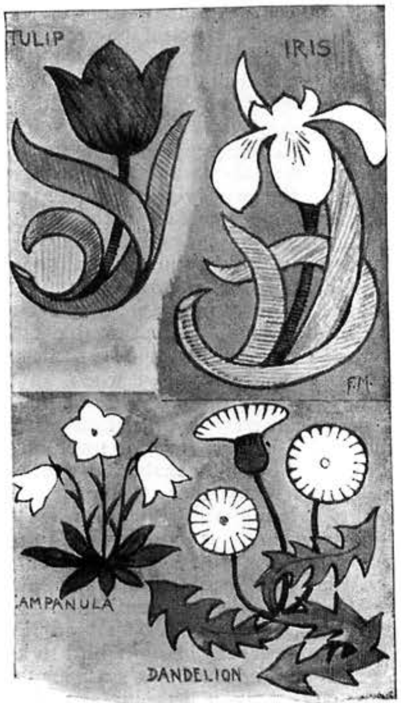

FIG. 3.

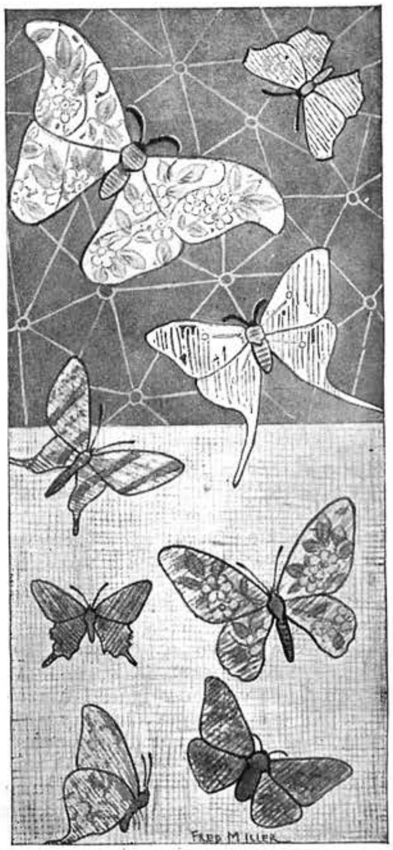

FIG. 4.

noticed, are arranged on a more ornamental plan, and this ornamentalising should be developed as much as possible, for after all embroidery is an ornamental art, and is very different therefore to printing flowers. You are not copying nature but making designs founded on natural forms, which is a very different business.

The last illustration, Fig. 4, shows a diaper of butterflies and moths, and might form a border to the curtain. I have shown some of the variations in form existing in these insects, but I have by no means exhausted the subject. Here again figured materials can be employed with advantage, and the brighter in colour some of these are the better. By the way, some of the large firms sell bundles of oddments at a very cheap rate which would come in admirably for this class of work.

I have endeavoured to show the effect of this butterfly diaper on a dark as well as a light ground, and also how the effect may be added to by introducing a sort of net-work. This, if introduced, should be quiet in colour so as to keep its place, so that at a distance the butterflies are seen before the net-work. The net-work might be developed into a sort of ornamental spider's web, or you could arrange the insects geometrically around a given centre. Portions of figured cretonnes could be used from which to cut some of the insects.

Fred Miller.

USEFUL HINTS.

Areca Nut Tooth Paste.

Four ounces of powdered precipitated chalk, two ounces of powdered orris root, one ounce of powdered areca nut, half an ounce of powdered cinnamon, half an ounce of powdered myrrh, two drams of powdered pumice stone, eight drams of powdered cochineal, three ounces of oil of bergamotte, three ounces of oil of cloves aug., two ounces of oil of lavender, sufficient parts of glycerine to make a paste. Set aside a few days, then pot for use.

Cherry Lip Salve.

Four ounces of oil of sweet almonds, half an ounce of best white wax, half an ounce of best spermaceti, half an ounce of best alkanet root. Keep these melted and in a warm place for six or eight hours, then strain and stir well. When nearly cold add twenty drops of oil of rose geranium, five drops of oil of cloves opt., five drops of oil of santal opt.; stir well.

Glycerine Jelly.

Half an ounce of Nelson's gelatine, five ounces of distilled water, five ounces of triple rose-water; soak all night, heat gently to dissolve, add twenty grains of boric acid, and ten ounces of pure glycerine. Strain while warm, and add three drops or so of otto of roses.

Tonic Hair Wash.

Four ounces of Eau de Cologne, half an ounce of spirits of rosemary, half an ounce of tincture of cantharides, one ounce of wood violet perfume; mix. Apply to the roots of the hair with a sponge.

Eucalyptus Toilet Cream.

Five ounces of white vaseline, one ounce of spermaceti, two ounces of honey (English), melt and stir in four drams of oil of eucalyptus, two drams of oil of rose geranium. Pour into opal pots just before setting.

Quinine Dentifrice.

Four ounces and a half of powdered precipitated chalk, one ounce and a half of powdered orris root, half a dram of sulphate of quinine, one dram of oil of rose geranium. Sift.

Borax Dentifrice.

Four ounces of powdered precipitated chalk, two ounces of powdered borax, one ounce of powdered myrrh, one ounce of powdered orris root, one ounce of powdered cinnamon. Mix and sift.

Cement for China, etc.

One ounce of best isinglass, eighty grains of powdered mastic, two ounces of distilled water, four ounces of glacial acetic acid. Soak the isinglass in the water, and when all has been absorbed add the acid previously mixed with the mastic. Heat gently until a clear solution is formed, and bottle for use.

ANIMAL FORMS IN APPLIQUE,

AND HOW THEY MAY BE ARRANGED.

VARIETY is essential to decoration, and I shall devote this article to giving suggestions as to carrying out animal forms in *appliqué.* Just as the sprigs in the former article were greatly simplified, to fit them for this method of reproduction, which meant leaving out a good deal of detail, so in a bird the general lines, the essential features, can be retained, while the wealth of detail has to be sacrificed. But what we leave out should only enhance the features we retain. Take the flying birds, which can form a frieze to the curtain. These are greatly simplified, as is evident, if you refer to Fig. 1, and yet we tell no untruth by what we omit. All the movement necessary in the act of flight is suggested (or can be), and to do this nature has to be followed very carefully. Some artists are able to suggest all the action of a figure in just a few lines, while others highly elaborate their work; yet the few lines may be more significant and mean more in one man's hands than the most finished drawing by another draughtsman. It is really very difficult to suggest all that is essential in a few lines, for it means that we must put the exact value on every line we do put in if our work is to tell as we desire. There is quite as much in realising what to leave out as in knowing what to put in. I have indicated very little work on the birds, only a few lines on the back of the wings and the eyes, as so much may be accomplished by the outline alone, and our aim should be to make the outline tell the story.

The fish again, Fig. 2, were treated in a similar way, as much of the effect as is possible being obtained by the shape itself, which is as it should be in *appliqué.* In the case of these creatures of the deep we can select fish which in themselves are ornamental like the gurnard and John Dory, but all fish are ornamental and come well in *appliqué,* especially if treated light on a dark rich ground. A good natural history will supply the raw material, and the point to be observed in adapting fish or other forms for *appliqué* is to get the effect as much as possible by the shape and put as little work on the *appliqué* as possible, for as soon as you are tempted to put in detail the danger is that you get rid of the simplicity, which is so effective, and get a busy but confused result. Keep therefore a great restraint over your hand and resist this inclination to crowd your work with detail. These remarks apply with equal force to animals, and in the sketches, Fig. 3, I have endeavoured to obtain the effect with the outline, though occasionally it is necessary to indicate some inner form. In the rabbit and hare, for instance, the thigh and shoulder are outlined and the "smellers" put in. I have also indicated a way of suggesting the furry nature of the coat in front by adding a few lines to the outline, but I am not sure that it would not be more effective to resist this inclination to be naturalesque, and only go for the shape of the creatures.

As regards the colour of material for these *appliqués* it seems to me better to be frankly decorative and cut them out of some cream or whitish material, or if the material itself is very light, out of a slightly darker material, say of a brownish tone, but I would not get too much contrast between the material and the *appliqué* unless the ground is distinctly dark, and then I would have the *appliqués* light or even white.

I have endeavoured to give some idea of the effect of a curtain ornamented with *appliqué* in the sketch, Fig. 4, but it must be remembered that no drawing can give the effect of needlework, and as I want to keep the designs very distinct, I have made little attempt in this direction. I think it would look well to make up the curtain itself of three colours, a pale blue for the top upon which come the birds, a straw colour, greyish white or pale pea green, for the centre portion, and dark indigo blue or blue green for the lower part. Where the joins come it would be well to work some simple ornamental borders in crewels or flax, as also at the edge and bottom and top. To emphasise the decorative character of the *appliqués,* it will be seen that I break some forms over the joins, as the bird's wing at the top and the rat below. This arrangement seems to me to "tie" the various parts of the curtains together, but, in carrying out work, the designs one makes on paper generally require modifying while the work is in progress, so I would not advise my readers to be bound in any way by what I have suggested in the sketches. Treat them rather as raw material than as designs to be accurately copied.

I would keep the animals rather under than over life size. They are sufficiently emphatic as forms and do not need further attention being called to them. The outlines should, I think, be dark, for they are wanted to tell at a distance. In the case of the fish on a dark blue ground, the outlines might be in deep red by way of contrast, and in the case of the birds in ultramarine blue. I have indicated lines suggestive of conventional clouds and water, somewhat after the style of Japanese work. If put in, do not let them be too pronounced in colour, and do not introduce too many. If the outlines to the *appliqués* are in silk or flax, then use crewels for the sake of contrast.

It is hardly necessary to say that any of these designs could easily be adapted to other kinds of needlework, for coarse outline embroidery, for instance, on flannel.

Books of Japanese designs, such as can be purchased at certain art booksellers', would be of great help in making original designs, for these Easterns have carried decorative art in a direction undreamed of by us Westerns and in some respects further.

FRED MILLER.

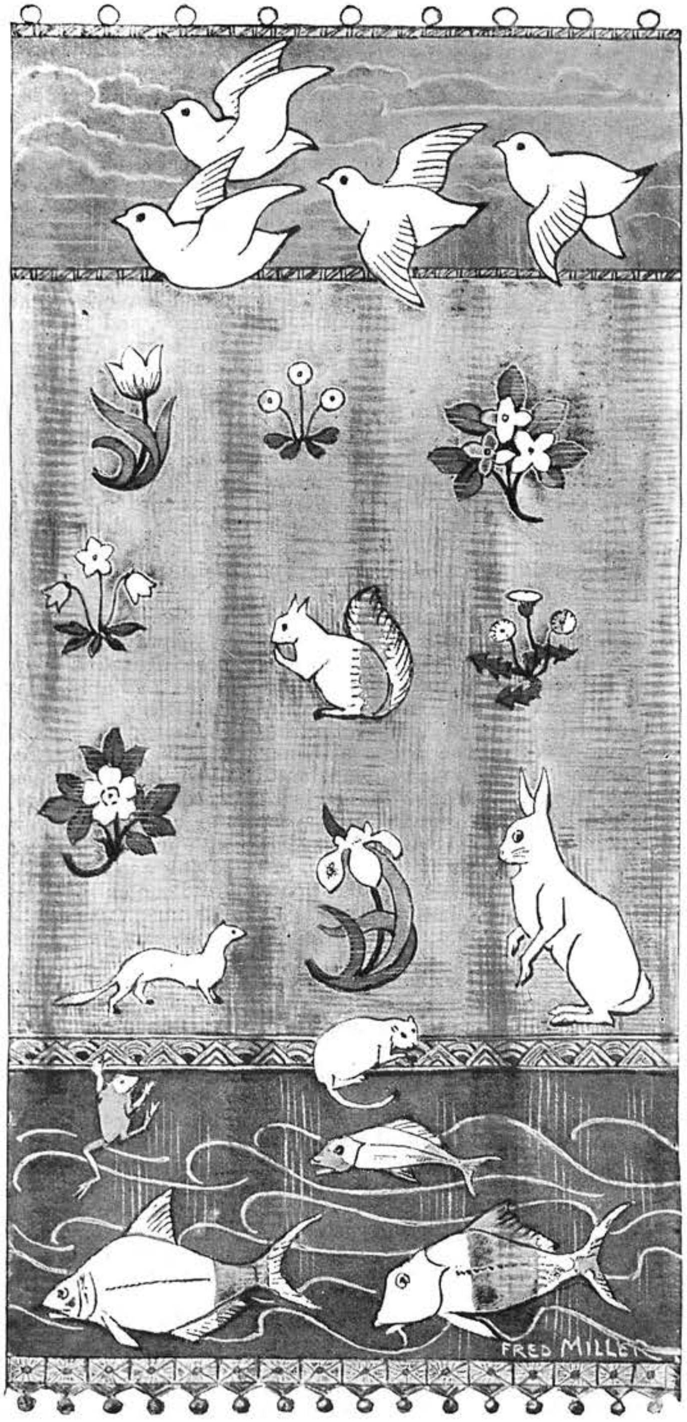

FIG. 4.

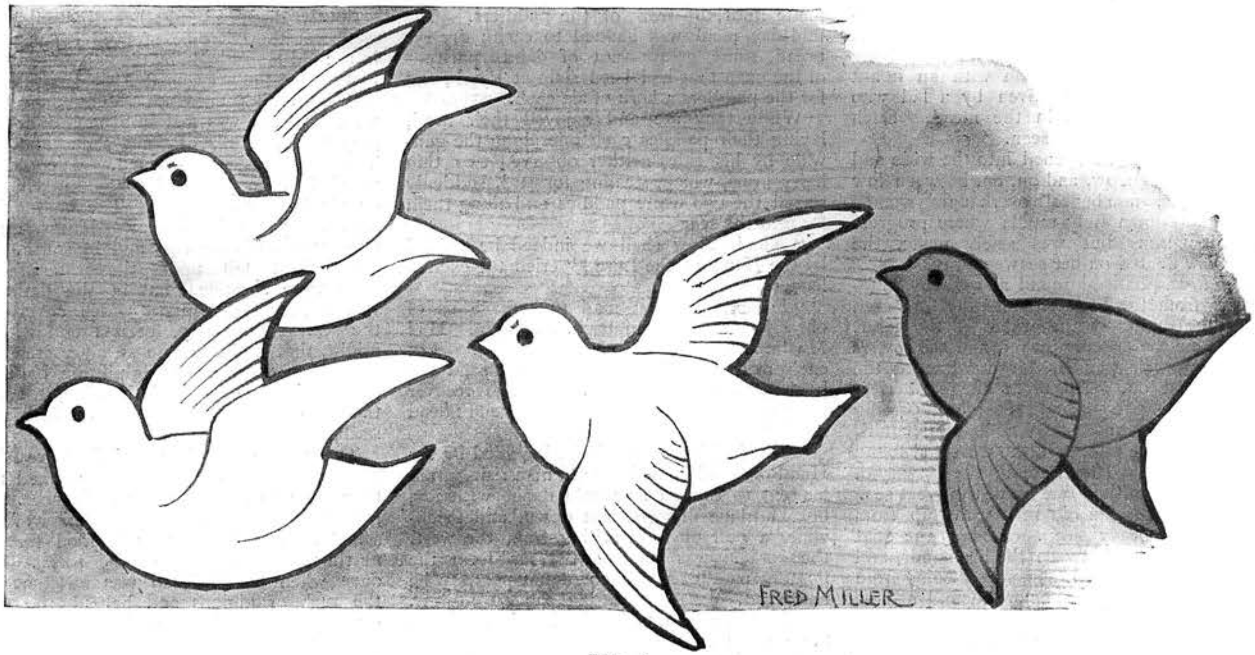
FRED MILLER

FIG. I.

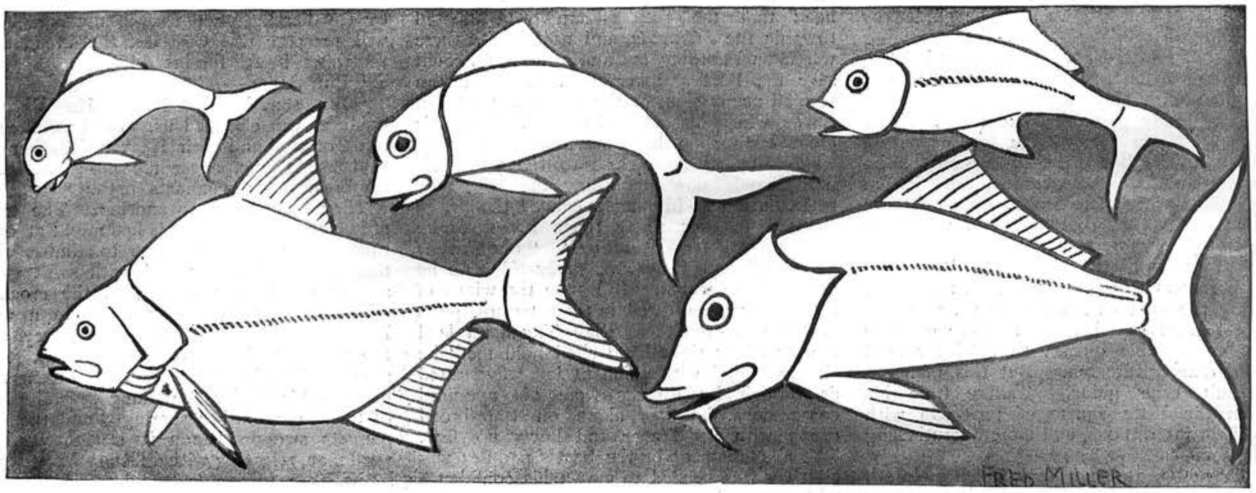
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FIG. 2.

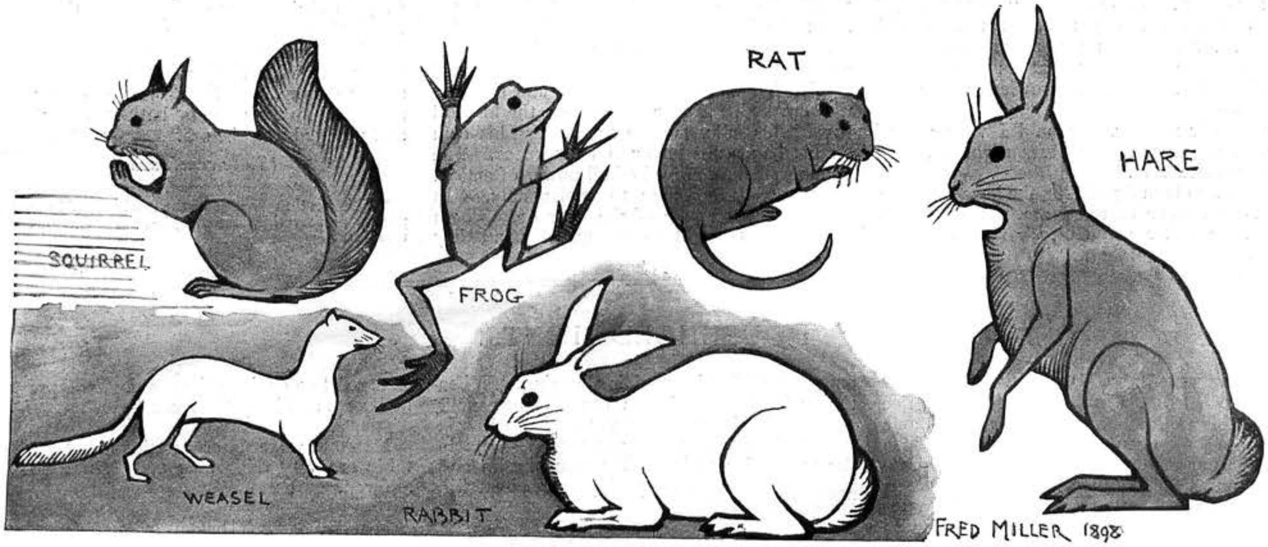
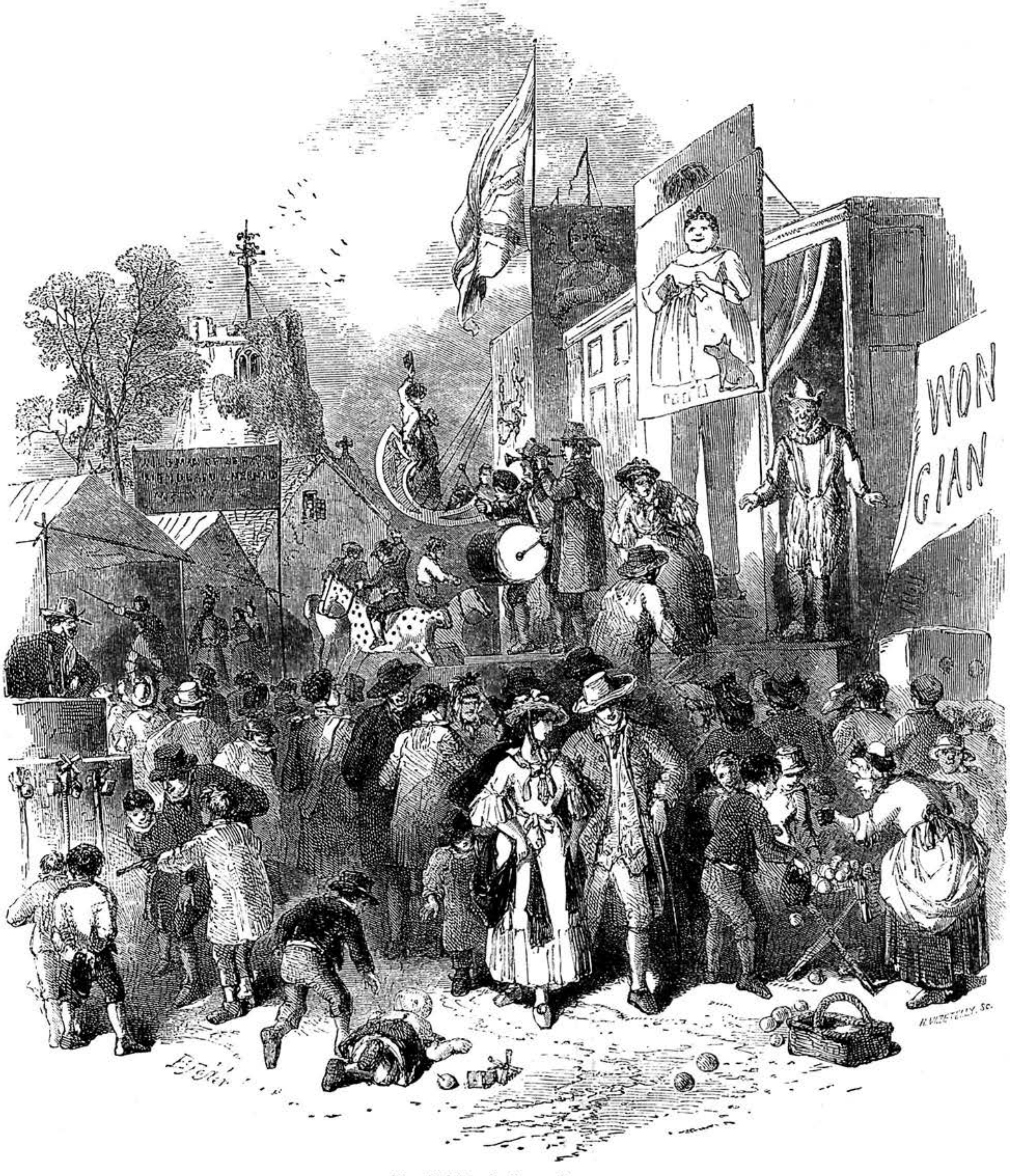

RAT
HARE
SQUIRREL
FROG
WEASEL
RABBIT
FRED MILLER 1898

FIG. 3.

SEPTEMBER.—A COUNTRY FAIR.



They climb the pole, they run the races,
They laugh to see the clown's grimaces;
They leave behind all grief and care,
And come light-hearted to the fair.

There is no place like a country fair, wake, or statute, for getting a true insight into the characters of our English peasantry. There all reserve is laid aside, and Johnny and Molly do really enjoy themselves. A stranger might walk a hundred miles through the country, and never meet with a tithe of the character he will here pick up. Johnny invariably carries a stick in his hand, and, unless when talking, eating, or drinking, you find the knob thrust into his mouth. He wears high ankle-boots, laced very tight, and twines the lace three or four times round the ankle before he fastens it. He has on worsted hose, either blue or grey, and prefers having them ribbed. His breeches are either velveteen, corduroy, or velvet, with pearl buttons on the knees, and a large bunch of drab ribbon, the ends of which he likes to see hang a good way down; if these are new, he generally tucks up his smock-frock to show them. His waistcoat is either plush, or a light kind of fustian, stamped all over with spots, rings, squares, or diamonds; if he can get a pattern with half-a-dozen colours in it, he likes it all the better; for if it is large and staring he knows Betty will consider it very neat. His neckerchief is generally either red or yellow; and he likes the ends to hang out a good way, and to feel the "real India" blowing about his face. He rubs up the down on his hat the wrong way to show how thick it is of "beaver;" or he loves to see everything he wears stick out and be conspicuous.

Molly has generally a pair of pattens in one hand, and a cotton umbrella in the other. It matters not how fair or fine it may be—she bought them a Michaelmas or two before, and she argues that it is no use having such things unless she brings them out. If she has a sweetheart, he generally carries the pattens, and they are the cause of a little attention on both sides, for she sometimes says, "Let me carrien 'em a bit, John, to wresten thy fistes;" and he answers, "Noah, Molly, thankeen thee; I wool howd 'em mysen." Her gown is the gaudiest she can purchase—the pattern either a great unnatural flower, or a trailing sea-weed, bordered with shells. She likes a red shawl, because it can be seen a long way off. As soon as they get into the fair, John either buys a pound of gingerbread or nuts, which he ties up in his handkerchief, leaving, however, one corner open, into which they can insert their hands; they crack and munch away while there is one left. Sometimes she says they're "mixed;" and he says "Hey?" They then saunter round and have a look at the shows and booths: he buys a knife with three or four blades, which is only fit to cut butter. Molly purchases a few yards of red or blue ribbon. Sometimes they are asked to buy a rattle for a baby, a doll, or a cradle; and, oh! how they do laugh! Molly is compelled to dig her elbow into her sweetheart's sides, and to say, "A'done, John, wilt?" They then pay a penny each and have a look into a peep-show; when it is over Johnny wonders however they can get such long streets and big houses into such a little place, and Molly answers that "It's all magic." They next try their fortune in a penny lucky-bag, which they are assured contains "all prizes and no blanks." Johnny gets a cotton stay-lace, and Molly a row of pins. They purchase a song of the ballad singer, which is "all about love and such like:" they then get into a swing-boat, and are tossed up and down until they begin to feel very queer indeed, for they have eaten all the pastry they could fancy, to say nothing of apples, nuts, oranges, pears, plums, and ginger-beer. They then adjourn to the public-house "to rest and settle down a bit:" John meets a few acquaintance and tries to smoke a pipe; this, with a few glasses of ale, sets his tongue a-going. There is generally a recruiting party in the room, and as the ale gets into his noddle he talks about 'listing, at which Molly pulls his sleeve and says, "Duna be a fool, Johnny." He then tries a song; and, to make the tune and the metre harmonise, lays his accents as follows:—

Ass I wass a walkĕning out one ĕ-vĕ-nine
  All down by a river si-dĕ,
And a gazening all around me,
  A I-rish girl I spi-dĕ.
Its red and ro-sĕĕ was her lips,
  And so coal-black was her hair,
And so cost-lĕ was the robes of gowd
  This I-rish girl did wear.

He offers to thrash, plough, reap, or mow, with "any man i' the room for a gowden guinea, and to put the money down." He gets his comrade who is drinking with him to feel his arm, and sometimes bares it to show the strength of his muscles. He tells how he once lifted a sack of corn into the waggon, without ever letting it rest upon him, only touching it with his hands. He would quarrel were it not for Molly getting up and popping her pattens between her lover and his opponent. Johnny gets half-mellow, is ready for anything, and will go out. Molly has picked up a female companion, whose sweetheart is as far gone as her own, and they follow arm-in-arm to see that nothing happens to their rustic lovers. Now John is either ready to climb the pole for a new hat, ride a donkey race, wheel a barrow blindfold, jump in a sack, or, as he says, "any mander of thing." There is soon seen a lot of sacks full of men, with only a head peeping out, and Johnny's about the most stupid of the whole lot, for he makes up the one of half-a-dozen who begin with jumping in the sacks. He gets in with great difficulty, has his arms thrust down, is tied up above the shoulders, and, when the word "Off!" is given, he is about the first that falls. Molly can hardly unloose him for laughing. "Better luck next time," says Johnny; and he enters the chase for the pig with its soaped tail, rubbing his hand well in the sand to make it rough before he starts. The pig is turned loose, and after him they start. Johnny is beginning to get a little sober by this time, and is, moreover, a capital runner. He seizes the pig by the tail, and is pulled headlong into a ditch, while the grunter escapes and "saves his bacon!" Nor do we ever remember seeing a pig fairly caught in this manner, for the law is, that it must only be captured by laying hold of the tail. Molly has now a job to rub the mud off Johnny, which she does by pulling up large handfuls of grass. While she is cleaning him, he stands very still, and looks very sheepish.

The hat still stands high on the top of the slender pole, ornamented with blue ribbons. The pole itself is rubbed with soft-soap and grease from top to bottom. Those who have attempted to climb are as greasy as butchers. In vain do they try to reach it; sand and sawdust are useless; even the miller's attempt was a failure, although he went up with his pockets filled with flour, and rubbed the pole with it every inch he gained. At length a sweep came, with his soot-bag twisted round him. They shook the pole, but still he continued to ascend, and all the shaking was in vain, for whenever you looked up you saw him looking down, showing his white eyes and white teeth. He trusted to his soot, feet, and hands, together with his long experience in difficult chimnies, and seldom failed to bring down the prize. But the wheelbarrow race, blindfolded, was the best of all, for no one could see the mark he was running at. Some called "Left!" some "Right!" and, as each competitor had only the voices of the bystanders to guide him, away he went at full speed, obeying their directions as well as he could. Some foundered in a neighbouring pond, others in an opposite ditch. Johnny was the most fortunate of the lot, for he trusted to the clanking of Molly's patten-rings (a device of her own, before agreed upon), and won the new smock-frock, with all its garniture of sky-blue ribbons, the perquisites of his beloved Molly--for this stroke of policy was her own.

Nor was the donkey-race the least amusing part of a country fair; although we had bet ten to one on the favourite, there were the same odds against his moving at all—for it was ten to one if he would even start; if he did, we well knew that he could "win in a canter," as they say. Very annoying it was, after having risked all our pocket-money, to see the brute stick his head up against the palings and show his heels at every one who had courage enough to approach him. Yet such was too often the case, for he seemed not to care a straw for the new saddle which was exhibited at the winning-post in the distance. Perhaps if he did turn his eyes in that direction it was with some such thought as "I wish you may get it; catch me at that; were I to win every varlet in the village would want a ride, and I should be compelled to carry him;" and the very thought caused him to "launch out" more viciously than ever.

Such is the picture of an English country fair, or wake, which a traveller may sometimes stumble upon as he comes unawares upon a little village standing half-buried amid the surrounding trees.

The woods are now beautiful; and never did the hand of an artist throw such rich colours upon the glowing canvass as may now be found in the variegated foliage of the trees. The leaves of the beech are dyed in the deepest orange that ever the eye saw gathered in golden clouds around a summer sunset; the dark green of the oak is in parts mellowed into a bronzy brown, blending beautifully with the faded yellow of the chesnut, and the deeper hues of the tall elm; while here and there the sable fir settles down into dark shadows between the alternate tints; and far as the eye can range along the wide outskirts of the forest it revels in the mingled hues of mountain, field, ocean, and sky, as if the flowered meadow, and the purple mountain, and the green billows of the sea, the blazing sunset, and the dark clouds of evening, had all rolled together their bright and sombre hues, and gathered about the death-bed of the beautiful summer. Over the hedgerow trails the rambling briony; and we see bunches of crimson and green berries, half-tempting us by their gushing ripeness to taste the poisonous juice which lies buried beneath their deceptive beauty. The hips of the wild rose rest their rich scarlet upon the carved ebony of the luscious blackberry; while the deep blue of the sloe throws over all the rich bloomy velvet of its fruit, as it stands crowned with its ruddy tiara of hawthorn berries. On the ground are scattered thousands of polished acorns, their carved and clear cups lying empty amongst the fallen leaves until gathered by the village children, who deck their rustic stools with these primitive tea-services, and assemble around them with smiling faces and looks of eager enjoyment, while they sip their sugar and water out of these old fairy-famed drinking vessels. I have attempted to describe the beauty and tranquillity of the calm evenings which we see at the close of summer and the commencement of autumn, in a little poem entitled

THE EVENING HYMN.

Another day, with mute adieu,
  Has gone down yon untrodden sky,
And still it looks as clear and blue
  As when it first was hung on high:
The sinking sun, the darkening cloud,
  That drew the lightning in its rear,
The thunder tramping deep and loud,
  Have left no footmark there.

The village bells, with silver chime,
  Come soften'd by the distant shore;
Though I have heard them many a time,
  They never rang so sweet before.
A silence rests upon the hill,
  A listening awe pervades the air;
The very flowers are shut and still,
  And bow'd as if in prayer.

And in this hush'd and breathless pause
  O'er earth, and air, and sky, and sea,
A still low voice in silence goes,
  Which speaks alone, great God, of Thee!
The whispering leaves, the far off brook,
  The linnet's warble fainter grown,
The hive-bound bee, the homeward rook—
  All these their Maker own.

Now shine the starry hosts of light,
  Gazing on earth with golden eyes—
Bright sentinels that guard the night,
  What are ye in your native skies?
I know not—neither can I know,
  Nor on what leader ye attend,
Nor whence ye come, nor whither go,
  Nor what your aim nor end.

I know they must be holy things,
  That from a r of so sacred shine,
Where round the beat of angel wings,
  And footsteps echo all divine.
Their mysteries I never sought,
  Nor hearken'd to what science tells,
For, oh! in childhood I was taught
  That God amidst them dwells.

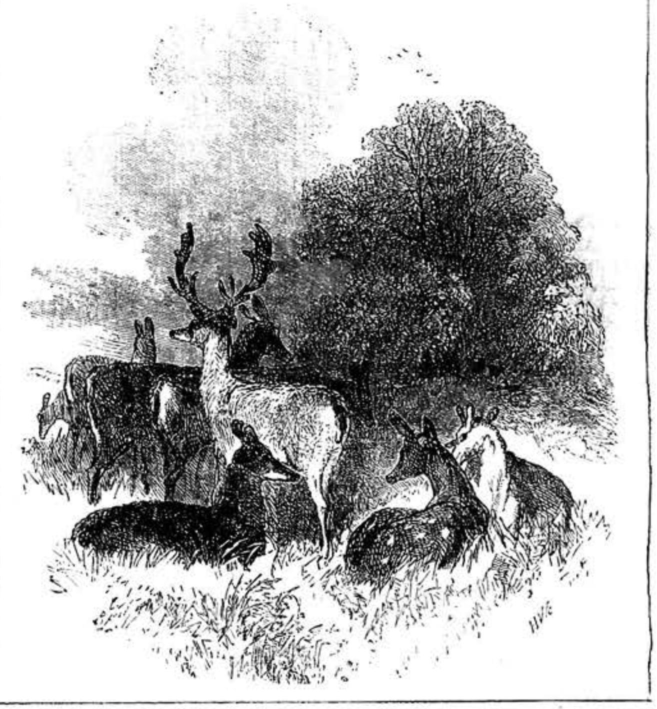
The deepening woods, the fading trees,
  The grasshopper's last feeble sound,
The flowers just waken'd by the breeze,
  All leave the stillness more profound.
The twilight takes a deeper shade,
  The dusky pathways darker grow,
And silence reigns in glen and glade,
  While all is mute below.

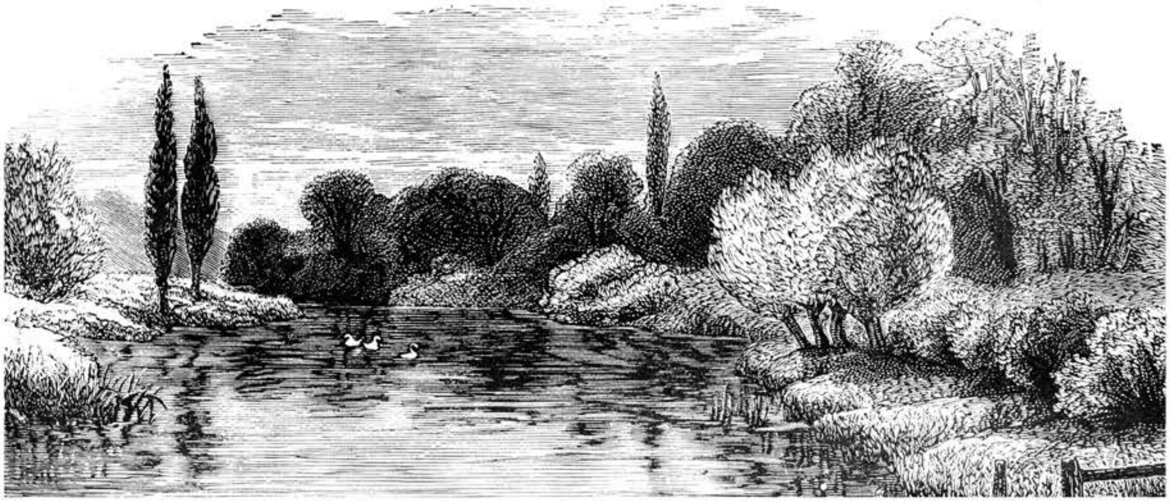
And other eves as sweet as this
  Will close upon as calm a day;
Then sinking down the deep abyss,
  Will, like the last, be swept away
Until eternity is gained—
  The boundless sea without a shore,
That without time for ever reign'd,
  And will when time's no more.

Now nature sinks in soft repose,
  A living semblance of the grave;
The dew steals noiseless on the rose,
  The boughs have almost ceas'd to wave;
The silent sky, the sleeping earth,
  Tree, mountain, stream, the humble sod,
All tell from whom they had their birth,
  And cry, "Behold a God!"

In many places in the fields are now found numbers of spider-webs, sometimes in two or three thicknesses, one above the other; they are very annoying to the dogs while hunting, who are frequently compelled to tear them off with their paws. Numbers of these webs may at times be seen floating in the air like huge flakes of snow, and shining like silver as they descend in the sunshine. Partridges now resort to the stubble fields, having been compelled to retreat to cover during the noise and stir attendant upon gathering in the harvest. They prefer, when they have young ones, to nestle in the open fields, as they have there a better chance of escaping from stoats and weasels. Wood-owls are now heard hooting in the night: and during a heavy gale of wind, which brings down thousands of leaves at a gust, the rattling of the branches and the hooting of the owls form a very solemn concert, especially at midnight to the ears of a lonely wayfarer who is making a short cut homeward through an old wood. The air is also now filled with winged emigrants, the down of thistles and dandelions, which go sailing away over many a broad field before they alight, and pitch their tents, in which they sleep throughout the winter—then rise up in a new form in the coming spring. What a beautiful picture is now presented in the Mirror of the Months, when the numerous flock is driven to the fold as the day declines, its scattered members converging towards a point as they enter the narrow opening of their nightly enclosure, which they gradually fill and settle into as a shallow stream runs into a bed that has been prepared for it, and there settles into a still pool. And, again, in the early morning, when the slender barrier that confines them is removed, they crowd and hurry out, gently intercepting each other; and, as they get free, pour forth their white fleeces over the open field, as a lake that has broken its bank pours its waters over the adjoining land; in each case the bells and meek voices of the patient people making music as they move, and the shepherd standing carelessly by leaning on his crook—even as shepherds did in the vale of Arcadia.

Another pleasant picture of autumn is the busy thatcher with the clear bright yellow straw strewn about the foot of his ladder, while he, high up, is making a golden roof over the treasures which have been gathered in from the harvest-field. Your good thatcher is generally an excellent maker of bee-hives, and his cottage is often situated by the side of a running stream; and there he steeps his straw, and splits his long straight skains of bramble with which he binds his golden-coloured domes together.





DIPS INTO AN OLD COOKERY BOOK.

By RUTH LAMB.

D.P III.

A FEW days ago I was talking with a lady who holds a first-class diploma from the National Training School, South Kensington, and who is an able lecturer and writer on cookery.

In the course of our conversation I mentioned the old book into which we have been dipping. She said, "I should like to have a peep into that book; most of those old recipes are first class."

"But they sound extravagant, on account of the great quantities of butter, eggs, and cream used in compounding them," I replied.

"Ah," said she, "that shows the difference between the prices of things when that book was written out, and those we pay nowadays for the same kinds of articles."

This remark set me thinking of summer prices, on market days, when I was a child, and I well remember being with my mother when she purchased fresh butter at sixpence per pound and fresh eggs at eighteen for sixpence. So, even in my day, and considerably more than a century after our old Cook Book was written, we country folk had little need to stint in the matter of eggs and butter. Even at Christmas time we once considered fresh eggs very dear at a penny each, and now we pay at least twice that price, so we need to study economy in the use of them.

According to promise, I will now give recipes for cakes of various kinds, and first instruct you "how to make a wigg." Probably the name will puzzle you as much as it did me when I first went, as a little girl, to visit my grandmother in the North Riding of Yorkshire. The old housekeeper said to me, as tea was coming in, "I've made some wiggs for you, honey; do you like them?"

I knew nothing about wiggs except those spelled with one "g," and intended to cover bald heads; but I was agreeably surprised to find that those made for my special benefit were a kind of very light teacake, made as follows. "Take 2 quarts of flower, ¼ lb. of butter, 2 eggs, or three whites, and a little barm." These are evidently to be mixed into a very light dough with milk, and allowed to rise thoroughly, as we are next told to "Hot ye milk hot! Then let it coole and put in mace carraway or coriander seeds to taste. Let them be light blown." These teacakes are baked in round tins, are thick enough to cut in three, and should be buttered very hot. The following is for a "spice cake" of superlative quality:—

"Take 3½ lbs. of flower, dryed before ye fire; 3 lb. of currens, washed and dryed; half a pound of raisons, 8 eggs and enough of new yest; half a pound of suggar; cinnemon and nutmegg as much as you think fit. Take a pint of cream, a gill of sack, a pound of butter, and *warm* these on ye fire. So knead your cake and bake it. But first give it time to rise."

"To make Chees Cakes, take a quart of crod (*curd*). Drean it very well in a seve. When ye whay is well dreaned from it, take it and work it a little; then work in half a pound of butter and a penny loaf of stale white bread grated fine; a little cinnement, mace and 7 eggs, but take from them 4 whites, before ye beat them, a quarter of a pound of shuggar and a lb. of currens. A glass of brandy. Work these all very well together. So make ye cakes" (that is, line your patty pans) "with puff paste and put your chees into them."

This last recipe is one of the daintiest that can be desired, and is well worthy of attention, as is also the following for making "A Fruite Cake":

"Take 2 lb. of fine flower, well dryed before ye fire, and 3 lb. of currens, well washt and clene pict and dryed again, and half an ounce of season which let it be cloves, sinnement and nutmeg" (the pounded spice sold in packets would answer very well, but if the recipe be exactly adhered to) "beat them fine and mix among ye flower. Then take a gill and a half of cream and a pound of butter—which warm it over ye fire till it be melted, and then lett it stand till it be new milk warm before you mix them. In ye meantime take ale and a little new yeast and 2 eggs: beat them very well together, and to your cream and butter add 2 spoonfull of brandy, and 2 spoonfull of rose water. Then take your flower and hast"—that is heat—"it up, working it well with ye hands. Sett it before ye fire half an hour to rise. Then have your currens warm before ye fire, and put them in when ye oven is hot. Let your pann or remm"—tin or rim—"be well buttered."

The writer of these recipes was well aware of the importance of having flour thoroughly dry for making pastry and cakes; and fruit not only well dried after washing it, but just warm.

Many a cake has been rendered heavy by the use of damp flour, or by putting in cold, wet currants that had neither been drained nor dried before the fire. Slow cooking was also appreciated, as in many recipes we are told to bake or boil "verrey sokenly" or gradually, to insure a satisfactory result.

Home-made wines, brewed to eat with home-made cakes and biscuits, are much less common than they used to be. But there are still country housewives who pride themselves as much upon the gooseberry, currant, and cowslip wines as a millionaire does on his cellar of old port. I know one dear old lady of the old school who has a wonderful stock of home-made wines, some of which have been above thirty years in bottle, and are excellent in flavour and possessing great strength. A small cup of her spiced elder wine made hot and taken at bed time is looked upon as a sovereign remedy for a cold in the head, and is deemed a most comforting winter draught under any circumstances.

I have no doubt Mrs. Anne Jackson's recipes for home-made wines will be found excellent, so I will give two or three.

"To Make Cowslip Wine. To every 6 quarts of water, add 3lbs. of loaf shugar, and boyle them togeather an hour, scuming them well. Then let it boyle a little and put it into an earthen pot to 3 quarts of clean pict cowslips. Then put toe it ye juce of 2 lemmons, the ringes (rinds) being put with it. When it is quite cold put on two or three spoonfulls of new yest, stirring it once or twice every day.

When it hath wrought 4 or 5 days, then squeeze out the cowslips, put the licquor into an earthen pot with a tap in it. Let it stand a fortnight close stopt and then bottele it."

"How to Make Curren Berry Wine. Take 20 quarts of curren berries; bruse them with your hands and putt to them 10 quarts of spring water and mix them well, and then lett it stand 2 days. Stir it as often as you can; then strane it through a fine seve, then putt it through a fine flannen bag. Put to every quart of wine half a pound of shuggar. Stir it well, then put it into a brandy cask or a sack runlet, putt in some brandy and lett it stand one month or two; then bottle it with a little shugar in every bottle."

I feel bound to suggest one or two amendments in the above. First, that you should crush the "curren berreys" with a wooden masher instead of your hands, unless you wish the latter to be in a sad state for some time afterwards, and quite unpresentable. Then, that the quantity of brandy should be accurately defined. My old friend puts a dessertspoonful into each bottle before she fills it with the wine, when drawing it off from the cask or large earthen jug in which it has been standing.

There are several other recipes for wine, also some wonderful things in the way of sack possets and mulled liquors. But in place of selecting from these I will furnish two of a different kind for making "Strong Mead" and "Small Mead," the daily beverage of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors in the time of the Heptarchy. But I must transpose the sentences, as in the "Cook Book" the instructions for clearing it during "boyling" come in after it is supposed to have been a year in bottle.

"To Make Strong Mead. Take a quart of honey to 3 quarts of water, and lett them boyle an hour. In the meantime when it's begun to boyle, take ye white of an egg and beat it very well with a pint more of water, and put it in. Then scum it very well; this will help to make it clear. Then if it be not very clear, put it through a clean flannin into a clean cask and clay it up very close, letting it stand half a year; then bottle it and let it stand half a year before you use it."

The "claying up" was the plastering of stiff clay round the bung to insure the perfect exclusion of air.

"To Make Small Mead. To 8 gallons of water, put 1 gallon of honey and 3lbs of loaf shuggar. Boyle and clear with whites of eggs, keeping it scuming for an hour, till it is clear, then put in it mace, cloves, cinnemon, and ginger if you think fit. Let it boil an hour longer. Take it off ye fire and infuse ye juce of 6 lemmons. When it is cooled, clear it from ye sedments into a barrel with 6 or 8 spoonful of new ale yest, and a good hand of balm and sweet bryer. When it has done working close it up in ye barrel, and after it has stood so a fortnight bottel it up with a bit of loaf shuggar in ever bottel."

Good mead is no despicable liquor, and bee keepers may make it at no appreciable cost by soaking the combs in cold water after the honey has been drained out. By thus washing the combs sufficient honey is obtained for the purpose. The liquor when boiled, with a bag of spices in it, a little lemon juice and rind, and then cleared and worked as in the above old recipes, makes excellent mead.

Does anybody know in these days a drink called "Ebulum?" I never heard of it until I made its acquaintance in the MS. pages before me. To make it: "Take 8 gallon of your best wort at ye first comeing of. Bruse one coop of barby berries, and boyle them in ye wort, and a quartoun of hops, and a quartoun of ginger" (¼ lb I presume) "and a quartoun of an ounce of cloves. Bruise them and put them in a bagg together and boyle them in it. Then let it stand a moneth in barrels. Then take stones out of one pound of raisons—and 2lbs of suggar—and draw it into bottels, putting ye raisons and suggar into it."

That is to say, the raisins and sugar are to be divided, and a little quantity put at the bottom of each bottle, before the ebulum is drawn off, and corked up for use.

For the better understanding of this quaint old recipe, let me say that the coop of barbyberries is a cupful of barberries, and the "wort" is the sweet liquor made by infusing malt—the first operation in brewing beer.

Having dipped sufficiently into the old book for information about the cooking of meats, savoury and sweet, and the compounding of drinks, I will finish my work by showing how housewives in "ye olden tyme" anticipated Mr. Rimmel and his co-perfumers, and made for themselves sundry toilet accessories and table ornaments. I hardly think the young readers of THE GIRL'S OWN will be likely to test these recipes; but I have no doubt they will read them with interest and amusement.

"To Make Syrrep of Violets. Take vilots, striped and cleaned from ye whites. To every ounce of vilots, take 2 ounces of water; soe steep them upon embers, till ye water be as blew as a vilot, and ye vilots turned white. Then put in more violots into ye same water. Again ye third time. Then take, to every quart of water, 4 lb. of suggar and boyle it to a syrrop and keep it for your use. Thus you may also make syrrep of roses."

"To Candie Flowers ye Best Way. Take roases, violetts, cowslips or gilly flowers, and pick them from ye white bottoms. Then have some suggar boyled to a candie height, and put in soe many flowers as ye suggar will receive, and continually stir them with ye back of a spoon. When you see ye suggar harden on ye sides of ye skillet and on ye spoon, take them off ye fire and keep them, with stirring in ye warme skillet, till you see them part and ye suggar, as it were, sifted upon them. Then put them upon a paper while ye are warme, and rubb them gentally with your hands till all ye lumps be broken, then put them into a cullender and sift them as clean as may be, and pore them upon a clean cloth and shake them up and down, till there be hardly any suggar hanging about them. Then, if ye would have them look as tho' ye were new, then have some help, and open them with your fingers, before ye be quite cold, and if any suggar hang about them, you may wipe it of with a fine cloth. So serve."

Whether these candied flowers are to be eaten or only admired, the writer sayeth not; but she tells us how "To keep flowers all the year," and for what purpose: "Take any sort of pritty flowers you can get, and have in readeness some roasewater made very slipery by laying Gum Arabeck therein. Dip your flowers very well, and swing it out again, and stick them in a seve to dry in ye sun. Some other of them you may dust over with fine flower, and some with sifted suggar, after you have weated them. So dry them. Either of them will be very fine; but those with suggar will not keep so well as the other. They are good to set forth Banquotts and to garnish dishes and will look very fresh and have their right smell."

Glance from these simple gummed flowers to the artistic and beautiful table-decorations of to-day. One can hardly realise the rapid march onward in the way of ornament made in the last few years. Give another glance at the list of perfumes and cosmetics which are poured in upon us from day to day, and then go back a century and a half and picture a great-grandmother carefully concocting from this, the last recipe I shall give: "A Rare Sweet Water. Take Sweet Marjoram, Lavender, Rosemary, Muscovey, Thyme, Walnut leaves, Damask Roses, Pinks, of all a like quantity, enough to fill your Still. Then take of ye best Orice powder, Damask Rose powder, and Storax, of each 2 ounces. Strew one handfull or 2 of ye powder on ye horbs. Then distill them with a slow fire. Tie a little musk in a piece of lawne, and hang it in ye glass wherein it drops. When it is all drawn out take your sweet cakes" (that is, the masses of flowers) "and mix them with ye powders that are left dry, and lay among your clothes, or with sweet oyles, and burn them for perfume."

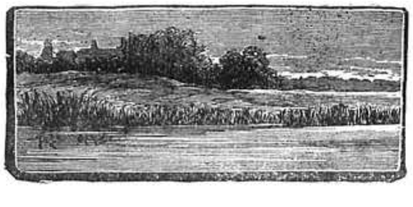
I close the book upon the rest of recipes. I trust that some of the really valuable ones will be tried by young cooks and the results as much appreciated as they have been at our own table. In any case the pictures of domestic life which may be realised from them, the quaint wording and the oddly varied spelling of the old MS., must afford some instruction and amusement.

There is a little element of superstition and mystery, too, which hangs round the yellow leaves of the book; as I was informed by the friend who enlightened me as to the meaning of "shoops." She told me, in a sort of mysterious whisper, that Mrs. Anne, the writer of the Cook Book, was believed to be identical with a certain "Old Nannie" of terrible memory who was said to have walked long after her decease. I was anxious to know where she did the walking, and was informed under the very roof where I was then abiding, though her real home, when in the flesh, had been at some distance.

"Then depend on it," said I, with a hearty laugh, "the people who once lived here had borrowed her Cook Book and never returned it. If all book borrowers—and keepers of the same—could be haunted by the rightful owners of the volumes it would be a very good thing for many of us."

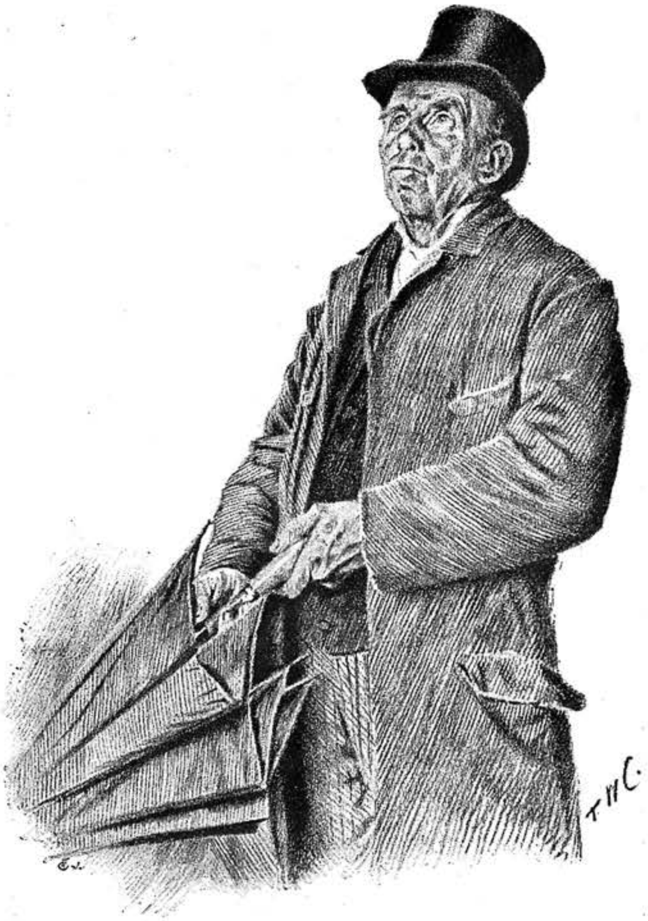
My friend did not look upon the matter as a thing to laugh at; but she added that it was a very long time since old Nannie had been seen to walk, a statement which I fully believed, and so bid farewell to Mrs. Anne Jackson and her Cook Book of 1721.

[THE END.]

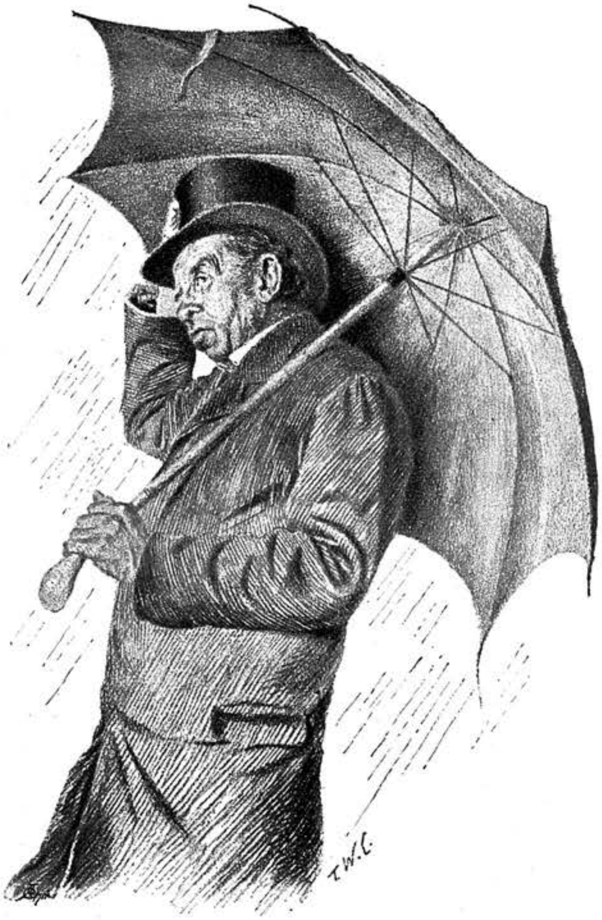


THE WEATHER.

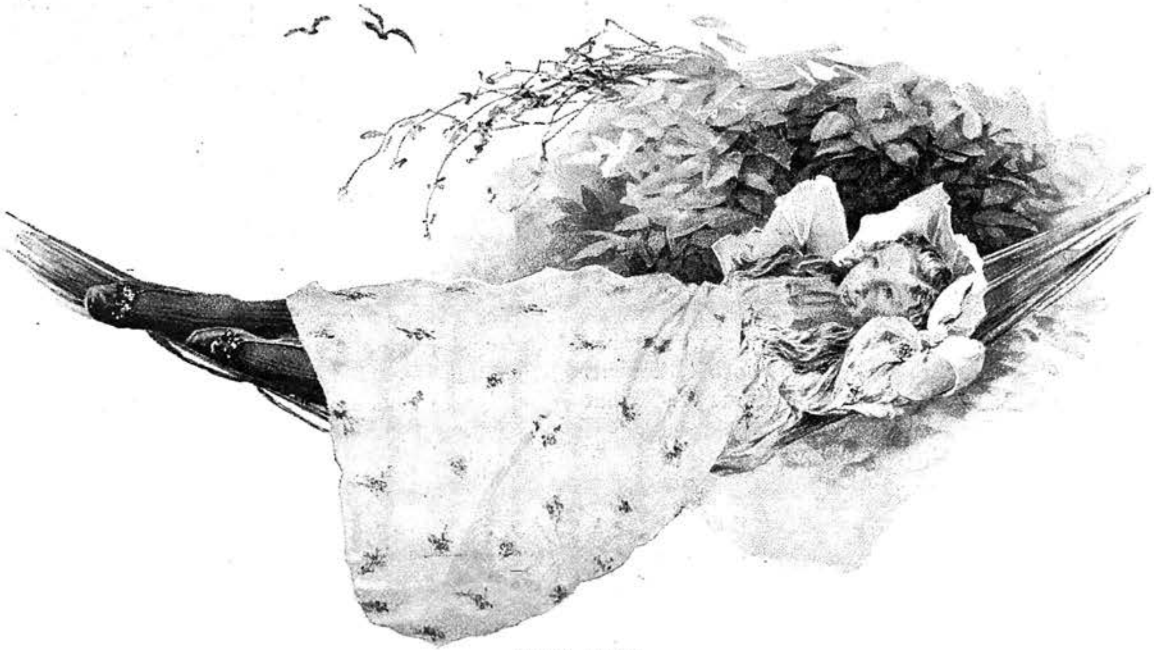
(ILLUSTRATED BY T. W. COULDERY.)



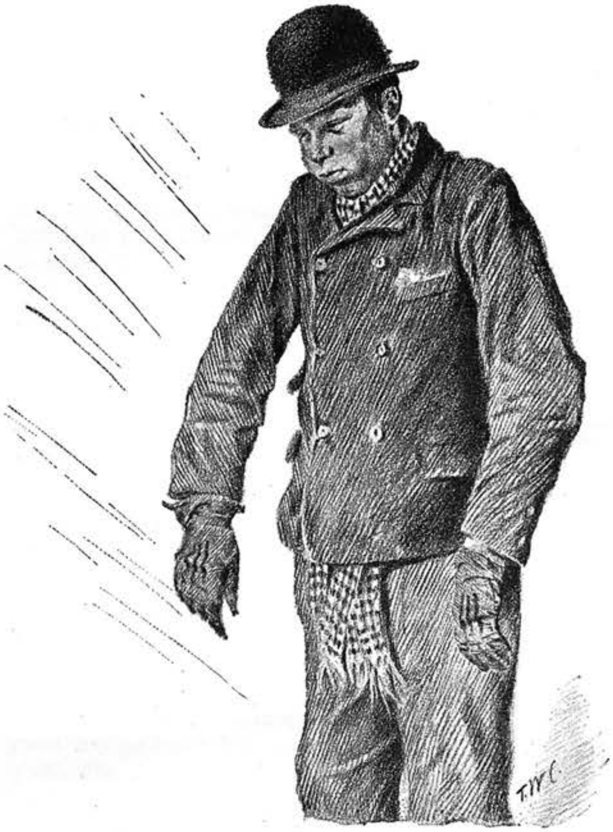
"WILL IT RAIN?"



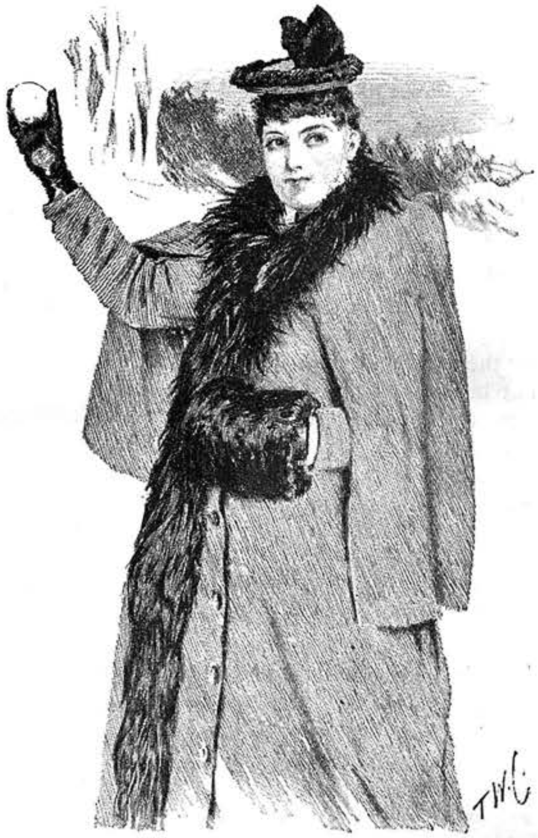
"IT WILL—AND DOES."



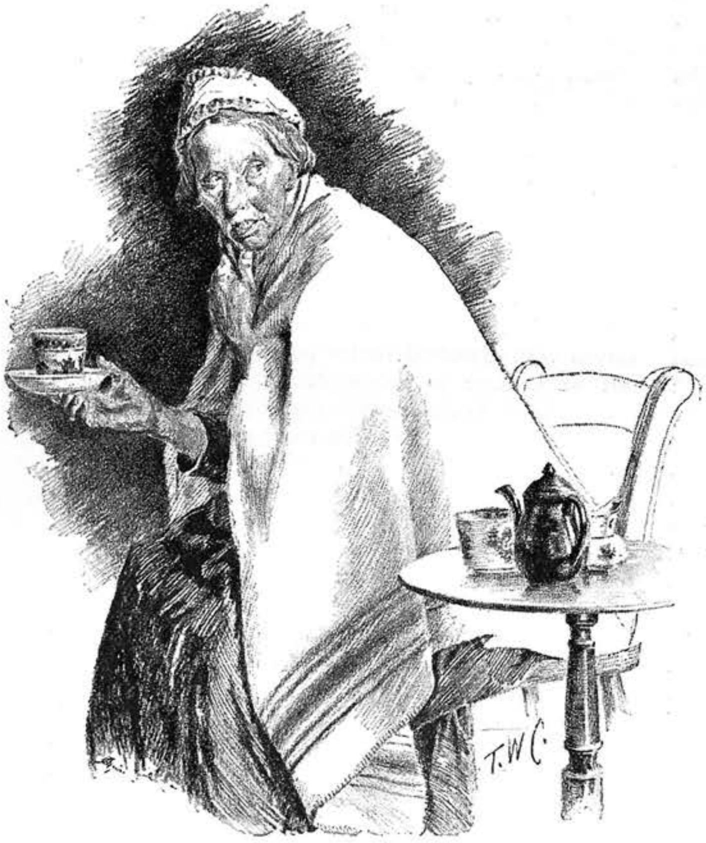
"SET FAIR."



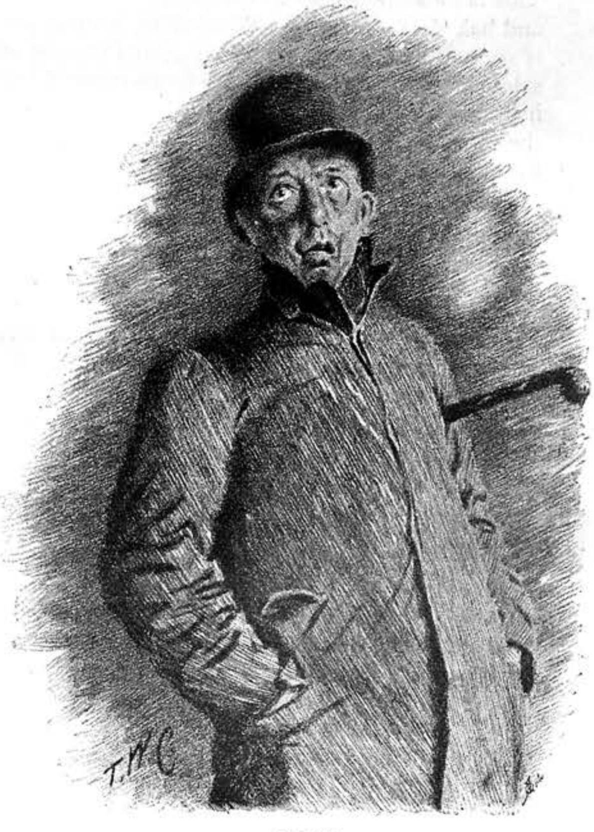
THE EAST WIND.



"FROST AND SNOW."



"VERY BAD INDEED."



FOGGY.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT MOMENT.

SECOND PAPER.

THE chief theme in my last paper on this subject was Tact and its concomitants. In my strain to-day the notes which I intend to strike will not ascend to any high pitch, nor will they compass any great depth; but although, owing to the apparent insignificance of notes such as these, some folk may not see any real use in their presence, or any true beauty in the correctness of tone; and some folk may not perceive any want of harmony caused by their absence, or any discordance produced, yet, notwithstanding this dulness of perception, small courtesies have in reality much to do with making life smooth and pleasant, and little rudenesses are sufficiently powerful to ruffle, or irritate, those who come in contact with them. My readers must not therefore sneer at, as useless or worthless, any of the small observances to which I draw attention in this paper.

There are many courtesies which a gentleman should render to a lady, the absence of which is at once felt, and causes people involuntarily to remark inwardly to themselves, if not aloud to their friends, "That man has not good manners." I passed that judgment the other evening when I was sitting with a friend by her fireside. A gentleman was ushered in who was well known to my friend, but a comparative stranger to me. He shook hands with her first, which was, of course, the right thing to do, and then, while speaking to her, he shook hands with me. The breaker of this law of courtesy was a young professional man, well endowed with this world's goods. I should not record this little rudeness if it was only of rare occurrence, but I often notice people guilty of this discourtesy—namely, that of shaking hands with one person while they are speaking to another person. If you wish to say more than "How do you do?" to your hostess, or to any one else whom you greet at first, it is less discourteous to continue your conversation with her for a few moments before taking notice of any one near her, than it is to stretch out your hand and shake that of her neighbour while your face is turned away and your lips are addressing another person.

The discourteous young man to whom I have alluded gave me another reason for my verdict, and as in this respect also he is by no means the only offender in general society, I shall mention the little rudeness. There are three, if not more, separate syllables and sounds which some people utter or make when they have not heard what has been said to them, or when they wish to express assent. These are—What? Eh? Uh! and a guttural sound of the letter m, which cannot be expressed in writing. "I beg your pardon," or "What did you say?" are sentences which should certainly be said when a repetition is asked for; and "Yes" should not be replaced by a grunt when an assent is given.

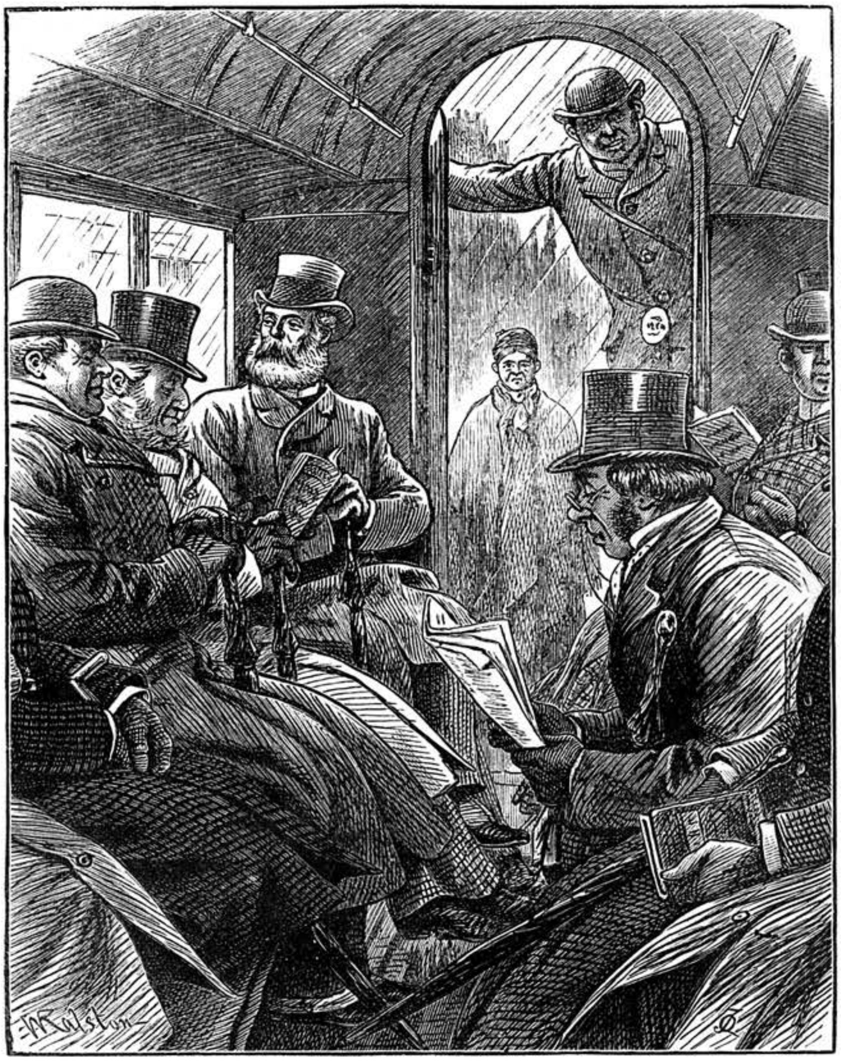
There are numerous little acts which a man of courtesy will perform. While he is calling at a house, he will rise and open the door for any lady who leaves the room, even if she is an entire stranger to him; in his own house he will not only open the door of the room, but accompany the lady to the hall door, and open that, if there is no servant at hand to do so, for a departing guest, whether lady or gentleman, should not be left to find their way alone. Neither should they be allowed to find their way into a room. When you act as a host and your guests accompany you into the drawing-room, do not you, my dear sir, follow the practice of some forgetful or neglectful men, who walk in and march straight up the room, leaving their one guest, or a train, as the case may be, to follow and to close the door. A host should open the door, and shut it after his guests have entered the room.

Amongst other small courtesies, a gentleman will rise from his chair, however luxuriously comfortable, and offer assistance, if need be, to a lady if she goes to put coals on the fire, or if she tries to open or close a window. When he escorts her into a room, he will see that she is seated before he looks for a chair for himself; when he escorts her to a table, he will wait to arrange for her comfort, hold the chair, or push it backwards or forwards, as required, before he takes his own seat. And during the meal he will see that she is provided with all she is likely to want. The lady ought not to be obliged to ask for salt, for water, for another cup of tea, or, in fact, for anything that is on the table.

As we are on this subject, I must tell you how uncomfortable I felt at a dinner-party a few months ago, because, as I was put into this state of discomfort by a gentleman, it is well to record it as a hint as to the right thing at the right moment. My host introduced a gentleman to me, to take me in to dinner; when that was announced as on the table, my partner offered his left arm. So far so good; but he would march me off instanter. I ventured to suggest that we should delay our start for a few seconds. It was an awkward thing to have to remonstrate with your partner at the outset, but I felt it must be done. However, this had no effect, and I was obliged to yield the point, and the consequence was that we two were the first in the dining-room. Our host must have thought that we were both rude and greedy thus to precede those who ought to have taken precedence, and to appear in such undue haste to reach the table. I can only hope that the company imagined that the gentleman had carried me off, and not that I had induced him to make this unduly hurried flight from one room to the other!

To return to the small courtesies of which we were speaking anon :—

If a gentleman shows courtesy to a lady out of doors by picking up anything which she has accidentally dropped, he should raise his hat; and if he unwittingly is guilty of any little rudeness, such as stepping on her dress or running against her, he should also raise his hat and apologise.



"ANY GENTLEMAN OBLIGE A LADY?"

In public buildings and conveyances of all kinds, and in crowded thoroughfares, there are always many opportunities of showing small courtesies. As far as my experience goes in this respect—and it is wide and that of a number of years—I could record innumerable small courtesies that I have received at all times and in all places; nor can I remember many little rudenesses shown by men. I am afraid that I cannot hold up my own sex in the same meritorious light. Too often the conduct of the majority is not praiseworthy when in a crowd.

There are the little rudenesses of pushing and scrambling for places, to say nothing of the small subterfuges employed to keep places for friends, or a larger space for convenience and comfort. It may be that these flecks and flaws are to be detected in men also. Perhaps they behave in this manner to one another, but my experience says they show courtesy to women. Let me here interpolate a few words to the ladies who receive these courtesies. I would beg them to remember that they are *courtesies*, and to treat them as such, for I often notice that ladies appear to regard them as *services*, to be rendered to them as a matter of course. In one sense, they should be done as a matter of course; but the point upon which I would insist is that these attentions and offers of assistance, and bestowal of places and seats, are courtesies, and should be recognised as such, by courteous acknowledgments on the part of the recipients.

I am often indignant—I can assure you that is not too strong a term for the feeling roused within me—when I see members of my sex coolly and thanklessly accepting and taking seats offered to them by courteous men, who, according to the maxim of "first come first served" on the one hand, and according to the rule that having paid for a seat it is your possession, on the other hand, have a right to the occupation of those places or seats.

I grant that the right thing at the right moment is for gentlemen to offer their places to ladies who otherwise would have to stand throughout service, concert, or lecture, or who would lose the chance of riding in that omnibus; but clearly and undoubtedly the right thing at the right moment for the woman who accepts the courtesy (in many cases no small act) is to make a due acknowledgment, to bow to the donor—for it is a gift bestowed—and to tender her thanks. In large towns occurrences of this kind are hourly happening, and therefore, although I have before alluded to this subject, I feel impelled to reiterate my words. I know by experience that it *is* exceedingly tiring to stand for an hour in a crowded room, that it *is* exceedingly miserable to stand in the rain and wind waiting for a place in an omnibus, that it *is* exceedingly uncomfortable to stand in an underground railway carriage while other passengers are seated. All these positions are veritable discomforts to every woman. When men take these discomforts themselves, and pass their secured comforts on to women, if these accept the courteous offer, they should show that they regard it as a courtesy rendered, and not as a service due to them.

FOURTEEN.

WHAT ! five feet,six ? How fast Time flies !
Nor stays to dine or sup.
You came but yesterday, dear Fred,
And, lo ! you're quite grown up.
Oh, roaming Greybeard, with the scythe,
Have you no spark of ruth,
That, not content with plaguing age,
You dog defenceless youth ?

Our little boy—our *little* boy !
Oh, gradual change unblest !
Into what land, pray, has he gone,
Where futile seems all quest ?
How shall we call you ? For to-day
One looks at you to see
Only a someone who just was,
And someone yet to be.

In jacket-trim no more you hie ;
A cap is gear that's past.
You criticise, with anxious eye,
The shoemaker's best last.
Oh, shapely knickerbockered legs,
That bicycle bestrode !
I look at these with awe : they're decked
In trousers, *à la mode !*

A dog-eared Cæsar haunts your dreams ;
Your tailor's quite your chum.
You wish your arms were not so long,
Your fingers not all thumb.

Your voice has "caught the mannish crack,"
Where high and low notes clash :
While--just come here ; great goodness ! yes,
The boy has--*a moustache !*

An introduction is a trial ;
An evening call, much more.
You'd like a Conversation Guide ;
Of small talk have small store.
Yet you have noticed Belle's grey eyes,
And Cora's rippling curls,
And somehow suddenly surmise
There is a race called—girls !

But, oh ! what idle, scribbling friend,
Or graver seer, shall breathe
Of those dim outlooks—mist and dream—
Where new-born fancies wreathe
And paint the future ?—day by day
More riddle to thy breast—
With questions only half made known,
And answers not half guessed.

Ah, Fred ! dear fellow, not our hands
Would check thee in that march
Each mortal makes. Thou couldst not stand
Long in the gateway arch.
Up with your banner, boy friend mine !
Step forward with good grace :
Fortune's your friend ! She told me so
The day she eyed your face.

EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

HOW TO ADDRESS PEOPLE OF TITLE.

By Ardern Holt.

AN ignorance of certain matters which well-bred people are supposed to know intuitively is to say the least of it embarrassing. But I daresay it will happen to a great many of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to be puzzled with regard to the etiquette relating to those happy individuals who have handles to their names.

We all dearly love a lord, they say, in England; but unless born within the charmed circle where lords are not rarities, we may show ignorance as to their real rank and the form in which they should be addressed.

An English lord, then, may either be the younger son of a duke, a marquis or his son, an earl and his son, a viscount or a baron, besides the spiritual peers, bishops, or archbishops.

A tradesman would address a marquis or marchioness as "The Most Honourable the Marquis or Marchioness of ——;" an earl or countess as, "*The Right Honourable* the Earl or Countess of ——." A viscount and his wife, a baron and his wife are also addressed as "right honourable," a prefix which applies as well to a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council. But a lady or gentleman writing similar addresses, in lieu of "the most honourable" and "right honourable," simply put "The" in a line by itself above the words, Marquis, Marchioness, Earl, Countess, Viscount and Viscountess, Baron, or Lady—as wife of a baron. It is incorrect to write "The" before Lady A or B, wives of baronets or knights; they are addressed simply as Lady A or B. So you see it is very important to put "The" before the title of the wife of a baron, because it denotes her higher rank.

In speaking to these several people of exalted rank, a tradesman would say, "My lord" and "My lady," just where they would say "Sir" or "*Madam*" *to an ordinary* individual, and also after the possessive pronoun. Instead of saying, "I will alter your hat," they would say, "I will alter your lordship's hat," or obey, not "your," but "your ladyship's commands." As a general rule, a lady or gentleman does not say, "My lord," or "My lady," in addressing them in ordinary conversation, and only perhaps at a public meeting, or some occasion of ceremony, but to do so frequently would argue utter ignorance of good society.

We have now discussed the proper direction for the envelopes, but we will suppose you have to write a letter. If it is a formal one in the third person it would be correct to write, "Miss Smith presents her compliments to the Earl or Countess," or "has much pleasure in accepting Viscount or Viscountess Paul's kind invitation." If written in the first person it would be correct to write, "Dear Lord Mountcastle," or "Dear Lady Mounteagle," whether she were a countess, or of any intermediate rank down to a knight's wife, for a baronet or knight's wife would be equally addressed by inferiors as "My lady," though their husbands are only "Sir," and you would write to them "Dear Sir John" if you were intimate; "Dear Sir John Jones" more formally. In addressing an envelope to a baronet it would be correct to write "Sir John Jones, Bart.," to a knight, "Sir James Smith," you may add "knight" if a simple knight, but that is optional; "K.C.B." if a Knight of the Bath, "K.C.M.G." a Knight of St Michael and St. George, and so on.

But we have by no means met all the difficulties yet. Supposing you are sufficiently intimate with a countess to call her by her Christian name, you would not write "Dear Lady London," but "Dear Lady Maud," and her signature would be "Maud London."

To the sons and daughters of the several grades of the nobility it is difficult to assign their proper rank.

The sons of dukes and marquises are lords, and the younger sons have their Christian names after the title and before the family name; for example, Lord Edward Cavendish, younger son of the Duke of Devonshire, his eldest son being a marquis, the eldest son of a marquis being often a viscount.

A duke's, earl's, or marquis's daughter is "Lady"; not, "Lady Cavendish," we will say, or "Lady Brighton," which would make her the wife of a man of rank, but "Lady Anne Cavendish," or whatever her Christian name might be. A baronet or knight's wife cannot put her Christian name between her title and her name; if she wishes it to be mentioned at all it must come first—"Julia, Lady Brighton," for example. If the daughter of these abovementioned noblemen marries a commoner, she exchanges her family name for her husband's, and would still retain her title as Lady Anne Robinson. But should the widow of a person of title wish to retain the title derived from her late husband, she must keep his name also. The widow of Sir Samuel Jenkins, married to Mr. Cornwallis, may remain Lady Jenkins or become Mrs. Cornwallis, but she cannot be Lady Cornwallis, he being only "Mr."

Although the daughters of an earl are called lady, the younger sons are not lords, but simply have the prefix of "honourable" before their names. This prefix of "honourable" is never put on a visiting card, nor in addressing people thus favoured do you mention it. You will not, in inviting, request the pleasure of "the Hon. Mr. Bell," but on the envelope you would address him as such.

Sons and daughters of barons and viscounts are also honourables. Should any of these said honourables rise to eminence in the Church or army, you will have to remember that the military rank precedes the prefix, as it does any title—"General Lord Bruce," "Colonel the Hon. Arthur Sinclair," and so on. But in the Church it is just the reverse; it is "the Hon. and Rev. William Cannon," and so on.

But I have told you nothing about dukes and duchesses. They are addressed either as "the most noble the Duke or Duchess of ——," or "her or his grace the Duchess or Duke of ——" by tradesmen; but a lady or gentleman would only direct "To the Duke or the Duchess of ——," and inside the letter would present their compliments to the duke or duchess, if they wrote in the third person, or would begin, "Dear madam," "dear Duchess of Clewer," formally, or "Dear Duchess" only, if on friendly terms. In general society among their friends they are called merely "duke" or "duchess," and more formally "Duke or Duchess of Clewer." "Your Grace," would only be said by tradespeople, or on occasions of ceremony, such as a public speech.

When to use the word "dowager" is another difficulty. It is only perfectly correct to do so to the mother of the reigning peer or baronet, the widow of the uncle, brother, or cousin. The present holder of the title should, strictly speaking, be addressed by her Christian name first, and then her title, "Gladys Countess of Lonsdale," for example. The mother of the present earl would be "Countess Dowager of Lonsdale."

It is a very easy rule to remember that a formal invitation follows the form of a visiting card.

An English baron's wife is not addressed as the "Baroness," but as "the Lady Morley," or whatever the name may be, but "the Viscountess" would be correct.

There is another little point I should like to mention. If a man is raised to the peerage, this does not entitle his brothers and sisters to be honourables. When a grandson succeeds, the father having died, the precedence is granted to the brothers and sisters.

The proper way to address a letter to a bishop is "The Right Reverend Father in God, The Bishop of ——," and in speaking to him he is called "My lord." It is well to avoid using this as much as possible in general conversation, but it is applied by those who would never dream of calling any other nobleman "My lord." A bishop's wife is simply "Mrs.," and has no precedence as such, strictly speaking, though it is generally given to her. The rule is that *ladies only derive* precedence from their husbands when the rank proceeds from a dignity, not from an office or profession. There is an exception to this, however, in the case of the Lord Mayor.

An archdeacon is addressed as "the Venerable," but only in the superscription, not in a formal invitation.

The wives of younger sons of dukes and marquises take their husbands' titles. Lord John Bruce's wife is "Lady John Bruce," not "Lady Bruce," or "Lady Anne Bruce."

The younger sons of earls, viscounts, and barons, who are honourables, give the same prefix to their wives, and the wife of the Hon. George Hood is "the Hon. Mrs. George Hood." You do not address him as "the Hon. George Hood, Esq.," but "the Hon. George Hood" only.

The Queen's maids of honour are styled honourable—the Hon. Flora Macdonald, for example, and it is a very frequent practice to drop the "miss" in the case of the daughters of barons and viscounts, and to call them "the Hon. Ellen Brown," instead of "the Hon. Miss Brown;" but you must perfectly understand that this word honourable is only used on the envelope, not on the visiting card, nor in the formal invitation, and it would be vulgar to introduce anyone as "the Honourable Alfred Bruce," or "the Honourable Ellen Brown," or to speak to them thus.

In directing to a member of parliament, whatever his rank—of course an English peer cannot be a member of the Lower House—the words "M.P." should be placed after his name, thus "John Jones, Esq., M.P.," "Sir Sydney Waterlow, Bart., M.P."

It is a point of good breeding to give everyone their due honour, and it is the duty of a lady to study all this. It is quite simple, but requires knowledge and care. I hope I have met the difficulties of the case.

HOME MADE PICKLES.

ALTHOUGH I am about to describe how pickles should be made, I by no means wish it to be understood that I am an advocate for the use of pickles. I know quite well that there are a great many people who would be made ill if they were to eat anything of the sort. Let these good folks therefore leave them alone. There are others whom these relishes do not seem to affect injuriously, and who are very partial to them. I know no reason why these fortunate individuals should not have them. This I know, however, that whether you and I approve or not, pickles will be eaten, and therefore it is well that cooks should know how to prepare them, so as to render them as little harmful as possible.

I do not believe that, so far as economy alone is concerned, much is gained by making pickles at home. I have again and again calculated the cost, and I have found that when good materials had been procured, the best vinegar and spices had been bought, no allowance at all being made for the trouble, home made pickles cost a halfpenny or a penny more than pickles of the same pretensions could have been bought ready made. Do you think this fact has made me out of love with home made pickles?—Not at all; it has made me rather more in favour of them than I was before. For, if the manufacturer who has to pay for labour, materials, and advertising, and to make a profit into the bargain, can sell his productions at the price for which I can simply buy the materials, is it not probable that his article is not quite so excellent as mine? Of course he buys in quantities and therefore buys to advantage, but I do not think this fact quite accounts for the difference.

A fine appearance in pickles is not to be desired. When these preparations look bright, sparkling, and clear, the probability is that the vinegar has been boiled in a metal vessel, and this by itself would be sufficient to render the article unwholesome. And herein the special advantage of making pickles at home consists. You may at any rate feel certain about the quality of the work of your own hands. I once heard an old cook say, "I know what sheep's head is, and unless I have cleaned it myself, I will never touch it." This is the sort of feeling we have about pickles; we know what they may be; if we have made them ourselves we know what they are; not particularly digestible perhaps, but at least not partly poisonous.

Having therefore decided after due consideration that we will make our pickles at home, what points have we to be careful about? Really very few. Like a good many other things, pickling is very easy when once you understand all about it. Only be careful to procure good vegetables in perfect condition, not over ripe, and the best vinegar; to use an enamelled saucepan or a stone jar for heating the latter, avoiding altogether metal vessels of every kind; to do whatever lifting there may be with a wooden spoon, to put the pickles when made into small stone or glass jars, ("small," because the quality of the pickle deteriorates after the jar has once been opened, and "glass," because the vinegar acts dangerously upon the glaze surface of earthenware;) and be exceedingly careful to keep the pickle always entirely covered with vinegar, and to store it in a dry place, damp being especially injurious to all kinds of pickles. Now follow the recipes I am about to give, and I do not think you will have any difficulty about the matter.

The best time for preparations of this sort is for the most part from the middle of July to the middle of August. There are variations depending upon the seasons and the climate, but the period named is the one in which the good housekeeper is on the alert and looking out for suitable vegetables for pickling. In making these purchases she should be particularly careful to avoid everything that is overgrown, running to seed, or in the slightest degree withered. Unless this point is attended to, there is little likelihood that the pickles will prove satisfactory.

Red Cabbage is one of the most wholesome, as it is one of the commonest of pickles. Old housekeepers say that the cabbage should not be taken until the frost has touched it. I do not agree with this. If the cabbage is firm and sound and freshly cut, excellent pickle may be made of it without any consideration of frost. Remove the outer leaves from the vegetable and slice it across as thinly and evenly as possible. Put it into a dish or bowl and sprinkle it plentifully with powdered salt. Let it lie for forty-eight hours, then squeeze the salt as thoroughly as possible from it, and three parts fill jars or glasses with it. Intermix with each pound of cabbage 12 peppercorns and one bay leaf, or if preferred an ounce of black peppercorns and an ounce of whole ginger may be used. Fill up the jars with good vinegar to cover the cabbage entirely, tie down with bladder, and keep in a cool place. The excellence of the colour in this pickle depends upon the thoroughness with which the salt liquor is squeezed out. Some cooks add a few slices of half boiled beetroot to it in order to improve the appearance.

Onions.—The smaller the onions are the better for this purpose. What are called Reading onions or silver button onions are usually preferred, and they are at their best just after they are harvested. Peel them and be careful not to cut the bulb, and throw them into an equal measure of boiling vinegar, to each quart of which two teaspoonfuls of salt and an ounce of whole white pepper have been added. Simmer them till they look clear, which will be in three or four minutes. Put them into jars, pour the pickle over them, and when they are quite cold tie them down in the usual way. Eschalots may be pickled in the same way, but they will not need to simmer more than a couple of minutes in the vinegar. They are more expensive and also more delicate in flavour than onions.

Cauliflowers.—Divide some sound white cauliflowers into small sprigs of equal size. Throw these as they are broken off into cold water to preserve the colour. Drain them, throw them at once into a stewpan of boiling water which has been lightly salted, and boil for four minutes. Drain them once more, turn them into a bowl, and pour on as much boiling vinegar as will entirely cover them. Lay a plate or dish upon the bowl and let the sprigs lie in the pickle until the next day. Drain again and put the cauliflowers into glasses or stone jars; boil the vinegar with a teaspoonful of salt for each quart. When partially cool, fill up the jars and tie down in the usual way.

Gherkins.—Choose gherkins of equal size, about two inches long, and be careful that they have been gathered on a dry day, and before the frost has touched them. Take off the blossoms, put them into a stone jar, and pour over them brine which has been made by boiling three-quarters of a pound of salt with two quarts of water for one minute, then allowed to go cold. Throw a cloth over the jar and leave it till the next day. Drain the gherkins, put them into a clean jar, and pour over them boiling vinegar which will more than cover them, and which has been boiled for five minutes with half an ounce of salt, half an ounce of whole ginger, and half an ounce of black peppercorns to each pint of liquid. Again throw a cloth over the jar and leave the gherkins another day. Drain off and boil the vinegar once more, let the pickle stand for four days, at the end of which time the gherkins may be put into jars, and the vinegar after being boiled and partially cooled may be poured over them, to cover them entirely. Tie down with bladder or wash-leather and store in the usual way. When bladder has been used for tying down pickles, it is a good plan to damp it each time a jar is opened before putting it on again.

Cucumbers.—Peel the cucumbers, cut them lengthwise into quarters, remove the seeds and divide the quarters into slices half an inch thick. Put the cucumber into a bowl in layers, and sprinkle powdered salt plentifully over each layer, shaking it occasionally, and let it lie for eight hours. At the end of this time drain away the brine, put the cucumber into jars with some whole pepper and one or two bay leaves. Fill the jars with vinegar which has been boiled and allowed to go cold, cork the jars securely, and tie bladder over the corks.

India Pickle.—This pickle is particularly convenient for those who have a garden, and who are in the habit of receiving vegetables in quantities which they cannot immediately use, because additions can be made to it of almost every sort and at any time as the ingredients come into season. Cauliflowers, white cabbage, French beans, cucumbers, young and old carrots, onions large and small, beetroot, radishes from which the green part has been cut away, radish pods, nasturtium seeds, and small green apples may all be employed for the purpose. Prepare the vegetables which require it, before using them; that is, divide the cauliflower into small pieces, slice the cabbage as thinly as possible, peel small onions and slice large ones, slice also beetroot, cucumbers and apples; in short, act as common sense dictates in this matter. Put the prepared vegetables into a stewpan with brine which is sufficiently strong to bear an egg. Let it simmer for one minute, then drain and dry perfectly. Make pickle to cover the vegetables entirely as follows:

Put two quarts of good vinegar with 1 oz. of bruised ginger, 1 oz. black peppercorns, 1 oz. Jamaica pepper, 1 oz. cloves, and 1 oz. peeled garlic (if liked). Boil the vinegar and spices gently for five minutes. Mix an ounce of mustard, an ounce of turmeric and half a teaspoonful of cayenne smoothly with a little cold vinegar, stir the mixture into the hot vinegar and pour the whole boiling upon the dried vegetables. When these have soaked all the vinegar add more. Before vegetables are added to this pickle they should be prepared, simmered in brine, and dried as in the first instance. India pickle will improve with keeping, and should by rights be kept for twelve months before using.

Nasturtium Seeds.—Nasturtiums are very often found in English gardens. The seeds if gathered when small and pickled form an excellent substitute for capers, so constantly required in making sauce. Put the seeds as they are gathered into a jar, cover them with vinegar which has been boiled with salt (a handful to a quart), and allowed to go cold. When the jar is full, cork it down, tie bladder over the cork and store. Unless the seeds are kept well covered with vinegar they will be spoilt.

Radish Pods may be pickled like nasturtium seeds.

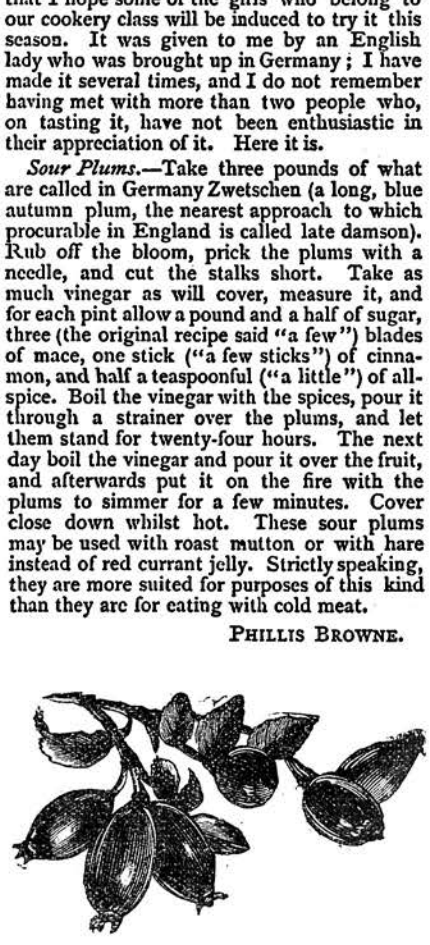
Walnuts.—Choose green walnuts which have been gathered before the shell has begun to form. If the nuts can be pierced with a strong needle they are in good condition for the purpose required. Make brine to cover them by boiling six ounces of salt in each quart of water needed, and carefully clear away the scum as it rises. When cold put in the walnuts and stir them night and morning with a stick. Change the brine at the end of six days and let them remain six days longer, or if time is a consideration let the walnuts lie in brine for nine days and change the brine three times during that period. When they have been salted sufficiently drain them in a colander, and then spread them on a dish and lay them in the open air until they turn black, which they will do in about twelve hours. Pour over them enough hot vinegar (which has been boiled with spices for five or six minutes) to cover them; and divide the spices equally amongst the walnuts. When quite cold, tie down securely and store in a dry place. The pickle may be made by boiling two quarts of vinegar with a teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of black pepper, three ounces of bruised ginger, three blades of mace, six cloves stuck in three onions and an ounce of mustard seed. This pickle should be kept for six months before using; it will improve with keeping.

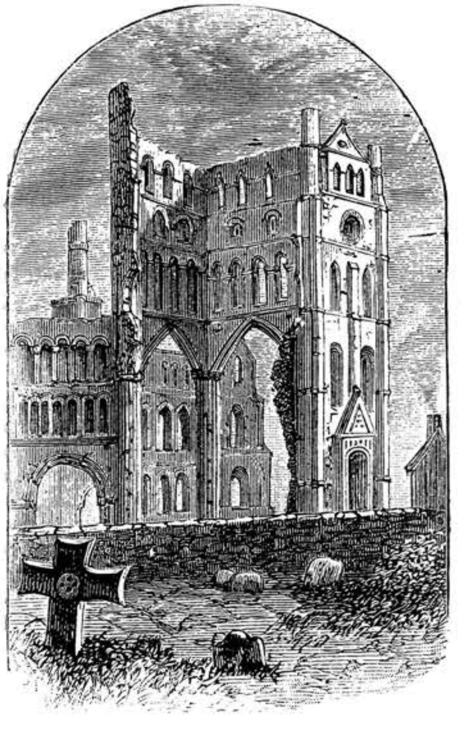
Small and even sized capsicums, also barberries, are very good when pickled according to the recipe given for nasturtium seeds. These brightly-coloured vegetables are very useful for garnishing. The barberries should be gathered before they are quite ripe, and should be put with the stalks into pickle, the leaves having been previously removed.

There is only one more recipe which I should like to give. The pickle made from it is so excellent, and I believe so uncommon, that I hope some of the girls who belong to our cookery class will be induced to try it this season. It was given to me by an English lady who was brought up in Germany; I have made it several times, and I do not remember having met with more than two people who, on tasting it, have not been enthusiastic in their appreciation of it. Here it is.

Sour Plums.—Take three pounds of what are called in Germany Zwetschen (a long, blue autumn plum, the nearest approach to which procurable in England is called late damson). Rub off the bloom, prick the plums with a needle, and cut the stalks short. Take as much vinegar as will cover, measure it, and for each pint allow a pound and a half of sugar, three (the original recipe said "a few") blades of mace, one stick ("a few sticks") of cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful ("a little") of allspice. Boil the vinegar with the spices, pour it through a strainer over the plums, and let them stand for twenty-four hours. The next day boil the vinegar and pour it over the fruit, and afterwards put it on the fire with the plums to simmer for a few minutes. Cover close down whilst hot. These sour plums may be used with roast mutton or with hare instead of red currant jelly. Strictly speaking, they are more suited for purposes of this kind than they are for eating with cold meat.

PHILLIS BROWNE.





USEFUL HINTS.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES FOR DIARRHŒA.—1. Heat a breakfast saucer to insure dryness; pour into it a wineglassful of pale brandy. Set the spirit on fire with a strip of clean lighted writing-paper, and let it burn until the quantity is reduced one third. Pour this into half a pint of boiling milk; drink it when moderately warm; repeat, if necessary, but take only half the quantity at once after the first dose. Arrowroot may be substituted for milk, but whether made with water or milk, should be boiled, not merely mixed with boiling liquid. 2. Take twenty to thirty drops of elixir of vitriol, or, as it is often called, diluted sulphuric acid, in a wineglassful of cold water; three to five drops of laudanum may be added to the dose when there is great internal pain. Repeat, if needful, either with or without the laudanum, according to circumstances. The dose is a medium one for an adult. A very eminent physician, who was peculiarly successful during a terrible outbreak of cholera, told the writer that he had found this most valuable in the early stages of that terrible disease and in diarrhœa.

SIMPLE REMEDIES FOR RHEUMATISM.—1. One of the best possible remedies for rheumatism is a soda bath. Dissolve 2 oz. sesqui carbonate of soda, or a ¼ lb. of common washing soda, in an ordinary warm bath. Remain in it fifteen to twenty minutes, adding hot water from time to time, so as to keep up the temperature to the last. The bath may be repeated after an interval of three days, or a single affected limb may be bathed daily. 2. Rheumatic pains in a joint may often be much relieved, or even cured, by the application at the outset of spirits of camphor. Pour a little into the hand, and rub the part night and morning; the spirit dries almost instantly. In applying a mustard poultice, always interpose a bit of old transparent muslin between it and the skin. After removing the poultice cover the place inflamed by the mustard with a piece of cotton wadding. It gives great comfort. Amongst the simple domestic remedies which should always be kept within reach may be classed dried camomile flowers. A strong decoction of these, used as a hot fomentation, is extremely soothing. The following are instances of the value of camomile. A dear little boy had a gathering under the nail of the great toe. His mother stewed camomile flowers, put them in a bowl, and immersed the child's foot in the decoction. She packed the flowers above and around the ailing toe, and as they cooled changed them for hot ones. So long as the child's foot was in the water he suffered little pain; so at bed-time it was packed in a mass of the stewed flowers in a flannel bag. He fell asleep, and in the morning it was found that the gathering had broken, and the toe was comparatively well. A boil on the cheek and a large gathering inside the mouth and neuralgic pains in the face have been similarly relieved by fomenting with a strong decoction of camomile flowers. The following is an excellent way of applying this simple remedy. Make two flannel bags and fill them; but not so tightly as to make them hard, with boiled flowers. Squeeze one bag and apply it, as hot as can be borne, to the painful part, and cover with two or three thicknesses of warm dry flannel to keep in the heat. When getting cool, change with the second bag, which should be kept steaming hot between two plates in an oven. Being freshly wrung through the strong decoction after use, and again put to steam in the oven, a supply of hot bags will be kept up. The heat is retained much longer than in the case of fomentations with flannels merely wrung out of the hot decoction and applied. The writer has so often experienced relief and been soothed from pain to rest by the above method of using camomile that she cannot speak too highly of its value as a domestic remedy. For strengthening the eyes, plunge the upper part of the face in a bowl of clean, cold water, opening and shutting the eyes two or three times in the water, so that they have a cold bath every morning. The sensation is neither painful nor unpleasant, but the effect is very beneficial. A very soothing application for inflamed eyes and eyelids is seared milk, prepared as follows:—Stir a cup of new milk with a red hot poker till nearly boiling; let the milk settle, then strain it through muslin, leaving all bits of dust behind, and, when lukewarm, apply with a bit of soft linen to the inflamed eyes. In using eye lotions take a separate rag for each eye, and only pour out as much of the lotion as you are likely to require at one time. Wash and rinse the rags or lint each time after using, so that you may always begin with a perfectly clean piece. The seared milk may be used very often, and is an excellent application, especially for the tender eyes of infants. Elder flower water—the simple distilled water without any mixture—is an admirable cosmetic. After exposure to a burning sun, wet the corner of a towel with elder flower water, and dab it lightly over the face. The heat and smarting will be immediately allayed, and freckles prevented. A rag wetted with it will remove the smarting caused by nettle stings, and is also a very cooling and pleasant application to a tender skin after washing. It may be used twice daily.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.—At the end of a meal a good deal of tea is often left in the pot. Perhaps the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may care to know what we do with such "leavings." We pour it into a large bottle and give it to a poor old woman, who is thankful to be thus saved the expense of providing herself with her favourite beverage. If the cork is left out the tea will keep perfectly through the day, and the old woman sends for it in the afternoon. It is easily warmed up, and she finds it has a far better flavour than what she used to buy for herself.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.

PART IX.

LA HAYE.

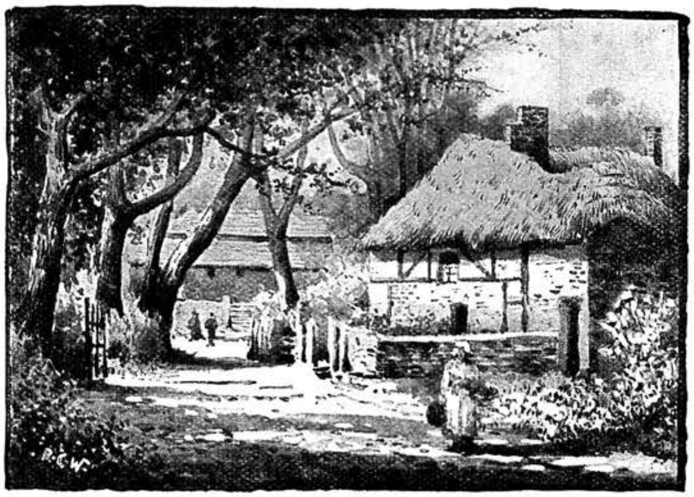
After our experience in Auvergnes, the rest of our travel was so flat as to have faded almost entirely from my memory. As soon as we reached England, I was sent to school—to a school of which I shall have more to say presently. There were only twenty girls. Mrs. MacBean was one of the best and kindest women who ever lived—a devoted Christian with a heart large enough to take in all her girls. If I could have been happy at any school I should have been happy there. And I was not actively unhappy, for I lived on my mother's promise that in July I should go back to her again. Where she was I didn't know; but I knew she was looking for a pretty home for us all. I used to write letters to her addressed to St. Martin's le Grand, which I think I believed to be in Paris.

At last the news came that she had decided to live at Dinan in Brittany, and that in two short days I was to go by boat and join her. One day passed. The next day at dinner I was hugging myself on the thought of the morrow.

"To-morrow," I said to the girl next to me, "I shall be going to my mother in France."

"Oh, no, dear!" said the governess at the foot of the table. "Miss MacBean says you're not going till Wednesday."

With a crash my card-castle came tumbling about my ears. Wednesday might as well have been next year—it seemed so far off. I burst into passionate weeping just as the servant placed a large plate of steaming black-currant pudding before me. I saw through my tears how vexed Miss MacBean looked; she hadn't meant to break the news to me in this way.



"Come, Daisy," she said after a while, "don't cry, dear. Have some black-currant pudding—nice black-currant pudding."

"I don't want any black-currant pudding!" I cried. "I hate it! I never want any pudding again!" And, with that, I rushed from the room; and from that day to this I have never been able to tolerate black-currant pudding.

Every one was very kind to me; but there was not any one there who could at all understand the agony that that delay cost me. I didn't care to eat, I didn't care to sleep or play or read.

When my mother met me at St. Malo on the following Thursday, her first words were, "Why, how pale and ill the child looks!" My sister suggested that it was the steamboat; but I don't believe it was. I believe it was the awful shock that came to me over the black-currant pudding.

A long drive on a diligence by miles and miles of straight white road—the fatigue of the journey forgotten in the consciousness that I was going home, not to an hotel, not to a boarding-house, but home.

The small material objects that surround one's daily life have always influenced me deeply. Even as a child I found that in a familiar *entourage* one could be contented, if not happy; but hotels and boarding-houses and lodgings have always bored me to extinction. Of course, as a matter of theory, one ought to carry one's intellectual atmosphere with one and be independent of surroundings; but, as a matter of practice, it can't be done, at least, by me. I have a cat-like fondness for things I am accustomed to, and I am not singular in this respect. I once knew a woman who, after years of genteel poverty and comfortless economy, had an opportunity of a new life in comparatively affluent circumstances.

"Why ever don't you accept it?" I said when she told me of it.

"I can't make up my mind to it," she said. "You see, I should have to leave the furniture."

I felt some sympathy for her, though I hope that in her place I should have been strong-minded enough to make another choice.

At last the diligence drew up at cross-roads, where a cart was waiting, and to this our luggage was transferred. It turned up one of the side roads, and we followed on foot. Up a hill wound the road, a steep wooded slope on one side, and on the other a high, clay bank set with dainty ferns. Here and there a tiny spring trickled down to join the little stream that ran beside the road.

We turned a corner by a farm, through a herd of gaunt pigs nearly as big as donkeys—the sight of which made me clasp my mother's hand more tightly. Each pig had a bar of wood suspended from his neck by a string, so that, if he tried to stray through the hedge, the bar would catch and hold him back. All the pigs tried to walk over this bar as it hung against their fore legs. They never succeeded; but the action gave them all the air of high-stepping carriage-horses.

Then we walked a little further along the white road, and the cart turned in at a wooden gate. We followed along the carriage-drive, which ran along outside the high red wall of the big garden, then through a plantation of huge horse-chestnut trees. To the left, I could see ricks, cows and pigs, all the bustle and colour of a farm-yard.

Two great brown gates swung back on their hinges and we passed through them into the courtyard of the dearest home of my childhood. The courtyard was square. One side was formed by the house; dairy, coach-house, and the chicken-house formed the second side; on the third were stable, cow-house and goat-shed; on the fourth wood-shed, dog-kennel, and the great gates by which we had entered. The house itself was an ordinary white-washed, slate-roofed, French country house, with an immense walled fruit garden on the other side of it.

There never was such another garden, there never will be! Peaches, apricots, nectarines, and grapes of all kinds, lined the inside walls; the avenue that ran down the middle of it was of fig trees and standard peach-trees. There were raspberries, cherries and strawberries, and flowers mingling with fruits and vegetables in a confusion the most charming in the world. Along the end of the garden was a great arcade of black, clipped yews, so thick and strong that a child could crawl on the outside of it without falling through. Above the dairy and coach-house was an immense hay-loft, a straw-loft over the stable and cow-house. What play-rooms for wet days! Beyond the chicken-house was the orchard, full of twisted grey apple trees, beneath whose boughs in due season the barley grew. Beyond, a network of lanes, fringed with maiden-hair, led away into fairyland.

My brothers eagerly led me round to show me all the treasures of the new home. There was a swing in the orchard, there were trees full of cherries, white and black.

"And we may eat as many as we like," said Alfred.

That afternoon we gathered a waste-paper basket full of cherries, and, with strenuous greed, set ourselves to empty it. We didn't succeed, of course; but the effort, so far as I remember, was attended by no evil consequences. We gave what we couldn't eat to the little black English pig, another of the treasures of the new home.

There was a little black cow, there was a goat who resented with her horns my efforts after goat's milk. I learnt to milk her afterwards though, and she grew very kind and condescending. Then there were two ponies, Punch and Judy, and Punch, my brothers told me proudly, was for us to ride. This was the crowning happiness; we had never had a pony of our own before. He was a tiresome, pig-headed little beast that pony; but we loved him dearly. He had a way of pretending to be frightfully thirsty when you were out riding him, and when, in the kindness of your heart, you let him bend his head to a wayside pond for a drink, he would kick up his wicked little heels and over his head you had to go. If he could rub you off against a tree as you rode across the fields, he would do it with all the pleasure in life. He was rather good at jumping, and he and I had some pleasant cross-country expeditions; but, if anything in the nature of the obstacle you put him at happened to strike his fancy disagreeably, he had a clever way of stopping short at the last moment, when, of course, you went over his head. He threw me three times in this way in one morning; but after that I was up to him.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COSEY CORNER.

MINNIE R. RAMSEY.

How to Give an "Afternoon Tea."

"FIVE o'clock teas," they are also called, either name is fitting. These entertainments are vastly popular with those who wish to cancel, with one entertainment, all their social obligations, and the hostess generally goes over her entire visiting list when issuing her invitations. They are simply afternoon receptions, at which each guest is expected to partake of the light refreshment offered. Customs differ slightly, in different cities, in the exact manner of dispensing these last. Usually the hostess stands near the door, always in some conspicuous place, to receive her guests; and if the tea be given in honor of any friend, this friend stands next to the hostess, and each guest is presented to her on entering the room. Sometimes the hostess will be assisted by several friends. The caller simply shakes hands with her hostess and friends, and exchanges greetings with them, then passing along to other friends who may be present. With any guests who do not seem to be much at home it is customary for one of the receiving party to accompany such to the tea-table. The hostess has literally nothing to do with dispensing her own hospitalities. In the city of Washington, the custom of having certain of your friends to pour the tea is very general, but here that is the exception, and either maids with neat caps, or else men servants, stand at the table and serve from it the tea and coffee.

Use a rather small table, and do not have the cups and plates set *around* it, but have the tea-things, cups, plates, etc., all irregularly placed. Usually there will be at each end, or in the center, a low "rose bowl" filled carelessly with the fragrant beauties, or some low-set arrangement of ferns or smilax and flowers. Scattered about have pretty little dishes of salted almonds, bonbons and crystallized fruits. Many have these bon-bon trays placed around on mantels and little tables. *Bouillon* (hot beef tea) should be served from the pantry, brought in little cups. Coffee-ice, if you have it, should be put into a large bowl. Chocolate may either be served from the pantry, or from a pretty chocolate pot on the table. There should be at the side of it a bowl of whipped cream to be put on the top of each cup.

You see there is not to be much on your tea-table, and even at the largest teas, with hundreds of people coming and going, you would only require three or four dozen teacups, as they would be constantly going out to be washed and coming in again.

Unless your table top is of such rare and handsome wood that you want it to show, spread the table with a fine white cloth, having felt beneath it. (In the former case, a handsome embroidered doily should be placed under each article upon it.) Candle-sticks, with the candles lighted as the daylight wanes, are pretty on the table. Have a few plates in a pile, a few teaspoons, some doilies, sugar bowl and cream jug. A plate of thinnest bread and butter, spread and rolled, fancy cracker jar filled with delicate crackers or wafers, thin biscuit that come specially for afternoon teas, a cake basket with fancy cakes, or a cake on a plate and a knife to cut it; these are all the necessary furnishings of an afternoon tea-table, and you need not have all I have mentioned.

In Washington there is usually a larger array than with us; you will find at a tea, salads, sandwiches, and generally creams and ices.

Nobody pretends to sit at the table, or even stand near it, and all hold their cups and plates in hand. Above all things have a good service, let all used dishes be instantly removed and fresh ones substituted, and have all dishes kept daintily replenished.

Provide no extra chairs, very few persons will care to sit down, as most of the guests come in visiting costume and do not remove their wraps. But it is usual to have an upper room open for this purpose for those who do choose to remove them.

The idea of the tea-table is beauty and delicacy, at the expense of substantiality. It is by no means a lunch or supper-table. The theory is simply that you invite your friends all for an afternoon call, and then offer them slight refreshment.

Odds and Ends.

THE worth and value of paper pulp is not generally known. If it is mixed with plaster of Paris, Portland cement, or glue, it forms a paste that will stop cracks in wood or metal more effectually than anything else. It must always be kept in a bottle, closely stoppered, to prevent its moisture evaporating. When it is needed for use, it should be made of the consistency of gruel by the addition of hot water, then, if plaster of Paris be added, it becomes pasty in consistence. This applied to a leak in a water- or gas-pipe has an instant effect, whilst, mixed with fine sawdust and boiled for several hours, it makes a splendid filling for cracks in the boards of floors. It should be laid in the crack and left until almost dry, then covered with paraffin and smoothed down with a hot iron.

* * *

IT is a rather curious fact that many of the luxuries and extravagances of modern times have their origin in New York. The latest craze in that American city is perfumed butter, which is made into pats and stamped with a floral design, and is then wrapped in a thin cloth and placed in a flat dish filled with violets, roses or carnations, or any other scented flower. Another layer of flowers is then placed on the top, so that the butter is really imbedded in blossoms. The dish is put upon ice, where it is left for several hours; the butter being highly perfumed when it is brought to table. There seems to be little object in this waste of flowers, as fresh butter is sufficiently delicious to need no accompaniment in the way of scent.

* * *

"IF we listen to our self-love, we shall estimate our lot less by what it is than by what it is not; shall dwell upon its hindrances, and be blind to its possibilities; and, comparing it only with imaginary lives, still indulge in flattering dreams of what we should do, if we had but power, and give, if we had but wealth, and be, if we had no temptations. We shall be for ever querulously pleading our unloving temper and unfruitful life; and fancying ourselves injured beings, virtually frowning at the dear Providence that loves us, and chafing with a self-torture which invites no pity. If we yield ourselves unto God, and sincerely accept our lot as assigned by Him, we shall count up its contents, and disregard its omissions; and be it as feeble as a cripple's, and as narrow as a child's, shall find in it resources of good surpassing our best economy, and sacred claims that may keep awake our highest will."—*James Martineau.*

* * *

A YOUNG French woman, Mdlle Jeanne Benaben is one of the most remarkable women in Europe. She is only eighteen years of age, yet two years ago she was made Bachelor of Arts of one of the most famous colleges in France, afterwards becoming a Professor of Philosophy in a college for women at Lyons. Now she is a Licentiate in Philosophy, one of the most important degrees of the Sorbonne, coming out of a supremely difficult examination, third on a list of two hundred candidates.

KING GEORGE III. was born at a house in St. James's Square, London, which is still standing at the back of Norfolk House, the town mansion of the Duke of Norfolk, and parallel with it. It is a small building, of the Hanoverian style, little more than a cottage, and for many years has been used as a stable and house for servants. The present stable-yard was once the garden which ran down to, and fronted the Square.

* * *

"THE wish to succeed is an element in every undertaking, without which achievement is impossible. The ambition to succeed is the mainspring of activity, the driving-wheel of industry, the spur to intellectual and moral progress. It gives energy to the individual, enthusiasm to the many, push to the nation. It makes the difference between people who move as a stream and people who stand like a pool."

* * *

NEGROS are remarkable for their readiness of repartee and wit. For many years the janitor of an American college was a negro who was the butt of the students, yet rarely was vanquished in a verbal encounter. One day he was superintending the burning of some turf upon one of the college lawns, when a newly-arrived student passing by, called out "Well, Sam, that is almost as black as you are." "Yes, sah," replied Sam, "and next spring it will be 'most as green as you are now."

* * *

THE present rage for cycling is not confined to the middle classes alone, and the adoption of the exercise or pastime by royalty and wealthy people has naturally led to many costly improvements, both in the appearance and running powers of bicycles. But it has been reserved for a cycling club in Milan to set the fashion in the way of extravagance. This club has had a machine made for presentation to the Queen of Italy, with spokes and wheels of pure gold. It sounds a little ostentatious, and it is more than probable that the Queen would find an ordinary steel bicycle much more serviceable.

* * *

TWO hundred years ago certain English counties had the privilege given them by Parliament of coining money, the post of Master of the Mint being considered one of great honour. In the reign of Edward the Confessor there were seven mint-masters in the City of Chester alone, who each paid seven pounds yearly to the Crown in return for their appointment, as long as the mints they superintended were at work. In the reign of William III. six cities were accorded the privilege of coining their own money, Chester being one of them. But the system did not work satisfactorily, and at length one huge establishment was formed in London where all coins of the realm are manufactured under the most vigorous government inspection, and submitted to most difficult tests by a body of experts.

THE famous district of the Landes, in that portion of France bordering the Bay of Biscay, once an arid and sterile region of sand dunes covered with coarse grass, has been changed into a prosperous tract of country by the planting of pine-trees. The shepherds of the Landes, those curious solitary creatures, who spend their lives upon stilts, and their leisure in knitting, are now practically things of the past, for where their flocks once fed, charcoal-kilns, saw-mills and turpentine works cover the sandy ground, busily engaged in turning the pine forests to good account in many different ways. The Landes were once a favourite theme for the geographer, but the district as a geographical term exists no longer.

* * *

THERE are two ladies in Paris who devote themselves to promoting the welfare of cats. One of them goes round a certain quarter of the city every day feeding one hundred of the animals which live in cellars, whilst in an outhouse at her own home she nurses all the sick and injured cats that she can rescue from the streets and unkind owners. The other lady makes the cats in the Palais de Justice, in the Prefecture of Police, at the College of the Sorbonne, and in the Central Market, her especial care. At the Palais de Justice there are thirty cats, which, when anything prevents their benefactress coming at her usual hour for feeding them, go out into the courtyard to meet her, and wait there until she arrives. At first the policemen on duty scoffed at the kindly lady, but they soon became interested, and now eagerly help her to feed her large feline family. The lady declares that apart from the good she has done to the cats, she has awakened a spirit of humanity in the police force.

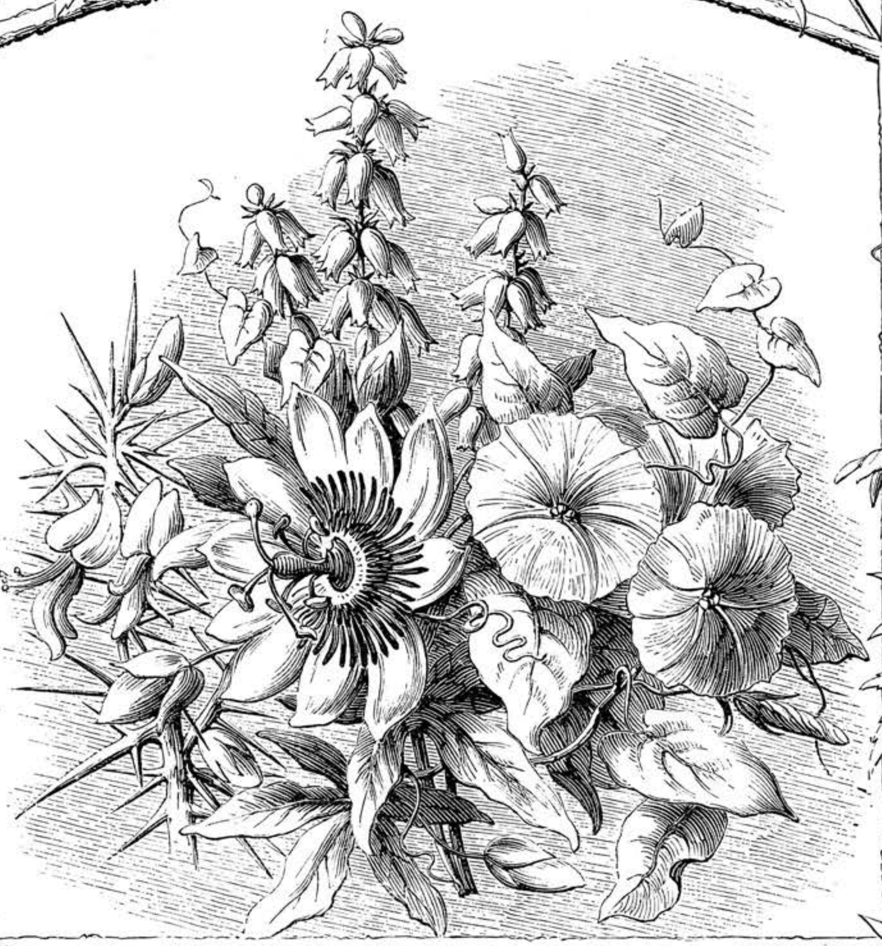
* * *

A D'OYLEY is one of the commonplaces of housekeeping, but there are few people who know the quaint origin of the word itself. In the reign of William the Conqueror, one of his knights, named Robert D'Oyley, was granted an estate at Hook-Norton in Oxfordshire on a very curious condition. In return for these lands he had to "make tender of a linen table-cloth worth three English shillings" every year at the feast of St. Michael to his king. As they were exclusively used by the royal family, the ladies of the D'Oyley household took especial pains in embroidering these linen cloths, then known as "quitrent cloths," and as a consequence these annual tributes under the feudal system became in time a collection of needlework of great artistic beauty and merit. They were only used on state occasions at the Conqueror's table, and were called "D'Oyley's Linen;" hence the term "d'oyley," for fine linen cloths.

* * *

"'THERE is nothing,' says Plato, 'so delightful as the hearing or speaking of truth.' For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of a man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive."

Joseph Addison.



THE SEPTEMBER GARLAND.

PLACE in the centre the glorious Passion Flower,
Whose winding stems interlace trellis and bower,
As beautiful as fragile, in which the devotee
Emblems of sacred things and holy symbols can see.
Child of the sunny South! And by the side of it
Set the pure white Convolvulus, making a contrast fit.
This too is a trailer, and over the hedges, near and far,
It spreads its silvery blossoms, shaped like the trump of war.
And above set some sprigs of the purple, fragrant Heath,
On which many a Scot has striven and slept in death.
Then take the prickly Furze, or Gorse, or Golden Whin,
That, as people say, is always in blossom as the fashion of love is in.

H. G. A.

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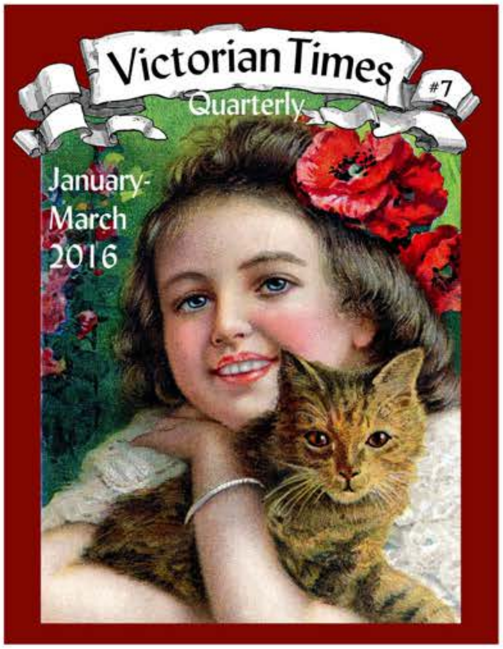
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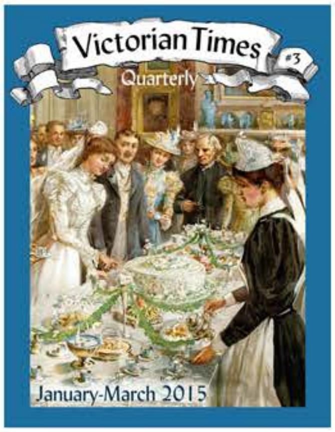
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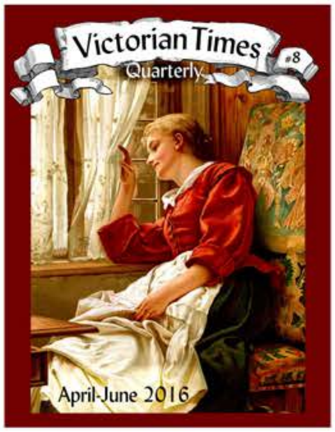
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