Victorian Times

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

Victorian Medicine and Modern Health

Among the many aspects of Victorian life that make me glad I'm only researching it and not actually *living* it is the issue of medicine. This issue is brought home to me particularly strongly during the "cold and flu" season, which we're currently enduring. My household has been grappling with viruses since February, and battling pernicious sinus infections with antibiotics that would have been unknown in Victorian days.

Sometimes it's hard to determine whether things are better or worse than "the good old days." When I first began reading Victorian magazines, I expected to discover all sorts of bizarre, quaint, and possibly lethal medical suggestions in the health columns. Instead, I found to my surprise that most of the medical "advice" columns in Victorian women's magazines would have been right at home today. Physicians like Gordon Stables ("Medicus" to readers of *The Girl's Own Paper*) spent their columns advocating a naturally healthy lifestyle. The keys to good health, according to Victorian doctors (at least those who wrote columns) were such essentials as good diet, exercise, fresh air, appropriate clothing, and often most important of all, maintaining a healthy attitude about life. Don't wear shoes that pinch. Don't bundle up in clothing that doesn't "breathe." Don't overeat. Don't overindulge in sweets. Choose natural remedies whenever possible!

Of course, there are occasional exceptions. I've found articles that promise a "sure" cure for hydrophobia, and another interesting remedy for sciatica that involves heating a flat-iron and swathing it in a cloth soaked in vinegar and then applying it to the affected area. I can see some potential drawbacks to this...

One of the aspects of the Victorian period that elicits hoots of derision is, of course, the patent medicine era. This was the day when charlatans loaded just about anything imaginable into bottles and peddled them as miracle cures for (sometimes literally) "whatever" ailed you. Some were little more than colored waters, which at least couldn't do much harm. Some contained deadly poisons. Some, like the famed Lydia Pinkham's remedies, may actually have worked (and by the way, you can still get Lydia Pinkham today, and some of her ingredients, like black cohosh, are being used today in many other herbal compounds).

The patent medicine era didn't end with the 19th century, however. Today, a look at the shelves shows plenty of equally dubious products with grandiose claims, particularly in the weight loss department. One year, a well-meaning relative gave me a packet of "weight-loss tea" for Christmas; when I read the ingredients, I discovered that the tea was primarily an herbal laxative! And while we have thousands of prescription medications today that weren't available to Victorians, many of them carry their own risks.

There's no doubt that in Victorian days, people died a lot more often from diseases that we now have remedies for. There's a reason why so much Victorian poetry is about dead children or wives or loved ones who have gone to "a better place." For Victorians, death and loss were a fact of life. I suspect one reason Victorian doctors spent so much ink on encouraging a healthy lifestyle was their awareness that if you didn't live one, there wasn't too much Victorian medicine could do to aid you with the consequences.

I'm glad that, today, when a sinus infection goes beyond the system's ability to heal "naturally," antibiotics are available. But that gladness is tinged with a bit of nervousness, because while we may have thousands of medications today, we're also being warned that our reliance on those same medications may be helping create new illnesses and "super-bugs" that won't respond to our current arsenal. Today, a new virus can spread across the globe within days. Our modern emphasis on trying to keep every surface germ-free and every child in a protective bubble of cleanliness is, we're told, actually rendering us more susceptible to disease rather than less.

So perhaps Victorian doctors still have something to tell us: Living a healthy, sensible life-style is still the best key to going on living at all. Go to bed early. Get a good night's sleep. Don't work too hard. Eat sensibly. Wear comfortable clothing. Don't allow yourself to become too stressed. Get fresh air and exercise.

If we applied those precepts to our lives today, I suspect we might all be a bit more healthy. But one thing is certain: We'd definitely be more happy! And what could be better for our health than that?

—Moira Allen, Editor
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"BOBBY" ON HIS BEAT.

By W. J. Wintle.

Illustrated by Henry Austin.

"Half-past one, and an uncommonly misty morning!"

It's a far cry back to 1252, but that is the date of the appearance of the policeman—if not on the earth, at any rate in this country. In that year King Henry III., of mixed memory, issued an Assize of Arms, requiring that a high constable should be constituted for every hundred or vill, and a petty constable for every parish, whose duty was to summon the inhabitants to quell any disturbance of the peace, and to deliver offenders into the custody of the sheriff. Watchmen were also established in cities and boroughs, and all persons robbed of their goods could recover damages from the local guardians. The times have changed since then, and we now disperse the inhabitants, by means of the Riot Act, in case of a disturbance of the peace, and as for recovering anything from the local guardians—well, he would be uncommonly innocent who attempted it.

In the same century a curious experiment at Home Rule was attempted in the City of London, on the principle of "every man his own policeman," but it was hardly a success. The "Chronicles of the Mayors and Sheriffs" tell us that "The citizens kept watch and ward, riding by night through the City with horse and arms, though among them a countless multitude of persons obtruded themselves, and some evil-minded persons, under pretext of searching for aliens, broke open many houses, and carried off such goods as were there to be found. To restrain the evil designs of these men, the watches on horseback were therefore put an end to, and watch was kept by the respective wards, each person keeping himself well armed within his own ward." Judging by these precautions, the burglars of the thirteenth century were evidently a determined set of fellows.

In the days of Edward III. bands of marauders went through the City both by day and night with swords and bucklers, beating and robbing people, and a similar state of things prevailed, more or less, in our large towns down to the days of Henry VIII. It is recorded of this gentle monarch that he hanged "of great thieves and of petty thieves three score and twelve thousand," after which statement it seems a little superfluous to add that he "greatly terrified the rest." The remedy proved, however, to be but temporary, for in the reign of Charles I. a night watch of 1097 armed men was required to guard the houses and shops of the citizens. The second Charles, whose knowledge of the London streets by night was extensive and peculiar but scarcely creditable, hit upon the happy idea of affixing a lamp to every tenth door, and experience soon proved that a little light was more effective in suppressing crime than a whole army of watchmen.

The beginning of the present century saw the notorious Charlies still in possession of

the streets. Ancient men they were, worn out with hard work as porters during the day, and then taking up their posts in the street sentry boxes for the night. Burdened with years, and frequently more or less crippled; dressed in voluminous greatcoats to impede their already laggard steps; with ears muffled in rags and scarves lest they should be disturbed in their meditations by prowling footsteps; drowsy and not infrequently disguised in drink, it was little they could do except doze in their sentry boxes, and from time to time sally forth and mumble out, "Half-past one, and an uncommonly misty morning!" No better picture could be presented of these old City watchmen, and the principles on which they acted, than has been drawn for us by Shakspeare in "Much Ado about Nothing." Their pay was but sixpence a night, and they about earned it. They survived the introduction of gas, and still waddled round with their lanterns until 1829, when they were suppressed.

But we are concerned now with the common or area policeman, the "bobby" or "peeler," as he is indifferently called, after Sir Robert Peel, whose New Police Act of 1829 called him into existence. His outward appearance is familiar enough when he is not wanted; but the mysteries that lie hidden beneath his closely-buttoned tunic, the methods which he adopts after the shades of night have fallen, and the adventures with which he meets, but of which he seldom speaks, these are matters of which the man in the street knows practically nothing. How I was little by little introduced behind the scenes, and with what key I gradually unlocked some secret chambers of the police department, are matters which would probably have no interest for the gentle reader. We are concerned with results rather than with processes, and some of these results are here detailed, although consideration for the public safety compels me to withhold much that would be both interesting and startling.

"What must I do to find out all about the police?" I ingenuously asked of an official at Scotland Yard.

"Better get run in, then you'll know enough," was the candid but somewhat disappointing reply, followed up by the remark that if I did not depart pretty quickly he would do himself the pleasure of showing me what the inside of a cell was like. I stood not on the order of my going, but I went without delay. It is evident that the Information Department at Scotland Yard is not yet in proper working order.

Some days later I met with more success. In a little cottage in a northern suburb lives a recently retired inspector, who was good enough to tell me much and to put me in the way of finding out more.

"How can I become a police constable?" I asked.

"Well, if you are not more than twenty-seven years old, and if you are five feet nine in height, and if your health is thoroughly good, and if you can read and write decently, and if your character will bear investigation, then you can write to the Candidates'

"What must I do to find out all about the police?"

Department, Scotland Yard, for a form of application. When you have filled this up and sent it in, the Department will verify your references, and will do it pretty closely, I can assure you. I joined at twenty, and they made inquiries about my conduct when a boy at school! If your references are all right you will then be examined in elementary knowledge, and will have to pass the doctor. By the way, the medical examination is exceptionally severe, and it is useless to apply unless you are perfectly sound. If they finally decide to accept you, you will be sent to the Section House in Kennington Lane, where you will have

from three to six weeks' drill and instruction. The people of the neighbourhood used to think that the building was a workhouse, and in one sense they were right enough, for the candidates don't have an idle time of it. Here you will be paid fifteen shillings a week, out of which you will be charged a shilling for lodging and from seven to eight shillings for board, leaving six shillings in hand. After leaving the Section House you will have to attend the Police Court for a week or two, in order to learn how to give evidence, and will then be sent on beat with a companion for a few days. When it is thought that you know the ropes pretty thoroughly, you will be sent on duty in the ordinary way."

"And what are the prospects after going through all this?"

"Your prospects will depend mainly upon yourself. You may rise to be a Superintendent at £475 a year, or you may be speedily dismissed from the force. But I suppose you were referring to wages. You would start at twenty-four shillings a week, with a yearly rise of a shilling a week until you got thirty-two shillings. Usually a man must serve eight years as an ordinary constable before he can expect promotion. After fifteen years' service you would be pensioned if unfit for duty, but after twenty-five years' service you can claim it. The full pension is two-thirds of the salary, and for my part I was glad to claim it."

"But you are not old, and it seems a pity to give up a third of one's income," I remarked.

"Yes, but a pensioned man is safe. Nothing can take my pension away now that it has been granted, and there are many things a man can do to earn more. When I was in the force I had a perfectly clean record, never a bad mark in my whole career; but if anything had gone wrong in the division over which I was inspector, whether through the stupidity of some constable or for any other reason, the blame would have fallen on my shoulders, and all my past record would not have averted it. So it was with a real sense of relief that I claimed my pension."

About a week after the above conversation I strolled forth half an hour after midnight in pursuit of knowledge. It was in an outlying district of South London, and several burglaries had recently taken place, so that I expected to find the neighbourhood full of policemen. But not one could I see. Slowly I paced up and down, my footsteps echoing strangely in the deserted streets. It is curious how different London looks by moonlight. The street down which I was pacing, trying to realise the feelings of a constable on duty, was familiar enough by daylight, but now its deserted condition gave it increased length, and the strange contrast of light and shadow made the houses look more lofty and fantastic. Not a soul was to be seen, and only my own footsteps disturbed the silence. I sauntered up and down quite six times, and had neither seen nor heard a trace of the police.

"No wonder that robberies take place, when the streets are left in this disgraceful state of neglect," I was inwardly commenting as I stepped into the shadow of a house, when suddenly I was seized by the arm, the light of a bull's-eye lantern flashed in my face, and I found myself in the clutches of three constables and a sergeant!

"Now then, young fellow, where are you going?" gruffly demanded the sergeant.

"Oh, er—er—er, I'm—er—going home," I gasped, trying to look as innocent as I could.

"That tale won't do, young man," answered one of the constables; "I've had my eye on you for the last twenty minutes, and you've loitered up and down this street six times, and what's more, you've been trying to open the window at No. 37."

"Look here, sergeant," I urged vigorously, "there has been no policeman here, because I've been watching to see, and the unprotected state of the street is a disgrace to the force."

"Oh, you've been watching for the police, have you? Just about what we suspected you were after. Now, you'll just come along quietly, and make no noise about it, or it will only make matters worse for you."

It was clear that resistance was useless, and so the Special Commissioner of the WINDSOR was ignominiously conveyed to the local police-station. Still I was on the road to learn more of the methods of the force, although the position of affairs was beginning to assume an inconvenient aspect. Luckily no one was about at this hour to see my innocence thus taken into custody.

At the police-station I was taken into the charge-room and placed inside an iron railing at the one end, with a scale of feet marked against the wall for the purpose of measuring the height of the prisoner. The inspector on duty took his seat at a desk opposite, and all the constables available promptly crowded into the room and fixed me with

their gaze. I subsequently learnt that this was for purposes of identification.

Constable 397 Q then proceeded to charge me with loitering with intent to commit a felony! He told how he had watched me for twenty minutes loitering up and down the street and apparently looking out for the police. It seems that I had passed close by him six times, so close in fact that I almost brushed against him. He also stated that I had attempted to open the pantry window of No. 37, which abutted on the street. I then remembered that when I first sauntered down the street I had slipped on a piece of orange peel, and in recovering myself had struck my arm against the low window in question. But how did he know that the window had been touched?

Constable 378 Q corroborated these statements, saying that he had watched me from the opposite side of the street, while the sergeant and third constable stated that they were signalled by

"I found myself in the clutches of three constables and a sergeant!"

the last witness shortly before I was apprehended.

The whole business was a mystery to me. The descriptions of my movements were so minutely accurate that it was impossible to doubt their word, and yet I could have sworn that the street was absolutely deserted.

The inspector then asked what I had to say for myself, first cautioning me that anything I said might be used in evidence against me. What I said it is impossible to relate, for it has all passed from me, and I have but a vague recollection of impassioned assertions of innocence, combined with assurances that I was only a harmless journalist who, after burning the midnight oil, had gone out for a breath of fresh air. A

broad grin on the faces of those constables who were not within range of the inspector's eye showed how much of my tale was believed.

In the end the inspector said that he would not enter the charge for a few hours in order that inquiries might be made, but that in the meantime, as the charge-room was wanted for another case that had arrived, I must be removed to the cells. Now I felt happier, not at the prospect of the cells, but because there was a fair chance that I should soon be set free.

There are less comfortable ways of passing the night than in a police cell. I was conveyed along a well-lighted passage with massive doors ranged down one side, and through one of these I passed into temporary durance vile. Imagine a lofty room about twelve feet by six feet, with walls lined with white tiles and a floor of cement, well warmed with hot-water pipes and lighted with a large heavily-barred window by day and at night by an inner window outside which a jet of gas was burning, and you have a fair idea of the place. The furniture consisted solely of a massive oak bench placed along one side and scrubbed spotlessly clean, as indeed was the whole cell. The door contained a sliding shutter, and an electric button hard by served to summon the jailer in case of necessity. Here, with the aid of a couple of rugs and a straw-stuffed canvas pillow, I made myself fairly comfortable, only being disturbed by the vocal efforts of a lady two cells off who persisted in rendering "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note" in a great variety of keys.

"I made myself fairly comfortable."

About nine o'clock I was released, the result of the police inquiries having proved satisfactory, and I departed in search of a more satisfactory breakfast than that of which I was invited to partake in my cell. But out of evil comes good, and the result of this adventure was that I struck up quite friendly relations with the constables and officers who had been concerned in my arrest. Little by little, as the result of many brief chats, I was told some of the details of the inner working of the police system, and much that was thus learnt I have for convenience here woven into connected conversations, only suppressing those facts which it would not be for the public safety to repeat.

One night, when slowly pacing up and down with the constable who first noticed my suspicious doings, the conversation turned upon night duty and its hardships.

"Yes, night duty is not over pleasant," remarked 397 Q. "In winter weather it's uncommonly cold work, for you are not allowed to go above a certain pace, and when there's a driving rain you generally get pretty wet. About 98 per cent. of the men break down during their first five years' service, usually through exposure to the weather. Last year sixty-three men were invalided, and twenty-four of them had lung disease or rheumatism; and out of fifty who died, thirty had various lung troubles. Then, of course, the work is very monotonous; you may sometimes go for weeks together without seeing or hearing anything unusual. Still some men in the force prefer night duty, probably because there is more money about. I don't mean bribery or blackmailing—happily such offences are extremely rare—but money may often be got for giving an extra eye to premises, for calling people's attention to an open window, and for knocking up in the morning. But there is not so much of the last nowadays; alarum clocks are so cheap,

and a policeman is not always to be depended upon. He may be called away to watch a house or to assist in an arrest just at the time his customer wants knocking up."

"You must get pretty hungry and thirsty before morning?"

"Well, no, not often. You see, we generally bring with us a can of tea or coffee with an arrangement for keeping it hot, which we hide in somebody's front garden till we want it; and it's easy to have a sandwich or two in one's pocket. We are only allowed to buy drink at a public-house if a superior officer is present, but non-intoxicants can be always obtained. It's a technical breach of the rule, but no notice is taken of it."

"I suppose you are generally glad of the chance to make an arrest?" I observed; "it is a mark in a man's favour, is it not?"

"No, sir, it is not," replied the constable emphatically. "There is no greater mistake, though a very common one, than to think that. The first principle of police work is this, 'Prevention is better than cure.' The object of our existence is not to catch criminals, but to prevent crime. That is why I ran you in the other night. You had not committed a burglary, but we thought you were on that game, so we just took steps to prevent it. Of course if a crime is committed on a man's beat, he is expected to catch the offender; but he gets much more credit with his superiors if he looks after his beat so well that no crimes are committed. If the man on night duty is thoroughly up to his work, burglaries ought to be quite rare. As a matter of fact there were last year only 514 cases of burglary by night, as against 1501 cases of housebreaking by day. This is due partly to the fact that there are six or seven men on duty at night to one by day, and also to the much greater ease with which a robbery can be effected in the daytime."

"But what methods do you adopt to prevent burglaries at night?"

"Well, in the first place we have to keep our eyes and ears open. The constable who stands gossiping with people will very likely find that a crime has been committed the while. Then, as soon as the streets are quiet, we go round and carefully examine all doors and windows to make sure that they are fast, and next we put up our marks. Every low wall and the doors and windows of unoccupied houses, as well as every other place likely to be attempted by thieves, are all carefully marked in such a way that if a cat climbs over the wall, or anyone touches a door or window, we know it when we next pass."

The constable proposed to give me a practical proof of this. Just round the corner, but in the next beat, was an empty house, and at my friend's suggestion I went softly up to it and gave the door a gentle push and also shook one of the windows. We then awaited events, and in about three minutes we saw a signal made at the street corner. On going up we found the man on duty and another constable, who had also seen the signal and hastened to the spot, and were told in a whisper to keep a very sharp look-out, for someone had attempted both the door and window of that empty house within the last ten minutes. On returning to our beat, my friendly policeman explained the mystery and showed me all the ingenious contrivances included under the purposely misleading name of "marks." Here I am compelled to be reticent: a description of the methods adopted would be very interesting, but such an explanation would at once deprive the public of one of its most effective safeguards by night.

"Now, perhaps, you will understand what I mean," added my informant, "when I say that the night policeman's worst enemy is *cats!* They prowl about over walls and remove our marks and so lead us off on false scents. I remember once noticing that something had gone over a wall, and, of course, I stood still for a time and listened intently. Soon I heard a footstep behind the house and then a scrambling sound, followed by other suspicious noises. By this time I felt sure someone was about, and so I silently signalled from the corner, and got the house quietly surrounded by men, only to find that it was nothing but a cat after all."

"By the way, constable, how is it that so few policemen are to be seen about the streets either by day or night?"

"Well," he laughed, "I should have thought that your experience the other night would have taught you better than that. It is not our business to be seen, *but to see.* When a policeman hears anyone coming at night it is his business to see what the man is after, and for this reason it is very desirable that he should not be seen. Nothing is easier than to step into a porch, or behind a tree, or in the shadow of a house, and remain perfectly hidden. You may be quite sure of this: whenever a man walks the streets of London by night a good many pairs of eyes are watching him. You may remember that the late Lord Truro some years ago publicly stated that he did not see a single policeman as he rode home one night from the House

of Lords to the suburbs. Well, the Commissioner made inquiry, and it was found that every policeman on the route had seen him pass and had noted the time."

"What is the best way of protecting one's house? Keeping a light burning or what?" I inquired.

"Lights are of no use whatever. You must bear in mind that burglars usually watch a house for some days before they attempt it, and they soon get to know any little tricks of that sort. The best protection for a house is a crying baby! No burglar will make the attempt if he hears a baby. A dog is not a bad thing, but it is apt to die or get mysteriously lost a day or two before the robbery takes place. It should be remembered that the window is the usual point of attack. During last year, out of 514 burglaries in London, the entrance was effected by a window in 335 cases. All the largest burglaries were managed in this way. Why, the ordinary method of fastening a window is simply ridiculous! Anybody can push the catch back with a knife."

"What part of the work do policemen hate most?" I asked.

"Catching dogs, without a doubt," he answered. "Look how ridiculous it is to see a policeman dodging round to try and catch some wretched little dog, while the bystanders chaff him and tell him to whistle for assistance. Then again you never know what kind of a temper the brute may have, and a dog-bite is anything but pleasant. Last year no less than sixty-two of our men were bitten."

"I stood still for a time and listened intently."

The time was rapidly going and day was now breaking, so I only put one more inquiry. "I suppose, constable, that life in the force has its little compensations though—amiable cooks, mutton-pie, and the like, eh?"

"Well, of course, that's an old joke," he answered; "but I never saw any mutton-pie, though the servants are generally fast enough at making friends. It's the uniform that does it. The average servant-girl will "go" for anything that has a uniform on, whether it's a policeman, or a soldier, or a postman. I don't say but what a man here and there may get something handed up from the area, but you may take my word that it's a precious rare thing."

Thus much I learnt from the constable. Soon afterwards I had several chats with the sergeant, as he strolled about at night visiting the men on

their beats, and noting if each was doing his duty. Each sergeant is responsible for a certain number of men, while the sergeants in their turn are looked after by the inspectors.

"Well, sergeant, I suppose you've had a good many years in the force?" I began.

"Yes, I've served over twenty years, and have seen some changes in my time. It's wonderful how London grows, and of course the force has to keep pace with it. Including all ranks, we number 15,271 men, and that sounds large until you remember that the Metropolitan Police District covers 688 square miles. During last year 22 miles of new streets were formed, and 13,141 new houses erected, so that you see things are moving along. The rateable value of the area we protect amounts to close upon £39,000,000, but it is of course impossible to estimate the enormous value of the property involved."

"I suppose you have had plenty of adventures in your career?"

"Well, not so many. You see, the average policeman's life is a very humdrum one. The cases that thrill people as they read them in the newspapers are the exception and not the rule. Even detectives have a very monotonous time in a general way. Nothing could be more untrue to fact than the detective stories which seem to be so popular in the magazines just now. I've done a good deal of plain-clothes work myself, so that I know what it is. When I first joined the force I once made a terrible fool of myself. I was on night duty, and noticed a light moving in a house about four o'clock in the morning. Instead of quietly signalling some more men and getting the house surrounded, I foolishly knocked at the front door to alarm the inmates. 'Who's there?' came a voice from within. 'A policeman; open the door,' said I. 'Oh, it's all right,' was the answer; 'I'm just getting up.' So I quietly went on my way, and a few hours later the news arrived at the station that the house had been broken into during the night. You see, the burglar had himself answered my knock and had afterwards escaped through a back window. I nearly got dismissed over that business.

"I have not been knocked about much myself, though, of course, some men get very severely handled. Last year, 2291 policemen were assaulted in the execution of their duty. I was once knocked down by a drunken man in the Holloway Road, and on another occasion I got pretty roughly treated by a man with a wooden leg in the Edgware Road. It took six of us to convey that man to the station. Of course one is obliged to be careful in struggling with a prisoner. An unlucky blow may cause some quite unintended injury, and then the newspapers all talk about the brutality of the police! For instance, it is not safe to trip up a struggling prisoner. I did it once in my early days, and the man's head struck the pavement with a thud that was heard by the sergeant a quarter of a mile away. Of course this was when all was quiet at night. Then we have to be very cautious how we use our truncheons. The regulations tell us never to strike at the head, but always at the limbs, so as to disable the prisoner. For my part I have only used my truncheon once during my whole career. That was on Hampstead Heath, and the prisoner had previously knocked two of my teeth out. My greatest scare happened some years ago when I was on night duty. I saw a light in a house, signalled for help, surrounded the premises, and then went in with another constable. After a long search we found our man hiding in a cupboard, and he at once presented a pistol at me. Of course I hit out, and lost no time about it, so as to disable him, and then the pistol turned out to be a pipe-case!"

"Have you found that burglars try to get the constable away from his beat before commencing operations?"

"Very seldom. When it does occur, there is usually a woman in the affair. Another dodge is for two suspicious-looking characters to loiter about one end of a man's beat, and to behave in such a fashion that he is obliged to keep his eye on them. In the meantime their accomplices are cracking a crib at the other end of the beat. But you must remember that twice as many houses are broken into during the day as at night. Sunday evening is our very worst time. The usual method is that two respectable-looking men watch the family off to church. Then they go to the door and knock. If anybody comes they simply ask some question and go away, but if they find that the house is empty, one of them just forces the door with a jemmy, while the other keeps watch. It makes practically no noise to wrench open the ordinary latch. Then they go in, shut the door, collect the most portable articles of value, and quietly walk out again as if they belonged to the house. The only remedy for this sort of thing is to leave someone at home. Another common occasion for house-breaking is when the family are out of town. If only people would leave their blinds up, there would not be half so many of these

robberies. Drawn blinds are simply an advertisement for the housebreaker. The police ought also to be told if a house is to be left unoccupied even for a day. Then they take special precautions. By the way, what a lot of people buy police-whistles, and fancy that they are a protection. It is the greatest mistake in the world. Go into the street and blow one of these whistles, and then see what will come. Certainly not a policeman; but probably a broken-down growler, whose driver will rend the heavens with his language when he finds that he is not wanted. The fact is, there is a certain method of using the whistle which shows that a policeman is at the end of it. But you must not divulge the secret of its use, or we should have to adopt some fresh dodge."

"He at once presented a pistol at me."

A few weeks later, I once more found myself in the police-station, but this time not as a prisoner. It was the slack hour of the day, the inspector had nothing in particular to do, and he was very willing to chat. On the wall of his office hung a couple of swords and a few handcuffs, a pair of which I, of course, soon tried on, and found that, through long disuse, they would not lock. As a matter of fact, these contrivances have become almost obsolete, and are only used on very rare occasions. In a small room opening from the inspector's office were several telegraphic instruments on the A B C system. The needle of one instrument began clicking merrily as a message passed through on its way to another station. As it did not concern him, the inspector did not trouble to read it, which was perhaps fortunate for me, for the message ran thus: "Reporter trying to interview police: warn your men not to talk."

"I suppose you get plenty of queer applications here," said I to the inspector, when we returned to the office.

"I should rather think we do," he answered. "Just take this morning for example. Soon after I came on duty a well-dressed man arrived and told me that he had been separated from his wife and daughter for ten years, and that he had just heard that his daughter was ill in a hospital. A letter to the wife, inquiring where the girl had been taken, having brought no response, he wanted us to take up the case and compel his wife to disclose the daughter's address. Of course we could do nothing for him.

"Next came an elderly lady in a great state of excitement, carrying a miserable little dog in her arms. She told me at great length that 'a brute of a man' had trodden on Fido's foot, and she wanted a summons. She did not know who the monster was, but that was nothing to do with it; it was the duty of the police to find out criminals. When I informed her that we could do nothing to assist her, she came at me with her umbrella, and we were obliged to use a little firm persuasion to get her outside.

"Soon afterwards a greengrocer arrived and complained that one of his customers had refused to pay an account on the ground that it had been already settled, but he declined to produce the receipt. Would we send a constable round to compel him to produce it? Here again we could do nothing but refer the applicant to the county court.

"The next visitor was a tall sour-faced woman who wanted a summons against her servant because she had a follower, which was contrary to her agreement when she was engaged. When I told her that we could not interfere, she retorted that she believed

"Lost!"

the man was a policeman in plain clothes, and that was of course the reason!

"Two lost children were brought in during the morning; one of them was soon claimed, and yonder is the other," pointing to a child sitting on a policeman's knee in the charge-room and contentedly munching a bun. "We keep them a few hours and then send them to the workhouse if unclaimed. Those umbrellas in the corner have been brought in by cabmen. It is quite surprising how careless of their property the public are. Here are some figures that will surprise you. During last year 32,997 articles were brought to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard, chiefly by cabmen and omnibus conductors. They included 2499 purses, 160 watches, 2306 bags with their contents, and 15,626 umbrellas and sticks. Some of the articles were strange enough. There were a banker's bag containing £700, an astronomical telescope, several bicycles, a bantam cock, a horse's brain preserved in spirits, a canary in a cage, a suit of chain armour, and a host of queer things. Slightly more than half of these articles were afterwards claimed, and £2674 11*s.* 3*d.* was paid in rewards for their recovery."

"What is your view, inspector, of the uniform question? Do not the men suffer from the weight of their clothing in summer?" I asked.

"No, I have rarely heard any complaints. A good deal of sentiment is talked in the newspapers, but there is very little in it all. A policeman's work consists largely in standing about, and in night duty, for which warm clothing is indispensable. During the hottest month of the summer we feel the weight of the uniform a little when on day duty, but if light tunics were served out they would be but little worn, and we should soon have an increased number of men on the sick list. Even in hot weather it is not safe to stand about in draughty streets unless you are pretty warmly clad.

"But, to change the subject, you will perhaps be interested to know how we identify habitual criminals. In all cases where persons are convicted the most minute description of their height, colour of hair and eyes, shape of features, marks, etc., is made and is entered in a number of books at Scotland Yard, classified under the various headings of height and so on. Photos are also taken, showing full face and profile, and are kept in classified albums. When a person is charged with any crime the constable who apprehended him is sent to Scotland Yard and examines the description and photographs of the particular class to which the prisoner seems to belong. In addition to this, all remanded prisoners are sent to Holloway, where they are paraded before experienced detective officers. So perfect is the system that a prisoner rarely escapes identification. Let me give you a recent example. A licence-holder—that is a ticket-of-leave man—reported himself in the usual way to the police at Leeds. The next day he was arrested for shop-lifting in the Euston Road. The constable who arrested him went to Scotland Yard and there found the man's photo in one of the albums. The officials

laughed at the idea, saying that the man in question had reported himself the previous day at Leeds. But the constable was positive, and the measurements were found to correspond. I then went into the man's cell and suddenly said, 'Look here, we are not going to call you William Smith any more; we will call you Thomas Jones for a change!' The man turned as white as a sheet and exclaimed, 'You've got me now!' This is only an example of what goes on every day."

Then the inspector showed me the various books and forms in use behind the scenes. On his desk lay the file of "Police Information," a sort of daily newspaper, of which four editions are issued from Scotland Yard every day at 9.30 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 6.30 p.m., and 10.30 p.m. It is hardly necessary to say that the contents of this paper are of the most secret character. I saw particulars of persons whose offences are quite unknown to the public, but concerning whom the police are silently making inquiries. Many a net is thus being secretly woven which will presently be drawn in, and the world will be startled at the result.

Then there is the bi-weekly *Police Gazette*, containing lists of persons who are "wanted" for various reasons, and the "Pawnbrokers' List," which is sent out daily to all police-stations and pawnshops in the metropolis, containing accounts of stolen property. I was next shown a large album containing photographs of all the unclaimed dead found in the metropolis—a ghastly and indescribable collection of horrors. As I turned its pages I looked upon all that remains of many a gruesome mystery, and yet it was strange to see how peaceful many of the faces were.

A small packet was next opened, and I had before me the photographs and particulars of all the ticket-of-leave men in the division. I asked the inspector if it was true that released convicts were hindered in obtaining employment by the supervision of the police.

"Not at all," he answered; "the utmost precaution is taken not to injure these poor fellows. When a licence-holder is due to report himself, he just calls at the station and asks for the inspector. He is at once shown into the office by the constable on duty, who has no idea who he is, and I see him privately. He simply produces his licence, tells me if he is at the same address, and that is all. When we wish to make sure of his address we never send a constable or a well-known detective to inquire. An unknown man who can be relied upon is sent, and simply asks if 'Bob' is at home. If he is, he just takes him aside, says 'How are you?' and goes. If he is not at home, nothing more is needed, as the fact that he lives there has been sufficiently established. To do anything which would injure the prospects of a licence-holder would be regarded as a most grave offence on the part of a police officer."

Much more was shown and explained, which I cannot repeat for reasons already stated, but sufficient has, perhaps, been given to prove that the police of the metropolis are a more efficient and capable body of men than is sometimes supposed.

Godey's Lady's Book, 1863

RAIN IMPS,

GRINDING UP THE RAIN IN APRIL.

IV.

THOUGH I gave, in my last article, several of the more important "ring-games," I by no means exhausted the list of those which I have jotted down as they have been actually in progress. Some of them, as I have already mentioned, consist of but little beyond the song which is sung as the players circle round; but so quaint and catching are some of these melodies, and so odd the words, that I think one or two well worthy of record. Others, though true "ring-games," approach very closely in form to the little "acted stories," or "dramatic games," as I have christened them, which I shall hereafter describe.

One of the best of these acting "ring-games" is "Lazy Mary." One of the girls kneels down in the middle of the ring, and the others, circling round, sing—

"Lazy Mary! will you get up?
Will you, will you, will you get up?
Lazy Mary! will you get up?
Will you get up to-day?"

On which she answers, while the others dance round her—and it may be noted that she puts as much dramatic expression into her answer as she is mistress of—

"No, mother! I won't get up!
I won't, I won't, I won't get up!
No, mother! I won't get up!
I won't get up to-day!"

Then with a change to a wheedling tone, she goes on—

"But what'll you give me if I get up,
If I, if I, if I get up?
What will you give me if I get up,
If I get up to-day?"

On this the girls in the ring answer—

"A brand new hat and a lace cravat,
A lace, a lace, a lace cravat;
A brand new hat and a lace cravat,
If you get up to-day."

The girl in the middle replies scornfully—

"Then, mother, I won't get up!
I won't, I won't, I won't get up!
Then, mother, I won't get up!
I won't get up to-day!"

And again she goes on—

"But what'll you give me if I get up,
If I, if I, if I get up?
What will you give me if I get up,
If I get up to-day?"

The girls in the ring answer—

"A nice young man with rosy cheeks,
With rosy, rosy, rosy cheeks;
A nice young man with rosy cheeks,
If you get up to-day."

And "Lazy Mary" rises to her feet at once, and sings—

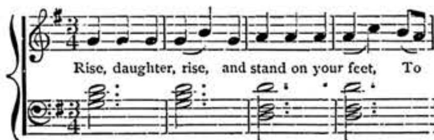
"Yes, mother! I will get up,
I will, I will, I will get up;
Yes, mother! I will get up,
I will get up to-day!"

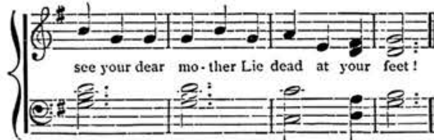
And as the ring breaks up, all the girls clap their hands derisively and sing—

"Lazy Mary! you had to get up,
You had, you had, you had to get up!
Lazy Mary! you had to get up,
You had to get up to-day!"

Almost identical in idea with the foregoing is "Rise! daughter, rise!" but it is much more poetical in thought and expression, while the air is almost a haunting one. The preliminaries are the same as those just described—one girl kneeling in the middle of the ring, while the others circle round her, singing—

RISE! DAUGHTER, RISE!





To which she makes answer, with a slow shaking of her head, in sign of negation—

"Oh, no! I won't rise or stand on my feet,
To see my dear mother lie dead at my feet!"

Then they try a second time—

"Rise! daughter, rise! and stand on your feet,
To see your dear father lie dead at your feet!"

And she answers—

"Oh, no! I won't rise or stand on my feet,
To see my dear father lie dead at my feet!"

Then they sing—

"Rise! sister, rise! and stand on your feet,
To see your dear sister lie dead at your feet!"

Again she sings her refusal with a negative, shaking her tiny head, and they ask her again—

"Rise! sister, rise! and stand on your feet,
To see your dear brother lie dead at your feet!"

And once again she refuses. Finally they sing—

"Rise! sweetheart, rise! and stand on your feet,
To see your dear lover lie dead at your feet!"

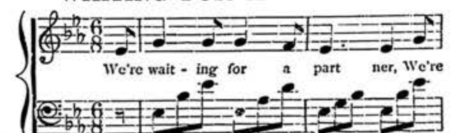
And she jumps to her feet and sings—

"Oh, yes! I will rise and stand on my feet,
To see my dear lover lie dead at my feet!"

and the game is over.

"Waiting for a Partner" is one of the most popular of the games among New York girls, though for what reason I hardly know, as there is not much real game in it as far as I can see. Probably, as in so many of them, it is the tune that attracts. It begins with one girl standing in the middle of the ring while the others sing—

WAITING FOR A PARTNER.



wait-ing for a part-ner! So open the ring and

choose her in, And kiss her when you get her in!

And the girl in the middle chooses out one of the others, who leaves the ring and joins her partner in the middle, while the others, with a change to quick time, sing—

"Now you're married you must obey;
You must be true to all you say;
To live together all your life,
We now pronounce you man and wife!"

The two partners then kneel down, while the ring continues—

"On this carpet you must kneel,
While the grass grows {under your heel; / in the field;}
Stand up straight upon your feet,
And kiss the one that you love sweet!"

The two girls in the middle kiss, and the game is over.

One more example of these sing-songs, and I shall pass on to another form of musical amusement. This last song, for it cannot be called anything more, is of a somewhat mournful description, and is only indulged in by the girls when, for some reason or another, their spirits are not quite at high-water mark. It runs as follows, the name of one of the players being used in the first line—

POOR MARY!

Poor Ma-ry is a-weep-ing, a-

weep-ing, a-weep-ing! Poor Ma-ry is a-

weep-ing, On a fine sum-mer's day!

"And what is she a-weeping for, a-weeping for, a-weeping for?
And what is she a-weeping for
On a fine summer's day?

She is weeping for her lover, for her lover, for her lover!
She is weeping for her lover
On a fine summer's day!

And who is her lover, is her lover, is her lover?
And who is her lover
On a fine summer's day?

(Johnny Baxter) is her lover, is her lover, is her lover!
Johnny Baxter is her lover
On a fine summer's day!

And where is her lover, is her lover, is her lover?
And where is her lover
On a fine summer's day?

Her lover is a-sleeping, is a-sleeping, is a-sleeping!
Her lover is a-sleeping
At the bottom of the sea!"

I have now to consider another class of singing game, which, as I have before mentioned, I have christened "dramatic games" or "singing stories." In these the players to a certain extent assume characters, and act out a little story, with dialogue that is sung instead of spoken. There is about most of them that tinge of melancholy which, as I have pointed out, belongs to so many of the "ring-games." The fact would seem to be that these singing games are more or less perverted paraphrases or reminiscences of old-world ballads and folk-songs, which somehow or another seem always to be in a minor key, as is consistent with the national character of a people who, we are told, "took their pleasure very sadly."

The most widely-known and most generally played of these games is "Miss Jennie O'Jones," which indeed is so characteristic of, and familiar to, American girls, that one of the most celebrated of American actresses, Miss Rehan, who is as great a favourite in London as in New York, introduced it with great effect into one of the amusing comedies with which she is identified. In playing "Jennie O'Jones," two of the girls are chosen to act as "Jennie" and "mother." The latter sits with her back against a tree, and the former lies in her lap, pillowing her head on the mother's shoulder as though suffering from some illness. The other girls then withdraw to a little distance, and, joining hands or linking arms, advance in a long line, singing as they go. When they get near Jennie and her mother, they curtsey with mock reverence. This is what they sing—

JENNIE O'JONES.

We've come to see Miss Jen-nie O'-Jones,

Jennie O'Jones, Jennie O'Jones, We've come to see Miss

Jennie O'Jones, And how is she to-day? . .

On which, with a portentous shake of the head, the mother says—while Jennie groans dolefully—"She's very ill!" and the visitors retire backwards, singing—

"We're very sorry to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it;
We're very sorry to hear it;
We'll call some other day!"

Once more they advance, curtseying and singing—

"We've come to see Miss Jennie O'Jones,"
etc.;

and the mother replies with still greater solemnity, "She's no better!" To which the response is made—

"We're very sorry to hear it!" etc.

For the third time they "call" and remark that—

"We've come to see Miss Jennie O'Jones,"
etc.;

and this time the mother weepingly announces, "She's dead," and the callers sing—

"We're very sorry to hear it,
To hear it, to hear it;
We're very sorry to hear it;
We'll call again to-day!"

which they immediately proceed to do, singing—

"What shall we dress her in,
Dress her in, dress her in?
What shall we dress her in—
Red, white, or blue?"

Some of the number suggest "red," upon which the mother between her sobs sings—

"Red is for soldiers,*
For soldiers, for soldiers;
Red is for soldiers,
And that will never do!"

So they retire, to come forward once more with the question—

"What shall we dress her in?" etc.

Someone then suggests "blue," to which the mother answers—

"Blue is for sailors,
For sailors, for sailors;
Blue is for sailors,
And that will never do!"

Once more the discomfited callers ask their question—

"What shall we dress her in?" etc.;

and "white" is the final suggestion. At this the mother and all the girls in chorus sing—

"White is for dead people,
Dead people, dead people;
White is for dead people,
And that will just do!"

This question satisfactorily settled, the "callers" advance with another query, as follows—

"Where shall we bury her,
Bury her, bury her?
Where shall we bury her—
Behind the stable door?"

To which gruesome suggestion the bereaved parent answers even more gruesomely—

"The rats and mice will eat her up,
Eat her up, eat her up;
The rats and mice will eat her up,
And that will never do!"

To which natural objection, and as if struck by a simultaneous happy thought, mother and callers and Jennie herself very often sing triumphantly—

"We'll bury her in the old churchyard,
The old churchyard, the old churchyard;
We'll bury her in the old churchyard,
And that will just do!"

and the game is over.

(*To be continued.*)

* Instead of "soldiers" "firemen" is often used. This is due to the fact that American soldiers are not uniformed in red, while the old volunteer firemen of twenty years ago wore startling red shirts.

LET LOOSE FROM SCHOOL.—BIRDS' NESTING.—GAMESOF ACTIVITY AND STRENGTH.

APRIL is usually considered to have been named from *Aperire*, to open; either from the opening of the buds, or of the bosom of the Earth, in producing vegetation. The Saxons called it *Oster*, or *Easter Monath*, in which month the feast of the Saxon goddess *Eastre*, *Eoster*, or *Easter*, is said to have been celebrated.

Palm Sunday is named from the boughs of Palms being carried in procession in imitation of those which the Jews strewed in the way of Christ, when he went up to Jerusalem. The Palm-tree was common in Judea, and planted everywhere by the way-side. Sprigs of box-wood are still used as a substitute for Palms in Catholic countries; and willow, laurel, yew, and box, for the decoration, or *dressing*, of churches in England. The blossoms of the willow, too, are called *Palm*, because of their coming forth before any leaves appear, and flourishing most before Easter, wherefore they are gathered to deck houses on Sundays. The ceremony of bearing Palms in England was retained till the 2nd year of the reign of Edward VI.; and it was formerly a proverbial saying, "He who hath not a Palm in his hand on Palm Sunday must have his hand cut off." The custom still lingers in some rural districts, though not as a religious observance.

In the Catholic church, Palm Sunday is the first day of the *Holy Week*; and at Rome, Palms are blessed by the Pope, who is borne in grand procession round the Sala Regia of the Vatican; where the Tenebræ and Miserere are sung by the Pope's choir, as well as at St. Peter's.

The Great or Passion Week was kept by the early Christians, as a season of rigorous abstinence from whatever could delight the body, that the soul might more readily accompany the Saviour in his sufferings, and realize "the great, the unspeakable blessings procured in it for man." For, in this week, to sum up the teaching of the Church in the eloquent language of Chrysostom, "the long war was brought to a close, death was quenched, the curse removed, the tyrannous empire of the devil overthrown; his goods plundered, God and man reconciled; heaven became accessible, men and angels were joined together; what had been dissevered was united; the partition wall broken down, the barrier taken away; the God of peace made peace between the things above and the things on earth." The services of the church followed throughout the course of this week, the actions or sufferings of the Saviour. Thus, on the Holy Thursday, the sacrament was received in the evening after supper, because that was the time of its original institution.—*(Feasts and Fasts)*. This was called also *Dies Mandati*; *i. e.* the command of Christ to his disciples when he washed their feet, to follow his example; whence comes *Maundy Thursday*; on this day, the Pope washes the feet of Poor priests at Rome, as the Kings of England, or their Almoners, formerly washed the feet of as many poor men as the soverign was old, at Whitehall. Alms, or *maund*, were then distributed; and this part of the custom is retained to our day; for which purpose, certain coins are struck by the Royal Mint every year and termed *Maundy Money*.

Good Friday, as the day on which the Lord gave himself up for us, was the appointed time for the absolution of those who had been subjected to penance for their sins. The Fast of Friday was prolonged, by all who were able to bear it, over the succeeding Saturday, while Christ remained in the tomb till cock-crow on the Easter morning; and during the whole of that night the people continued assembled in the churches, in the expectation—an expectation apparently derived from the Jews—that on that night the Messiah would appear to receive his kingdom; of which event, as is well known, the Christians from the earliest times, confidently expected the speedy happening. Thus was the period preceding Easter kept in the fourth century.—*(Feasts and Fasts.)* And, "as Good Friday is so called from the blessed effects of our Saviour's Passion, so the day of his Resurrection is named Easter, from the Saxon *Oster, to rise*."—*(Elementa Liturgica.)*

Of the present observances of Easter we can give but a few notes. At Rome, the ceremonies are continued on Friday and Saturday, and terminate on Sunday with the Pope blessing the people from the Portico of St. Peter's; illuminations, fireworks, &c. In England, the Good Friday Bun is eaten, derived from the sacred *Boun*, which was offered at the Arkite Temples; marked with the cross in commemoration of the passion of Christ on this day. The dressing of churches with flowers and evergreens on Easter Day is but little kept up. The Easter Holidays are but slightly observed; though our ancestors had their water quintain, ball-play, heaving or lifting, barley-break, stool-ball, &c.; and the good King Alfred appointed the week after Easter to be kept holy. On "God's Sondaye," (Easter Day,) the ancient hall fire was discontinued, the "black wynter brondes" put aside, and the hearth "gayly arrayed with fayre flowres, and strewed with green ryhes all about."—(A.D. 1511.)

St. George was a brave soldier, in the ranks of Diocletian. Edward III. at the battle of Calais, in the year 1349, joined to England's guardian St. Edward the Confessor, the name of St. George; and invoked both to his arms: next year, the order of the Garter was established, dedicated to St. George, whose emblem is preserved in its rich jewel.

St. Mark is depicted with a lion couchant, winged, by his side; because the lion is emblematical of the nervous solidity of his writings; and the wings of the more than human powers displayed in their composition.

On the 25th of April is the Jewish Festival of the Passover, or Paschal Lamb. The Paschal flower usually flowers at this period, in chalky pastures.

April is the season for healthy out-door sports: the hoop may be seen in classic sculpture; and leap-frog is mentioned by Shakspeare and Ben Jonson.

An old poet has thus versified the weather characteristic of the month:

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April wet by kind;
For Love is full of showers.

I. S.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FIG. 1.—CASKET FOR PAPER AND ENVELOPES.

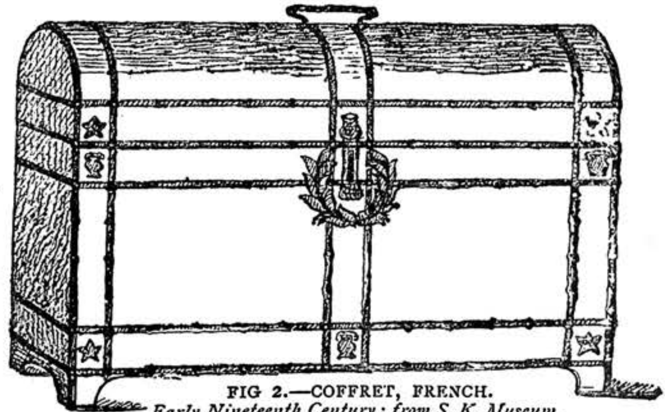


FIG 2.—COFFRET, FRENCH.
Early Nineteenth Century; from S. K. Museum.

In this series of papers on Art Needlework, contrary to our usual practice, we give sketches of made-up articles, because so many people complain that they are unable to take in written explanations; and therefore, assuming that many of our girls are already practised workers, such sketches may suggest articles, at once useful and decorative, on which they can lavish their skill to the best advantage.

At the same time experience has taught us how impossible it is to convey accurate ideas by means of black and white, even through so-called "illustrations," so much must necessarily be left to the manual skill and artistic judgment of the workers, who have to enlarge and carry out the suggestions with which we endeavour to supply them.

Fig. 1 is a casket for holding writing paper and envelopes. It is from eight to ten inches long, by from six to eight inches high in proportion. It is one of the few things which we advise should not be made up at home, the inside divisions of the casket having to be considered as well as the actual mounting of the embroidered cover.

Our sketch shows a casket covered with pale greyish green satin of a shade you may often see in the ground colour of old china plates. Indeed, the entire idea of design and colour was suggested to us by just such a plate. The casket is solidly worked in satin stitch, in a variety of delicate colours and shades of silk, and has an outline of fine Japanese gold thread. This outline is, however, optional; it is only introduced to throw the design into clearer relief, and if preferred might be of fine black or dark coloured silk, such as olive green, instead of gold.

A great variety of small articles can be worked in this style of design, sprays being copied from pieces of real china or Indian ware, of which the finest specimens may be found in the museums, and "powdered" over the surface. The colouring of such sprays may also be imitated with advantage, for they are almost invariably in true artistic taste.

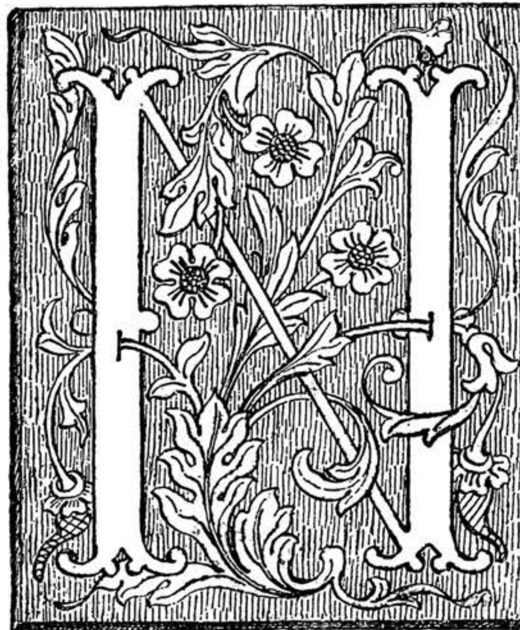


FIG. 3.—BLOTTER.

Such a casket can also be covered with velvet, velveteen, or plush, on which suitable sprays of natural or conventional flowers have been embroidered. In Fig. 2 we give a sketch of a coffret in the South Kensington Museum, which was probably the original *raison d'être* of these pretty caskets. We are doubtful if it can properly be called needlework. It is fourteen or fifteen inches long by about twelve inches high, and is covered with crimson velvet, ornamented with bands of gold braid, which are fastened down at intervals with silver stars; but it is probable that the alternate star and vase-shaped ornaments which fill the squares, formed by the braid, and which are of fine copper wire, are of needlework; also the wreath of leaves round the lock, for it closely resembles some clever German handiwork of sprays of flowers in gold and silver, which we have seen.

Fig. 3 is a blotter, the design of which, forming an initial letter, is suggested by a very beautiful and elaborate illuminated alphabet of the sixteenth century. In most cases it would be best to work a blotter and casket to match, and the style of Fig. 1 might very well be applied also to a blotter. Both together, they are a most suitable and effective ornament to a lady's writing-table, and would make a very handsome present.

The blotter, of which we give a sketch, is of Kirriemuir twill, or strong evenly-woven linen. The design is outlined with dark blue in stem-stitch, and the ground is then filled up by being darned all over with a lighter shade of the same colour; either crewel, silk, or flourishing thread may be used.

All manner of materials will serve for the coverings of blotters—velvet, velveteen, or plush are most used, embroidered in various styles of design; but if the covering be of any linen fabric it can the more easily be taken off for purposes of cleaning. Stout mill-board foundations for blotters can be bought of any size, and we are sure that neat-fingered workers would find no difficulty in making up slip covers. They can be lined, according to taste, with silk, satin, or sateen, as the outside is costly or otherwise, and a case can readily be attached to one or both sides of the lining. In another paper we shall have more to say on the subject of embroidery, as applied to books, but it is too wide and interesting a subject to be dealt with amongst other things.

Fig. 4 is a work bag, well adapted for home manufacture. The *stiff* lower part is of olive-green plush, on which a spray of

FIG. 4.—WORK BAG.

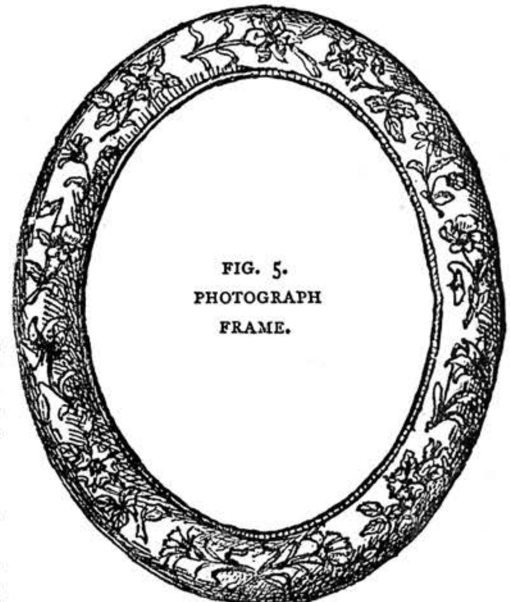


FIG. 5. PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

conventional honeysuckle is embroidered in delicate shades of natural coloured silks. The upper part is of olive-green satin, drawn up with silk cord to match, and the whole is lined with soft silk of a paler shade of green.

A circular piece of mill-board, measuring eight or nine inches across, will serve for the base of such a bag. This may be covered with silk or sateen. The upper side might with advantage have a piece of coarse flannel or a thin sheet of cotton wool inserted under the lining. Two or three sprays of flowers having been embroidered on a strip of velvet, velveteen, or plush, about five inches in width, the back of this is stiffened with embroidery paste, and it is carefully sewn on to a corresponding strip of mill-board, which should be cut an inch narrower than the embroidery, and must fit exactly the circular foundation. The strip is lined in the same manner as the base, and is very neatly sewn together. The upper part may be of the same material as the lower or stiff division, or of silk or satin of the same colour. The latter plan is the most effective, and this portion will wear better and be less limp if it be also lined. Ribbon or silk cord of the same colour can be used as strings, and it may be drawn up with double cord by means of eyelet holes on each side if desired; the hem should always be between two and three inches wide to look well.

Fig. 5 is a photograph frame of thick cream-coloured silk of a strong and even texture. It is embroidered with sprays of flowers worked with fine natural coloured silks in feather stitch. It must be carefully stretched in a frame, and the inside space of silk should not be removed till the embroidery is completed. The greater variety of delicate shades and colours which can be introduced into the flowers and leaves, the better. If well carried out, the finished work will resemble very closely the dainty specimens which were executed by great ladies and their attendant maidens at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. The frame from which we sketch is for a cabinet photograph, and the embroidery is from two to two and a half inches wide. Larger photographs would of course require the frames wider in proportion. We have seen them as wide as five or six inches, for frames about eighteen inches long. Such embroidered frames will also serve admirably for small mirrors, and the Japanese style of the casket, Fig. 1, is very suitable for decorating them. It might be used most effectively for the larger sizes, especially if the needlework be outlined with gold thread. We would not advise any attempt at mounting at home, because in the first place the wooden foundation must be convex, and secondly, the smallest inaccuracy or drawing of the work in fastening it to the wood would inevitably ruin the appearance of the whole

Daisy - Chatterbox 1896

A MODEL MENU FOR APRIL.

BY PHYLLIS BROWNE.

MENU.

Sardine Salad.

Clear Soup with Garnish of Custard.

Whitebait.

Ribs of Lamb.
Potatoes Stewed in Butter. Spinach.

Compote of Pigeons.

Asparagus.

Rice and Apricots.

Sardine Salad.—An agreeable and simple *hors d'œuvre* for the commencement of dinner may be made with four sardines, and three or four pennyworth of small salad, American cress, endive or French lettuce, all of which are usually to be had in the spring of the year, having been grown under glass. The salad can be prepared some hours before it is wanted, and not more than a heaped tablespoonful will be needed for each person. It can be served either in small paper cases (which can be bought at a fancy stationers, or made of stiff writing paper at home), or else placed in a small pile on each plate. It should not, however, be put into the cases till the last thing, or the dressing may sink through the paper, and make it greasy. A square of brown bread and butter can be put by the side of each portion, and a silver fork at the other side. Look the cress or lettuce over carefully, and cleanse it thoroughly; if lettuce or endive be used break the leaves into small pieces, then spread between the folds of a napkin, and be sure that the salad is quite dry. Remove the outside skin from four or five sardines, and lift the fillets from the bones. Put the salad in a basin, sprinkle a little salt over it, and pour on a teaspoonful of vinegar, and a tablespoonful of oil, or cream if oil is not liked. Toss the salad with two forks, and it is ready. Put a portion lightly in the cases or on small plates, arrange the fillets of sardine on the top, and sprinkle chopped gherkin and crushed capers over them.

If there is some mayonnaise in the store room, the salad will be much improved if a spoonful of mayonnaise be put upon each portion. Should there be no mayonnaise, it will scarcely be worth while to make any for the purpose, as so very little will be required. It is to be remembered, however, that mayonnaise will keep for several days in a cool place, and at the present time it is advisable to have a little in the store-room, because it is useful for dishes of this kind. When sardines are not available the salad may be mixed with remnants of cooked fish, torn into flakes, or with fragments of cooked chicken or game. If it is daintily mixed it will furnish a very tasty appetiser.

Clear Soup with a Garnish of Custard.—The recipe for clear soup has been already given. For the garnish make a small quantity of savoury custard with two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of either milk, cream, or white stock, and a little salt and pepper. Divide it into three parts, and colour each part differently. Red custard may be made by mixing a little lobster

coral, carrot pulp, tomato pulp or cochineal with the eggs and stock; green custard with pounded tarragon or spinach juice; while one portion of custard can be left plain. If approved prepared colourings can be bought ready made, and the plain custard can be flavoured with onion. When the custards are ready put them separately into buttered tins or small gallipots, cover with paper, and gently steam them till firm in the centre. Let them get cold, and cut into fancy shapes, dice, wafers, or peas. Warm these shapes in a small quantity of the soup, place them in the tureen, and pour the rest of the soup gently over them.

Soup thus garnished looks very pretty when it is perfectly clear, and when the shapes are successfully managed. The custards can be prepared some time before they are wanted, and they are not as troublesome as might be thought. It is most important, however, that they should be *gently* steamed; otherwise they will be full of holes or honeycombed, when they ought to be smooth. Also they should not be too much cooked; for though firm they must not be leathery. This soup is generally called *Soup à la Royale*. To us this name does not commend itself, as we are trying as far as possible to give our dishes English names, instead of French ones.

Whitebait.—Inexperienced cooks are generally afraid to try to cook whitebait; they imagine that there is something specially difficult about it, and that it is the sort of thing that cannot be served in private houses. So prevalent is this belief, that if housewives were to hear that whitebait had been served at the table of a neighbour, they would at once conclude that the neighbour was either very pretentious or very wealthy, able to engage a high-class cook, and possessed of mysterious utensils quite beyond the reach of ordinary people.

The truth is, however, that whitebait is not at all difficult to cook in houses where it is customary to collect and render the household fat; prepare it carefully, and keep it in a stewpan ready for frying. Under these circumstances there would be sure to be a frying basket available, and with a frying basket and a stewpan of fat it is exceedingly easy to cook whitebait when once we know how to set about it. Moreover, considering that it is a high-class fish, whitebait is not expensive, and when it can be obtained at all, it is generally cheaper than either turbot or salmon would be if bought at the same time. It is in the market now, and its price varies probably with the locality. Anyhow, if housewives feel inclined to try what they can do with it, they might order it beforehand of the fishmonger. It is a very favourite dish with gentlemen, and there is a distinction belonging to it which belongs to nothing else. Yet when in full season it can generally be bought for from 10d. to 1s. 6d. per pint, and as one pint is abundant for three or four people, it certainly is not extravagant.

The real difficulty about whitebait is that it must be very fresh; it ought properly to be used within twenty-four hours of its being caught, for when kept in ice it loses much of its flavour. The consequence is that it has to be brought to market by special delivery; in London, for instance, it frequently comes into the market in the afternoon. It ought not to be broken and crushed when sent in, and the smaller it is the finer. Whitebait is generally sent home in a jar filled with water, and the first thing we have to do with it is to wash it. This remark is made with full knowledge of the fact that whitebait is not to be handled, and that it is the most delicate of any fish that there is. Still it must be clean, and housewives who have had the experience of sitting down to whitebait that was mixed with doubtful fragments, will see this necessity. The actual preparation for frying must not be done until the last thing, but it is quite possible to pour the water off gently, spread the fish out in a gingerly and leisurely way with one finger, and pick out any foreign particles, such as seaweed and shells, that may be with it. After this, cold water can be gently poured over it again, and the jar can be put into a cold place until dinner-time.

When the time comes for frying the whitebait put the pan of fat on the fire, and let it get hot. Have ready a clean cloth. Take a small handful of fish between the outstretched fingers, drain the water from them, and spread them on the cloth. In this way they will not be in contact with the fingers more than a second or two. Scatter plenty of flour (a good handful, say) over them, and shake them a little so as to coat them well with flour, being careful to have each small fish thus coated. Keep them separate also, and if they cling together, draw them apart. Transfer them to the frying basket, and shake it to get rid of superfluous flour; then plunge it into the hot fat, let it rest half a minute, then move it backwards and forwards, and in about a minute the fish should be crisp. If not crisp let it stay a few seconds longer. Turn it upon kitchen paper to drain, fry another batch in the same way, and when all the whitebait are fried thus, salt it and serve very hot, with brown bread and butter, sections of lemon and cayenne, as accompaniments.

There are two or three points which have to be remembered when frying whitebait. One is not to attempt to fry too many at once. It is much easier to do only a few at a time, and they cook so quickly that it is not worth while to try to save time by doing anything else. Another point is to have the fat very hot. It needs to be hotter for whitebait than for anything else. Usually we say that fat is ready when it is still and a faint blue fume rises from it, but for whitebait the fume should be distinctly visible. If we could test the fat by a fryometer we should let it reach 400° for whitebait, whereas for other small things we should consider it was hot enough if it reached 385°.

A third point is that ordinary household fat does quite well for whitebait. Cooks often say that for this fish it is necessary to get lard, and a great many recipes mention boiling lard as if it were a matter of course. With this dictum I venture to disagree. I know that whitebait can be fried perfectly in fat; but, if I felt any doubt on the subject, my doubt would disappear when it was found that no less an authority than the late M. Kettner, whose judgment and experience are beyond all question, approves of fat. Speaking of whitebait, M. Kettner says, "When frying this fish use very hot beef fat. This is important. Many of the recipes say lard, which is a mistake. Nothing so good as ox-kidney fat."

Whitebait fried as above is plain whitebait. The preparation of "devilled whitebait" is one of the tricks of the cook's trade, and when the supply of whitebait is limited the trick is a very sensible one. Devilled whitebait is simply whitebait, which having been fried as described is seasoned liberally with black pepper and cayenne, and plunged once more into the hot fat for a few seconds. It is not at all uncommon for a dish of whitebait, plainly fried, to be served and handed round, after which what is left is brought out of the dining-room, popped once more into the frying-basket, peppered, plunged into the very hot fat for a few seconds, peppered once more and served. Devilled whitebait should be dark for gentlemen, light for ladies.

One more hint. Sometimes, when whitebait cannot be obtained, fresh white fish, such as slips, are skinned, filleted, and cut into thin strips about the size of whitebait, cooked in the same way, and presented as "mock whitebait." The imitation is very obvious, yet the recipe furnishes excellent practice for the frying of whitebait. Sprats fried in the same way are also excellent.

Ribs of Lamb.—Housewives who have conquered the prejudice against New Zealand meat, and who are fortunate enough to live near good shops or near a market, may probably begin this month to provide lamb for their families, and a very pleasant change they will feel it to be.

Twenty years ago it used to be understood amongst experienced housewives that "house-lamb"—that is, lamb supposed to be born in-doors and reared chiefly on milk—was to be had immediately after Christmas by those who were willing to pay a high price for it; while "grass lamb"—that is, lamb born in the spring and brought up on grass—would come into season in April in the south, and in May in the north, of England. At that time it was customary for hostesses who wished to set very superior fare before their friends to be on the look-out for early lamb, and they thought themselves very lucky when they could get it.

It is true that oftener than not this early lamb was a delusion, and epicures acknowledged the fact. Thus even Dr. Kitchener—that celebrated medical epicure of eighty years ago, who was so thoroughly convinced that health depended to a great extent upon food being properly cooked that he used to experiment personally in cookery in his own house, and then gave dainty lunches and dinners to favoured friends, to which no one was admitted who came late—even he spoke slightingly of early lamb. He used to say that experience had warned him to beware of accepting an invitation to dinner on Easter Sunday, through the fear that his incisors, molars, and principal viscera would have to protest against the imprudence of encountering young, tough, stringy mutton, under the misnomer of grass lamb. He also added that the proper name for Easter grass lamb was hay mutton.

There is no denying that Dr. Kitchener was quite right. The best lamb is that which has been grown naturally and been fed naturally; it possesses more flavour and also more nutriment than the other. Very early lamb is unprofitable, too, because it is so small. We had better make up our minds, therefore, not to count upon English lamb till June. If we buy it between now and June we shall probably have to pay a high price for an inferior article. Fortunately for us, however, it does not necessarily follow that we are to put lamb entirely on one side. New Zealand lamb comes into the market some weeks earlier than English lamb, and if we judge by past years we may expect that the season is now commencing. Of all meats that are imported lamb is, perhaps, the best, and high-class New Zealand lamb is really most excellent. It costs threepence or fourpence per pound less than English meat, and housekeepers who will try it may all through the summer have fine lamb of superior quality at a moderate cost.

Of course, we know that in many quarters there is a prejudice against New Zealand meat. We cannot but think, however, that a few at least of those who cherish this prejudice do so because they are not able to discriminate between good lamb and poor lamb; therefore they judge of food by its market name. An old writer tells us that where the judgment is weak the prejudice is strong. If housewives were as careful to choose the best quality of New Zealand lamb as they now are to choose English meat as distinguished from New Zealand meat, they might all through the coming summer provide lamb freely for their households, and save many honest pennies at the same time.

It is specially unfortunate when the distrust

of foreign meats affects lamb because it is perhaps more easy to tell good lamb from inferior lamb than it is to distinguish between good and bad meats of any other sort. The characteristics of good lamb at once strike the eye, and they are readily recognised by the experienced buyer; yet no meat varies so much in flavour and goodness. Good lamb has a very inviting appearance. It is delicate-looking, it is plump without being large, the fat is white and fresh, and is abundant about the kidneys, and the lean is clear and red. In inferior lamb the shoulder is usually lean and shrivelled, and the knuckle of the leg is dark and hard-looking.

Supposing then that the housewife can be induced to buy (and is able to procure) New Zealand lamb, which joint should she prefer? If the family is large I should say the fore-quarter. It is usually cheaper than the hind-quarter, and if roasted whole will be sure to be acceptable when cold. In the early part of the season cold lamb is always regarded as a luxury, and even the fat and the skin are delicious. Even if the family is small I should still be disposed to recommend a fore-quarter weighing about 9 lbs. For one thing, by buying the whole joint we pay less per pound for it. For another, a fore-quarter is easily divided, and at this time of year it will keep for a couple of days if properly cared for, although lamb is not meat that needs to be hung in order to make it tender. The shoulder should be cut off whole; it can be cooked last. The ribs can be divided into two parts; the scrag end of the neck being cut up and gently stewed with vegetables for two hours or more, and the ribs roasted. It must never be forgotten that New Zealand meat is to be gently but thoroughly thawed through before it is cooked, and that it is to be carefully cooked. Both the ribs and the shoulder should be wrapped in buttered paper while in the oven, and they should be basted well until three parts cooked. The paper can then be removed that they may brown. The gravy for roast lamb should be very hot and perfectly free from fat. Mint sauce is the usual accompaniment to this dish.

Potatoes Stewed in Butter.—Cold boiled potatoes which have not been overcooked will do for this dish. If there are none, potatoes must be boiled specially; kidneys are to be preferred, and they should be steamed in their skins, peeled when cooked and allowed to cool before being used. Cut them in slices about an eighth of an inch thick. Make about two ounces of *maître d'hotel* butter by mixing two tablespoonfuls of fresh butter with two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a little pepper and salt. The ingredients should be mixed with the point of a knife on a plate in a cool place till they form a sort of cream. Supposing there is a pound of potatoes, put the butter in a stewpan, when it is melted throw in the potatoes and two tablespoonfuls of stock. Cover the stewpan closely and place it at the side of the fire, shaking it occasionally to keep the slices f.om sticking to the bottom. When the potatoes are hot through, and coated with the gravy, serve hot. If some of the slices of potato are lightly browned, so much the better.

Spinach.—Spinach is a most excellent vegetable, and housewives who have learnt to appreciate it will rejoice that spring spinach is entering the markets, and that we may expect to have it from now to the end of July or later, getting cheaper as the season goes on. As, however, it is at its best when the leaves are young and tender, it is a pity not to get it early.

Busy people often object to spinach because they say that it needs so much preparation. This is quite true; if the spinach is to be worth having it must have time spent upon it. It must be washed in several waters, because it has so much grit attached to it, owing to its growing so close to the ground; and to make it perfect it must have the stalk removed from every leaf (if the spinach is fully grown the vein that runs up the leaf will need to be trimmed away also); and it must be finely chopped or else passed through a sieve before it is made hot for dishing. Then, too, it is a disappointing vegetable in another way—it reduces enormously in cooking. It is said that nine-tenths of it are nothing but water; consequently when we have finished cooking it we only have one-tenth of the quantity we put on to boil, and if we want to have a good supply for the table, we must boil ever so much more than seems to be required.

Housewives who object to spinach for the reasons named, have evidently not realised the fact that the vegetable is actually improved by being warmed up again and again, if only it has been properly cooked to begin with. Indeed, there is a story told of a celebrated dignitary of the church, who, in order that he might properly enjoy his dish of spinach on the Friday, had it cooked on the Sunday previous and then warmed every day, a little more butter being added each time. If this story be true, and if his reverence had poached eggs with the spinach, his fast was not a very trying one. Anyhow his method gives us a suggestion, and if people who like spinach were to cook a large supply at one time, as much as the largest saucepan they possess will contain, picking, trimming, and washing it at their leisure, they would have on hand a vegetable that could be served day after day with little trouble, and of which epicures would not be likely to tire, because it would be more appetising on the last occasion of serving than on the first.

One reason why spinach plainly boiled is not esteemed as it deserves to be, is that it is so often served moist, whereas it ought to be dry and very hot. Being so very watery in itself, of course it is not easy to get it dry. All sorts of expedients are adopted to make it so. Some press it and squeeze it, and energetic people wring it dry in a cloth. An advantage associated with cooking a supply beforehand is that the water drains from it with standing. The great aim, however, is to get it dry and hot.

When spinach is young it should be boiled without water, and sufficient water to cook it quickly oozes from it. When spinach is old it should be put into lightly-salted boiling water. In both cases it should be boiled quickly and pressed down occasionally with a spoon to keep the leaves under water. It will very quickly be tender after it has once reached the boiling-point. The liquid should then be drained from it, and it should be rinsed with cold water; it will be less likely to lose its colour if this is done than if it be left to cool by itself. Squeeze and press the water from it, chop it well or rub it through a sieve to make it smooth, and leave it till wanted. A few minutes before the vegetable is to be served, put a good slice of butter into a stewpan, melt it, then mix the spinach with it and add pepper and salt. Turn it about with a spoon until it is hot through and has absorbed the butter. Have ready a hot mould, put the spinach into it, press it to make it take the shape of the mould, turn into a hot tureen and serve. If the spinach provided is not more than will be used in one day, it is allowable to dredge a little flour into the stewpan when the butter is incorporated with it, stirring the *purée* once more over the fire to cook the flour, and putting in a small piece of butter at the last moment. This treatment dries up the moisture wonderfully, and makes the spinach everything that could be desired. But if the spinach is to be warmed with butter day after day, it is best to omit the flour. The addition of a little cream to the butter is an improvement. When spinach cannot be had, turnip tops are excellent boiled, chopped, and tossed in butter in the same way.

Stewed Pigeons.—Tame pigeons are in season whenever they can be obtained young, and young pigeons are most likely to be in the market, and are the cheapest from March to September, because in comfortable dovecotes they are hatched about February, and they grow very quickly. They should be young and freshly killed, for they very quickly lose their flavour if kept. There is not much meat upon them, but they are very tasty and they look inviting, especially when served in a silver dish.

Truss two or three plump young pigeons, with their legs turned inside. Have ready to cook with them a cupful of carrot-balls and a cupful of turnip-balls, made by stamping carrots and turnips with the vegetable turner; also two good-sized onions cut into dice. An easy way of cutting root vegetables into dice, it may be mentioned, is to peel them, cut them into thin slices, first one way and then the other, but not quite through; leave a small portion uncut to hold them together; then turn the root over and cut quite through, when the dice will fall from the knife. French turnips and carrots are excellent for a dish of this sort.

Melt half an ounce of butter in a stewpan, and put with it four ounces of lean bacon cut into dice. Shake over the fire for half a minute or so, then put in the pigeons breast downwards and let them brown lightly all over. They will need to be turned once or twice to prevent burning and that they may be equally cooked. When brown, put with them the turned vegetables and the onions, a good bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme and a bay leaf, a little pepper and salt, and about three-quarters of a pint of stock. Simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour. Take up the pigeons and keep them hot, remove the fat from the gravy, thicken it with a little flour, let it boil once more, and dish the birds with the vegetables round them and the sauce poured over all.

Asparagus.—Asparagus is just entering the market, and we may expect that every week for six or seven weeks it will get more abundant; therefore we ought to be on the look-out for it betimes, in order that we may have the full benefit of it. It is quite possible that economical housewives will think it unnecessary to have both pigeons and asparagus. If this be so, they may very well dispense with the pigeons altogether and have asparagus in their place, serving it as a separate course. It is quite usual nowadays to serve asparagus thus. At high-class dinners it is scarcely ever put on the table with the meat. It is served alone with a dainty sauce and eaten with the fingers.

There are three sorts of asparagus at the disposal of the housewife—that which is green from the tip downwards; that which is green and purple at the end, with a white stem; and that which is thick and white from end to end. The one last named is the German variety, and the majority of English housewives will have nothing to do with it, although it is most delicious. It is grown differently from ours, and is soft and eatable to within an inch of the end; whereas our asparagus is soft at the top only and is horny below, so that the larger portion has to be thrown away. It is obvious, therefore, that German asparagus is profitable; it is cheap also, and if English housewives were to realise its excellence the demand for it would increase. As it is, greengrocers say it is no use their buying it because so few care for it.

The green asparagus is more quickly boiled than the other sorts. Asparagus is usually sold in bundles, with thick stalks outside and

thin stalks in the middle. This fact needs to be remembered, because if the stalks are put into the water all at once the small stalks will be broken by the time the large stalks are tender, and thus the dish will be spoilt. The first thing to do, therefore, when dressing the asparagus is to look the sticks over, and put those of the same size together that they may be evenly cooked. It is a good plan to use the large sticks for the table and the small sticks for soup, or to mix with buttered eggs for breakfast. In any case, if the asparagus is to be enjoyed in perfection it must be fresh. Its condition may be known by the stiffness of the heads; if they droop and are limp, the asparagus is stale.

To boil asparagus, scrape the stalks near the roots, cut them into equal lengths, and let them lie in cold water awhile. Put them into boiling salt and water for the first minute or so, place the lid on the saucepan to bring the water quickly again to the boil, then take it off and boil from fifteen to twenty minutes. Take every precaution to keep the tips whole. Some, with this object in view, have them tied in muslin; others put them upright in the saucepan with the tips an inch above the water. When tender at the tip, drain the asparagus well, and dish it neatly on a slice of toast cut to its own size. Send to table with it melted butter, white sauce, Dutch sauce, or oiled butter, whichever is preferred; but be sure to send the sauce to table in a boat—do not pour it over the asparagus. Asparagus should never have sauce poured over it. Many people in these days prefer to have asparagus served cold with mayonnaise sauce. They say that those who once taste it thus will never consent to have it hot again. This, however, is a matter of taste. Cold asparagus is often served with a simple salad dressing of oil and vinegar, pepper, and salt, instead of mayonnaise.

Dutch Sauce.—A very easy, homely way of making this favourite sauce is to put the yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, pepper and salt, into a quarter of a pint of melted butter. The sauce should cool a minute before the eggs are put in, and it must not boil after they are put in; the lemon-juice should be added last. The orthodox way of making the sauce is to boil a gill of vinegar, with peppercorns and a bay-leaf, till reduced to one-half. Strain it; stir into it off the fire the yolks of two eggs, put it over the fire in a gallipot surrounded with boiling water, and beat it till it thickens, then add gradually a good slice of butter. The difficulty with the orthodox method is that the sauce is very liable to curdle. It needs to be most carefully mixed.

Rice Cream and Apricots.—Fruit puddings are more acceptable than anything else in the spring, but until the fresh fruit appears housewives do not find it easy to supply the demand. There are, however, always available at the grocers a variety of most excellent tinned fruits and bottled fruits. A most dainty dish can be made with rice-cream and any one of these, although apricots are, perhaps, to be preferred above all. Housewives who have not hitherto bestowed the special pains upon rice suggested in this recipe are recommended to do so at once; they will be delighted with the result. Rice-cream must be prepared the day before it is wanted.

Put a dessertspoonful of gelatine to soak in a tablespoonful of water. Wash two tablespoonfuls of best Carolina rice in one or two waters (this will make it less likely to burn); then cook it, with an inch of stick cinnamon, in a pint of milk. Let it simmer gently and slowly by the side of the fire for two or three hours, and add more milk from time to time until a pint and a half has been used. Take out the cinnamon, stir in two ounces of white sugar and the gelatine melted, and mix well. If allowed, add last of all three pennyworth of cream which has been whipped till firm. The cream is not indispensable, of course, but it makes a wonderful improvement. Take a plain tin mould with straight sides, rinse it in cold water and leave it wet, and set a gallipot, with a weight inside to keep it down, in the middle. Put the rice in the space around the gallipot and leave it to set. Next day remove the gallipot, turn the rice upon a glass dish, put a few of the apricots into the centre and the rest around, and pour the syrup over all. If a second three pennyworth of cream is not considered extravagant, it may be whipped and piled upon the apricots. Damsons stewed in syrup are an excellent substitute for apricots when served in this way.

Superstitions Concerning Trees.

AMONG the superstitions respecting the kind of tree of which the cross was made, two have been especially prevalent. There has been in both England and Scotland a widespread legend that it was made of the elder tree; therefore, although fuel may be scarce and these sticks plentiful, the poor superstitious people will not burn them. In Scotland, according to a writer in the *Dublin Magazine*, it is called the bour-tree, and the following rhyme is indicative of their beliefs:

> Bour-tree, bour-tree, crooked rung,
> Never straight and never strong,
> Ever bush and never tree,
> Since our Lord was nailed on thee.

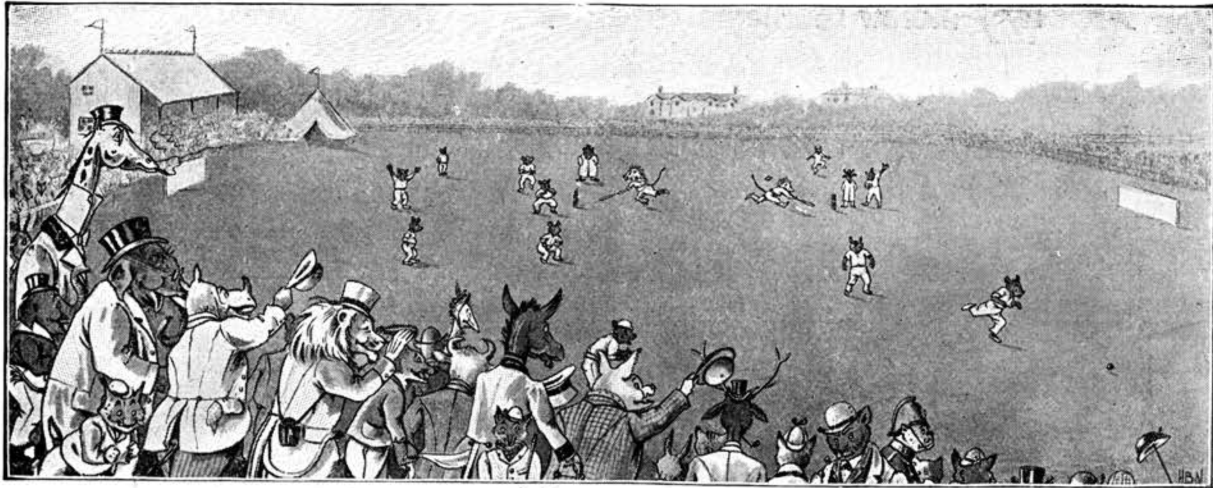
In "Chambers's Book of Days" is an instance of the belief that a person is perfectly safe under the shelter of an elder-tree during a thunder-storm, as the lightning never strikes the tree of which the cross was made. Experience has taught us that this is a fallacy, although many curious exceptional instances are recorded. James Napier, in his "Folk-lore" of the northern counties of England, tells us of a peculiar custom. The elder is planted in the form of a cross upon a newly made grave, and if it blooms they take it as a sure sign that the soul of the dead person is happy. Dyer, in his English "Folk-lore," says that the most common belief in England is that the cross was made of the aspen (*Populus tremula*), the leaves having trembled ever since at the recollection of their guilt. Another legend is that all the trees shivered at the Crucifixion except the aspen, which has been doomed to quiver ever since. An extract from Mrs. Hemans's Wood Walk and Hymn is worthy of quotation here as beautifully illustrating the first idea:

> FATHER. Hast thou heard, my boy,
> The peasant's legend of that quivering tree?
> CHILD. No, father; doth he say the fairies dance
> Amidst the branches?
> FATHER. O! a cause more deep,
> More solemn far, the rustic doth assign
> To the strange restlessness of those wan leaves.
> The cross he deems, the blessed cross, whereon
> The meek Redeemer bow'd his head to death,
> Was formed of aspen wood; and since that hour
> Through all its race the pale tree hath sent down
> A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe
> Making them tremulous, when not a breeze
> Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
> The light lines from the shining gossamer.

In Ulster the aspen is called "quiggenepsy"—that is, "quaking aspen." In support of these beliefs the aspen still flourishes near Jerusalem. In the west of England there is a tradition that the cross was formed of the mistletoe, which before that event used to be a fine forest tree, but has since been doomed to lead a parasitical existence. The gypsies believe that it was made of the ash tree. In Cheshire the *Arum maculatum* is called "Gethsemane," because it is said to have been growing at the foot of the cross and to have received some drops of blood on its petals. "Christ's Thorn" is a very common plant in Palestine. We must mention just one more superstition in connection with our Lord's agony. In Scotland it was formerly believed that the dwarf birch is stunted in growth because the rods with which Christ was scourged were made from it.

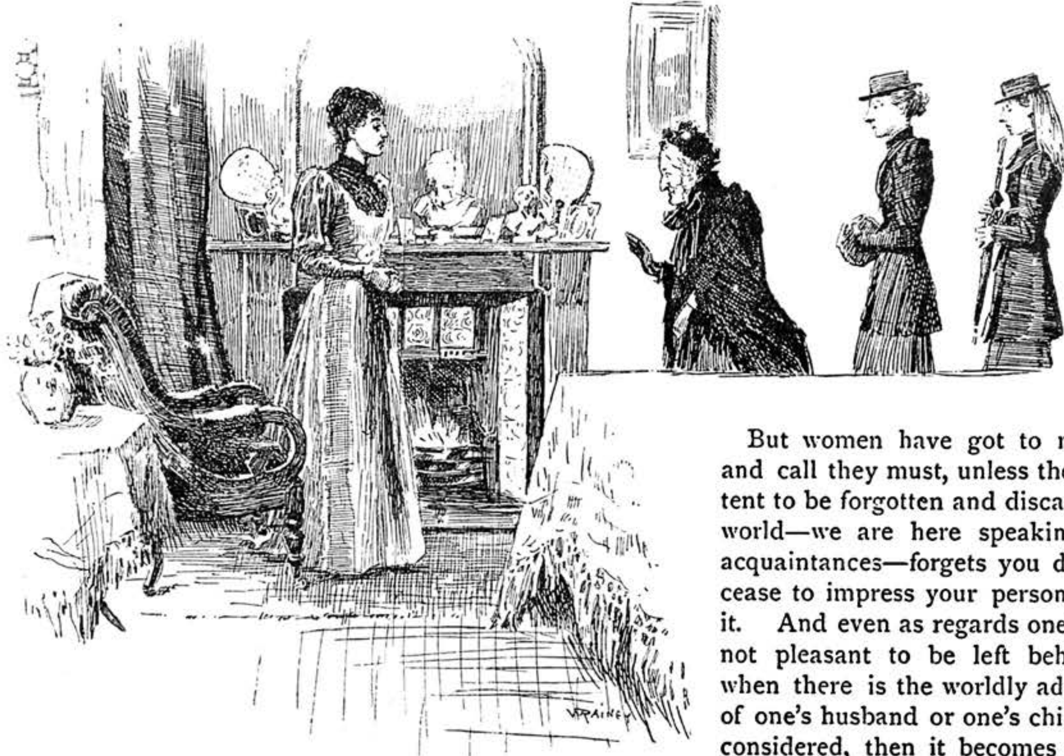
SO VERY HUMAN.

CRICKET: BEARS *v.* LIONS.



THE SOCIAL DUTY OF WOMEN.

I.—THE AFTERNOON CALL.



"WOMEN HAVE GOT TO MAKE CALLS."

"THE LOVE OF CALLING IS NOT INDIGENOUS."

THE principal and most laborious social duty of women is calling.

There is no doubt that the London woman who performs properly all her obligations in this respect, and who is not fortunate enough to command any other carriage than an omnibus (alas! how many of us come under this category), must sacrifice all her available spare time. Women are great victims. It may be only a silken chain that most of us wear, but it galls, all the same. Even to the sociably-inclined among us, calling must often seem a great waste of time; while as to the unsociably-inclined —well, if a London woman be unfortunate enough to dislike both calling and shopping, it were indeed "better for her that she had never been born."

But women have got to make calls, and call they must, unless they are content to be forgotten and discarded. The world—we are here speaking only of acquaintances—forgets you directly you cease to impress your personality upon it. And even as regards one's self, it is not pleasant to be left behind. But when there is the worldly advancement of one's husband or one's children to be considered, then it becomes a different matter. Unworldly as we may think ourselves, we cannot altogether be proof against such considerations. The social treadmill becomes more and more a duty, and acquaintances must be kept up. For from the cold outer circle of acquaintances, year by year, individuals constantly press nearer into the inner circle of friends; and how are we to know these at first sight? And then, in some professions wives can materially help their husbands by a due regard to calling; for instance, a doctor's wife or a clergyman's can do a great deal in this way.

People with liveliness and social gifts can sometimes extract a good deal of amusement from these visits; but the love of calling is not indigenous in every human breast, for I myself well remember, as a small child, how I used to pity grown-up folk for having to "make calls"—almost as much as I pitied them for being apparently condemned to read the paper every morning at breakfast—and wondering, vaguely, if I should ever have to do the same.

Every woman with social ambitions has one great aim: namely, to appear very "chic." The most fatal obstacle to their "chicness" is not to know little points of etiquette; and yet, curiously enough, these are just the things you can get nobody to tell you. They are not told: they are observed: they are the "shibboleth" of the *parvenu*. The "Etiquette Book" makes it all seem a very simple matter. Here are a few of the instructions it gives:—

(1) Cleanliness must be observed in calling. The hands should receive special attention.

(2) Hold your handkerchief freely in the hand, and do not roll it into a ball.

(3) Never appear in a drawing-room with mud on your boots.

These appear to be but rudiments in the art; they are unnecessary for us, so we would like to go farther, but farther than this the "Etiquette Book" does not take us. After all, we may console ourselves that the best substitutes for "etiquette" are tact, sympathy, intuition. Intuition will teach us that ten minutes are sufficient for a first call; tact that we are not to outstay a later arrival; sympathy that we are not to monopolise the conversation of our hostess. As to how many cards to leave, or how many corners of the said cards to turn down or up—this does not so greatly matter. I am ashamed to confess that, after years of calling, I do not yet fully understand the significance of the turned-up corners. And in bygone days I have favoured certain fortunate acquaintances with whole sheaves of unnecessary pasteboard. *Apropos* of leaving cards, I remember a story of two girls who were sent by their mother to make a round of calls. They took with them a batch of their own cards and those of the people they were going to visit, for the sake of their addresses. Unfortunately, the cards got mixed up, with terrible results to the callers, and even worse complications to the called-on, not to be subsequently unravelled even by an army of etiquette books.

No less important than the art of calling is the art of being called upon. That this is not always well understood, even in circles presumably cultivated, the following experiences may serve to show.

One afternoon in March I armed myself for the battle. I owed terrible arrears of calls, and hoped to get a great number cleared off. The day was well chosen; it was a Monday, and most people go out on Mondays. I seized my card-case and sallied forth. Some of the calls had been owing three, some six, months; but we are not so strict as we used to be, and in London we are less strict than in the provinces, so that my mind only misgave me slightly. Nor did I, although I am distinctly shy, trouble myself about the people I was going to visit. In the days of my youth I remembered to have heard ladies "tick off" on their fingers the subjects of which they would talk at a call. When these subjects (and the fingers) were exhausted, they knew it was time to take their leave. But I was not going to concern myself with such things. I knew that nowadays the less trouble one takes, and the greater the gaps one leaves in the conversation, the more one is thought of.

The first house I arrived at happened to be Mrs. X——'s, in the debatable region between Bayswater and St. John's Wood. It was a stuccoed villa, with a small cat-ridden front garden, decorated with some tombstones—or were they vases?—by way of gates. I was ushered into a fireless drawing-room. A cold east wind whistled in all the chinks, and I drew my furs closer about me. I thought I faintly distinguished the rattle of plates in the distance. Horror! was that lunch being discussed? I looked nervously at my watch; it was just three. I had been obliged to begin my round early. After an interval of five minutes, during which I "took in" all the details of the room—terra-cotta Cupids on plush brackets, be-ribboned hand-screens, photographs of curates and of babies—a maid came in, lit the fire, and retired. If anything makes one feel more particularly unwished-for, it is this cold-blooded lighting of the fire after one's arrival. I waited another quarter of an hour, during which the said fire smoked horribly. Just as the smoke reached a climax, and I was wondering whether I should not fling open the windows and sound an alarm, Mrs. X—— entered. She had evidently changed her gown and adorned herself, regardless of time. As soon as she could see me through the cloud of smoke, she was apologetic and effusive. The fire was rectified, but I soon took my leave, for the twenty minutes' lonely wait had sadly taken up the time. For this reason, also, I was rather relieved when, at the next three houses on my list, the people were all "out." At the last of these—a spacious abode on Campden Hill—in answer to my knock, a servant came out, and looked up at me from the area before answering the door. I have often wondered at this proceeding; it seems harmless enough, and yet for some unknown reason it always irritates me beyond measure, and I defend myself with my umbrella from inspection. From the hesitating way this damsel said "Out," I was convinced that the family were upstairs, having a comfortable afternoon with the dressmaker.

At my next call my experiences were slightly similar. It was in Mayfair. A pompous butler opened the door with that brick-wall kind of expression that "well-bred" servants so greatly affect.

"Is Mrs. M—— in?" I inquired humbly.

"I'll see, 'm." Then, calling to a passing housemaid: "Is Mrs. M—— in to-day?"

"I'll go and ask her," said the girl.

Returning in five minutes—during which the butler

"THE PRICE OF COALS"

"SHE HARDLY TOOK ANY NOTICE OF ME."

stood impassive—"Mrs. M——. says she isn't in to-day."

I went away feeling small, and with an inward conviction that if I had had a carriage I should have been more thought of—by the butler, at least.

The next place to which I bent my steps was a "bijou residence" in one of those streets which, although in a fashionable neighbourhood, somehow suggest back mews. Here a pleasant maid smiled at me. By the way, I find that servants have more to do with the pleasantness—or unpleasantness—of a call than one would imagine. They often reflect the character of their employer quite as much as do the surroundings. The surroundings in this case were unjust—dyed Pampas grass in the hall, stuck into gaily-enamelled drain-pipes, and pictures draped with pink Liberty scarves. The drawing-room, also "bijou," was crammed with furniture, so that I had much ado not to knock over two or three tables as I advanced to greet the smiling hostess. An undue partiality for Pampas grass and knick-knacks is not a crime, and I could have been very happy here if there had not been present another visitor—an elderly lady with a voluminous black brocaded cloak, who for ten minutes held forth on the subject of the price of coals.

I extricated myself carefully from the mazy windings of the furniture, and then made my way to a pre-Raphaelite household, where long-necked and anæmic females glared at me from every corner, and the rooms were of an extreme—nay, classic—bareness. Here the lady of the house, Miss Y——, was busy painting, and she hardly took any notice of me. These "easy manners" are, I believe, considered entirely "chic" in some circles; but as it was my first call, and I felt shy, I was not long in taking my leave.

My next experience was at Mrs. Z——'s, a clever, busy woman, much occupied by political meetings and committees. She happened, just as I was ushered in,

to be herself escorting some friends to the door, and she is very short-sighted.

"Did you want anything?" she said kindly, coming up to me. "A hospital ticket, perhaps?"

I fled incontinently.

Twilight was coming on. I began to feel weary, and it occurred to me that a cup of tea would not be inappropriate. With this end in view, I bethought myself of some fashionable relatives of mine who lived close by. I arrived, as I thought, at their house in Eaton Square (but I was not quite certain about the number) and was ushered upstairs. To my horror, who should advance towards me but an old couple whom I had never in my life seen before! The ground reeled under me. Was I in a dream? But they seemed to think they knew me.

"We have not met since that delightful bazaar, Miss C——," the old lady said.

"And how well you acted your part in the farce!" cried the old gentleman.

Whom in the name of wonder did they take me for? At first I thought I would explain, and then—no, I would carry it through. They were most kind and hospitable, but—how in the world I got through that bad five minutes I shall never know.

It was raining when I got outside, and again tea occurred to me. I found my cousin's house at last. It took at least three powdered footmen to escort me up the marble stairs, and when I had got there I wished myself heartily anywhere else. Several people were present, all presumably in the same "set." They talked and laughed vociferously, and my hostess, after greeting me, paid me no more attention. After I had discussed the rival climates of Folkestone and Dover with a neglected old lady very earnestly for five minutes, all the party rose.

"I am so sorry," said my cousin, coming up to me, "that you won't have any tea. What a pity you have to go so soon! Only just a glimpse, wasn't it? The carriage is at the door. What! we can't drop you anywhere? Well, good-bye."

I came away tea-less and misanthropical. It rained still harder, and I suddenly remembered Mary N——, who lived in one of the sad little streets near by. Hers was no "bijou residence," but a poor little ordinary abode, of the kind usually let as "genteel apartments," which have such a plaintive air of having "known better days." Yet the house told of Mary's charm. The ugly door was painted white; there were flowers—early as it was in the year—in the window-boxes, and Mary's nice little maid stood smiling in the doorway to welcome me. Mary herself could not come to meet me. She was still young, but year by year she lay uncomplainingly in her pretty room, not able to move, nearly always suffering, and yet always bright and happy. Her face glowed when she saw me—she was always delighted to see a friend—and she flung away the books and papers which surrounded her.

"Mary," I said solemnly, "I've come to protest."

"Against what?" said Mary, smiling.

"Against making calls. It's a pure waste of time."

"I don't know," Mary said. "It seems to me I should get on very badly if no one called on *me*."

"You're different," I said; and then I proceeded to tell her of my afternoon's experiences.

"Well, I must own that to-day you've been particularly unfortunate. It doesn't always happen so."

"It very seldom happens that a call is really congenial," I grumbled. "I never come away feeling any the better for my visits. Oh, I know what you mean." Here I caught sight of a gleam of fun on Mary's face. "You think that is not the primary object of calling; you think that it is probably I who am unsympathetic——"

"Not unsympathetic to *me*," Mary interrupted sweetly; "but I think you *do* expect too much from people. One should be content with what they have to give. One can't expect," she added thoughtfully,

"'WE HAVE NOT MET SINCE THAT DELIGHTFUL BAZAAR.'"

"that everybody should be made on the same pattern. And even if one doesn't like it, it is good for one to make visits; otherwise, one loses 'the sweet habit of kindness.'"

"Yes, there's something in that," I cried eagerly. "Sometimes, when I've had a bad cold and haven't paid calls for a few weeks, I feel myself getting quite crusted, and I shrink from going out more than ever."

"I know: I have felt it too," Mary replied thoughtfully, "after one of my bad turns. Unsociability grows on what it feeds, and we mustn't encourage it. And, do you know, sometimes I've felt that the most tiresome people—people I've really felt to be quite bores at the time—have given me a kind of mental fillip, and brought me out of myself and my grievances."

"I wonder," I said thoughtfully, "why calls don't make *me* feel so? Perhaps you're right—I don't set about it in the right spirit. But one gets *so* tired of calls—calls when people don't want to see you—calls when you only hope they won't be at home—calls when it's a question of one's husband's interest—calls when the boys are home from school—calls when it's 'the children's hour'——"

"*I* should like 'the children's hour,'" put in Mary tenderly.

"Well," I said, beginning to regain my self-respect, "London isn't so bad as the provinces or the colonies as regards calling. There it amounts almost to a curse. A cousin of mine is married to a barrister out there, and—only imagine!—a very vulgar woman complained to her husband—a rich, powerful solicitor—that my cousin had 'cut her dead' in the street. The husband actually wrote and threatened to withdraw his patronage unless the matter were satisfactorily explained. And my poor cousin is as short-sighted as a bat, and never saw the dreadful woman at all. Such things couldn't happen in England."

Mary smiled.

"No," she said; "we are often rude and ill-bred, but that is a depth we don't sink to."

"Well, things are quite bad enough here. Days at home," I went on, "are my greatest bugbears. People living in the suburbs declare themselves 'at home' on one particular day in the week. Sometimes they have the assurance to announce themselves as only at home 'the fifth Monday in the month'; and how *can* you be expected to remember that? If you *don't* go on their 'day,' it's not considered polite; and if you *do*, you simply don't see them at all—only a number of their friends; and people *never* like each other's friends."

"It's very hard on you," Mary replied smilingly; "and really I begin to think that I am a lucky person. I am never called upon to endure these woes, and I can yet have nice friends who come to see *me*."

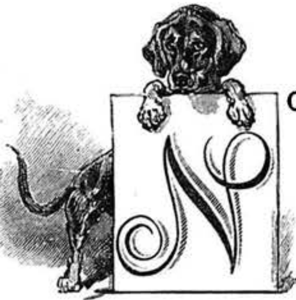
I felt a pang of inward shame.

"Mary," I said, "I'm a brute. I won't say any more."

And here tea came in, and we had the cosiest happiest time together—the tea served in the prettiest little Oriental cups, with the kettle simmering on the hob, and the Persian cat purring at Mary's feet. I felt as if I had left the cruel world outside for a peaceful haven.

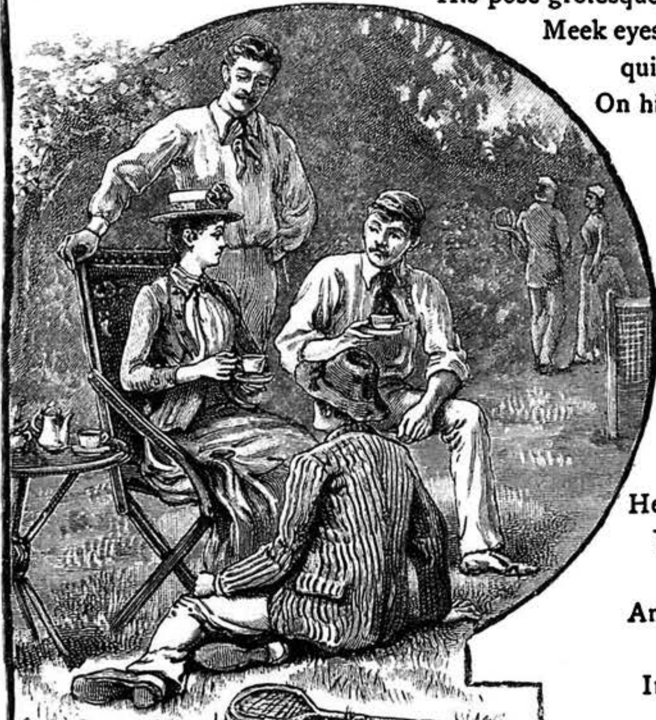
Cassell's Family Magazine, 1884

Mr. Smith.



No lineage, and no degree,
No influential kin or kith,
No prestige, no *bon ton* has he—
Our Mr. Smith.

Big ears—big feet—a trifle fat!
His pose grotesque, his walk a waddle!
Meek eyes and lashless! hair
quite flat
On his flat noddle!



He's not a poet nor a wag,
He's not one scientific notion;
But no spoilt chit or wit can brag
Of more devotion.

Oh, Mr. Smith, you're "nuts to crack!"
But money! Is he rich and thrifty?
He's but the coat now on his back;
He's right down shifty!

He never worked in all his days,
Yet eats and drinks to full
satiety;
And keeps (ah, me! my
blighted ways!)
In good society.

Of him no rich and kind papa,
No scheming poor mamma afraid is.

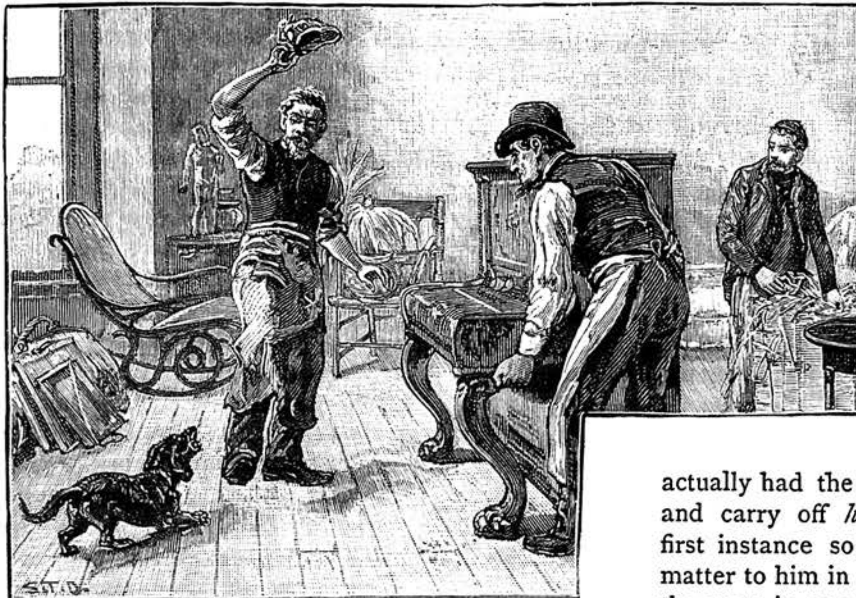
He's lots of friends—is loved—yah! bah!—
By two sweet ladies!

By two; and one—yes, either now
(But for that Smith—ill-fortune take
him!)
Might be my bliss, my—oh, their
row!
Or I would shake him!

Eh! oh! my life's a humdrum jog—
Its dream dreamed out—its goal
a myth;
And what recks he—that stub-tailed
dog—
That grovelling Smith?

WILFRED WOOLLAM.

"MR. SMITH" IN HIS NEW HOME.



" STRANGE MEN HAD THE AUDACITY TO COME INTO *HIS* HOUSE."

MR. SMITH (readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE will hardly need to be told who that gentleman is) was from his puppyhood a dog of many experiences of life and its phases; but there was one experience which he had yet to learn, and that was made when his mistresses definitely decided to change their place of abode.

The Hampshire house in which we had lived six years was too small and had many drawbacks, and we wanted to be within easier reach of town, and when we heard of a nice old-fashioned house in Essex, with a large garden, and many other things which we wanted in a new house, we decided upon moving with as little delay as possible, and Smith began to see that there was something very unusual going on.

At first he was rather unhappy at the bustle in the house. He missed the horses, who were sold off a month or two before we left, and the sight of constant packing up depressed him until he really was made to understand that he would not be left behind. He solaced himself by excavating huge holes in the now neglected garden—a thing he had not done for years—seeming to realise that he would now do no harm by his diggings; though how he first knew this is more than I can pretend to say, for there was no special change in the appearance of things, only that the crops were not put in as before.

But the greatest astonishment was in store for Smith when the great furniture vans arrived, and strange men actually had the audacity to come into *his* house, and carry off *his* furniture. His wrath was in the first instance so great that we had to explain the matter to him in full, and request his lordship to leave the men in peace to the discharge of their duties. But when he did grasp the situation his interest and excitement were great. Off he dashed to obscure haunts of his own, returning with sticks, old bones, and other useful and savoury treasures in which his heart delights, and laying them down at the entrance of the van, imperiously demanded of the men to put these in too. In fact, so masterful was he about it that they did put the sticks in for him, and I believe the old bones would have been packed too if we had not interposed. After that he and the men were great friends. He followed them about and superintended their labours, and whenever there was any difficulty with a cumbersome piece of furniture, Smith was always ready to lend a hand—or, to be more accurate, two sharp rows of teeth—to help them; and when they went away at meal-times, he took possession of the van, and curling himself up in the straw within, remained there on guard until they returned.

In fact, Smith quite won the hearts of the packers, as we had occasion to know, for on the last day, shortly before we ourselves were to go, the foreman approached us, with the rest of the men a little behind him, to say that—

" If so be as we didn't want to take the dawg away

"HOLDING ON LIKE GRIM DEATH TO THIS TREE"

with us" they would be very glad to have him, and would take great care of him and give him a good home.

We thanked them for their kind consideration, but, on the whole, we decided not to give Mr. Smith away to the furniture removers.

Smith's first journey was to London, where we remained a few days before going down to Essex. He had never lived in a town before, and had never been in any place larger than Winchester or Southampton. But although he must have been somewhat astonished by the traffic and tumult of the streets, his self-possession never deserted him, and one had not to look after him in crowded thoroughfares of the city any more than in country roads at home. It was he who looked after us, and was really anxious when we crossed roads to see us safe over. He was quite at home himself under horses' feet, but he did not think it right for us to be exposed to like perils.

Once we were rather afraid he might lose himself. We had taken him into a large shop, and as we were going to several departments, and he was dirty and muddy, we told him to sit on the mat at the door, and wait for us. We were so long gone that some shop-walker, not knowing how the dog came to be there, turned him out; and when we came back for him he was gone, and, to our surprise, was not outside in the street.

"He must have been offended, and have gone home," we said at length; for though Smith will wait any time for us if allowed to remain where we leave him (once he sat the whole night outside the door of a friend's conservatory when we had gone out at another door, and had forgotten to whistle him round), he is perplexed and affronted at being turned away, and if offended about anything when out, always goes home. But as he had only been three days in London, we rather wondered if he would be successful in finding his way back, and went home quickly ourselves in a little anxiety, although very confident that Mr. Smith was capable of taking very good care of himself. And sure enough, there he was at home, waiting on the door-mat for us, eager to explain that it was not his fault he had not stayed where we left him; but the puzzle which has never yet been solved is how he got into the house at all. None of the servants had let him in either by the front door or area, yet there he was indoors to speak for himself. It is always a saying with us that Smith will get into any place where he has a mind to—or out of it, either; but how he effected his entrance into a London house is one of the unexplained mysteries of his history.

We once took him to Rotten Row to see the riding, which he enjoyed very much, and pranced about before the horses in his own peculiar fashion, rather perplexed to know why *we* were not on them. He had a swim in the Serpentine, which pleased him greatly, though he did not think much of the London grass, and altogether held the great metropolis rather cheap.

We were all glad to find ourselves in the country once again. Rather a sad time was in store for poor Smith, but he did not know it then. The house we had taken was very much out of repair, and for the next three months would have to be given over to work-people. Our furniture had gone across to it, and our cook and groom (a married couple who had been some years in our service) were to live there, and look after the things and the garden until the house could be ready for us, and Smith was to remain with them whilst we went a round of visits all over the country.

For the present we were going into lodgings close at hand, but Smith had to live at the house, to grow used to it, and we spent the whole of each day there, for the fortnight we remained, looking after things indoors and out, interviewing builders and work-people, and getting one or two rooms, which were in good order, habitable.

So Smith was quite content at first, and greatly excited by his new home. The Hampshire house had been small. This new house of his is big and rambling, with queer little wings stuck on at each side,

"LOOKING UP WITH ONE OF HIS QUICK, SHARP BARKS"

and with five staircases in all. And how Smith did love to go clattering up and down those same staircases, with his claws rattling loudly on the bare boards! It took him a long time to learn all the ins and outs of the house, and he was very much excited to recognise his own furniture again, and

"NO FEAR FOR SMITH"

especially his kennel, a little barrel which had been brought packed with china.

But what really delighted Smith the most was the little river that runs at the bottom of our garden and meadow. That was a perfect joy to him. At first he was always in the water, morning, noon, and night, and as he has a slight tendency to rheumatism, we had to make it a rule that he only went in when we gave him leave by throwing in a stone. As he is very teachable, he quickly learnt this, and instead of going in, would, when alone, content himself by sitting at the extreme edge of the bank, staring longingly at the water, and the moment anyone appeared from the house, he would rush up to them, then back to the water, ears up, tail waving, every muscle quivering with anticipation, begging, as eloquently as dog could beg, to be allowed a plunge. And the moment one so much as stooped for a stone—flop! he was in, without waiting for it to be thrown. His nerve in the water is great, and his determination equal to it. One day some heavy rain-storms had brought a great quantity of water down. The river was full almost up to the top of its banks, and the current running tremendously fast. Smith, not in the least daunted, swam about merrily in the flood, liking best to jump in at the highest point up-stream, and swim down with the swift current to the landing-steps at the lower end. The river was swollen for several days, and once when we came down to swim Smith, a sapling tree was wedged across the stream from bank to bank, and when Smith got near to it, I said mockingly—

"Fetch stick, Smith."

Smith saw the young tree, and his eyes gleamed with joy. He swam up to it fast, and his jaws closed upon it. Of course he could not move it: it was tight-wedged, and double or treble his own weight. But he would not let go—not he, though the force of the stream carried him down, and there he lay on his back in the river, holding on like grim death to this tree, with the water pouring into his open mouth; yet I had to shout my loudest to him to let go before he would, and we were really half afraid that he would be drowned, so resolved was he not to give in.

Smith had a very happy time with the rats in the out-buildings of his new home. The first he caught under rather amusing circumstances. The house is college property, belonging to one of the universities, and one of our objects in going thus early to the neighbourhood was to meet the bursar of the college, and settle what was to be done for us. Of course, Smith was one of the party who made the round of the place, and as we reached the stables in due course, a large rat ran out, and Smith gave instant chase. The two ran under a small granary raised on legs from the ground. We could not see the end of the fray. We heard a squeak from the rat and another from Smith, and he came out with a bloody nose.

"Ah," said the bursar, shaking his head, "the rat bit him, and he let go."

Smith looked up at me as much as to say, "I didn't," and I nodded, and then we went to business again, without any farther thought of the rat. A few minutes later we were joined by a friend of the bursar, who had come to take him home to lunch. The two gentlemen stood just outside the yard talking together, and I saw Smith staring at them intently. I could almost read the thoughts passing in his head.

"He's telling him I let the rat go," thinks Smith, and the next moment he had dived under the granary again, and brought out with him the corpse of his

"SMITH LOOKS AFTER THE BOAT"

vanquished foe. He did not bring it to us, who, as he knew, would not have believed that he could play the coward, but, with his head very erect and his tail tightly curled, he trotted deliberately up to the pair, and laid down his treasure at their feet, looking up with one of his quick, sharp barks, as much as to say, "There, you see: I did kill him, after all."

It was sad for poor Smith when we left. It was his custom to sit on a mat at the hall door every morning till we arrived, and he never failed to be at his post watching for us. When we left and came no more on these daily visits, he still for over a week sat on his mat from daylight till dark, watching for us to come, and was very sad when it dawned upon him that for the present we had left him alone. The servants were very devoted to him always, and he was well looked after, and enjoyed games of play with the donkey who was kept to mow the lawns. But the rapture with which he welcomed us back whenever we appeared—as we had to do at intervals to see after things —and the delight with which he saw at last the house made habitable for us to take up our regular abode in, testified to his dulness in our absence, and he was not more glad to get us back than we were to settle down in a comfortable home of our own once more.

The house is a delightful one to live in, with big airy rooms and a large inner hall, with staircase and gallery running round it. This hall is my special domain for my writing, and Smith lies on the mat before the fire day after day with me whilst I work, in summer varying matters by going out to bask in the sun, and paying me regular visits to show that I am not forgotten. At night he sleeps in a box of his own under the stairs, and if we are wakeful we hear him patrolling the house regularly about twice in the course of the night. This is an old habit of his, whether he sleeps indoors or out. He always makes the round of the place once or twice, to assure himself all is going on well.

It was some months before we bought any horses. We had no social claims upon us just at first, and were very busy in the garden, where all the power of the establishment was concentrated. But as we were six miles from either station or town, we could not go on indefinitely without horse-power, and when the winter came we went up to the dealer's and picked up two nice bay horses, and very well they have turned out.

Smith was greatly gratified to run with his four-footed friends again, and swore an eternal friendship from the first. When we began to ride and drive again we found that the muzzle regulation was on in some localities we entered, though not in our own till later, and so it was our habit to take Smith without any muzzle as far as we could, and if we got into a region where the regulation was on, to send him home. It was amusing to watch him on these occasions. He did not know the country, and the winding Essex roads are proverbially puzzling. I should be very sorry to have to indicate accurately the position of our house from any given point: but Smith always knew exactly. He would stand with his head in the air, sniffing gently, and then over or through the hedge he would go, making a bee-line for home as straight across country as he could go. I believe this faculty is not uncommon in dogs, but it is certainly strongly developed in Smith.

Smith's old friend and playmate, the collie, had gone the way of all flesh before we left Hampshire, but soon after settling down here we got a collie puppy only a few weeks old, that we hoped would grow into a nice companion for him. He was a sweet little woolly ball, so small that he could run under Smith. Things are reversed now, and Smith can walk under him, and Monk has grown a very handsome dog, with all the collie's fond foolishness and sentimentality of disposition, engaging in its way, but very different from Smith's more robust fidelity and silent devotion.

Smith was very good to Monk when the collie was in his ungainly stages of development, and *would* pursue him morning, noon, and night, hanging on to his cheeks, boxing his ears, rolling over him or tripping him up, and going on generally in the inane fashion of a young puppy, who does not in the least know what to do either with his limbs or his spirits. He was a fearful nuisance to his sedate companion, but Smith never turned on him, whatever the provocation, and only showed how he hated it all by refusing to come out of doors when the ubiquitous puppy was about. As Monk grew older Smith tried to teach him to be brave and spirited, running up to him, and barking and making a feint of attacking him, not understanding the constitutional collie nervousness (from which *he* never suffered at any time), and wondering why Monk always put down his ears and tail and scuttled away. On the roads, however, he took the greatest care of him, never allowing other dogs to molest him in any way. It is most amusing to see the gleam in Smith's eye as he plants himself between Monk and any bully upon the road. We can never make out what it is that gives Smith such power over other dogs: but that he is always a little king amongst them cannot be denied for a moment.

He never takes the slightest interest in them for one thing. A dog may run out and follow him for quite a long distance, and Smith will not vouchsafe to take the smallest notice of him; whether he growls or invites friendly notice, it makes no difference, his advances are simply ignored. Smith seems absolutely unconscious of their existence. If, however, he is bored beyond a certain point, or if he has a young companion to protect, he has a way of turning a gleaming backward glance upon the aggressor which invariably sends him to the right-about. Why dogs stand in awe of him I cannot tell, for I suppose no dog has had fewer battles in the course of his life. Only once did I see Smith really set upon, and then he came off victor almost at once. It was in Hampshire, and we were riding along an unfamiliar road, and as we passed a house between great gates, two very large greyhounds dashed out and set upon Smith. We were really afraid our dog might suffer, as greyhounds have been known to tear other dogs to pieces if they set upon them running: but no fear for Smith.

The moment he saw a battle was inevitable he set his back against a post by the roadside, and turned upon the pair of huge adversaries, every hair on his small body standing erect, his eyes gleaming, his lips drawn back to show a row of shining teeth ; and the moment he had so turned, before he had even made a spring upon his assailants, they both turned tail in an instant and slunk away, Smith pursuing them to the very gates of their home, and driving them ignominiously before him.

But there was a new joy for Smith the spring following his arrival at his new home, and that was the purchase of a little boat, in which we now row to church and the village, or up-stream to a pretty old water-mill, where, of course, our progress is barred. The boat is a light in-rigged sculling skiff, holding three people only, and the excitement of Smith when he beheld us for the first time upon the water was immense. He first plunged in after us, and thought he should fancy to carry off the sculls. Finding them a trifle large and heavy for him, he stopped making grabs at the blades, and swam ashore, rushing along the bank, and plunging in every few moments to be sure that we were all right. Monk shared the excitement. He was by that time a good big dog, but he had never taken to the water at all, though he was excited to see Smith swim. But the boat was too much for him altogether, especially when Smith left him and ran along the other bank. He felt he *must* come in too, but was horribly afraid, and stood sobbing and screaming on the bank in the most absurd way possible. We encouraged him all we could, and at last he did take the fatal plunge, selecting a spot, as it chanced, where the water was deep, and where he had to swim from the first moment, for he could not get back up the bank again. That puppy's maiden essay at swimming was a sight not to be forgotten. We laughed so much that we were in danger of capsizing ourselves. He held himself in some mysterious way vertically upright in the water, his fore paws churning it like paddle wheels, his head well up, his nose in the air, and as he swam in this extraordinary fashion he emitted the most heartrending howls and cries, as though he thought every moment would be his last : and directly he reached the boat he made violent efforts to get in, and could not understand why we rejected his spasmodic overtures. But although he did seem so excessively unhappy in the water, he began from that day forward to take to it. Smith encouraged him nobly, and would invite him in and keep near at hand, despite the fact that Monk had a way of suddenly throwing his arms about his companion's neck, and sinking Smith for several seconds.

Smith looks after the boat when we leave him with it, just as he looks after cart or carriage if we put up at strange stables. When Sunday came, and we went to church by water, Smith did not immediately understand that it could be Sunday, and came with us. So when we landed, we simply told him to stay behind or go home, whichever he liked, whilst we went to church. When we returned he was sitting in the boat, and we heard later from our neighbours, in whose park the landing-place nearest to church and village lies, that whenever we left Smith behind, he always sat in the boat, and would not allow anybody to come near it. They themselves were rather interested in it, and wanted to see what it was like, and finding it tied up to the bank one day, had approached to take a survey. But before they could get near, up popped the head of Mr. Smith, and their approach was greeted with a low indignant growl ; and although he knew them as our friends, he would not let them touch his boat at any price ; and when one of the party put out an umbrella as if to draw it to shore, Smith bristled all over, and looked as if prepared to fly at the aggressor. What makes it the more good of him to sit in the boat is that the banks simply swarm with rabbits, and he might pass the time in happy hunting.

Strange as it may seem, but the thing that now excites Smith more than anything is to run with the donkey-cart, if ever we go out in that not too rapid conveyance. Whether it is that he thinks the donkey wants urging, and barks to bring him on, or what the fascination may be, is a mystery, but the fact remains that he shrieks and capers the whole time, and generally comes home as hoarse as a crow. Certainly it is a help in getting along to have Smith, for Jack becomes wroth at intervals with his noisy companion, lays back his ears, and goes for him at full gallop. We enjoy this very much, and so does Smith. It is quite exciting whilst it lasts, and helps us over the ground famously. There is also something very stylish in the feeling of being drawn by an angry donkey at a hard gallop. Smith would like to keep Jack to that pace all the time, but unfortunately he does not see things quite in the same light.

Poor dear Smith ! I am afraid it must be admitted that he is growing old. His muzzle has turned white, and he has got into some of the old-dog ways—lying by the fire almost all his time, unless the horses or boat are going out—though lacking no whit of energy and spirit when the call of duty or pleasure comes. We have to think of him sometimes in driving, and pull up at wayside ponds for him to drink, and to give him a breathing space after a hard run. When we ride he shows that he is no longer young by dropping behind when we go hard, knowing perfectly well that we shall walk again before very long, so that he can make up the pace at his leisure. Not that he does not often enjoy a breathless gallop under our very feet, after his manner, but in the main he has got into more deliberate ways, and takes life a shade more easily.

He had an illness not long ago, and we were afraid we might lose him, but he recovered, and seems to have taken out a new lease of life. We hope and trust that this may indeed be so, for Mr. Smith has a large circle of friends who would grieve to miss him, whilst the blank in the house would be greatly felt by all. But we trust that he will live many years yet, and possibly even renew acquaintance with his unknown friends, the readers of CASSELL'S MAGAZINE.

EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

HIS ONLY READER.

MR. SCRIBBLEBURST. "Have you seen my last book? It's the best thing I've done."
MISS DOWNER. "No, I haven't seen it, but I've heard nothing but good of it so far."
MR. S. (*delightedly*). "Why, whom have you heard speak of it?"
MISS D. "Nobody but you."

Grilled Breast of Mutton.—Boil the mutton in the stock-pot; when done drain it, and brush it over with oil; dip it in breadcrumbs mixed with chopped parsley and shalots; broil and serve with piquante sauce.

Epaule à la Sainte-Menehould.—Bone a shoulder of mutton and braise it, take it out and drain it, dip it in breadcrumbs, then stir a little oiled butter into three yolks of eggs, brush this over the breadcrumbs, and then put a second layer of crumbs with a little butter over and put in the oven to brown; when brown serve with the gravy from the braise, strained and reduced. Breasts or necks of mutton are very good dressed in this way; the bones can be removed after they are braised.

Epaule Fourrée (stuffed shoulder of mutton).—Bone a shoulder of mutton, take half a pound of sausage-meat, cook it in a little butter until it is a light brown, add some chopped mushrooms to it, and see that it is rather highly seasoned; put this in the shoulder of mutton, tie it up securely, then braise, and serve with gravy from braise.

Mouton au Persu.—Take a piece of the best end of the neck of mutton; remove the skin and rub the meat with chopped onions, parsley, and oil; leave it two hours. Take some branches of parsley about two inches long, having one leaf at the top of each; with the larding needle run these into the mutton; salt the meat and brush it over with butter, wrap it in buttered paper, and bake in a hot oven for about twenty-five minutes, basting often; serve with gravy and a dish of haricots.

Haricot de Mouton.—Cut some neck or breast of mutton in pieces; brown them slightly with butter in the stewpan; take them out and make a thickening with butter and flour; cook until a light brown; add some broth, sweet herbs, parsley, salt, pepper, and a clove of garlic; then put in the meat, cover and let it cook. Boil some French beans in water; when the meat is nearly done, drain the beans and add to the meat, and let them simmer. Haricot beans, carrots, or turnips are used when French beans cannot be had.

SAVOURY DISHES: HOW TO IMPROVE THEM.

NEGLECT of appearances is a very common failing even in many well-to-do households, especially as regards edibles generally; though, to take for instance so homely and unattractive a dish as boiled beef or mutton, how much more appetising it becomes when some of the vegetables usually served with it are cut into various shapes with fancy cutters, and placed round the meat! These cutters may be bought for very little in most large towns, at shops that deal in novelties, and may be had to imitate all kinds of fruit, besides stars, leaves, curls, and so on. They will be found equally handy for use in many other ways, as I will endeavour to point out. As regards the appearance of fish, few things blend more harmoniously than a delicately-boiled white fish sprinkled with lobster coral, surrounded by slices of lemon and sprigs of fennel or parsley.

However, it is to cold savouries that the greater share of attention must be given, for it is in the preparation of dainty dishes for festive occasions that one feels most inclined to give extra time and trouble to their ornamentation. Here, again, parsley and fennel—most homely, yet most graceful and beautiful of garnitures—will render good service. Indeed, quite artistic results may be obtained if lemon, hard eggs, butter, raw potatoes, carrots, and turnips, with some *boiled* beetroot, are handy, as well as *aspic jelly*, if possible, as it is difficult to dispense with it sometimes. It must be borne in mind that there are two kinds of "savoury jelly," one which is merely the gravy in which something has been cooked—say veal, chicken, or rabbit for filling a mould, to be served as *moulded meat*; the said gravy, being reduced and mixed with dissolved gelatine, is then simply strained through a sieve or cloth, and poured into the mould with the meat. In this case it is only moderately clear, but "aspic jelly" is the same thing put through a jelly-bag and cleared with eggs, just as sweet jelly is; and this trouble *must* be taken when the jelly is required to form a glistening heap round a glazed fowl, and many other similar things. But as often not more than a pint is needed, and as that quantity may be bought from the grocer for fifteenpence or eighteen-pence, it is cheaper to buy than to make it.

The same thing may be said of glaze—an ounce of which, costing about threepence, will ornament several dishes, such as a tongue and a couple of fowls, or their equal. The glaze should be cut up into a cup or jar, and a table-spoonful of water added. It should then be set into a saucepan of boiling water, and allowed to melt gradually until quite liquid; and after it is brushed over the meat, it must be left to set before any other decoration, such as butter, is dotted about it, as the warm glaze would run into, and spoil the appearance of, the butter.

With reference to the latter, there are two ways of using it for decorative purposes. One is to melt it, and pour it into a small cone made of writing-paper, which should be held in the left hand, the thumb and finger of the right hand regulating the stream of butter through the small hole in the point of the cone. In this way many devices may be made, or mottoes suited to the occasion written upon the article under treatment. Some one with a talent for drawing, or who writes a good bold hand, will best succeed in this task. Lard may be used instead of butter in this case, but not in the following form of decoration, as it would be too soft. Rub with a wooden spoon through a coarse hair sieve (a wire one would turn the butter green) some *firm* butter, cut into slices; reverse the sieve, and you will find the butter in little curly tufts;

take them up carefully on the point of a penknife or wooden skewer, and dot about the meat according to fancy. This is far easier than the "melting" process, which requires practice to obtain good results. Where a turkey or large piece of pressed beef has been glazed, this "sieved" butter may be formed into monograms, initials, or words, the small letters of which should be the size of the large hand of our "first copy-book" days. A ham, for instance, glazed, and then finished off in this way, with plenty of parsley on the dish, is rendered quite attractive. I may mention in passing that, when parsley is scarce, carrot-tops, if young and green, will answer very well.

To finish the butter part of the business, however: another way to introduce it in a really artistic form is in combination with potted meats. Many people put several kinds upon their table in oval or round moulds, and never give a thought to serve it *out* of the mould in pretty shapes; yet it is very easy to imitate almost anything, animate or inanimate, after a little practice. I have seen various kinds of fish and birds copied in this way—wonderfully true to nature, so far as their shape went; but I would advise amateurs to commence with two of the most simple shapes—viz., *baskets* and *Cleopatra's needle*. The first may be round, oval, or square, the meat being pressed into a basin, pie-dish, or cake-tin—in fact, anything at liberty for the purpose. It must then be turned out on to a dish, and ornamented with the butter, first all round the top and bottom edges in little curly knobs close together, to form the rim, or framework, then all over the sides in thinner streaks to represent the wicker-work; but if trouble is an object, this may be dispensed with, and only the top and bottom edges covered. The top of the basket must next receive attention. The butter should be dotted about to imitate the lid as much as possible; and hard-boiled eggs, cut into slices, arranged in a pattern in the centre, with here and there a dot of parsley, will have a nice effect. For the handle, bend a piece of cap-wire—of the kind used by milliners—and insert each end into the meat to make it firm, then lay the butter on so as to cover the wire. A border of parsley, with a few quarter-slices of lemon and fancy shapes of beetroot to garnish the dish, finish off this inexpensive dainty.

The kinds of meat usually preferred are beef, tongue, ham and chicken, or ham and veal. Lobster and salmon, too, may be used in the same way, and then lobster coral may be sprinkled over the butter, to its great improvement, and shrimps or prawns, or the small claws of a lobster, used as garnish with the parsley.

For a Cleopatra's needle, the meat must be moulded by hand into the shape. The size, of course, must be regulated by choice and requirement; but even if the party is a large one, half a dozen needles six or eight inches in height will look prettier than one or two larger ones. Set each on a small plate—of glass, if you can—and cover the four sides of the "needle" with the butter, laid on in little irregular lines, as much like a page of shorthand-writing as anything I can compare it with; garnish the base of the needle with parsley.

A word now about aspic jelly, a little of which goes a long way. Supposing you have three or four dishes in which you purpose introducing it, a portion should be poured upon a dish or plate in a thin layer, which, when set, can be cut into strips, diamonds, triangles, or according to fancy. Another portion can be poured into a plate or saucer to set, then roughly chopped. Alternate heaps of this and parsley, with here and there a dash of beetroot, round a dish of chicken cutlets, for example, is a very pretty though inexpensive decoration. The strips of jelly look pretty laid in a pattern over the breast of a turkey or chicken previously glazed, while the fancy shapes are suitable for laying on or placing among dishes of cutlets. When poultry or white meats are served with a coating of "white sauce," aspic jelly need be but sparingly used, hard eggs and lemons, with plenty of beetroot and carrots, being more suitable, as a good supply of colour is necessary.

Fish in jelly look very nice—filleted soles being, perhaps, the most popular. White game and poultry of all kinds may be served in the same way. A pretty device should first be made in the top of the mould. For fish, pour in a little jelly—say a quarter of an inch deep—and when it is almost set, lay in small pieces of beetroot and the outside of a pickled walnut, also cut very small, with some leaves of parsley, forming a pretty pattern; or the skin of a chili may take the place of beetroot. Next pour in a little more jelly, which must be left to set; after that, the fish, filling up with jelly. In moulded meats, the pattern on the top may be formed of slices of boiled tongue cut into leaves or cockscomb shapes, with hard-boiled eggs and parsley. Tiny leaves cut from pickled gherkins may also be effectively introduced.

Watercress, perhaps, is among the least used of our salads for the purpose of garnishing, though it might often take the place of endive at far less cost. It is especially useful for garnishing cold fowl, being so often eaten with it; and small bunches of it, with grated horseradish, round a piece of cold beef, improve its appearance considerably.

Truly the ways of decorating salads are manifold, the chief thing to bear in mind being a judicious arrangement of colour and of suitable ingredients. I mean that each salad should have a distinctive embellishment, such as prawns or shrimps on a fish salad, and aspic jelly, slices of tongue, eggs, &c., for one of meat or poultry.

In conclusion, I would remind my readers that my remarks in a previous paper as to the unsuitability of a dinner-service with much blue in the pattern for sweet dishes requiring garnishing, apply with equal or even greater force to those enumerated in the present paper; and I would advise those who are about to purchase a new service, that the less colour there is in it, and the neater the pattern, the greater will be their chance of making attractive anything placed upon it.

L. HERITAGE.

MADAME'S LITTLE PLOT.

"WELL, thank goodness! the new governess comes to-morrow."

Truly we were a disorderly crew as we stood there in various stages of dilapidation, before our beautiful, daintily-attired mother, who had just returned from a garden-party. No wonder she and father gazed at us as at some pre-Adamite curiosities, and pronounced us "hopeless." Two months of holidays, uncurbed and unrestrained, in the wilds of the country had hardly tended to our moral or physical improvement, and we had come to the stage of longing for order ourselves, yet hardly knowing how to attain to it.

Discipline arrived, however, the next day in the shape of Madame de Saussaye, our new French governess. She was very small and slim, with a clear sallow complexion, piercing dark eyes, and a neat, trim little figure. Mother was charmed with her, pronounced her French perfect, and having duly installed her, and given her a somewhat vague catalogue of her duties, departed with father on a tour of visits, airily saying, as she kissed us all round, that she expected us to have become thorough little French scholars on her return home. Madame smiled and bowed, the carriage drove away, and we were left alone with our new governess.

I do not know how she managed it, but at the end of a week the school-room was a transformed place, and we altered children. Order, method, and punctuality reigned in the place of confusion and untidiness, and any one who had seen us doing our lessons would have pronounced us a very well-brought-up family.

And the most extraordinary part of it was that the children liked the sway that deprived them of so much they had once held so dear. I alone refused to join in the universal worship of Madame, which was shared equally by the servants and by my brothers and sisters. Yet to me she was speciallly gracious, and went so far as to confide to me some of her sad story, which had driven her to England. Mother had already given me its outline, by which I had learnt that Madame was not a widow, but that she and her husband had lost everything in the world they possessed in the Franco-German War, and were come to England to try and make a little money, she as a governess, he as a clerk in a merchant's house.

The weeks rolled on, and still mother did not return. She wrote to me, however, to say that Madame's husband was coming down from London for the day to see his wife; and, as she was away, I must be sure and do the honours of the house prettily. It was quite a long letter for mother, and three parts of it were filled with the praises of Madame de Saussaye.

Two days afterwards arrived M. de Saussaye, a little, short, fat, yellow-faced man, with hair like a blacking brush, and twinkling black eyes.

"He does not look a bit like a gentleman," I remarked to Charlie, "nor is he dressed like one."

"You see," said Charlie, who stammered a little, "he—e i—is French."

This seemed, to our insular minds, to explain everything; and when we sat down to lunch we forgave M. de Saussaye his appearance, he was so good-natured and facetious. His little black eyes twinkled more than ever as, during a pause in the conversation, he helped himself to mustard out of a beautiful old-fashioned mustard-pot on the table.

"You have some splendeed seelver, mees," he remarked to me, though he looked at Madame, and Madame responded with a smile and a look at me.

"There are many beautiful things in this house; we must show them all to Alphonse after lunch, n'est-ce pas, ma chérie?"

So after lunch M. de Saussaye was conducted over the house, and displayed due appreciation of all that was pointed out to him by Madame. She took especial pains to show him mother's room and boudoir, asserting that they were the prettiest rooms in the house.

And now we had concluded the tour of the house. M. de Saussaye had peered with his little eyes into every corner of those rooms into which I had taken him, and, having regained the hall, I pronounced it finished.

"Ah, mais!" said Madame, "he has not seen the keetchen—an English keetchen!" and Madame threw up her eyes and raised her hands, as though words failed her to describe the glories of an English kitchen. Down-stairs then we proceeded to the kitchen, where Madame was received with enthusiasm by our usually rather cross cook, Mrs. Baker, who piloted her and M. de Saussaye through scullery, bakehouse, dairy, and laundry, with unusual good-humour. Coming back we passed by the pantry. In the doorway stood Johnson, our butler, his coarse red face suffused with smiles of welcome, for he was always very good-natured to us children. Being such an admirable man-servant, father shut his eyes to an unfortunate propensity he possessed, and in which he indulged freely when his master's back was turned.

"Ah! there is the good Meester Johnson," exclaimed Madame, "and dat is his domain where he watches over his plate—is it not so, Meester Johnson? Ciel! quelle argenterie!" M. de Saussaye smiled, and, rubbing his little yellow hands together, pronounced that he thought he had seen everything now, and must soon be returning to town. In the school-room he was regaled with tea and hot cakes, after which

Madame walked with him to the station, leaving us to a good game of romps; and we saw no more of M. de Saussaye.

The following week brought father and mother home; and, before many days had elapsed, they too had fallen victims to the spell of Madame's fascinations. She was a true Parisian, and could manufacture the most bewitching caps and bonnets wherewith to adorn mother's golden head, and she was withal the most subtle and adroit of flatterers; needless to say she soon became as indispensable in the drawing-room as in the school-room.

So summer turned to autumn, and autumn to winter, and after Christmas the neighbourhood began to wake up, and dances and theatricals were the order of the day. We younger ones too came in for a share of the gaieties, and wherever we went Madame accompanied us, winning golden opinions by her good-nature, her tact, and her many resources.

Early in January, the Trensham county ball was to take place. Mother began to get her toilette in order, and bethought herself of her diamonds that lay at the bank in the town, whither they and part of the plate had been transported for safety when she and father quitted home. Our house was to be filled with guests for the occasion, so both plate and diamonds were to be withdrawn from the bank, and Madame and I accompanied mother when she fetched them. She was like a child over her "dear diamonds," as she called them; and, indeed, they were a magnificent set of unusually large and fine stones. Often had we expatiated to Madame on their beauty; and now mother could not wait till our return home to exhibit them, but unlocking the tin box that contained them, displayed the lovely shining drops to Madame's appreciative gaze. She admired them beyond everything, and mother, delighted with her raptures, failed to notice the curious expression that crossed her face, even in the midst of them. It caught my eye, however, but, childlike, I had forgotten it by the end of the drive. On the night of the ball, mother came to my bedside to show me her dress, while Madame held the candle aloft, letting the light fall on the sheeny white satin, and play amongst the diamonds that lay on the fair neck, and in the golden hair.

"Madame has been my maid to-night, Kitty," she said, radiant with beauty, "and I do not know when I have been so well turned out." She did indeed look beautiful, and I could not wonder that Madame was pleased with her handiwork, for, in spite of her modest deprecating smiles, her eyes sparkled almost as much as the diamonds, with satisfaction.

It might have been a fortnight after this that father went away to spend a week with a bachelor friend, and mother was left alone with us. She certainly was not fond of domestic life, and she contrived to be out somewhere every night during his absence, leaving us with perfect confidence to Madame. I was rather out of spirits this week, for a series of catastrophes had occurred in the house. First and foremost, our two dear dogs—little "Cosy," mother's pug, and old "Bruin," our house-dog—had both come to a sad end, owing to the carelessness of myself and Bobby. We two had been busy with our paint-boxes in the school-room one afternoon, until, tired of the amusement, we ran out into the garden, leaving the door open behind us. The two dogs wandered in during our absence, and when about an hour afterwards Madame entered, she found them both lying in the agonies of death, their jaws being smeared with the fatal green paint, telling only too plainly the story of the disaster. In spite of our utmost efforts to recover them, they were both dead before the evening was out; and we children were

"AT THE END OF A WEEK WE WERE ALTERED CHILDREN"

quite broken-hearted, particularly Bobby and myself. The only thing that puzzled us was that we had left our paint-boxes well out of reach, but Madame related that she had found the tables and chairs upset, so, no doubt, poor Bruin and Cosy had been romping together, and had brought down the boxes in the *mêlée.*

This incident, combined with the sudden dismissal of our schoolroom-maid, of whom we were very fond, at a day's notice, had made me very miserable; and Bobby's revelation that "Susan had been sent away because she stole," had not tended to soothe my feelings.

Father had left us on Monday, and on the following Thursday mother went to dine with some friends in the neighbourhood, to accompany them to a penny reading a few miles off. She was consequently simply dressed, and wore none of her valuable jewellery. I had a headache that evening, and feeling dull and heavy after my tea, I retired to bed early, and was soon fast asleep, as were all the other children. It must have been about a quarter to nine that Madame entered my room to see how I was. She walked very quietly, but I was only dozing restlessly, and awoke on hearing her footsteps. I felt very cross with her; she

"SHE DID INDEED LOOK BEAUTIFUL"

had given me a long lesson to learn that afternoon, as a punishment for some slight misdemeanour, so I thought I would pretend to be asleep, an art in which I excelled. She stooped over me, holding the light full in my eyes, which ordeal I bore without winking.

"Elle dort bien, tout va au mieux," she muttered to herself, and with light noiseless step she left the room.

I was quite awake now. "I wonder what she meant," I thought to myself; "oh! my headache, I suppose;" and, quite satisfied, I got out of bed and put on my dressing-gown. A sudden idea had struck me. I would go and creep into mother's bed, and help her undress when she came home. No sooner thought of than done. Closing my door very softly, I ran noiselessly down the passage and one flight of stairs, opened mother's room, which lay on the first floor of bed-rooms, and jumped into her bed. But I soon found I had made a mistake. Moving about had made my head ache and throb violently, and I could not get to sleep again.

I must have lain there about twenty or thirty minutes, when suddenly I was roused by a faint noise, and instantly opened my eyes wide. Softly and gently, as I listened, I heard the sash of the window drawn up; then the curtains began to blow about, and finally, as I lay spell-bound with terror, gazing most intently, they gently parted and, horror of horrors! a man's face peered through them for a moment—the next he had emerged into the room. At this juncture the fire suddenly burst into a blaze, and the light fell full upon the intruder's face. He was a little, short, fat man, with enormous bushy red whiskers, moustache, and hair, and small twinkling eyes. Mercifully he did not glance towards the bed, a large, old-fashioned four-poster, but remained close by the dressing-table, surveying its contents, which seemed to give him much pleasure, for he rubbed his hands together and gave a low chuckle. He then advanced to the fire, turning his back to the foot of the bed, took the poker, and, in the most extraordinarily noiseless manner, proceeded to break up the coal and produce a blaze. Under cover of these slight sounds, I slipped lower and lower in the bed, until I was entirely concealed under the enormous eider-down quilt that lay on it. I now felt comparatively safe; my presence of mind returned to me, and I determined to listen to all that was being done, even if I could not see it.

Time was evidently everything to the robber, for I do not think it took him ten minutes to sweep off all mother's lovely things. He seemed to know by instinct where everything was kept, for he went straight to the drawer where were her diamonds, and from thence he proceeded to secure everything of value in the room. I heard the clanking of her pretty chatelaine, the opening and shutting of her dressing-case, of drawers, and of cupboards, and my heart sank within me as I reflected how impotent I was to prevent all this spoliation, and inwardly I reproached mother for her carelessness in leaving her keys about.

The rifling of the room had now ceased, and the thief stood for one moment after his labours. I could hear him murmuring to himself in accents of evident satisfaction, but could not catch what he said. Another minute, and I was free to emerge from my concealment, for, noiselessly as he had entered, the robber had once more disappeared through the window, and I was again alone in the room. Oh! how thankful I was! I should have burst out crying, but that I felt there was no time for such an indulgence. Instead thereof, I hastily threw off the bedclothes and huddled on my dressing-gown, which being also under the *duvet* had escaped the house-breaker's detection.

I hurried out of the room as fast as I could, and went straight to Madame's door. I found it locked.

"Let me in! let me in!" I cried, shaking with terror; "something dreadful has happened. Oh! I am so frightened."

Madame, with a scared face, opened the door in her dressing-gown, although it was barely half-past nine.

"Mais qu'est-ce donc, ma chérie?" she asked.

My only answer was to burst out crying.

She drew me into her room, soothed and petted me, till by degrees I managed to tell her that there was a robber in the house, and that he had carried off all mother's jewellery. She looked absolutely petrified.

"How do you know?" she asked in excited tones.

"I saw him; I was in mother's bed."

"In mother's bed!" she screamed. "How dared you leave your room?"

"Never mind now," I answered, recovering my composure as Madame lost hers. "I shall go and call Johnson. We shall catch him if we only make haste."

"Wait for me, petite," she said, suddenly resuming her ordinarily calm demeanour; "we will go together and call Johnson."

"No, no, Madame—at once, at once—there is no time to be lost." And before she could detain me, I had darted down-stairs, and was in the servants' hall.

Our establishment at this time was much diminished owing to various causes. Mother's maid had left her a fortnight ago, on account of the suspicion of a thief in the house, which had finally caused the dismissal of poor Susan. Neither of these two had as yet been replaced, so when I entered the servants' hall I only found a group of giggling girls lingering over their supper. Neither Johnson nor Mrs. Baker was to be seen.

"Lor! Miss Kitty," they exclaimed in chorus; then, seeing that I looked rather scared, they began to ask what was the matter. In a few words I told them what had happened, nearly throwing them into hysterics with fright, and begged that Johnson might be called. At this request all three looked at each other mysteriously, and finally explained to me that Johnson and Mrs. Baker had both retired to bed some time ago with headaches.

"You see, miss," they continued, "it is Madame's birthday, and she came down-stairs and begged us to drink her health, and put two beautiful bottles of wine in the housekeeper's room for Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Baker"—and here, in spite of their fears, all three maids commenced giggling afresh.

Nevertheless, after sundry starts, screams, and other similar demonstrations, we proceeded in a body to

the pantry, where lay Johnson dressed on his bed, and apparently fast asleep. In the middle of the room stood the plate-chest, open, rifled, and empty. There was a faint smell pervading the atmosphere, which I recognised as chloroform. It was evident therefore that Johnson, in addition to being tipsy, had had chloroform administered to him.

The thing was now to try and rouse him, but this was a very difficult matter, and meanwhile the robber would escape. I began to cry bitterly, and seizing a stick dealt Johnson so smart a blow on his hand that it awoke him effectually. A few minutes afterwards there came a loud peal at the door-bell. We all started with fright. What could it be?

It served, however, to assist in rousing the butler, who had recovered consciousness, and was slowly beginning to take in what had happened.

"It is master's ring," he murmured; and, at these words, off I flew to the hall door, forgetful of lurking robbers, and began to tug and pull at the keys and chains which secured it. They were too much for my strength, however, and I was compelled to relinquish them and return for assistance. With much difficulty I induced one of the trembling maids to repair to the door with me, and after much fumbling it was opened. There stood father in a towering passion.

"What does all this mean?" he asked, catching sight of me in my dressing-gown. "Why is not the door properly answered by Johnson?"

Quickly I explained to him the terrible events of the night, and he saw at once, as I did, the necessity for immediate action. We conjectured that the robber, having secured plate and jewellery, was now flying with his booty; and this idea was confirmed by Madame, who now appeared on the scene, fully dressed, calm, and collected.

"I am come to give you news of the thief," she said, with her sweetest smile, to father. "I just now looked out of my window, and I saw him going across the park towards the North Lodge. Ah! Monsieur, how fortunate that you are come home!"

Father thanked her for the information, regardless of the fact, as we all were, that the night was far too dark for her to see any one going across the park from her window, and immediately set to work, wondering the while whether the housebreaker was alone or had confederates. Gardeners, stablemen—in fact, every man in the place was roused, and scouts were sent out in all directions, whilst I was summarily dismissed to bed. I was nearly in hysterics with fright and excitement, and Madame took me by the hand and led me back to bed, soothing and patting me gently.

"Poor little girl! I will give you a little tisane," she said; "you are quite upset."

So, caressing and quieting me, she brought me to her room, and poured me out a glass, not of tisane, but of the most delicious cordial I have ever tasted, which she said was medicine and would do me good. I drank it off eagerly, and, quite exhausted with the night's work, allowed Madame then to take me to bed, and sit by my side till I was asleep. She had not to sit long, for no sooner was my head on my pillow than my eyelids began to droop, and whilst still speculating as to how it was father had arrived at so opportune a moment, I quietly slipped into dreamland.

It must have been somewhere towards five in the morning that I awoke with a sudden start. My head felt like lead, but I was wide awake. I got out of bed, opened the window very gently, and looked out, wondering what time it was, whether the thief was caught, whether mother had come home, and so on.

Suddenly, through the thick darkness, my attention was arrested by something moving near the schoolroom window. Now the schoolroom lay on the floor below my bed-room, but not immediately under it. I therefore should have commanded a good view of what was going on, but as it was I could not see. A spot of light in close proximity to the moving object came now to my aid, and by its help I could just distinguish the figure of a man emerging from the schoolroom window, and in his hand a lantern. My old enemy, the robber, undoubtedly. I flew to my door, and found it locked. Some one had locked me in. But I was not to be daunted. Adjoining my room was a tiny washing-closet, and in this was another door communicating with the passage. My wash-stand stood in front of it, for it was never used, and did not even possess a key. To remove the wash-stand and unbolt the door was very quick work, and in a few minutes I was once more in mother's room. I arrived at the very right moment. Father, just returned from his fruitless chase, was sitting by mother, relating to her the adventures of the night, and how it was that he had so unexpectedly appeared on the scene, owing to a telegram he had received, telling him of the illness of a favourite racehorse at a training-stable a few miles off. They were both dressed, for mother had been afraid to go to bed, and had had Madame to sit with her to within the last quarter of an hour.

Breathless and incoherent, I nevertheless contrived to make myself understood, and before another minute had elapsed, had the satisfaction of seeing father creep down-stairs to the pantry to Johnson, who had also returned home. What followed was related to me afterwards.

When father had made known his mission to Johnson, the two, in order to be as quiet as possible, contrived to drop noiselessly from the pantry window, and getting into the path that ran through the shrubbery, came round to the side of the house where lay the schoolroom. They were now facing the window, concealed from detection by the shrubs, and favoured by the extremely dark night. This is what met their eyes.

At the foot of the schoolroom window, looking up with outstretched arms as if to catch something heavy, stood a man, his figure made discernible by the light of a lantern that rested on the path by his side; whilst above him, handing him through the open sash a large black bag, her face dimly illuminated by the feeble light of a solitary mortar, stood—Madame. Imagine father's feelings!

To emerge swiftly and silently from the shrubbery and pounce on the thief was the work of a minute, but

when they had secured him, and looked him in the face, the red hair and whiskers had disappeared, and he stood revealed to Johnson's astonished gaze as M. de Saussaye, Madame's husband.

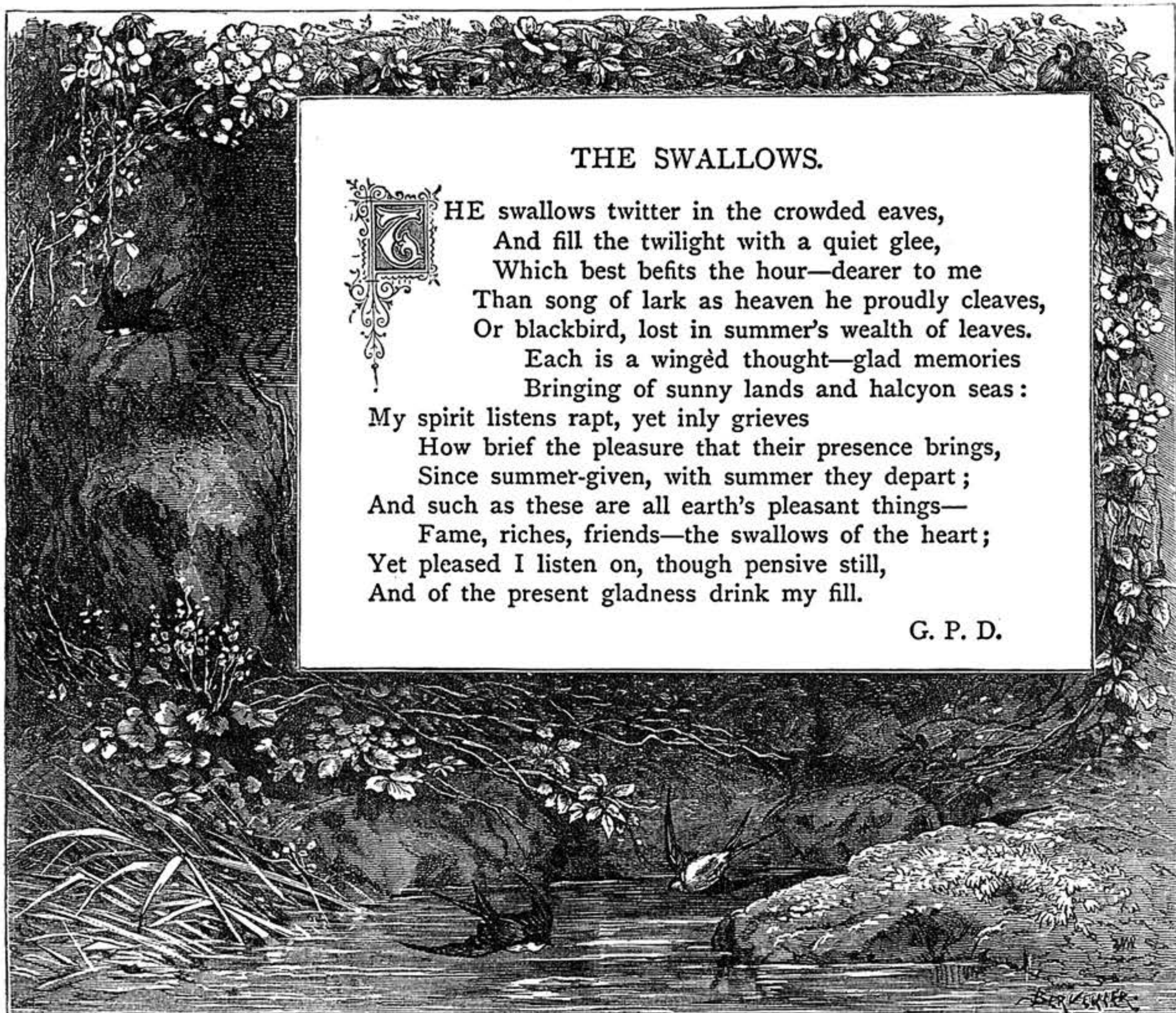
The rest of my story is very quickly told. M. de Saussaye and his two black bags—for there were two of them—having been secured, the next step was to see after Madame.

That ingenious person was found in her room, her door locked, and herself fast asleep. On being with much difficulty roused, she stated she had no idea what all this confusion meant, and begged she might be left in peace, as she had a severe headache. Her request was granted, but her door and window were watched, till with morning light the police sent for by father arrived, and M. and Madame de Saussaye were conveyed out of the house under their surveillance.

In due time they were brought before the magistrates and committed for trial, in the course of which it came out that, far from being victims of the Franco-German War, they were a pair of notorious communists who had fled to England to escape the reward of their misdeeds. Madame, whose real name was Leblanc, was a clever but obscure little milliner in one of the worst quarters of Paris, and Monsieur's avocations were of too heterogeneous a nature to define. The admirable character and references Madame had shown mother were found out to be forgeries; and as to Monsieur, he picked up a livelihood, it was impossible to say how, in the lowest purlieus of Leicester Square. It made us all shudder to think what a woman we had had for an inmate of our home, and to whose care we children had been confided for so long.

I was very ill after that memorable night, so ill that father and the doctor wondered whether it might not have been something more than drugs that Madame had given me twice that evening; but, after a long period of anxiety, I fortunately recovered to find a nice new governess installed in the schoolroom, and innocent Susan reinstated as our maid.

Thenceforth father and mother never again left us so much to ourselves. On the contrary, they became exceedingly domestic, and in after-years, when I had my own household to manage, mother was wont to remark that, after all, Madame's residence amongst us had done some good.



THE SWALLOWS.

THE swallows twitter in the crowded eaves,
And fill the twilight with a quiet glee,
Which best befits the hour—dearer to me
Than song of lark as heaven he proudly cleaves,
Or blackbird, lost in summer's wealth of leaves.
Each is a wingèd thought—glad memories
Bringing of sunny lands and halcyon seas:
My spirit listens rapt, yet inly grieves
How brief the pleasure that their presence brings,
Since summer-given, with summer they depart;
And such as these are all earth's pleasant things—
Fame, riches, friends—the swallows of the heart;
Yet pleased I listen on, though pensive still,
And of the present gladness drink my fill.

G. P. D.

Odds and Ends.

THERE has recently died in Victoria a most remarkable old lady who has left a great mark upon the history of that colony. Mrs. Hallett, who was eighty years of age when she died, was the mother of the first white child born in the province of Gippsland, and was really the discoverer and pioneer of the rich gold-mining centre, Walhalla, which is situated in the heart of the North Gippsland Mountains. She it was who first found a track leading over the mountains into the now famous town, when an expedition was sent to rescue a then well-known prospector and his party, bearing her share in the frequent encounters with the natives who tried to bar the progress of the rescue party. She had the reputation of being the best bushwoman in the wild highlands of Victoria; and in the early days when the blacks were troublesome frequently led successful attacks against them.

THERE is a curious custom at the Court of Spain on the day after Epiphany. On that day a royal coach, its six horses ridden by postilions and its coachman in state livery, drives from the King's palace to the palace of the Duke de Hijar. Inside the coach are a chamberlain and a valet, who have with them a large silver salver, upon which rests the suit of clothes the reigning king has worn upon Epiphany Day. This they solemnly present to the Duke de Hijar, who receives it as his right. The origin of this custom dates as far back as 1431. In that year a plot was laid to assassinate the then King, John XI., at the Epiphany Festival. Just before the plans of the murderers were to be carried into execution, the Count Ribadeo entered the hall, and after speaking a few words to the King the latter and the Count left the room together. The conspirators at once guessed that the Count had denounced them, and rising to a man, they forced their way into the King's bedroom, and killed the person they found there, who wore the same clothes as the monarch. But the King and the Count had exchanged clothes; and ever since, the suit worn by the Spanish sovereign on Epiphany Day, has been presented to the descendants of the Count Ribadeo, the present representative of the family being the Duke de Hijar. The Count's descendants have also the right to sit at the sovereign's table.

"FROM a worldly point of view politeness is the best stock-in-trade that one can possess. It has opened more doors of advancement than any faculty, genius, or art, because for strangers there is no other way to judge another's character than by externals. Even the spurious politeness which is assumed for certain purposes or to accomplish certain ends, has a degree of success, because it overcomes prejudice and wins good opinions."

"A LITTLE wrong, a trifling injustice, an insulting word, piquing our self-love and personal vanity, stirs us more effectually and interests us more really than the chances of being lost or saved. And yet we dream we are serving God."—*F. W. Faber.*

"IN taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is his superior"

THE newest career which is now open to woman is that of agricultural lecturer, Miss Margaret Neilson Fraser being the pioneer, by being the first woman to pass the annual examination of the Highland Agricultural Society, and winning her diploma. Miss Fraser was born in Wigtownshire, and has studied agricultural science for the past two winters at the Glasgow Technical College, taking first honours in agricultural chemistry and botany, whilst during the two past summers she has conducted classes and given lectures and demonstrations on butter-making, under the control of the Caithness County Council. There are many women living in rural districts whose intimate acquaintance with dairy work and agriculture might be made use of, with the greatest advantage to the ignorant who are desirous to learn.

"THOSE exercises which are not common are not to be exposed to public view; for things private are practised more safely at home. Nevertheless, thou must beware thou neglect not those which are common, being more ready for what is private. But having fully and faithfully accomplished all which thou art bound and enjoined to do, if thou hast any spare time, betake thee to thyself, as thy devotion shall desire. All cannot use one kind of spiritual exercise, but one is more useful for this person, another for that. According to the seasonableness of times also, divers exercises are fitting; some suit better with us on working days, others on holy days. In the time of temptaton, we have need of some, and of others in time of peace and quietness. Some we mind when we are pensive, and others when we rejoice in the Lord."—*Thomas à Kempis.*

A VERY simple treatment will cause an old straw hat, which appears too dusty and dirty to be worn again, quite bright and fresh. A piece of lump sugar, or a tablespoonful of granulated sugar, should be dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of water. The water should then be rubbed freely on the hat, and allowed to soak in, it being applied with a brush or a sponge. At first the hat will be limp and soft, but if it is allowed to dry well in the air and sunshine the straw becomes fresh and stiff again. The brim can be pressed into any new shape before the straw is quite dry.

AN amusing story is told of a mother who was the proud possessor of twin girls, who were so much alike that it was almost impossible to distinguish them apart. One night when they had been bathed and put to bed, she heard a sound of laughter coming from their bedroom, and at once went to inquire the cause. "What are you laughing at?" she asked. "Oh, nothing," replied Edith, one of the twins; "only you have given me two baths to-night and Alice none at all."

ALUMINIUM has been put to all sorts of uses, but the most extraordinary comes from Germany, where aluminium neckties are rapidly becoming a fashion, both for ladies to wear with blouses, and with gentlemen. They are made in exact imitation of the shape of the ordinary silk or satin tie, and are fastened by a band round the neck. There is said to be absolutely no difference between them and cotton, cambric or silk, in weight, and they are easily cleaned when soiled.

THERE are some very interesting legends told with regard to the contents of the vaults of the church at Axium, the capital of King Menelik of Abyssinia. It is declared that in these vaults the Ark of the Covenant is preserved, as well as the tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments delivered to Moses upon Mount Sinai. In addition, there are said to be vast piles of papyri, which have as yet been untranslated. The explanation of the presence of these treasures in the capital of the Christian Abyssinians is that they were brought from Jerusalem by the founder of the present dynasty, the first Menelik, who was the son of the Queen of Sheba. Although Menelik was born after his mother's return to her kingdom, he was brought up at Jerusalem, whence he fled into Abyssinia after the sacking of that city by Shishak, King of Egypt, carrying with him certain treasures from the Temple which were threatened with destruction and defilement.

THE reigning Emperor Menelik is going to give permission for the searching of the vaults of the cathedral church at Axium when the present troubles in his kingdom are over, and also for the exploration of a famous monastery situated on the Holy Island of Debra Sau, on the great lake of Zuoi, to the south of Shoa. This island is guarded entirely by monks, who, after having once taken up their residence there, are never permitted to leave it. It is reported to possess a wonderful library, some of the books and parchments belonging to the famous library at Alexandria having, it is said, found a resting-place there after their final dispersion by the Caliph Omar in A.D. 641.

A SAILING-SHIP some time ago, on leaving Belfast for the United States, took on board two thousand tons of Irish soil as ballast. An idea occurred to some one on the vessel, and this soil was levelled out making quite a large patch. This was at once planted with cabbages, leeks, peas, beans and other vegetables, which thrived wonderfully. The crew amused themselves by gardening, and after a little time there was a constant supply of fresh vegetables which could be gathered daily, in spite of the rapid growth of weeds which could be only kept down with great difficulty. Live pigs were carried on the vessel, and the last one was killed and served with green vegetables just as the vessel entered the Columbia River. On arrival at the port of destination, the soil, being no longer required for ballast, was piled up neatly on the wharf. It was a curious experiment, and one that suggests many possibilities, granted that space would be available.

OUR APRIL GARLAND.

WE know that April's here by the sunshine changing into showers;
By the buds that open thickly, and the song-birds in the bowers;
By the perfume of the Violets, that purple o'er the banks;
By the humming of the bees, who for pleasant hours give thanks;
By the nodding of the Cowslips, in the mead and in the wood,
Dancing on the twittering breeze, as if with life endued:
Mostly the pale Narcissus keeps within the garden round,
Yet comes forth sometimes to the woodland to listen to the sound.
Buttercups and Daisies are gleaming amid the grass,
Scattering gold and silver to the fresh gales as they pass;
And the changeful month goes on, with smiles and tears, on his track.
Of beauty, and of music, and of fragrance in truth he has no lack.

H. G. A.

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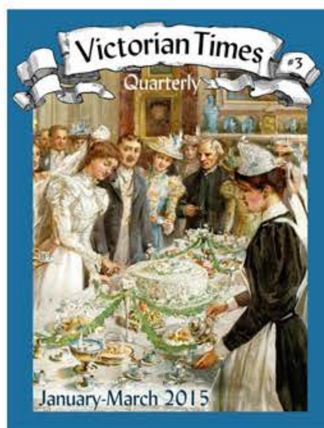

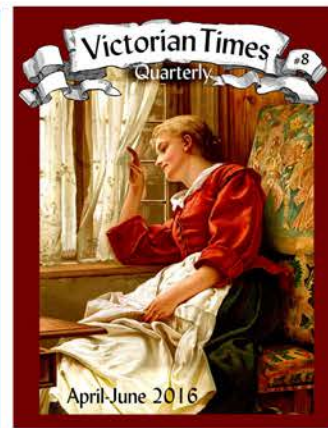

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