

Victorian Times

Vol. II, No. 10

October 2015



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Country Customs: Nutting in the Woods • Guests and Guest-Chambers
The Brunswick Ghost • Wedding Customs • Imitation Stained Glass
Merops the Rook • First Fire of the Season • Ghosts of Nether Talkington*

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

Victorian DIY

The season is changing. Trees are turning color (and, in my neighborhood, turning color one day and dropping all their leaves the next). The nights are getting colder and I've hunted out the warmer blankets. In Victorian England, this would be (according to the article at the end of this issue) the month in which a household would light its first fire for the season; in our house, it means switching from A/C to heat.

This time of year has always put me in a "crafty" mood. As Halloween drew near, one could not help but think that Thanksgiving wasn't far behind—with Christmas close upon its heels. That tang in the air meant it was time to start thinking about creating ornaments and gifts for the holidays.

It's an impulse that was clearly shared by Victorian women and girls. I had never imagined, before my headlong plunge into the world of Victorian women's magazines, what a DIY culture this was!

Of course, there's a certain amount of necessity involved. If one wishes, for example, to adorn the mantel with a piece of embroidery, one can't simply pick up a cheap bit of cloth machine-embroidered in China. And some might also argue that Victorian ladies needed to find *something* to do with all that time on their hands, what with servants doing all the heavy lifting in the household.

But there seems to be more to the Victorian tendency toward crafts and creativity than a mere need to fill their idle hours. There seems to have been a deep desire not simply to surround oneself with beautiful things, but to *create* beauty. Possibly the desire to turn one's home into a haven of loveliness might have been in part an urge to counter the very real ugliness that one might encounter in the outer world, but I don't plan to wax philosophical about Victorian creativity. It's enough that it existed, and its charm is what draws many of us to that world.

What makes me marvel the most, however, is the *diversity* of Victorian crafts. One tends to think of the Victorian lady, or girl, as a gentle, quiet, even mousy little creature, bent over her needle. Needlecrafts seem the perfect activity for this unassuming, unassertive female—embroidery, crochet, knitting, perhaps a spot of lace-making. And this was the sort of craft article I expected to find in magazines aimed at "the Victorian girl."

Apparently Victorian craft-writers thought the Victorian girl to be capable of a great deal more than this! Magazines like *The Girl's Own Paper* seem to have no difficulty imagining these delicate, ladylike creatures happily banging away on brass repoussé work, hammering at wrought iron, attacking bits of wood with a hot poker, or taking up woodcarving. I haven't actually seen a piece on sculpting stone, but a Victorian lady apparently wouldn't cause anyone to bat an eye if she sculpted in clay.

Another eye-opener is the sheer scale of some of the projects a Victorian lady might undertake. Now, I engaged in embroidery for years, but it never occurred to me to tackle something the size, say, of a "pianoforte cover"—i.e., an embroidered panel large enough to cover the entire back of one's upright piano! I've embroidered household linens, but I would have drawn the line at drapes!

The DIY spirit also extended into the creation of home furnishings. Victorian magazines clearly understood that women might wish to have a home full of beautiful things—but lack the budget to easily make that a reality. Hence magazines abounded with articles on how to create charming and useful furniture from, say, packing crates—or how to refinish some older bit of furniture in a newer, more fashionable mode. One article from *Ingalls' Home Magazine* (sadly, too damaged to reprint) described the many uses a housewife found for the pieces of a broken and abandoned crib. Another explains how to create bookshelves from wooden thread spools.

I suspect these Victorian women were aware of something we are in danger of forgetting, in this day of Facebook and Pinterest: The immense satisfaction to be gained from actually, physically creating something with one's own hands. While I derive a great deal of fulfillment from my work as a writer and editor, creating something physical—such as a bead necklace or a holiday ornament—taps into and satisfies a different part of my brain. It's a part of our brains that won't ever be fulfilled with posts and texts and tweets, and that can never achieve true contentment from hours of passive entertainment.

Today, we are encouraged to be consumers rather than creators. We are urged to consume entertainment, appreciate beauty, and pass along images and comments to encourage others to do the same. Today, there's big money in such consumption. But while consumption can bring us enjoyment, it can never bring the same satisfaction as being creative—no matter how good, or how awful, the end results of one's creative efforts may be. The Victorians were on to something—and I hope it's something we can find a way to recapture today!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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Some Curious Fancy Dresses.

BY FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



HE way in which this article came to be written was, like its subject, rather peculiar. I was speaking one night, on the spacious floor of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, to an individual whose appearance was, to put it very mildly indeed, a little out of the common. He called himself "Capital and Labour," and certainly was a perambulating allegory. Exactly half his person was clad in faultless evening dress, while the other half represented a typical labouring man, wearing a grimy cap, a rough guernsey, cord trousers hitched up with a strap, a red handkerchief, short clay pipe, and a navy's boot of ponderous dimensions. This half also carried a tin tea bottle and a shovel that had seen much service. I should mention that the old cap and the section of a glossy silk hat were spliced together for the one head in a very masterly manner. "Capital" smoked a Turkish cigarette, while "Labour" contented himself with an indescribable clay, touching his cap occasionally and borrowing a light from his friend and master close by. At intervals these two persons in one shook hands with each other amid the applause of a non-democratic but strangely-assorted multitude. The wearer of this costume, however, clearly had cause for these periodical demonstrations, for he ultimately secured a very valuable prize.

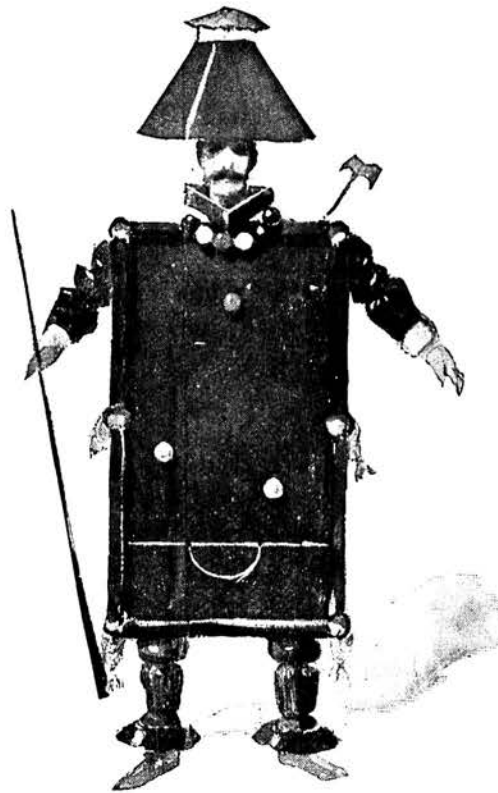
Somewhat similarly, "Convict and Judge" were typified on the person of a single individual, the printed legend running, "'Tis years since last we met"; and a gentleman dressed

as half postman and half housemaid was labelled "United Service." I saw all these, and hosts of other living jokes, from a walking "Wedding Cake" to a "Pirate 'Bus"; and then, assisted by Sir Augustus Harris, I set to work to procure photographs and sketches of some of the most unique costumes ever designed.

My first example needs some little description and explanation. This is the "Billiard Table," designed and made by Harrisons, of Bow Street, with the avowed intention of securing the combination dining and billiard table which figured among the valuable prizes to be awarded at a particular ball; I may say here that the dress was successful in this respect. The arms, legs, and boots were made, appropriately enough, of mahogany satin; and the frame of the table was of wood and wire, covered with real billiard cloth. A first-rate set of match-balls, specially made by Bur-

roughes and Watts, were suspended here and there on the green surface; a string of coloured pyramid balls was worn round the neck. The wearer carried a cue in his hand.

The head-dress was partly a green shaded billiard lamp, and partly an ordinary table lamp. Electric light wires were concealed in the body of the costume; and on the wearer's hips were two specially made Verity storage batteries, which would enable the electric lights to burn for eight hours. The back of this costume represented a dining-table laid for several persons—table-cloth, serviettes, knives and forks, glasses and flowers, all complete. These articles were kept in position by fine wires.



A BILLIARD-TABLE.
From the Original Sketch.



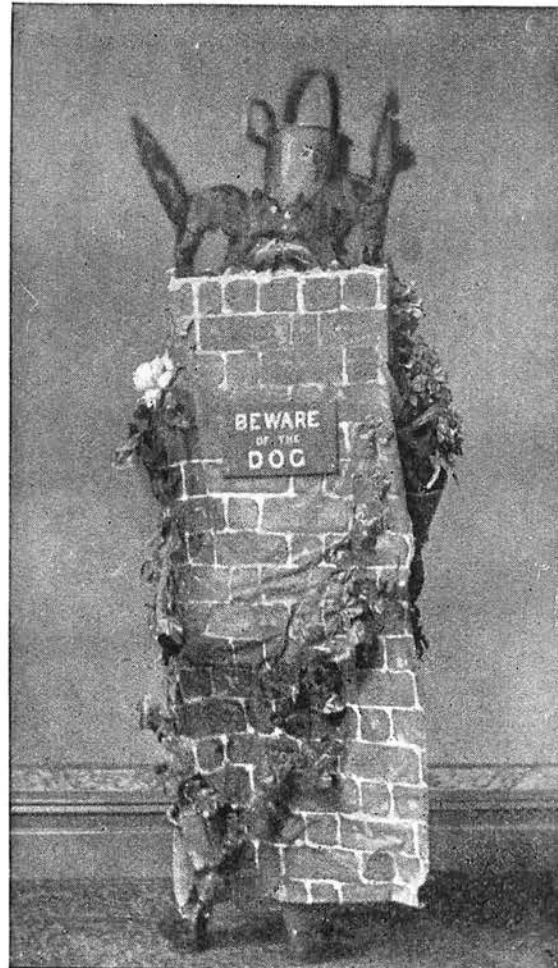
OUR BACK GARDEN—FRONT VIEW.
From a Photo. by G. E. Beach, Fulham.

The next illustration given here is the front view of the extraordinary costume entered on Sir Augustus Harris's list as "Our Back Garden." It was worn by its designer, Mr. Bruce Smith, the well-known scenic artist, who evidently has a perfect genius for devising quaint and symbolical dresses.

It will be seen that the lower part of the wearer's legs are incased in flower-pots, which are of *papier-maché*, and from which spring creeping plants and flowers; the same idea is ingeniously carried out at the arms, flower-pots being made to serve as gauntlets, and trailing plants being conducted up on to the shoulders. The middle of the body represents a grotto half covered with various flowers and the drooping grass often seen on rockwork; this extends to the green wooden trellis-work that covers the breast. Around the neck is coiled a length of garden hose, the nozzle of which hangs gracefully down. The headpiece is particularly ingenious: a green watering-can, the spout of which does duty—perhaps more than duty—for the wearer's nose.

Now look at the back view. Here we see a great sheet of dun-coloured canvas painted to represent bricks, and bearing a familiar admonition. Finally, the top of the garden wall bristles with murderous-looking fragments of bottles and broken glass; and two weird, unearthly-looking cats hold communion on the top thereof. But let no reader imagine that these felines remained quiescent during the festive evening. On the contrary, they played an important part in the conspicuous success of the costume, for, by means of strings worked from the wearer's pockets, they went through spasmodic gyrations at unexpected times, after the manner of their world-renowned Kilkenny prototypes.

It would seem that the designing of successful fancy dresses is a lucrative business. I question whether the "properties" that figured in "Our Back Garden" cost a five-pound note; yet the night Mr. Bruce Smith wore this dress he was awarded first prize—a solid silver coffee service, worth nearly £60. Moreover, the very next night Mr. Smith donned his unique costume at the skating



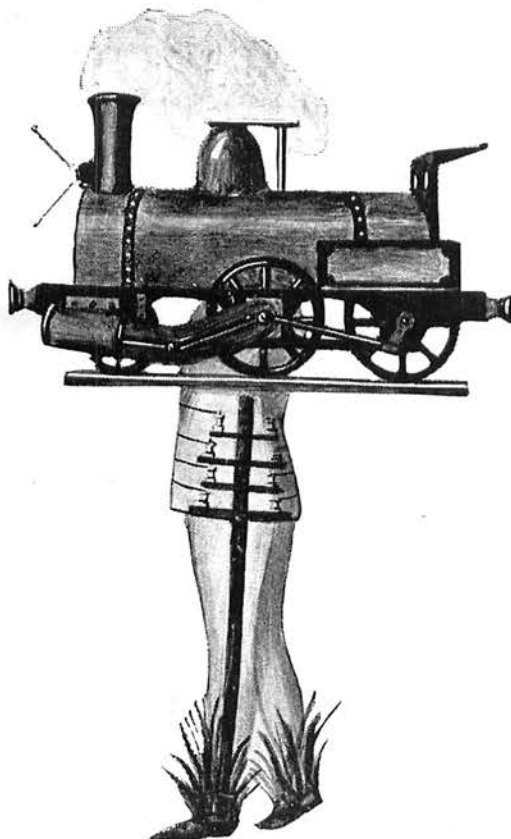
OUR BACK GARDEN—BACK VIEW.
From a Photo. by G. E. Beach, Fulham.



From the **A NIGHTMARE.** [Original Sketch.

carnival at Olympia, and won a carriage and pair, valued at a hundred guineas.

The "Nightmare" explains itself; so does that curious combination dress which was registered as "An Injin." It is amusing to



From the **AN INJIN.** [Original Sketch.

note, however, that on the original sketches I have before me as I write, the artist has drawn numerous "aside" designs for the guidance of the practical costumier. For instance, in a corner of the "Nightmare" sketch there is a "plan of hoof," showing how the wearer's foot is to be inserted. Then, again, there are front and back views of the "Injin," a "plan of rails," and certain pictorial hints about a "grassy bank" that might take the place of the telegraph pole shown on the wearer's body.

The "Irish Harp" is a beautiful design by M. Commelli, formerly designer to the Comédie Française. I met this artist in



From the **AN IRISH HARP.** [Original Sketch.

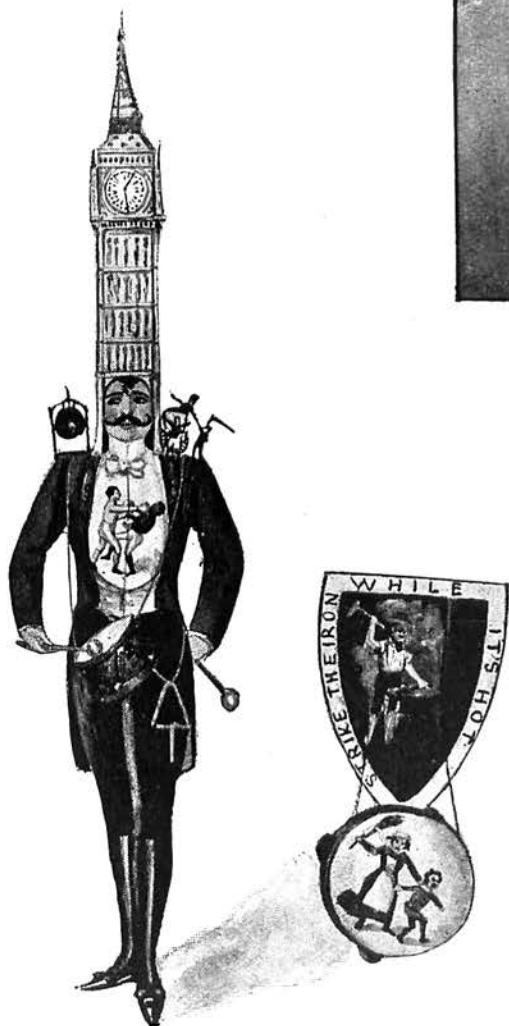
Harrisons' one day, and it then occurred to me to ask him how he got the idea for this graceful costume. I thought that in this particular instance I should light upon some interesting incident showing how fortuitous trifles assist the costume designer. Nor was I mistaken.

It seems that on one occasion Mr. J. A. Harrison and M. Commelli were discussing a forthcoming fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden, and the former wanted a pretty and original dress which his wife might wear thereat. The artist stood for a moment in thought, and then idly drew from his pocket a handful of money, the uppermost coin being a new half-sovereign, on which was shown the Arms of the United Kingdom. Seeing this, M. Commelli cried:

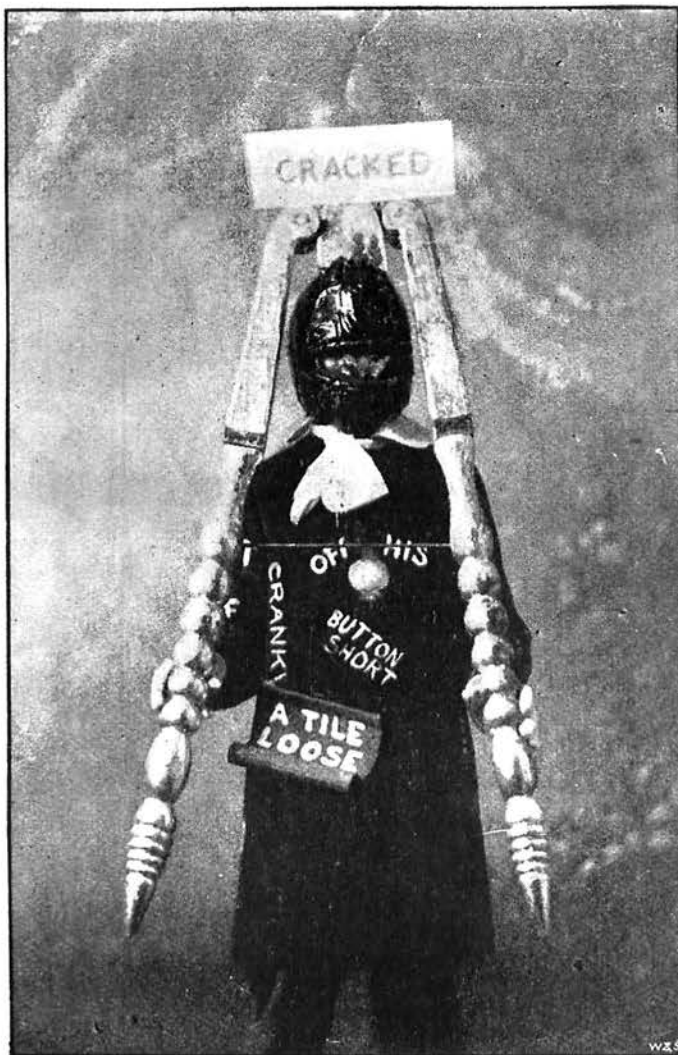
"I have it! She shall go as an Irish Harp." And the rough sketch was prepared then and there.

The material of the skirt consisted of sixteen yards of woven golden wire, made in Paris at a cost of two guineas per yard. It was cut in gores, and these were lined out in fine gold and spangled. The bodice was of figured brocade, made in England. It was ornamented on the front with large golden leaves; and on the breast, shoulders, and hips were large green shamrock leaves, also lined in gold. The head-dress consisted of three shamrock leaves.

Altogether, there were fifteen leaves, which were of tinted silk, and each was 9in. high and 6in. broad. Attached to the back of the bodice was a reproduction of an Irish harp, in brass, also a pair of golden feather wings. The harp



From the] A STRIKING COSTUME. [Original Sketch.



From a Photo. by] "CRACKED." [Hills & Saunders.

took four days to make, and its strings were of fine gold cord; it stood out from the back about 4ft. at the widest part. The hose was of golden wire, spangled, and the shoes were cut from golden satin. A long golden wig was worn, which reached past the waist, and, of course, divided on each side of the harp, concealing the place where it was joined to the bodice.

I pass over "A Striking Costume," which scarcely needs explanation.

The chief machinist at the Covent Garden Opera House, Mr. H. Stanford, wore the quaint costume called "Cracked," though it was originally designed by Mr. Bruce Smith. It will be seen that the head represents a huge walnut, which has yielded (at the wearer's mouth) to the persuasion of the big nut-cracker. The last-mentioned article was something of an incubus to Mr. Stanford, for it was 4ft. long and weighed nearly 20lb., being all of wood, turned by a

carpenter; it was subsequently silvered all over by the property-master. Sundry expressive colloquialisms were typified on this dress, such as "Off His Onion," "A Tile Loose" (the tile dangled from the wearer's watch-chain), "A Bit Off," and "Touched." The two latter appeared on the back, the "bit off" being a piece of cloth torn from the old frock-coat; whilst a dab of white paint showing finger-marks conveyed the idea that the garment had been "touched."

Here we have the back and front views of a costume entitled "English Sports." A Rugby football is placed upon the head, which is inclosed in a fencing-mask, and the two wheels of a safety bicycle are seen on the

theatrical and fancy dresses the best paid in the world. Asked what sources he drew upon for ideas, this artist replied that he had the almost inexhaustible treasures of the British and South Kensington Museums to help him—not to mention ancient manuscripts, miniatures, and tapestries. The name of Bernhardt, it appears, is anathema to the designer. Although the great *tragedienne* will pay eighty guineas for a design that pleases her, it is usually the case that the artist has to prepare eight or even ten finished sketches before his inexorable patron is satisfied.

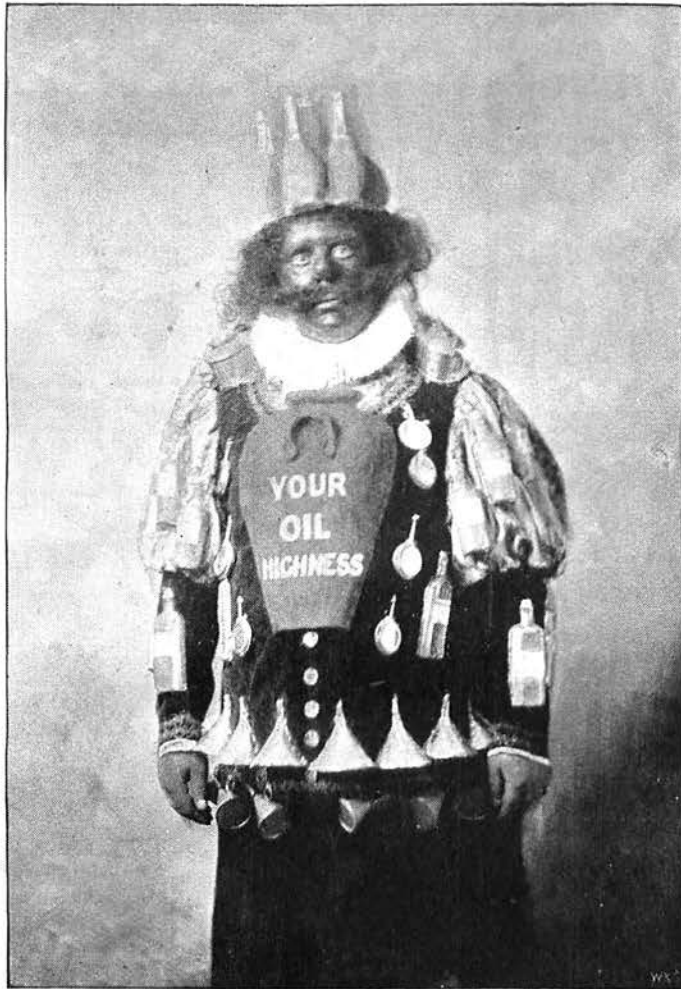
I have before me as I write the photograph of a costume entitled "Somebody's Luggage."



shoulders. Distributed about the front of the body we see a tennis racket, a set of stumps, a bat, a pair of golf-irons, and a pair of dumb-bells. Around the waist is a belt of grass, fringed with tennis balls; and one hand is incased in a boxing-glove, while the other holds a fencing-foil. It will also be seen that the right leg is, so to speak, in shooting costume, while the left is fully equipped for cricket. On the back is depicted a grass-fringed lake, rather more than the whole of which is taken up by an out-rigged racing skiff, propelled by an earnest athlete in an aggressive red-striped blazer.

In passing, I may mention that M. Commelli considers English designers of

I refrain from publishing it, however, because it is supremely ugly, though the idea is ingenious. In this costume the wearer, when standing still, looks exactly like a railway porter who is trundling a lot of luggage up the platform. All one can see of the man is his face; the rest is mainly luggage, above which project the two handles of the trolley. The body is composed of especially-made portmanteaus and small boxes—all labelled—besides wraps, umbrellas, sticks, and a folded copy of *Tit-Bits*. Underneath is seen the semi-circular iron support that characterizes the ordinary two-wheeled railway trolley. The wearer of this "dress" made his way with infinite labour to various parts of the crowded ball-room; and to lend additional



YOUR OIL HIGHNESS—FRONT VIEW.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

colour to the rôle he was playing, he roared "Mind yer backs!" from time to time in a manner that suggested Liverpool Street in the height of the holiday season.

"Your Oil Highness" is surely an original and peculiar costume; it won an Indian canoe worth fifteen guineas. The head-dress consists of several salad oil bottles, grouped round a big funnel; a red and bushy wig and moustache were worn to impart a fierce look to the prince—who, by the way, wore beneath his singular trappings a rich tunic of green plush. Round the neck was a white ruffle, and on the shoulders, two railway oil cans. On the breast was a big *papier-maché* oil jar, bearing the title of the dress; and the trimming consisted of "property" bottles of oil, funnels, and real bicycle oilers. From the back

depended a regal ermine robe, covered with paper, whereon was depicted a tank of the "best colza," with tap, funnel and receiver, all complete.

I now show another of Mr. Bruce Smith's symbolical costumes—"London"—which won a fifty-guinea Ralli-car the first night it was worn. On the head is seen the dome of St. Paul's—a *papier-maché* model from eighteen to twenty-four inches high. The dome itself was of a greyish hue, suggesting the action of time, and it was supported on white pillars. Two Beefeaters, 12in. high, stood on ledges on the shoulders; and Mr. Smith's own countenance was adorned with laurel leaves and other adventitious details in order that it might convey the orthodox idea of the immortal Gog; Magog is seen in the back view.

On the front of the tunic is



From a Photo. by] YOUR OIL HIGHNESS—BACK VIEW. [Hills & Saunders.



LONDON—FRONT VIEW.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

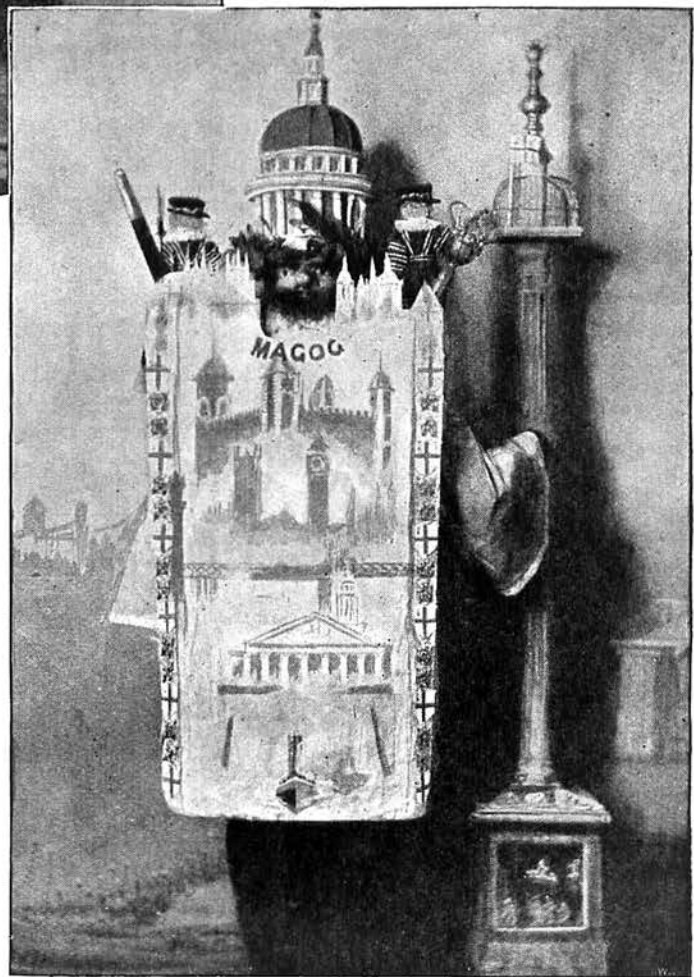
depicted the Arms of the City of London on a plaque of white satin; also a section of the Thames Embankment — lamps, trees, and all. Round the wearer's waist is a string of "property" turtles—evidently an unkind cut at sybaritic aldermen. It will readily be seen that in this photograph Mr. Smith holds the Monument in his right hand—an exact facsimile, and a very massive and weighty affair, 7ft. high, made entirely of wood, and with a gilded top.

In the back view are seen the City sword and mace and the Lord Mayor's chain of office. There are also depicted the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, Charing Cross Railway Bridge, the Royal Exchange, and the new Tower Bridge,

beneath which a steamer is passing.

Mr. Harrison was one day glancing through a book of French designs when he came upon a plate depicting a knight in full armour. Suddenly he conceived the whimsical notion of manufacturing a suit of armour entirely of *ladies' bustles*, and using it as a fancy dress with which to compete for prizes.

So far so good. The next step was to procure a sufficient number of bustles. Mr. Harrison applied to every likely wholesale and retail firm in London, but his quest was in vain. Not only were bustles a wholly obsolete item of women's dress, but the very machinery that had made them was broken up. At last, after twelve months' search, the well-known costumier managed to find a few dozen bustles in the shop of a West-



From a Photo. by] LONDON—BACK VIEW. [Hills & Saunders.



A KNIGHT OF THE BUSTLE.
From the Original Sketch.

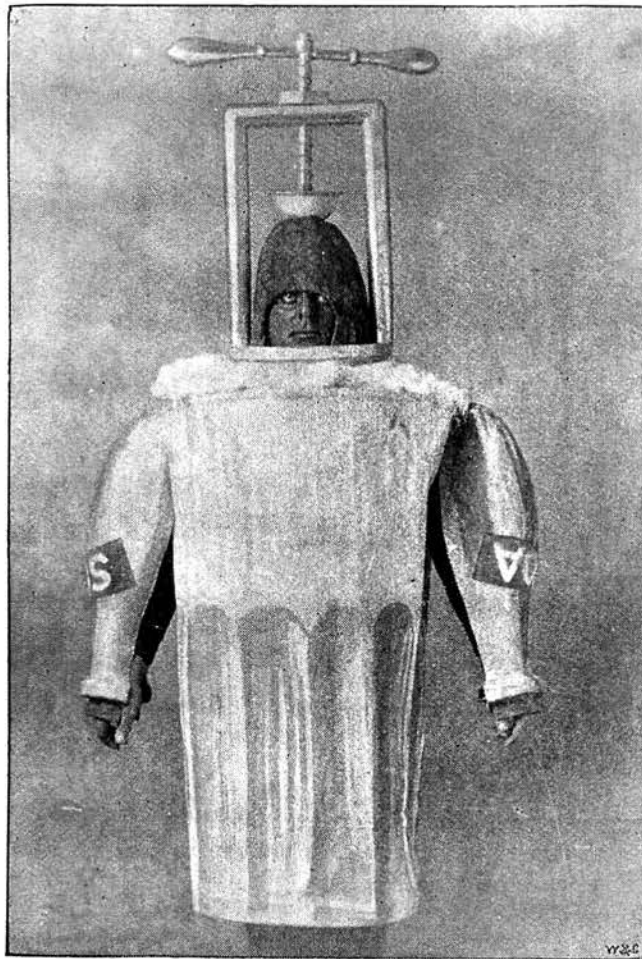
end milliner who was selling off an old stock.

Armed with these, he set his staff to work to make the ingenious costume known as the "Knight of the Bustle." It was found, however, that the bustles purchased could not be used, except as patterns, and the workpeople were about two weeks in making-up imitations of them, which could be adapted to the requirements of the costume. The under dress was composed of steel-coloured tights; and bustles were used as coverings for the legs, arms, hips, body, and helmet—all over, in fact; so that when the wearer was fully dressed he really had the appearance of a mail-clad warrior. Indeed, the resemblance was a little too close, rendering it necessary that the wearer should carry on his lance a banner, on which the title of the costume was inscribed in letters of white tape. The

plume of the helmet, too, was of frayed whalebone.

A very different, and far less elaborate, costume is the "Lemon Squash," also reproduced here. The whole of the squeezing apparatus, including the big lemon into which the wearer's head fitted, was made in one piece by the property-master at the Adelphi Theatre; of course, it was silvered over, and, had it been a little smaller, it would have been an ornament to any fashionable bar. The body was entirely of *papier-maché*, representing a monstrous tumbler of greenish glass; and the froth at the top was made from ordinary cotton wool. The sleeves, fashioned to resemble bottles of soda water, were of the same hue and material as the body.

As one may judge from the attitude of the wearer, "Lemon Squash" was anything but a comfortable dress in which to move about. As a fact, the wearer had first of all to be lifted into the body; then the squeezing apparatus was fixed on and the froth arranged in a thirst-provoking manner.



From a Photo. by

LEMON SQUASH.

[Hills & Saunders.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE—FRONT VIEW.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

In the last costume reproduced in this article, the designer was at great pains to render the wearer a walking nursery rhyme. Taking the ever-familiar "Sing a Song of Sixpence" for his theme, he commenced by placing as a centre-piece a sixpence as big as any ordinary dinner-plate. Then, lest perhaps misapprehensions should arise, the property coin was set, as it were, in a circular frame, whereon was inscribed the title of the immortal story.

The "pocket full of rye" duly appears; so do the "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." The dish is seen poised on the orb of the crown. Obviously the pie is open, and the traditional song of the birds was contrived by means of a pneumatic whistle, the tube of which is plainly shown in the reproduction. The king—that is to say, the left-hand half of the wearer of the costume—has two bags of gold which he can

take to his counting-nouse and count out at his leisure; though, judging from their size, this should not be a lengthy task.

For the queen (the right-hand half of the costume) a small pot of honey has been provided. Now look at the back view. Here a property maid, nearly 3ft. high, is clearly seen hanging out some linen, though we may be permitted to doubt whether they used wooden clothes-pegs at this period.

The maid's nose is missing. This is as it should be, for the organ has been "pecked off" by the blackbird hovering above. It is necessary to mention that this bird went through certain strange evolutions when the wearer of the costume pulled a hidden wire. Thus the nursery rhyme was carried out to the letter in such an ingenious and painstaking manner, that the judges awarded to the wearer of "Sing a Song of Sixpence" a splendid billiard-table worth fifty guineas.



From a Photo. by HILLS & SAUNDERS. SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE. [Hills & Saunders.]

Household.

Seasonable Entertainments.

A NUTTING PARTY AND HALLOWE'EN FROLIC.

OCTOBER is the month of all others for such outdoor recreations as involve a fair amount of active exercise. The relief from the summer's heat, and the bracing quality of the crisp autumnal air, dispose one to brisk movement and vigorous sports. The summer months, beautiful in many respects, are yet apt, by their almost torrid warmth, to depress both the physical and mental tone. The spirits come up with a bound when the burden is removed.

In the buoyancy that accompanies the bright cool days and frosty nights, a longing arises for excursions to the forests and meadows, to see them in their most brilliant beauty before the dreariness of November falls upon them. To be thoroughly successful, such an outing must have an object; and this is fully supplied by the nuts with which the woods, at this season, should be filled. A day spent in gathering these, and crowned at the close by a Hallowe'en frolic, provides a novel and charming entertainment.

A party of this kind should not be too large, and its members should be selected with care. The number invited may be anywhere from twelve to twenty. No helpless fine ladies nor muscleless dandies are wanted here.

The girls must love outdoor sports, and not be afraid of roughing it; and the young men must have had sufficient training in athletics to be ready to climb a tree, shake its branches, or wield a long pole in beating down the nuts. Fine clothes must be left at home, and the preferred costumes be hard to injure;—flannel dresses for the girls, tennis shirts and loose old suits for the men, and, for all, stout shoes that will resist the entrance of chestnut needles.

If the grove is not within easy walking distance, a large wagon should be secured, either an open stage or omnibus, or else a break, such as come for picnic parties. Failing one of these, a large farm wagon with springs will answer the purpose admirably; it should be brushed out clean, straw laid in the bottom, and seats improvised by means of boards fastened along the sides. A hay rigging is excellent for an excursion of this sort.

The baskets, that are to go out packed with lunch and return home laden with nuts, should be generously filled at the start. Ravenous appetites may safely be counted upon as a result of oxygen-charged atmosphere and lively exercise.

The provisions should be of a substantial character. A satisfactory bill of fare may comprise cold roast chicken, veal loaf, buttered rolls, roast sweet corn, roast potatoes, Mother Goose tart, apples, pears, and any variety of cake. The potatoes and corn must be taken raw (the former having been carefully washed before packing), and roasted in the ashes at the picnic ground. For a beverage, coffee is almost universally popular. It may be made over a gypsy fire, or, what is easier, prepared at home, carried in bottles, and heated just in time for lunch. The chickens should be carved into easily-handled pieces, and wrapped first in white paper, then in a napkin. The veal loaf may be sliced as it is needed. The rolls must be split and buttered at home, and the tarts prepared. These also must all be folded in white paper first, and then in napkins. Such relishes as pickles, olives, etc., should not have the corks drawn until the table is spread.

The usual paraphernalia of table-cloth, napkins, knives, forks and tumblers should not be overlooked. The cheap wooden plates, that may be procured at any grocer's, are lighter and less bulky than china, and possess the great advantage of being so inexpensive that they may be thrown away after one using, without a single economical scruple.

Arrived at the ground, the first thought is generally of the nuts. To provide against the party having to wait for their lunch until they are unduly hungry, it is wise to appoint one efficient member of the company chief of the culinary depart-

ment, and to intrust to her all matters appertaining to the commissariat, empowering her to choose her own assistants. Two or three of the young men may be selected to build and look after the fire, that is such a cheery adjunct to an expedition of this kind. By these committees the cloth may be spread and the viands arranged in due order.

The Hallowe'en frolic, with which the day is to wind up, need not require elaborate preparations. The round of games customary at such a time, while hackneyed, are always amusing. Such sport as "bobbing" for apples in a tub of water is rather moist fun, and had best be omitted, unless the young men desire to thus indulge themselves; but a great deal of entertainment may be evolved from simple materials.

An open fire is almost an essential. In front of this may be laid, by each girl, a pair of chestnuts, one bearing her own name, and the other that of her as yet unknown bridegroom. Should the nuts burn steadily side by side, a safe, humdrum existence may be expected for both; but woe is in store if one snaps away and leaves the other to consume in solitude. A spluttering, fizzling blaze forebodes unruly tempers and tongues, and a perturbed future.

A bar of solder, melted bit by bit in an iron spoon held over the coals, and the liquid metal dropped, a little at a time, into a tumbler of cold water, will indicate the fate of the one who pours the lead. It takes curious shapes that a lively imagination can readily convert into unmistakable resemblances to the emblems of some trade or profession. Pairs of needles may also be named and floated in water, their capability for sinking or swimming being construed into omens after the same fashion that was practiced with the chestnuts. Apples may be peeled and the rinds tossed over the shoulder to form the initials of the "not impossible she"—or he—and the seeds counted in parody of the more poetical mode of telling fortunes by the petals of a daisy.

The old Bible and key charm may be revived at such a time as this. A house-key is inserted in a large Bible, at the Song of Solomon, the eighth chapter and sixth verse, the flat side of the key being at right angles to the page of the book. The sides of the volume are then tied together with stout bands, two girls put each a forefinger into the loop of the key, and repeat in turn a letter of the alphabet and the verse mentioned above. The superstition runs that when the initial letter of the future husband of either is reached, the key will turn and the Bible fall. The old custom of a girl going around the house backward at midnight, with a mirror in her hand, expecting to see in it the face of the "coming man," is a decidedly startling experience to any but the strongest nerves, and had best be left untried by any one at all inclined to timidity.

For such a gathering as this, a supper of roast oysters is simple and delicious. The bivalves, carefully washed, are laid on a bed of hot coals, and taken up, opened and eaten as fast as they are cooked, each man acting as purveyor for one or more girls. The only accompaniments necessary to the oysters are sliced lemon, pepper and salt, hot coffee, and unlimited thin bread and butter. A dish of nuts and raisins, fruit, and cakes, may follow, if desired. Ice-creams, jellies, blanc-manges or salads are wholly unnecessary, and detract from the informality of the occasion. Of this the easy costumes, worn in the woods all day and retained unchanged for the evening's fun, are the outward and visible sign.

VEAL LOAF.

Two pounds of veal; one-quarter of a pound of ham; one cup of crushed cracker; one egg; two tablespoonfuls of butter; half a teaspoonful each of pepper, salt, allspice, sweet marjoram, thyme, parsley, and summer savory.

Chop the meat very fine, work in the butter, the raw egg, the cracker crumbs and seasoning. Press all into a buttered bowl or dish, set in a pan of boiling water in the oven, and bake, closely covered, for two hours. Fill up the pan with hot water as fast as it boils away. When the loaf is done, set it aside under a heavy weight until it is cold. Turn it out on a flat dish, and slice as it is needed.

PICNIC ROLLS.

Sponge: Six cups of flour; four cups of milk; one cup of yeast; one egg; two tablespoonfuls of butter; one teaspoonful

of salt; half a teaspoonful of soda; one tablespoonful of white sugar; flour for soft dough.

Set the sponge late at night, in a comparatively cool place, that it may not rise too fast. In the morning, when it is light, work in the egg, well beaten, and the butter, melted. Dissolve the soda in a little boiling water, stir in the sugar, salt, and the flour. After this has stood four hours, shape into rolls, let them rise one hour in the baking-pan, and bake half an hour in a steady oven.

MOTHER GOOSE TARTS.

Cut bread and butter very thin, putting the butter on the loaf before cutting the slices. Spread each slice with strained honey, and between two pieces of the bread thus prepared place a layer of thick whipped cream. Cut into little triangular sandwiches.

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

Prize Bills of Fare.

AFTER careful consideration, the contributor of the following set of menus has been awarded the prize of \$25 offered in our January number for the best Bills of Fare for one week for a family of five persons with an income of \$1,500 per year. About one-third of the income is allotted for food, which is as great a proportion as can be consistently allowed. These offer many suggestions that will be found available for widely-separated sections of country, and also present various ways of escape from the monotonous round of roast, boil, and fry into which those with circumscribed incomes are so apt to fall. Owing to lack of space, we cannot publish all the receipts this month, and the remainder will be given in the November number.

BILLS OF FARE FOR ONE WEEK.

Monday, \$1.05.

BREAKFAST, 20 CENTS.

Brain-Food Mush. Boston Brown Hash.
White Bread. Graham Toast. Coffee.

DINNER, 53 CENTS.

Roger's Soup. Baked Shoulder of Mutton.
Potato Edging. Boiled Beets.
Antiss Pudding. Hard Sauce. Tea.

SUPPER, 32 CENTS.

White Bread. Cut Peaches.
Scotch Rarebit. Richmond Maids of Honor. Cocoa Shells.

Tuesday, \$1.03.

BREAKFAST, 20 CENTS.

Cracked-Wheat Mush. Mutton Croquettes.
Raised Muffins. Raw Tomatoes. Coffee.

DINNER, 57 CENTS.

Vegetable Soup. Baked Calf's-Head.
Browned Mashed Potatoes. Purée of Turnips.
Raw or Stewed Tomatoes. Orange Cake Pudding. Tea.

SUPPER, 26 CENTS.

Sweet-Potato Bread. Fried Calf's-Brains.
Graham Rolls. Cherries, fresh or canned.
Orange Tapioca. White Cake. Tea.

Wednesday, \$1.41.

BREAKFAST, 20 CENTS.

Barley Mush. Broiled Tomatoes.
Flannel Cakes. Maple Syrup.
Sweet-Potato-Bread Toast. Coffee.

DINNER, 93 CENTS.

Over-and-Over Soup. Fillet of Veal.
Boiled Sweet-Potatoes. Stewed Squash.
Fried Irish Potatoes. Tea.
Rice Dumplings. Creamy Sauce.

SUPPER, 23 CENTS.

Potato Biscuit. Quenelles.
Rye Bread. Stewed or Canned Crab-Apples.
Cake. Chocolate Blanc-mange. Tea.

Thursday, \$1.58.

BREAKFAST, 29 CENTS.

Corn-Meal Mush. Rice Waffles.
Sliced Sweet Potatoes. Frizzled Beef.
Rye-Bread Toast. Coffee.

DINNER, 99 CENTS.

Tapioca Soup. Cold Roast Veal.
Cold Slaw. Stuffed Potatoes.
Mashed Parsnips. Tomatoes in Mold.
Jelly-Cake Fritters. Tea.

SUPPER, 30 CENTS.

Norwegian Bread. Baked Pears.
White Bread. Imitation Oyster Scallops.
Dottie's Cake. Spanish Cream. Tea.

Friday, \$1.06.

BREAKFAST, 20 CENTS.

Granulated-Oats Mush. Milk Toast.
Graham Gems. Parsnip Fritters. Coffee.

DINNER, 50 CENTS.

Hasty Soup. Royal Halibut.
Stewed Cream Potatoes. Baked Beets.
Boiled Cauliflower. Brown Betty. Tea.

SUPPER, 36 CENTS.

White Bread. Macaroni with Cheese.
Rusks. Prunelles.
Cake. Lemon Jelly. Tea.

Saturday, \$1.69.

BREAKFAST, 28 cents.

Hominy Mush. Fish Croquettes.
Squash Griddle-cakes. Royal Rolls. Coffee.

DINNER, 96 CENTS.

Split-Pea Soup. Chicken Potpie.
Sea Kale. Molded Potatoes.
Cocoa Pudding. Tea.

SUPPER, 45 CENTS.

Sandwiches. Scotch Scones.
Abernethy Cookies. Lemon Custards.
Blueberries, fresh or canned. Tea.

Sunday, \$1.43.

BREAKFAST, 20 CENTS.

Fried Hominy. Brown Bread.
Baked Beans. White Bread.
Chicken Rissoles. Crullers. Coffee.

DINNER, \$1.23.

Giblet Soup. Braised Beef.
Browned Potatoes. Sweet Potatoes.
Pickled Carrots. Lima Beans.
Peach Fritters. Creamy Sauce.

Having a late and hearty breakfast, and probably late dinner, only two meals are given for this day. It will come within the allowance, however, to provide any simple fruit, as oranges, apples, or nuts and raisins, for a family social around the Sabbath evening fireside.

The daily amounts foot up to \$9.25 for the week, and the surplus 75 cents are allowed for butter and relishes, which can hardly be reckoned separately.

RECEIPTS.

MONDAY.—Breakfast.

Brain-Food Mush.—Take one cupful of brain-food, add one teaspoonful of salt, and stir into two cupfuls of cold water till dissolved. Add one pint of boiling water, and cook slowly fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring often. Serve in saucers with milk and sugar.

White Bread.—This should have been baked Saturday. Soak half a cake of compressed yeast in one cupful of warm water for half an hour. Stir one teaspoonful of salt and two of sugar into one quart of flour, and to this add one pint of warm water and the yeast. Stir well, cover with a cloth, and put where it will keep warm. In two hours it should be very light: then add

enough flour to knead smoothly. Knead into loaves to half fill the pans, cover with a cloth, and keep warm for an hour or until the pans are rounding full. Bake in a moderate oven for from three-fourths of an hour to an hour. Turn out quickly: stand the loaves on one end, tipping them against the pans where the air will strike them, so they will cool rapidly. Cover with a thin cloth till cold. This should make three loaves. Graham bread should be mixed the same; but it requires no kneading, only thorough beating to make it smooth, and may, if you choose, only rise once, in the pans in which it is to be baked.

Graham Toast.—Make the same as white-bread toast. For formula, see receipts given for Friday's breakfast.

Boston Brown Hash.—Chop small any pieces of beef left from Sunday's dinner, freed from gristle or bones; (save any bones for soup). Grease a deep pie-dish, and line with cold mashed potatoes. Moisten with half a cupful of gravy, then place a layer of meat, then another layer of potato. Dip a knife into milk and smooth over the top. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, to a nice brown. Serve hot, and pass pickles with it. This, of course, is no extra cost, as you have the materials in Sunday's dinner.

Coffee.—Take half a cupful of ground roasted coffee, mix with an egg and a cupful of cold water. Pour over it a quart of boiling water, and let it boil fifteen minutes; then move it from the fire and let it settle, scraping all the coffee-grounds from the sides of the coffee-pot. Pour a little coffee from the spout, put it back, and add three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Let it stand until ready to serve.

Dinner.

Roger's Soup.—Chop fine any meat you may have left, and break the bones you have reserved for soup. Put the bones, one sliced onion, one grated carrot, one grated turnip, and one clove into two quarts of cold water, and boil down to three pints. Season with salt, pepper, and one teaspoonful of tomato catsup. Strain, and pour over the chopped meat. Simmer half an hour. The vegetable liquor must be boiling hot when poured over the meat. If you have no meat, this makes a very good vegetable soup.

Buy vegetables that are not very perishable, such as potatoes, squash, beets, etc., by the quantity. If they are bought in small quantities, the price will be higher than mine. For the best Irish potatoes I pay \$2 a barrel, that is, two and one-half bushels; and for turnips, 50 cents a bushel. Tomatoes I can buy for 75 cents a box, and if they are likely to decay rapidly, I can them for future use.

Baked Shoulder of Mutton.—Have this boned by the butcher, but save the bones in the refrigerator for to-morrow. Fill the hole from which the bone was taken with a mixture of bread crumbs, minced pork, sage, pepper and salt, such as you make for a turkey, moistened with hot water. Sew up the edges of the skin to keep in the stuffing, and roast about one hour and a half, basting often, at first with boiling water, and at the last with a little butter, twice. When done, brush with a beaten egg, sift crumbs all over it, put into a stout stoneware dish, surround with potato edging, and brown in a quick oven. Pour off the fat from the gravy, strain the rest, thicken with browned flour, and serve in the gravy-boat.

Potato Edging.—Mold mashed potatoes that are almost cold into a wet egg-cup, and turn out each form upon the mutton dish, arranging the little cones side by side until you have a barricade about the meat. Set in the oven and brown, glazing with butter just before you take the dish out. Serve a cone with each slice of mutton.

Boiled Beets.—Boil in hot salted water for one hour. When done, rub off the skins, split lengthwise, and lay upon a hot dish. Have ready a large spoonful of melted butter, mixed with two of vinegar, a little salt and pepper, heated to boiling. Pour this mixture over them, and serve.

Antisip Pudding.—Three generous cupfuls of good flour; two good cupfuls of sour milk—cream if you have it; one full teaspoonful of soda dissolved in hot water; a little salt; half a cupful of finely chopped suet. Stir the milk and soda gradually into the flour, working it smooth. Put in the suet and salt, and beat thoroughly. Boil in a mold one hour and a half. Serve with hard sauce.

Hard Sauce.—Work one cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls

of butter to a light cream; add the juice of one lemon and one-half of its grated peel; mold as you like, and set in the refrigerator till wanted.

Tea.—Allow one teaspoonful of tea to each cupful of water. Rinse the teapot in boiling water just before putting the tea in it, and after pouring the water over the tea, the teapot should be placed in a kettle of hot water and allowed to stand for seven minutes.

Supper.

Scotch Rarebit.—Cut half a pound of cheese into very thin slices, spread on a very hot flat dish, and stand it over boiling water to melt. While this is heating, toast five slices of white or Graham bread, as preferred, and place on a hot dish. Butter lightly; add salt and pepper—cayenne is generally preferred—to taste, to the cheese, and spread it on the toast. Serve hot.

Richmond Maids of Honor.—Put one cupful of sour milk and one cupful of sweet milk into a farina-boiler, and let it boil till it curdles. Strain, press through a sieve, add to it the yolks of three eggs, half a cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla, and beat till very smooth. Line little patty-pans with pie-paste rolled very thin, and fill a little more than half full of the mixture. Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, heap some on top of each patty-pan, and return to the oven a few minutes to brown. Do not remove from the pans till cold.

Cocoa Shells.—Prepare the same as cocoa, but use twice the quantity of shells that you would of broken cocoa, and boil twice as long.

TUESDAY.—Breakfast.

Cracked Wheat Mush.—One cupful of cracked wheat and one teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly, for you must not stir while cooking. Add five cupfuls of warm water, and cook slowly but steadily about six hours. Do this on Monday. Put the dish in hot water in the morning and steam through. Eat with milk and sugar.

Raised Muffins.—One pint of milk, scalded; add one tablespoonful of butter and let it stand till lukewarm. Add half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in warm water; cover, and let it stand in a warm place—say 65° Fahr.—until morning. Beat two eggs, yolks and whites separately; add the yolks first, then a little flour, then, after beating, the whites. Beat well, and add enough flour to make a cake batter. Let it stand fifteen minutes. Nearly fill gem-pans, and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

Mutton Croquettes.—Chop very fine the lean of small pieces left from yesterday's roast; crumb very fine one fifth as much stale bread; add a little grated lemon-peel to some of the gravy—say a cupful; stir together, and add one well-beaten egg. Make into rolls, roll in flour till well coated, and fry a few at a time in dripping, which, if a careful housewife, you have on hand. As you take them out lay on a hot colander, that every drop of fat may dry out. Serve on a hot dish. Half a spoonful of currant jelly on each, as it is served, is very nice, but not necessary.

Raw Tomatoes.—Peel them with a sharp knife and slice thin. Serve from a salad-bowl, and let each add dressing to suit individual taste.

Dinner.

Vegetable Soup.—One carrot, one turnip, and one onion, cut in thin short strips; six tomatoes, peeled and sliced; half a cupful of boiled rice. Put in the soup-pot, with two quarts of cold water, any gravy from any meats of three or four days past, the bones left from yesterday's roast, and any scraps of meats, and let it boil down one quart. Boil the vegetables till tender in salted hot water; drain, butter a little, and keep hot. Have the tomatoes stewed gently and seasoned. To the quart of soup-stock add the vegetables, tomatoes and rice, and stew gently for ten minutes.

Baked Calf's-Head.—Remove the brains, wash them thoroughly, and put on to boil in hot water. As soon as they are done, which should be soon if boiled quickly, set aside to cool for supper. Wash the head carefully, put it on to boil in four quarts of cold water, and boil gently one hour. Take out the head, salt and pepper the liquor, keep out a cupful for to-day's gravy, and put away the rest for to-morrow's soup. Put the

calf's head in a dripping-pan, rub over with butter, pour the gravy into the pan, and bake covered, basting four or five times during the first half-hour. Uncover, baste, or rather wash over, with a mixture of melted butter, pepper, salt, and one teaspoonful of catsup. Dredge with browned flour, baste again, and dish. Strain and thicken the gravy.

Browned Mashed Potatoes.—Mash soft with butter and milk, mound smoothly on a greased plate, and brown quickly, with a little butter to glaze, in a hot oven. Slip onto a hot flat dish.

Purée of Turnips.—Peel, slice, and boil in hot salted water eight turnips. Rub through a colander; return to the fire, mix in a large spoonful of butter rolled in a little flour, and two tablespoonfuls of milk; season with pepper and salt. Stir ten minutes, and pour out.

Orange Cake Pudding.—Take eight small, stale sponge-cakes, —slices of cake will do,—dip in orange juice, place in a glass dish, and pour over them the following sauce:

Vanilla Sauce.—One pint of milk; the yolks of four eggs; two tablespoonfuls of sugar; one teaspoonful of vanilla. Put the milk on to boil in a farina-kettle. Beat the yolks and sugar together till light, and add the boiling milk. Stir over the fire two minutes; take off, add the vanilla, and put aside to cool. This must be done in the early part of the day. You will have the whites of four eggs left, and these can be used to make the cake for supper.

Supper.

Sweet-Potato Bread.—Put one pint of warm water into the bread bowl; add one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, half a cake of compressed yeast, and one quart of flour. Beat well, and stand in a warm place over night. In the morning bake three sweet potatoes, press them through a sieve into the light sponge, and finish as any yeast bread.

Graham Rolls.—One pint of Graham flour; one pint of white flour; one teaspoonful of salt; two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder; one tablespoonful of lard; three-fourths of a pint of milk. Sift together the flour, salt, and baking-powder. Rub in the lard cold. Add the milk, and mix the whole into a smooth dough that can be handled. Flour the board, turn out the dough, and form into rolls the shape and size of large fingers. Lay them on a baking-sheet so they will not touch. Wash the surfaces with a soft brush dipped in milk, to glaze them. Bake in a hot oven for ten or twelve minutes.

Fried Calf's Brains.—Mash to a smooth paste with pepper and salt, a dust of flour, and one raw egg, the brains that were cooked in the morning. Fry by spoonfuls in hot lard. Drain carefully. If any beets were left from Monday's dinner cut them into fancy shapes and send around with this dish.

White Sponge-Cake.—Whites of four eggs (left from vanilla sauce); half a cupful of flour; half a cupful of corn starch; one teaspoonful of baking-powder; one teaspoonful of extract of rose. Sift the flour, corn starch, sugar and baking-powder together; add to the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth, and mix gently but thoroughly. Bake in a well-buttered cake-mold in a quick oven, thirty minutes.

Orange Tapioca.—Wash one cupful of tapioca through several waters. Cover with cold water and soak over night. In the morning put over the fire with one pint of boiling water. Simmer slowly till the tapioca is clear. Remove the skin and seeds from one dozen sour oranges, cut in slices, and stir into the boiling tapioca. Sweeten to taste. Serve very cold, with sugar and milk.

WEDNESDAY.—Breakfast.

Barley Mush.—One cupful of barley washed through several waters. Bring quickly to a boil in one quart of water, and let it boil for five minutes. Drain, cover with fresh boiling water, and boil slowly for four hours. This you will do on Tuesday, probably, unless you are a very early riser. In the morning, proceed as with the cracked wheat in Tuesday's bill of fare. Serve with milk and sugar.

Flannel Cakes.—Scald two cupfuls of white Indian-meal with a pint of boiling water. While still warm, stir in two quarts of milk, one-fourth of a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in warm water, and enough flour for a good batter. Let it stand till morning in a warm room, and put in a little salt, and, if the least sour, a little soda. Let the griddle be hot, and you will never mistrust the absence of butter and eggs. To be eaten with maple syrup.

Maple Syrup.—One-half pound of maple sugar; one pound

of cut sugar; three pints of water. Break the maple sugar into small pieces and place it in a stew-kettle with the cut sugar and water. Boil five minutes, skim, and cool.

Sweet-Potato-Bread Toast.—Toast over a hot fire, and butter while hot.

Broiled Tomatoes.—Cut eight large, firm tomatoes in halves, but do not peel them. Place on a broiler, dust with salt and pepper, broil over a clear but moderate fire, skin side down, till tender—about twenty minutes. When done, place on a heated plate, put a little melted butter on each slice, and serve hot.

Dinner.

Over-and-Over Soup.—Two pounds of shin beef, one carrot, one onion, one turnip, four quarts of water (use some of the stock reserved from yesterday), two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup, half a cupful of coarse corn-meal, pepper, salt, and one cupful of boiling milk. Slice the meat and crack the bones. Cut the vegetables into strips, and fry the onions in good dripping. Put all with the meat and bones into the soup-pot with the water. Cover, and cook gently five hours. Strain the liquor from the shreds of meat, and rub the vegetables through the colander. Season and set aside half the stock for to-morrow's soup. Put that meant for to-day into the soup-kettle, season, and boil up for a minute that you may skim it. Add the corn-meal previously scalded with the cup of boiling milk. Stir in well, and simmer half an hour.

Fillet of Veal.—Buy seven pounds, and have the bone removed by the butcher; save the bone for future soup-stock and gravies. Make a deep incision between the meat and the flap, which your butcher will probably skewer. Fill this and the hole left by taking out the bone with a stuffing made like that of Tuesday, adding a little grated lemon-peel and the juice of a lemon. Bind into shape with tapes. Cover the top with a paste of flour and water to exclude the air. Put a cupful of boiling water into the pan, and bake about two hours. When done, pull off the paste, dredge with flour, and baste with a little butter. The meat should be very freely basted while cooking. Season and thicken the gravy, boil up, and serve in a gravy-boat.

Fried Irish Potatoes.—Pare, slice thin, lay in ice-water for half an hour. Dry between two towels, and fry to a pale brown in hot lard a little salted. Drain by shaking in a colander, and serve in a hot dish lined with a napkin.

Stewed Squash.—Pare, seed, and quarter three pounds of squash. Cook in boiling salted water until soft. Mash in a colander, rub through it, put back into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, three teaspoonfuls of milk, pepper and salt to taste. Stir till it begins to bubble. Pour into a deep dish.

Rice Dumplings.—Wash half a pound of rice through several waters, and boil gently in a quart of water for half an hour. Drain through the colander. Pare and core six apples, and fill the spaces where the cores were with sugar and cinnamon. Cover all over with a thick coating of boiled rice. Tie each dumpling tightly in a dumpling-cloth, and put in a pot of cold water. Bring quickly to a boil, and boil for forty minutes. Remove carefully from the cloths to a large platter. Serve with the following sauce. You will have a little rice left; reserve for Thursday morning.

Creamy Sauce.—Half cupful of butter; and half a cupful of rich milk—cream, if you have it; half a cupful of powdered sugar; the juice and rind of a lemon. Beat the butter to a cream, and add the sugar gradually, beating all the time. When light, add the milk a little at a time. Place the bowl in a dish of hot water, and stir until the sauce is smooth and creamy—*no longer*. It will take only a few minutes. Add lemon, and serve.

Supper.

Potato Biscuit.—One pint of milk; six medium-sized potatoes; one teaspoonful of salt; one teaspoonful of sugar; one-quarter of a pound of lard; half a cake of compressed yeast. Scald the milk. Pare and boil the potatoes, mash fine, and add the hot milk, lard, salt, and sugar. Add half a cupful of flour. Stir, and let it stand till lukewarm; add the yeast and sufficient flour to make a thick batter. Beat continually for five minutes, cover, and let stand for three hours in a warm place, or until very light. Add flour to make a soft dough. Knead quickly and lightly for fifteen minutes. Roll out into a sheet half an inch

thick, cut into biscuits, place in a greased baking-pan, cover, stand in a warm place till very light, and then bake in a quick oven twenty minutes.

Quenelles.—Take any small, ragged pieces of the veal or calf's-head and chop fine. Wet one cupful of fine white bread crumbs with three tablespoonfuls of milk, and drain as dry as you can. Work into this paste the meat and one well-beaten egg, seasoning well. Flour your hands and make the mixture into round balls: roll in flour when formed. Have ready in a saucepan one cupful of hot gravy (use some of the stock saved on Tuesday), drop in the quenelles, and boil fast for five minutes. Take out and pile on a hot dish: thicken the gravy with browned flour, boil up once and pour over them. Pass pickles of some kind with this.

Chocolate Blanc-mange.—One pint of milk; one-quarter of a package of gelatine, dissolved in half a cupful of cold water; half a cupful of sugar; two large spoonfuls of grated chocolate, with vanilla to taste. Heat the milk, stir in the sugar and soaked gelatine. Strain, add the chocolate, boil ten minutes, stirring all the time. Remove, and when nearly cold beat for five minutes hard, or until it begins to stiffen. Flavor and pour into moulds. It will be firm in six or eight hours. You will have cake left from yesterday's baking to pass with it.

Rye Bread.—Made similar to Graham.

LOWELL, MASS.

MRS. FRANK P. HAGGETT.

The remainder of the receipts will be given in the November number.

[Editor's Note: Alas, no; for I do not have the November number!]

Anti-Climax.

BREATHLESS the audience sat;
Dozens of women were crying;
The cruel Moor had done his worst,
And Desdemona was dying.

How beautifully she died!
One last fond look at her lover,
Then the blue eyes closed on his swarthy face,
As he wrathfully stood above her.

A silence that could be felt
Followed — it really was freezing!
Then — a ripple of laughter stirred the house,
For Desdemona was sneezing!

The Moor was in earnest now;
His face made a darkness round it;
But no one but Desdemona heard
His low, intense "Confound it!"

Margaret Vandegrift.

THE GUEST AND GUEST-CHAMBER, AND ETIQUETTE BETWEEN GUESTS.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.



o be thoroughly well-bred, and consequently an agreeable hostess, it is essential that you should mentally exchange places with your guest, and endeavour to realise how you would feel if in his or her place, and how you would like your hostess to act. To do this in a satisfactory way you must not

suppose yourself to retain all your own individual tastes, nor that you retain possession of your youth and health. You must imagine yourself at their age, young or old, and in, it may be, a less robust condition, remembering all the various circumstances of their home-life. It is not often that you entertain absolute strangers, and thus you must be more or less acquainted with their habits and tastes. In any case, much must be obvious at even a first glance to a person with ordinary powers of discrimination. Make due use of any such power which you possess if you ever play the *rôle* of hostess. Much delicacy of feeling and the utmost tact are essential in one on whom so much of the comfort of others must depend.

But, even without endeavouring to exchange your identity and special individuality of character with your guest, just as you are, consider how little you would like to be forced to take your recreation in things that give you no pleasure, able and strong as you may be to take part in them. How tiresome to be obliged to play tennis when you might wish to take a ride or long drive and pay visits, when a walking expedition with some

of the juniors would have been more congenial. To be obliged to go to some dull dinner-party when you would have preferred a game of billiards, or a little music at home with those not enlisted to fill a vacant place. I say "forced" and "obliged," because the least degree of preference betrayed on the part of the hostess as to the disposition and pairing-off of her guests must be carefully noted by them, and her slightest fancy gratified, a rule that must ever be held as that of "the Medes and Persians."

If on the contrary, however, you, as the entertainer, only remember that you have the enjoyment for a brief season in your hands of persons older and less robust than yourself, and whose tastes in any case may differ from your own, how careful you should be to represent and prove your house to be essentially "Liberty Hall" to them. Beware of pressing upon them the most agreeable plans for the day as regarded from your own point of view. Try to divine their best they, for courtesy sake, should accept suggestions that must only prove a weariness and worry to them. Your first thought should be the personally-agreeable entertainment of each, and to ensure their absolute freedom. That they should be deprived of the liberty of choice because loth to appear ungracious in the light of a so-called "spoil-sport," and thus to lose the benefit of the brief relaxation from professional work or home-duties, would be to a kindly hostess a subject of regret. Be thoughtful before inviting your friends to provide suitable entertainment for each, making them to feel, beyond all possible mistake, that they are absolutely free, and that in availing themselves of that freedom they are pleasing you in the surest way.

Are your guests persons of small means, obliged to walk or have recourse to an omnibus, then driving will be a treat to them. Do they live in a city, then the garden will prove

a charming refreshment. Are they advanced in life, then quiet vegetation rather than a round of gaieties will be the more congenial. Are they young and strong, but without the means to enjoy much of society, then give them as much of it as may be within your power.

It is usual to announce at breakfast, when all are assembled, the programme you have arranged for the day's entertainment for the benefit of any who might like to avail themselves of some part of it. At the same time invite all present to make their own choice for morning or afternoon.

You may have a garden-party, a cricket or tennis-match, or a meet to see, and possibly you may be able to place horses or "trap" at their disposal. Or you may have shopping to do in the country town, or visits to pay, and you should offer places for two or three in your carriage. In case of your being accompanied in your visitings you may offer to take in one of your guests, and the rest may take a ten minutes' drive (if the horses be fresh) and return for you. Perhaps you are to have a tennis-party and tea in your own grounds, for which you and most of your guests will reserve your strength. In any case, invite them to make their own plans and leave them to talk them over in your absence. Some may prefer a quiet day in the home domain, book in hand, or with a friend who seeks repose; and unless it be evident that the hostess desires your companionship on any expedition, or that you should assist in the entertainment of your fellow-guests, you need not feel any scruple in availing yourself of the liberty accorded you, and may say that you would like to spend a morning or afternoon in the garden.

The hours of the household should be clearly indicated to every incoming visitor, and the housemaid should be made to understand her duties to them all. When the trunks are taken up to the guest-rooms, she should

unstrap them and see that they do not open towards the wall, as this obliges the tired traveller to turn them round. It should be placed on a trunk-stand or else on the seats of two chairs. The maid should offer to unpack the contents and to dress the visitor for dinner. The hour for every meal should be named, and the length of time allowed between the sounding of the dressing and the dinner gong. She should also inquire at what hour the visitor desires to be called in the morning. On ascertaining this, she should bring in the early tea and the hot water punctually, lay the tray on a small table by the bed, open the shutters, or turn the Venetian blinds, and draw back the curtains; empty, rinse, and dry the basin, and prepare the bath if desired. The question of the latter should be settled over-night, for some prefer it before going to bed, and others in the morning, and some like it warmer than others. If a bath be taken, a rough bath-sheet must be provided in addition to a Turkish towel, a good-sized buckback, and a thin face-towel.

The supply of matches must be kept up, and a box of night-lights replenished as required; a saucer containing a little water, and a light placed in it, should be left on the wash-stand every night. There should be a hand candle-stick ready for use also, as the tall ones are not to be carried about the room. The soap should be likewise remembered, and must be a new cake, which has never been used. When the maid goes into the bed-chamber to call the guest in the morning, she should take away the skirt of the day dress, to shake out the dust and brush off any sprinklings of mud; and sew on any braid which may have become detached and dangerous, and when she brings back the skirt, she must not forget to return the out-door shoes or boots, which the visitor should always remember to place outside her door at night. As hostess, give directions that ladies' shoes and boots be cleaned with the specially provided composition sold by shoe-makers for kid leather. On no account allow ordinary blacking, suitable for the thick leather of men's shoes, to be applied to those of women. Always provide a bottle of the proper composition for the benefit of your guests, as well as for yourself. I make a special notice of this, because I have often heard exclamations from aggrieved and indignant visitors, little complimentary to the housemaid, who was so ignorant as to have destroyed her best shoes by the use of common blacking.

A small can of hot water must be taken to the guest-chamber before the time for dressing for dinner; and if it be cold weather, the fire should then be lit, and if dark, the blinds drawn, and the gas or tall candles lighted, and any slops must be emptied; which latter should be done again before bed-time.

Every guest-chamber should be supplied with a writing-table, pens, ink, and stationery, as well as with a Bible, with large clear print. There should, likewise, be a stoppered decanter of daily changed drinking-water, and a tumbler; also a small tin of biscuits.

Some people object to linen, some to calico sheets, and as a matter of mere personal preference and fancy, I should give a calico under-sheet, and a linen upper one; and the pillow-cases always of linen. When the housemaid pays her last visit at night, or still better, when she attends on the visitor's arrival, to unfasten her trunk, she should inquire how many blankets are desired, and arrange the bed accordingly; and if cold or damp weather, should place a hot bottle (carefully secured from leakage, and covered in a flannel bag) in the bed.

And now, before giving my readers a few hints on the subject of etiquette amongst fellow-visitors, and that between them and their entertainer, I would draw special attention

to an excellent rule that obtains in some houses, and from which I have myself experienced the greatest comfort. Luncheon should be served at one o'clock, and the hostess should rise not later than at two o'clock, and announce to her guests that she is about to retire for an hour, and that she invites them to do the same—to rest, or write letters in their own rooms, and that at three o'clock they could meet again, and carry out any plans arranged for the afternoon; and that the carriage or horses would be at the door at that hour. That brief season of perfect quiet will always be found invaluable, and complete relaxation from all constraint and all conversation is as desirable for the entertainer as for her visitors.

And now, as regards any etiquette between the guests, or between them and their hostess, reciprocally, I may add a few words of information (at least to some) and advice to all.

It is possible that friends of your own, unknown to your hostess, may be in your neighbourhood, and they and you would wish to meet. Your position in this case would be a delicate one; for nothing could be in worse taste than to intrude any strangers on your hosts; more especially were your friends residents in the neighbourhood. However agreeable, and although in the same condition in life, it might be undesirable for those whose hospitality you were enjoying, to widen the sphere of their acquaintances; and yet they would feel it painful and ungracious to tell you so. Thus extreme delicacy and tact should be observed. As far as my judgment may be accepted in the matter, as one who has made the subject of etiquette a study, I would recommend you to seek a favourable opportunity for calling on your friend; but by no means to invite her to return your visit. If you were to ask the leave of your hostess to receive her, how could she refuse you? And could she do less than give her afternoon tea; and, if coming from any distance to have the horses put up and fed; and the coachman would require refreshment too. In any case, however, it seems to me that, while you may take an opportunity of calling on your friend, it would be scarcely discreet to invite her to pay you a visit in another person's house, to whom she was a stranger. Were she your sister, the case would be different, especially if not a resident neighbour. In that case, you might name her near vicinity to you; and that, with the leave of your hostess, you would walk over to see her, before leaving; or, if driving in that direction, you would ask her kindly to drop you somewhere within easy reach, if she would name the hour when you could be picked up again, *en route* to home. In all probability you would then receive an invitation for her to call, and so obtain a second interview. But such matters need to be very delicately managed, so as not to presume on your hosts' hospitality, nor force their hands.

Sometimes, when there is a large party of guests, it may escape the memory of the lady of the house to introduce all the visitors to one another, who are staying with her. In this case, always remember that they may address each other without *gêne*, as the character of those whose hospitality you are accepting should be a perfectly sufficient guarantee and safeguard that they are, in every respect, suitable acquaintances for you. Of course, a young unmarried girl should not be forward, but rather wait till spoken to by those who are older than herself, and more or less becomingly reserved with the men of the party. Speaking low, and moving about in a quiet, dignified, yet unobtrusive way, she should be always ready and watchful to perform any little kindly act of attention to her fellow-guests: and above all, to her hostess, to whom

she should offer her small services, as occasion may present itself. But specially let her beware of running into the other extreme, and appear to assume the prerogative of "doing the honours of the house." I have been shocked to see girls running about from one visitor to another, and acting as if they were the "daughters of the house," under their mother's directions. If asked to play, do not make an excuse; but, if nervous, choose an easy little piece, and endeavour to play it with taste and expression; and if asked to sing, and you have learnt to do so, do not say you "have a sore throat," or that you "are out of practice," for if you have a sore throat, you should have kept your room; and when invited out for your pleasure, you should have made it your business to practise what you could easily perform, that you might make some little graceful return for the attention shown you.

And now a word of advice to the lady who has opened her house to her friends. Remember that you have invited them chiefly as a kindness and compliment to them, and a pleasure to yourself in the second place. Their comfort and recreation should be your chief object; therefore, do not give them the smallest cause to suspect that you wished to make use of them; and that you invited them to enlist their accomplishments in your service, rather than to obtain the pleasure of their personal society. Thus, if a guest should ask to be excused from playing, singing, or reciting, do not repeat your request; make it cordially, and as if you really meant it, in the first instance, and if refused, never repeat it.

There is much more to which the attention of a young hostess should be directed; but I will restrict my counsels to one more important point, viz., to the subject of their children and their dogs.

Do not take the opportunity of leaving the drawing-room when your children have been brought in, as they should not be committed to the charge of a guest, for of course order would have to be maintained, and the safety of the little ones ensured, as well as of the objects of a delicate character within the reach of their little reckless hands. Some children are too well-trained to need any coercion, but when unruly the poor guest is to be pitied. I have seen her watch chain roughly pulled till it was broken, in spite of all remonstrance; and I have myself been greatly annoyed by ill-behaved and noisy children, who rushed about the room, knocking over a small table, upsetting and breaking a vase full of flowers, and fighting with each other, while the baby, attracted by the blazing fire, made for the grate the moment I let go my hold of its skirt. Half an hour of such responsibility was a time to be remembered, and taught me to remain in my room till the whole party assembled for dinner.

As to the annoyance sometimes occasioned by dogs, in a drawing or dining-room, it is nearly as great as that by ill-trained children, when permitted to molest your visitors. Of course, "there are dogs and dogs," and it is not very often that I have felt myself a victim to that of my hosts'. But I have had sufficient unpleasant experience to make me represent the matter to my readers.

I have known a huge dog to rush at a lady visitor, and place his two paws on her shoulders, so that the brute's face was close to hers. Imagine the agitation such a reception produced, especially as the animal sprang forward with an angry growl. But it is not now of savagery in dogs that I complain at present. It is the annoyance caused at table. They beset the luckless guest, who cannot dismiss them from the room, for contributions from her plate; destroy her dress with the saliva

from their mouths, and paw her to attract attention, tearing any lace upon it with their claws. If not a very large dog, it may jump on her lap, or elect to lie on the outspread skirt of her dress, if it mean to be friendly, which all dogs are not. In all such cases a guest is helpless, and it is the duty of her hostess to attend to her comfort. "Love me, love my dog," is a time-honoured axiom; and, to a certain point, it is certainly expressive of a great truth, of very wide application. But

in its literal sense, it is certainly an exaggeration of the truth. Kindliness and love are not synonymous terms.

And now, having given the young hostess a last and important item of advice, I add a parting word to the guest. Do not enter the breakfast-room in the morning before the lady of the house has appeared. It is always a subject of annoyance to her. Remain in your room, or go into the garden. It is not even expedient to go to the drawing-room before

breakfast, as the maids may still be occupied there. I had a lesson myself, in early youth, which caused me much distress. The breakfast was very late, and I ventured to enter the drawing-room. The housemaid was still there, and speaking with someone; and what was my dismay, when I looked back from the middle of the room, to see my elderly hostess in considerable *déshabillé* without wig or cap, hiding from my intrusive presence behind the door!

SOME OBJECTIONABLE WEDDING CUSTOMS.

By AN OLD LADY.

It does seem strange that neither civilisation, good sense, nor propriety have been able to banish several of the objectionable practices which are made to accompany our marriage ceremonies. It is true we have managed to get rid of some of the boisterous "horse-play" which our ancestors indulged in at such times, and the uproarious drinking-bouts, with which the festivity was too frequently disgraced, are no longer indulged in. There is however still room for improvement, and we trust that before long four of what seem to us to be most unpleasant customs will also be abandoned, and if possible forgotten, as they have nothing whatever to recommend them, possessing neither antiquity of origin, poetical import, nor pleasant results. They are the following: "Throwing the slipper," "throwing rice," the substitution of boy-pages in the place of bridesmaids and fancy costumes.

With regard to the first of these, "throwing the slipper," the practice, as now carried out, is not ancient, and seems to be a modern rendering of the curious old German custom of the bride's throwing away her left shoe as she drove off with her husband. There was of course a scramble for this remembrance of the lady. We do not know what was the exact meaning of the ceremony? Throwing a slipper at, or rather after, the carriage which bears away the bride and bridegroom is probably not more than a century and a half old. As practised at present, it is not only objectionable, but dangerous. We have frequently seen both the bride and bridegroom struck in the face by a badly, or possibly a well-aimed shot. Now surely for the wedding guests as a parting favour to send the bride on her "honeymoon" with a contused wound on her face, or the bridegroom with a black-eye, is a brutal proceeding and a disgrace to a civilised community! This is however not the worst that can result from the stupid practice, for we have heard it related that many years back upon a wedding party leaving Holland House, a slipper which was thrown struck one of the horses, which so frightened the animal that he "bolted," the carriage was upset and the bride killed! That such accidents should happen is not remarkable, but that such a senseless, unmeaning and dangerous custom should still survive is remarkable!

Throwing rice at weddings is quite a modern custom, and does not date back more than forty years. It is a silly, unmeaning, disagreeable and dirty practice. It is unmeaning, because in England, at any rate, we have no poetical associations connected with rice! It is disagreeable, because for a bride and bridegroom to drive away with their hair and eyes full of fine rice-dust, and the grain finding its way down the back and causing annoyance and discomfort can only be amusing to the silly vulgar people who throw the rice. There is no single argument to be advanced in favour of retaining this senseless custom. At

the weddings of the higher classes rice-throwing is seldom seen; and it is left chiefly for the vulgar and foolish to enjoy the nasty practice. In the East End of London the grocers' shops close to churches sell halfpenny and farthing packets of rice ready packed for emergencies, and these are bought up by 'Arry and 'Arriett directly they catch sight of a wedding-party. Indeed, viciousness and jealousy seem chiefly to occupy the mind of the purchaser—not well-wishing or the innocent indulgence in a poetically significant or ancient custom. We remember, on one occasion, in the East End some rice was thrown in the eye of the poor unfortunate bridegroom, with the result that he had to spend his honeymoon in a hospital. It is a well-known fact that there are in uncooked rice many animals so minute as only to be seen under the microscope; what a nasty trick then it is to throw such upon the persons, usually so carefully dressed, of a bride and bridegroom.

We deeply regret the introduction of "boy-pages" in wedding ceremonies. It is quite a new feature, and we cannot help thinking it an objectionable one. The bridesmaids are an ancient, a poetical, and a beautiful institution, and to replace them by boys dressed up in theatrical costumes is bad taste and a complete misunderstanding of the meaning of this portion of the ceremony.

The old-fashioned idea was, that the bridesmaids were the bride's youthful companions or relatives, who dressed her for the wedding; and the writer, when she was a girl, several times took part in such scenes. The selected bridesmaids met together at the house of the bride-elect some days beforehand, and formed a kind of committee of taste, offering suggestions and hints. As the writer was supposed to possess some skill in hair-dressing, to her was entrusted the coiffure of the bride, and fixing on the wreath. We should never have thought of allowing anyone to offer a hand in this, to us, most serious office, and the modern notion of the bride being assisted in her toilette by a servant would have seemed to us an insult to her dearest friends. Of course, we accompanied her to church as the representatives of her maidenhood, and her confidential friends or relatives. Sometimes a girl is very nervous when she is the principal upon such a solemn and serious occasion, and the presence of her most attached female friends are a support to her. Now to exchange all this for boys! boys dressed up too. Oh how unmeaning! Surely boys are quite out of place in such a scene!

We have an intense objection to any theatrical costumes introduced at weddings, yet, unfortunately, this practice is far too common now. We read of "pages" (those boy bridesmaids) dressed in the costume of "Charles II.!" Children dressed in "Kate Greenaways" costume, very pretty costumes no doubt, but a wedding is not a fancy-dress ball or a stage play, and all these things give

an air of unreality to it. Surely, if ever in their lives, a man and woman are in serious earnest, it is on their wedding-day. They are making the most solemn vows before God, and giving the most solemn pledge to one another; and any theatrical display, any "dressing up" in imitation of a past day, any "boy pages," got up in effeminate costumes must be singularly out of place. Even the bridesmaids should be modestly, though becomingly attired. Fortunately, the dress of the bride has not undergone much change, and we hope it never may; and we do sincerely trust that good taste and propriety may assert themselves, and that "boy-pages" and "fancy costumes" at weddings may be abolished; if people like to dress themselves up in a ridiculous manner and "make objects of themselves" they can do so, but let it not be in the House of God when two human beings are making most solemn vows upon which the blessing of the Almighty is being earnestly invoked.

Lest it should be thought that we want to do away with all old and curious customs at weddings, we say at once that there are, on the contrary, many which we should like to see revived. The strewing flowers in the path of the bride and bridegroom, as they leave the church, is a charming old custom, now well-nigh given up. Another is the presentation of slips of rosemary; the meaning of this custom is that, as rosemary was also used for funerals, the pair were to live together until one deposited the rosemary on the bier of the other, an emblem of a union, only to end in the grave as the marriage service says, "until death us do part."

The presentation of white gloves is also a pretty custom and dates from very remote antiquity. The writer remembers the custom in Norfolk half a century back.

In some parts of England in the middle ages, the bride was crowned with a garland of wheat upon leaving church. We suggest the revival of this in place of the "rice-throwing," not of course as a substitute for the "bridal wreath."

Garlands were also presented at weddings, which were subsequently hung up in the church. In some parts of Germany this custom still obtains. We have seen some of these garlands which date a long way back.

Now as all of these customs are poetical and thoroughly unobjectionable, it is strange that they should have been abandoned for "slipper throwing," "rice throwing," "boy-bridesmaids," "fancy costumes," and other ostentatious displays of dress or jewellery at weddings. Let us never forget that solemn and beautiful passage introduced into the marriage service:

"Whose adorning—let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible; even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

THE BRUNSWICK GHOST.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.



LN Brunswick is a college—the Carolinum — about which a curious ghost story was told in 1748, which created a good deal of stir, not only in the little capital itself, but throughout Germany. In 1746 there died in the college one of the masters, Dorien by name, a worthy man, who had always conducted himself well, and had discharged his duties conscientiously. He was a quiet, amiable man, who gave no offence to any one ; a man generally respected, alike by the masters and the pupils, and also by those few who knew him in the town.

On the night that he died he sent word to another master, named Hofer, that he particularly desired to speak to him. Hofer was roused from sleep, jumped from bed, hastily dressed, but arrived too late in the sick man's room to receive his communication. Dorien was at his last gasp. He recognised his friend, clasped his hand, and tried to speak ; but his words failed. He died without having been able to give his parting communication to his friend.

Shortly after the death of Dorien, the rumour spread that the dead man had been seen in the passages. But as those who pretended to have seen him were only pupils of the college, no importance was attached to the matter. Their testimony was regarded, and justly, on such a matter as this, to be undeserving of notice by the masters and professors. Nevertheless, the rumour continually broke out again, after short subsidence. The masters were vexed, and wished that the innocent and blameless memory of Dorien should be left untrifled with, and also undisturbed by idle tongues. If any man deserved to rest in his grave that man was Dorien.

However, in October, 1748, something occurred which roused attention seriously, and made the masters of the college suspect there was something real at the bottom of the strange reports that had reached them.

Mr. Hofer was walking, between eleven and twelve, through the dormitory corridor, to see that all the pupils were in bed in their several cubicles, and that all was quiet, when, as he approached the door of a room occupied by Mr. Lampadius, one of the professors, he saw the dead man sitting there on a chair, in his old dressing-gown, with a white night-cap on his head, the lappets of which he held together under his chin with his right hand, and so pulled the cap down as only to show the eyes and nose, mouth and chin. Mr. Hofer was so astonished that he stood still and looked attentively at the apparition, unable to trust his eyes, or realise that he saw old Dorien in spirit. He was somewhat frightened, and had to struggle with himself before he could resolve to pass ; but he did this, and went into the room of Mr. Lampadius, and shut the door behind him. He did

not rouse the sleeper, but paused within a minute, and then opened the door and went out again. Then he saw the apparition seated as he had seen it before. He raised his lantern, and threw the light full on the face of the spectre ; but at the same moment such a sense of horror and faintness came over him, that he was for a moment unable to draw back his hand. After this event for several months the hand remained swollen and painful, and he had difficulty in using it.

Next day Hofer related what had happened to Mr. Oedern, professor of mathematics. Oedern, as a philosopher, and a man of plain common sense, laughed at it, and insisted that Hofer was either the dupe of a practical joke, played by one of the scholars, or that he had dreamt the whole concern. When, however, he was unable to persuade Hofer that this was the case, he offered to accompany him on his round next night, and either discover the author of the deception or convince his fellow-master that he had seen nothing.

Next night, between eleven and twelve, the two men made the circuit of the college dormitories together. As they approached the door of Lampadius' room, the professor of mathematics started, and exclaimed—

“Hallo ! that's Dorien !” Hofer said nothing, but opened the door, and went into the room. As he came out again, he saw the same apparition in the same position as the night before, and Oedern stood with his hand to his brow, looking at it open-eyed and with an expression of utter bewilderment. They both studied the figure for some time. The face was deadly pale, making the black beard look blacker than it was in life. Neither had the courage to address the spectre, and, without a word to each other or to it, they retreated along the corridor to Hofer's room.

Both spoke of the apparition next day, and several of the professors sat up the next and following nights in hopes of seeing Dorien's ghost ; but their expectations were disappointed ; they saw nothing. Oedern himself revisited the passage at midnight, but he saw the guest no more there, and he said impatiently to the others—

“Come, I've done my best to see the spirit ; if he wants me now, he must come for me. I will go after him no more.”

A fortnight later, he was roused in his bed at an early hour, but at what hour he was uncertain, except that it was between three a.m. and six a.m. He felt himself shaken as if taken by the shoulder. When he opened his eyes he saw the same figure of Dorien, in his white night-cap and dressing-gown, standing between his bed and a cupboard which was about two paces off, against the wall. We are not told how Mr. Oedern saw it, whether by its own phosphorescent light, or by the light of the moon shining into his room. There are many small particulars in the story which are not detailed, and which might help us to

explain it. He raised himself in bed and fixed his eyes steadfastly on the apparition, which remained visible for about eight minutes and then faded. On the following night, at about the same hour, he was again aroused; but there was this fact, he observed, which had escaped him previously, and which, to our mind, is significant. He heard the doors of the cupboard creak, and sound exactly as if some heavy person were leaning against them. The figure he

true German—*had his pipe in his mouth*. The figure did not make any threatening signs, but nodded its head, and appeared to be friendly disposed.

Then Oedern, plucking up courage, asked—

“Have you left any debts unpaid?”

It was well known that poor Dorien had died owing small sums, and this caused the professor to ask the question. At these words the phantom drew back, raised itself aloft, and made signs as if it wanted to



“THEY BOTH STUDIED THE FIGURE FOR SOME TIME”

saw as before. This time he addressed it with the words—

“Go forth, thou evil spirit! Wherefore comest thou here to disturb me?”

When he said this the figure made signs of distress, shaking its head, wringing its hands, and moving its feet. Then Oedern began to repeat some of the hymns in the Lutheran psalm-book. The ghost disappeared whilst he was thus occupied. After that, Professor Oedern was left undisturbed for a full week; but again, at the end of that time, he was roused about three o'clock in the morning by a feeling of cold horror, and he saw the ghost apparently issue from the cupboard, and come to him, and lean over his bed. This was more than he could bear; the professor jumped out of bed, striking as he did so at the figure, which recoiled before him towards the cupboard, and then came on again. Oedern now observed that the spirit—like a

draw special attention to what it was about to say or do, or as if it wanted to give particular attention to what was being asked it. Oedern repeated his question, and then the spectre passed a thin white hand over its mouth forward and backward. The black beard, which was very prominently seen against the deathly-pale face, caused Oedern to ask further—

“Had you not paid your barber?” Then the figure slowly shook its head.

Oedern further inquired, “Were you in debt for the pipe, or for tobacco?” Then the ghost, without a reply, went back towards the cupboard, and disappeared.

Next day Professor Oedern related his interview to Councillor Erath, who was one of the four curators of the Collegium Carolinum, and in whose house lodged the sister of the deceased Dorien. He at once said that he would inquire into the matter, and if he found

that there were small debts of this nature he would pay them.

The matter now became much talked about among the masters of the college, who, however, were careful to say nothing about it to the pupils. Professor Seidler, who had known and respected the deceased, and was a friend of Oedern, then volunteered to sit up the night with the latter. Seidler was a man of some note, who was chosen tutor of the Dukes Charles Augustus and Frederick Ferdinand of Saxe-Weimar. He died as consistorial councillor at Weimar, about 1778.

About five o'clock in the morning Oedern woke suddenly, and saw his unbidden guest standing, not as before, by the cupboard, but against the whitewashed wall. He did not remain long stationary, but walked up and down the room—if that can be called walking when his legs did not apparently move, nor was there any sound of a footfall. Presently he drew near the bed, when Oedern cried out, "Voyez! voyez!" Seidler, who was awake, looked intently in the direction indicated, but though he saw something vaporous and white, could distinguish nothing clearly. Then Oeder exclaimed, "He is vanished!"

The friends then talked together about what had happened, and Oedern asked Seidler if he might refer to him as an eye-witness; but this Seidler would not allow. He had seen nothing sufficiently to justify his being quoted as having beheld the ghost. Then Oedern said no more, but laid himself down again; and Seidler did not talk, because he supposed his friend wanted to go to sleep again. Indeed, he did doze off, but almost immediately was roused, started up in bed, began to beat about him with his fists, and cried—

"Go away! You have tormented me long enough! If you want anything of me, tell me so at once, and leave me at rest."

When Oedern was somewhat pacified, Seidler asked him to explain his conduct. The professor of mathematics replied that he had seen the spectre again, which had approached the bed, leaned over it, and then thrown itself across his body, so that he felt the weight oppress him. From this night forward Oedern always had some one in the room with him. He was afraid to sleep alone. Moreover, he now had a light always burning, which he had not been accustomed to have before.

This so far answered that he saw the ghost no more; nevertheless, every morning about the same early hour at which it had been wont to appear to him, he was conscious of a peculiar sensation over his whole body, exactly as if a feather-brush were passed over him. He felt no pain, but a tickling sensation. Also, occasionally he heard a creaking and brushing against the cupboard doors, or a tapping at his door; but these manifestations became less frequent, and at last ceased so completely that the professor thought he was entirely freed from his troublesome and uncanny visitor, and that he could dispense with an attendant and a night-light.

Two nights had passed without disturbance after he had given up these precautions, when on the third night he saw the spectre again, which roused him at

the usual hour. It was not so distinct as before; it held in its hand something like a picture with a hole in it, and thrust its hand several times through this hole. Oedern plucked up courage to address it, and said that he was unable to comprehend its meaning.

Again some of the masters of the Carolinum sat up through the night with Oedern, and the spirit again appeared two or three times, but never so as to be more distinctly seen. Unfortunately, we are not informed whether they saw it, or whether the vision was confined to Oedern. After some discussion among the masters and professors, and inquiries made of his sister and others, it was ascertained that shortly before his death Dorien had had several magic-lantern slides sent him on approval from an optician, and that these had neither been paid for nor returned.

The slides were sought out, and sent to the maker. After this Professor Oedern was no more troubled.

Professor Oedern told his story, and, indeed, it was well thrashed out by the learned of Brunswick. It was talked of in the Court, and Oedern was questioned by the Duke about it. His account was taken down by the Provost Jerusalem, by Professor Gebauer, of the University of Göttingen, and by Professor Segner. It was published, discussed, and was disputed by Professor Hennings, of Jena, who asserted that the ghost was no other than one of the scholars of the college in disguise. He pointed out the suspicious fact of the supposed ghost holding his night-cap about his face so as to conceal a considerable part of it, and keeping his hand in such a position as to retain a sham beard from falling off, when he first appeared to Hofer, and afterwards to Oedern and Hofer. Then again, the pretended ghost seemed to have a suspicious attachment for the cupboard, and the professor of mathematics had admitted that he heard the cupboard creak and stir when the ghost went back to it, also he allowed that he had on one occasion seen it come out of it.

It is possible enough that the first starting of the ghost was due to a practical joke; but clearly afterwards the mathematical professor laboured under indigestion and nightmare, and the nightmare took the form of the spectre he supposed he had seen, and which oppressed his mind. His sudden starts from sleep, the time at which he was roused, his beating about him with his arms, his notion that a heavy body lay across the bed and on his body, all clearly indicate nightmare. Oedern was himself so worthy and upright a man, so lacking in imagination, that no one supposed he was fabricating a story to frighten his fellows. Moreover, it was to the interest of the masters not to allow the college to fall under suspicion of being haunted—a suspicion which might affect its prosperity and their incomes. It was so clearly against his own good that Oedern admitted the story, that all who heard him believed in his veracity, though they might doubt whether he had been visited by a ghost.

It is remarkable how very few ghost stories will bear to be closely examined, and how often, in well-authenticated stories, just those special particulars are not detailed which ought to be told, so as to enable us properly to judge of the story.

CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

CHAPTER XI.

HARD WORK FOR THE MEN—HARDER WORK STILL FOR THE WOMEN—THE CISTERN—RATTLESNAKES—THE GARDEN—HOMESICKNESS—PIPE-LAYING.

THE ordinary business man at home in England would think it rather a mad suggestion if his friend were to prophesy that some day he would have to set to and make his own roads, the drive up to his house, lay his own water-pipes from the main, build his own rain-water cistern and cesspool, dig and plant his own garden, and fence that in too.

I think he would be equally surprised if he could realise how quickly and easily he would adapt himself to such unaccustomed work, and how well he could accomplish it.

To the man who loves an outdoor life, and is clever with his hands, and has ingenuity, too, and some skill in creating something out of nothing, "making history," there is much zest and enjoyment in all this. But, of course, it is very hard work; and when the sun is fierce (which it usually is), the glare and heat are most trying, out on the perfectly shadeless stretches of land.

The body does not accustom itself easily to these new labours, and the new burden must not be laid upon it too heavily; all the health-giving power of ranch life depends largely upon this precaution. Therefore the question of being able to pay for necessary help is a very important one. It is pitiful to see the weary, broken struggles of men untrained and unaccustomed to the heavy physical work of a ranch, and unable to pay for help. A breakdown, more or less serious, is almost certain, when the work all falls behind, and things become more and more hopeless. It is a great mistake for a delicate man, who has broken down at his office work at home in England, to come out here to ranch, thinking to recover his health in the open-air life, but not having at the same time the means to pay for help, nor the capital to be able to wait the necessary years till his ranch can yield an income.

Of course, I am not speaking of the man born and bred to such work at home; he will find a true land of promise here; the pay he can command (one dollar a day and his board), will soon enable him, if he is a thrifty fellow, to buy a bit of land and build a home of his own, such as he could not dream of in the old country; and the work is what he has always been accustomed to, and for which his body has been trained for generations.

But for the man of gentle birth and breeding it is a very different story. He would be better shut up in an office at home.

The life is splendidly healthy so long as one is not overdriven; the physical exercise of the different occupations, and all in the open air, is like the training of an athlete. Hoing round the lemon trees is as good for the chest and arms of the labourer as for the roots of the lemon trees; but only always if the worker be not overtaxed. Indeed, from our experience it is only by carrying on sure regular active work in the open air that one gets the real benefit from this climate.

With thirty-one acres planted, we have found the help of one ranchman with Larry, our eldest son, and his father to be sufficient; so all our digging and piping and road-making went forward without too heavy a strain. The accepted theory is that one man can manage ten acres of planted land, and do justice to it; and a ranchman costs from twenty to thirty dollars a month, and his keep.

If the rough work and life are hard for men to accustom themselves to, it is much harder still for the women, especially, of course, for

delicate women, who are supposed to have been brought out "for their health." And here is the place to point out what a farce it is to suppose that any frail woman could possibly get any benefit out of the finest climate in the world if, in addition to the burden of her illness, she has to take upon herself the onerous duties of cook and housemaid and charwoman, and everything combined. Again the important question is whether the rancher has money enough to pay the very high wage demanded for even the simplest household help during at least five years, while he is waiting for his ranch to yield an income. Even then the wife must be prepared to work much harder than she was ever accustomed to at home, since one pair of hands, even if they are the most talented Chinese hands, necessarily leave a very great deal to be done. In our case, for instance, the Chinaman never touches the bedrooms or drawing-room, except to turn them out once a fortnight, when he leaves them fairly clean, but all topsy-turvy.

But this is as nothing, when one sees so many ranchers' wives doing without any help at all. That is a cruel life for any man to bring his wife to, unless he has absolutely no other choice; it is to my mind quite unforgivable. Let such men come without womenfolk.

We had a wearisome long piece of work—building the rain-water cistern and the cesspool, for they had to be dug out of the hard granite. The cistern was finished, however, in time to catch part of the winter's rain, and though we feared it would become stagnant, this danger was quite overcome by the simple little pump used, which is made almost exactly after the pattern of the old Egyptian pumps, and consists of a chain of small buckets, which revolves, and as one half come up and empty themselves through the pump spout, the other half go down into the water full of air; and thus the contents of the cistern are in this way constantly revitalised.

We have never done congratulating ourselves on possessing this cistern, for the water is always cool and sweet, and as our roof is very large, it soon fills the cistern, which holds three hundred barrels, and lasts all the year. The flume water, which we use in irrigation, and which is also laid on in the house for the boiler, etc., comes from the mountains in an open aqueduct or flume. It is at times full of moss and impurities, and is besides quite tepid in the summer.

We had many discussions, standing on our front verandah, and looking down the rough hill slope, as to how the drive should be laid out. We meant to have an avenue of pepper trees on each side, and once these were planted, the road could not well be altered. Meanwhile, sixteen more acres had been cleared of roots and brush, ploughed and harrowed for more lemon trees. In the spring we planted seven hundred young trees, which made in all one thousand five hundred.

The kitchen garden was set in order, and fenced in to keep out the squirrels and rabbits. They were a great nuisance that first year, but have now retired to their own wild part of the land, which certainly is roomy enough. The rattlesnakes, too, though we were constantly coming across them in the beginning, have now quietly withdrawn to the stony mountain tops.

That first year I was haunted with the fear of those hideous creatures, and the dread of an accident to one of my dear ranchers.

But all the same, it was a thrilling excitement when each one was caught and brought down to the barn to be gloated over; and though it was dead, it would still wriggle its

ugly body, and snap its terrible jaws at anything that might touch it, and with the power still of deadly effect.

One of the boys brought down from the hill a particularly large fellow, hanging on a forked stick, its frightful mouth gaping so wide open that the whole head seemed split in two, and big amber-coloured drops of the terrible poison hanging to its fangs.

One certainly gets accustomed to anything; and here even the little children think nothing of killing a rattlesnake on their way to school. It is true they are easily killed, and are always in a hurry to get away. The danger is, of course, that one may tread on them unawares, for their skin is so like the colour of the ground. But on the road they are easily seen, and in walking through the brush one keeps a sharp look-out.

The house looked terribly bare, perched on the hill-top, without a touch of green about it and no single patch of shade far or near, so we were in a great hurry to make the garden, which was to surround the house, but was only to be a small one, as when once we had made it, we should, of course, have to keep it in order ourselves. When it was finished, we could not but laugh at our cypress hedge of baby trees about ten inches high, standing round so valiantly, and through which the smallest chicken walked with easy dignity. However, now it is a thick green wall, six or eight feet high, and there is a fence as well to keep out barn-yard intruders.

Shade trees were planted, perhaps too profusely, in our eagerness for the shade and the dear green for which our eyes so hungered.

Among the many different pangs of homesickness, a longing for the trees, and the beautiful green of England, is almost as painful as the *sehnsucht* that pinches one so surely at times, for the sight of an old friend's face.

We are unusually fortunate in having within reach exceptionally charming cultivated people; and their kindness to the newcomers, has made all the difference to us in the happiness of our social life.

But old friends grow ever dearer to the exiled ones, and I often think that if those at home who have friends in "foreign parts" knew with what joy and gratitude each simple sign is received, which proves that still they are remembered, then, indeed, many an odd paper, or little book, would be dropped into the post, when time or inclination for letter-writing failed. The paper has tenfold its value, because of the unwritten message it conveys from friend to friend.

After the garden was finished, we cleared a piece of land on the hilltop, at the back of the ranch, about one acre in size, and made a small plantation there of eucalyptus, for firewood; it grows very fast and needs little attention. Also six acres on the hill-slopes, that lay too high for irrigation, and therefore would not do for lemons, we cleared, and planted with peaches.

In April we worked hard, laying more piping. Pipe-laying is the pain and crucifixion of a rancher's life. No part of the work is so detested; it is very back-breaking work to begin with, and there are frantic half hours spent over screws that will not screw, where the thread of the pipe has been broken or injured in the transit, or faultily made; and there are the bends in the land, which the pipe has to be coaxed round, and there are "elbows," and "tees," and "unions," and "crosses," and "hydrants," each of which has its own separate way of being exasperating.

(To be continued.)

IMITATION STAINED GLASS.

INSTEAD of buying the transparent printed paper, which people stick on to their window-panes to give the appearance of stained glass, I am going to show you how you can paint on window glass with ordinary oil colour and produce a much better effect than can be obtained with this applied paper.

The lead lines themselves can be imitated with lamp black mixed with a little copal varnish. If the colour is found to be too thick to come from the brush, use a drop or two of turpentine, but don't thin it more than you can help, as we want the colour to be solid.

Some little difficulty will be experienced in running the lines straight and of even thickness. A piece of tracing paper cut the size of the window panes and divided up into squares and put at the back of the glass will guide you in this. I am assuming that you are going to paint glass *in situ*; but if you were painting pieces of glass which were either going to be put in front of the existing glass, so that they could be removed at any time, and were going to be puttied in the sashes afterwards, it would be easier work to paint them as you could lay them down on a table having the designs to be carried out underneath.

If you are painting glass in a window, then you must stick your design upon the back of the glass to be painted and follow it in front with your rigger and outline colour, which might be made of burnt sienna and a little black, for you don't want it to look quite so opaque as the lead lines. A flat piece of wood about two inches wide to rest upon the sashes of the window, and upon which your hand may rest, will be of help in steadying your hand.

Your design must not be on paper too opaque to allow of light coming through, or you will not be able to see to work. It might be as well to trace them on tracing paper first of all. Of course you will allow the lead lines to dry quite hard before painting in the patterns or figures, and you will also thoroughly clean the glass with whitening to take away any grease there may be.

A very good treatment of "quarries," as these small squares are called, is to trace on them quaint renderings of birds, animals, fish, etc., as I have shown in the design. But these may with advantage be alternated with some simple design of an ornamental character or with small floral designs conventionally treated. This alternating design could be used throughout and would save you racking your brains to make each quarry different.

The whole effect of these quarries should be got with the outline, though it need not be of the same solidity everywhere. The tint which is seen in the illustrations represents the transparent yellow stain used by stained-glass painters, and could be imitated by aureolin thinned down with copal varnish, and put on after the outlines are quite hard. This yellow should be darker here and there, and the addition of a little Indian yellow would give this effect better than putting a light yellow on thickly. The lines representing water with the frog and two fish quarries should be in yellow and not in the tracing colour. So too should the moon and stars in the owl design.

Designs of this character can be obtained



from those books of Japanese sketches which can be bought cheaply at some bookseller's, or a good illustrated natural history would afford much material; but in using such illustrations they should be quaintly rather than accurately reproduced, for a too naturalistic treatment is less effective than a conventional one.

The treatment of Heads on Glass.—The design by Mr. Henry Ryland was drawn for a portion of a stained-glass window; but it can be reproduced in the way I have just described, the lead lines with the black and the outline of the head in the brown. The background of rings should be more transparent, as should the heads and the ornament





on the dress, which is obtained by using the colour thinner. The hair might have a wash of the yellow over it, and the name might also be put in Indian yellow instead of the tracing colour. The face itself I should leave plain, as it would be very hazardous to attempt to put a flesh tint over it. My feeling in all decoration is that it should be kept very simple and too little rather than too much attempted.

Pretty heads painted on pieces of glass to hang up in windows would be a very nice decoration, and as there is plenty of material to work from in the pages of *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER*, I commend this suggestion to

my readers. The glass used for stained-glass windows would be nicer to paint upon and would be more artistic than ordinary window glass. This could be obtained, cut into circles or squares, at any firm making leaded windows. A piece of lead round the edge with copper rings soldered on at the corners to hang it up by would be a pleasant addition and could be put on where you purchase the glass for a few pence.

This drawing of Mr. Ryland's is worth studying as it shows how to treat a head decoratively. Everything you see is simplified, the hair being represented by simple curves, and no attempt made to give the

effect such as a painter would attempt. Remember you are not painting a picture on glass, but are decorating a piece of glass. The small head would be suitable if enlarged. Heads of poets, artists and musicians would also be very suitable.

The thickness of glass between you and the design you are following will just at first bother you; but a little practice will soon enable you to follow the design on the glass. A great help will be afforded by a hand-rest made of a flat strip of wood one and a half to two inches wide with pieces at each end one inch or so high. This affords a rest for the hand and enables you to work directly over the glass.

VARIETIES.

TRAVELLING.

"Some minds improve by travelling, others rather, like copper wire or brass, but get the narrower by going farther."—*Hood*.

WISE AND UNWISE.—The wise girl thinks of virtue; the unwise girl thinks of pleasure.

REASSURING.

Host: (a trifle nervous about the effect of his guest's wooden leg upon the polished floor): "Hadn't you better come on the rug, Major? You might slip out there, you know."

The Major: "Oh, don't be afraid, my boy. There is no danger. I have a nail in the end of my leg."

THE ODD FARTHING.

Friend: "Why do you mark things 1s. 11½d. when you might as well say two shillings?"

Merchant: "Well, you see, customers hate to leave without that odd farthing, and while we keep them waiting for their change, they generally see something else they want."



Oft wandering by the woodland side
 You hear the distant laughter sound ;
 Or see the snow-white kirtles glide
 Where the green hazels most abound :
 All merry, noisy, nutting they,
 Who through the 'tangling forests stray.—*The Country.*

ALL the wood-nuts gathered before the commencement of this month are worthless, when compared with those that still hang upon the hazels. Like ripe acorns, a jerk of the branch sends them dancing out of their vandyked cups, and they come tumbling down upon the moss, or silky forest-grass, like large dark brown beads, every one ripe, and almost ready to burst out of its shell, while each kernel is covered with a rich russet cloak.

As I last year entered, somewhat lengthily, into our country nutting excursions, I need only refer to the present engraving as illustrative of a scene before described. I have before dwelt upon the solemn associations awakened by the close of autumn. For although all its varied hues are beautiful to look upon, still it is a melancholy sight to witness the falling leaves; to see all that rendered summer so green and lovely, unhooused—drifted from their shady dwelling-places, leaving their old homes behind, naked and desolate; and wandering, as it were, houseless along the brown highways, over the wet and withered grass, or lying down to die in the wayside ditches. Who can walk abroad at such a season, without thinking of that change which must, in the end, take

place—without turning our thoughts to those who have gone before us, like companions who but set out earlier in the day, and gained the inn where we must all sleep, and retired to rest before we arrived?

In my "Year Book" I have described a forest scene, familiar to me from the days of my childhood; and as a railway is overthrowing these old wild-wood fastnesses, I shall transfer this picture of a spot that had stood unaltered for centuries, to the descriptive pages of this Almanack, conscious that I should but weaken my word-painting were I to alter my first sketch.

Acres of huge gorse bushes stretched to the very verge of this wild forest-land, many of them standing higher than the head of a tall man; while upon the edge of the woodland grew thousands of wild brambles, that had trailed over the low bushes, and formed a broad impenetrable hedge, so wide that several wag-gons, could the underwood have borne the weight, might have been driven over them abreast. This waste had never been cultivated since the dawning of creation. For miles around, there was no vestige of the hand of man. Here grew hawthorns so huge, old, grey, and weather-beaten, that they looked as if a score

of stems had been twisted into one, and become so hardened by time, that you might fancy they were bars of iron fused together so closely, that neither storm nor thunder had been able to rend them. Here and there proso giant crab-trees, their gnarled and knotted stems overgrown with green and yellow moss, and long flaky lichens, which hung like ragged drapery from the boughs. Even the sun-stained fruit, when mellowed by the mists of October, was sour as vinegar. Some of the trunks were hollow and decayed; and looked like strange skeletons that had lived at a remote period of time, when man was not, so white, bleached, and monstrous were their forms; and from the decayed centre had, in some places, sprung up another tree, that waved green above the old desolation. Scattered at picturesque distances, we saw immense oaks, whose shadows stretched far and wide, and struck the mind with wonder, to behold such gigantic arms spread out with no other support than the iron body from which they sprang; while, to pace the length of a single bough, seemed like treading a long gallery. Many of these had, centuries ago, been struck by the thunder-bolt, or blackened by the red-armed lightning; yet lived on, in spite of the blaze which had burnt their branches and singed their ancient heads—standing like monuments that marked some old world which had, unclaimed ages ago, passed away, and left the skeletons of those mighty giants to proclaim the bulk and vastness of that unrecorded era. And all around this wild and wooded wilderness of hoary trees, there extended a pathless waste of entangling under-wood, where the hazel and the hawthorn, the black bullace, and the armed sloe were blended, and matted, and twisted with the holly and the bramble and the prickly gorse; while the woodbine climbed high over all, and, like a lady from her turret, looked out upon the wild and silent scene. It was only where the red fox, or the badger, or the daring hunter had forced a passage, that we were able to make our way along this bushy barrier. It recalled those graphic lines of Chaucer's, of a forest,

In which there dwelleth neither man nor beast,
With knotty, knarry, barren trees old,
Of stubby shape, and hideous to behold.

Above this vast covert of crooked branches, and spiked bushes, and trailing briars which seemed to have been struggling for ages for the mastery, there hovered scores of birds of prey—hawks of every species, dusky ravens, and horned owls that stared upon us from out the hollow trees at noon-day, and went sailing across the wild underwood, and between the ancient branches of the trees, like winged ghosts. And over from the tangled thicket started some wild animal, the huge fox, or the grey badger, the savage wild cat and the climbing marten; and we sometimes disturbed the stoat as he fed upon a young hare, or drove the weasel from his banquet, and picked up the ringdove, warm and bleeding, that he was feeding upon; or saw the fierce eyes of the polecat glaring upon us, as if wondering why we had disturbed his solitary dominions. Great hairy bats went gliding by in the twilight, with their leathern wings outspread; and black water-rats made a hollow sound, as they plunged into the forest brook, and were soon lost in the dark water, or among the black and rotten leaves.

As I painted the same scene in verse, in my youthful years, I here present my readers with the other picture.

Majest'c grandeur stamp'd that solemn scene,
For weary miles an outstretch'd forest lay,
But seldom trod by aught of mortal man.
Here nature sat enthroned in wild array,
Profusely deck'd with thorns and witching bay,
Here broad oaks threw afar their shady arms,
O'er creeping brambles that did wildly stray
Around the trunks, where dark-leaved ivy swarms
And none the ruddy squirrel 'mid its play alarms.

The sul'en crab-tree flourish'd 'neath the beech;
Above, the sable pine did roar its hoar,
As if the silver clouds it fain would reach
So high those dark and branchy boughs were spread
The rattling cones wild winds profusely shed:
Luxuriant box stood robed in gloomy hue,
And cypress nodded o'er the glen's dark bed,
Where stately ash o'er-topp'd the bow-famed yew—
All burst in silent grandeur on th' astonish'd view.

The glens and glades, and dells were sprinkled round
With healing herbs and variegated flowers,
No bell or bud of which a lording ownd;
No studied art bedeck'd those native bowers;
There nature's rugged breast bared to the showers,
Bore in its solitude the roses' bloom;
Where high the woodbines rear their painted towers,
There unseen violets 'mid the forest gloom
Blossom and die, and blow again above the tomb.

No habitation graced that rugged scene,
No pathway bore the track of man or steed;
Dark trees those dells from scorching sunbeams screen,
Where sharp-beak'd hawk and speckled songsters feed,
And diving otters shake the tufted reed.
No cultivation here smooth'd nature's face;
Nor waving corn, nor hedge-engirded mead,
Across this savage scene the eye could trace;
It stood as when the Cynri hero did lead the chase.

It has no doubt struck many, during an autumn ramble, how slowly and almost imperceptibly the changes of the months take place. The seasons themselves are striking enough, but to watch the slow progress by which they reach the different land marks of the year, is like tracing the movement of the hand of a watch around the dial's face. Take a home garden, for instance—the smaller the better for observation— and recal the time when the first scarlet runner, nasturtium, sweet pea, or convolvulus sprang up, each a tiny speck of green above the mould. For days and days you can scarcely perceive them increase; the two little leaves grow larger by degrees; and then other tiny buds shoot out; and you are lost, between noting the expansion of the first, and the slow advance of the latter. Time rolls on, and they begin to twine and flower, one here, another there; you marvel why the one is so early, and the other so late. The first flowers attract your attention the most, and when the whole row is hung with bloom, you are anxious to find the first pod. It is the many stages through which vegetation passes that confuse observation, that induce us to take so little note of time, that causes autumn to steal upon us almost unawares. It is the same with the lengthening and shortening of the days: we see the hours, and not the minutes—the rock, but not the coral insect that was instrumental in raising it.

Nor less wonderful is the departure of the birds—which we find alluded to in the Old Testament—a proof that the habits of these winged voyagers were the same three thousand years ago. For in the Book of Jeremiah it is written, that "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times: and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming." In Mr. Couch's interesting work on Animal Instinct, of which I have, more than once, made favourable mention, I find the following original observations on the migration of birds.—"The time of the withdrawal of the swallows and martens is more irregular than that of their coming, and begins with the swift, which usually

takes its flight in the first or second week of August—the whole colony disappearing at once—the actual departure being preceded, for a few days, by exercises in flying, which seem to be practising in sport what they soon expect seriously to execute. They may be witnessed ascending in a spiral manner, and in very close phalanx, with even more than their usual rapidity, to a very great height; and having two or three times executed this movement, they suddenly sink down to their nests, after which, till the next day, they are no more to be seen. A remark often made—that the swallow tribe go away earliest in the warmest seasons—appears to be correct; but whether there be any physiological reason for this, is a matter of doubt. The principal cause of their early readiness for migration seems to be, that less interruption has been thrown in the way of the formation of the nest; and that there has been a greater abundance of insect food for the support of the young, which has accelerated their growth. In an unfavourable season in these respects, or when other causes have occurred to retard the maturity of the brood, the birds have not only been kept later, but in many instances the migratory instinct has grown sufficiently strong to overcome the force of parental affection, and the brood has been left to perish in the nest. To attend on a helpless young one, a single swift has been known to remain for a fortnight after the departure of its companions; and it is a frequent occurrence for the swallow to leave its brood to perish in the nest. As autumn approaches the swallows return to their nests, only for the sake of sleep, or as a convenient resting-place; and about the middle of September, after having shown their social disposition by assembling in companies, the earliest of them enter upon their autumnal migration, for which the proper season is the month of October. The flight to their winter's destination is less direct than their coming; so that it is not uncommon for small parties to appear again, long after they have seemed to have left us. Such is frequently the case in November."

The golden woodpecker laughs loud no more;
The pyc no longer prates; no longer scolds
The saucy jay. Who sees the goldfinch now
The feather'd groundsel pluck, or hears him sing
In bower of apple blossoms perch'd? Who sees
The chimney-haunting swallow skim the pool,
And quietly dip, or hears his early song
Twitter'd to dawning day. All, all are hush'd.—HURDIS.

I have before pointed out the beautiful days that often come with the close of October: the fine blue middle-tint that hangs over the landscape is never seen to greater perfection in England than at this season of the year, when the weather is settled.

Those who love to ramble in the country will find as much amusement and instruction now, as they did in the midst of summer. For many a lovely nook, then hidden by masses of foliage, will now break in new beauty upon the eye. Weeds and flowers have run into seed; and great is the variety of forms they have assumed in this new stage of existence. Urn, and cup, and bell, and ball, and vessels of almost every shape, stand laden with the flowers of another summer; and wait for the strong winds to blow open the doors of their garner, that they may scatter their seeds upon the earth. But these will soon pass away, and then, instead of the faded foliage of autumn, we shall see the hedges shorn of their withered leaves, and all bare and naked, saving where they are hung with hips and haws, or where the bright holly and the dark-leaved ivy throw over them a patch of green. We shall soon hear the wind howling about the house at night, like a hungry wolf, and trying the doors and window shutters, as if determined to enter; but finding no way there, getting into the chimney, and there bellowing, and moaning, and growling, as if it stuck fast. And while we listen to such sounds, we shall recal the darkness that reigns over the sea: the ships that are driven like autumn leaves before the mighty storm, of shoals, and sand, and wrecks, and huge promontories lashed by the mountainous waves, that roll away, and go moaning along the beaten beach, as if hungry for their prey. We shall think of desolate moors, and lonely roads, and solitary toll-gates that stand on the edges of treeless commons, or between the wild sweep of lonesome woods where groaning branches ever utter deep dolorous sounds, as if moaning for very pain—places where travellers have been way-laid, and where gibbet-posts stand, whose irons ever swing and creak. Spots that have—

A weird-like and direy look,
As, if murder lurked anywhere, there it would be:
Ruinous, shadowy, fearsome, and lone,
Abounding with whispers that seem not its own,
Where sounds, not of earth, shake each grey old ash tree.



MEROPS.

By ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.



FOR some years past a rather weird-looking solitary rook has elected to give us his company in the garden, instead of living with his kith and kin in the neighbouring wood.

It would be interesting to know what has thus severed him from social life. Has he been crossed in love, or has a rook-parliament for some deep-dyed iniquity passed sentence of banishment upon him? Is he possibly a bird of such a misanthropic turn of mind that a solitary life has really been his deliberate choice?

Be these questions answered as they may, Merops is a sort of familiar spirit haunting our garden. He is not always visible, it is true, but let some tempting food be thrown out, and in a few minutes our domestic vulture is sure to be seen swooping down to snatch a share of the feast.

His tendency to keep ever on the watch with a view to earthward things led me to give him the name of the unhappy king of Cos, whose wife was one of the attendants of Diana, by whom for some neglect of duty she was put to death.

I believe the story goes that Merops, in his agony of bereavement, desired to commit suicide so as to rejoin his beloved queen in the world of shades, but Diana placed him amongst the stars under the form of an eagle. Even this fate could not prevent his gaze being ever downward, searching vainly for his dearly-loved wife.

I will draw a veil over the difference of motive between the ancient and modern Merops. I fear in the latter case appetite rules alone, but I can give him a good character for personal amiability, for I have never seen him use his great beak aggressively.

During the past winter and spring we have seen very interesting bird-visitors feeding just outside the window,

attracted there by a constant supply of coarse oatmeal and sopped bread.

A gorgeous cock-pheasant in full plumage, with snowy white ring of neck-feathers and crimson ear-patches, leads his little band of five or six hens many times a day to enjoy the food they like so much. Merops joins them, and so does a tribe of smaller birds. Jackdaws pounce down at intervals and carry away some spoil. They are born marauders, and seem as if they cannot enjoy any gift quietly like other birds, but must snatch it away in thievish fashion.

The cock-pheasant clucks the whole time he is eating to encourage his mates, for they are somewhat timid and ready to run swiftly away at the slightest sound.

In connection with Merops I may mention a thrilling incident in the life of my precious little white-throat, Fairy. At six o'clock one morning he was flying about my room as usual and in a moment, unperceived by me, he must have slipped out at the open window. When I discovered, after a weary search, that my little bird had escaped, I went outside the house, and there under the window stood Merops. I thought he had a guilty look, and I will confess that I believed he had appropriated Fairy for his breakfast. All day long I cherished evil surmises against that innocent rook. At intervals throughout that unhappy day I searched and called, but no trace could I find of my lost white-throat, and greatly did I reproach myself for the open window; but, as it had been my habit to leave the sash a few inches raised during all the years I had possessed Fairy, it had not occurred to me as a possible danger. It may have been a call-note from some wild white-throat which suggested to Fairy the new idea of spending a day out of doors.

It is needless to say the hours passed sadly with me, and I had lost all hope of recovering my bird when, at six o'clock in the evening as I was entering the drawing-room, to my utter surprise there was Fairy hopping on the floor, bright and cheery as ever. With a joyous note he flew on to my hand, and seemed in an ecstasy at seeing me again. It will ever remain a mystery how he found his way home, seeing he had never been at liberty outside the house since

the day seven years ago when I picked him up a forlorn little orphan fledgling. How such a mite, lost in a hundred acres of land, escaped all kinds of perils from cats, and such birds as hawks, jackdaws and jays, puzzles me extremely; I only wish he could give an account of his adventures and by what wonderful instinct he found his way home before nightfall.

I humbly apologised to Merops for my groundless suspicions, and gave him a royal feed to commemorate the return of the truant.

The tameness of Merops affords me the opportunity of becoming acquainted with various points in the character of a rook which cannot easily be discovered when the bird is seen some distance off in the fields.

We usually speak of rooks as being black, but in reality the plumage is of a rich violet hue shading into dark blue upon the head. The feathers have a wonderful power of reflecting the sun's rays, sending out flashes of light with every movement of the bird in a way I have never observed to the same extent in any other plumage.

I never see the crow near enough to tell whether its feathers shine, but the jackdaw has very little reflective power, and the blackbird is a real sooty black, with scarcely any brightness on the surface.

I suppose the huge bare beak of the rook is exactly suited to field-work, as it probes the ground for grubs and worms, but it is rather amusing to see it used for picking up grains of oatmeal. I think Merops himself feels it is rather a slow business, for he sometimes lays his beak sideways so as to shovel in a good mouthful and thus economise time and labour.

All through the winter months food is strewn under the tulip tree on the lawn, and the entire rookery may be seen daily visiting their feeding-ground. I like to see the busy, useful birds and to help to keep them alive in hard times; but faithful old Merops abides with us both summer and winter, and we value his friendship accordingly, although why he bestows it upon us will always remain somewhat of a mystery.

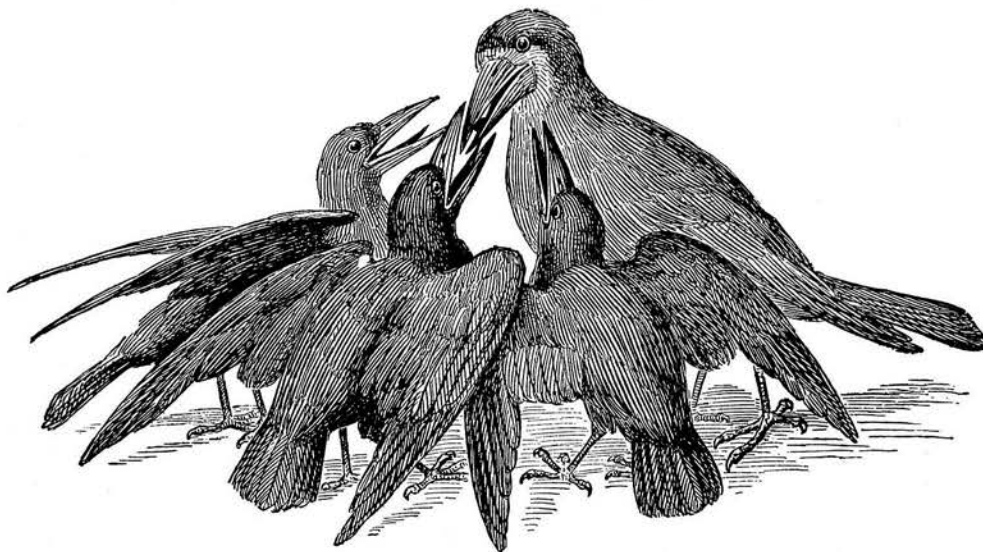
MEROPS MARRIED.

OUR tame rook Merops has, at last, wooed and won a mate! All through last summer he afforded us so much amusement that I think those readers who may remember a short sketch of him which appeared last year may like to hear a little more about his domestic life.

Early in March we noticed that Merops now and then carried away some of his dainties to a retired spot behind a rhododendron bush, where we caught a glimpse of another

rook timidly awaiting his arrival. Later on it was quite clear that he was flirting and paying very decided attention to the shy bird who, although she could not be persuaded to approach the house, gratefully opened her huge beak and accepted the gifts of her devoted lover.

Thus we came to know that Merops was no longer a bachelor, and we looked forward to many an interesting glimpse into the domestic life of our sable friends.



MEROPS AND FAMILY.

We could never find out where Mr. and Mrs. Merops built their nest, whether in the rookery amongst their neighbours, or in a place of their own choosing.

Time passed on, and we saw but one rook at the daily feeding-place, and we therefore concluded that the other was sitting. We speculated as to whether we should one day see Merops as a proud father with his children clustering around him. One fine May morning about six o'clock I heard a loud cawing and chirping going on beneath my window, and cautiously looking through the blind I was able to watch the very thing I had longed to see. Merops, as he is shown in the drawing, was surrounded by his clamorous brood, all with open beaks asking for food, flapping their wings and giving their parent no peace or respite, since as fast as he fed one another squawked and pressed forward, to be again displaced by a third greedy youngster who would take no denial. Poor Merops did his best, but at last he became fairly dazed and flew away, perhaps to ask his wife to help him with his overpowering family. This was my first glimpse of the young people; but we soon saw them on the lawn with their parents, and in time they learned to come without fear up to the windows to be fed.

Long after they appeared to be fully grown and fledged they still entreated their parents to feed them in baby-fashion, and their good-natured father seemed quite unable

to resist the touching appeal of a gaping beak and a wheedling squawk. In consequence of painters being at work upon the house for a month in the autumn, we lost sight of many of our pet birds, partly because they could not endure the presence of the workmen, and also because at that season they could find abundant food elsewhere, and were thus independent of our bounty.

When the frosty weather began, the faithful old rook appeared as usual, and, curiously enough, his mate stayed with him through the winter. The two might constantly be seen sitting side by side on the lawn or in the sun. If one of them moved a step or two away, the other would follow, so that in fact they seemed quite inseparable. When a deep snow covered the lawn it was amusing to watch the young rooks taking snow-baths; it was evidently a new experience to them, and, like children at play, they flapped their wings and sent up showers of snow over each other's backs, cawing with ecstasy, taking in large mouthfuls of snow and behaving altogether in a most riotous manner. Not so the old rooks; they had often seen snow before, and were far too busy picking up grain to waste a moment upon idle play.

Now the pairing time has passed, Merops and his mate are probably on domestic cares intent, and we shall in due time no doubt be introduced to another generation of the respected house of Merops.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.



USEFUL HINTS.

SALLY LUNNS.

Put a pint of warm water into a quart jug; add two ounces of German yeast, break it up into the water; add also a tablespoonful of flour, and the same of sugar. Mix them well together. Put the jug in a warm place. When the ferment is risen and just going down again it will be ready. In the meanwhile put two pounds of flour in a basin, rub six ounces of butter into it, also six ounces of sugar, including what you put in the ferment; then pour the ferment into the basin; add one egg. Mix them into a dough, and leave it in the basin for about forty minutes, then place a few small hoops, according to the size you want them, on a flat tin; mould them in pieces that will half fill the hoops, then let them prove nearly to the top of the hoops, and bake them.

A GOOD SODA CAKE.

Take two pounds of flour, one ounce of carbonate of soda, rub it in the flour, also ten ounces of butter; then add one pound of loaf dust and one pound of currants and a little

mixed peel; then make it into a dough by adding one pint of milk and six eggs.

DUNDEE MINCE CAKE.

Make first a plain paste; take half pound flour, add three ounces of butter, rub it in the flour and make it into a dough by adding about a teacup of water, roll it out and fold it over twice; then roll it out and put it on a flat tin; spread some mince-meat all over it, about half an inch thick. Then make some cake dough as follows:—Take four ounces of butter, add four ounces of loaf dust, beat them well together with the hand, add two eggs, mix them in, also add half pound flour. Spread this dough all over the mince-meat about the same thickness as the mince-meat. When the cake is baked and cold, make a little white icing, as follows—Take one white of an egg, add four ounces of loaf fine sugar (this sugar must be as fine as flour); beat them well together with a whisk until it gets thick, and then spread it all over the cake thinly. When the icing is dry, cut the cake across each

way so as to make square blocks suitable for the table.

VICTORIA SPONGE.

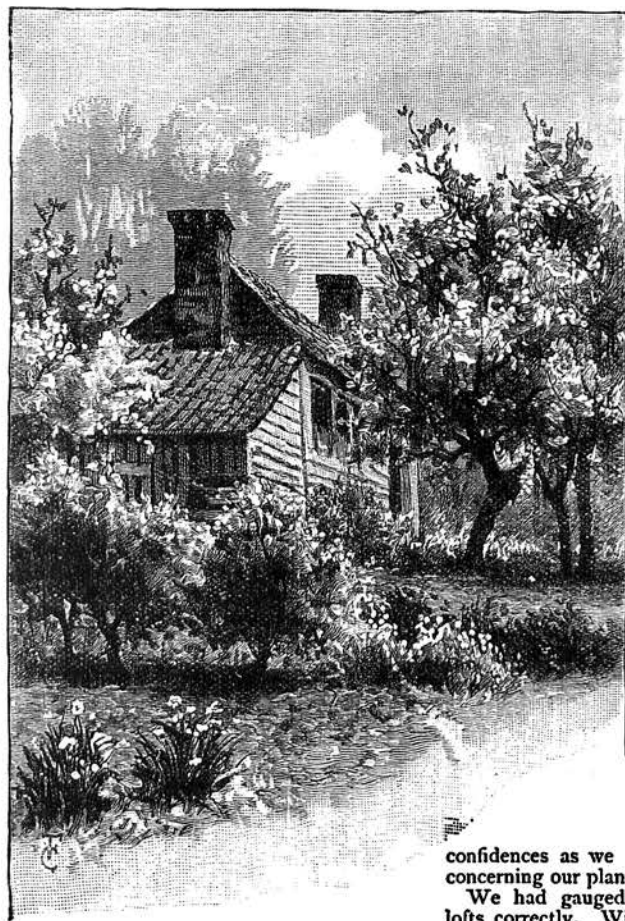
Mix two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of white moist sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of flour. Add a piece of butter size of a walnut previously melted, mix well together; divide in equal parts, bake on two dinner plates well buttered, in a moderate oven. When cold spread a layer of jam, and fold together. Cost, fourpence; time to make and bake, twenty minutes.

ALMOND ROCK CAKES.

Take two pounds of flour, rub six ounces of butter into it; add also twelve ounces of loaf dust and one pound of currants and a little peel, with one ounce of almonds, chopped up. Add three-quarters of an ounce of carbonate of soda and half an ounce of tartaric acid; then half a pint of milk with six eggs, and three drops of essence of almonds. Mix it, and make it into a dough; get a table fork and fork pieces out about the size of a small egg, place them on a tin or paper, and put them in the oven.

MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

By E. NESBIT.



PART X.

PIRATES AND EXPLORERS.

THAT summer was an ideally happy one. My mother, with a wisdom for which I shall thank her all my days, allowed us to run wild; we were expected to appear at meals with some approach to punctuality, and with hands and

faces moderately clean. Sometimes when visitors were expected, we were seized and scrubbed, and clothed, and made to look something like the good little children we were not; then my brothers fidgeted awkwardly on their chairs and tried to conceal their hands and feet, while I nibbled a biscuit or cake in an agony of shyness, not quite unrelieved by a sneaking appreciation of my fine dress, an appreciation for which my brothers would never have forgiven me, had I been foolish enough to show it. But, as a rule, we were left to go our own way, and a very happy way it was. I don't mean that we were neglected; my eldest sister was always a refuge on wet days when a fairy story seemed to be the best thing to be had.

In the midst of all the parties, picnics and gaieties in which our elders were plunged, my other sister found time to read aloud to us, and to receive such confidences as we deemed it wise to make concerning our plans and our plays.

We had gauged the possibilities of the lofts correctly. With trusses of hay or straw, a magnificent fort could be made. I usually held the fort when the boys had built it, and the weakness of the garrison was lessened by the introduction of the two dogs, who defended it with me nobly, understanding perfectly the parts they had to play. We got the black pig up once, but that was a failure. When there was no time to organise a play, when it

was not worth while to begin anything because dinner or breakfast would be ready in a few minutes, it was a constant delight to scale the wall behind the stable, and watch the great wooden wheel slowly dragged round the circular stone trough where the apples for cider lay; the old, blind, white horse harnessed to the wheel went sleepily round and round; you could hear the crunch, crunch of the apples as the great wooden wheel went over them, and smell the sweet scent of the crushed fruit as you sat swinging your legs on the wall among the yellow stone-crop and sulphur-coloured snap-dragon; or if you had the time to spare, what rapture to balance yourself on the edge of the stone trough, and walk round it just behind the big wheel, knowing that if you slipped, you might fall on the muddy track outside, but that you were much more likely to fall into the trough itself, in which case your pinafore and stockings (we wore white stockings then) would be richly stained with apple juice to the colour of red rust. If the farmer were in a good temper, he would sometimes take you in to see the apples put in the press; you had to climb up by rough steps cut in the beams if the press was nearly full. At the top, on a little platform, stood the farmer, drawing up the crushed apples from below by bucketsful, and spreading them on their bed of clean straw with a wooden shovel. A layer of straw and a layer of apples, and when the press was full, the big beams screwed down, we hastened below to see the russet juice run out from its stone channel into the great vats.

Though the farm adjoined our house, it was not our property, but as far as we children were concerned, it was just as good as ours, for the farmer allowed us the same privileges that he accorded to his own children; that is to say, if the farmer were in a good temper, we might watch any of the farming operations, if he was not, his own children had to keep out of the way, and so had we.

There was a delightful pond in the field where the farm horses went to drink. It had a trampled muddy shore on one side, and on the other a high bank of yellow clay. We made a raft, of course, out of an old door and two barrels, and successfully sailed across to the yellow cliffs.

"How nice it would be," I said, "if there were a cave in these cliffs; we could have no end of a good time and be pirates and things!"

"You don't suppose," said Alfred scornfully, "that a pirate chief would wait to find a cave if he wanted one—he would make one of course; I shall make one."

"I don't believe you can," said Harry and I in a breath.

"All right," said my brother, "you'll see!"

Next morning when Harry and I went out into the field, there was Alfred, ankle deep in water shovelling out clay from the bank.

"What a big hole you've made," said I. "I believe I could get into it if I curled up very much."

"Ah!" said my brother grimly, "you thought I couldn't do it."

"Do you mean to say you aren't going to let us go shares," said Harry, reading his brother's tone instantly.

"Not a share," said Alfred firmly, "this is going to be my cave, and if I find anyone in it without my leave, I'll throw him to the alligators."

"There aren't any alligators," said Harry, "there are only ducks," and indeed, there were several swimming about the yellow waters of the pond.

"All right," said Alfred cheerfully, sending a large spadeful of clay splashing into the pond, "I'll throw you to the ducks then, I daresay they'll do just as well."

Alfred worked with what seemed to us superhuman vigour, and before evening there really was a hole in the clay bank big enough for him to get into, if, as I said, he curled himself up very much.

"He'll be tired of it to-morrow," said Harry to me privately, reasoning from his former experience of his brother, "and then he'll let us have it." But the next day we found that the roof of the cave had fallen in.

"No one need want to have it now," I said, but I was mistaken. The landslip, while filling up, had enlarged the hole, so that when the loose clay was cleared out, there was a space large enough for us all to have got in, even with the dogs. Alfred twisted some straw into a rope and made it, with string, into a rough mat. This he put at the bottom of his rough cave. I timidly offered to help with this, but my offers were sternly rejected.

"You said I couldn't do it," he said, "and I'll jolly well show you I can."

Harry came to me a little later when I was feeding my rabbits. "He's got it all so nice," he said, "he's roofed it over with a hurdle and he's put a bit of old tarpaulin over it, and he's fastening it down with big stones like the people in the Swiss Family Robinson; I wish he'd let us share in it."

"Look here," I said, "let's walk into town

and get him a present, then he'll see we're sorry we said he couldn't do it."

In the broiling sun we walked the five miles into the town and back, returning with a large green sugarstick wrapped in coloured paper which had taken all our half-pence to buy. With this we approached the pond. Alfred was sitting in his cave with the raft moored at his feet; I waved the sugarstick in the air.

"Look here, Alfred," I said "here's a *sucre de pomme* for you; we've been all the way to Dinan to get it, and we're sorry we said you couldn't."

"You little duffers," he cried, "I don't want your *sucre de pomme*, I only wanted you to say you were sorry. You needn't have walked five miles in the broiling sun to do that. You'd like to come over, wouldn't you?" he added, unmooring the raft.

"We really didn't mean to vex you," I said, as he came across.

"Not another word," he said handsomely, and rowed us to the cave.

It was a very soft cave, and we had no means of breaking the *sucre de pommes*, so we took it in turns to suck it; Alfred after some persuasion, consenting to join us in the feast, so as not to hurt our feelings, he said.

That cave was a joy to us for many a day, though there was generally at least half an inch of water in it; and we didn't abandon it till the autumn rains had swelled the pond water, and raised it above the level of our cave.

It was a grand day for us when we first discovered our stream; it was three or four fields from our house, and ran through a beautiful meadow with sloping woods on each side. Its bottom was partly of shining sand and stone, and in some places of clay. We built dams and bridges with the clay, we caught fish with butterfly nets in the sandy shallows; we called it the Nile and pretended that there were crocodiles in it, and that the rocks among the woods were temples and pyramids.

One day Alfred proposed that we should try and find the source of it. "We shall have to travel through a very wild country," he said, "explorers always do, and we shall want a good lot of provisions, for I don't suppose we shall get back before dinner-time, so you kids had better sneak as much bread-and-butter as you can at breakfast, and I'll sneak what I can out of the larder, and we'll start directly after breakfast to-morrow."

We secured a goodly stock of provisions in an old nose-bag which we found in the stables, but it was so heavy that we were glad to hide it under the second hedge that we passed and go on with only what we could carry in our pockets. We struck the river at the usual point.

"I think we ought to wade up," said Alfred, "there are no crocodiles in this part of the river, but the lions and tigers on the banks are something awful."

So we waded up stream, which is tiring work, let me tell you.

"I don't see a single lion," I said presently, "but I'm sure I saw a crocodile just now under that bank."

So we got out and walked by the stream's edge on the short, fine, sun-warmed turf. But presently we came to the end of the field; the stream ran through a wood, and we had to take to wading again, but the water was much shallower and it was easy. We ate some of our provisions, sitting upon a large, flat, moss-covered stone, in the middle of the stream. Then we went on again. Harry began to get rather tired.

"We shall never find the source of the stream," he said. "I shouldn't wonder if it's thousands of miles away, somewhere up by Paris, I daresay. I vote we turn back."

But his suggestion was howled down by the exploring party, and we went on. Through a meadow where the flax was drying in stooks, then through another wood we followed the stream, and then with a thrill of delight, we saw that the water ran from a little brick tunnel, the mouth of which was draped in a green veil of maiden-hair. I suppose it was about four feet high.

"You'll turn back now," said Harry triumphantly.

For all answer, Alfred stooped and plunged into the darkness of the little tunnel. I followed, and Harry brought up the rear. It was back-breaking work, but the floor was smooth. If we had had to pick our way, we could never have done it, for Alfred had only a few matches, and lighted one very occasionally.

At last we found ourselves again in the dazzling sunlight, and behold our stream was meandering through a wonderful swamp full of grasses and curious flowers, whose like I have never seen elsewhere. Our stream got narrower and narrower, but we followed it faithfully, and at last, crashing through a hedge, found ourselves in a roadway. Opposite us in the high bank was a little stone basin into which water trickled from above. From this basin a narrow stream of water, not more than a foot wide, ran across the road and under the hedge. This was the source of our stream—this, a wayside well we had passed a thousand times!

We finished our provisions, and knowing now where we were, went home by road. The swamp had coated us with black mud almost from head to foot, and in this condition we marched gaily into the garden where my mother was entertaining a company of rather smart friends at afternoon tea.

The sequel was bed.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

NOTHING is so good for toothpowder as simple precipitated chalk costing about three-pence a pound. It is the foundation of nearly all tooth-powders, and additions are often injurious; but if it is objected to in its simplicity a piece of orris root can be laid amongst it, or a little of the powdered root can be procured to mix with the chalk.

FOR washing woollen materials prepare a soap lather with boiling water, and when it is cool put in the garments and work them about in it, but do not rub them. Do not let them soak in the water but squeeze them

out in two sets of tepid water (neither hot nor cold should be used as they shrink and discolour them); the soap must all be well rinsed out, and dry the garments in the open air if possible and as soon as they are rinsed. Never dry them at a fire or in a hot sun, and they should be ironed before quite dry with a moderately hot iron.

SOME people think that cats will only drink milk; this is a great mistake, for where both milk and water are at hand, cats will often choose the water. Indeed all animals should have free access to this

necessary of life, and great suffering may often be entailed on pet rabbits by acting on the common belief that they can do well without drinking.

A SIMPLE and very nice supper dish is made by first cutting a rather thick slice of bread—cut off the crusts. Butter it well, then spread on it potted ham or bloater paste and put it in the oven or in front of the fire till quite hot, but not crisp. Have a hard-boiled egg ready and lay it in nice slices on the top and serve it, or the yolk only can be used, finely chopped.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WEDDING.

(DRAWN FROM LIFE
BY T. W. COULDERY.)



THE BRIDEGROOM.



THE BRIDE.



THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER.



THE FATHER OF THE BRIDE.

A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE WEDDING—(continued).



AT THE CHURCH DOOR.



THE YOUNGEST GENTLEMAN PRESENT RETURNS THANKS
ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES.



BRIDESMAIDS.



THE REJECTED ONE.

HIGH TEA.

THE complications of modern life are many. Our grandmothers had an easy time of it, when they did their shopping within half a mile from home, never visited anybody residing beyond a short driving distance, while our grandfathers took all their meal which ladies love beyond all others, might well carry us through the difficulties which beset us on those days when, starting off for a long spell of hard labour among West-end shops, or picture galleries, or a summer day's expedition, we feel we may be terribly



meals in a regular way, and business was far too leisurely to keep dinner waiting. The fates forbid that some new invention shall make it possible for us to "pop over" to Edinburgh or Paris, or shall compel us to offend our friends in those places by shirking their evening invitations!

A pleasant north country custom, the combination of substantial viands with the refreshment of that

unpunctual for our six o'clock dinner, and that nothing would be so welcome to our jaded nerves as the aroma of the tea-pot? Again, why should not the caterer for our comfort on long, pic-nicking summer days be relieved of such elaborate responsibilities of knives and forks and spoons, of potted meats and leaking jam-pots? How much less burdensome—how much "nicer," to use that abused word which expresses so

much—a few simple, cleanly sandwiches and lovely fresh fruits, and then a home-coming to a bountiful meal, where the very latest adventures of the holiday may be summed up and discussed.

It was in this dilemma, intent on proving ourselves considerate to the wants of one of these expeditionary parties, that some useful brownie at our household hearth whispered, "High tea!" And the moment the thought came we exclaimed, "The very thing!"

It would suit everybody. Mr. C. would find some substantial viands to sustain him. No formality could separate Dr. B. and Miss E., and we shall be all in the drawing-room by eight o'clock. Nobody will go away starved.

"High tea" is a meal which can be arranged quite fittingly in many rooms, where any attempt at a "dinner-party" would look pretentious and absurd. It will not overwhelm even the modest breakfast-parlour of a suburban villa. It will not embarrass the thrifty mistress of a single servant. Its dishes are not of huge proportions or superabundant heat, and there is a pleasant, sociable easiness about it, which encourages polite little attentions among the guests themselves, and does not too severely tax the domestic waiting powers.

It can be made the prettiest of all meals. A well-chosen tea-urn is a graceful object in itself, and tea-china is generally much prettier than dinner-services, unless the latter be very expensive. Tea and coffee should be always offered, and there should be abundance of milk on hand. Let the china be as varied as possible: if every article can be different from the others, so much the better: if not, arrange those similar in little groups. Three plates should be allotted to each visitor—viz., a small one for bread-and-butter, &c., a larger one for the savoury dishes, and another for the sweet ones. These two last can be set on the table or reserved on a sideboard, as convenience or taste may dictate. Take care that a sufficiency of knives, forks, and spoons are provided—which seems an unnecessary reminder; but any informality of hospitality is too apt to degenerate into slovenliness, and servants want more direction and watching on these occasions than when they have harder and faster lines to guide them.

When possible, have a growing plant on the table, placed in a china pot or a pretty wicker fencing. This is the most pleasant decoration for an entertainment which must never be deprived of a sort of impromptu character. When flowers are difficult or costly to procure, a very pretty effect of colour may be made by a wise purchase and arrangement of fruit in a high epergne, the simpler in its form the better. Grapes and blushing apples are always refreshing to the eye, and can be had in winter. Remember to introduce no fruit, such as oranges, which would be unsuitable for eating with tea or coffee.

It must never be forgotten that high tea must offer some really substantial edibles. At the same time, there should be nothing difficult to serve or to partake. A cold fowl is always welcome, but it should be carved in readiness as should be some

well-roasted and attractive-looking cold beef. But in addition to the cold dishes which must always figure at a meal instituted partly for the benefit of those who cannot be strictly punctual, there are one or two hot dishes which are very suitable for the more fortunate guests. Daintily minced and seasoned mutton, served up in a fencing of nicely mashed potatoes, will be found very acceptable to visitors coming from a distance, and really requiring a good meal. "Rissoles" are also deservedly popular. For these the best parts only of meat are chopped very finely; a quarter of its weight of bread-crumbs is added, then an onion boiled to a tender pulp, the whole flavoured with pepper, salt, and beaten egg in fit proportion to the quantity of meat and bread-crumbs. If the balls do not seem to bind, some flour may be added. An ounce of butter will serve for the frying of several of these rissoles, and they must be very carefully turned. If considered too dry without it, they may be served with gravy.

"Kidneys sautés" are another suitable dish. Choose them of a nice size, and cut them the round way into thin slices. Dip these into flour well mixed with pepper and salt, and fry them gently, allowing not more than a minute for each side. Pour over them a little gravy thickened with flour, and serve them very hot.

"Potato croquets" are often very popular, and will go well with the kidneys, or by themselves. They are one of the simplest and cheapest of dishes. Boil and carefully mash some excellent mealy potatoes. Add pepper and salt and beaten egg sufficient to make a stiff paste. Make this into nice-sized balls, roll them in bread-crumbs, with a little more egg; boil some frying-fat, put the balls into the wire basket, and fry for a minute. They must be only of a light brown colour, and should be quite crisp on the outside.

For sweet dishes, open jam tarts are never out of place. In winter time take care to provide stewed pears or plums. If high tea is given in the days of strawberries, cherries, and currants, so much the better.

If one wants to indulge in a little "cookery," a chocolate *soufflé* is a nice dish, and not at all common; but it ought not to be in the bill of fare unless cocoa or chocolate is served, as well as tea and coffee. To make this, mix two table-spoonfuls of flour with two of powdered loaf-sugar, two ounces of butter, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Stir this over the fire till it boils; let it cool, and then stir in the yolks of four eggs and a quarter of an ounce of cocoa. Add the whites of eggs well beaten. Bake about forty-five minutes. Any other flavouring, such as vanilla, can be substituted for the cocoa.

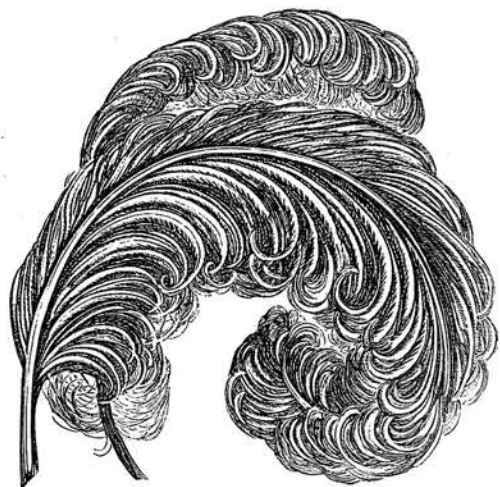
"Marmalade pudding" is a variety among "mould" dishes, which introduces a flavour very suitable for a tea-table. This is made in the following proportions:—To one table-spoonful of marmalade, five ounces of bread-crumbs, two ounces of currants, one ounce of butter, two ounces of sugar. Melt the butter and mix it with the other ingredients, then add two eggs

well beaten, and half a pint of milk. Butter a mould and pour the mixture into it, tie a cloth tightly over it, and boil it for an hour and a half.

It should not be forgotten that at high tea there should be plenty of nicely-sliced bread-and-butter, and two or three varieties of cake of the simpler and lighter kinds.

We feel quite sure that, as a form of hospitality, high tea might become thoroughly popular. It is

a meal at least as adapted for the requirements and exigencies of rapid London as it is for the quiet moorlands of the North, where it is such an old-established favourite. It should be always a genuine meal, and not a mere ceremony; and yet it is the meal least likely to become the sole "entertainment," or to be anything but a genuine refreshment for that interchange of thought and kindness which should be the true purpose of all social gatherings.



An Ostrich Feather.

BY CADMUS.

ONLY a feather! And yet, like that trifle of trifles, a pin, how many hands are engaged in its production! Within the past decade there has been developed in South Africa an industry that, employing a large capital, and requiring not a little energy and enterprise, is, like many another, sustained almost entirely by the demands of fashion.

One has no cause for surprise at the mention of a sheep farm, a horse farm, or even a chicken farm, but an ostrich farm sounds rather fabulous. But the energy and business enterprise of a Scotchman, a Mr. Douglas, has resulted in the establishment of a large "herd" of 1,200 ostriches, which are bred entirely for their feathers.

Like many another goodly venture, it was

entirely by accident that the practicability of raising these wild birds in large flocks was demonstrated; for it had always been supposed that the well-known shyness of the ostrich would militate against the successful rearing of the young birds. But an Algerian, having in his possession a number of ostrich eggs—more, in fact, than he could make immediate use of—deposited some of them in a warm place near a baker's oven, and forgot all about them. A few months after, however, he was greatly amazed, on going to the place, to find the skeletons of several young birds. This proved, beyond a doubt, that the eggs could be artificially hatched, and disposed of a hitherto difficult part of the successful domestication of the

birds themselves. One of his superior officers heard of the matter, and after many unsuccessful experiments, and many disappointments, he proved that the eggs might be hatched by artificial means with greater prospect of success than when left to the not always tender mercies of the parent birds. The Mr. Douglas referred to, was, however, the first to turn the idea into practical shape. Starting with only three birds, his flock rapidly increased, and it now numbers upwards of a thousand, and, of course, is steadily increasing. A large tract of land was secured, with plenty of running water, and it was found that the birds, being regularly fed, showed very little disposition to roam far away.

The herd gives employment to several horsemen, who search for the eggs, which often proves more difficult than one would suppose at first sight, as the old birds take particular pains to hide the eggs; and it is often a dangerous matter to approach a nest when either of the parent birds is near.

When the eggs are gathered they are placed in the incubator, where they remain from five to seven weeks; during this period they are turned several times every day, and the utmost care is taken that the heat may be exactly right—a variation of a very few degrees on either side of a given point being sufficient to cause failure. When the young birds do appear, the care is not diminished in the least; they have to be fed by hand, and tenderly protected from cold and wet. Finally, at the age of one year, they are turned out to shift for themselves with the flock.

It is an open question as to when an ostrich ceases to bear feathers. Some have been plucked as early as one year old, and in the herd of Mr. Douglas are birds that must be nearly twenty years old, who still produce feathers of the finest kind.

When it is desired to pluck the birds, they are enticed or driven by mounted men into an inclosure, where they are packed so closely that there is no room for them to show fight. Men then go among them on foot and either pull or cut the feathers, though the former way is considered to produce the finest feathers. It is safe to affirm that this gives no pain to the birds, as the new feathers commence to grow again immediately. Twice every year is this done, and the average worth of the feathers from each bird is about \$100 a year. The feathers from the under part of the wings, the long black ones, are worth at wholesale \$400 a pound; those from the tail and the upper wing feathers, the white ones, are worth a little less, say, on an average, about \$4 apiece. And although the supply has been so constantly increasing for the past few years, there has been no perceptible decrease in the price. But so long as the wearing of ostrich feathers is only a fashion, it would be hard to say if this state of things is likely to continue.



RAIN.

By W. G. JOHNSTONE.

I am listening to the falling,
To the falling of the rain,
Listening to its quiet splashing—
In the gutters—and the dashing—
To the dashing of the rain
As it falls on trees and flowers,
In soft verdure-giving showers,
Sweet refreshing drops of rain.

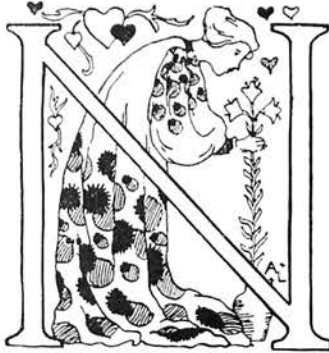
While the rain-drops shining tremble
On the flowerets, they resemble
Jewels rare, with lustre bright,
Diamonds glinting in the light,
Purest gems of crystal rain.
And a soft and sleepy murmur
Falls upon my listening ear,
'Tis the trembling of the leaves,
Leaves soft stirred by healthful breeze,
All a-dripping with the rain.

And while listening, I am thinking,
Thinking what the rain can do;
How the flowers its coming hail,
And how fresh both hill and dale
Blossom, after summer showers,
When all Nature has been drinking
Freshest draughts of Heaven's
rain.

THE GHOSTS OF NETHER TALKINGTON.

By HENRY A. HERING.

Illustrated by WILL OWEN.



NETHER TALKINGTON is a quaint old red-built, red-tiled townlet. It is the seat of the camel-hair paint-brush industry, but at the time this story opens it had another and more singular claim to distinction. It was the only place in the kingdom that possessed a genuine ghost. There have been many reputed ghosts up and down the country, but their existence has never been satisfactorily proved. These fictions show their presence by absurdly stumping on bare boards, clanking heavy chains, breaking crockery, moving heavy furniture, and by giving utterance to weird and uncouth sounds—manifestations utterly without rhyme or reason, and which cannot in any one case be traced to a *bonâ fide* spirit.

Not so was it with the ghost of Nether Talkington. It was a genuine Elizabethan relic, the shade of an old squire who had come to a bad end after leading an awful life, and the Nether Talkingtonians were very proud of it. It resided at the Grange, at the far end of the town. For generations no mortal being had lived there. It was specially set apart for the ghost, the local authority arranging that the moat was always filled with stagnant water, and that the place was kept in the desolate condition so appropriate to its tenant.

It was an ideal place for a ghost to dwell in, and the shade of the Squire evidently thought so, for it never left the spot. Summer and winter it was to be found there by all desirous of an interview, and many were those who came.

Nether Talkington owed much of its prosperity to the ghost, for never a day passed without visitors turning up for the purpose of interviewing it, and on some days they came in shoals. Matters had much improved in this respect since the Psysical

Research Society had investigated the phenomenon and pronounced it genuine; for this had introduced a big American custom, and in the summer large parties came from Stratford on their way to London.

It was a harmless ghost, and of a taciturn disposition. Sometimes it would speak, but



"The evening hour it spent in perambulating the terrace."

on those occasions its language was chiefly maledictory. It was extremely methodical in its habits, and was to be seen any time

between midnight and cock-crow, and between nine and ten p.m. In the early hours it sat in the dining-room smoking a fantastic



W.P. WHEAT

“The report spread that the ghost was missing!”

pipe that had been given to the Squire by his friend Sir Walter Raleigh, and the evening hour it spent in perambulating the terrace by the sun-dial on the look-out for a lady who had made an appointment some three hundred years ago which she had failed to keep.

This methodical arrangement of the ghost had existed, according to authentic accounts, from the Squire's death, at the end of the sixteenth century; and his shade had never varied its programme within living memory. Conceive, therefore, the consternation that reigned in Nether Talkington when the report spread that the ghost was missing! A large party of visitors from Tontine, Dak., had called upon it at two a.m. and the guide had been unable to give them value for their shillings. They waited till four o'clock, but to no purpose; and although their money was returned they left Nether Talkington the

next morning in high dudgeon. That night a missionary and a photographer, armed with a flash-light apparatus, were in waiting by the sun-dial, but they waited in vain.

The disappearance of the ghost was a severe blow to the town, for the shilling admission had eased the burden of taxation for its inhabitants, and then there was the loss of prestige. But it was particularly hard on the landlord of the “White Swan.” He had paid a heavy price for the business some two years ago on the basis of custom to be brought by the ghost, and without that he might as well put up his shutters; for the gentlemen who sold the camels' hair went to the opposition house. There was also a butcher, a baker, possibly a candlestick maker, sundry cooks, waiters and chambermaids on whom the matter would press hard, to say nothing of the boots, while the guide to the Grange found starvation staring him in the face; for he had seen perpetual tips ahead and had made no provision for the unexpected.

As the matter was one of importance to the whole community no objection was raised when, at the next Parish Council meeting, minehost of the “White Swan,” Roger Wharton by name, referred to the subject. He pointed out that the ghost of the Grange had brought honour and renown to the town, and had incidentally lightened the taxes. Was it



“The guide to the Grange was admitted to the workhouse.”

right that they should meekly allow it to abscond, thereby reducing Nether Talkington from its unique position to the level of its

neighbours, and without a struggle submit to the grievous imposition of heavy rates?

The Vicar, who was in the chair, agreed as to the lamentable state of things consequent on the disappearance of the ghost, but submitted that nothing could be done. They had no legal or moral power over the shade of the Squire. It had made no agreement to reside in the Grange for perpetuity, and although it had certainly behaved unhandsomely in absconding without a moment's warning, they had no redress.

Other speakers followed. It was proposed that a sub-committee should be appointed to deal with the matter, and names were suggested; but on these councillors asking in what direction they were to pursue their inquiries, and what were their powers, no satisfactory answer could be given, so they refused to act, and the matter was left precisely where it was before.

A fortnight passed. The ghost did not return. Visitors ceased to flock to Nether Talkington, the staff of the "White Swan" was reduced, and the guide to the Grange was admitted to the workhouse.

The next meeting of the Parish Council took place, and the Squire's ghost stood again on the agenda paper. When this point was reached the Chairman said that the ghost was still missing, and he understood that Councillor Timperley wished to say something on the subject.

Councillor Sam Timperley, the principal greengrocer of the place, stood up.

"Yes, Mr. Chairman," he said, "I have something to say, and before I say it I shall have to give you a little information about myself. You all know that I am a vegetarian, but perhaps it will be news to you that I am something more. I'm a Buddhist."

If he had stated that he was an anarchist he could not have caused more consternation. A general murmur of surprise and disgust ran round the table, and his immediate neighbours edged away from him. Undeterred by this manifestation of feeling the greengrocer went on—

"Yes, I'm a Buddhist, and I'm proud of it! and if you knew what it meant you'd all be one."

"Never!" came in a firm tone from Councillor Mudford, the local chemist.

"You'd all be one," repeated Timperley, glaring at his interrupter. "Now you none of you know what a Buddhist is, and I'll leave it to you to find out for yourselves, but I'll just tell you this much. When a

Buddhist has gone through a certain course of training he can disintegrate himself, that is, he can make his astral shape or spirit leave his body and travel where it likes. I can do this."

"Oh, oh!" cried the assembled councillors in derision.

"I can do this, I say," calmly continued the greengrocer, "and I am prepared, on certain terms, to do it for the benefit of Nether Talkington. The Squire's ghost is somewhere about, and though a human being cannot find it an astral shape can. Set a spirit to catch a spirit. I am prepared to disintegrate myself and let my astral shape search for the Squire; and if he's anyway like reasonable I'll engage to bring him back."

"Gentlemen," said the Vicar, rising, "I think we had better proceed to the next business. I have always had a sincere respect for Mr. Timperley, but I think he is not himself to-night. What he has just said convinces me that he is at present suffering from some extraordinary hallucination. I have no doubt it is only temporary, and we must all hope that he will soon be restored to his normal mental state. Nothing can be gained by discussing what we have just heard, and with your permission we will now pass on to the drainage question."

"Mr. Chairman," said Timperley in firm tones, "I protest against your imputations. I am as clear in my head as anyone here, and as free from hallucinations as the best of you. What I have said I repeat. I am prepared to let my astral shape travel in search of the Squire's ghost; and that I can do it I know, for yesterday it made its first journey into space, and with perfect success. Yesterday, gentlemen, Sam Timperley's spirit left his body and after wandering at will came back, and Sam Timperley's spirit will do it again if necessary."

"Perhaps you'll tell us what you saw on your trial trip," said one councillor with a sneer.

"I don't think you'd like me to do so, Mr. Sellars," said Timperley gravely. "Unseen I visited the houses of all I see present to-night, and I found a skeleton in the cupboard of each house."

"Then you took a great liberty, Timperley," said the chemist.

"I found a skeleton in the cupboard in each house," continued Timperley, looking fixedly at the speaker, "and some, Mr. Mudford, were very big ones!"

Mr. Mudford shifted uneasily in his chair but remained silent.

"No, gentlemen," the greengrocer went on, "I'm not deceiving you, for I can do what I propose. Anyway you will be no losers, for if I don't succeed matters will be no worse. If I do, Nether Talkington will regain its lost position." Saying which Mr. Timperley resumed his seat.

"Gentlemen," said the Chairman, "you've heard Councillor Timperley's proposal. I for my part cannot for a moment believe in the possibility of what he asserts. Still if he wishes to attempt the impossible I do not see that we can object. In fact it is a matter that rests solely with Mr. Timperley, and there was no need for him to bring it before us at all."

The greengrocer rose again: "I said I was prepared to do it on certain terms. It is not an easy thing to do, and the disintegration of a personality is attended with grave risk. Cases are on record in which the body has succumbed under the strain, and the astral shape, unable to return to it, has to wander for ever without a home. My body is not a strong one. I gave it a severe wrench yesterday, and

I am not prepared to run the risk again for nothing. My terms are that if I bring the ghost back I shall receive half the future receipts for admission to the Grange."

"Oh, oh! I dare say. Why not take the lot?" and kindred sarcasms burst from the councillors assembled.

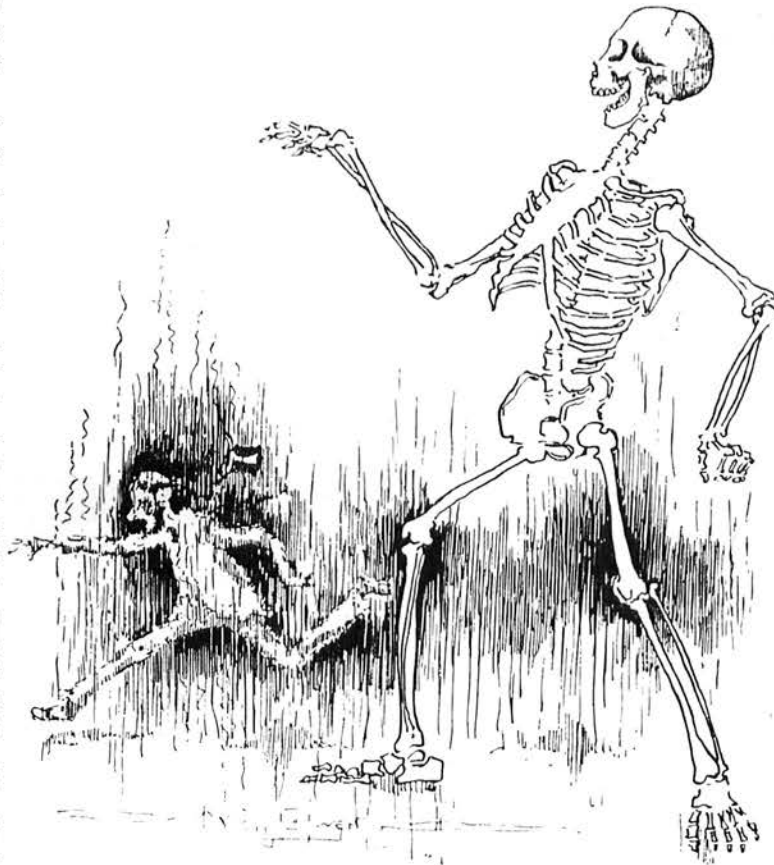
"I am running a risk, Mr. Chairman," repeated Councillor Timperley, "and I expect to be paid for it. If I don't make the attempt you won't get the ghost back, that's a dead certainty. It is simply a question whether you will take fifty per cent. of future receipts or be content with nothing."

The matter was put very plainly by the little greengrocer, and on reflection the reasonableness of his offer was apparent. After some discussion it was finally agreed, with one dissentient, the implacable Mudford, that if, after a further week's waiting, the ghost did not appear, Councillor Timperley was at liberty to make his attempt to bring it back on the terms he had proposed.

The week passed, and still the Grange remained without its tenant. The next evening Councillor Sam Timperley entered it on his daring venture. Several fellow-councillors accompanied him to the door,

but at his special request they did not go any farther. He appeared at a window to wave his final adieus, and then darkness and mystery settled over Nether Talkington Grange.

Popular feeling was greatly excited that night, and many were the rumours afloat. One respectable ratepayer said that he had met the Squire's ghost in the outskirts of the town with a gun under its arm taking a short cut across the fields in the direction of the



"Some, Mr. Mudford, were very big ones!"

Grange, and those that heard this trembled for the fate of Sam Timperley. Others said that at a later hour they had seen the spirit of the disintegrated greengrocer diving into the moat in its search for the missing one, and that they waited in vain for its re-appearance; but these and other reports appeared trivial when confronted with the actualities of the morrow.

At nine a.m., according to arrangement, the clerk to the Parish Council entered the Grange to see how it fared with Sam Timperley's body. He heard voices as he entered, and had he not recognised the

greengrocer's he would probably have run away. As it was he courageously proceeded to the room from which they came. He opened the door very gently and peered inside. The sight that met his eyes was enough to unnerve the strongest; for there, sitting in a chair, was the animated body of Sam Timperley engaged in lively controversy with the spirit of its owner, which was pacing the room in terrible distress.

"I tell you, Squire," said the spirit, "it's an unkind trick you have played me. I came after you to bring you back to your friends and to the old home where you have been contented and happy for so long, and where you will be cared for and well looked after for the rest of your days; and there you go and repay me by robbing me of my poor body that never did you any harm in its life."

"Gadzooks, sir!" replied the body. "I thank you for your courteous intent, but I shall not leave this body of yours now that I have obtained possession of it.

It's a rare chance, good sir, a chance that does not come more than once in the lifetime of a poor ghost, to find an untenanted body awaiting an owner. Your awkward position distresses me grievously, but as you seem to think I have been happy and contented here there is

no reason why you should not experience the same feelings when occupying my old position."

"But, Squire," pleaded the spirit in piteous entreaty, "it isn't right. I appeal to your sense of honour. Now, is it?"

The body waved its hands blandly.

"I think that is outside the question at issue, sir," it said. "You evidently did not

attach much value to your body or you would not have been so ready to leave it. Mind you, although I now have 'a local habitation and a name,' as Will hath it, my own position is by no means an enviable one. Your body does not suit me, sir."

"You won't be at all comfortable in it, Squire," said Timperley eagerly. "It only just fitted me, and you're a much larger man. You'll never be thoroughly at home in it."

"Well, I must make the best of it," said the body resignedly. "No doubt this carcass of yours will stretch a bit; but it's terribly dry inside. I warrant me it's long since you had a stoup of honest Canary or good red Burgundy.

Canst tell me where I may get a tankard of home brewed?"

"Oh, you mustn't drink wine!" cried the spirit in alarm. "You really mustn't. My constitution can't stand it! I've been a teetotal-vegetarian for many years."



"He fled precipitately."

"And what may that be, sir?" asked the body.

"My body is not accustomed to either beer, wine, or animal flesh. Water, lemonade and milk for liquids, and porridge, vegetables and rice puddings for solids, that has been my fare, and is what you must take."

An expression of unutterable contempt passed over the body's face. "I'm afraid you have been too modest, sirrah," it said with withering sarcasm. "We must try the effect of good ale and wine, of roast beef and pork on this precious body of yours."

"Oh, but you mustn't!" cried the spirit. "If you do you'll have headaches and palpitations. Mine is not a strong body. It will go off in a fit if you drink wine."

"Egad!" cried the body in fierce anger. "Do you mean to tell me I've got into a sickly carcass like that? Is it for this I've changed my position of independence? Be-shrew me if I don't so alter this body of yours that your own mother wouldn't know it! It's not a pretty one now, but it will be worse before I've done with it."

Then its eyes fell upon the clerk, who had incautiously intruded his head so as to lose nothing of what was going on.

"How now!" it cried, starting to its feet. "A listener! Who are you, varlet? Answer me, or I'll run you through with my hanger!"

But the clerk did not stay to answer or be run through. He fled precipitately, bearing the terrible news to the town that the Squire had returned and taken possession of Sam Timperley's body in its owner's absence, and now refused to give it up.

This was altogether too much for the Nether Talkingtonians to believe, and an incredulous crowd soon streamed into the Grange to see for themselves what had happened. They found the spirit of Coun-

cillor Sam Timperley on its knees uttering piteous entreaties to its own body.

Mr. Mudford was the only man among them who did not turn tail and fly. Sam Timperley was evidently in trouble, and that gave him strength to resist his first impulse to follow the others. He walked boldly into the room, and Timperley's spirit had sunk so low that it eagerly welcomed him.

"Here's Councillor Mudford," it said, rising to its feet. "You know how matters stood, Mr. Mudford. Tell the Squire he must give me back my body at once. It's a terrible position for me to be standing here out in the cold with another man in my own body. It's simply monstrous!" and tears welled to the eyes of the green-grocer's shade.

"I'm very sorry for you, Timperley," said Mr. Mudford, "but you would do it. You knew you were running a risk and you must take the consequences."

"I shall claim the fifty per cent. at any rate," said Timperley sullenly, "for I brought the Squire back."

"Nothing of the sort, sir," said the body. "I walked back last night from a friend's house of my own accord. He's been asking me for the

past ninety years to have some shooting with him, and I thought it would be discourteous to refuse him any longer."

"There, Timperley," said Mr. Mudford. "You've only hurt yourself and done no good to anyone."

"And who'll look after my business now?" whimpered the spirit.

"This gentleman, I suppose," chuckled Mudford. "He's got to earn his living somehow; your customers will never notice the change," he added consolingly.

"And Ellen!" cried the spirit. "I can't marry Ellen now!"

"Never mind," said the body, "I'll look after Ellen."



"'Never mind,' said the body, 'I'll look after Ellen.'"

Sam Timperley's spirit seemed about to faint under the overwhelming horrors of the situation, and Mr. Mudford stood gloating over its distress. At length the Squire rose and commenced to walk the body about. It moved clumsily, and its tenant cursed it loud and deep; suddenly it stopped.

"Sir," it said, addressing Mr. Mudford, "I have a craving for food. Will you favour me by directing me to a hostel possessing a good ordinary?"

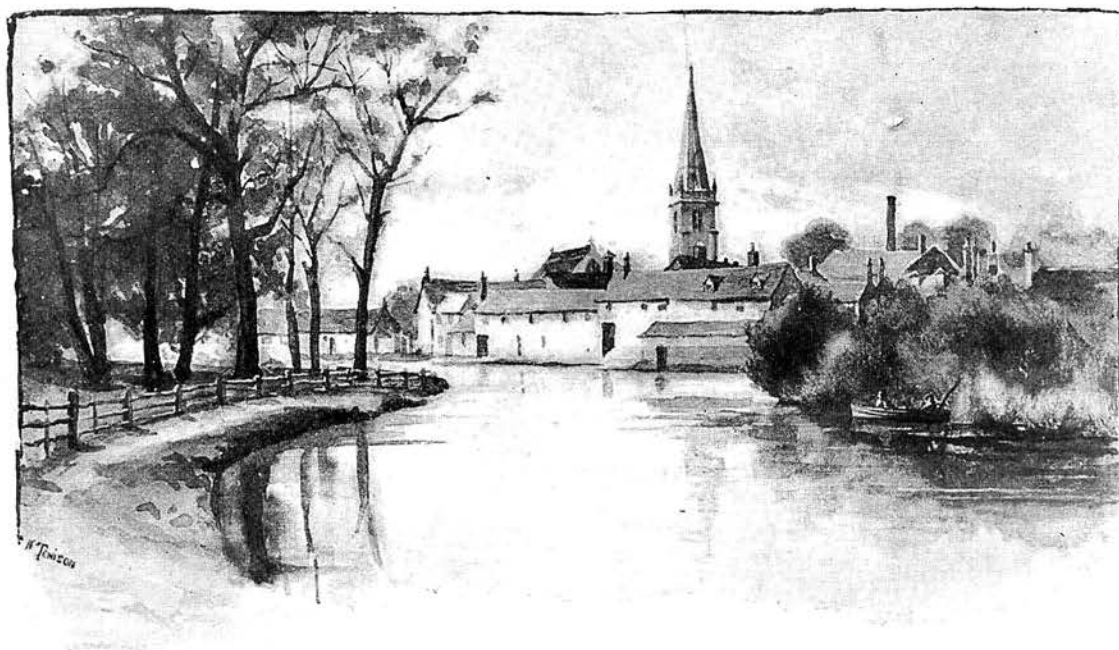
"I will, with pleasure," replied Mudford. "Mr. Wharton, I am sure, will be pleased to stand you a rattling breakfast at the 'White Swan'; afterwards we'll step round to Timperley's shop and take possession, and then we'll call on Ellen."

"If you do I'll haunt you!" shrieked the poor spirit.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Mudford, snapping his fingers. "You won't frighten us; we know your weight," and linking his arm in the body's he piloted it out of the room, leaving the spirit of Councillor Sam Timperley in possession of Nether Talkington Grange.

And so the matter stands to-day. The Squire did not take up the greengrocery business—he had a soul above it—but he married Ellen, and accepted the vacant post of guide to the Grange.

It is now his pleasing duty to show to the visitors, who come in increasing crowds, the astral shape of Sam Timperley that sits there moodily brooding over its ill-luck. It is very ready to talk to anyone about its singularly unfortunate position, and the guide is always glad to join in the conversation and irritate it. The visitors are more interested than ever, and the Parish Council has doubled the charge for admission. Sometimes the spirit of Sam Timperley is absent for a few hours, and on its return it says it has just slipped across to Thibet to discuss the matter with a leading Mahatma, who has promised, when he has the time to spare, to run over and exorcise the ghost of the Squire and restore the body to its rightful owner. But the Mahatma must be a very busy individual for he has not yet found time to do it.



October Anniversary.



A DOMESTIC ANNIVERSARY.

THE FIRST FIRE OF THE SEASON.

THE lighting of the first fire for the season is one of the annual events of the domestic circle; the evenings shorten in and a sort of general chilliness becomes very perceptible, but there is a wish to prolong the very appearance of summer as long as possible, so there is a delay in ordering in the coals; but delay avails nothing—the sky becomes more and more Novemberish, and though it is only October by the almanack, yet it is voted winter by general consent, or rather general feeling, and the scene our artist has sketched is the result, we hope multiplied through thousands of happy households. The “old folks” tell us that they remember when the good people of the city never made themselves comfortable till “Lord Mayor’s day”—that great civic event—however cold the weather might be before the 9th of November. How they must have envied the cooks of the Guildhall Banquet, though in all the pride of self-denial they were above the weakness of confessing it! Perhaps Winter was tardier in his arrival in those days, and only sent a wholesome kind of “fine bracing air” till a day or two before the important 9th, when he would commission a smart frost to harden the roads for the procession, keep the shoes of the city footmen clean, and sharpen the noses and appetites of all parties present. Then it was considered winter, and it was orthodox to handle the poker and coal-skuttle. We are a more impatient generation, and do not choose to let our teeth chatter in our heads till his Lordship has paid his morning call to the Judges at Westminster. Every age has its prejudices, but we cannot help thinking our plan is the most rational—to light up the hearth when it is required, without regard whether it is “a day before or a day after” any event at all. So put on some more coals!

The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold;
It is a nipping and an eager air!

There! now we begin to look comfortable, and to feel so also; and having broken a solid lump of the “heat-diffusing” substance, as Homer would have called it if he had ever sung of coals, for the mere sake of seeing the flame, we find ourselves warming into poetry, which thus breaks forth into—A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

THE FIRST FIRESIDE.

The Spring may boast its vernal bow’rs,
Its closing shades, and opening flow’rs—
Its songs of birds from morning hours
To eventide!—
Give me the homely joys we greet
When, fill’d each hospitable seat,
Some kindred spirits kindly meet
’Round First FIRESIDE.

Let Summer shed her burning glow
To melt the chilly mountain snow
And make the valley-streamlets flow
In gushing pride—
She hath not such a charm to make
The drooping heart so sweetly take
A part in mirth for mirth’s own sake
As warm FIRESIDE!

Rich Autumn with her golden store,
May count her treasures o’er and o’er,
And say such wealth did ne’er before
The land betide—
But in a snug and shelter’d room
Where neither mias’d nor season’s gloom
Can blight our joyous—mental bloom—
Give me—FIRESIDE!

Now fruits and flowers, and yellow sheaves
Are gather’d in, and wither’d leaves
Be all the traveller’s eye perceives
In prospect wide—
How sweet to ramble through some book,
Or chat with social friends in nook
From which we have the cheering look
Of good FIRESIDE.

And then to send the glass around,
And have the happy meeting crown’d,
With some old ditty’s cordial sound,
Too oft denied—
To melodies of greater skill
That have no power, if they’re the will
To touch our hearts like those that thrill
’Round old FIRESIDE.

Then hail the genial season, hail!
O’er mild October’s nut-brown ale,
Let’s sit and bear the merry tale,
Or aught beside—
Which may the passing hour engage—
Of life we’ll con the varied page,
And hope for happy good old age
By our FIRESIDE.

Odds and Ends.

THE turnpike road with its toll-bars and toll-houses has for years been practically unknown, yet as an instance of how slowly old institutions pass away, it is interesting to know that there was, until a few months ago, still one turnpike road in existence. This is the Shrewsbury and Holyhead Turnpike, a large part of which however has been thrown open for many years; but the portion of the road which runs across the Island of Anglesey was continued as a turnpike by a special Act of Parliament until last November. With the freeing of this road the 1047 turnpike trusts which traversed England and Wales thirty years ago, and which supported 20,189 miles of road, become a matter of history. No institution was ever more unpopular.



A PIN manufacturer in Connecticut lighted upon a good idea for paving the ground in front of his house. Removing several tons of defective pins from his factory he had them thrown on the roadway, declaring that when these domestic necessities are pounded down by the traffic he will have the finest pavement in America. In the meantime however the cyclists of the neighbourhood are suffering severely, for as soon as the tyres of their machines touch the strip of roadway strewn with pins, they collapse immediately. As it is a matter of extreme difficulty to discover a pin-prick in a pneumatic tyre, the tyre having to be removed and put in water to ascertain where the air escapes, the cyclists consider that the pin manufacturer adds insult to injury.



"It is a great satisfaction at the close of life to be able to look back upon the years that are past, and to feel that you have lived not for yourself alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow."—*Sir Benjamin Brodie.*



THERE is one subject of which never too much can be said, and that is the use of birds in millinery. Far from causing any decrease in the exportation of foreign birds for this purpose, the universal reprobation by all right-thinking people seems rather to tend to its increase. Last year the importation was greater than in any previous years; innumerable quantities of birds having been brought over from Trinidad and Japan. If those who wear birds in their hats or bonnets thought for one moment of the facts which have been constantly put before them—of the brutal manner in which the birds are snared; of their quivering little bodies stretched over cotton forms before they are dead—they would renounce the fashion at once and for all time. It cannot be denied that plumage is of great service in millinery, but that supplied by birds used for food is quite sufficient to meet the demand; and there is no limit to the dyer's powers.

To the uninitiated it is always a puzzle to know how a bronze or marble statue is made. The natural impression is that the sculptor, armed with mallet and chisel, chips his conception from a huge block of stone after modelling it in clay. Such was the method of Michael Angelo, but to-day another manner prevails. The sculptor having modelled his figure most carefully, a plaster cast is taken. In the meantime, skilled mechanics have prepared a block of marble. The plaster cast is placed beside this block and used as a model, the stone-cutters copying point by point, measuring the cast minutely with square, rule, and callipers. The cutting goes on until a general outline of the statue is attained, when a skilled artisan, specially trained, takes it in hand, making a most faithful copy of the model under the sculptor's personal superintendence and direction. When his work is completed, it only remains for the artist to give the finishing touches, a line here, an indentation there, bringing the statue into nearer realisation with his conception.



It is a very remarkable fact that the greatest and best cooks have always been men. Cooking is supposed to be essentially the province, in some ranks of life an essential quality, of women: but all the big posts of the cooking world are held by men, and of these, the French and Swiss are most expert. Few women possess the initiatory power of concocting new dishes, or of exercising the startling originality in the kitchen that they use with such marvellous results in the dressmaker's or milliner's work-room. But on the other hand one strong point in the woman-cook's favour is that she is more particular with regard to the cleanliness of her saucepans and cooking utensils than her male rival. Yet all the famous cooks have been men.



"LIFE appears to me to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all burdened with faults in this world; but the time will soon come when I trust we shall put them off in putting off corruptible bodies, when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh, and only the spark will remain—the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature; whence it came it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory, from the pale human soul to brighten to the seraph. It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a mighty home, not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low. I live in calm, looking to the end."—*Charlotte Brontë.*



A SUGGESTION has been made by a doctor that we should yawn regularly, and that if we yawn and stretch ourselves both before going to bed at night and upon getting up in the morning, we should benefit ourselves greatly. The same authority says that yawning is a healthy function, having a salutary effect on certain tubes in the neck and lungs by exercising all the respiratory muscles.

DURING the past year the French Government has been widening and deepening Calais harbour. In the course of the operations a case of bullets was found close to the spot where the timbers of an old man-of-war, supposed to be a Spanish galleon, were discovered a few years ago. The bullets are of a peculiar pattern, and it is thought were on board the vessel which, fleeing from the pursuit of the English after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, was driven ashore and wrecked in Calais Harbour.



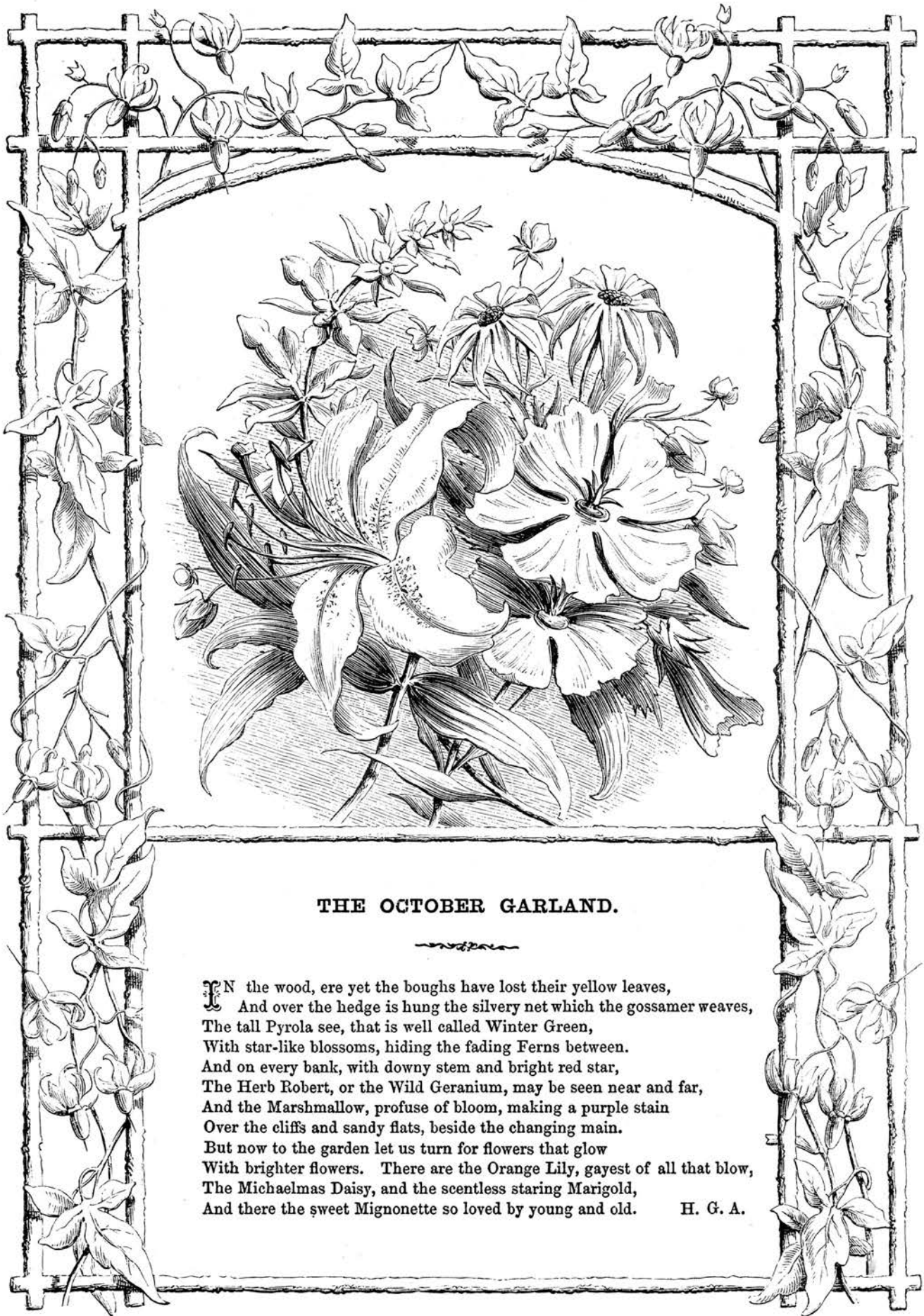
SOME months ago the Royal Homes of Rest for Ladies near Clapham Junction were described in this paper, and some account of the incalculable boon they are to ladies in reduced circumstances was given. It is very pleasant to record that there is now another retreat for those ladies who are stricken with poverty in their old age, for the late Mr. Thomas Buckmaster of Brixton has bequeathed a sum of money for the building and maintenance of a home for ladies in reduced circumstances. This house has been built at Broadstairs, and is known as the Buckmaster Memorial Home. It is large enough for twelve residents, but preference is to be given to those who are ill, and need sea-air, and although the home is open to all denominations, the applicants will be primarily selected from Brixton. The home maintains its inmates free of expense.



A REMARKABLE instance of the intelligence of birds in adapting any materials that come within their reach in the structure of their nests, is a gift recently made to the Natural History Museum at Soletta. This is a bird's nest made entirely of steel. Soletta is a centre of the watch-making industry, and near the workshops there are always a quantity of old watch-springs that have been thrown aside. Last summer a watch-maker found this curious nest in a tree in his courtyard, made by a pair of wagtails entirely of watch-springs, most ingeniously woven together. The man waited until the birds had fledged their brood of young ones and then secured the nest, which is probably the only one of its kind in the world.



THERE are countless stories of the intelligence of elephants, but this one is new. A child at the Zoological Gardens in London in throwing a biscuit to an elephant dropped it between the cage and the barrier in such a place that it was out of the reach both of the child and the elephant. The latter, however, blew the biscuit with his trunk until the child could reach it, and throw it into his mouth. This happened several times; but the sequel shows that the elephant's reasoning powers were not of the strongest. The child had made many futile efforts to throw the biscuit far enough into the cage, and at last a bystander thought he would help him, and taking the biscuit from the child was about to throw it, when the elephant, evidently seriously displeased, struck him a severe blow on the arm with his trunk, clearly not grasping the kind intention.



THE OCTOBER GARLAND.

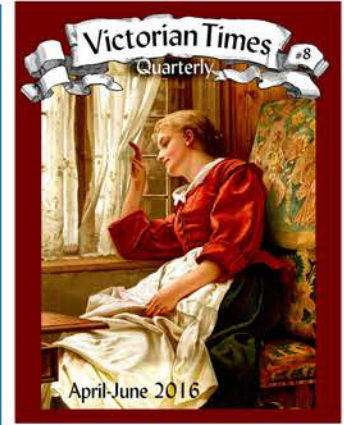
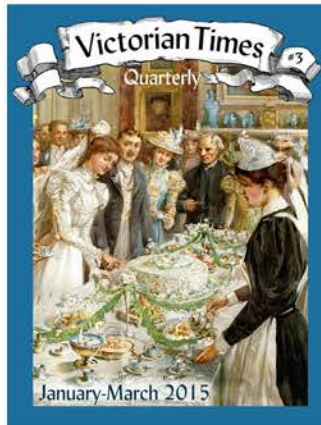
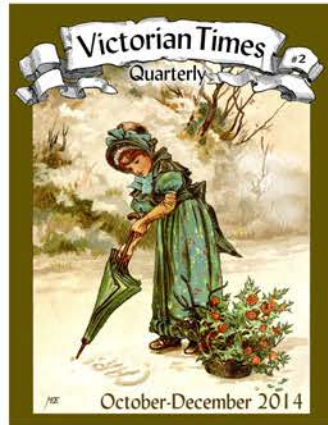
IN the wood, ere yet the boughs have lost their yellow leaves,
And over the hedge is hung the silvery net which the gossamer weaves,
The tall Pyrola see, that is well called Winter Green,
With star-like blossoms, hiding the fading Ferns between.
And on every bank, with downy stem and bright red star,
The Herb Robert, or the Wild Geranium, may be seen near and far,
And the Marshmallow, profuse of bloom, making a purple stain
Over the cliffs and sandy flats, beside the changing main.
But now to the garden let us turn for flowers that glow
With brighter flowers. There are the Orange Lily, gayest of all that blow,
The Michaelmas Daisy, and the scentless staring Marigold,
And there the sweet Mignonette so loved by young and old. H. G. A.

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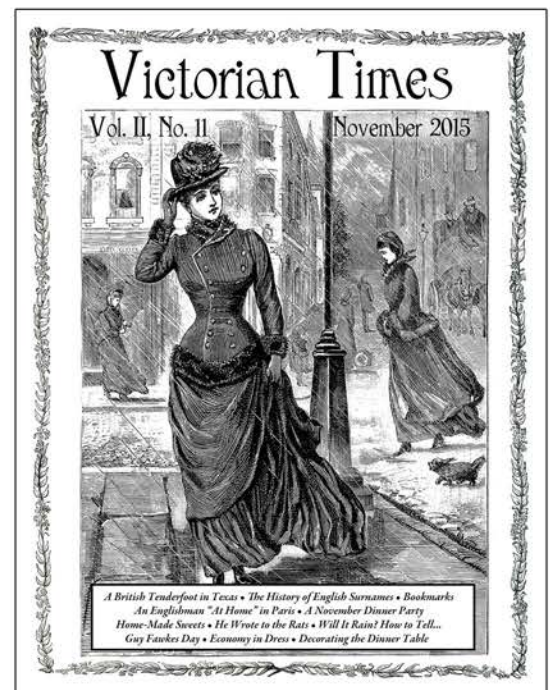
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