Victorian Times

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

The Price of Progress

It occurred to me, as I was shoveling through the two feet of snow dumped by January's "winter storm," that there are times when the Victorians might well have had an advantage over us. Progress can be a wonderful thing, but there are times when it works against us—and a winter blizzard is just such a time.

Victorians on both sides of the pond were no strangers to snow, but when one thinks of a Victorian winter, one tends to conjure up Currier & Ives images of sleighs whisking across frozen roads, skaters whisking across frozen ponds, and romantically snow-covered farmhouses. If you grew up with the "Little House" books, as I did, you're bound to recall Laura's tales of dashing through the snow behind Almanzo's team of spirited horses, bells a'jingling. (Of course, they also nearly froze to death during the "long winter," but that's another book...)

The thing is, Victorians knew how to handle snow. It was not some unexpected, dreaded, horrendous event worthy of histrionic news coverage. It happened every year. It was a part of winter. And while it could certainly cause problems, many of the issues that we face today would not, then, have been issues at all.

Take, for starters, the issue of losing power. If our electricity goes out, we lose heat and light. We huddle under blankets for warmth. If one is lucky enough to have a fireplace (and fuel), there will at least be one room in the house that is warm (though people with gas fireplaces that have electric starters are out of luck!). We cannot cook (and if the roads are impassable, we can't get out or order in), so we end up eating out of tins.

For many, however, the boredom is worse than the cold or the tins. Without power, what *shall* we do with ourselves? We can't watch television, play games on our computer, listen to music, or even easily read a book. We can only talk on our phones as long as the batteries survive, and today, many landlines are dependent on electricity. Adults and children alike feel utterly lost without their customary (and largely electronic) diversions, and lengthy articles are written on "things you can do as a family when the power goes out."

A Victorian home would experience no such difficulties. Heat is provided by a stove or fireplace, or both—and the house is just as warm and cheerful no matter how much snow is on the ground. For the same reason, cooking proceeds on schedule, without a hitch. As for "entertainment," since one's normal evening tasks or diversions are things that can be done by the light of an oil or kerosene lamp, here, too, there is no change. One can read, or knit, or embroidery, or mend, or whittle—in short, whatever one would do on any other evening. Perhaps even (gasp) talk to one another!

Today, the threat of an impending winter storm sends people scurrying to the stores in what my sister calls the "milk and bread run." Soon shelves will be stripped bare of both those commodities. Three days before the storm hit here, lines at the local grocery were twelve deep at every cashier.

A Victorian housewife would shake her head in amazement. Why would anyone need to "stock up" just because a storm was coming? The Victorian pantry would already be "stocked up." On a 19th-century American farm, much of the work of summer is ensuring that the pantry and root cellar are ready for winter. As a result, if one wished to bake a fresh apple pie in the midst of a blizzard, one probably could!

As for the roads, Victorians had no need to wait for the plows before they could go about their daily business. Many had sleighs; those who did not generally put runners on their carts or wagons. Life might not be precisely "normal," but neither did it come to a screeching halt.

But perhaps the greatest advantage the Victorians would have had over us, at least over those of us who live in areas where snowfalls tend to be sporadic and unpredictable, is in attitude. Where winter-long snows are a fact of life, I'm sure that everyone adjusts to it quite well. (Residents of Maine, for example, have little sympathy for the woes of snowbound Marylanders.) But where it isn't, we tend to regard it as an aberration, or worse, as something that *shouldn't be happening to us.* It interferes with our way of life, with our work and our play. If the power goes out, it makes us cold and hungry. It takes away our mobility, our flexibility, and our multitude of devices. And many of us have developed an attitude that this sort of thing just shouldn't be allowed...

Victorians knew better, and adapted. And while progress is itself the result of adaptation, sometimes adaptability is also its cost. Even though most of us don't have the option of returning to wood stoves and horse-drawn sleighs, preparation and adaptability are traits any of us can master! (Now if I only had a good old Victorian footman or a groom to shovel all that snow...)

—Moira Allen, Editor
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FIRST STEPS IN COURTSHIP.

IT would be out of place in these pages to grapple with a subject so large as that of Love in its various phases: a theme that must be left to poets, novelists, and moralists to dilate upon. It is sufficient for our purpose to recognize the existence of this, the most universal—the most powerful—of human passions, when venturing to offer our counsel and guidance to those of both sexes who, under its promptings, have resolved to become votaries of Hymen, but who, from imperfect knowledge of conventional usages, are naturally apprehensive that at every step they take they may render themselves liable to misconception, ridicule, or censure.

We will take it for granted, then, that a gentleman has in one way or another become fascinated by a fair lady—possibly a recent acquaintance—whom he is most anxious to know more particularly. His heart already feels "the inly touch of love," and his most ardent wish is to have that love returned.

At this point we venture to give him a word of serious advice. We urge him, before he ventures to take any step towards the pursuit of this object, to consider well his position and prospects in life, and reflect whether they are such as to justify him in deliberately seeking to win the young lady's affections, with the view of making her his wife at no distant period. Should he, after such a review of his affairs, feel satisfied that he can proceed honorably, he may then use fair opportunities to ascertain the estimation in which the young lady, as well as her family, is held by friends. It is perhaps needless to add, that all possible delicacy and caution must be observed in making such inquiries, so as to avoid compromising the lady herself in the slightest degree. When he has satisfied himself on this head, and found no insurmountable impediment in his way, his next endeavor will be, through the mediation of a common friend, to procure an introduction to the lady's family. Those who undertake such an office incur no slight responsibility, and are, of course, expected to be scrupulously careful in performing it, and to communicate all they happen to know affecting the character and circumstances of the individual they introduce.

We will now reverse the picture, and see how matters stand on the fair one's side.

First, let us hope that the inclination is mutual; at all events that the lady views her admirer with preference, that she deems him not unworthy of her favorable regard, and that his attentions are agreeable to her. It is true her heart may not yet be won: she has to be wooed; and what fair daughter of Eve has not hailed with rapture that brightest day in the springtide of her life? She has probably first met the gentleman at a ball, or other festive occasion, where the excitement of the scene has reflected on every object around a roseate tint. We are to suppose, of course, that in looks, manners, and address, her incipient admirer is not below her ideal standard in gentlemanly attributes. His respectful approaches to her—in soliciting her hand as a partner in the dance, etc.—have first awakened on her part a slight feeling of interest towards him. This mutual feeling of interest, once established, soon "grows by what it feeds on." The exaltation of the whole scene favors its development, and it can hardly be wondered at if both parties leave judgment "out in the cold" while enjoying each other's society, and possibly already pleasantly occupied in building "castles in the air." Whatever may eventually come of it, the fair one is conscious for the nonce of being unusually happy. This emotion is not likely to be diminished when she finds herself the object of general attention—accompanied, it may be, by the display of a little envy among rival beauties—owing to the assiduous homage of her admirer. At length, prudence whispers that he is to her, as yet, a comparative stranger; and with a modest reserve she endeavors to retire from his observation, so as not to seem to encourage his attentions. The gentleman's ardor, however, is not to be thus checked; he again solicits her to be his partner in a dance. She finds it hard, very hard, to refuse him; and both, yielding at last to the alluring influences by which they are surrounded, discover at the moment of parting that

a new and delightful sensation has been awakened in their hearts.

At a juncture so critical in the life of a young, inexperienced woman as that when she begins to form an attachment *for one of the* opposite sex—at a moment when she needs the very best advice, accompanied with a considerate regard for her overwrought feelings—the very best course she can take is to confide the secret of her heart to that truest and most loving of friends—her mother. Fortunate is the daughter who has not been deprived of that wisest and tenderest of counselors—whose experience of life, whose prudence and sagacity, whose anxious care and appreciation of her child's sentiments, and whose awakened recollections of her own trysting days, qualify and entitle her, above all other beings, to counsel and comfort her trusting child, and to claim her confidence. Let the timid girl then pour forth into her mother's ear the flood of her pent-up feelings. Let her endeavor to distrust her own judgment, and seek hope, guidance, and support from one who, she well knows, will not deceive or mislead her. The confidence thus established will be productive of the most beneficial results—by securing the daughter's obedience to her parent's advice, and her willing adoption of the observances prescribed by etiquette, which, as the courtship progresses, that parent will not fail to recommend as strictly essential in this phase of life. Where a young woman has had the misfortune to be deprived of her mother, she should at such a period endeavor to find her next best counselor in some female relative, or other trustworthy friend.

We are to suppose that favorable opportunities for meeting have occurred, until, by and by, both the lady and her admirer have come to regard each other with such warm feelings of inclination as to have a constant craving for each other's society. Other eyes have in the meantime not failed to notice the symptoms of a growing attachment; and some "kind friends" have, no doubt, even set them down as already engaged.

The admirer of the fair one is, indeed, so much enamored as to be unable longer to retain his secret within his own breast; and not being without hope that his attachment is reciprocated, resolves on seeking an introduction to the lady's family preparatory to his making a formal declaration of love.

It is possible, however, that the lover's endeavors to procure the desired introduction may fail of success, although where no material difference of social position exists, this difficulty will be found to occur less frequently than might at first be supposed. He must then discreetly adopt measures to bring himself, in some degree, under the fair one's notice: such, for instance, as attending the place of worship which she frequents, meeting her, so often as to be manifestly for the purpose, in the course of her promenades, etc. He will thus soon be able to judge—even without speaking to the lady—whether his further attentions will be distasteful to her. The signs of this on the lady's part, though of the most trifling nature, and in no way compromising her, will be unmistakable: for, as the poet tells us in speaking of the sex:—

> "He gave them but one tongue to say us 'Nay,'
> And two fond eyes to grant!"

Should her demeanor be decidedly discouraging, any perseverance on his part would be ungentlemanly and highly indecorous. But, on the other hand, should a timid blush intimate doubt, or a gentle smile lurking in the half-dropped eye give pleasing challenge to further parley, when possible he may venture to write—not to the lady—that would be the opening of a clandestine correspondence; an unworthy course, where every act should be open and straightforward, as tending to manly and honorable ends—but to the father or guardian, through the agency of a common friend where feasible, or, in some instances, to the party at whose residence the lady may be staying. In his letter he ought first to state his position in life and prospects, as well as mention his family connections; and then request permission to visit the family, as a preliminary step to paying his addresses to the object of his admiration.

By this course he in no wise compromises either himself or the lady, but leaves open to both, at any future period, an opportunity of retiring from the position of courtship taken up on the one side, and of receiving addresses on the other, without laying either party open to the accusation of fickleness or jilting.

ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP.

In whatever way the attachment may have originated, whether resulting from old association or from a recent acquaintanceship between the lovers, we will assume that the courtship is so far in a favorable train that the lady's admirer has succeeded in obtaining an introduction to her family, and that he is about to be received in their domestic circle on the footing of a welcome visitor, if not yet in the light of a probationary suitor.

In the first place, matters will in all probability be found to amble on so calmly, that the enamored pair may seldom find it needful to consult the rules of etiquette; but in the latter, its rules must be attentively observed, or "the course of true love" will assuredly not run smooth.

Young people are naturally prone to seek the company of those they love; and as their impulses are often at such times impatient of control, etiquette prescribes cautionary rules for the purpose of averting the mischief that unchecked intercourse and incautious familiarity might give rise to. For instance, a couple known to be attached to each other should never, unless when old acquaintances, be left alone for any length of time, nor be allowed to meet in any other place than the lady's home—particularly at balls, concerts, and other public places—except in the presence of a third party. This, as a general rule, should be carefully observed, although exceptions may occasionally occur under special circumstances.

WHAT THE LADY SHOULD OBSERVE DURING COURTSHIP.

A lady should be particular during the early days of courtship—while still retaining some clearness of mental vision—to observe the manner in which her suitor comports himself to other ladies. If he behave with ease and courtesy, without freedom or the slightest approach to license in manner or conversation; if he never speak slightingly of the sex, and

is ever ready to honor its virtues and defend its weakness; she may continue to incline towards him a willing ear. His habits and his conduct must awaken her vigilant attention before it be too late. Should he come to visit her at irregular hours; should he exhibit a vague or wandering attention—give proofs of a want of punctuality—show disrespect for age—sneer at things sacred, or absent himself from regular attendance at divine service—or evince an inclination to expensive pleasures beyond his means, or to low and vulgar amusements; should he be foppish, eccentric, or very slovenly in his dress; or display a frivolity of mind, and an absence of well-directed energy in his worldly pursuits; let the young lady, we say, while there is yet time, eschew that gentleman's acquaintance, and allow it gently to drop. The effort, at whatever cost to her feelings, must be made, if she have any regard for her future happiness and self-respect. The proper course then to take is to intimate her distate, and the causes that have given rise to it, to her parents or guardian, who will be pretty sure to sympathize with her, and to take measures for facilitating the retirement of the gentleman from his pretensions.

WHAT THE GENTLEMAN SHOULD OBSERVE DURING COURTSHIP.

It would be well also for the suitor, on his part, during the first few weeks of courtship, carefully to observe the conduct of the young lady in her own family, and the degree of estimation in which she is held by them, as well as among her intimate friends. If she be attentive to her duties; respectful and affectionate to her parents; kind and forbearing to her brothers and sisters; not easily ruffled in temper; if her mind be prone to cheerfulness and to hopeful aspiration, instead of to the display of a morbid anxiety and dread of coming evil; if her pleasures and enjoyments be those which chiefly center in home; if her words be characterized by benevolence, good-will, and charity: then we say, let him not hesitate, but hasten to enshrine so precious a gem in the casket of his affections. But if, on the other hand, he should find that he has been attracted by the tricksome affectation and heartless allurements of a flirt, ready to bestow smiles on all, but with a heart for none; if she who has succeeded for a time in fascinating him be of uneven temper, easily provoked, and slow to be appeased; fond of showy dress, and eager for admiration; ecstatic about trifles, frivolous in her tastes, and weak and wavering in performing her duties; if her religious observances are merely the formality of lip-service; if she be petulant to her friends, pert and disrespectful to her parents, overbearing to her inferiors; if pride, vanity, and affectation be her characteristics; if she be inconstant in her friendships; gaudy and slovenly, rather than neat and scrupulously clean, in attire and personal habits; then we counsel the gentleman to retire as speedily, but as politely, as possible from the pursuit of an object unworthy of his admiration and love; nor dread that the lady's friends—who must know her better than he can do—will call him to account for withdrawing from the field.

But we will take it for granted that all goes on well; that the parties are, on sufficient acquaintance, pleased with each other, and that the gentleman is eager to prove the sincerity of his affectionate regard by giving some substantial token of his love and homage to the fair one. This brings us to the question of

PRESENTS,

a point on which certain observances of etiquette must not be disregarded. A lady, for instance, cannot with propriety accept presents from a gentleman *previously* to his having made proposals of marriage. She would by so doing incur an obligation at once embarrassing and unbecoming. Should, however, the gentleman insist on making her a present—as of some trifling object of jewelry, etc.—there must be no secret about it. Let the young lady take an early opportunity of saying to her admirer, in the presence of her father or mother, "I am much obliged to you for that ring (or other trinket, as the case may be) which you kindly offered me the other day, and which I shall be most happy to accept, if my parents do not object;" and let her say this in a manner which, while it increases the obligation, will divest it altogether of impropriety, from having been conferred under the sanction of her parents.

We have now reached that stage in the progress of the Courtship, where budding affection, having developed into mature growth, encourages the lover to make

THE PROPOSAL.

When about to take this step, the suitor's first difficulty is how to get a favorable opportunity; and next, having got the chance, how to screw his courage up to give utterance to the "declaration." A declaration in writing should certainly be avoided where the lover can by any possibility get at the lady's ear. But there are cases where this is so difficult that an impatient lover cannot be restrained from adopting the agency of a *billet-doux* in declaring his passion.

The lady, before proposal, is generally prepared for it. It is seldom that such an avowal comes without some previous indications of look and manner on the part of the admirer, which can hardly fail of being understood. She may not, indeed, consider herself engaged; and although nearly certain of the conquest she has made, may yet have her misgivings. Some gentlemen dread to ask, lest they should be refused. Many pause just at the point, and refrain from anything like ardor in their professions of attachment until they feel confident, that they may be spared the mortification and ridicule that is supposed to attach to being rejected, in addition to the pain of disappointed hope. This hesitation when the mind is made up is wrong; but it does often occur, and we suppose ever will do so, with persons of great timidity of character. By it both parties are kept needlessly on the fret, until the long-looked-for opportunity unexpectedly arrives, when the flood-gates of feeling are loosened, and the full tide of mutual affection gushes forth uncontrolled. It is, however, at this moment—the agony-point to the embarrassed lover, who "doats yet doubts"—whose suppressed feelings rendered him morbidly sensitive—that a lady should be especially careful lest any show of either prudery or coquetry on her part should lose to her forever the object of her choice. True love is generally delicate and timid, and may easily be scared by af-

fected indifference, through feelings of wounded pride. A lover needs very little to assure him of the reciprocation of his attachment: a glance, a single pressure of the hand, a whispered syllable, on the part of the loved one, will suffice to confirm his hopes,

REFUSAL BY THE YOUNG LADY.

When a lady rejects the proposal of a gentleman, her behavior should be characterized by the most delicate feeling toward one who, in offering her his hand, has proved his desire to confer upon her, by this implied preference for her above all other women, the greatest honor it is in his power to offer. Therefore, if she have no love for him, she ought at least to evince a tender regard for his feelings; and in the event of her being previously engaged, should at once acquaint him with the fact. No right-minded man would desire to persist in a suit, when he well knew that the object of his admiration had already disposed of her heart.

When a gentleman makes an offer of his hand by letter, the letter must be answered, and certainly not returned, should the answer be a refusal; unless, indeed, when from a previous repulse, or some other particular and special circumstance, such an offer may be regarded by the lady or her relatives as presumptuous and intrusive. Under such circumstances, the letter may be placed by the lady in the hands of her parents or guardian, to be dealt with by them as they may deem most advisable.

No woman of proper feeling would regard her rejection of an offer of marriage from a worthy man as a matter of triumph; her feeling on such an occasion should be one of regretful sympathy with him for the pain she is unavoidably compelled to inflict. Nor should such a rejection be unaccompanied with some degree of self-examination on her part, to discern whether any lightness of demeanor or tendency to flirtation may have given rise to a false hope of her favoring his suit. At all events, no lady should ever treat the man who has so honored her with the slightest disrespect or frivolous disregard, nor ever unfeelingly parade a more favored suitor before one whom she has refused.

CONDUCT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHEN HIS ADDRESSES ARE REJECTED.

The conduct of the gentleman under such distressing circumstances should be characterized by extreme delicacy and a chivalrous resolve to avoid occasioning any possible annoyance or uneasiness to the fair author of his pain. If, however, he should have reason to suppose that his rejection has resulted from mere indifference to his suit, he need not altogether retire from the field, but may endeavor to kindle a feeling of regard and sympathy for the patient endurance of his disappointment, and for his continued but respectful endeavors to please the lukewarm fair one. But in case of avowed or evident preference for another, it becomes imperative upon him, as a gentleman, to withdraw at once, and so relieve the lady of any obstacle, that his presence or pretensions may occasion, to the furtherance of her obvious wishes. A pertinacious continuance of his attentions, on the part of one who has been distinctly rejected, is an insult deserving of the severest reprobation. Although the weakness of her sex, which ought to be her protection, frequently prevents a woman from forcibly breaking off an acquaintance thus annoyingly forced upon her, she rarely fails to resent such impertinence by that sharpest of woman's weapons, a keen-edged but courteous ridicule, which few men can bear up against.

REFUSAL BY THE LADY'S PARENTS OR GUARDIANS.

It may happen that both the lady and her suitor are willing, but that the parents or guardians of the former, on being referred to, deem the connection unfitting, and refuse their consent. In this state of matters, the first thing a man of sense, proper feeling, and candor should do, is to endeavor to learn the objections of the parents, to see whether they cannot be removed. If they are based on his present insufficiency of means, a lover of a persevering spirit may effect much in removing apprehension on that score, by cheerfully submitting to a reasonable time of probation, in the hope of amelioration in his worldly circumstances. Happiness delayed will be none the less precious when love has stood the test of constancy and the trial of time. Should the objection be founded on inequality of social position, the parties, if young, may wait until matured age shall ripen their judgment and place the future more at their own disposal. A clandestine marriage should be peremptorily declined. In too many cases it is a fraud committed by an elder and more experienced party upon one whose ignorance of the world's ways, and whose confiding tenderness appeal to him for protection even against himself. In nearly all the instances we have known of such marriages, the result proved the step to have been ill-judged, imprudent, and highly injurious to the reputation of one party, and in the long run detrimental to the happiness of both.

CONDUCT OF THE ENGAGED COUPLE.

The conduct of the bridegroom-elect should be marked by a gallant and affectionate assiduity towards his lady-love—a *denouement* easily felt and understood, but not so easy to define. That of the lady towards him should manifest delicacy, tenderness, and confidence: while looking for his thorough devotion to herself, she should not captiously take offense and show airs at his showing the same kind of attention to other ladies as she, in her turn, would not hesitate to receive from the other sex.

In the behavior of a gentleman towards his betrothed in public, little difference should be perceptible from his demeanor to other ladies, except in those minute attentions which none but those who love can properly understand or appreciate.

In private, the slightest approach to indecorous familiarity must be avoided; indeed it is pretty certain to be resented by every woman who deserves to be a bride. The lady's honor is now in her lover's hands, and he should never forget in his demeanor to and before her that that lady is to be his future wife.

It is the privilege of the betrothed lover, as it is also his

duty, to give advice to the fair one who now implicitly confides in him. Should he detect a fault, should he observe failings which he would wish removed or amended, let him avail himself of this season, so favorable for the frank interchange of thought between the betrothed pair, to urge their correction. He will find a ready listener; and any judicious counsel offered to her by him will now be gratefully received, and remembered in after life. After marriage it may be too late; for advice on trivial points of conduct may then not improbably be resented by the wife as an unnecessary interference; now, the fair and loving creature is disposed like pliant wax in his hands to mold herself to his reasonable wishes in all things.

CONDUCT OF THE LADY DURING HER BETROTHAL.

A lady is not expected to keep aloof from society on her engagement, nor to debar herself from the customary attentions and courtesies of her male acquaintances generally; but she should, while accepting them cheerfully, maintain such a prudent reserve, as to intimate that they are viewed by her as mere acts of ordinary courtesy and friendship. In all places of public amusement—at balls, the opera, etc.—for a lady to be seen with any other cavalier than her avowed lover, in close attendance upon her, would expose her to the imputation of flirtation. She will naturally take pains at such a period to observe the taste of her lover in regard to her costume, and strive carefully to follow it, for all men desire to have their taste and wishes on such apparent trifles gratified. She should at the same time observe much delicacy in regard to dress, and be careful to avoid any unseemly display of her charms; lovers are naturally jealous of observation under such circumstances. It is a mistake not seldom made by women, to suppose their suitors will be pleased by the glowing admiration expressed by other men for the object of *their* passion. Most lovers, on the contrary, we believe, wonld prefer to withdraw their prize from general observation until the happy moment for their union has arrived.

CONDUCT OF THE GENTLEMAN TOWARDS THE FAMILY OF HIS BETROTHED.

The lover, having now secured his position, should use discretion and tact in his intercourse with the lady's family, and take care that his visits be not deemed too frequent—so as to be really inconvenient to them. He should accommodate himself as much as possible to their habits and ways, and be ever ready and attentive to consult their wishes. Marked attention, and in most cases affectionate kindness, to the lady's mother ought to be shown; such respectful homage will secure for him many advantages in his present position. He must not, however, presume to take his stand yet as a member of the family, nor exhibit an obtrusive familiarity in manner and conversation. Should a disruption of the engagement from some unexpected cause ensue, it is obvious that any such premature assumption would lead to very embarrassing results. In short, his conduct should be such as to win for himself the esteem and affection of all the family, and dispose them ever to welcome and desire his presence, rather than regard him as an intruder.

CONDUCT OF THE LADY ON RETIRING FROM HER ENGAGEMENT.

Should this step unhappily be found necessary on the lady's part, the truth should be spoken, and the reasons frankly given; there must be no room left for the suspicion of its having originated in caprice or injustice. The case should be so put that the gentleman himself must see and acknowledge the justice of the painful decision arrived at. Incompatible habits, ungentlemanly actions, anything tending to diminish that respect for the lover which should be felt for the husband; inconstancy, ill-governed temper—all of which, not to mention other obvious objections—are to be considered as sufficient reasons for terminating an engagement. The communication should be made as tenderly as possible; room may be left in mere venial cases for reformation; but all that is done must be so managed that not the slightest shadow of fickleness or want of faith may rest upon the character of the lady. It must be remembered, however, that the termination of an engagement by a lady has the privilege of passing unchallenged; a lady not being *bound* to declare any other reason than her will. Nevertheless she owes it to her own reputation that her decision should rest on a sufficient foundation, and be unmistakeably pronounced.

CONDUCT OF THE GENTLEMAN ON RETIRING FROM HIS ENGAGEMENT.

We hardly know how to approach this portion of our subject. The reasons must be strong indeed that can sufficiently justify a man, placed in the position of an accepted suitor, in severing the ties by which he has bound himself to a lady with the avowed intention of making her his wife. His reasons for breaking off his engagement must be such as will not merely satisfy his own conscience, but will justify him in the eyes of the world. If the fault be on the lady's side, great reserve and delicacy will be observed by any man of honor. If, on the other hand, the imperative force of circumstances, such as loss of fortune, or some other unexpected calamity to himself, may be the cause, then must the reason be clearly and fully explained, in such a manner as to soothe the painful feelings which such a result must necessarily occasion to the lady and her friends. It is scarcely necessary to point out the necessity for observing great caution in all that relates to the antecedents of an engagement that has been broken off; especially the return on either side of presents and of all letters that have passed.

This last allusion brings us to the consideration of

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter-writing is one great test of ability and cultivation, as respects both sexes. The imperfections of education may be to some extent concealed or glossed over in conversation, but cannot fail to stand out conspicuously in a letter. An ill-written letter infallibly betrays the vulgarity and ignorance indicative of a mean social position.

But there is something more to be guarded against than even bad writing and worse spelling in a correspondence: *saying too much*—writing that kind of matter which will not **bear to be read** by other eyes than those for which it was originally intended. That this is too frequently done is amply proved by the love letters often read in a court of law, the most affecting passages from which occasion "roars of laughter" and the derisive comments of merry-making counsel. Occurrences of this kind prove how frequently letters are not returned or burned when an affair of the heart is broken off. Correspondence between lovers should at all events be tempered with discretion; and on the lady's part particularly, her affectionate expressions should not degenerate into a silly style of fondness.

It is as well to remark here, that in correspondence between a couple not actually engaged, the use of Christian names in addressing each other should be avoided.

DEMEANOR OF THE SUITOR DURING COURTSHIP.

The manners of a gentleman are ever characterized by urbanity and a becoming consideration for the feelings and wishes of others, and by a readiness to practice self-denial. But the very nature of courtship requires the fullest exercise of these excellent qualities on his part. The lover should carefully accommodate his tone and bearing, whether cheerful or serious, to the mood for the time of his lady-love, whose slightest wish must be his law. In his assiduities to her he must allow of no stint; though hindered by time, distance, or fatigue, he must strive to make his professional and social duties bend to his homage at the shrine of love. All this can be done, moreover, by a man of excellent sense with perfect propriety. Indeed, the world will not only commend him for such devoted gallantry, but will be pretty sure to censure him for any short-coming in his performance of such devoirs.

It is, perhaps, needless to observe that at such a period a gentleman should be scrupulously neat, without appearing particular, in his attire. We shall not attempt to prescribe what he should wear, as that must, of course, depend on the times of the day when his visits are paid, and other circumstances, such as meeting a party of friends, going to the theater, etc., with the lady.

SHOULD A COURTSHIP BE SHORT OR LONG?

The answer to this question must depend on the previous acquaintanceship, connection, or relationship of the parties, as well as on their present circumstances, and the position of their parents. In case of relationship or old acquaintanceship subsisting between the families, when the courtship, declaration, and engagement have followed each other rapidly, a short wooing is preferable to a long one, should other circumstances not create an obstacle. Indeed, as a general rule, we are disposed strongly to recommend a short courtship. A man is never well settled in the saddle of his fortunes until he be married. He wants spring, purpose, and aim; and, above all, he wants a *home* as the center of his efforts. Some portion of inconvenience, therefore, may be risked to obtain this; in fact, it often oocurs that by waiting too long the freshness of life is worn off, and that the generous glow of early feelings becomes tamed down to lukewarmness by a too prudent delaying; while a slight sacrifice of ambition or self-indulgence on the part of the gentleman, and a little descent from pride of station on the lady's side, might have insured years of satisfied love and happy wedded life.

On the other hand, we would recommend a long courtship as advisable when—the friends on both sides favoring the match—it happens that the fortune of neither party will prudently allow an immediate marriage. The gentleman, we will suppose, has his way to make in his profession or business, and is desirous not to involve the object of his affection in the distressing inconvenience, if not the misery, of straitened means. He reflects that for a lady it is an actual degradation, however love may ennoble the motive of her submission, to descend from her former footing in society. He feels, therefore, that this risk ought not to be incurred. For, although the noble and loving spirit of a wife might enable her to bear up cheerfully against misfortune, and by her endearments soothe the broken spirit of her husband; yet the lover who would willfully, at the outset of wedded life, expose his devoted helpmate to the ordeal of poverty, would be deservedly scouted as selfish and unworthy. These, then, are among the circumstances which warrant a lengthened engagement, and it should be the endeavor of the lady's friends to approve such cautious delay, and do all they can to assist the lover in his efforts to abridge it. The lady's father should regard the lover in the light of another son added to his family, and spare no pains to promote his interests in life, while the lady's mother should do everything in her power, by those small attentions which a mother understands so well, to make the protracted engagement agreeable to him, and as endurable as possible to her daughter.

PRELIMINARY ETIQUETTE OF A WEDDING.

Whether the term of courtship may have been long or short—according to the requirements of the case—the time will at last arrive for

FIXING THE DAY.

While it is the gentleman's province to press for the earliest possible opportunity, it is the lady's privilege to name the happy day; not but that the bridegroom-elect must, after all, issue the fiat, for he has much to consider and prepare for beforehand: for instance, to settle where it will be most convenient to spend the honeymoon—a point which must depend on the season of the year, on his own vocation, and other circumstances. At this advanced state of affairs, we must not overlook the important question of

THE BRIDAL TROUSSEAU AND THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

Wedding presents must be sent always to the *bride*, never to the bridegroom, though they be given by friends of the latter. They should be sent during the week previous to the wedding day, as it is customary to display them before the ceremony.

Two cards folded in the invitation in the envelope are sent

with the wedding invitation. The invitation is in the name of the bride's mother, or, if she is not living, the relative or friend nearest the bride:

MRS. NICHOLAS RUTH

AT HOME,

Tuesday, November 18th,

FROM 11 TILL 2 O'CLOCK.

No. 86 W. 47TH STREET.

The two cards, one large and one small, are folded in this invitation. Upon the large card is engraved:

MR. AND MRS. W. F. JOHNSON

On the smaller one:

MISS ROSIE RUTH.

If the young people "receive" after their return from the bridal tour, and there is no wedding-day reception, the following card is sent out:

MR. AND MRS. W. F. JOHNSON

AT HOME,

Thursday, December 28th,

FROM 11 TILL 2 O'CLOCK,

No. 50 E. 63D STREET.

Or,

MR. AND MRS. W. F. JOHNSON

AT HOME,

Thursdays in December.

FROM 11 TILL 2 O'CLOCK.

No. 50 E. 63D STREET.

The bridal calls are not expected to be returned until the last day of reception.

The bridegroom gives to the first groomsman the control of the ceremony and money for the necessary expenses. The first groomsman presents the bouquet to the bride, leads the visitors up to the young couple for the words of congratulation, gives the clergyman his fee, engages the carriages, secures tickets, checks baggage, secures pleasant seats, if the happy pair start by rail for the "moon;" and, in short, makes all arrangements.

If the wedding takes place in church, the front seats in the body of the church are reserved for the relatives of the young couple. The bride must not be kept waiting. The clergyman should be within the rails, the bridegroom and groomsmen should be in the vestry-room by the time the bride is due at the church. The bridesmaids should receive the bride in the vestibule.

The bridal party meet in the vestry-room. Then the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, leads the procession; the bridegroom, with the bride's mother upon his arm, follows; then groomsmen and bridesmaids in couples follow.

At the altar the bridegroom receives the bride, and the ceremony begins. The groomsmen stand behind the bridegroom, the bridesmaids behind the bride. In some churches, the bride and bridegroom remove the right hand glove; in others it is not considered essential. The bride stands on the left of the groom.

When the wedding takes place at the house of the bride, the bridal party is grouped behind folding doors or curtains ere their friends see them. If, however, this is not convenient, they enter in the same order as in church.

The first bridesmaid removes the bride's left hand glove for the ring.

After the ceremony the bride and groom go in the same carriage from the church to the house, or from the house to the railway depot or boat.

The bride does not change her dress until she assumes her traveling dress. Her wedding gown is worn at the breakfast.

Friends of the family should call upon the mother of the bride during the two weeks after the wedding.

Mourning must not be worn at a wedding. Even in the case of a widowed mother to either of the happy pair, it is customary to wear gray, or some neutral tint.

It is no longer the fashion at a wedding or wedding reception to congratulate the bride; it is the bridegroom who receives congratulations; the bride wishes for her future happiness. The bride is spoken to first.

The day being fixed for the wedding, the bride's father now presents her with a sum of money for her trousseau, according to her rank in life. A few days previously to the wedding, presents are also made to the bride by relations and intimate friends, varying in amount and value according to their degrees of relationship and friendship—such as plate, furniture, jewelry, and articles of ornament, as well as of utility, to the newly-married lady in her future station. These, together with her wedding dresses, etc., it is customary to exhibit to the intimate friends of the bride a day or two before her marriage.

DUTY OF A BRIDEGROOM-ELECT.

The bridegroom-elect has, on the eve of matrimony, no little business to transact. His first care is to look after a house suitable for his future home, and then, assisted by the taste of his chosen helpmate, to take steps to furnish it in a becoming style. He must also, if engaged in business, make arrangements for a month's absence; in fact, bring together all matters into a focus, so as to be readily manageable when, after the honeymoon, he shall take the reins himself. He will do well to burn most of his bachelor letters, and to part with, it may be, some few of his bachelor connections; and he should communicate, in an easy, informal way, to his acquaintances generally, the close approach of so important a change in his condition. Not to do this might hereafter lead to inconvenience and cause no little annoyance.

We must now speak of

BUYING THE RING.

It is the gentleman's business to buy the ring; *and let him take special care not to forget it;* for such an awkward mistake has frequently happened. The ring should be, we need

scarcely say, of the very purest gold, but substantial. There are three reasons for this: first, that it may not break—a source of great trouble to the young wife; secondly, that it may not slip off the finger without being missed—few husbands being pleased to hear that their wives have lost their wedding rings; and thirdly, that it may last out the lifetime of the loving recipient, even should that life be protracted to the extreme extent. To get the right size required is not one of the least interesting of the delicate mysteries of love. A not unusual method is to get a sister of the fair one to lend one of the lady's rings to enable the jeweler to select the proper size. Care must be taken, however, that it is not too large. Some audacious suitors, rendered bold by their favored position, have been even known presumptuously to try the ring on the patient finger of the bride elect; and it has rarely happened in such cases that the ring has been refused, or sent back to be changed.

WHO SHOULD BE ASKED TO THE WEDDING.

The wedding should take place at the house of the bride's parents or guardians. The parties who ought to be asked are the father and mother of the gentleman, the brothers and sisters (their wives and husbands also, if married), and indeed the immediate relations and favored friends of both parties. Old family friends on the bride's side should also receive invitations—the *rationale* or original intention of this wedding assemblage being to give publicity to the fact that the bride is leaving her paternal home with the consent and approbation of her parents.

On this occasion the bridegroom has the privilege of asking any friends he may choose to the wedding; but no friend has a right to feel affronted at not being invited, since, were all the friends on either side assembled, the wedding breakfast would be an inconveniently crowded reception rather than an impressive ceremonial. It is, however, considered a matter of friendly attention on the part of those who cannot be invited, to be present at the ceremony in the church.

WHO SHOULD BE BRIDESMAIDS.

The bridesmaids should include the unmarried sisters of the bride; but it is considered an anomaly for an elder sister to perform this function. The pleasing novelty for several years past of an addition to the number of bridesmaids, varying from two to eight, and sometimes more, has added greatly to the interest in weddings, the bride being thus enabled to diffuse a portion of her own happiness among the most intimate of her younger friends. One lady is always appointed principal bridesmaid, and has the bride in her charge; it is also her duty to take care that the other bridesmaids have the wedding favors in readiness. On the second bridesmaid devolves, with her principal, the duty of sending out the cards; and on the third bridesmaid, in conjunction with the remaining beauties of her choir, the onerous office of attending to certain ministrations and mysteries connected with the wedding cake.

OF THE BRIDEGROOMSMEN.

It behooves a bridegroom to be exceedingly particular in the selection of the friends who, as groomsmen, are to be his companions and assistants on the occasion of his wedding. Their number is limited to that of the bridesmaids; one for each. It is unnecessary to add that very much of the social pleasure of the day will depend on their proper mating. Young and unmarried they must be, handsome they should be, good-humored they cannot fail to be, well dressed they *will* of course take good care to be. Let the bridegroom diligently con over his circle of friends, and select the comeliest and the pleasantest fellows for his own train. The principal bridegroomsman, styled his "best man," has, for the day, the special charge of the bridegroom; and the last warning we would give him is, to take care that, when the bridegroom puts on his wedding waistcoat, he does not omit to put the wedding ring into the corner of the left-hand pocket. The dress of a groomsman should be light and elegant; a dress coat, formerly considered indispensable, is no longer adopted.

ETIQUETTE OF A WEDDING.

The parties being assembled on the wedding morning in the drawing-room of the residence of the bride's father (unless, as sometimes happens, the breakfast is spread in that room), the happy *cortège* should proceed to the church in the following order:—

In the first carriage, the bride's mother and the parents of the bridegroom.

In the second and third carriages, bridesmaids.

Other carriages with the bride's friends.

In the last carriage, the bride and her father.

COSTUME OF THE BRIDE.

A bride's costume should be white, or some hue as close as possible to it.

COSTUME OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

Formerly it was not considered to be in good taste for a gentleman to be married in a black coat. More latitude is now allowed in the costume of a bridegroom, the style now adopted being what is termed morning dress: a frock coat, light trowsers, white waistcoat, ornamental tie, and white or gray gloves.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The bridegroom stands at the right hand of the bride. The father stands just behind her, so as to be in readiness to give her hand at the proper moment to the bridegroom. The principal bridesmaid stands on the left of the bride, ready to take off the bride's glove, which she keeps as a perquisite and prize of her office.

THE WORDS "I WILL"

are to be pronounced distinctly and audibly by both parties, such being the all-important part of the ceremony as respects themselves; the public delivery, before the priest, by the father of his daughter to the bridegroom, being an evidence of his assent; the silence which follows the inquiry for "cause or just impediment" testifying that of society in general; and the "I will" being the declaration of the bride and

bridegroom that they are voluntary parties to their holy union in marriage.

THE WORDS "HONOR AND OBEY"

must also be distinctly spoken by the bride. They constitute an essential part of the obligation and contract of matrimony on her part.

AFTER THE CEREMONY

the clergyman usually shakes hands with the bride and bridegroom, and the bride's father and mother, and a general congratulation ensues.

THE RETURN HOME.

The bridegroom now leads the bride out of the church, and the happy pair return homeward in the first carriage. The father and mother follow in the next. The rest "stand not on the order of their going," but start off in such wise as they can best contrive.

THE WEDDING BREAKFAST.

The bride and bridegroom sit together at the center of the table, in front of the wedding cake, the clergyman who performed the ceremony taking his place opposite to them. The top and bottom of the table are occupied by the father and mother of the bride. The principal bridesmaid sits to the left of the bride, and the principal bridegroomsman on the left of the bridegroom. It may not be unnecessary to say that it is customary for the ladies to wear their bonnets just as they came from the church. The bridesmaids cut the cake into small pieces, which are not eaten until the health of the bride is proposed. This is usually done by the officiating clergyman, or by an old and cherished friend of the family of the bridegroom. The bridegroom returns thanks for the bride and for himself. The health of the bride's parents is then proposed, and is followed by those of the principal personages present, the toast of the bridesmaids being generally one of the pleasantest features of the festal ceremony. After about two hours, the principal bridesmaid leads the bride out of the room as quietly as possible, so as not to disturb the party or attract attention. Shortly after—it may be in about ten minutes—the absence of the bride being noticed, the rest of the ladies retire. Then it is that the bridegroom has a few *melancholy* moments to bid adieu to his bachelor friends, and he then generally receives some hints on the subject in a short address from one of them, to which he is of course expected to respond. He then withdraws for a few moments, and returns after having made a slight addition to his toilet, in readiness for traveling.

DEPARTURE FOR THE HONEYMOON.

The young bride, divested of her bridal attire, and quietly costumed for the journey, now bids farewell to her bridesmaids and lady friends. A few tears spring to her gentle eyes as she takes a last look at the home she is now leaving. The servants venture to crowd about her with their humble but heartfelt congratulations; finally, she falls weeping on her mother's bosom. A short cough is heard, as of some one summoning up resolution to hide emotion. It is her father. He dares not trust his voice; but holds out his hand, gives her an affectionate kiss, and then leads her, half turning back, down the stairs and through the hall, to the door, where he delivers her as a precious charge to her husband, who hands her quickly into the carriage, springs in after her, waves *his hand to the* party who appear crowding at the window, half smiles at the throng about the door, then, amidst a shower of old slippers—missiles of good-luck sent flying after the happy pair—gives the word, and they are off, and started on the long-hoped-for voyage!

PRACTICAL ADVICE TO A NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE.

Our advice to the husband will be brief. Let him have no concealments from his wife, but remember that their interests are mutual; that, as she must suffer the pains of every loss, as well as share the advantages of every success, in his career in life, she has therefore a right to know the risks she may be made to undergo. We do not say that it is necessary, or advisable, or even fair, to harass a wife's mind with the details of business; but where a change of circumstances—not for the better—is anticipated or risked, let her by all means be made acquainted with the fact in good time. Many a kind husband almost breaks his young wife's fond heart by an alteration in his manner, which she cannot but detect, but from ignorance of the cause very probably attributes to a wrong motive; while he, poor fellow, all the while out of pure tenderness, is endeavoring to conceal from her tidings—which must come out at last—of ruined hopes or failure in speculation; whereas, had she but known the danger beforehand, she would have alleviated his fears on her account, and by cheerful resignation have taken out half the sting of his disappointment. Let no man think lightly of the opinion of his wife in times of difficulty. Women have generally more acuteness of perception than men; and in moments of peril, or in circumstances that involve a crisis or turning-point in life, they have usually more resolution and greater instinctive judgment.

We recommend that every husband from the first should make his wife an allowance for ordinary household expenses—which he should pay weekly or monthly—and for the expenditure of which he should not, unless for some urgent reason, call her to account. A tolerably sure guide in estimating the amount of this item, which does not include rent, taxes, servants' wages, coals, or candles, etc., is to remember that in a small middle-class family, not exceeding *four*, the expense of each person for ordinary food amounts to fifteen shillings weekly; beyond that number to ten shillings weekly for each extra person, servant or otherwise. This estimate does not, of course, provide for wine or food of a luxurious kind. The largest establishment, indeed, may be safely calculated on the same scale.

A wife should also receive a stated allowance for dress, within which limit she ought always to restrict her expenses. Any excess of expenditure under this head should be left to the considerate kindness of her husband to concede. Nothing is more contemptible than for a woman to have perpetually to ask her husband for small sums for housekeeping expenses—

nothing more annoying and humiliating than to have to apply to him always for money for her own private use—nothing more disgusting than to see a man "molly-coddling" about marketing, and rummaging about for cheap articles of all kinds.

Let the husband beware, when things go wrong with him in business affairs, of venting his bitter feelings of disappointment and despair in the presence of his wife and family; feelings which, while abroad, he finds it practicable to restrain. It is as unjust as it is impolitic to indulge in such a habit.

A wife having married the man she loves above all others, must be expected in her turn to pay some court to him. Before marriage she has, doubtless, been made his idol. Every moment he could spare, and perhaps many more than he could properly so appropriate, have been devoted to her. How anxiously has he not revolved in his mind his worldly chances of making her happy! How often has he not had to reflect, before he made the proposal of marriage, whether he should be acting dishonorably towards her by incurring the risk, for the selfish motive of his own gratification, of placing her in a worse position than the one she occupied at home! And still more than this, he must have had to consider with anxiety the probability of having to provide for an increasing family, with all its concomitant expenses.

We say, then, that being married, and the honeymoon over, the husband must necessarily return to his usual occupations, which will, in all probability, engage the greater part of his thoughts, for he will now be desirous to have it in his power to procure various little indulgences for his wife's sake which he never would have dreamed of for his own. He comes to his home weary and fatigued; his young wife has had but her pleasures to gratify, or the quiet routine of her domestic duties to attend to, while he has been toiling through the day to enable her to gratify these pleasures and to fulfill these duties. Let, then, the dear, tired husband, at the close of his daily labors, be made welcome by the endearments of his loving spouse—let him be free from the care of having to satisfy the caprices of a petted wife. Let her now take her turn in paying those many little love-begotten attentions which married men look for to soothe them—let her reciprocate that devotion to herself, which, from the early hours of their love, he cherished for her, by her ever-ready endeavors to make him happy and his home attractive.

In the presence of other persons, however, married people should refrain from fulsome expressions of endearment to each other, the use of which, although a common practice, is really a mark of bad taste. It is desirable also to caution them against adopting the too prevalent vulgarism of calling each other, or indeed any person whatever, merely by the initial letter of their surname.

A married woman should always be very careful how she receives personal compliments. She should never court them, nor ever feel flattered by them, whether in her husband's presence or not. If in his presence, they can hardly fail to be distasteful to him; if in his absence, a lady, by a dignified demeanor, may always convince an assiduous admirer that his attentions are not well received, and at once and for ever stop all familiar advances. In case of insult, a wife should immediately make her husband acquainted therewith; as the only chance of safety to a villain lies in the concealment of such things by a lady from dread of consequences to her husband. From that moment he has her at advantage, and may very likely work on deliberately to the undermining of her character. He is thus enabled to play upon her fears, and taunt her with their mutual secret and its concealment, until she may be involved, guilelessly, in a web of apparent guilt, from which she can never extricate herself without risking the happiness of her future life.

Not the least useful piece of advice—homely though it be—that we can offer to newly-married ladies, is to remind them that husbands are men, and that men must eat. We can tell them, moreover, that men attach no small importance to this very essential operation, and that a very effectual way to keep them in good humor, as well as good condition, is for wives to study their husbands' peculiar likes and dislikes in this matter Let the wife try, therefore, if she have not already done so, to get up a little knowledge of the art of *ordering* dinner, to say the least of it. This task, if she be disposed to learn it, will in time be easy enough; moreover, if in addition she should acquire some practical knowledge of cookery, she will find ample reward in the gratification it will be the means of affording her husband.

Servants are difficult subjects for a young wife to handle; she generally either spoils them by indulgence, or ruins them by finding fault unfairly. At last they either get the better of her, or she is voted too bad for them. The art lies in steady command and management of yourself as well as them.

An observance of the few following rules will in all probability insure a life of domestic harmony, peace, and comfort:—

To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others; to believe nothing of the kind until you are compelled to admit the truth of it; never to take part in the circulation of evil report and idle gossip; always to moderate, as far as possible, harsh and unkind expressions reflecting upon others; always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account might be given of the matter.

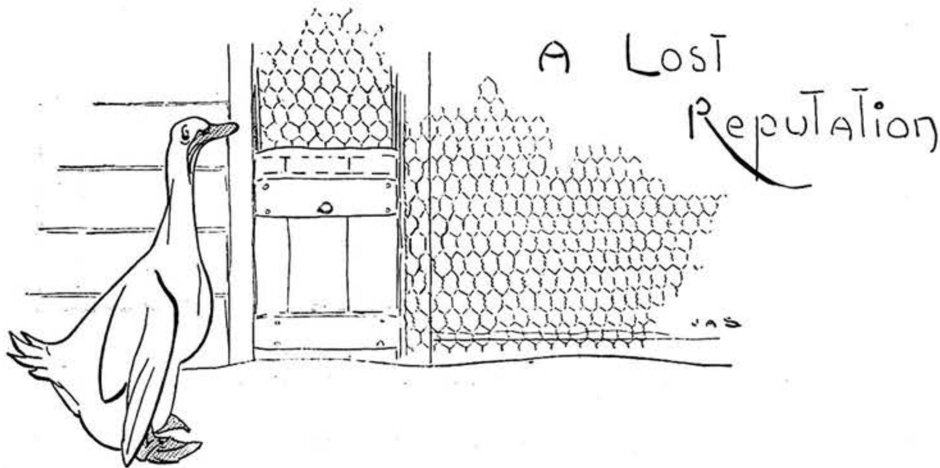
In conclusion, we say emphatically to the newly-wedded wife, that attention to these practical hints will prolong her honeymoon throughout the whole period of wedded life, and cause her husband, as each year adds to the sum of his happiness, to bless the day when he first chose her as the nucleus round which he might consolidate the inestimable blessings of HOME.

> "How fair is home, in fancy's pictured theme,
> In wedded life, in love's romantic dream!
> Thence springs each hope, there every spring returns,
> Pure as the flame that upward, heavenward burns;
> There sits the wife, whose radiant smile is given—
> The daily sun of the domestic heaven;
> And when calm evening sheds a secret power,
> Her looks of love imparadise the hour;
> While children round, a beauteous train, appear,
> Attendant stars, revolving in her sphere."
>
> —HOLLAND'S *Hopes of Matrimony*

Animal Actualities.

NOTE.—*Under this title we intend printing a series of perfectly authentic anecdotes of animal life, illustrated by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, an artist long a favourite with readers of* THE STRAND MAGAZINE. *We shall be glad to receive similar anecdotes, fully authenticated by names of witnesses, for use in future numbers. While the stories themselves will be matters of fact, it must be understood that the artist will treat the subjects with freedom and fancy, more with a view to an amusing commentary than to a mere representation of the occurrences.*

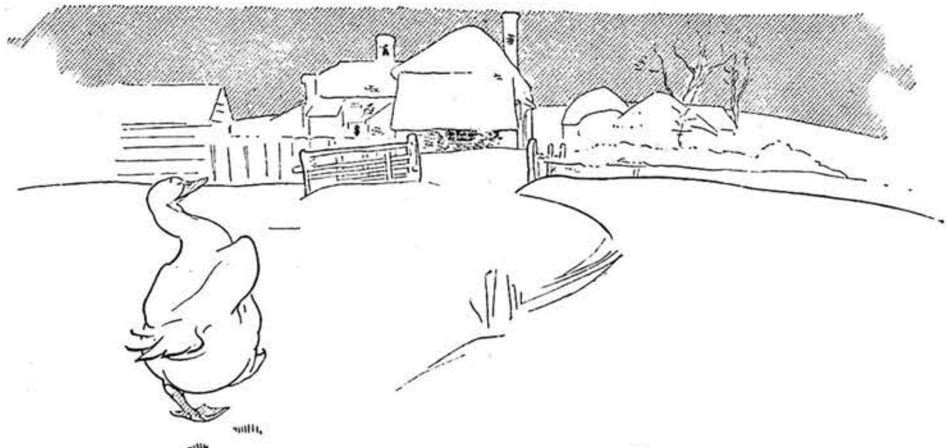
I.



"SHE FOUND HERSELF SHUT OUT—

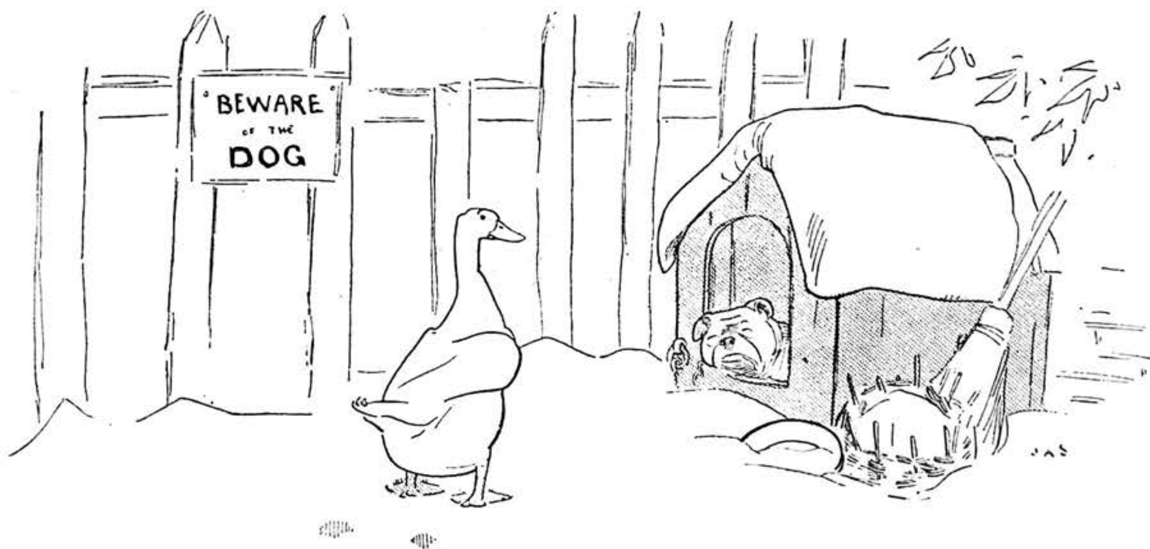
IT is altogether old-fashioned and out-of-date to talk nowadays of animals a little below us in the zoological scale as being actuated solely by "instinct." This sort of thing is become mere ignorant prejudice. Let anybody fair-mindedly watch the proceedings of a moderately clever dog for one day, and then deny that dog intelligence if he can. Put the dog face to face with some circumstance, or some combination of circumstances, such as neither he nor any of his progenitors could possibly have encountered. He may not do the wisest thing on the whole, but, then, would an average human being do the wisest thing in a like case? Of course not. But whatever the dog does will be suggested by a natural train of thought, and often by a train of thought of amazing acuteness. Here is no opportunity for the operation of inherited experience, no chance for the work of mere blind "instinct." Anybody, by the exercise of a moment's thought, can recall a dozen such cases to his own memory, and probably not cases occurring to dogs only, but to other animals of all degrees. We expect to present our readers with many instances of the sort.

First we offer a case rather of audacity than of intelligence, but of a very odd audacity. It occurred in the winter of the year 1894, in



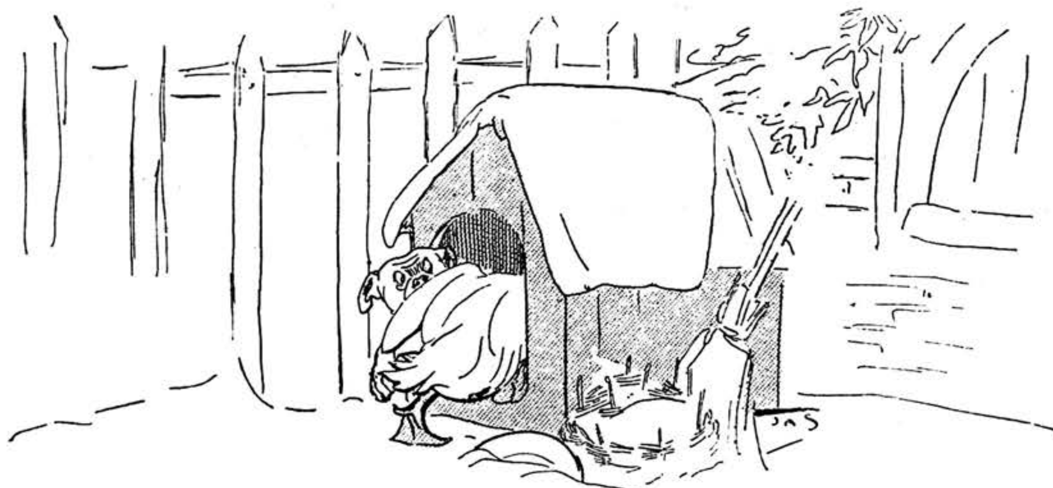
—IN A COLD AND SNOWY WORLD."

Shire Hall Lane, Hendon, on the premises of Mrs. Rowcliffe. Now, in Mrs. Rowcliffe's farmyard abode a dog of terrible reputation. His savage and formidable character was famous, not only in the farm, but in the neighbourhood round about. Tramps avoided Mrs. Rowcliffe's dog, and left chalk hieroglyphics on posts, warning tramps who might come after to avoid the jaws of this terrible quadruped, and to keep outside the radius of the chain that confined him. "Beware of the dog!" stared in large letters from a board hard by the kennel, and visitors to the farmyard sidled by with a laborious air



"THE SNUGGEST PLACE WAS THE DOG-KENNEL."

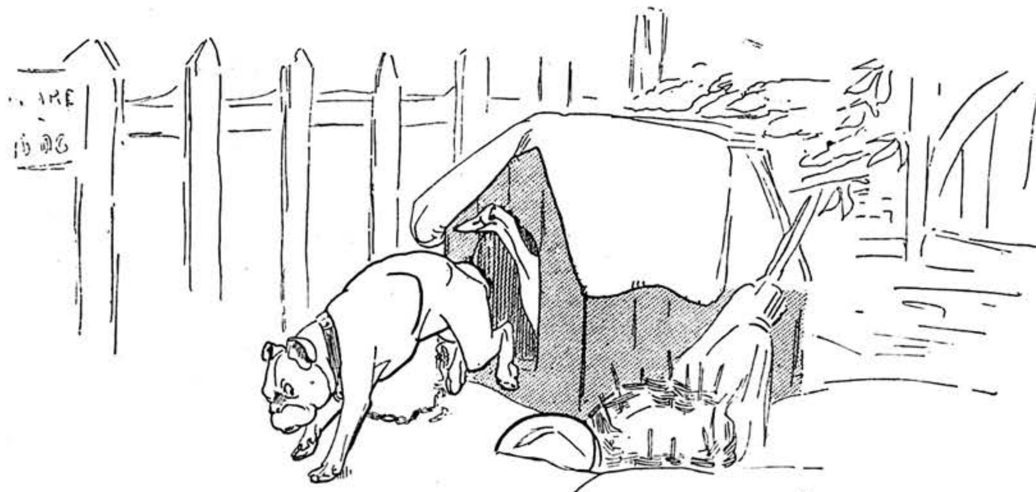
thereabout as to the exact number of little boys and girls per week devoured by way of diversifying his diet. The dog himself understood the state of affairs, and abated no whit of his arrogance. Plainly, the world (of these parts) was at his feet, and he was monarch of all he surveyed. But there was a duck in that farmyard wholly indifferent to the general terror—she never thought about it, in fact. She was an adventurous and happy-go-lucky sort of duck, always ready to make the best of what luck came along, and never backward to seize her share of the good things—and a little extra on occasion.


"IN FLOUNDERED THE DUCK—

of indifference, though on the extreme edge of the path, and *not* that edge that was nearest the kennel. So this formidable Cerberus ruled the district, and horrifying legends went among the extreme youth

Now, it chanced at the close of a cold day, when the snow lay thick everywhere, that this duck lagged away from the returning flock, perhaps in pursuit of some pleasant snack that it would have been foolish for a duck of

business instincts to make too widely known. Anyhow, the other ducks got safely home, the pen was shut, and this particular duck, our heroine, straggling in alone after closing hours, found herself shut out in a cold and snowy world. Never mind—she made no fuss, but waddled calmly off round the farm-yard to find the best shelter she could. Plainly the snuggest place was the dog-kennel. Certainly the dog was in it, and snoring, but that didn't matter—he'd have to find a place somewhere else. So in floundered the duck, and out floundered the Terror of Shire Hall Lane, with his tail between his legs.

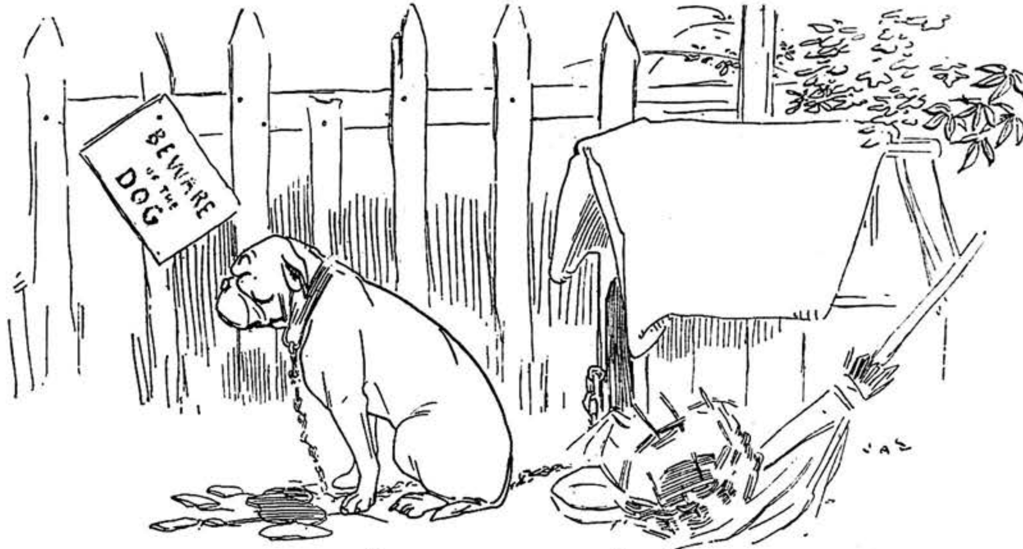


"—AND OUT FLOUNDERED THE TERROR."

Whether the cold had affected the Terror's nerves, whether the attack of a quacking biped was so altogether beyond his experience as to dissipate his strategy, or whether the sheer audacity of the thing induced temporary paralysis is not determined; but certain it is that the farm-hands entering in the morning found the dog shivering and crouching outside his kennel, and the duck squatting comfortably within — within the kennel, that is to say, and not within the digestive apparatus of the Terror, as every-body would have expected.

That dog's reputation was ruined. Small boys openly flouted him, and tramps chalked a different figure on gate-posts, meaning that any tramp in want of a useless, harmless dog might steal one at the place indicated. The duck left the kennel when she thought it time

"THE FARM-HANDS FOUND HIM SHIVERING OUTSIDE."



"A RUINED REPUTATION."

to go and see what was for breakfast, and thereafter used the pen with the others. But though the dog got his quarters again, he never recovered his reputation. He is a ruined, bankrupt Terror.

Of the ultimate fate of the duck there is no record. Probably it was the ultimate fate of most ducks—a twisted neck, and the rest all gravy and green peas. Though, indeed, one would almost expect this indomitable bird to arise and kick the green peas off the plate.

BUYING VALENTINES.

BY A VALENTINE-SELLER.

OF the making of valentines there is no end. Every month in the year busy fingers are preparing these "trifles," which are scattered to the four corners of the earth in the month of February — a busy time for the retail dealers, when regular "stock" must be put aside, and more solid stationery huddled away into all the spare corners; 'tis the little god of Love ordains it, and with what patience we possess we sell our valentines.

Certainly I should not relish the idea of selling (retailing) valentines all the year round, and there is no telling how soon, through the abuse of a custom which is beginning to be an infliction on many people, society may discard valentines altogether. Already we have Christmas cards, and New Year's wishes are scarcely exhausted before St. Valentine steps in, and February's wooing days are scarcely over when Easter cards come on the counter. Whitsuntide, Michaelmas, and Martinmas may have, in time, their peculiar blessings, to be proclaimed by the makers of cards and sachets. But this is mere conjecture. Just now we are selling valentines, so for the nonce imagine yourself standing beside me, and obtain a glimpse of a few of my customers. *Place aux dames.*

No sooner are the first valentines exhibited in my windows than those dear, gushing young girls of a sentimental turn, who abound everywhere, come popping in two or three times a day on one pretext or another, each time expressing their opinions on the relative merits of the new season's valentines.

Here is one of the gush tribe—a young lady with a pair of deep blue eyes peeping from underneath a thick fringe of light brown hair. She has all the pet descriptive terms at her immediate command; thinks my selection is "admirable," "the valentines are so sweetly pretty," "so exquisitely scented," "so delightfully worded," &c. She turns them over and over with her dainty ungloved hand; reads one particular verse a score of times, and inhales its fragrance so frequently that you wonder I do not tell her that she will take all the scent out of it. By-and-by she deliberately places it aside, and wonders audibly if she "had not better choose something else quite different; this is scarcely the thing." Here's for the game of patience! After a prolonged search for an impossible combination of beauty and elegance, strength and delicacy, and cheapness withal, she finally decides to be satisfied with the one she first selected.

"THINKS MY SELECTION IS 'ADMIRABLE.'"

There is another young lady just coming in—a bright, winsome face, and eyes sparkling with anticipated enjoyment; straightforward she is, and honest enough, as she asks for some *pretty* valentines; a little ripple of laughter dimpling her rosy cheeks as she speedily selects one; tells you she thinks she has picked the very prettiest; pays for her treasure, and is off in no time.

"POOR POSTMAN!"

Very different is the next young lady, with meek brown eyes, and well-defined dark eye-brows, who declares she never bought a valentine in her life before; she would not be buying one at this moment, but mamma insists upon her sending one to a certain gentleman, who is merely a "friend." Suspicious of the claims of this "friend," I place before her a most lovely sachet, with more than friendly words attached.

"Indeed, that is nothing like the one she wants," she spiritedly protests.

"Something more definite, perhaps?" I innocently inquire.

"Oh, dear, no! Something more *in*definite; nothing more decided than "Forget me not," or "Remember me." In fact, she confidingly remarks that it is far from *her* wish to *send* a valentine *at all, at all*, but mamma's express desire; for *her own* part she would most willingly put a stop to what has already arisen, but *mamma* says it would be unkind not to acknowledge so gentle an offering of devotion.

Pondering upon the wiles of this dutiful daughter, we salute our next customer — a middle-aged, *noli me tangere* sort of individual. In she walks, with an expression of supercilious revenge curling her upper lip. "I want to see some *ugly* valentines," she says, and desperately turns over the wretched cartoons, after which process she enigmatically inquires if I have sold one representing "a two-faced woman nursing a reptile?"

"I WANT TO SEE SOME UGLY VALENTINES."

"Have you seen one?" I unwittingly ask.

"I have seen one," she replies. "In fact, I may say that I have just received one of that description; the ugliest valentine *I* ever saw; these are queens in comparison. I know of no one whom I can possibly have offended so deeply, who should choose to send it to *me*. My husband is *distracted*. He says it is some jealous, ill-meaning, underbred person who deserves horse-whipping. I was thinking, if you could tell me if you remembered who bought such a *one*, I would not mind *what* I *paid* to serve them out with something as hideous."

Of course on the principle that shopkeepers *have*

principles, there is a demur to this, or the question is parried by a smile as a little joke. I am not sorry that she does not find anything "hideous enough" in my little stock of "comics." With the exception of "babies long and short," we see less and less every year of the frightful cartoons of personal defects and monstrosities.

Now comes Materfamilias to bargain for a dozen or two of "cheap pretty valentines." She hopes that she will be fairly dealt with, as she has so many children she doesn't know what to do about sending one to each; it is *quite* a consideration to invest in valentines for the family, but everybody's children send and receive valentines now-a-days, and *her* children must not be below *par*."

"Oh, dear! I wish this bevy of girls would be quick and choose their valentines," I murmur *sotto voce*, as sweet sixteen and sweeter seventeen upset my boxes. Girls just leaving school are the greatest buyers of valentines, sending them to their bosom friends, big brothers, country cousins, darling grandmas and grandpas, indiscriminately; while sweetest eighteen denies the necessity of propitiating every relation with a valentine; at the same time she may be detected stealthily posting a *recherché confection* to a certain "dear Will," or "sweet Harry."

Enough has been revealed of the tender sex; turn we to the contemplation of the sterner sex in love.

Do you see that modest, inoffensive young man peeping through the window? Presently watching a quiet opportunity, he sidles into the shop. I know that young man. For the last three or four seasons has he come hither for his valentine.

He looks around; refrains from touching any, lest you should suspect his design; quietly and simply asks for a penny railway guide, and then makes as though he were leaving the shop forthwith; but softly, softly —I have pity on that young man, and do not detain him with embarrassing questions; but placing a few valentines, which I flatter myself are just suited for his requirements, within his reach, I see him pause, glance, admire, then hear him say he "doesn't mind taking one of them"—the prettiest too; and he allows it to be sealed, and addresses it himself, before ever he asks if it will cost him fivepence or five shillings.

Save me from the cool, calculating young fellow of pretension, who comes to look, and looks again and again; for he "likes this one well enough, if the words were but different;" and thinks the "words of that more suitable, but the design is execrable." Trying to please him by placing almost the whole of my stock before him, ten to one he will walk away "still longing, yet for ever unsatisfied."

Very different is the young man who follows him. Entering with manly tread, he declares at once that he "has come for a valentine," and "it must be a very nice one too;" and he smiles, and I smile, and we are quite chatty over it; and he says this is not amiss, and that is "very good," and will do first-rate, if it is not *too* high a figure; and fortunately it is not *too* high a figure; and he laughs outright as he flings down his sovereign, and I place it in his hand with an unuttered God-speed to his wooing.

Still another—a juvenile adorer is this. Young as he is, he belongs to the "Good Intent Society," if he will send to the girl of his heart a trifle that costs a month's pocket-money; he has seen it in the window, and no other will satisfy him; and, oh! the time he occupies in committing its verses to memory before finally sealing it for the post!

Last scene of all—an aged convert to St. Valentine, an old man of venerable aspect, who will by no means avow his intention to send a valentine, but "promenading" his eyes over the "spread," wonders "how in the world such perfection is attained;" mounts his spectacles, and picks up a dainty sachet; turns it over, and "perceives that it has a fine scent." It is not very difficult to win him over. You may see that he really means "business;" for as he reads a certain motto, a wizened smile flits across his wrinkled face; he plunges one hand into his pocket, with the other takes off his specs, and pointing to the valentine that so diverts him, he tells you to pack it up and let him go before he parts with his last shilling. SABINA.

A View from Brill

THE CAMEL'S DINNER-PARTY.

HAVE you heard the tale related
Of that party celebrated,
Which a camel gave last Autumn
By the waters of the Nile ?
She'd invited guests in plenty
(I've been told they numbered twenty)
And included an old Ostrich,
And an ancient Crocodile.

Now an Ostrich's digestion
Is a very open question ;
While a Crocodile has really
A most healthy appetite ;
And the fact these two were present
Made that party most unpleasant,
As I think you'll clearly follow,
When you've heard the case aright.

For when all the cake and mustard,
All the potted-beef and custard
Had been devoured, the Ostrich
Ate the Camel's brush and comb ;
And the Crocodile beside her
Didn't even frown, or chide her,
While the Camel murmured faintly,
"Please to make yourselves at home."

"Them's my sentiments, precisely,
Thanks ! we're getting on quite nicely,"
Said the Crocodile politely,
As he ate a guest or two,
Just a monkey and his mother,
And the Camel's only brother,
Which, had he but reflected,
Was a thoughtless thing to do.

Then the Ostrich cried "Best Wishes,"
As he gobbled up the dishes,
And the table-cloth and teaspoons,
And the mugs each guest had brought.
While the Crocodile so hearty,
Just to finish up the party,
Ate the Ostrich with the others
As a happy afterthought.

"Sir !" cried Mrs. Camel, mildly,
Though her heart was beating wildly,
"I hope and trust sincerely,
You have had all you desired."
But the Crocodile felt seedy,
(Serve him right for being greedy)
And he gave a little wriggle,
And a giggle, and expired.

THE CHILD ABROAD.—THE FIRST STRATEGY: BIRD-CATCHING.

The Pagan Romans celebrated their *Juno Februata* on the day which is the vigil of Candlemas, February 1; and hence the name of the month February is unquestionably, derived.

Candlemas is evidently traceable to the ancient custom of lighting up churches and chapels with candles and lamps, and carrying them in procession. The practice of lighting the churches has been discontinued in this country since the second year of Edward the Sixth; in the Romish church, the original name, and all its attendant ceremonies, are still retained. Herbert, in his *Country Parson*, refers to a relic of this practice, in the custom of saying, "when light is brought in, *God sends us the light of Heaven*—and the parson likes this very well. Light is a great blessing, and as great as food, for which we give thanks: and those that think this superstitious, neither know superstition nor themselves."

St. Valentine's Day is of Pagan origin; but the poets refer it to the rural tradition of birds choosing their mates on this day:—

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is!
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers,
And other birds are thy parishioners.
Thou marry'st every year,
The lyrique lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love;
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch, or the halcyon!

Dr. Donne.

Mrs. Bray relates a vestige of the custom of making presents remaining to the present day in Devonshire; where, on St. Valentine's Day, a young woman occasionally thus addresses the first young man she meets:—

Good marrow, Valentine, I go to-day,
To wear for you what you must pay,
A pair of gloves next Easter-Day.

"It is not, however, very common to send the gloves, unless there is a little sweethearting in the case." The yellow Crocus blowing plentifully about this time, has been called Hymen's Torch, and Flower of St. Valentine; or, as the the old verse says,

The Crocus blows before the shrine,
At vernal dawn of St. Valentine.

Septuagesima, &c.—The first Sunday in Lent being forty days before Easter, is, on that account, called *Quadragesima*, from the Latin for forty; and fifty, sixty, and seventy being the next round numbers above forty, the first, second, and third Sundays before Quadragesima, are called *Quinquagesima*, *Sexagesima*, and *Septuagesima*, from the Latin for their round numbers.

Collop Monday, or Shrove Monday, the day before Shrove Tuesday, was formerly the last day of flesh-eating before Lent, when our ancestors cut their flesh-meat into collops, or steaks, for salting or hanging up till Lent was over; hence, in many places, it is still customary to have eggs and collops or slices of bacon, at dinner on this day, as well as pancakes on the following day. These celebrations were termed "Shrovings," which Sir Thomas Overbury, thought a "Franklin," (see Chaucer), might observe without regarding them as "relique of Popery."

Shrove Tuesday, (the day before the first day of Lent), is so called, because in Romish times it was usual to confess on that day, which act is expressed by the Saxon terms Shrive or Shrove. It was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting, an apprentices' holiday, &c. Cock-fighting and Throwing at Cocks were almost universally Shrove Tuesday Sports: the former cruelty was popular in Greece; English cocks are mentioned by Cæsar; but, the first notice of English cock-fighting is about 1170. The satiric pencil of Hogarth, and the moral muse of Cowper, have almost abolished this modern barbarism. The wicked practice of throwing at a Cock tied to a stake, on Shrovetide, is said to have an allusion to the indignities offered to the Saviour of the World before his Crucifixion; by others, this annual torture of the Cock is associated with St. Peter's crime, in denying his Lord and Master. The persecution was extended to the Hen: hence, the Ploughman's holiday on Shrove Tuesday, when, "after confession, he was suffered to *thresh the fat Hen*" *Eating Pancakes* and Fritters on this day is a harmless observance: according to Fosbroke, Pancakes are taken from the heathen *Fornacalia*, celebrated on February 18th, in memory of making bread before ovens were invented by the goddess Fornax. Brand considers that we have borrowed the custom from the Greek Church. The frying of the Pancakes was formerly commenced, universally, at the ringing of "the Pancake Bell;" and it was a holiday at the Colleges and Public Schools, where the Pancake was thrown over the bar or curtain dividing the upper and under forms. In Scotland, *Crowdie* (oatmeal and water) is eaten on this day, as Pancakes are in England. *Football* was another common Shrove Tuesday sport: it is still played in Derby, Nottingham, Kingston-upon-Thames, and a few other towns.

Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, originated in the blessing of Ashes on that day, "to put in remembrance every Christian man, the beginning of Lent and Penance, that he is but ashes and earth, and thereunto shall return;" and the ceremony was reserved at the Reformation.

The *Carnival*,

Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,

is still celebrated, on the Continent, in

All countries of the Catholic persuasion.

Rome is possessed by the gay madness for eight days; its characteristics being the masquerade in the streets, showers of *confetti* or mock sweetmeats, firing of mortars, racing of horses without riders, and the lighting of *moccoletti*, or wax tapers. At Naples, the Carnival is much like that at Rome; at Genoa it is indifferent; at Venice, the festival lasts from Twelfth Day till Shrove Tuesday. At Paris, it is principally kept on the three days preceding Ash Wednesday; and, upon the last day is the procession of the *Bœuf-gras*, or Government prize-ox, through the streets; then all is quiet until the Thursday of Mid-lent, or *Mi-carême* for which day only, the revelry breaks out wilder than ever.

I. 2

MODEL MENU FOR FEBRUARY.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

Turkish Soup.—If there is any white stock in the house, or the liquor in which chickens, mutton, or bacon have been boiled, a delicious and somewhat uncommon soup can be made of it which is known to the initiated as Turkish Soup. Stock in which rabbits or bacon have been boiled is particularly excellent for this soup, because the flavour imparted by these meats is just what is wanted; though, indeed, rabbit stock and bacon stock are valuable for almost all soups. Should there be no white stock in the house it is allowable to use water for this soup, and the eggs and cream introduced into it will make it sufficiently nutritious without stock. It is always to be remembered that in these days soups that are somewhat of a light character are preferred to soups that constitute a meal in themselves. Water will at least possess the virtue of not spoiling the colour of the soup. It may be added that white soup should be made in an enamelled or an earthenware pan, never in an iron one.

To make the soup put a quart of white stock into a stewpan with two tablespoonfuls of whole rice, and boil for about twenty minutes or till the rice is tender. If the stock is not already flavoured with bacon, stew with the rice some strips of bacon-rind which have been thoroughly well scalded and scraped, and throw them away when done with. Rub the rice through a sieve, mix the stock in which it was boiled smoothly with it, and put it again in the pan. Mix in a basin the yolks of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. If the last-named ingredient is not obtainable, a gill of milk may be used. Pour on the boiling stock gradually and stir the soup over the fire for about two minutes, that is till it thickens, but does not boil. If the soup boil after the eggs are put with it, it will curdle. Have ready two ounces of macaroni which has been boiled separately, and cut into inch lengths. Last thing add the macaroni to the soup with a little cayenne and two tablespoonfuls of grated Parmesan. Serve very hot.

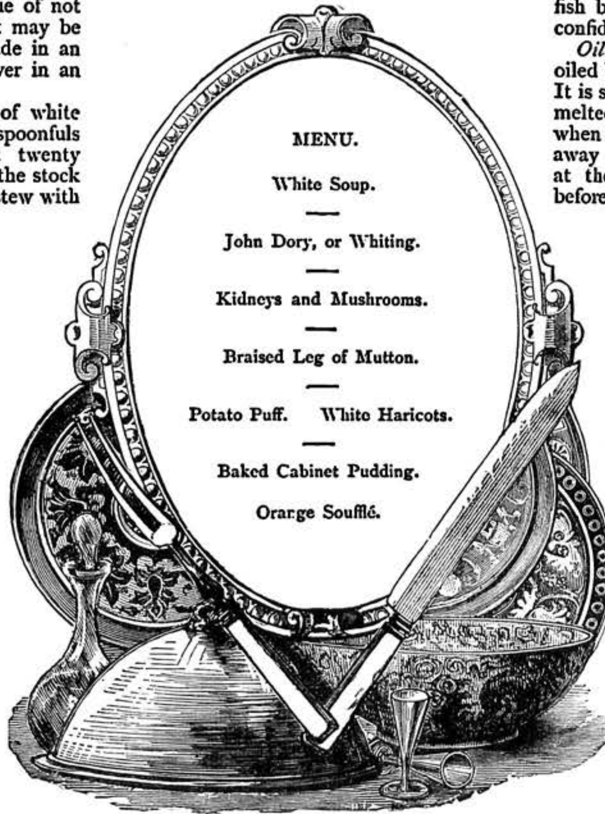
John Dory, or Whiting.—By people who are acquainted with it John Dory is considered as delicious in taste as it is ugly in appearance. Yet if intrinsic worth is of more importance than mere looks, this fish ought to be honoured. Unfortunately it is not often to be had; it is only occasionally brought to market. February, however, is the month when it is in perfection, and is most frequently seen; therefore in February it ought not to be forgotten.

The dory may be readily known by its very ugly head, its yellow-grey colour, and the long filaments on its back. The fish which are thickest across the shoulders are the best. Cleanse it carefully and cut off the fins, then lower it into boiling salted water and simmer gently till cooked. The time required must be determined by the size and thickness of the fish. A dory of average size would need to simmer from twenty to thirty minutes. Drain well, lay on a dish covered with a napkin, and garnish with plenty of parsley and slices of lemon or chili pods. Remember to mass the garnish about the head to hide its shape. The sauce made as follows may be served in a tureen:—

Melt an ounce of butter in a small stewpan, and mix half an ounce of flour smoothly with it; add half a pint of water and a pinch of salt, and stir the sauce till it boils. Beat an egg in a basin. Let the sauce cool half a minute, then mix it gradually with the egg and stir over the fire once more, just long enough to cook the egg a little without allowing it to boil. When poured into the tureen add a dessertspoonful of chopped capers and a squeeze of lemon juice.

Dorys are not always to be had, but whiting are generally available, and in February they are in perfection. They may be made into a very simple and excellent dish if cooked as follows:—

Fillet the fish in the usual way, passing the knife from the tail to the head and lifting the flesh from the bones on both sides. Divide each side in two, trim the fillets into good shape, pepper and salt them, and boil them in salted water to which a few drops of lemon juice have been added. Let them simmer gently for a few minutes till cooked through, but they must not be over-cooked. Take up carefully with a slice, dish prettily, pour oiled butter over and sprinkle chopped parsley on the top. Treated thus the dish will be so easily made ready, that housewives may be inclined to despise it. It will, however, be excellent if only it is served hot, and if everything about it is hot. If it is half cold it will not be worth eating.



Whiting is an exceedingly delicate fish and very easy to digest. It is called the chicken of the sea. It is not appreciated as it deserves to be, because it so often happens that inexperienced housekeepers buy inferior fish such as codling and pollock under the impression that they are buying the true silver whiting, when they are doing nothing of the kind; then they wonder that so much is said in praise of food which they do not find to be at all extraordinary. It sounds rather contradictory, but it is nevertheless true that "when whiting is bad it is pretty sure not to be whiting." Authorities tell us that in England there are hundreds of thousands of small fish sold as whiting which are something else. It is, however, fairly easy to know true whiting when we see it if we are on the look-out for certain marks. Thus codlings and haddock have a barbel, that is a short fleshy cord hanging from the lower jaw; whiting have none. Pollock, which is a fish declared by some to be identical with whiting, but which is of a different taste, has the under jaw projecting beyond the upper jaw. Whiting has the upper jaw projecting beyond the lower jaw. To these remarks we may add that although it is unquestionably true that "white fish boiled is generally insipid," we can still confidently recommend this dish as very good.

Oiled Butter.—When all other sauces fail, oiled butter can be made ready in a minute. It is simply plain fresh butter which has been melted without being browned. The butter when melted ought to be skimmed and poured away from the milky sediment which settles at the bottom. Also it should be salted before being poured over the fish.

Kidneys and Mushrooms.—Forced mushrooms are to be had all the year round, but they are believed to be at their best in February. Fresh mutton kidneys and mushrooms daintily cooked together make a very appetising little entrée. The dish is often spoilt because the kidneys are tough. They will be tender if cooked as follows:—

Skin and core three sheep's kidneys and cut into dice. Skin and trim a dozen fresh button mushrooms, or two dozen champignons. Melt a slice of butter in a small stewpan and throw in the mushrooms. Let them simmer, stirring constantly for ten minutes, then add the kidneys, a piece of glaze about the size of a hazel nut, and half a gill of stock. Simmer again, but on no account quite boil, for another eight minutes; add a teaspoonful of flour and half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and serve hot. Garnish with fried bread cut into fancy shapes. When preparing this dish the point to remember is to stew the mushrooms in butter longer than the kidneys.

Braised Leg of Mutton.—This dish is very tasty and delicious hot, and it is very good cold; but it will not be satisfactory if warmed up. Therefore when we intend to prepare it, we should do well to buy a small plump leg of Welsh mutton, have the bone removed as far as the first joint, and fill the space with forcemeat strongly flavoured with shalot. If we cannot get a small leg we might buy a larger leg, have about three inches of the shank end cut off, and also a piece cut slantwise from the top of the mutton through the bone. This would give us a piece of mutton shaped like a fillet of veal, and if the bone were taken from it, the forcemeat might be put in quite easily. The pieces cut off might be made into Navarin or Irish stew for dinner another day.

Whether, however, the mutton is cut to form a fillet or whether it is left whole, the process is the same. Sew up the joint and place it in a braising pan or ham-kettle nearly of its own size, with slices of fat bacon bound round it, two or three onions, four or five

carrots, two bay leaves, a bunch of savoury herbs, with a few bones or odds and ends—if there are any in the house—to help to make the gravy good. Add also a little salt, two cloves, a teaspoonful of whole pepper, half a blade of mace, a sprig of celery, and about three quarters of a pint of stock. If there is any garlic in the store cupboard it will be well to rub the bottom of the stewpan sharply across once with garlic before putting in the meat. Cover the pan closely, and bring the stock gently to the point of boiling. As soon as it begins to boil draw it quite to the side and let it simmer as softly as possible, but without ceasing, for about four hours, turning it once when about half done. Keep the lid closed and shake the pan now and again. At the end of the time lift the mutton out, strain the gravy, free it from fat (this detail is of importance), brown it a little, pour two tablespoonfuls or so into the dish with the meat, and send the rest to table in a tureen.

As all housewives know, braising proper is carried on in a stewpan which admits of live embers being placed on the lid, and thus cooking is carried on above as well as below. Stewpans of this description, however, are not often found in England. But it is quite possible to obtain nearly as good a result in a stewpan which has a closely-fitting lid, provided always that the simmering is gentle and continuous, and that the vessel is about the size of the joint that is to be cooked in it. To prevent the escape of steam it is advisable to keep a wet cloth round the lid of the pan. Some housewives prefer to lute the edges of the vessel with coarse flour and water paste, but the wet cloth answers the same purpose, and it is less troublesome. The object aimed at is to cook the meat in the vapour of the combined ingredients stewed with it, so that it may become impregnated therewith. Meat braised in this way is really very easily prepared. The one point of importance belonging to it is that it should be gently simmered. If it boils it will be ragged, and if it becomes dry it has boiled too fast; if it stops simmering it will be spoilt, but if successfully managed it will be succulent and exceedingly tender, therefore particularly suited to the needs of individuals whose teeth are not good. It makes a pleasant change from the ordinary roast and boil. The flavouring ingredients after being strained off will make a valuable addition to the stock pot.

Potato Puff.—(An American way of preparing potatoes.) Peel and boil about six large potatoes. When soft and dry, beat them briskly with a little salt and two tablespoonfuls of butter till white and creamy. Now add the yolks of two eggs well beaten, and two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk. About twenty minutes before the potato is wanted, whisk the whites of the two eggs to a firm froth, mix them lightly with the mashed potato, turn into a deep dish, and bake in a quick oven till brown. If successfully managed, the potato will be light, puffy, and delicious.

White Haricots.—White haricots are not appreciated in this country as they deserve to be. They constitute most valuable food, and when well cooked they are very appetising and enjoyable; also they form a most excellent accompaniment to braised leg of mutton. The reason why they are not liked more than they are is that they are frequently not well cooked. They ought to be quite tender, yet whole, when brought to table; yet too often they are either hard, or broken and watery, and the cause of their being a failure is that the time required for cooking them depends upon their age and condition. When we buy beans we never can tell whether they are over-dry, or more than a year old; therefore we cannot say how long they should be boiled. The only thing we can do is to try a few beforehand, and then we need have no fear of mistake. At any rate, we may be quite sure that unless the beans are quite tender they will not be approved.

Soak a cupful of white haricots over-night. Next day put them to boil in plenty of cold water, and throw in a little salt when the water boils. Boil steadily until they will crush when pressed between the finger and thumb, while still remaining whole. Shake the pan now and then that the beans may be equally cooked. Drain them and take care of their liquor. Put a slice of sweet dripping into a stewpan. When it is melted throw in the beans, add a pinch of salt, a little pepper, and the strained juice of a lemon. Shake the pan over the fire to mix thoroughly, and serve very hot.

It must never be forgotten that most nourishing and valuable soup may be made of the water in which haricot beans are boiled, therefore the liquor should never be thrown away, although it is scarcely advisable to serve the soup and the beans on the same day, because there would be too much similarity between them. To make the soup, melt a slice of butter in a stewpan, and throw in one large onion cut in slices. Cover closely, and let the onion "sweat" for half an hour; then add the bean broth gradually, also one potato, a good-sized piece of stale bread—if there is such a thing in the house—and one or two strips of bacon-rind scalded and scraped. Let the whole simmer for about an hour; press through a sieve, squeezing as much onion through as possible; boil once more, add pepper and salt if necessary, and serve very hot. If too thick, a little boiling milk may be added. The soup should be of the consistency of cream. No one who tasted this soup for the first time, and who did not know what it was made of, would believe, when realising its savouriness and excellence, that it was concocted from such homely and inexpensive material.

Baked Cabinet Pudding.—Baked bread and butter pudding is generally considered very humble fare. If prepared as follows, however, it may be dubbed Baked Cabinet Pudding, and will be quite superior. Butter the inside of a shallow dish *well*—this is important. Three parts fill it with layers of rather thin bread and butter, interspersed with one penny sponge-cake broken up. Make a custard of as much milk as will fill the dish, boiling the milk with either thin lemon-rind or stick cinnamon to flavour it. Sweeten it well, and allow one egg for each half-pint of milk. Pour the custard gradually over the bread, and let it soak for at least half an hour. Bake about an hour in a moderately hot oven, and when it looks done pass a knife between the pudding and the dish to ascertain if it is firm. If it is, take it out, and let it stand three or four minutes that it may shrink, then turn it out carefully; put a little jam made hot on the top, and pile four pennyworth of cream whipped upon this.

Cold Soufflé Pudding.—Soak a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in water. Make a custard with the juice of four oranges, two or three ounces of sugar, according to acidity, and three yolks of eggs. Put the custard in a jug with boiling water, and stir it till it thickens. Let it cool a little, then mix in the gelatine dissolved. Beat the whites of the eggs till stiff, and dash the foam lightly in. Mould when the preparation is beginning to set. Sprinkle desiccated cocoa-nut and pistachio-kernels on the surface. When a second pudding is wanted, this one will be found convenient because it sets quickly.

It is just possible that after reading the menu for this month the housewife will remark that there are a good many boiled things in it, and she will, perhaps, wonder if her stove will admit of so many stewpans being placed upon it all at one time. If, however, she will cast her eye over it a second time, she will see that the difficulty is more apparent than real. The leg of mutton, for instance, will have to be made ready five hours before it is wanted. When once started it can be put quite at the back of the stove and will very nearly cook itself. So also with the haricots; they must be boiled at least three hours before dinner time. The fish will not need to simmer longer than five or six minutes; and the mushrooms and kidneys will not be to the fire longer than half an hour. Therefore it is believed that with the closed stoves, which are now so usual in our kitchens, there will not really be any awkwardness.

Yet it must never be forgotten that in carrying out this menu, or any menu, the great thing is to begin to make dinner ready in plenty of time and to prepare as much as possible beforehand. Every detail which can be set in order beforehand is so much to the good. It is a good plan for the mistress of a household to plan her dinners one day in advance, so that she may give the order if special material has to be obtained, or if special preparation is required. When such a dish as white haricots is to be served, for example, the one day in advance is not only desirable, it is necessary, in order that the beans may be soaked over-night.

The mistress who forms a habit of planning her dinners in advance will also find it an advantage to make it a practice to write out the menu every day clearly and legibly, with the courses in the order in which they are to be served; and with the et-ceteras, the sauces, and little condiments in a line with the dishes to which they belong, a thick ruled line dividing the courses. A paper of this description should be in the cook's hand quite early every morning when a dinner is to be cooked. Then she can make herself familiar with its details and arrange for them betimes. Especially should she make ready and put close to hand the trifles intended for garnishing the dishes. Many a *faux pas* has been brought about, and many a dinner which would otherwise have been pronounced a success has gone wrong and been called a failure, because the parsley was not chopped beforehand, or the cream was not whipped at leisure. It is never safe to leave the preparation of accompaniments till they are wanted.

In drawing up the order of dinner for the use of the cook, the housewife would do well also to write down in large letters the words Hot or Cold in connection with each course. Already warned, the cook will understand that these words refer to the plates. Even at the most costly dinners it very rarely happens that the plates maintain their condition of perfection all the way through. It is annoying to have to discuss a dainty morsel which ought to be "hot and hot" on a cold plate, or to receive another one which ought to be served cold on a plate which is lukewarm, suggesting the idea that it has been washed in a hurry. Yet mischances of the sort can easily be prevented if the thought of the plates is kept well in the cook's mind.

WORKHOUSE WORRIES.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK HASTINGS.

A SKETCH AT ST. PANCRAS.

In rough brown cloth with brass buttons, and lightish corduroy trousers, kerchief of whitely-spotted blue around the neck, and with low felt hat in hand, an old man stood in the passage-way. I did not recognise him at first under his altered aspect, but soon remembered where I had first seen him as a tradesman in a busy thoroughfare. When, after his failure, I first saw him under the brown and brass, he was walking out of the workhouse chapel, at the close of a service, and put out his hand to clasp mine. I had not known of his ruin, as he had not been one of my flock. A half-crown I then slipped into his palm brought tears to his eyes. He told me afterwards he had for months been without money, and he could hardly believe that he was so rich in possessing that bit of silver. Poor old gentleman! when he gets his card of leave, he comes ever and anon to get me to repeat the dose. He had been removed from St. Pancras workhouse over to the costly new branch of that institution at Streatham. He walked this morning all the way from that place to Camden Town in order to see me. As I looked at the bulky form and short limbs, and thought of the long walk, I could not but feel still deeper pity for the old man. I was glad to be at home, that he might not be disappointed in his hope.

The story of his life may be briefly told. The lease of his business place had run out. He had been promised renewal of it, but when he thought it was all settled, he found that a publican had offered twice as much as it was agreed he should pay for the place. The publican wished to increase the accommodation and attractiveness of his place of temptation. The old tradesman could not raise the extra amount. He had to clear out, and to take another small place at a great disadvantage. Here, alas! he did not succeed. He then obtained for a time a situation, but soon found a younger man was required. Thus he drifted to the workhouse. As he sits in my study he makes me realise something of what life in the workhouse must be to a man who wears the uniform of the brown and brass.

It is one thing to go and address a congregation half of men in this brown uniform, and the other half of women in the white cap, small reddish plaid shawl, and blue cotton gown, and quite another thing to live among them, or to have to be one of them. As the old man tells me of his daily life. I get a clearer conception of the worries under the workhouse garb.

"We get up at half-past six; breakfast at seven," says the old man. "Half-past seven we come out of the dining-hall. Our breakfast consists of tea and five ounces of bread and butter. We have dinner at twelve. About eleven I generally feel very hungry, so I eat a bit of bread and butter which I save from my breakfast allowance. You are not supposed to take away anything you can't eat, but the officials kindly wink at the action of us old men. Dinner is a pint of soup and bread. Of course we get tired of having the same regulation diet. I very rarely take all my soup. We get a bit of meat on Tuesday. It is steamed. We often get a great deal of bone,

A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN ST. PANCRAS WORKHOUSE.

for it weighs in. The potatoes are nice. On Wednesday we have soup again. On Thursday Irish stew, which is still soup, with a little potatoes and meat added. On Friday we have meat again, and on Saturday one pound of suet pudding. with treacle, but no soup or meat. On Sunday we have bacon and greens and potatoes." The old man's eyes glistened as he spoke of the added delicacy of the cabbage.

"We have tea at five, with bread and butter. The men who are in for a short time get skilly instead of tea, which is only for the regulars. The short-timers have their skilly with salt in another hall. We have to pick oakum, and if we don't do our right amount we are put on bread and water. Between breakfast and dinner some go into the oakum shed, others go to tailoring or boot repairing. The place in which we dwell is really a beautiful mansion. but I cannot be happy there. One not only thinks of his past losses, but has to be too jealous about one's comrades. Some are very greedy, and we have to 'come the old soldier' and hide things. I used to go to church, but some would sneer and say, 'Here comes one of the chaplain's pupils!' The regular chaplain comes round and speaks kindly to us all, but some don't seem to appreciate his kindness as they should.

"I sleep in a ward with about forty men. Some of them snore terribly. When they do so, the next-door neighbour will catch hold of their clothes and pull them off, and at this there will be some hard words muttered. You can go to bed directly after tea. Those wake up the earliest who go soonest to bed, but they are not allowed to leave the ward. At five they will be seated on the edge of their beds, ready for a leap, and will rush like a lot of wild race-horses down-stairs directly the signal is given. Officers try to stop us from being aroused. If any attempt to go down before time, they have their cards taken away for a month, or perhaps three. If it is taken away, it takes three months to get another.

"We go to bed at eight o'clock, and some get tired of bed. The officers come round at half-past eight, and turn the gas low: they keep it burning all night. . . . Very few persons have been ill since we have been at the new place. Most of them are aged men. They are not too affable. If in the grounds you take the seat of one of them, he takes you by the collar of your coat, and out you come in no time. Places to which they have been accustomed they regard as their own. 'Why, I have had that seat nineteen years, and you have only just come into the house: how dare you take it?' said one of my fellows to a new-comer to old St. Pancras one day in my hearing. The persons who complain of the workhouse authorities are persons who are the most undeserving. The master over the wall said to me one day, 'Here's some plums: some of my own growing.' I took them. but it soon went over the whole building. I gave one each to the men as far as they would go, and then the mean grumblers only said, 'Can't you get any more?' Jealousy is our great bother.

"When you come out you have to ask the master for leave. You hand him your card, and he puts his initials on it. Directly some get out, they will go among their friends. They get asked to drink, and so eager are they, that they will almost 'bite the beer.'

Waiting for Dinner

They know the public-houses where their friends go, and some find them out to get treated.

"I have to pick oakum all the afternoon; I cannot do much. After tea we walk, or lounge, or go to the service. We have no prayers regular, only on Wednesday and once on Sunday. Sometimes ladies come on Sunday evening and sing, and bring tracts, and give us a little talk before the regular service. One lady has more and more people to listen to her each time she comes. I saw one man crying like a child—and not crocodile tears, sir. They don't know the good that a little human sympathy does to us poor cast-off hulks. We used to have an entertainment in St. Pancras, but we get none now. Sometimes we hear the music of the Salvation Army, and that is a pleasure to us for a time, as it passes; and even they don't know the cheer they give us poor fellows inside.

"'Why, I've had that seat nineteen years!'"

"When we are out some of the people look at us as if we were carrion. Some of the residents think our place lets down the value of their property.

"I got new clothes when I left the old workhouse. I thought I should get a better fit in the old workhouse than in the new. You see, sir, there's pride in the cobbler's dog yet." The old man tipped his hat, and lifted his eye, and looked somewhat like his old self.

"A parcel of young fellows are there who are strong, but who won't work. They will go out and get a drop of beer, and back they come again. They have always lived in the workhouse, were born there, and have grown up there, and some of them will say, 'We would not go out of the workhouse for a pension.' They don't care so long as they can eat and drink and sleep; they are happy at other people's expense. When asleep, they won't be disturbed if possible. 'If you wake me up again I'll punch your head,' said one to me when I nudged him to tell him a friend wanted him. It pains me to see how greedy some are. One man often has three men's dinners, for some are too old to eat much. That man keeps back generally, and peeps into every vessel to see if anything is left. He will drink up that which is left by the others. Another will always finish early, and be on the look-out for that which another can't eat. This is not because he doesn't get enough, but it is only gluttony. But there, sir, one has to live among such and make the best of it. It do seem hard after my life as a tradesman to find I have to be shut up with some of them. Still, I am thankful I have such a place to rest in instead of wandering—dirty, hungry, shelterless—through the streets of this great city."

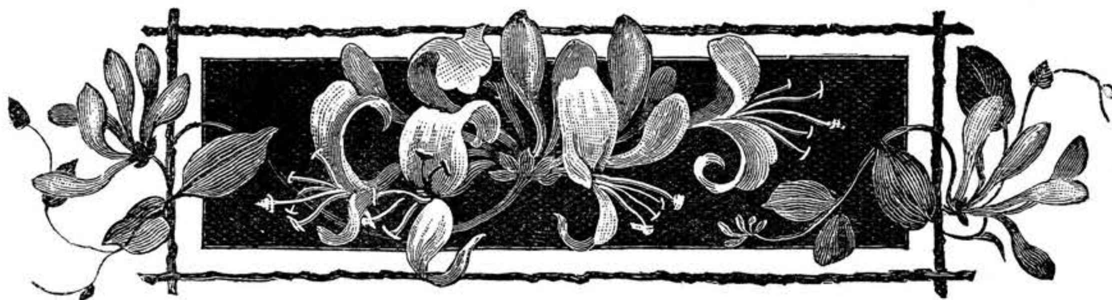
I knew the old man was a teetotaler, and so I could trust him not to go and get intoxicated with that which was given him. Lunch was just on the table, and I asked him to come in and have some. He looked at me unbelievingly, and then said, "No, sir, I can't come in to eat with you in this coat. No, sir, I am too full to eat more. The cakes were as much as I could manage." Away he went. I watched him down the square with pitying eye, mingled with some amusement at the alacrity with which stumpy legs carried a heavy body.

I have often been in the wards of various workhouses: have visited the lunatic wards, and those set apart for the aged and infirm. I have seen painful sights of men lying in cribs, because too infirm or childish to be trusted in a bed without sides up to keep them from falling out. I have talked with many, and have done my best to cheer them when taking my turn in the religious service, but I never met with any who gave me such a clear glimpse of the worries of a workhouse from the pauper's standpoint as the poor old decayed tradesman to whom I have just said "Good-bye."

The worries are not confined to the men's wards. Those old ladies who move in blue cotton dresses, with little red plaid shawls over their shoulders, white caps on when indoors, and plain straw bonnets with single ribbon when out—have their worries too. "Don't let the others see you give me anything," said one to whom I always gave a trifle; "they will be so jealous. I have to keep to myself, or I could not live. You don't know how they can talk." I could hear them, and could imagine how, in a large ward, with little variety of things to engage their thoughts,

trifles would be magnified, and every word and movement bitterly criticised. The attendants have to be very firm sometimes in suppressing the bitterness of the inmates towards one another. Ah! as you go by a great building like that in St. Pancras Road—a building with its two hundred windows beautifully arranged in bays—and as you see the placid faces of the old dames who dwell there at the public expense, you little know how much of sorrow and bitterness can be hidden beneath those cleanly white caps. And you can can little imagine, also, how much of deep piety some of them possess. Here is one. She is feeble, beyond threescore and ten. She staggers almost from one place to another. A little assistance to her place brings warm blessings. "Ah, sir! I have no one to care for me now. I have buried my husband two years ago. He died in the men's ward. I have also lost nine children. Haven't a relative to wish me well, or when I die to close my eyes. It is hard to bear, but God helps me. He, too, will bring me to that world where I shall see my dear ones again."

One is thankful to know that never were the poor stranded mortals better treated in our workhouses than at present. The attendants really are very kind. Considering the trying nature of their work, in bearing with all the unattractiveness, pettiness, fretfulness, and selfishness of many who are placed under their care, they discharge their duties with an alacrity and thoughtfulness that are really delightful to witness. Those who have spare periodicals, magazines, books, and chess-boards might help to greatly lessen the worries and weariness of many of the unfortunate inmates of our workhouses by sending them. They will not know how thankful many will feel, but they may rest assured that they have done a good work.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Partners.

LOVE took chambers on our street
  Opposite to mine;
On his door he tacked a neat,
  Clearly lettered sign.

Straightway grew his custom great,
  For his sign read so:
«Hearts united while you wait.
  Step in. Love and Co.»

Much I wondered who was «Co.»
  In Love's partnership;
Thought across the street I'd go—
  Learn from Love's own lip.

So I went; and since that day
  Life is hard for me.
I was buncoed! (By the way,
  «Co.» is Jealousy.)

Ellis Parker Butler.

A Book of Names.

THE writer recently examined a book that is perhaps the only one of its kind in the world. The volume is composed entirely of surnames, and its interest consists not only in its clever arrangement, but also in the fact that every name is genuine and well authenticated, and forms one or more English words correctly spelled.

Names are not ordinarily very entertaining reading. We can all sympathize with the old woman who found a perusal of a directory rather uninteresting because it was «arranged 'most too reg'lar.» But this volume of patronymics is an exception. All who have had the privilege of examining it have found it both curious and entertaining. In one large sanitarium it was an unfailing source of amusement to the patients, until it became so thumbed and worn that the owner was compelled to resume possession of it.

The origin of the book was on this wise. A number of years ago the compiler, then a young girl, told her uncle that she intended to make a collection of buttons or of postage-stamps. Her uncle replied: «Why do you not start something original, such as a collection of odd names? For instance, here in this newspaper are two that you might begin with—Mr. Toothaker and Mrs. Piazza.» The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and the result is a volume of some thousands of «names familiar as household words.»

During the growth of the book the collector has adhered to several well-defined rules. One, deviated from in a few instances only, is that nothing but surnames shall be used. One often hears of so-called « Christian » names that are amazingly odd. The writer knows of a father and mother who allowed their children to name themselves after they were grown up, calling them in the meanwhile simply « Bub » and « Sis,» and the result was that the two girls called themselves « Ethelial » and « Flayalva,» and the boys chose the names « Allevosto » and « Vociferí.» In compiling such a book the line must be drawn somewhere, however, and it is evident that many odd combinations of names, like « May Day,» « Constant Agony,» « Touch Me Not,» and « Westminster Abbey,» are merely the result of well-meaning though ill-advised intention.

Another strict rule of the compiler is to use none but absolutely genuine and well-authenticated names. The well-known legendary firm of « U. Ketcham & I. Cheatem » is necessarily excluded, as also the legendary Miss Rose who was called by her sentimental parents « Wild Rose,» but who by marriage with a Mr. Bull became « Wild Bull.» No names are ever selected from newspapers or other doubtful sources (the original Mr. Toothaker and Mrs. Piazza having been long since dropped); nor are any accepted upon hearsay only. The volume is composed of printed business cards, visiting-cards, and cuttings from reliable sources, where there is no probability of mistake or misspelling.

Again, no foreign names, known to be such, are used. At first the compiler of the book admitted some names that, on purely phonetic principles only, formed English words, but after a time these were culled out. « Rippe, the tailor,» is suggestive to the ear, but the eye demurs to spelling the word « rip » in so Frenchy a manner. In one instance the compiler was strongly tempted to depart from this rule, upon hearing on unimpeachable authority of the existence of a Mr. Catt whose first name was Thomas, and whose wife bore the name of Tabitha!

In turning over the leaves of this book, one becomes strongly impressed with the seriousness of the problem which confronted our worthy ancestors when they had to choose their surnames. Perhaps, though, the original surnames were distributed, and not chosen, the first applicants being awarded such charming ones as « Joy, Trust, Faith, Hope, Charity, Peace, Comfort, Bliss, Content, Delight, Goodness, Holiness, Truth,» while the unlucky wights near the end of the procession had to put up with the dregs, receiving such suggestive cognomens as «Sloth, Doubt, Folly, Blight, Dishonesty, Lies, Sorrow, Fear, Woe, Evil, Hatred.»

This theory, that surnames were awarded and not chosen, finds support in the familiar legend of the ancient Welsh prince who gathered the people of Wales together, and gave to one clan the name of Morgan, to another that of Griffiths, to another Thomas, to another Williams, and so on, until finally he became weary, and said, « Let all the rest be called Jones.»

If, however, we cling to the theory that names were voluntarily chosen, the question still remains, What principle governed our noble ancestors in their selection? Were they actuated by fitness, or sentiment, or malice aforethought, or were they simply swayed by chance? Perhaps some were governed in their choice by circumstances. Thus it may be that one man, being temporarily short of fuel, called himself « Littlewood »; another, being a brave warrior, called himself « Breakspear »; an impecunious traveler, bearing in mind the proverb, « The rolling stone has lots of fun,» selected the name of « Merrypebble »; another, whose next door neighbor was Mr. « High,» deemed it appropriate to dub himself « Dudgeon »; while still another, being in very agony at not finding any suitable cognomen for his destitute family, in sheer desperation announced himself to the world as Mr. « Agony.»

I have stated that one feature of this curious book which enhances its interest is the clever manner in which its contents are arranged. People of nearly every class, occupation, and taste may find here some topic or group of names that will appeal specially to them.

For example, anatomists should be interested in the following: « Body, Blood, Flesh, Veins, Artery, Pulse, Life, Fat, Gland, Wrinkle, Joint, Bones, Marrow, Whitebone, Rawbone, Broadrib, Head, Greathead, Fairhead, Broomhead, Lawhead, Broadhead, Redhead, Woodhead, Brain, Hair, Blacklock, Whitelock, Lovelock, Shylock, Forehead, Brows, Visage, Face, Eyes, Noseworthy, Lobe, Cheeks, Mouth, Tongue, Gums, Silvertooth, Lips, Jaw, Chin, Beard, Neck, Lung, Heart, Goodheart, Back, Firmback, Brownback, Slyback, Noback, Shoulders, Spine, Sides, Waist, Lap, Limb, Arms, Hands, Whitehand, Fist, Fingers, Thumb, Knuckles, Leg, Knee, Ankle, Foot, Barefoot, Loudfoot, Clinkerfoot, Heel, Soles.»

Turning over the leaves at random, we come to what might be called the culinary department, which will appeal to housewives and all others who are blessed with good appetite and sound digestion. This list is too long to be quoted entire, although every name is so appropriate that one hardly knows what to omit. The following are given as samples only: « Kitchen, Cook, Servant, Scullion, Range, Kindling, Fagot, Coke, Shovel, Coal, Smoke, Bellows, Sparks, Blaze, Hotfire, Burn, Clinker, Soot, Kettle, Pipkin, Meanpan, Washer, Wringer, Mangle, Irons, Laundry, Pump, Sink, Drain, Scales, Sieve, Rollingpin, Grater, Dipper, Jug, Crock, Firkins, Delf, China, Pitcher, Glass, Tins, Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cups, Saucer, Viands, Coffee, Cream, Sugar, Milk, Tea, Hyson, Chocolate, Bouillon, Butter, Bread, Yeast, Batch, Rising, Muffin, Rolls, Johnnycake, Oyster, Clam, Pickles, Olive, Gherkins, Peppers, Vinegar, Pepper, Salt, Mustard, Mace, Cinnamon, Cloves,» etc. This list appropriately concludes with the cooking directions: « Pare, Husk, Singe, Mince, Mix, Sweeten, Strain, Mash, Seasongood, Boil, Fry, Simmer, Bake, Bakewell, Pickle.»

Physicians will appreciate the following, and certainly every invalid will find in it « a consummation devoutly to be wished »: « Doctor, Doser, Surgeon, Bonecutter, Apothecary, Patient, Sickman, Paleman, Nurse, Vigil, Lint, Splint, Brace, Sling, Swab, Crutch, Bottles, Vial, Stopper, Cork, Label, Dose, Diet, Drugs, Cordial, Balsam, Bitters, Arnica, Hartshorn, Logwood, Brimstone, Morphia, Pill, Pellet, Powders, Plasters, Salve, Malady, Pain, Ache, Shiver, Chill, Cough, Grip, Croup, Hurt, Bumps, Lump, Bruise, Scar, Sprain, Blow, Clot, Warts, Splinter, Fester, Wellfinger, Shock, Gash, Gore, Matter, Rash, Cramp, Spittle, Bile, Itchings, Twitchings, Salts, Senna, Lame, Blind, Slender, Thin, Slim, Lean, Lank, Haggard, Pale, Delicate, Frail, Sallow, Faint, Sickly, Ill, Weak,

Weary, Failing, Moan, Groan, Suffer, Heal, Cure, Fat, Tall, Straight, Hearty, Well, Manwell, Heartwell, Hipwell, Bothwell, Goodflesh.»

One other list is too good to be omitted, although it can be given only in part; it may be termed the religious or ecclesiastical list: «Whitechurch, Fane, Chapel, Trinity, Church, Minster, Westminster Abbey (Westminster is a Christian [?] name), Tower, Hightower, Steeple, Spire, Cross, Vane, Belfry, Bell, Clapper, Knell, Dome, Nave, Gallery, Vestry, Pew, Organ, Pipes, Blower, Parish, Christian, Churchman, Saint, Sinner, Convert, Member, Layman, Laity, Clergy, Patriarch, Pope, Cardinal, Bishop, Archdeacon, Dean, Canon, Priest, Rector, Vicars, Abbot, Deacon, Pastor, Parson, Elder, Preacher, Ministerman, Domini, Service, Mass, Vespers, Surplice, Chant, Carol, Highnote, Mansinger, Greatsinger, Sidesinger, Creed, Text, Sermon, Alms, Silence, Pray, Divine, Blessing, Amen, Lent, Easter, Easterday, Pentecost, Wedlock, Troth, Marriage, Bridegroom, Bride, Fee, Born, Birth, Life, Die, Death, Deadman, Shrouds, Coffin, Pall, Pinecoffin, Bier, Hearse, Grave, Sexton, Bury, Tomb, Greenvault, Churchyard, Greenwood, Angel, Gabriel, Jordan, Paradise, Eden, Crown, Harp, Heaven, Demon, Hell, Godhelp, Godward.»

Having thus catered to the taste of the grown-ups, it is but fair to add this for the little ones: «Baby, Babe, Rattle, Laugh, Boo, Coo, Goo, Dollie, Linendoll, Ball, Agate, Toy, Games, Horsey, Teeter, Hobby, Horse, Mane, Lines, Drum, Swing, Jumper, Bumpus, Candy, Wink, Sandman, Nurse, Sugarwater, Supper, Barefoot, Bath, Robes, Pallet, Bolster, Sheets, Spread, Hush, Golightly.»

Among business firms we find such suggestive combinations as «Yard & Furlong, Brown & Bay, Moss & Rose, King & Page, Sweet & Pickle, Green & Wise.» Mr. «Winter» is a dealer in coal and wood; «Doll» is a toy merchant; «Wardrobe,» a dressmaker; «John Tutor,» a teacher; «Drunk,» a saloon-keeper; «Black & Green» are tea merchants.

Perhaps the most interesting pages of the book are those devoted to sentences formed of surnames. It is to be borne in mind that every name begins with a capital letter, and nothing but names are used.

«Wait! Lingo Shall Begin. Aims Are-good, Whims Only Waste. Never Say Unthank. Fallen Man-sir Will-ever Drink-wine. Gracie, Dear-love, Talks Straight-on To-her Favorite Dolly Emma All-day Long. Both-of Her-son Davids Near Neighbors Were Rather Singular Persons; Still Maybe You Will Find-later They Both Mean-well. Gouty Pat-stone, As-he Sits All-day Long Bitterly Grumbling, Fairly Grieves One-to Hear Him; But Poor Charles-with Far-less Hope Of Even Getting Out Again Will Alway Just Suffer-in Silence, Having Been Truly Blessed Therein. We-are Both Ready, Hannah, For-an Early Dinner, As-bill Will Need Thy-son Samuel Right Off Down Town, Where He-is Working Near Mountpleasant Hotel. We-dick, Ben-susan, And Fred Found Ella-by Green-tree Back-of High-tower, Far-below Rockhill, Picking Ferns. Hurry! Ben-said As-he Ran; We-are All Going Nutting About A-mile From Stonebridge. Ruths Southern Servant Works Hard, Can Wash Good-enough, Irons Nicely, Bakes Great-batch of Good-bread, Will Likewise Make Real Nice Savory Green-Apple Pies; Yet-to Wash-fish Rightly, Judy Never Will Try.»

Charles Lee Sleight.

PAIRING-TIME ANTICIPATED.

A Fable.

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau*
If birds confabulate or no;
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable;
And even the child who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull
Must have a most uncommon skull.
It chanced, then, on a winter's day,
But warm and bright and calm as May,
The birds, conceiving a design
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,
In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with much twitter and much chatter
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a bullfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak;
And silence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly then his mind:
"My friends! Be cautious how ye treat
The subject upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet."
A finch, whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied:
"Methinks the gentleman," quoth she,
"Opposite in the apple tree,
By his good will would keep us single
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle;
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado;
My dear Dick Redcap, what say you?"
Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting and sidling,
Attested, glad, his approbation
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well expressed
Influenced mightily the rest;
All paired, and each pair built a nest;
But though the birds were then in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind, of late breathed gently forth,
Now shifted east, and east by north;
Bare trees and shrubs but ill, you know,
Could shelter them from rain or snow.
Stepping into their nests, they paddled,
Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled.
Soon every father bird and mother
Grew quarrelsome and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learned in future to be wiser
Than to neglect a good adviser.

Moral.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone the proper mate,
But proper time to marry.

Cowper.

* It was one of the whimsical speculations of this philosopher, that all fables which ascribe reason and speech to animals, should be withheld from children, as being only vehicles of deception. But what child was ever deceived by them, or can be, against the evidence of his senses?

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FIG. I.—BLOTTER OR ALBUM.

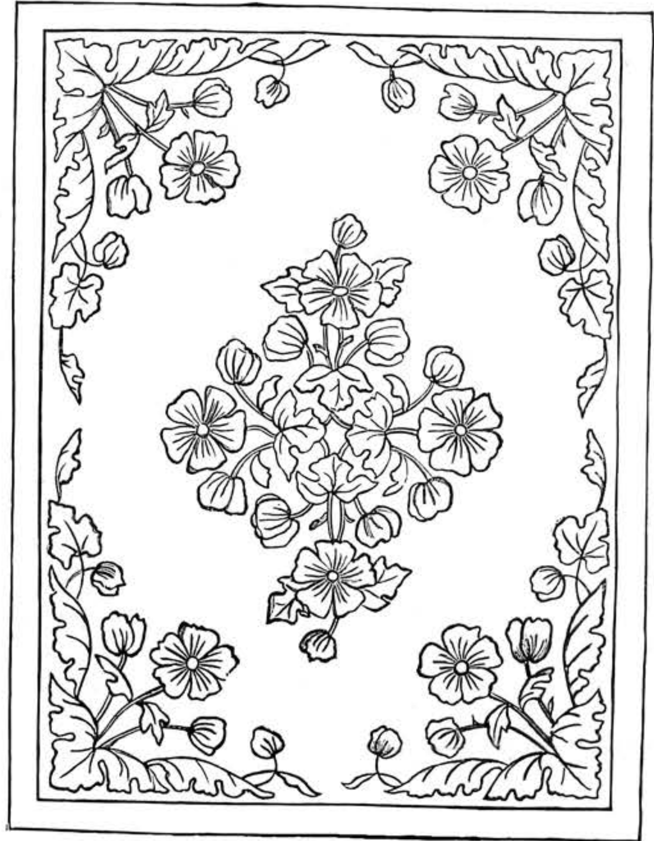


FIG. 2.—BLOTTER OR ALBUM.

FIG. 1 is a conventional design for an album or blotter, which can easily be enlarged to any size you please. I do not think I have previously given you any designs for these, and embroidered covers for books of this sort are so very ornamental. For an album it is perhaps best to use expensive material, such as plush or velvet, and with this intention I have drawn the first of the two covers. It should be outlined with Japanese gold, and either wholly or partly filled in with shades of silk, of the same colour as the plush, dark green or blue, brown or crimson; or if you prefer, you could work it entirely in gold thread, with a line of narrow gold cord all round the design, about three-quarters of an inch from the edge of the book.

I think conventional designs, with corners and centres, are best to use for albums; or you may, if you like, put a monogram by way of centre, taking care that the ornament of the letters, which should be very clear, is in keeping with the character of the rest of the design. Blotters are more liable to be injured by use than albums, and therefore it is not usual to work them on such rich material but the same design would serve, worked in crewel or filoselle on velveteen cloth or jean, for a blotter.

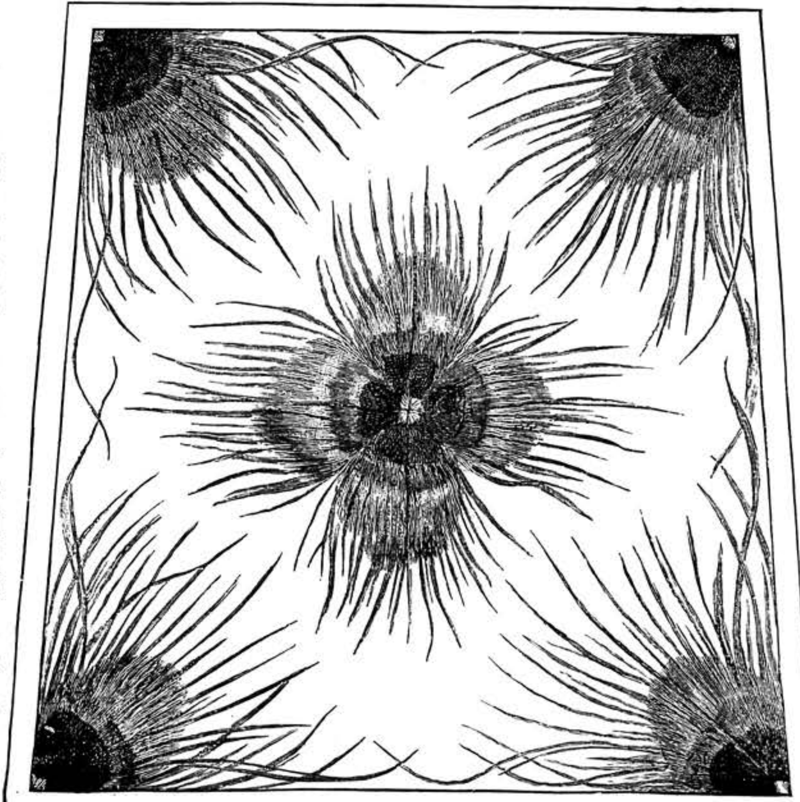


FIG. 3.—SEAT FOR "CHIPPENDALE" CHAIR.

Fig. 2 can also be used for either one or the other, being natural apple blossom. It would work very well solidly, and in its natural colour, on satin, but it would also look well worked on cloth or jean, with crewel leaves and silk flowers.

Fig. 3. A seat for a Chippendale chair is an arrangement of peacock feathers, which, I think, would work very well on dark blue cloth or Roman satin. The colours must not be particularly brilliant. It might also be done on gold-coloured Roman satin, but on this it would not wear so well. You could easily draw it for yourself, by copying feathers placed in the proper position, even if you do not draw much; and then, as nearly as you can, copy natural feathers also

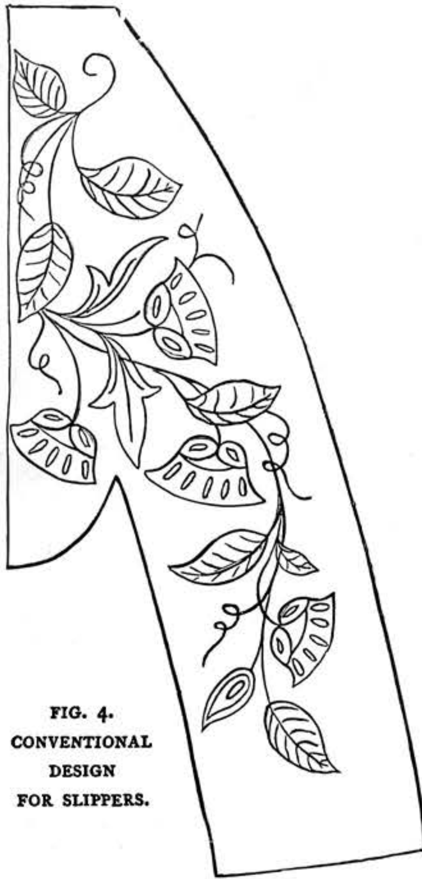


FIG. 4. CONVENTIONAL DESIGN FOR SLIPPERS.

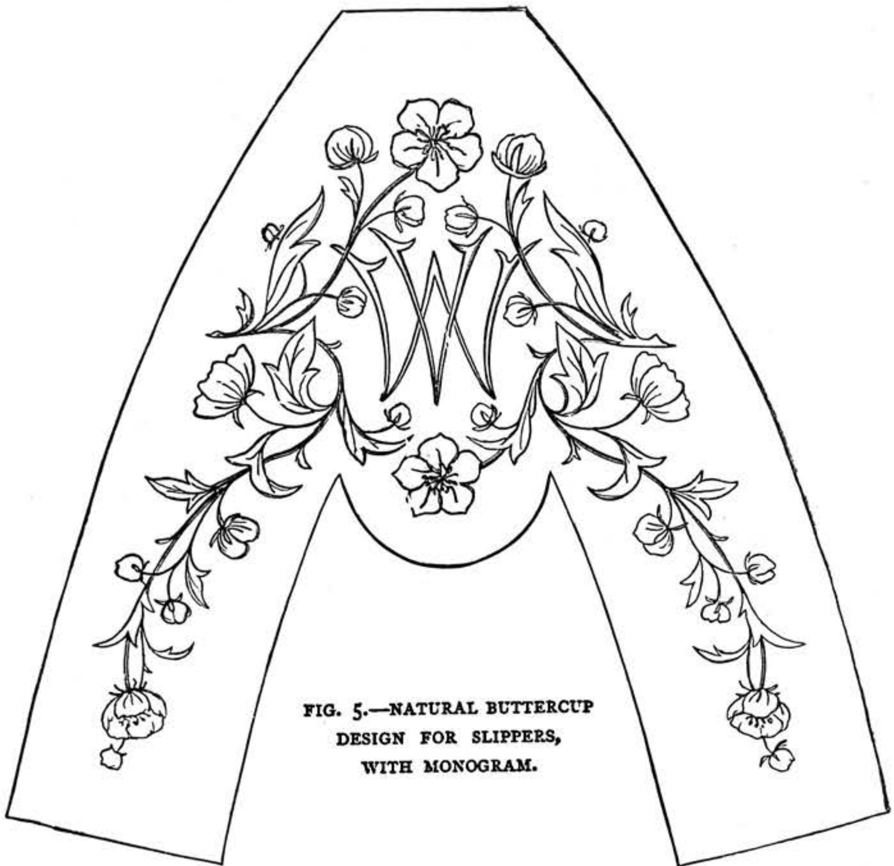


FIG. 5.—NATURAL BUTTERCUP DESIGN FOR SLIPPERS, WITH MONOGRAM.

in the working. Covers for chairs of this sort must be worked on material four or five inches larger than the design, which is to fit, within an inch or so, the shape and size of the chair seat, because it has to be drawn down all-round and fastened to the chair with a close row of brass-headed nails. A great many of those called "all-over" designs are also well suited for this sort of chair.

Fig. 4 is half of a design for a slipper, intended for either lady or gentleman. It can be worked in outline on dark-coloured cloth, in gold and brown shaded silk, or you may work it with gold thread on velveteen any colour you like, filling in with silk.

Fig. 5 is also a design for either lady's or gentleman's slippers, leaving a space for a monogram, as the public taste seems to lean towards the use of monograms on so many things just now. It is a conventional arrangement of natural buttercups, and can be worked on cloth solidly and in its natural colours. Slippers of this shape, unlike the bath slippers of which I have previously spoken, require making up properly by a shoemaker.

FIG. 6.—CUSHION FOR SEAT OF "ANGLE" CHAIR.

Fig. 6 is another chair design, and is intended for one of the three-cornered chairs in black wood, with rush seats, called "angle" chairs, which are so pretty and ornamental. The work is made up in the form of a flat cushion, and has a narrow fringe round it. It can be either expensively worked in gold and filoselle, on plush or velveteen, or at a more moderate outlay on cloth; the design I give is intended for plush, and would look very handsome on dark brown, worked with gold thread, and golden brown shades of silk; or on blue plush with lighter blue shades of silk, outlined with gold thread. Conventional designs are best suited for these chairs, and can be made to look well with much less work in them than I have put in this.

All the designs in this paper, except perhaps the chair seat (Fig. 3), should be worked in a frame, as the necessary stretching, after being worked by hand, would be likely to pull them slightly out of shape.

II.

CURIOUS and interesting as the "counting-out" rhymes, to which I referred last month, may be, they are not in themselves games in the strict sense of the word; and fond as the American girls are of these oftentimes meaningless jingles, they merely use them as a means to an end. The girl who is counted out is "it," and then the game really begins. At the same time it always seemed to me as though the youngsters enjoyed the preliminary process rather more than the real business of the game itself. Nor was the affair always peaceably conducted, and many complaints of unfairness or mistake had to be investigated and settled with the summary justice so dear to children. Whether the rhyme was the following, which is a great New York favourite—

"Ana, mana, dickery, dick,
Delia, dolia, dominick,
Haitcha, paitcha, dominaitcha,
Ah, pah, *nee*";

or this, which is more prevalent in Virginia, and is self-evidently of home manufacture—

"As I was looking at the steeple
I saw a lot of coloured people,
Some were white and some were black,
And some were the colour of a ginger-*snap*";

or whether the verse were one of those I noted down in my first article, certain it was that some slip would be made by the "counter-out," or a claim set up that it had been made, and the process have to be "begun all over again."

Perhaps the afternoon's merry-making would begin with a game of "Tag," which in its essentials differs not greatly from the English game of "Touch," or "Tick." In its simplest form it consists in the girl who is "it" chasing her companions here and there, and endeavouring to touch one of them with her outstretched hand. As soon as she succeeds in her attempt the girl who is so touched becomes "it" in her turn, and has to chase the others, so with its hair-breadth escapes and varying fortunes the game is kept up until the players are too exhausted to race about any further, and a general halt is called.

This is "Tag" in its primeval simplicity, as it has, I suppose, been played for countless centuries by children of all climes; but American ingenuity has added variations which complicate it, and vary its monotony. There is, for instance, "Hop-tag." In this, as its name indicates, both pursuer and pursued hop about on one foot, and in order to prove beyond peradventure that they are hopping in a *bonâ-fide* fashion, the foot which is off the ground (generally the left one) is held up by the hand nearest to it. Should one of the

or sits down on unoccupied land. It seems at first telling a very simple expedient, and one so easily put into operation that the unfortunate "it" would appear likely to find herself condemned to her unenviable position during the whole of the game. This view of the matter, however, is in practice proved to be erroneous, for when one is careering across a grassy lawn at full speed it is extremely difficult to suddenly check oneself and come to the sudden standstill which alone allows one to "squat" fairly and squarely. Then too the natural love of daring and risk which is inherent in nine girls out of ten causes them to put off till the very last moment the assuming of the position of safety. Thus the changes are quite as frequen t as in the ordinary game, and there is an added element of fun and surprise which is to the advantage of the players.

players, through weariness or misadventure, put this foot to the ground, she immediately becomes "it," whether she is "tagged" or not. Most of the amusement of this form of the game is extracted from the extraordinary antics through which the players go in their endeavours to preserve their balance while they do their best either to escape the "tagger," or with outstretched hand try to "tag" the others.

"Touch-tag" is an ingenious whimsicality which is generally resorted to when the players are growing tired, and wish, therefore, to decrease their labours by rendering the task of "it" somewhat more difficult. When a girl is "tagged" and becomes "it" she has to keep one hand on the place whereon she was touched, and in that position (which, as may be imagined, is often a comical one), she has to chase her companions. Thus, we will suppose she has been touched on the left shoulder: she will then have to hold her right arm across her breast and clasp the left shoulder with the right hand, and in this rather uncomfortable posture chase her companions until with her disengaged left hand she is able to touch one of them."

The not very euphonious title of "Squat-tag" is applied to a third variation of the original and unadorned game. It takes its name from the peculiar attitude taken by the players when they wish to assume a position of safety and render the touch of "it," even if she should overtake them, of no avail. They drop down into a crouching posture, a "squatting" one, in fact, as they call it, with traditional use of a very old-fashioned English word, from which is derived the common expression of "squatter," or one who settles

"Home," or "Hunk-tag," is yet another and a very favourite form of the game. A definite place of safety is in this variant of the sport decided upon, to which the players can run when "it" is chasing them too closely, and it is, of course, the latter's endeavour to so head her companions off as to prevent their reaching this desired haven of rest. I am inclined to think that this form is possibly the original "Tag" or "Touch," for the simple game to which I gave the first position in my list is as a rule referred to as "No-Home" or "No-Hunk-tag," as though to distinguish it from the original game, which is played with a "home," or coign of vantage. Sometimes, indeed, there are half a dozen of these "homes" scattered about in various parts of the playing field, and then of course the unfortunate girl who is "it" has a hard time of it, for she has to bear in mind the position of all these trees or posts or whatever they may be, and so run as to keep her companions out of the dangerous neighbourhoods. As I have hinted, the "home" can be of various descriptions: sometimes it is a circle marked out with small stones, sometimes a natural enclosure formed of trees, while in the last-mentioned case detached stones, trees, or posts are utilised.

"Silent-tag" conveys its meaning in its title. The players are not allowed to speak or make any audible sound under penalty of at once thereby becoming "it." Warning cannot, therefore, be given as to which girl is to be shunned as being the dreaded "it"; and countless are the misadventures arising out of this, and many the ruses resorted to by the "tagged" girl to delude her prey into fancied security. When it is not convenient to have any permanent Cities of Refuge in the form of "homes" or "hunks," there is a very commonly-employed device whereby those chased can obtain immunity from their pursuer. This consists in crossing the first and second fingers of the right hand one over the other, and holding them in the air with the warning declaration of "Fingers crossed!" which done, the player so acting is secure from any danger of being "tagged." It would appear, as in "Squat-tag," that the expedient were so simple and so easily put into execution that no chance were afforded to the "tagger"; but it will be found that in practice the confusion of mind into which a girl is thrown when hard pressed by her companion, and exerting all her mental as well as physical powers to dodge or otherwise get out of the way, prevents her in nine cases out of ten from being alert enough to resort to this means of obtaining safety with the degree of celerity requisite to make it availing.

I may mention here that from this last variation has grown a game which, though it is called a "Tag," is really hardly properly so termed. This is "Last-tag," which is much more akin to some of those sleepy eastern games which we are told continue for a lifetime between two players, than the bustling, rushing game of "Tag." When a group of girls is separating for the day one of them will, as they are just on the point of leaving, touch one of her companions and exclaim "Last-tag." She in her turn makes a dart for one of the others, but is generally unsuccessful, as on the first cry of "Last-tag" every girl present has crossed her fingers, and is thus in security. The wise girl then affects to have forgotten the incident, and continues the conversation in the hope of catching one of the others unawares without the saving grace of crossed fingers. Should she fail she will treasure up

the memory of the stigma cast upon her until the next time of parting, when she generally manages to free herself by "last-tagging" someone else. So it will go on, maybe through the whole summer, the players never losing an opportunity of catching each other unawares, and if possible under such circumstances as will effectually preclude all chance of retaliation.

The game of "Pots" was never played on the green, but generally on the flagged walk which surrounded it. The first thing to be done, when the game was properly and seriously played, was to choose sides, and the preliminaries in this as in other games were to the full as intricate as the game itself. First, the two leaders have to be chosen by one of the "counting-out" rhymes, or else two of the elder girls, by right of seniority, assume this more or less responsible position. Then these two girls hold each other's hands, and facing one another, lift their arms as high as possible and sing, while the other girls in a continuous chain pass and repass under the uplifted arms as if they were going under an archway—

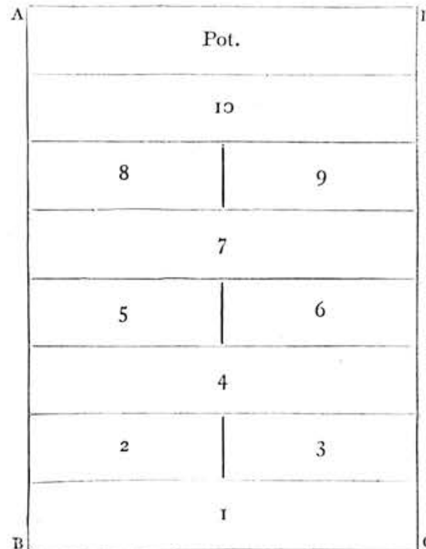
LONDON BRIDGE!

London Bridge is falling down, fal-ing down, falling down,

Lon-don Bridge is fall-ing down, My fair La - die!

Off to prison you must go,
You must go, you must go,
Off to prison you must go,
My fair ladie."

As the last syllable is pronounced the uplifted arms descend, and imprison whichever of the girls happens to be passing underneath. She has to stand behind the first of the two leaders, and the rhyme, with its accompanying ceremonies, is begun again. The second girl captured goes behind leader number two, the third behind number one, the fourth behind number two, and so on, till all the girls are divided into two parties of even number, but chosen entirely by chance. With a piece of chalk the following diagram is then drawn on the pavement—

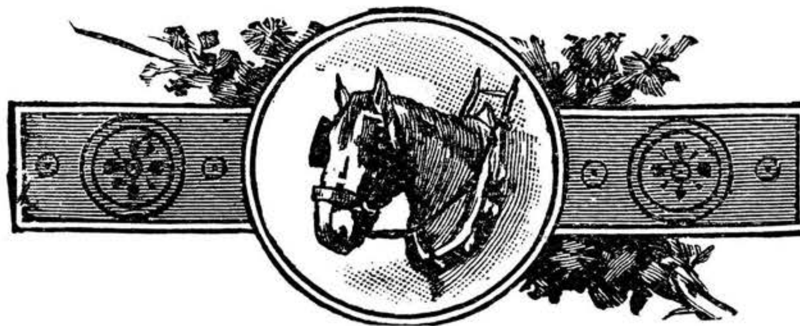


the distance from A to B being from twelve to sixteen feet, and from B to C and A to D about three feet. A flat cobble stone is then taken by the leader of the first party and by her thrown into the space marked "1." She has then to hop on one foot into the space, hop round the stone, pick it up, and hop out without touching any of the chalk lines surrounding the space. She then throws the stone into "2" and does the same thing, then into "3," and then into "4." Here the procedure alters somewhat. In hopping out from "4" she has to turn round in the air and alight with one foot in "2" and the other in "3," then hop into "1" on one foot, and so out. She repeats this when number "7" and "10" are reached in their turn, jumping with both feet into the double divisions and hopping on one foot into each of the single ones. Finally, when "Pot" has been reached, and the stone safely removed therefrom, the game is won.

It must not be imagined, however, that a girl can go thus simply and easily through all the various stages. She is bound either to fail to throw the stone into its lawful space, or else to touch one of the boundary lines with her foot while hopping out, or even to lose her balance and fall down. Then she has to step aside and let one of the opposing party try her luck. Thus, the game is prolonged sometimes for hours, and it rarely happens that more than one or two girls reach the "Pot" in safety.

This game is, of course, a form of the "Hop-Scotch" played by English children, and which has a history reaching back for centuries. Indeed, I am told that the little Hindoo children have a game closely resembling it, called *Khapollo*, from the piece of tile with which it is played. There are only seven spaces used, however, and no double ones, the spaces being marked in turn *Ekaria*, *Dukaria*, *Tikaria*, *Kachkolan*, *Sastanawa*, *Chotka*, and *Barkâ*. Some of the North American Indian children also play a game similar in many respects, so it will be seen that girls of very different countries, climates, and epochs are not so very far apart when they once begin to play.

(*To be continued.*)



MORE ABOUT MR. SMITH.

HAVE explained on a former occasion* that Mr. Smith is a half-bred Dachshund, with a large share of sagacity and originality, who, with his friend and companion the big Collie, shares the country home of his two mistresses, and guards their property with the greatest fidelity. Every year he develops new traits, and gains a more masterly grasp of the situation; and takes everything and everybody under his protection in the most obliging way.

Both dogs have a curious partiality for cats, and, though not above the joys of "chivying" them up trees or across the garden, they are always excellent friends with those of their own establishment, and Smith always exercises a curious fascination over them. When he lies before the kitchen fire they will come sideling up and nestle beside him—cats and kittens alike—a familiarity that he in nowise resents, albeit never condescending to return their admiration by any too great show of affability. Our present cat

* See *Victorian Times*, January 2016.

regularly romps with the dogs in the most absurd way. She gets on to a low window-sill, or some easily accessible place, and "brings them on" by every means in her power, till she has worked them up to a state of sufficient excitement, when she will make a bolt for one of their kennels—open casks that afford little cover—they after her, of course, when a great show of scuffling and barking and scratching goes on, a sort of siege, valiantly conducted on both sides until the combatants are about tired. Then comes the triumphant finale, which seldom varies. Col takes the cat by the nape of her neck, Smith holds on by the tail, and in this way they parade round the yard with their captive until they are satisfied. They tire sooner than the cat does, who generally tries to continue the entertainment after it has begun to pall upon the dogs. Strangers sometimes cry out that she is being torn to pieces, but they are rather astonished when, on release, she sits still before Col, trying to get him to take her up again.

Smith merely patronises and tolerates cats, but horses he dearly loves. He has a passion for running with them, and he takes them on his mind and watches them, and understands them in a fashion quite peculiar to himself.

He knows perfectly well that in harness a horse has no business to canter, and though when we are riding he takes no notice at all of a change of pace, if a horse in harness ventures to break, he rushes up like a whirlwind with a bark of angry remonstrance, and is not pacified until he sees the trot steadily resumed. This bark is quite different from any other. It is the language he addresses to the horses when he considers it his duty to rebuke them. If they are tiresome or stubborn at any time, he will watch silently whilst the battle is fought out, as if aware that his barking is not exactly soothing to the nerves of a fretted horse; but the moment the victory has been won, and the creature reduced to obedience, up comes Smith with a wild rush, and a long lecture is read to the offender as to *his* opinion of such conduct. The cadence of indignant rebuke in his voice at these moments is most unmistakable.

His bark of pleasure at going with the horses is altogether distinct. He is always as much excited and delighted at going out as if it were a pleasure of annual rather than of almost daily occurrence. Now he only barks for a short time at the start, but there was a time when he would keep up a ceaseless concert the whole way, till we almost felt inclined to doom him to his kennel when we went out. Luckily, however, in the days of his youth, he had a salutary lesson that produced a marked improvement in this respect, and was never, I think, quite forgotten. When he has a barking fit on he runs just in front of the horse, with his head over his shoulder, so, naturally, he cannot see very much where he is going. Once, when he was in one of his most objectionable moods, and nothing we could say or do could quench his joy or silence his clamour, we were traversing a somewhat unfamiliar road which turned a very sharp corner over a light, open, wooden bridge. Now Smith, running half backwards, not looking at anything but the horse, was quite unconscious of what was coming. He was not prepared for the turn or for the bridge, and, to our unspeakable delight, he deliberately ran on,

"THEY PARADE ROUND THE YARD WITH THEIR CAPTIVE."

with his head over his shoulder, until he just dropped flop into the water—a fall of about six or eight feet—as we passed over the bridge, and the current carried him some way down the stream before he could swim ashore and pursue his way.

I have never seen Mr. Smith so utterly quenched as he was that day after that impromptu cold bath. He was too subdued even to shake himself, and paddled home behind instead of in front of us, never so much as attempting to lift up his voice the whole way back. I do not think he ever forgot that ducking, and he was never so tiresome about barking afterwards.

Smith cannot bear in any way to feel that he has made a fool of himself. I think he hates nothing so much as to be made to look ridiculous. I remember once his vexation at mistaking a thick bed of water ranunculus for meadow land, and going splashing head over heels into the water when he thought he was crossing *terra firma*. We were riding by at the time; but I guessed from the way he was racing towards us over the grass that he would get an involuntary ducking, so I looked back to see, and sure enough in went my lord with a glorious splash and flounder. He loves the water, and cares no more for a wetting than

a duck, but he can't bear to be caught in a blunder; and I saw that the moment he scrambled out again he tossed the water out of his eyes, and stared to see if we had observed his humiliation. There was no mistaking his chagrin at meeting my eye. He puckered up his nose, as he does when he is ashamed, and then put on an air of easy assurance, and tried to pretend he didn't care.

His passion for the water has once or twice been gratified by a visit to the sea, which is a great delight to him. The first time, of course, he was immensely puzzled at finding all the water salt, and he made a round of every pool he could find, tasting each one to see if they were all alike, and drank so much salt water that he made himself quite ill. When he had got over that surprise, however, he gave himself up to unfeigned enjoyment, and lived in the water from morning till night.

We had joined a party of relatives at a pleasant sea-side rectory, and the only master Smith has ever condescended to recognise was one of this party. As a rule, Smith holds men very cheap, and will not condescend to take any but the scantiest notice of them; but he did attach himself, to a certain extent, to this master, and would go out with him gladly when bidden to do so, all the more gladly because he always carried a stick (over which Smith's soul yearned) and always took his exercise upon the shore.

To carry that stick, to fetch it out of the water, to race along the sand with it, and lead his master fine dances after it, became the very joy of Smith's heart; and then a new game was instituted that gave to him the keenest enjoyment.

When the pair were out together before breakfast one morning, his master scraped a trench in the sand, in which he laid the stick and covered it well up, Smith sitting by and watching intently. When it was all neatly buried the master got up and called the dog to follow, which he did, though not without many backward glances at the hidden treasure. Presently the wished-for word of command was given, and back rushed Smith, dug up his precious stick, and scampered off with it. But so fascinated was he by the game, that he promptly set to work to dig a trench himself in the soft dry sand above high-water mark, laid the stick in it, and covered it up with his nose: showing a power of observation and imitation quite beyond the average of that of dogs. To bury that stick and dig it up again became henceforth one of his most absorbing pursuits.

Smith is very funny when we take him into the water with us, when we bathe. At first he did not at all like us in our bathing dresses, and did not seem to think it proper that *we* should go into the water. He wouldn't come in with us for some time, but sat on the shore, and stared at us with an air of indignant remonstrance that was irresistibly comic. But the delights of the water proved too much at last for his pride or his disapproval, and he would let himself be coaxed in, and enjoy many a game of play with us and a stick.

He loved to race us for a stick, thrown by one of us into deep water. It was almost depressing to see how very much faster he could swim than we could, and he, of course, found his advantage at once, and enjoyed it immensely; but then, on the other hand, we could, when standing in our depth, intercept him on his return, and pick him up ignominiously in our arms. He would never on these occasions kiss us, not even if we begged him, and laid our cheeks to his in the most tempting proximity, though at other times he is terribly ready with his tongue, and loves nothing so well as stealing kisses from his mistresses when they are off their guard. But in the water, or when lifted up in the midst of a swim, nothing will ever induce him to open his lips. His jaws are locked together with a solemnity and resolution that are most ludicrous.

In one place where we stayed there was a raft made for the use of bathers, which we could propel into deep water by means of a small oar or paddle, and then dive off from it. This raft greatly excited Smith whenever we were on it. He would follow it eagerly, and greet us with great joy when we dived off into the water to join him. But what he loved best was to wait his chance, and quietly make off with the oar if

"DROPPED INTO THE WATER"

"DUG UP HIS PRECIOUS STICK"

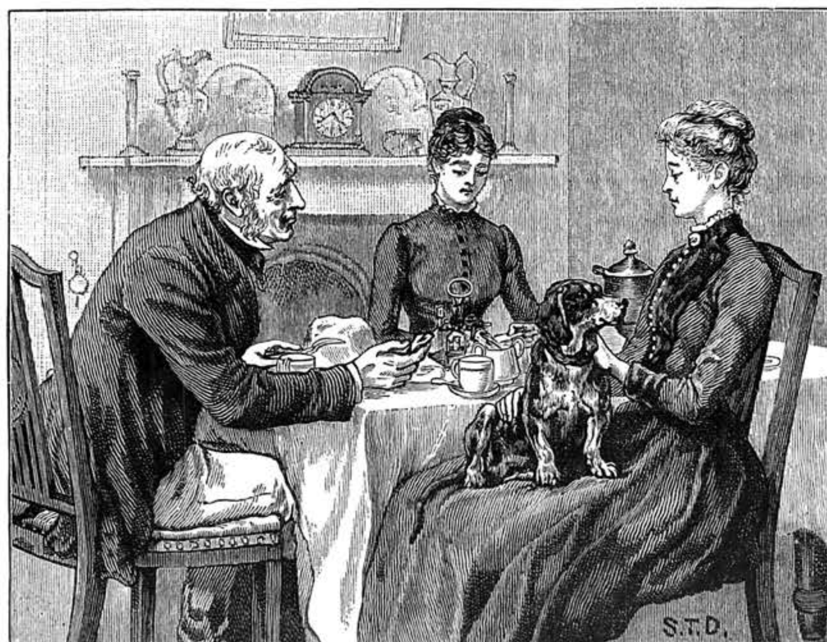
ever it slipped into the water, as it frequently did. He would seize the blade in his mouth, and swim vigorously to shore with it, leaving the bathers on the raft quite at the mercy of winds and waves. Luckily, however, its great size and weight made his progress but slow, and one of us could easily overtake and wrest his prize from him. Spectators on shore much enjoyed these manœuvres, and Smith became quite a noted character in the place. He made himself very useful on more than one occasion by rescuing hats that were blown into the sea by the force of the wind.

Smith's pleasure in the sea is only to be equalled by his delight at getting home afterwards. The recognition between him and the horses at the station is almost human, and Col and the cats cannot make enough of their companion and friend when once they get him back again. He is always very grand for a few days after his return, as if his new experiences had raised him to quite a different level; but, as his four-footed companions look up to him at all times as to a superior kind of being, these lofty airs give offence to no one.

Smith really has a very beautiful disposition, and a sense of right and wrong that some human beings might do well to emulate.

Sometimes an elderly visitor, somewhat long over his breakfast, is finishing his meal whilst we are reading. On more than one occasion when this has been the case, the desire to tempt Smith to a breach of decorum has been too strong to be resisted. Pieces of buttered toast or fried bacon have been held out to him, or any delicate morsels most likely to tempt his appetite. But I am proud to say that Smith has never yielded to the temptation. I feel him quivering with a sort of longing; but principle is too strong. There is no need for me to lay a detaining hand upon him, he wards off temptation himself by shutting his eyes and turning his head away, so that neither by sight nor by smell shall he be tempted to a breach of rule. One can thus leave plates of bread and butter or cake within his reach with perfect confidence; he never dreams of touching them. He has been alone for an hour or more in a room with the remnants of afternoon tea on plates actually on the floor beside him, and not a crumb has been touched. He would no more dream of taking what was not meant for him than a thoroughly well-trained child.

I have a little silver-mounted Malacca cane that I sometimes carry when walking out with the dogs. This stick Smith is never allowed to carry, as his teeth would leave too many traces behind; and his most eloquent pleadings to have it "just once" are always met with a steady denial. One day I had accidentally left this cane lying upon the lawn, and



"SMITH HAS NEVER YIELDED TO THE TEMPTATION."

I saw from an upper window a struggle of Smith's conscience over his wishes that really did him the greatest credit.

As he was playing about the lawn by himself, he suddenly came unawares upon this long-coveted treasure. He stopped and stared at it eagerly, and then looked carefully round him. I was hidden behind the window curtain, and there was nobody in sight. Then began the battle with himself. He looked at the stick; he smelt it carefully all the way along; he drew back a little to gaze at it, and licked his lips with the delight of anticipation. Then he approached and smelt it once more, and it seemed just as if he *must* take it and pull it to pieces, as he loves to do. But all of a sudden his better nature came to his aid. He turned his back upon temptation, and sat down with his head the other way, guarding the treasure till his mistress should claim it, but not touching himself what he knew he was not allowed to have.

This may seem a small victory to those who do not know Smith's passion for a stick, but such of his friends who are aware of this trait will appreciate his self-restraint.

Smith is very unselfish, too, and gives many proofs of this in his dealings with other dogs. We have a little visitor with us just now, a very small pure-bred Dachshund, called Fritz, whose master and mistress are abroad. Little Fritz has not much character of his own, and the chief individual trait he has developed is an adoration of Smith, which is a little overpowering to its object. Whenever Smith lies down to sleep, Fritz snuggles himself beside him, and makes a pillow of his broad back. He follows him like a shadow, sits by him at meal-times, and divides his food with him, Smith yielding up, in the most angelic way, many morsels thrown to him. He also extends this infatuation to Smith's possessions, and looks upon them as his. Smith has a treasured kennel of his own—a kennel that he loves with his whole heart. It is a small cask, that stands raised upon bricks under the mounting platform in the yard. It has a south aspect, gets all the sun, commands the stable and yard, and from its elevated position gives to its possessor a pleasant sense of dignity.

When Fritz came, a similar cask was allotted to him, and placed beside the mounting block on the ground, so that the two dogs might be close together. But nothing will satisfy Fritz save the sole possession of Smith's kennel. Smith will always let him come in beside him, but there really is not accommodation for both, and when that arrangement has been tried a little while it ends by Fritz's getting out again, and sitting whimpering outside; whereupon, after a short time, Smith will come out of his own accord, and take the despised lower kennel, giving up his own high and cosy nook beneath the block to his grasping little companion. This is the more generous on his part because he is not fond of Fritz, who persecutes him sadly sometimes, but only tolerates him on the score of his insignificance and feebleness.

We are just now suffering from the muzzle regulation, put on months ago for a good reason, but kept on, as is so often the case, with apparently needless persistence. When the rule was first enacted we sent to town for the wire cages so familiar there of late, and in due course went for a walk with the dogs all ignominiously muzzled. But whilst Col and Fritz wasted their energies in trying to get their muzzles off, Smith realised in a moment that this was beyond his powers, and, after imploring us with all the impassioned eloquence of which he is capable to remove it for him, and finding us obdurate, he took himself off to a neighbouring field, and deliberately set himself to break it.

We did not see what he was after, but in a few minutes he came tearing after us at a rollicking pace with the cage hanging in festoons about his triumphant countenance. It was in vain we sent it to the blacksmith's to be mended and made stronger than ever; let Smith but have it for a quiet ten minutes to himself, and it would come back a perfect wreck.

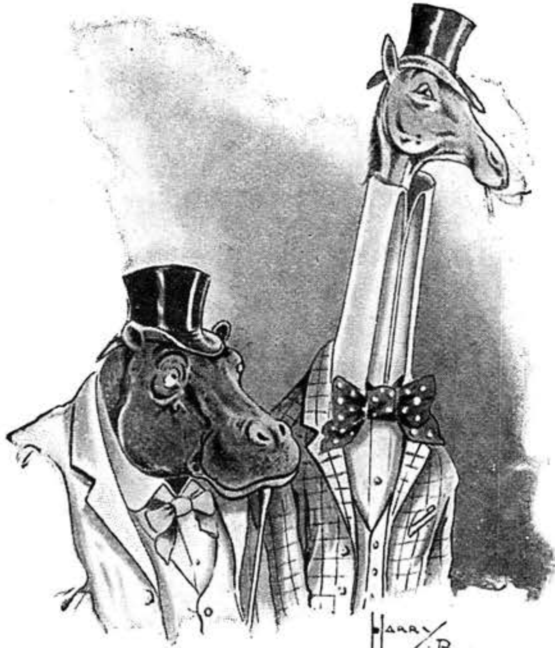
We soon gave up the wire cages altogether, and substituted soft leather muzzles of our own manufacture, which the dogs wear from morning to night without the least discomfort. We are thus saved the perpetual sense of worry that one otherwise feels lest the dogs should be getting on to the road unawares (as in a country house they must always be doing), whilst they are saved the indignity of being tied up—a thing that our dogs hate above everything, used as they are to being with us at all times and seasons.

The only real trouble of Smith's life is when his mistresses go up to town and leave him behind. It is very tantalising for him, when the portmanteaus go up-stairs to be packed, not to know if he is going to the sea-side, or if he is to be left alone with the servants for a while. Devoted as they are to him, nothing can make up to him for the loss of his mistresses, and when he looks up into our faces, and we are obliged to tell him he is to be left behind, his reproachful sorrow is quite pathetic. "I *never* want to leave you," he seems to say; "why do you go away from me?" Sometimes he sniffs about the boxes, and, finding that they really contain his mistresses' clothes, sits down and indulges in a good howl. But as a set-off against this sorrow is his joy at welcoming us home, when he will hardly let us out of his sight for days, and is quite frantic with delight when we ride out again and resume our usual habits. Dear Smith! I do not think that any words of mine can do justice to his precocious intelligence and unwavering fidelity. He is sitting warm and snug under my feet at this minute, and if I put down a hand he lays his nose in it with a gesture of contented happiness and affection. It is hard to tell whether he is most clever and amusing, or loving and devoted; but the best I can wish for any lover of animals is that he should possess as his own a companion so trusty and affectionate, so full of life and animation and the power of enjoyment, and so truly human in his comprehension of men and things, as our own dear Mr. Smith.

EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN.

SO VERY HUMAN.—II.

DRAWN BY HARRY B. NEILSON.



Envy

Yes or No?

A Crucial Point.

AN AUSTRALIAN LANDOWNER.

A CUP OF CHOCOLATE.

It is very agreeable to associate with persons who have made it their business, as occasion offered, to learn something of the origin and the use of our ordinary surroundings. From the humblest weed to the grandest tree, and from the tiniest insect to the hugest elephant, all have a use, and all an interesting history. Yet there are but comparatively few who could give you much information of such a character. The discovery, the nature, and the value of most common articles of every-day use are to the majority of persons as a "sealed book," while they buy, or sell, and constantly employ them. Thus, much of the smaller interests of our lives, and many pleasant channels of useful thought, agreeably lightening to daily labour, is lost to them thereby.

Chocolate, like its sister beverage cocoa, is of Mexican origin, and both are made from the bean of the cacao tree, improperly spelt "cacoa," and thus sometimes confounded with the palm-tree that yields the milky fluid and white, pulpy, edible substance with which we are all familiar.

The difference between cocoa and chocolate is simply this, that the former is coarsely ground, and when the water and milk are boiled with it there is a considerable sediment, which must be allowed to subside; and the decoction, when cleared, is comparatively poor and thin in quality, whereas, when chocolate is made from the beans, the latter are deprived of their skins and perfectly levigated, so that the paste should mix readily with the milk and water boiled with it, and thus the whole of the inner substance of the bean is utilised.

If you wish to make a cup of chocolate quickly, take one of the ordinary flat sticks of Cadbury's chocolate, sold in packets of six, one penny a stick. Scrape down one of these with a sharp knife into a breakfast-cup. Pour a very little boiling water on it, working the chocolate into a thick paste with a spoon. When of an even consistency throughout, add as much milk, or milk and water, as may suit the taste of the person for whom it is prepared; then put the cupful into a saucepan, and boil all together. Van Houten's also is good.

Some people prefer Fry's chocolate, which is sold in powder in small tin canisters. A large teaspoonful of this must be made into a paste, as before described, and boiling milk, or milk and water, added. "Chocolate paste" can also be had, by the same maker, and prepared at the breakfast table with still greater facility.

The cacao tree was cultivated by the aborigines of Southern America, especially in Mexico, and was said by Humboldt to have been reared by Montezuma. It was transplanted, in 1528, in various other dependencies of the Spanish dominions; and so highly did the great naturalist, Linnæus, esteem it, that he gave it the Greek name *Theobroma*, or "Food of the Gods." The tree, which grows from seed, rises to a height of twenty feet, and looks like a young cherry tree, which, at six or seven years old, bears flowers and fruit all the year round. The flowers are of a beautiful saffron colour; the leaves contrast well with them, being of a dull green, long and pointed, and about four inches in length. The pods are about five inches long, shaped like a roundish cucumber, and furrowed or scored from end to end. From twenty to fifty beans, about the size of almonds, are contained in each pod, which are imbedded in a reddish-white, pithy substance. The trees grow in morassy districts.

We have plantations of our own in Jamaica and the Mauritius. The Creoles are very fond of the beverage. The Mexican bean is the best, but it rarely comes to Europe. From five to six ounces of butter, of a kind not apt to turn rancid, may be obtained from one pound of cocoa. In some parts candles are made of it, and in France it is employed for making soap.

There is also the Brazilian cocoa. When the seeds are only crushed, they are sold as "cocoa nibs," which are boiled in water for some hours to produce the drink of the name. Both cocoa and chocolate contain far more nourishment than tea or coffee.

It is curious to observe how public and individual opinion used in old times, even as now, to fluctuate between approval and disapproval of all the three non-intoxicating drinks which superseded the perpetual use of beer. One would suppose that chocolate was a sufficiently inoffensive beverage to have escaped reproach, but in the year 1624, when it was known in Germany, Johan Franz Ranch wrote a treatise against it; and, later still, the famous Madame de Sévigné, while strongly recommending it at one time in her letters to her daughter, denounces its use in equally vehement terms at another. The cocoa tree used to constitute the sign of many a chocolate house on its first introduction to this country. In the reign of Queen Anne there was a famous one, frequented by those of the Tory party, in St. James's Street; and there was another, in the same street, patronised by the Whigs. One of these "cocoa tree" chocolate houses became a club, which is still in existence. It is celebrated as having been patronised by Lord Byron, and is, I believe, the oldest in London. Unfortunately, these chocolate houses became the resort of gamblers, and this was probably the reason why the use of the decoction became so stigmatised as leading into those resorts of bad, pernicious amusements, with which it had, unfortunately, become associated.

A patent was, some time since, under consideration by a company, for the production of a substitute for coffee out of the fruit and the seeds of that tree. Perhaps if the resemblance to coffee prove so great in this new decoction, we may be favoured with a less amount of adulteration. Some effort will be made to retain its popularity by an improvement in its quality. This would be no small advantage to those who find it preferable to tea. And as so much misapprehension exists as to the harmlessness of the chicory mixed too often, and even by request of the purchaser, with it, I must add the following note, copied from an unquestionable authority, to put my young housekeepers on their guard.

"The coffee dealer (who) adulterates his coffee with chicory (does so) to increase his profits. The chicory maker adulterates his chicory with Venetian red, to please the eye of the coffee dealer. The Venetian red manufacturer grinds up his colour with brickdust, that by his greater cheapness, and the variety of his shades, he may 'secure the patronage of the traders in chicory.'"

So take a timely warning, and endeavour to buy coffee without any admixture of chicory. A story is told of some well-known notability who, on arriving at an hotel, enquired whether he could have some chicory, with which he was at once supplied. "Have you no more?" he enquired; and being answered in the affirmative, he requested them to bring him all they had. It was forthwith brought and paid for. "Now make me some coffee," said the apparently eccentric traveller—who, the somewhat mystified waiter now perceived, was only "too clever by half!" That the coffee was good and thoroughly appreciated may be regarded as a foregone conclusion.

S. F. A. Caulfeild.

FLOWERS OUT OF PAPER.

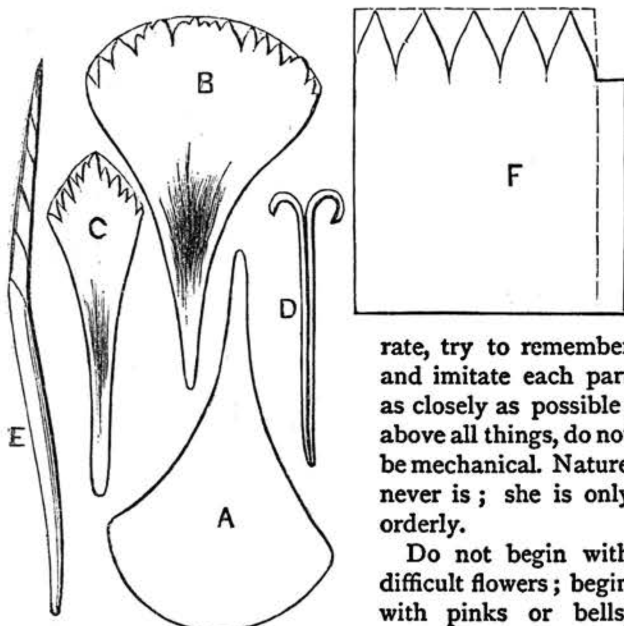
"Arrayed in garb of lovely hue."

AMONG the most beautiful things in last summer's great art-gathering in Paris were the artificial flowers—of course I mean the French ones. Most of these treasures are made of the finest cambric or lawn, as sharp eyes may see on very close inspection. They are the work of "artistes" in flowers, not the common every-day workers who supply ordinary miliners' shops. They are, generally speaking, not intended to be worn in bonnets, but to be looked at, and kept as things of beauty in the boudoir or on the dining-table, where in the very depth of winter they will blush and bloom (apparently), even diffusing a sweet scent, the more surely to deceive all but the initiated few. Some of the most natural of all these lovely blooms were made of paper, nothing more or less, and its fine texture certainly lent itself to the purpose better than any cambric could do.

Seeing these set me wondering how it was that so few ladies, who have long evenings and other leisure time, did not employ a little of it at this pretty work, the materials for which are of an almost nominal price, and the result of so pleasing and useful a nature, serving to deck the table or to aid the toilet, for the little paper rose-bud or camellia will not fade in an hour as a real one does, even if in season and procurable.

The three things needed for success are taste, good

materials, and patience; it is all the *artiste floriste* has. She looks at and studies the real thing, learns it, then sets about reproducing it. Of course you cannot always do this, though you generally can find some picture of a flower, and work by that; or, at any



MODEL FOR DOUBLE CARNATION

rate, try to remember and imitate each part as closely as possible; above all things, do not be mechanical. Nature never is; she is only orderly.

Do not begin with difficult flowers; begin with pinks or bells, primroses, or any single flowers which you can lay flat on a piece of thin card, and trace all the parts. Having cut the shape carefully, keep it by you, so as to have a stock to select from when you set to work at a bouquet or the trimming of a dress.

The right sort of paper can be bought at any fancy shop in town or country. It should be of different degrees of thickness, and of carefully-chosen tints of colours. The green leaves of any ordinary "artificial" are better than those home-made, as they are stamped by steam, and of shaded greens; they are also sold in little packets.

To make paper flowers perfectly it is certainly not necessary that you should understand botany; yet the following directions will be far more easily understood if we give a few general terms by which the different parts of a flower are known.

In the most perfect blossoms there are several parts besides the peduncle, or little stalk on which the flower itself is supported.

First is the calyx, or flower-cup, which we will call an extension of the peduncle in the form of leaves. Then the corolla, which is formed within or above the calyx, and which often displays most wonderful texture and colour. When this corolla consists of more than one part, each part is called a petal, and by many, a leaf of the flower. Yet the real leaves are very different things, as we all know if we stay to think about it.

Thirdly, the stamens, which are ranged within the corolla, and are long thread-like things, bearing small knobs on their heads.

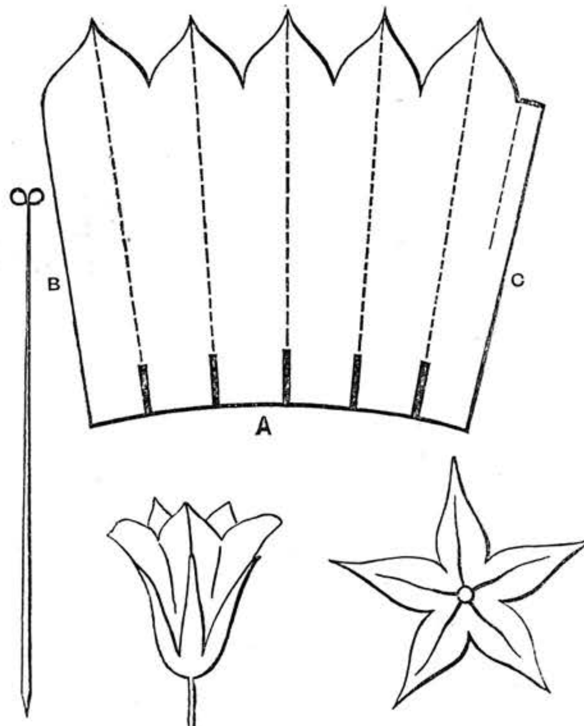
Fourthly, the pistils, one or more, which are organs standing on the rudiments of the fruit. Fifthly, the seed vessel. Where this is wanting the plants are said to have naked seeds. Then the receptacle by which all the rest are united; and the seed, the bringing of which to perfection is the object of all the other parts.

Of these I shall mostly refer to the calyx, the corolla or petals, the stamens, and the pistil. The few tools a worker will require are two pins made of bogwood or bone, one with a round head as big as a marble, the other with a more pointed top, but round at the base, a steel pin, a pair of sharp scissors, and a pair of nippers. You will also require some bits of copper wire of different sizes, two or three paints, some liquid cement, a brush, and a little wax.

Among the simplest and most satisfactory flowers for inexperienced fingers to begin with is the purple or white campanula, a flower which flourishes in June or July, and which grows and spreads in pretty luxuriance about our gardens and windows.

Having procured some paper of whichever colour you prefer, fold it, and cut it into pieces of about two inches wide and two inches and a half long. Trace on them the figure A, and cut it out carefully. Then fold each piece five times from the points, so as to leave it well ribbed, and carefully paste the edge C over B, that the join may only appear to be another rib. Then having snipped it slightly along the bottom, screw the base tightly, fit it on to the rounded knob of a piece of wood—or the head of a large knitting-pin will do—and work it about until it assumes a pretty bell shape, with the lines or ribs still showing distinctly.

Having prepared several of these "flower-cups" of somewhat varying sizes, cut as many pieces of the

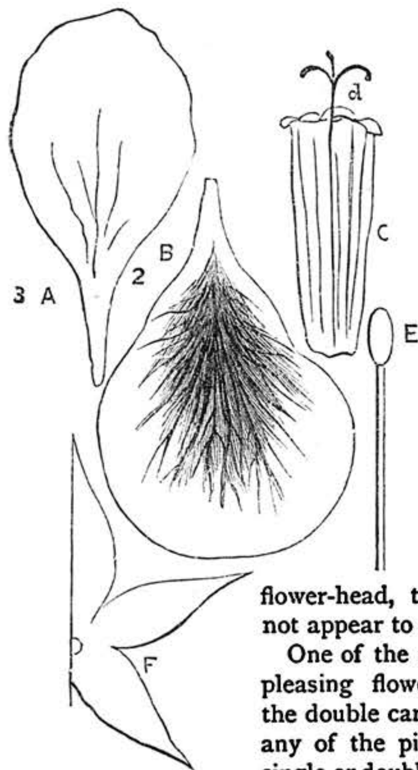


MODEL FOR CAMPANULA

thinnest wire you can procure into lengths of three inches, or rather less, and having made a little bob of yellow silk at the end of each to represent the pistil, twine a small strip of dark green paper as tightly as

you can round each wire, fastening it with a touch of gum at the end that it may not slip off.

When all are prepared, push one of these wires into each flower-cup, leaving the pistil to project somewhat beyond the ends of the surrounding petals, which are to be curled back slightly. The other end of the wire will of course form a stalk, and it must be bent at a graceful angle —first, however, having a small green calyx, which must also be firmly ribbed by folding over the pin slipped along it, and fastened to the flower-head, to which it must not appear to cling closely.



MODEL FOR GERANIUM

One of the most natural and pleasing flowers to model is the double carnation, or indeed any of the pink family, either single or double; they have also the great advantage of being by no means difficult even for very inexperienced fingers to fashion, as will be seen by the subjoined explanation.

Cut a strip the whole length of your sheet of paper, then fold it over and over into a little flat packet of about three-quarters of an inch wide. Then trace A on the top fold, and holding the paper firmly between your fingers so that it shall not shuffle about, cut the outline through the whole packet, which will thus give you a dozen petals. Holding them still fast together, lay them on a piece of wood, and with a sharp-pointed penknife notch out firmly the points, as in B. For a good full double flower you will require about twenty of the larger size, and perhaps six of the smaller (C), to be used up near the centre.

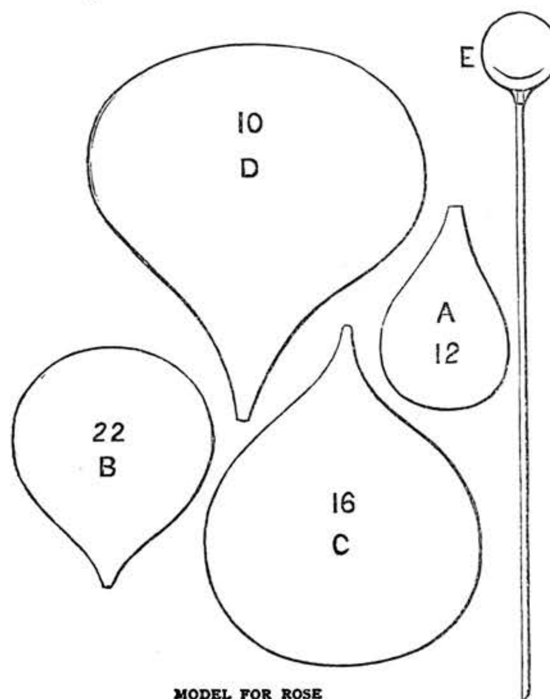
These petals, cut from carefully selected and delicately tinted creamy or rose-coloured paper, must now be striped very irregularly with deep crimson or purple, sometimes about the edges, in other species deeper down. Any way, all uniformity is to be avoided, or the result will be a stiff and ugly flower.

Having the petals all prepared, take a piece of rather thick wire seven or eight inches long, cover it with some pale green paper, and to the end of it fix the forked pointal D, which is peculiar to all this sort of flowers. This pointal is made by rolling a strip of paper between the thumb and fingers till it is as thin as packthread, and neatly tapered at the ends like E; then double it in half, and slightly curl over the ends; this will form the centre of your pink, picotee, or carnation, for they are all made in precisely the same fashion except for the number of petals. These you can now proceed to attach round the wire with a touch of gum and a roll round of silk. The inner ones must be compressed, and the outer ones gradually expand and fold back until they form a semi-globular mass of a natural size and shape.

The calyx, F, is next to be formed of the same dull green with which the stem has been hidden, but of stiffer paper, and in somewhat the same way as the campanula already mentioned, except that it is not to be made at all bell-shaped, but straight, and of equal thickness, which can be done by rolling it round a pencil while gumming together. It is to be drawn over the stalk, and close up to the base of the mass of petals, which it should tightly enfold and hide. The few small leaves can be cut out of the same stiffer paper, but a little bit of green dull calico looks better, if artificial leaves are not obtainable.

The dark rose-leaved clove looks very rich when placed with other flowers. It is made in precisely the same way, except that instead of notching the petals they must only be a little crimped at the edges, which can easily be done by pressing slightly with the forefinger and thumb.

The aristocratic geranium, which is extremely pretty when well made, requires a certain amount of artistic treatment to render it quite satisfactorily. Here you will want your paint-box, and a little wax, and burnt sienna in powder, which you will get at any colour shop, and which you will find very useful for the golden-brownish pollen, or dust found on the pistils or heads of so many flowers.



MODEL FOR ROSE

Having procured some pale violet or pinky-white paper, not of the thinnest kind, trace and cut out three of the petals A, and two of the size B. Then, having mixed some crimson lake, wash a little mass of colour

in the lower part of the centre of the two petals B. When this is dry, and of the depth required, mark in the veinings, by means of a quill pen, with a darker red, produced by mixing black with the lake, taking care these lines show without looking hard and wooden, as they are apt to do in the hands of beginners, who generally rather over-do nature.

The next thing to prepare is the stalk, which can be made of fine wire, round which is rolled the usual pale-green strip of paper. Then take a little ball of wax, and roll it into a roundish lump at the top (see E), round which is to be rolled the corolla, C. The stamens can be made of paper, but they have much more natural an appearance when composed of waxed stiff white threads, the tips of which are dipped in a little hot wax, and dusted over with the sienna powder. The centre one should be composed of four firmly-twisted threads, the waxed ends of which divide and curl slightly over, and beyond the rest.

Before proceeding to mount your petals take each one and fold or dent it deeply about half-way up, doubling it over the end of the steel pin, and forming a bend or centre. Curl the even edges of the petals slightly with your fingers here and there, to take off any unnatural formality. Begin now to fix the three smaller petals (A) in their places, the centre one last and a little lower than the other two, keeping them on by means of one or two turns of fine green silk; then place the two larger ones behind them, bending them so as to make a pretty, graceful whole.

All that now remains to be added is the calyx or flower-cup, F, made of dull light green paper, which must be slipped up the wire, and turned up so as to fit on the base of the blossom, to which it can be lightly fixed by means of a touch of paste. Three or four of these blossoms and a couple of almost hidden buds can be placed in a bunch, all the stems of about two inches long, and by means of a thread of silk fastened on a thicker stalk of any length. If any green leaves are required it is advisable to buy them ready stamped, as they would be very difficult to make, and can be purchased in small packets at any fancy shop for a very low price.

But now for the rose—"the resplendent rose"—without which no bouquet, not even a paper one, would be complete; and if your roses can be copied from natural ones, of course it will be better than any model I can give you, though this one, closely followed, will give a very pretty and pleasing result, especially if the colours are well chosen and two or three shades of tint used. This one is a pale pink rose, but there is an almost endless variety well adapted for our modelling, such as the Damask, of a deep, glowing red; Madam Black, of a pure, lovely white; Cloth of Gold, Tea, Provence, China, and Tuscan roses. The first thing to be done is to fold the paper (which should be extra fine and clear for this queen of flowers) into as many thicknesses as you will require petals—say 12 for A, 22 for B, 16 for C, 10 for D; each size may vary just one shade in depth of colour, though some prefer them all of one uniform tint. Then on each folded paper trace the model, and cut as in the former directions, keeping the little piles separate from each other. Next take a piece of stout wire, and having rolled some soft paper into a round ball of the size of a pea, bend the end of the wire a little and attach the ball to it, tying it fast with thread; or if the rose is to be at all an open one, make a thick but tiny tuft of yellow silk to represent the stamens, and fasten that so as to cover the little loop and end of the wire. Each rose-petal should now be placed in the palm of the hand and pressed and rolled with the ball-tool until it assumes a concave appearance, such as we all so well know in dropped rose-leaves; the larger outside ones, C D, must also be curled and turned back over the edge, so as to give the scroll-like appearance usual to a large well-formed rose. This can be done by using the edge of the scissors—that is, placing the thumb against it, with the petal between, and carefully drawing up the scissors—when the petal will at once curve and curl against the blade. Of course your own recollection of nature will be your best guide as to how much of this curling is advisable; and it depends, too, upon the stage of bloom at which your flower is represented. If at its fullest, two or three of the outside petals should be of a deeper colour, very much curled, and somewhat discoloured round the edges.

Next for the mounting—and here you will find the little steel nippers handy, together with a small brush wherewith to lay on the paste, as the less your rose is touched with the fingers the lighter and prettier it will look. First gum two or three of the smaller petals together, and place them round the heart or tassel, following with rows of A—first three, then five in a row—then with rows of B, C, and D, until you have fixed them all on in due order. Then comes the calyx, which, as with that of most flowers, will be much better bought ready made. Most likely you may have one that has already served in an ordinary artificial flower, and that by a little management will serve admirably for this, if the stalk is carefully pushed through and the whole gummed together carefully, and neatly covered with a strip of paper.

A very pretty and useful kind of rosebud can be made in this manner by using fewer petals of crimson or white paper, and nicely preserved sprays of green moss, carefully arranged over a half-closed calyx of stiff paper. One spray of good leaves makes the illusion complete.

C. L. MATÉAUX.

KITCHEN

Cheap Dinners.

THERE is a popular impression that every one is well fed in this country, that poverty never sinks low enough to prevent any one from enjoying three pretty good meals every day, excepting by their own will. But this is far from being the case. Were all food well prepared, were all waste food well distributed, and did all poor women and those who supply the wants of the poor know how to put material to its most profitable use, all would, indeed, be well fed, but this is a condition as little likely to be realized as the millennium. In the meantime it will not hurt any housekeeper to inquire if she is doing her best to give nourishing food to her household within her limits, and to the extent of her possibilities; in nine cases out of ten she will discover that improvement might be made.

When a number of intelligent ladies in New York wished to provide dinners at a very low rate for the families of a squalid neighborhood, who does any one suppose they went to for advice as to how to get the most and best soup out of a dollars' worth of material? Why, Delmonico. Yes, they wisely went to the great caterer, the proprietor of what is supposed to be the most expensive hotel and restaurant in the City of New York, for counsel and direction, and they received kindly aid and information that was of inestimable value to them. They were told how to make a soup for a dollar that would feed thirty-five persons; how to make puddings, that for the same sum would add an excellent pudding to the soup for the same number. The idea was to furnish a dinner of soup and pudding for five cents, and it was found by experience that it could be done, and pay all the cost of material and labor, except that of distribution and rent.

The soup is composed of bones, and soup pieces of meat boiled gently in a copper for six hours, the scum carefully removed as it rises, and an abundance of chopped vegetables—leeks, carrots, parsnips, outside leaves of lettuce, celery tops, and cabbage—put in, and cooked long, until it becomes a part of the concoction. Pea soup and bean soup are made with bone stock, and all day cooking, with pork to flavor; and mutton broth, with the shank ends of legs of mutton, to which a beef or veal bone may be added, and rice or tomatoes, in place of the varied list of vegetables given above.

It is generally found, however, that soup thickened with vegetables is preferred to any other, except pea soup. The empty, half-starved stomach wants something "fillin'" at the price, and nothing is found so satisfactory as soup and pudding, or soup and hot buckwheat cakes. The point is to have all well prepared, hot, and neatly served. The bones must be fresh and broken up, the vegetables clean, the cooking long and gentle, and every bit of good gotten out of the material and put into the product. Soups and stews are the most useful forms in which foods can be made and served at cheap dinners. Good stew costs more than good soup, requiring more meat and less vegetable; but a dish of stew for four cents, with bread for a penny, makes an excellent and hearty meal for five cents, and does not need to be re-enforced by pudding. The actual ingredients of the stew are coarse beef, or neck of mutton or lamb, potatoes and onions as the accompaniments of the beef, and rice or tomatoes, and a flavor of onion (with the tomato) for the mutton. The meat should be trimmed, the larger bones taken out, made into stock for use instead of water; and the flavoring tested before stew, in individual or collective quantity, is sent to table.

Puddings for cheap dinners are better liked when they are solid—a fact very necessary to be borne in mind, not only when working for the poor, but also when getting up dinners for hungry boys and girls. A bowl of good, nourishing soup, a piece of bread (no butter), and a plate of well-boiled "suet," currant, or apple dumpling, with hot, sweet sauce, would be infinitely better than the meager tough steak, the cold, hard boiled bit of beef or pork, the soggy potato, and thin slab of stale pie or watery rice pudding, which is the average dinner. What are called "delicate" dishes are often more difficult of digestion than ordinary food. *Soufflés* are thrown away on a really empty stomach, plainly, but healthfully cooked eggs would be much more satisfactory. The puddings best liked by five-cent diners are the well-known English "jam roll," "suet" or "currant" dumpling, and apple pudding, the crust also made with chopped suet, the pudding boiled, and eaten with hot, liquid sauce.

The essentials in making suet puddings, or puddings in which suet is an ingredient, are to select fine, firm suet, free it from skin, mix it with enough of flour to chop freely, and reduce nearly to powder, and long boiling. Pastry made with suet may be boiled any length of time without becoming heavy, and almost replaces meat in the amount of strength it furnishes to the youthful energies or the scantily fed frame. In England they are employed by thrifty mothers of families to supplement a small supply of meat, or a dinner of broth or soup without meat, "meat" days not being supposed to require a solid dessert, or, perhaps, any dessert at all.

The proportion of suet to flour, or bread-crumbs, the latter being frequently used for "currant" dumplings or plum pudding, is a half-pint cup chopped and strained to a pint of either; the crumbs always from a stale loaf, needing a table-spoonful of flour to "bind" them, and both being the better for the addition of a well-beaten egg. Milk, or water, or milk and water, with a saltspoon of salt, will furnish the medium; and the flavor, supplemented by the sauce, which is a highly important part of boiled pudding. A teaspoonful of flour, blended with a table-spoonful of cold water, butter the size of a walnut, half a teacup of sugar, a little nutmeg or grated lemon peel, and a pint of boiling water. Pour the boiling water upon the other ingredients, after blending them, then pour all back into the saucepan, boil up once, and the sauce is ready.

Eggs and Fish may both be used to vary the invalid's bill of fare when solid food can be taken; but there are only three ways in which eggs can be properly cooked for a delicate and weakened stomach. The first of these is poaching, a simple method, but one rarely achieved with success. To poach eggs, have a shallow saucepan of water, *boiling*, into which drop the whole inside of the egg after breaking the shell. The yelk of it will form a central, globular mass, around which the white will set, and when this is done, or in two to three minutes, the egg should be removed with a skimmer, placed on the slice of hot, slightly buttered toast, waiting upon a warmed plate to receive it, dusted with salt, covered immediately with a hot saucer, and served. The white part of the egg should not be eaten, only the yelk; and the value of cooking it in this way is that the sulphuric fumes of the egg come in contact with the air and are dissipated, so that persons can eat eggs poached, who are unable to eat them cooked in any other way.

A very nice way to "soft" boil them is to place them in a saucepan of boiling water, and allow them to stand in it, where they *will not boil*, for seven minutes. They will then be deliciously cooked, soft but set, the yelk remaining in a liquid form, the white forming a jelly. In this condition the white part may be eaten unless forbidden. The third method is to boil fresh eggs for fifteen minutes, at the end of which time the yelk will be carried past the "hard," dark, waxy stage, and restored to a light color and to a powdery substance, which is very rich in flavor and greatly enjoyed by those who like "hard"-boiled eggs, while it is so easy of digestion that it may be taken with impunity by persons who can hardly digest any other food.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.—Cut up a small onion and fry it in butter until a light tan color; add three boiled potatoes, sliced small; shake the pan occasionally to prevent burning, and when of a good brown color turn them out on a hot dish as you would an omelet. Strew over them a little salt and chopped parsley, and serve.

Cold Mutton with Purée of Tomatoes.—Reduce one or two quarts of fresh tomatoes to a pulp or purée, put half of it in a small buttered pan, slice the cold mutton and add it to the dish; cover with the remaining purée; strew over the top salt and pepper and a layer of bread crumbs; put in the oven long enough to lightly brown the top.

OVER MY PORCH.

By CLARA THWAITES.

OVER my porch in beauty blows
Wreath and spray of the Banksia Rose,
Coy as a maiden, free as a child,
Sunny and sweet, untrained and wild.

Over my porch, and 'neath the eaves,
Nestles among the fluttering leaves,
A guild of faith and a guild of song,
A blithe and chattering swallow throng.

Over my porch, with slumb'rous boom,
Bees are busy among the bloom,
Honeyed labour from hour to hour
Deftly plying from flower to flower.

Over my porch, with kisses coy,
The White Rose greeteth the Travellers' Joy,
Under a canopy of snow
For rest and toil we come and go.

Over my porch are matins sung,
Evensong is as sweetly rung;
And fervid noon hath a call to praise
In trill and twitter and wild bird lays.

Service and song are all around,
Labour and joy in all abound;
All things serve Thee, and why not I?
With wings and laughter and minstrelsy.

Odds and Ends.

ONE of the most interesting buildings in a country full of interest is the great Buddhist Cathedral in Japan. It is built in a purely Oriental style, and has only been recently finished, the work having been commenced eighteen years ago. The wood-carving is supposed to be the finest in Japan, and as the cost of the structure from first to last has been considerably over three million pounds, its size and beauty can well be imagined, since labour is particularly cheap in the land of the chrysanthemum. In order to provide against fire, a number of powerful fountains have been constructed both inside and outside, which can be made to play on all parts of the building at the same time. As a rule, one huge ornamental fountain is playing every day in one of the many courts, sending a jet of water into the air one hundred and fifty-seven feet in height. This is said to be the largest artificial fountain in existence.

GARDENERS have come to the conclusion that the electric light will revolutionise flower-growing, for they have discovered that its influence upon the colour and production of blossoms is nothing less than extraordinary. For instance, tulips that have been exposed to the electric light have deeper and richer tints, they flower more freely, and develop longer stems and bigger leaves than those grown in the ordinary way. Fuchsias too, under like conditions, bloom much earlier, as do petunias also, growing taller and much more slender. In some greenhouses the use of electric light is already being tried with a view to forcing flowers.

A LAW passed five years ago by the State of Maine in America ought to be placed in the code of every nation of the world. The enactment reads, "It shall be the duty of all teachers in the public schools of this State to devote not less than ten minutes of each week of the school term to teaching the principles of kindness to birds and animals." Maine is the only State in the whole world where such a law is in force, and its example is worthy of imitation by other legislatures, since that which is learnt early is never forgotten in after life.

IN Antwerp Cathedral there are some of the most interesting bells in Europe in point of age. The most famous is the "Carolus," which was given to the cathedral by Charles V., who was at once King of Spain, Emperor of Germany, and Archduke of Austria. This bell is only rung twice a year, when it requires sixteen men to move it. Its value is estimated at over £20,000, it being made of an amalgam of gold, silver and copper.

IN Alaska a married woman, instead of endeavouring to conceal her age, is so proud of it that she wears a sign of her years upon her lip. A piece of bone or wood is thrust through the lower lip, its size indicating the wearer's age. When a girl is married a piece of wood or bone about the size of a pea is inserted in her lower lip, the size being increased as she grows older. Naturally Alaskan women present a most unsightly appearance.

AN excellent imitation of ivory can be made from potatoes by a very simple process. Care must be taken in the choice of the potato, which should be quite good and not in the least bruised. It should first be washed in diluted sulphuric acid until the surface is quite clean, then it should be boiled in the same solution in which it has been washed until it is perfectly dense and solid. After being thoroughly washed in tepid water followed by cold water until all traces of the acid have been removed, it should be dried in a warm cupboard or some such place. When quite dry it will be found that it can be carved with the greatest ease and that it will take any dye.

IN Sweden a pretty custom is prevalent on the First of May. At twelve o'clock at night on the 30th of April a band of young people in every town and village begin visiting each house in the neighbourhood, singing the "Song of May" until each resident gives them either money or food for the benefit of the May Ball which takes place two days later, its expenses being entirely paid by the proceeds of this midnight singing. Over each door the party leaves a branch of red or white may to bring luck to the household during the coming year.

"GOD offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates ever. He in whom the love of repose predominates, will accept the first creed, the first philosophy. He gets rest, commodity, and reputation, but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being."—*R. W. Emerson.*

"THE growth of higher feeling within us is like the growth of faculty, bringing with it a sense of added strength; we can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy, than a painter or musician can wish to return to his cruder manner, or a philosopher to his less complete formula."—*George Eliot.*

THE oldest rose-bush in the world is at Hildesheim, a small city in Hanover. Its roots are in the subsoil of a church in the cemetery, and although the primitive stem has been dead for a long time, the new stems have found their way through a crevice in the wall, and cover almost the whole church with their branches for a height and width of forty feet. According to tradition this rose-tree was planted by Charlemagne in 833, and the church having been burnt down in the eleventh century, the root continued to grow in the subsoil. A book has been published recently giving the history of this venerable rose-tree, which, casting tradition aside, is known to be at least three hundred years old, it having been mentioned in a book published in 1673, and in a poem bearing the date of 1690.

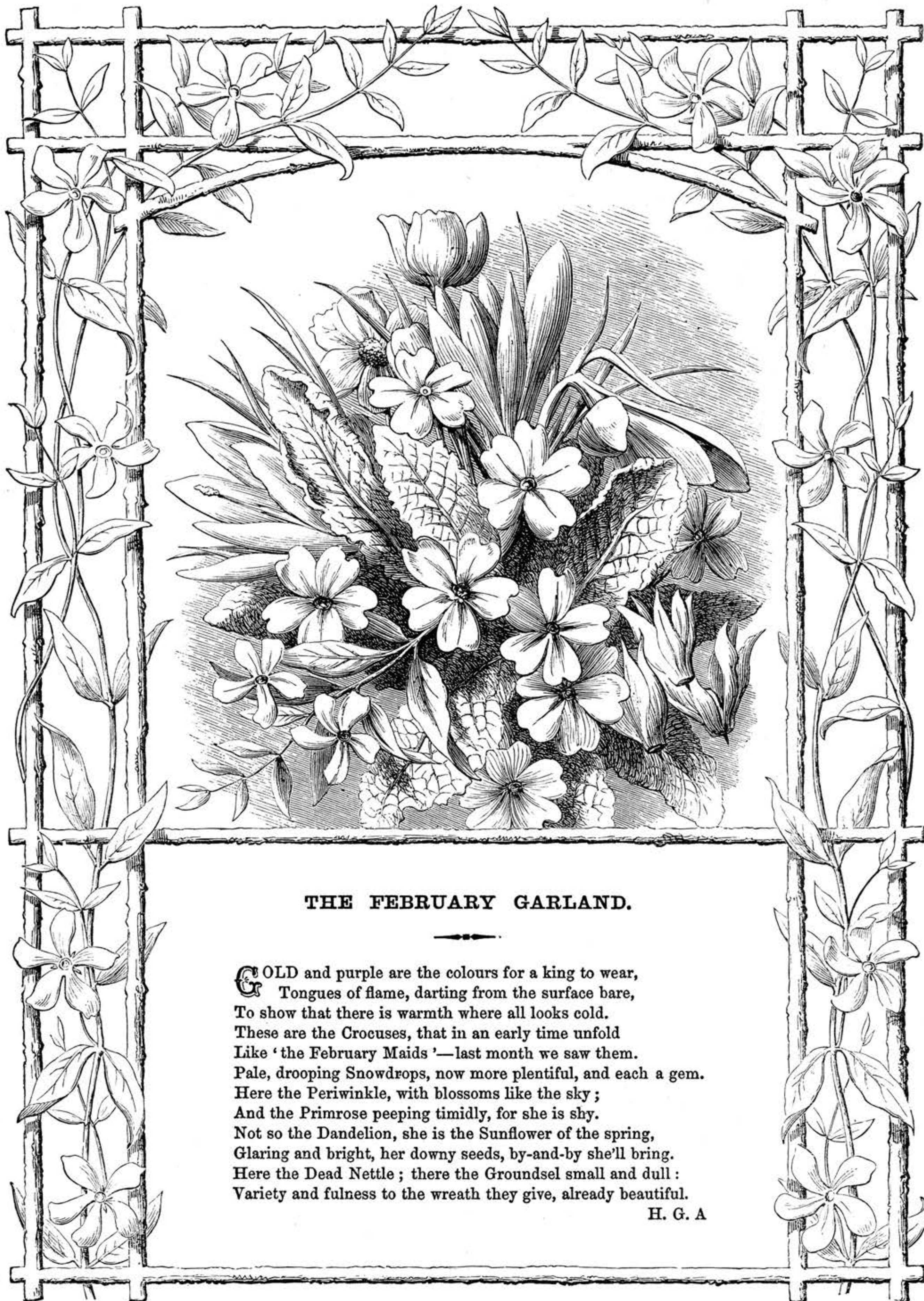
TWO young American girls who have graduated at a university in the States, after taking their diplomas as engineers, have started for Matabeleland, there to pursue their profession.

A STRANGE fact is told by travellers who declare that the Arabs in the deserts of Africa have contracted a violent dislike to running water, and will only drink from stagnant pools when on journeys. This has become so much a matter of habit, that while the most poisonous-looking water agrees with them perfectly, pure running water will in a few hours make them violently sick. This prejudice against fresh water is common amongst the animals of the desert also, and is frequently acquired by European travellers. At first, however, when the latter drink of stagnant water it produces nausea and even fever, but when once the system becomes inured to it, running water affects them in precisely the same way as it affects the Arabs.

THE most remarkable clock in the world is owned by a Hindoo prince. In place of the ordinary dial is a gong, whilst beneath it on a metal plate lie artificial human skulls and bones in a heap, there being a sufficient number to make twelve complete skeletons. When the hands mark the hour of one, the number of bones necessary to make one human skeleton come together with a snap, the skeleton by invisible mechanism springs to its feet, seizes a mallet, strikes the gong one blow, and then returning to its pile, falls to pieces. According to the hour so many skeletons rise from the heap, and at noon or midnight the spectacle presented by twelve skeletons striking the hour is said to be very gruesome and awe-inspiring.

THAT humanity can bear anything to which it is accustomed in early life is proved by the selection of sleeping-places for their children by the native women living on the slopes of the Himalaya Mountains. They are obliged to work in the fields for the greater part of the day, and have lighted upon this extraordinary expedient for keeping their children quiet whilst they are away from home. Before going to work in the morning they swaddle their infants completely with bandages, leaving only the face exposed. Then they place them under a ledge of rock from which water is dripping. By means of a bamboo-rod a tiny stream of water is made to fall on the baby's forehead. The dripping of the water seems to have a lulling effect upon the children, for they drop asleep almost immediately, and remain motionless until the mothers return. Then they are unwrapped, dried, and fed. The natives declare this system to be most beneficial to the child's health, and, oddly enough, very few of them succumb to the treatment, growing up, for the most part, into strong, healthy men and women.

"ALL quarrels, mischiefs, hatred, and destruction arise from unadvised speech, and in much speech there are many errors, out of which thy enemies shall ever take the most dangerous advantage."—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*



THE FEBRUARY GARLAND.

GOLD and purple are the colours for a king to wear,
Tongues of flame, darting from the surface bare,
To show that there is warmth where all looks cold.
These are the Crocuses, that in an early time unfold
Like 'the February Maids'—last month we saw them.
Pale, drooping Snowdrops, now more plentiful, and each a gem.
Here the Periwinkle, with blossoms like the sky;
And the Primrose peeping timidly, for she is shy.
Not so the Dandelion, she is the Sunflower of the spring,
Glaring and bright, her downy seeds, by-and-by she'll bring.
Here the Dead Nettle; there the Groundsel small and dull:
Variety and fulness to the wreath they give, already beautiful.

H. G. A

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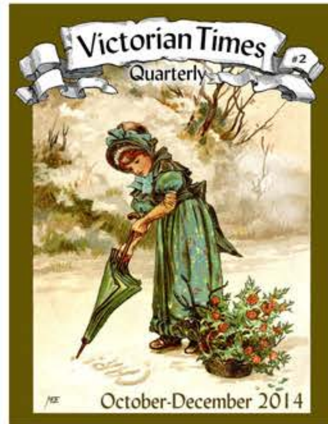

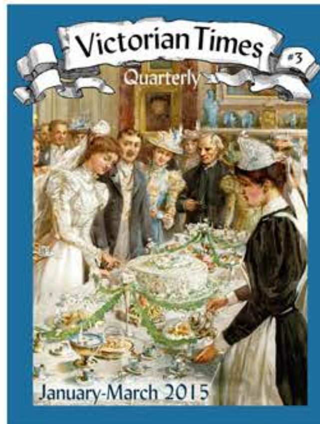

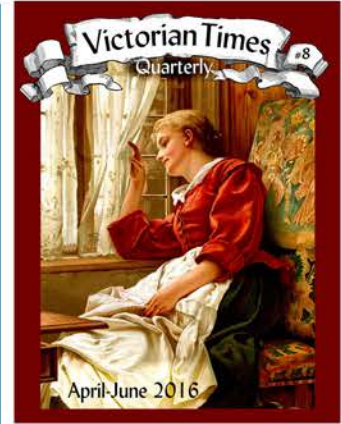

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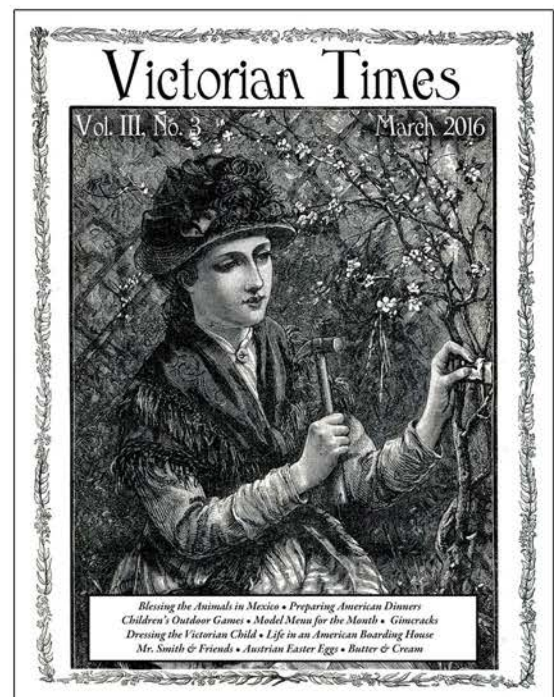

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