

Victorian Times

Vol. III, No. 6

June 2016



*The Pigeons of London • The Latest in Table Decorations • June Folklore
Children's Games • Children's Pleasures • Pavement Artists of London
Maple Sugar Season in Canada • A Mouse in the House • Modern Aprons
Camping, Victorian Style • Flower Names • Laundry-Room Crafts*

Victorian Times

Volume III, No. 6
June 2016

- 2 Editor's Greeting: When "Old" Was "New", by Moira Allen
- 3 The Pigeons of London, by Harry How (*The Strand*, 1894)
- 12 Cartoon: "So Very Human!" by Harry B. Neilson (*CFM*, 1896**)
- 13 Late Fancies in Table Appointments; June Fruits and Vegetables, by Laura Willis Lathrop (*Ingalls' Home Magazine*, 1889)
- 15 Poem: "My Grandmother's Turkey-Tail Fan," by Samuel Minturn Peck (*Century*, 1890)
- 16 The Month of June, by John Timbs (*Illustrated London Almanack*, 1846)
- 17 Out-Door Games From Over the Sea (Part 6) (*GOP*, 1892*)
- 19 Pavement Artists (*CFM*, 1884)
- 22 Poem: "Iris" (*CFM*, 1885)
- 23 Art Needlework, by Helen Marion Burnside (*GOP*, 1888)
- 24 A "Sugaring Off" Party in Canada (*CFM*, 1889)
- 26 The Mouse: A Little Friend, by George Manville Fenn (*CFM*, 1878)
- 29 Camp Life: Accessories, Outfits, Cookery, Etc., by Laura Willis Lathrop (*Ingalls' Home Magazine*, 1889)
- 32 Household Hints (*GOP*, 1902)
- 33 Children's Pleasures, by Phillis Browne (*CFM*, 1876)
- 36 Wrinkles from the Laundry [crafts] (*GOP*, 1896)
- 37 Useful Hints (*GOP*, 1895)
- 37 Model Menu for June, by Phyllis Browne (*GOP*, 1893)
- 39 Local Names for Familiar Flowers, by Darley Dale (*GOP*, 1888)
- 41 The Aprons of To-Day (*GOP*, 1892)
- 43 Useful Hints (*GOP*, 1892)
- 44 Going to Europe; Wedding Anniversaries (*Peterson's*, 1883)
- 45 Odds and Ends (*GOP*, 1897)
- 46 Poem: "The June Garland," by H.G. Adams (*Chatterbox*, 1875)



p. 3



p. 23



p. 26



p. 33

A publication of VictorianVoices.net
Moira Allen, Editor - editors@victorianvoices.net
To subscribe to the free electronic edition, visit
www.victorianvoices.net/VT/index.shtml
Print editions available quarterly on Amazon!
Copyright © 2016 Moira Allen

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

When “Old” Was “New”

When I launched this magazine, I speculated that one reason the Victorian period holds such an appeal for so many is that it is the historic period that is, perhaps, easiest for us “moderns” to identify with. Its language is much more like our own than, say, the language of the Elizabethan era. And its people—well, it isn’t so difficult to track down the Victorians in our own family tree.

The more I explore the period, however, the more I realize that it’s not just a matter of identification. The Victorian era is truly the parent of our own. I’m coming to understand just how many things we have today—and take for granted today—that we owe directly to that era.

Take, for instance, something very simple: The children’s game of “jacks,” described in the final installment of “Out-Door Games from Over the Sea” in this issue. I remember my mother trying to teach me to play jacks, with rather limited success (and I confess a rather limited interest on my part). But... jacks were jacks. Who didn’t have jacks? In 1892, the answer would be “practically no one in England,” because apparently “jacks” were a relatively new American invention. The game was played with stones—until some enterprising Victorian invented the steel toys we all know so well.

Another American Victorian “invention” was popcorn. I love curling up with a bowl of popcorn in the evening—and I know how to make it the old-fashioned way, with a long-handled popcorn popper that one can use on a wood stove. If I ever have a wood stove again, at least I’ll still be able to enjoy popcorn (though kettle corn might be a challenge). Now, the Victorians didn’t actually “invent” popped corn—it appears to go back about 5000 years, and American farmers may well have learned the trick from the Iroquois. But to Brits, this was yet another “new” American invention—and it wasn’t until the 1890’s that popcorn could be made by machine (leading to the birth of popcorn-vending carts).

And then there’s ice cream, which was developed by an African American in 1836. In 1860, an American woman patented the hand-cranked ice cream freezer (which is still available today in almost exactly the same form), making it possible for *anyone* to enjoy ice cream at home, assuming they could afford the ingredients. Ice cream and popcorn—what could be a more perfect way to enjoy a warm summer evening? And what could be more... Victorian?

Of course, we have a lot more to thank the Victorians for than ice cream and popcorn, or jacks. Have you ever adopted a pet from a humane society or animal shelter? Thank the Victorians for coming up with *that* idea. Actually, the Royal SPCA was founded in 1824, without the “royal.” Queen Victoria authorized the addition of “royal” to its name in 1840. The RSPCA was originally founded to combat cruelty to horses and donkeys, but its work quickly spread to include dogs and cats and other critters. The Battersea Home for Lost Dogs, perhaps the first “shelter” where homeless animals could be cared for, was founded in 1860 (though it didn’t employ women, at least in the kennels, until 1960!).


Are you a married woman? Do you earn an income? Today, us married ladies can earn our own money, pay our own bills, create and pay our own debts, have our own credit scores, maintain our own bank accounts, have credit cards in our own name, own property... in short, do anything financially that our husbands can do. And most of us pretty much figure that’s the way life is *supposed* to work. But it didn’t work that way until the Married Woman’s Property Act of... well... it depends. In the US, various states began enacting Married Women’s Property Acts, in various forms, around 1839. In the UK, the idea of women being able to retain their own earnings, keep their own property (including property they owned before marriage), and so forth wasn’t established as law until 1882.

So thank you, Victorians, for giving us popcorn and ice cream, and a safe haven for our pets. And thank you for making it possible for a woman like me to own my own business—which, in turn, makes it possible to put together a magazine like this!

—Moirra Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

The Pigeons of London.

By HARRY HOW.

“F all the sights in London, give me the pigeons!” So remarked an old cabman whom I discovered in one of the open spaces in the vicinity of the Temple, who, while waiting for his fare, was generously giving a gratuitous meal out of his horse’s nose-bag to a score of pigeons which had a few moments before gathered round him.

It is very probable that there are many more who would heartily shake hands with the cabby and exclaim, “And you’re not a bad judge, my boy!”—but only those who know where to find these particular members of the feathered world. There are pigeons in the great Metropolis, thousands of them, which the public regard as their own—birds they keep and feed, watching their plumage grow finer and smoother. The children play with them, the hard-worked clerk in the City splits up his dinner-hour and gives part of this time to the birds; policemen, beadle, cathedral vergers, and many more have all a kindly thought for the pigeons of London.

I have recently been making a round of the principal places where the pigeons of the public most do congregate: The Temple, St. Paul’s Cathedral, the Guildhall, Custom House, British Museum, and Palace Yard, Westminster. It has been a delightful experience—the tour, for those who care to undertake it, is exceptionally cheap, and the amount of pleasure to be derived from it incalculably great.

My first visit was to the Temple, and here the birds

have as pretty a rendezvous as the most fastidious pigeon could desire. They know the cosiest nooks, the most picturesque corners—they know where their kindest friends are to be found. Hence, if you walk in the direction of King’s Bench Walk, you will always find scores of them gathered outside a certain house at the corner of the passage—No. 6. You cannot mistake the place—great boxes of scarlet geraniums and lobelia are over the door, and half-a-dozen sweet-voiced canaries are outside the portico. Here lives Mr. Horton, the beadle, who, previous to becoming the highly-respected beadle of this part of Lawyers’ Land, was in the fire brigade for twenty-one years. He has fed the birds for nine years. Every pigeon in King’s Bench Walk knows him. They know Tiddles, too. Tiddles? Tiddles is the Temple cat, and although the famous tabby has killed many a too venturesome sparrow, she has never been known to lay a single claw on a blue rock. Tiddles! Why, she will sit on a chair in the sunshine whilst her feathered neighbours play round the legs and perch on the back of the seat. Would

that there were more Tiddles in the world!

Could all the dead and gone King’s Bench Walk pigeons of twenty-five years ago come back to their old haunt again, they would not find one of the most faithful of friends they ever possessed. Mr. Leggat has left the neighbourhood. Mr. Leggat kept a coffee-shop in Tudor Street—a thoroughfare not many yards away. He and his customers fed them for five-and-twenty years. For a quarter of



THE TEMPLE PIGEONS.



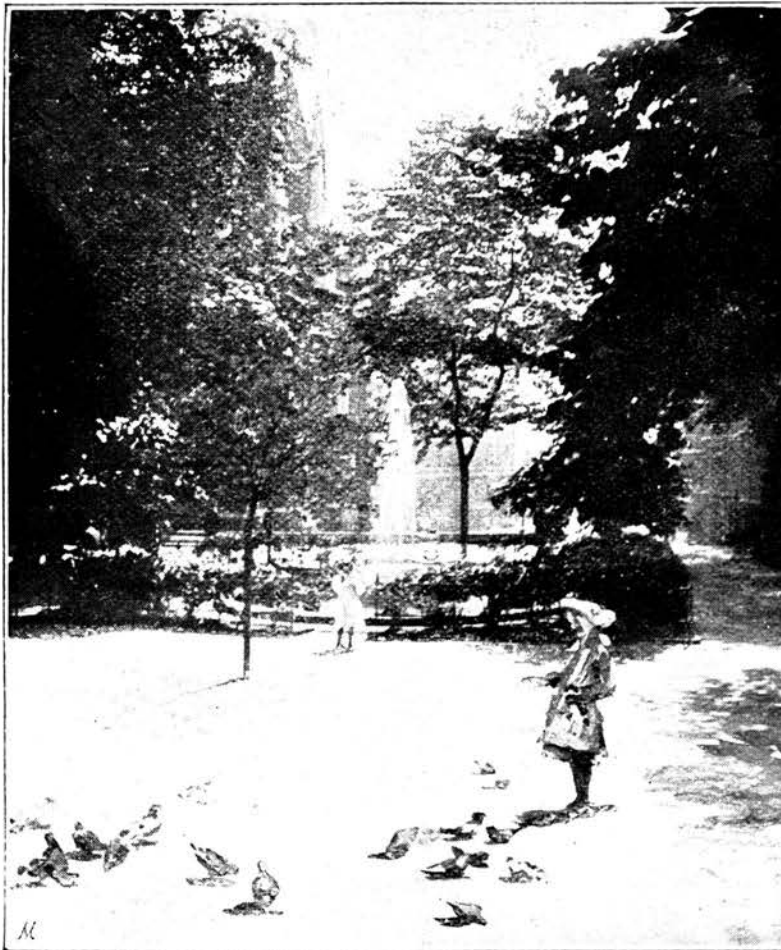
"TIDDLES."

a century the coffee-shop proprietor collected all the scraps which his patrons left over from their early breakfasts, and carried them to "his birds," who, in response to his whistle, would fly to him, fighting for the privilege of perching on his head, arms, and hands. A new generation of pigeons has arisen, however, and Mr. Horton has, so to speak, taken them under his wing.

Fountain Court is not a stone's throw from King's Bench Walk. It is a charming spot, so perfectly illegal. At all times in the day you will find the birds clustered around the edge of the fountain, standing gracefully on the circle of stone-work and admiring themselves in Nature's mirror. The pigeons of Fountain Court are not without their own particular friend. If you just stand with your back to the fountain and look up at the building immediately in front of you, you will observe that the window-sills of the rooms on the top floor provide a resting-place for a series of long,

green boxes filled with flowers. To see the sight you should not be later than nine o'clock in the morning. Suddenly, as though by magic, one of the windows opens. You hear a ting-ting-ting! The court is immediately filled with birds. They seem to come from everywhere—from the houses at the back of Essex Court, the Library, the Old Hall—and they all take wing to the window-sills where the flowers are blooming.

Then a figure appears. He has a plate in his hand evidently filled with food, and for a long time he feeds the birds to their hearts' content. It is a big battle for grub. One cannot help being struck by the antics of a large cock bird—his plumage is darker than the others, so he is easily singled out. He appears to be a terrible bully; doesn't seem as though he wants to eat much himself, but apparently takes a delight in interfering with those who do. A pigeon who is a bully is really a most objectionable bird. At last the pigeons have had their fill; away they go to the fountain below, and a few minutes afterwards, as if from nowhere, a little flock of starlings and sparrows make for the window with the floral boxes. These, too, are fed by



FOUNTAIN COURT—TEMPLE.

the same kindly hand, and when the figure disappears a plate of food is thoughtfully left on the window-sill.

The stairs are steep which lead to the top floor of a certain set of chambers in Devereux Court.

I knock. The pigeons' friend appears. We go to the window together. He rings the bell, and a fine young couple of blue rocks are fed again. The bell is worth noticing. It is a white china sugar-basin with a gold rim, and the clapper is a spoon. This same bell has been rung for the last eleven years by the same ringer, and has never been cracked! The bellringer has much to tell you regarding the pigeons and starlings at Fountain Court.

"There are some two or three hundred pigeons about here," he says, "principally blue rocks of various strains. I fancy that most of them breed in the clock tower of the Law Courts, though quite a number use the Temple. This is the first year I have had flowers in the boxes outside. I generally empty the boxes and turn them round so that they can come and nest in them. I have known them build on the rain-water head of the house on the left, there. Come down, madam, come down!"

This latter remark was addressed to a fine Persian cat, who had just hopped on to a chair and was about to hide herself behind one of the green boxes.

"Madame Louise," he continued; "she hides amongst the flowers and is on the look-out for a bird. She has never caught one yet, I am glad to say. What do I feed my birds with? Oh! bread and soaked toast, and a little hemp-seed in winter. There is a colony of starlings here, too."

We were standing by the window.

"You see that extreme corner of cornice on the left overlooking the fountain? Starlings have built there for years, and lived there all the year round. This is very unusual, as they generally go away in flocks about August."

I pointed meaningly

to the plate of food on the window-sill, and Mr. Birch acquiesced in my explanation.

Mr. Birch told me a capital little bird anecdote — by-the-bye, he has never seen a dead pigeon during the eleven years he has been here. It is great fun to throw a piece of white wadding out of the window, which is immediately pounced upon by a dozen sparrows and torn into as many pieces. It appears that two pairs of sparrows were building in the rain-water head of a house in the court. One day Mr. Birch threw out a piece of wadding, when a cock sparrow quickly flew down, seized it, and carried it to its nest. The wool was so big that the sparrow could not get it into the nest. This evidently annoyed the wife, and presumably she told him so. Some starlings had been on the watch, and, taking advantage of this domestic quarrel, popped across and stole the wool! They rammed it in a wedge where the sparrows could not get it! There it remained for weeks, much to the joy of the jealous starlings and much to the grief of the sorrowful sparrows. This true little anecdote tends to show that the starlings and sparrows at the Temple are not the best of friends.

It is generally admitted by students of the public pigeons that the tamest are to be found at the Guildhall, whilst the wildest are located at the Custom House Quay. In the courtyard of the former place as many as one hundred and thirty-eight have been counted, and very few of them will refuse to gather at



MR GEORGE H. BIRCH, F.S.A., FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN FOUNTAIN COURT.



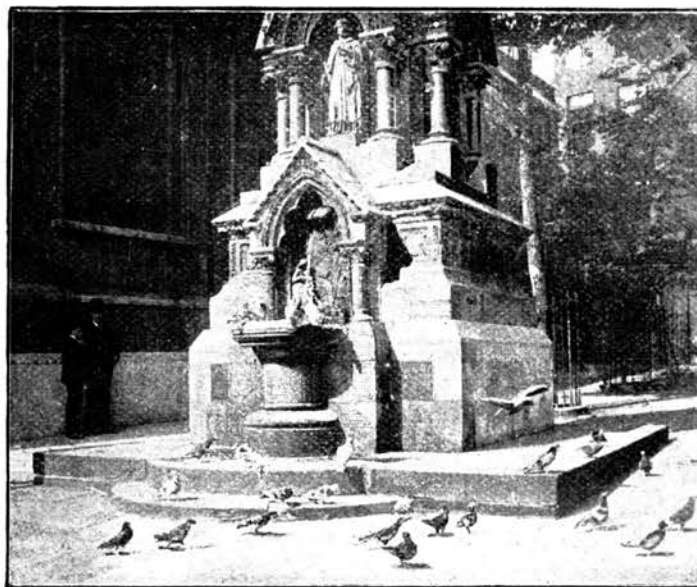
CITY CLERK FEEDING PIGEONS AT THE GUILDHALL.

your feet—especially should you happen to have a handful of corn—although it may be a first introduction. I have seen many a young City clerk come here between twelve and two o'clock and feed the birds. Their wants, however, are not forgotten in a semi-official way. One of the officials at the Guildhall Police Court gives them numerous "handfuls," and the memory of old Rowe is still treasured as a friend of the birds. Old Rowe—who used to swear the witnesses in the justice-room—had small water-troughs placed in the yard, at his own expense, in order that his flock might drink. It was a kindly act, though the birds could drink to their fill at the fountain by the side of the Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry. The birds build in the old parts of Guildhall and on the outside of many of the City churches. In the breeding season the young pigeons flutter to the ground and are stolen before they obtain strength enough to fly back again. One gratifying fact came to my knowledge whilst watching the Guildhall pigeons. Although all these birds at this and other places are "strays," and practically belong to the people, who for the most part feed them and care for them, yet when some of these birds were maimed by catapult shooting and such-like, the Corporation stepped in, claimed the pigeons, and prosecuted the offenders for cruelly treating their property.

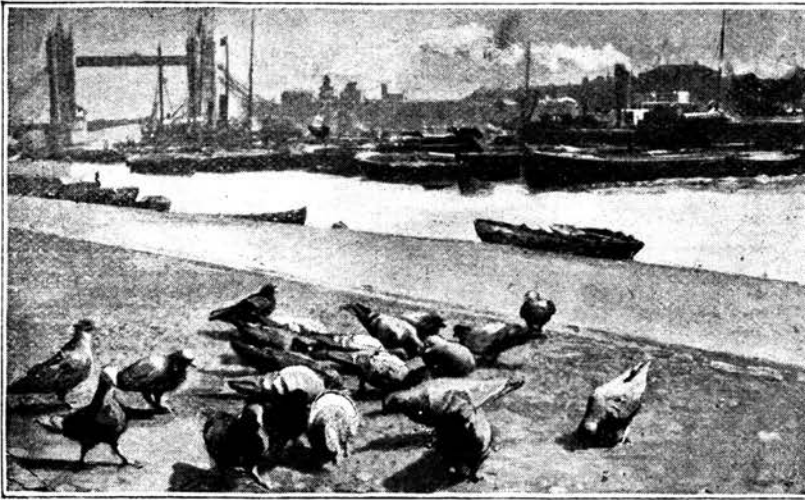
Whilst the pigeons are perfectly domesticated at the Guildhall, a visit to the Custom House will soon convince one that in most cases they are not so there. Of course there are many birds here which trip quite contentedly about the gravel quay by the side of the river, but the constant shocks from the whistles of the steam tugs tend to make them wild. They appear to delight in perching on the barges and the rigging of the vessels; indeed, the three hundred and odd birds to be found here obtain most of their food from the barges which carry corn. No provision is made for them by the Custom

House authorities—though it should be mentioned that Police-constable Edward Winder is kind to them—the public are liberal, the pigeons practical, for they are well aware of the fact that on the Surrey side of the river is a big corn wharf, and to this haven of plenty many of them will migrate during the day, returning to roost under the sheltering ledges of the Custom House at night.

Seafaring folk are generally credited with being able to out-do all comers in the spinning of a yarn; and it is to be hoped that a jolly-looking lighterman was telling the truth when he assured me, without moving a muscle, that he had frequently



DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN OF THE CHURCH OF ST. LAWRENCE.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE PIGEONS.

taken a dozen pigeons for a trip up the river whilst they picked up the stray corn from the bottom of his barge, quietly unconscious that they were being carried away from home. He put it down to the steadiness with which he handled the great oars.

In the words of Mr. John T. Taylor, the Assistant Secretary of the British Museum: "Everybody feeds the pigeons at the British Museum—the visitors and readers particularly." The resident servants also find a few spare crumbs from the table, but there is certainly no official feeding. It seems that pigeons have colonized the neighbourhood of the British Museum for a great number of years, possibly longer than at any other public building in the Metropolis. They have been increasing yearly till they now comprise some two hundred and fifty, and, unlike any other feathered colony, number amongst them many pure and thorough-bred wood-pigeons. The presence of wood-pigeons here is regarded as quite an unusual thing.

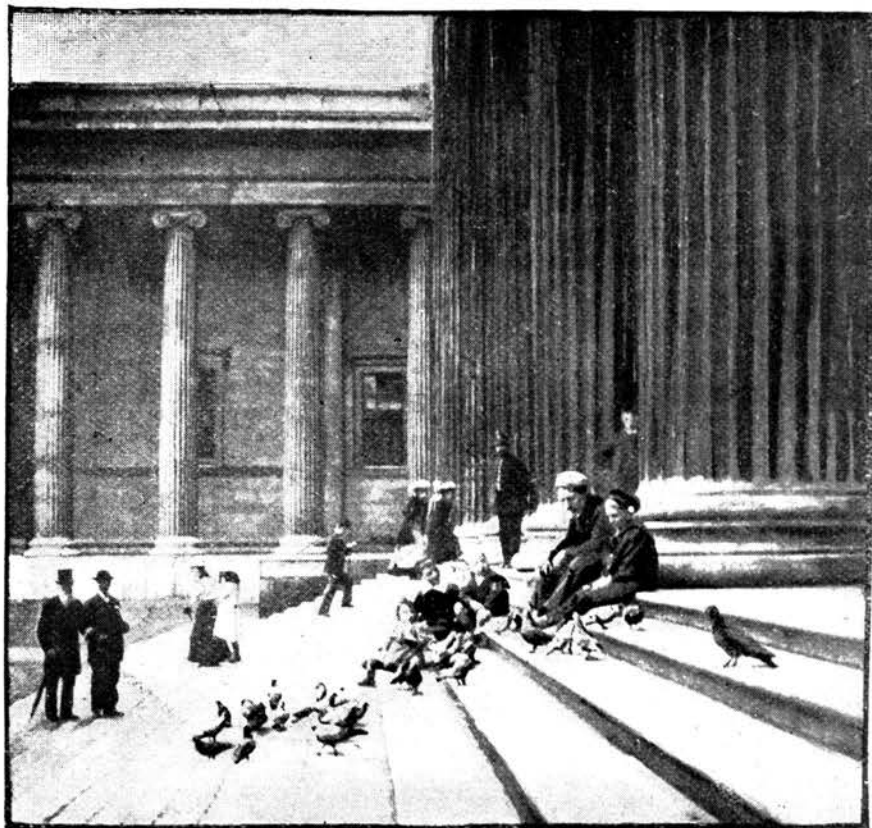
Mr. Taylor said that, although he had been at the Museum for thirty years, yet he never remembered the time when pigeons were not there, whilst an official of forty years'

standing stated the same thing. Furthermore, it was stated by a man, who as a boy knew the Museum before the collections were housed in the present building, that very few, if any, pigeons frequented Montagu House, but that pigeons established themselves at the Museum very soon indeed after the erection of the present building—that is to say, shortly after 1844-5. It may interest pigeon-fanciers to know that the birds at the British Museum this year are

considered somewhat rougher than those of previous years.

The favourite haunt of the pigeons at Bloomsbury is apparently the steps of the main entrance, and many a youngster is to be found there at all hours of the day provided with anything and everything in the way of food, from a Bath bun to a brandy-ball.

The great spot, however, to find the children is in the gardens which surround St. Paul's Cathedral. If you can find a seat—for they are generally fully occupied at mid-day—sit for an hour and watch the pigeons near the



THE BRITISH MUSEUM PIGEONS.



ST. PAUL'S PIGEONS.

fountain, or perched on the ledges of the sacred edifice, or clustered together in batches of fifty on the grass. Persuade one of their many friends to whistle, and you will see a hundred form themselves into a little cloud of wing and feather and fly down. They are the children's playthings: little mites of six and seven seat themselves on the asphalt pavement whilst the birds feed from their hands. As an instance of how great is the love of many of these children for their feathered friends, the story is told of a little girl, who had daily given them food, being very ill in



ST. PAUL'S PIGEONS—ON THE SITE OF ST. PAUL'S CROSS.



ST. PAUL'S—BEFORE THE NORTH DOOR.

the hospital. She was constantly turning to the nurse and asking:—

“When shall I be able to see the pigeons, nursey?”

She lay in her cot for some weeks, and when her mother took her home again, nothing would satisfy the child until they had taken her to the gardens. She screamed with delight—for when

she held out her hand with a biscuit, the pigeons came flocking round, and she cried out:—

“They know me again, mammy; they know me again!”

The pigeons of St. Paul's are altogether unlike any others. They number some four or five hundred. There are two or three distinct companies. There is a colony in the north-east

garden and a second at the west front. The "west-enders" never associate with the "north-easters," but keep themselves quite distinct and apart. Then Mr. Green, the Dean's verger — I believe Mr. Green has seen no fewer than four Deans out — has quite a little lot of his own, which he feeds on the south side of the Cathedral at about four o'clock every afternoon. When I was visiting the pigeons here,



MR. POUNCEFORD.

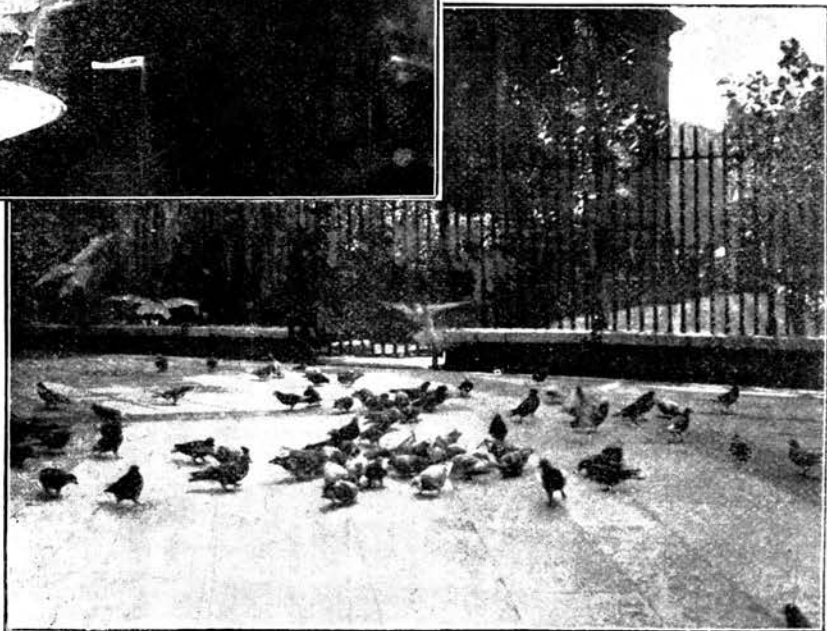
Mr. Green was away on his holiday. But he had not forgotten his birds. He had commissioned Mr. Brown, another verger, to look after their wants whilst he was away.

The gardener here, although he is rather inclined not to say anything in favour of them, for they do much to spoil his admirable floral work, is nevertheless

ST. PAUL'S — "THE PUBLIC ARE REQUESTED NOT TO FEED THE PIGEONS ON THE GRASS," BUT THE PUBLIC DO.

not found wanting with a handful during the winter months, when few of the public are here; and the policemen join him in the task.

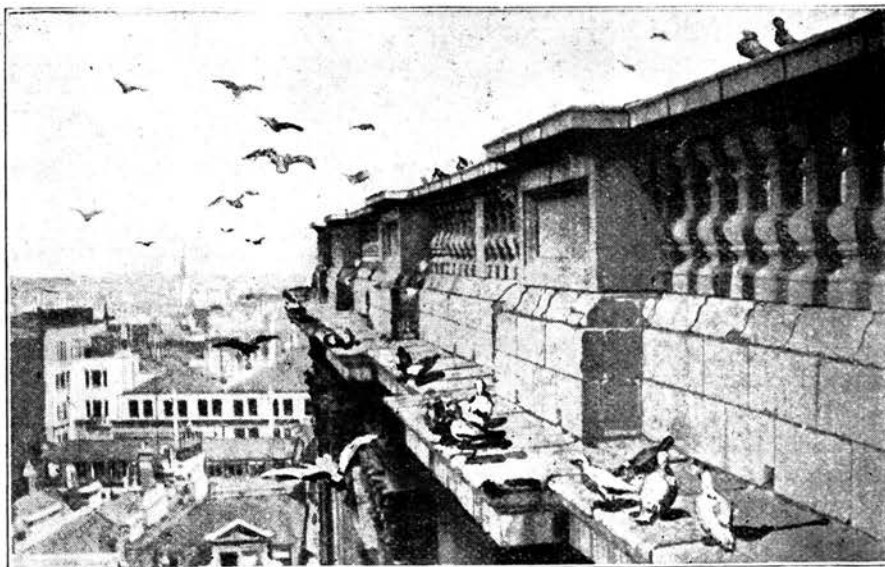
Perhaps, however, the best friend from a feeding point of view which the pigeons have is Mr. Pounceford, the housekeeper at the offices of the Religious Tract Society.



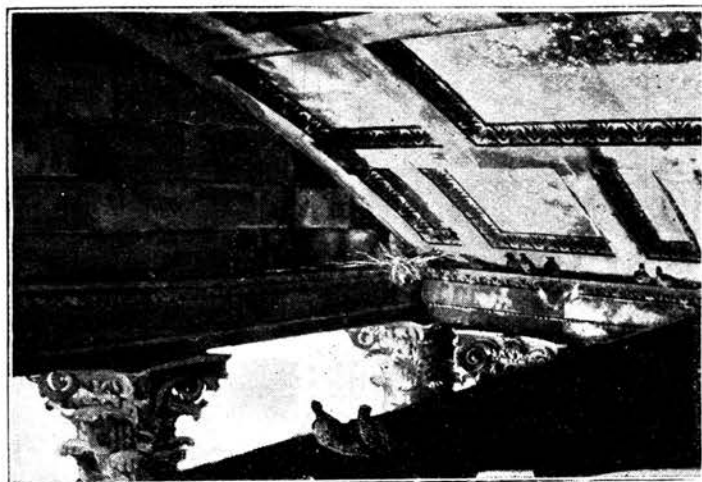
ST. PAUL'S—COURTYARD OF NORTH GATEWAY.

His room, which is high up on the fourth or fifth floor, overlooks the courtyard of the north gateway, and he has but to whistle and wave his hand, when every feathered resident of this corner of the Cathedral flies down and partakes of the liberal fare strewn on the stones below.

As at other buildings, the pigeons rest on the great



ST. PAUL'S—ON THE CORNICE, NORTH-EAST SIDE.



ST. PAUL'S—WEST PORCH, WHERE THE PIGEONS BREED.

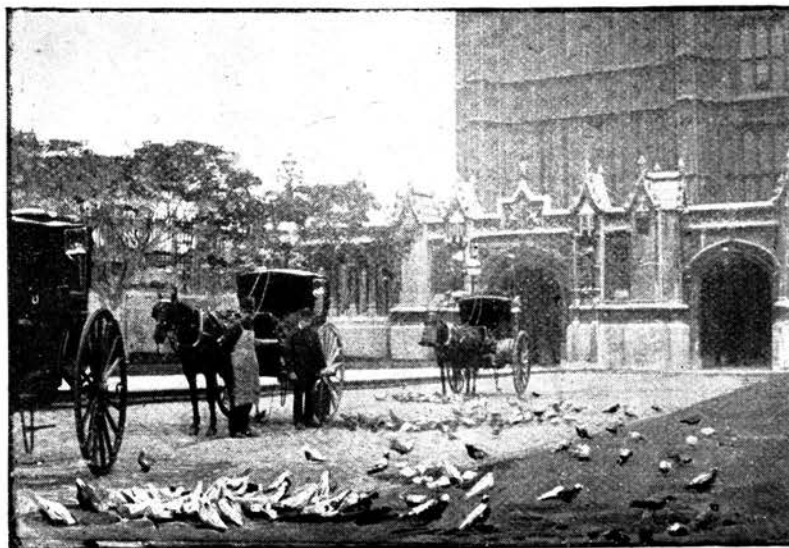
cornices, where they have ample room to take their forty winks—if they indulge in them—whilst a very popular breeding place is inside the west porch, a picture of which is shown here. At the time this photo was taken a well-made nest was in the corner, containing a couple of young birds.

One of the pleasantest hours I passed with the pigeons and their friends was at Palace Yard, Westminster. No wonder the birds come to this spot—everybody takes an interest in them. The sparrows have an inkling of the kindly treatment to be found here, and join in the banquet which is set forth on the stones of Palace Yard. And who are the pigeons' friends? Every cabman that drives into the yard—always a handful out of the bag, and

the horse never misses it; the attendant at the very spick and span cabman's shelter, who distributes the oddments left over, particularly the potatoes, of which the pigeons are particularly fond; the policemen—A301 has only to whistle, and down they come; Chief Inspector Horsley, who has kept a kindly eye on them for the last ten years; Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P.; Lord Henry Bruce, who used to send down a sack of maize for winter use every year; and Sir Reginald Palgrave, the Clerk of the House of Commons. Sir

Thomas Erskine May would send oats, too.

The birds principally breed and build at the Abbey and the Victoria Tower, though a few are to be found behind the statues of the kings and queens alongside the residential



THE PIGEONS OF PALACE YARD.

portion of the yard. I had just learnt from A301 that a couple of jackdaws had ere now stolen the pigeons' eggs—he had seen the jackdaws perched on the very summit of the Clock Tower—and peeped in at the Inner Court, where Sir Reginald Palgrave has placed a drinking-trough for the birds, thirty of which he regularly feeds every day at one o'clock, when in crossing the yard I met Sir Reginald, and we were joined by Chief Inspector Horsley.

There was no misinterpreting Sir Reginald's happy expression at the mention of the word "pigeons." As the birds fluttered about the yard, giving unmistakable tokens of a knowledge of who was close at hand, we talked together. Sir Reginald remembers when first they came. It must be a score of years ago, for that is the length of time he has fed them. Sometimes they walk into his bedroom, and he mentions as a curious fact that, notwithstanding the clear-sightedness with which pigeons are generally credited, on foggy days, should he come out and whistle, they won't come down, though at other times they follow him about most assiduously. Twenty-five years ago he remembers



PALACE YARD—FEEDING THE PIGEONS.

swallows building here, whilst last year a couple of starlings settled in the vicinity of Palace Yard, but they went away in May.

The inspector talks most enthusiastically. He has known a pigeon remain at this spot for five years, and he, too, remembers a swallow here as recently as ten or eleven years ago. The bird made a nest in one of the square places leading up to the Committees' corridor. He has a very generous word to say for

the cabbies. He seems to know every bird, for he points them out one after the other, and tells me the length of time they have been at Westminster. Amongst the crowd are three or four without any tails—possibly from shooting-matches. Yes, the pigeons know where to find their firmest friends—to many of them Palace Yard is a haven of refuge. If you doubt it, seek out from the congregation a poor

little bird with only one leg and no foot to that. It may often be seen in the middle of the yard picking up the corn in perfect contentment, for it is very well aware that the cabmen know it is there and always drive with greater care when they approach the unfortunate little fellow.

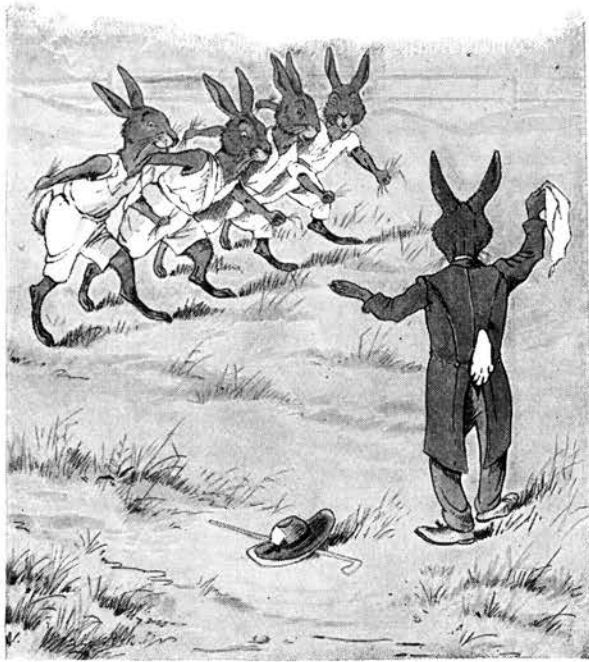


CHIEF INSPECTOR HORSLEY.



PALACE YARD--THE POLICE AND THE PIGEONS.

SO VERY HUMAN.
THE ANIMAL SCHOOL SPORTS—HARE AND LEVERETS.



THE START.



AN AWKWARD JUMP.



NEARLY HOME.



THE WINNER.



CONDUCTED BY LAURA WILLIS LATHROP.

LATE FANCIES IN TABLE APPOINTMENTS. — JUNE FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. — IN THE LAUNDRY.

MANY exquisite fancies have developed in the line of table furnishing and decoration. Flowers still continue high in favor with a decided change in their selection and arrangement. Ornamental *carafes* or jugs for cream or water, and handsome candlesticks or lamps with pretty shades add greatly to the beauty of the table. These are, sometimes, all of one particular color and are placed on mats either of satin or linen, embroidered in the chosen hue—the entertainment is then designated a pink or yellow tea as the case may be.

A friend of ours recently attended a green tea. The hostess received in a handsome costume of Nile green *faille*; the young ladies who assisted (doing the honors of the tea) were arranged in pretty dresses of *tulle* in the same shade. Pots of ferns and palms disposed throughout the rooms lent their graceful presence. The mantels and arched doorways were lavishly draped in smilax, which hung also in graceful festoons from the chandeliers, and wound its way, in the most delicate tracery, over the exquisite damask of the table, in and out among the handsome silver candlesticks, with their shades of green satin, and the silver and cut glass *epergnes* of delicate green-hued grapes. The salad, in handsome bowls, resting upon its bed of crisp green lettuce leaves added its share to the general harmony. The dainty doilies of satin were as daintily embroidered in shaded green silk. A table scarf of Nile green plush decked the table, while souvenir cards bearing a delicate design in green were laid at the plate of each guest. The effect was described as artistic and refreshing in the extreme. The shade chosen was pronounced particularly becoming to the hostess and young ladies selected, but the very fact of one prevailing color being unbecoming to many of the guests is a sufficient reason for the decline in its popularity. It is gratify-

ing to know that these expensive decorations may be charmingly produced in cheaper materials, if tact, taste and the means at hand are employed.

The huge center piece of fruits or flowers is no longer fashionable.

Wide low bowls of silver or cut glass filled with handsome roses occupy its place, or a low basket of maiden-hair ferns is very popular—a wide low bowl being placed in the basket to receive them.

Cut glass water jugs are placed at the corners of the table, from which the guests help themselves, their glasses being previously partly filled with cracked ice. These add much to the beauty of the table, and are usually placed either upon trays of silver, glass or china, or upon mats of effective color or design.

By the way, colored glass is giving way to white cut glass—the prismatic effect of a full service of this sort, by lamp-light, is perfectly dazzling, the clear-cut points sparkling like diamonds.

Salad knives and forks with cut crystal handles are among the new and beautiful things in table service.

Salad bowls, rose bowls, celery boats, knife rests, and trays for spoons (the time-honored spoon-holder having disappeared), are especially fine in the new crystals.

There is a fancy with many, to serve all iced or frozen dishes in this ware, the contrast between the dish and its contents being very effective. And just here a word in regard to washing cut glass. Nothing is better than a small brush—a miniature scrubbing brush costing ten cents. This (if kept for the especial purpose) is also a wonderful aid in washing celery—but to the glass. With plenty of hot suds and the brush, remove any secretions from the cuttings, then rinse well in two successive hot waters, and polish with white tissue paper. Nothing is daintier than

little hemstitched mats of linen, embroidered in white silk, to place under these dishes, and no design prettier than one of lilies of the valley, which we noticed among the many illustrated from time to time upon our pages. Where colors are preferred, avoid a medley of tints. Shaded green is especially beautiful and harmonious. Shaded gold is very pretty.

We were lately shown some lovely Russian porcelains painted in lustra upon a creamy ground—cameo glass sets in delicate tints, which form a popular rival of the expensive cut crystal.

There were charming Japanese water jugs of porcelain, corresponding in shape and size to the most expensive.

Beautiful fish and oyster sets were displayed in pearl and gobelin blue—the oyster shells showing a thread of gold around the edge. Speaking of fish sets, reminds us of a fancy mat which we saw recently for a fish platter. It was designed to lay under the fish to prevent its sticking to the dish. It was of heavy butcher's linen, and cut in the shape of a large fish. (You can easily have one stamped.) The fins and scales were outlined in gold-colored wash embroidery silk, and the edge was finished in close button-hole stitch of the same. Heavy white linen floss is admirable for this purpose where white is preferred—we think many of our readers will want one. Fancy a handsome salmon served upon so tasteful a rest, or imagine the flavor of a bluefish.

Table-cloths of a good quality of white linen are hemstitched or have the hem headed with drawn work, above which a border is tastefully embroidered. If the initial is added, it is placed either in the center of the cloth, or in the middle of one end above the hem.

Napkins are hemstitched instead of fringed. So also are doilies, tray-cloths, carving-cloths, etc. Napkins have only the initial in one corner. Doilies are prettiest of sheer linen, with conventional designs of delicate flowers outlined upon them. In short, if you have time a beautiful line of table linen may be secured at a very moderate outlay.

Strawberries.

THE almost universal verdict in favor of the superiority of the strawberry over all

other small fruits, will render a few choice modes of preparing them acceptable. Those who cannot partake of them combined with cream, will find them altogether wholesome when eaten with sugar alone, and especially as a first course for breakfast, accompanied by delicately thin slices of brown bread.

Large handsome strawberries are now fashionably served on the stem with a dainty shell of powdered sugar at each plate—the berries being held by the stem and dipped one by one into the sugar as eaten.

ITALIAN MODE OF SERVING STRAWBERRIES.—Fill a dessert dish with alternate layers of strawberries and powdered sugar. Squeeze over the top the juice of a fresh lemon. Place on ice for two or three hours, and toss up lightly to distribute the flavor of the lemon just before serving. Delightful.

SMOTHERED STRAWBERRIES.—Put a quart of fully ripe strawberries in a dessert dish with layers of powdered sugar between. Squeeze juice of two large oranges over them and place on ice. Toss up at serving time. Have ready, also, a pint of thick sweet cream and whites of three eggs, both thoroughly chilled. Beat the whites (the bowl containing them set in cracked ice during process) till perfectly stiff. Add the cream, a little at a time, beating in thoroughly. At last add one-half teacupful of strawberry juice, to which a scant teacup of powdered sugar has been added. Heap upon the strawberries. Serve.

JELLIED STRAWBERRIES.—Sprinkle fine, large strawberries plentifully with pulverized sugar and place on ice for two or three hours before they are needed. Make the jelly as follows: Soak a package of gelatine four hours in a teacupful of cold water. Then pour upon it three cups of boiling water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Add two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of lemon juice and the beaten whites of two eggs. Strain, while hot, through a jelly bag. While this is still a little warm, put the strawberries (drained free of juice) into a mould which has been dipped into cold water. Pour over the jelly, and set away on ice or in cold place to harden. It usually takes from four to six hours. It may be moulded in individual moulds or in teacups, putting a portion of the berries in each cup. This is a beautiful dish. The strawberry juice may be

poured about the base of each mould if wished. Oranges and bananas may be used in combination instead of berries—the oranges in sections, the bananas sliced—and lemon jelly poured over it, forms a beautiful dessert for teas, etc.

Cherries.

SERVE cherries in clusters, if possible, with a pretty admixture of green leaves and upon a bed of cracked ice—especially refreshing for breakfast. Place powdered sugar at each plate.

Crystallized Fruits.

CHERRIES and currants make a very pretty dish if left on the stem, dipped first into beaten white of egg, next into powdered sugar, placed three or four minutes in a warm oven to dry, and set away in a cool place till served. Add a tablespoonful of cold water to each white when beaten.

How to Boil Green Corn.

ONE important point is to secure that which is fresh, sweet and tender. Place it to boil fifteen or twenty minutes before serving time, in unsalted boiling water (salt hardens it). Boil steadily, and send to the table, wrapped in a napkin, and very hot. If you are fond of utility and beauty, combined, you will find (as we think has been suggested by us before), a very pretty and appropriate decoration for the napkin in design M432, of Ingalls' Stamping Patterns. Corn cut from the cob should be boiled fifteen minutes in the least possible quantity of fresh water, then season with butter, salt, pepper, and a tablespoonful of rich, sweet cream.

Green Pease.

If pease are young and tender, cook in fresh boiling water (as little as possible) from twenty to thirty minutes. Add butter, pepper and salt, a little cream if you like, and serve hot. Tender pease are hardened and spoiled by over boiling. Those which are so old as to require longer boiling, are really too old for the table. The addition of a little soda to the water and sugar to the seasoning, will render them more palatable.

OMELET OF GREEN PEASE.—Make a plain omelet as directed in our February number of 1888. Have ready a cup of boiled green pease, which have been heated by putting in a bowl set in boiling water. Add the pease just before folding the omelet. Serve immediately.

PUREE OF GREEN PEASE.—Cook a quart of shelled green pease, and a small onion sliced in two quarts of veal stock (or any white stock), for half an hour. Remove from the fire and rub through a sieve. Return to the stew-pan, and when it reaches the boiling point, add a tablespoonful of flour rubbed into two tablespoonfuls of butter, a cup of cream or milk, and pepper and salt to taste. This forms a delicious soup.



My Grandmother's Turkey-tail Fan.

It owned not the color that vanity dons
Or slender wits choose for display;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
A brown softly blended with gray.
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without
break,

'T was built on a generous plan:
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant:
In a chest between two silken cloths
'T was kept safely hidden with careful intent
In camphor to keep out the moths.
'T was famed far and wide through the whole coun-
try-side,
From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;
And often at meeting with envy 't was eyed,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight.
Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
In psalmody leading the van.
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song—
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.
At bees and at quiltings 't was aye to be seen;
The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.
Its handle of leather was buff.
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales
An odor of hymn-books and snuff.
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace:
'T was limned for the future to scan,
Just under a smiling gold-spectacled face,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Samuel Minturn Peck.



JUNE.

Then cometh June, with pleasant tune,
When fields with flow'rs are clad,
And Phoebus bright is at his height,
All creatures then are glad.
Then he appears of thirty years,
With courage bold and stout;
His nature so makes him to go,
Of death he hath no doubt.

OLD FORM; 1653.

THE YEAR AND HIS BRIDE, AS KING AND QUEEN OF THE FEAST OF SHEEPSHEARING, PRESIDING AT THE SPORT OF WRESTLING.

JUNE bears distinct evidence of its pagan nomenclature, from Juno. Our Saxon ancestors named it, more reasonably, *Weyd-Monath*; "because," says Verstegan, "their beasts did then weyd in the meadows, that is to say, goe to feed there." It was afterwards called *Sere-Monath*, or dry month.

Whitsuntide, was formerly kept with many feasts called *Ales*, because much ale was then drunk: thus there were bride-ales, clerk-ales, give-ales, lamb-ales, leet-ales, Midsummer-ales, Scot-ales, and several more. Stool-ball and barley-break were, also, Whitsun sports: in "ancient tymes," too, Whitsun plays were acted: at Chester, they were twenty-five in number, and were performed for above three centuries, annually. The Morris Dance was another Whitsun sport; and Fairs were common, more especially in the neighbourhood of London. Aubrey, in his account of North Wilts, has left us the following account of Whitsun Ales (temp. 1711): "There were no rates for the poor in my grandfather's days; but, for Kington St. Michael (no small parish) the Church Ale of Whitsuntide did the business. In every parish is (or was) a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, &c., for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there, too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c.; the ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on."—(See *Britton's Memoir of Aubrey*, 1845.) At this day, Whitsuntide is the usual time for "making rates."

Sir John Suckling, in his "Ballad upon a Wedding," hints at the rustic beauty present at these festivals:—

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce.

At Whitsuntide the students of Winchester College break up with the solemn performance of the well-known ode or song of *Dulce Domum*, the celebration of which is invariably attended by the leading clergy and gentry of the town and neighbourhood. Its origin is involved in mystery, as well as the occasion of its composition: tradition ascribes it to a youth in a state of melancholy, wasting his life in fruitless sorrow, at his separation from home and friends.

Sheepshearing Time is marked in the Ephemeric of Nature, June 6, as *Tonsura*; though Dyer lays down for it the following tokens:

If verdant Elder spreads
Her silver flowers, if humble Daisies yield
To yellow Crowfoot, and luxuriant grass,
Gay Shearing Time approaches.

Again, of its homely joys:—

At Shearing Time, along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often held:
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
And lusty merriment: while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,

To the shrill pipe, and deep re-murmuring chord
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Music of Paradise! which still is heard
When the heart listens.

Wrestling was another sport of Shearing Time, and the usual prize was a ram. Chaucer says of Sir Thopas:—

Of wrastling there was none his pere,
Where any Ram shulde stande.

But, according to the old poem called "A Lytel Geste of Robyn Hode," prizes of greater value and dignity were sometimes given—a white bull a great courser, with saddle and bridle, a pipe of wine, and a red gold ring.

Wrestling was borrowed from the Olympic games; it was, too, the accomplishment of a hero, in the ages of chivalry. Sir Thomas Parkyns, Bart., the celebrated Wrestler, published a mathematical Treatise on his favourite sport.

Trinity and St. Barnabas were formerly anciently commemorated with processions, "ghirlands" of flowers, &c. Ray has a proverb:—

Barnaby Bright, Barnaby Bright,
The longest day and the shortest night;

indicating the almost nightless day of the solstitial season.

Corpus Christi is, in Catholic countries, celebrated with music, lights, flowers strewed in the streets; tapestries hung out of the windows; Coventry plays, &c.: and many are the entries in old church-books, of rose-garlands and torches on *Corpus Christi*. In the festivals of this day, too, originated Shrewsbury Show, and similar pageants of trading companies, corporation officers, and religious fraternities. In 1845, there was at Nottingham a splendid procession, on *Corpus Christi* day, at the newly-erected Catholic Church, dedicated to St. Barnabas.

Midsummer Eve, the *Vigil of St. John the Baptists' Day*, was formerly welcomed with bonfires, supposed to be a relic of Druidical superstition. Gathering roses, and sowing hemp-seed, for love-divinations, were also Midsummer-eve customs.

The Summer-day of the poet is one of unclouded splendour:—

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.
All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,

Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or stir:
The rivers fresh, the caller streams
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.
ALEXANDER HUME.

In all the floral festivities of this period, the rose is distinguished:—

The blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves,
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their ruffled wardrobe he receives,
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.—FANSHAWE.

Herrick has left us this lyric calendar of festal "Country Life," which may not inappropriately be quoted here:—

For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eyes and holidays
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintets, here thou hast;
Thy May-poles, too, with garlands
grac'd;

Thy Morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy Shearing Feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail bowl,
That's tost up after fox 't' hole;
Thy nummeries, thy twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings;
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet-wit;
And no man pays too dear for it.
I. T.

OUT-DOOR GAMES *From over the* SEA



GOING
TO
SCHOOL

minious grief. I need not say that really nice girls are not addicted to these reprehensible practices, though I suppose no girl, if put on her honour, could affirm that she had never, on any occasion, put them into execution. As a rule the first girl who turns the rope is chosen to that post by the "counting-out" process; and then the first girl who trips has to take her place. Naturally, a girl who has not the sweetest of dispositions and the most rigid of principles is apt to demur when she is accused of tripping, for it is only the quickest of eyes on the part of the onlooker which can discern the lapse in nine cases out of ten. But a girl who makes a practice of thus perverting the truth is sure to be found out sooner or later, and gain a most undesirable reputation—so undesirable indeed, that the other girls will refuse to play with her. Thus it will be seen that even in "Skipping the Rope" honesty is the best policy, and that the game may become an instrument for the moral regeneration of girls whose ideas of truth-telling are somewhat of the vaguest.

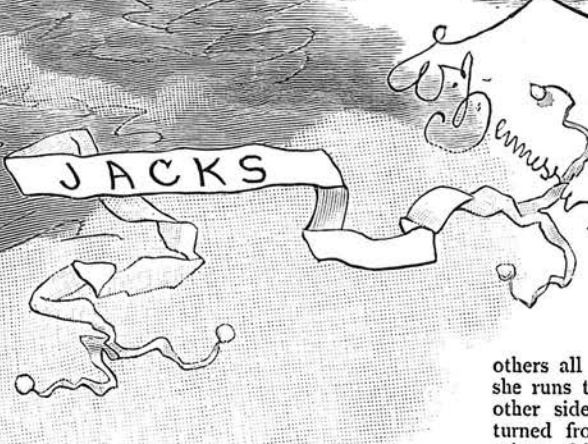
Curiously enough there are no "skipping-rope" songs, though the nature of the game would seem conducive to some sort of rhythmical accompaniment. The following indeed is the only verse I have heard sung by American girls while they are skipping, and the time of this is so quick that only a skilful skipper can keep up to it—

"Skip, skip, to the barber's shop,
To buy a stick of candy;
One for you, and one for me,
And one for brother Andy."

VI.
LIKE all other girls in all parts of the world, the American girls are inordinately fond of "Skipping the Rope;" and simple though the art seems to be, it is susceptible of a vast amount of elaboration, which implies the possession of a considerable modicum of skill on the part of the skipper. Even turning the rope is not a task to be rashly undertaken by a novice, as I have more than once found out to my cost.

Turning the rope is a somewhat thankless

task in the estimation of most girls, but I have known some who were always ready to take this despised post, for with true Yankee ingenuity they had made themselves adepts in the art of vexing the souls of the skippers by all sorts of devious ways. Thus, they will suddenly tighten the rope so as to trip up the feet of the skipper, or they will lift it by almost imperceptible degrees higher and higher in the air as it turns, so that the skipper has to jump so high in the air that she misses her "turn," and comes to igno-



"Pepper, salt, mustard, cider, vinegar," is the favourite game. Two girls turn the rope, slowly at first, repeating the above mysterious phrase; as soon as they have pronounced "vinegar" they begin to turn the rope as quickly as possible, until the skipper is either tired out or trips; in any case she is usually ready for a rest, and thankfully takes the place of one of the turners. Thus all are satisfied.

In "Rock the Cradle" the rope is not turned completely over, but is given a motion like to the pendulum of a clock. The long sweeps it takes makes it difficult for the skipper to avoid tripping.

In "Huckery-buck," or "Huck-a-buck," the rope is turned *from* instead of *towards* the skipper, and exceedingly difficult is it for some girls to skip the rope in this manner. Thus, it is difficult for them to "Chase the Fox," as the

and they trip, they have to take the place of the girls who are turning. So it goes on till all are tired out.

"Going to School" is a pretty form of "Skipping the Rope." Two girls lock arms, or each passes one arm around the waist of the other, and with the disengaged hand holds one end of the rope. They then turn it over themselves, varying their step in unison as the fancy seizes them.

In "Going a-Begging" two girls turn, and two others jump in and skip together side by side. Then while still skipping they change places with each other, one of them saying as they pass, "A piece of bread and butter," and the other replying, "Try my next door neighbour." This is kept up till one of them trips, or until they are tired out.

In "Going a-Visiting" one girl turns the rope over herself, and another jumps in and

next game is called. In this, one girl is chosen as a leader, or "fox;" she first runs through the rope as it is turned towards her without skipping; the

others all follow her; then she runs through from the other side as the rope is turned from her, and the others follow. Now she jumps in and skips once, and the others follow suit; then she skips twice, then thrice, and so on, the others all the time following her example if they can; if not,

faces her while skipping in time with the girl she is "visiting." She then jumps out again without stopping the rope, and another girl follows her example.

In "Winding the Clock" the girl who is skipping turns completely round with each skip, calling out, "One, two, three," and so on up to twelve as she does so.

In "Skip the Garret" the rope is swung very high up in the air with each revolution, and it takes a very agile skipper to avoid being tripped.

"Baking Bread" is played by a girl taking a stone in her hand, and as she skips laying it down on the ground without a check in her skipping, and then picking it up again. She repeats the operation as often as she can without tripping.

In "Chicago" the two girls who turn have a rope in either hand, and turn them alternately, the skipper having to jump in and out with marvellous rapidity to avoid being caught.

In another game with two ropes the skipper has a short one herself, and while the two girls turn the long rope over her head, she skips and turns her own rope, the double movement being one of not a little difficulty.

"Skipping the Ladder" is skipping first on one foot and then on the other with a sort of stepping motion, which is implied in the term applied to it.

A common but dangerous habit of girls is to turn for themselves, and see how many times they can skip. Some of them skip into the hundreds, and stop only from sheer exhaustion. When it is considered that the strongest organisation is affected by skipping for only a dozen skips, it can be judged what danger is run by this practice, common alike to English as to American girls. Cases of lifelong misery arising from it are not so rare as might be imagined.

I suppose English girls play "Jacks," but I don't think they play as American girls do. "Jacks" may be round sea-worn pebbles or cubical blocks of marble gathered from the discarded fragments of a marble yard, or else they may be the little iron affairs specially—in America at least—manufactured for the purpose, and formed of six short arms meeting in a common centre with a little round knob on the end of each. The peculiarity of these is, that they are inclined to remain stationary wherever they fall, and so do not roll to an inconvenient distance when thrown down. There are two different games played with jacks. The simpler one of the two is played with from ten to twelve jacks and a small rubber ball. The jacks are taken in the palm of the right hand and thrown into the air. No sooner have they been thrown than the hand is rapidly reversed, so that the falling jacks descend on the back of the hand. Should, as is very rarely the case, all the jacks be so caught, the player at once scores one game. Supposing, however, that three remain. The jacks are then gathered in the hand and thrown out upon the ground. The ball is thrown into the air, three of the jacks caught up without touching the others, and the ball caught in the same hand at the first bounce. Then the ball is thrown into the air and three more jacks gathered up while the ball is on the bounce. So it goes on till all the jacks have been gathered up three at a time. They are then once more thrown out and gathered in four at a time, then five, six, seven, eight, and nine at a time, supposing ten jacks are being used. Finally,

the ball and jacks are held in one hand, the ball thrown up, and while it is in the air the jacks put down and the ball caught in the empty hand on the first bounce, as usual. Then the ball is thrown up, all the jacks gathered in, the ball caught again, and the game is won. Of course any mishap, such as touching the other jacks when picking the required number up, or missing the ball, puts the player out. If she touches her dress with her hand while gathering up the jacks, some sharp-eyed girl calls "clothings!" or by a strange corruption "cloburns!" and the offender is out.

The other and older game is played with only five jacks. The five jacks are thrown in the air and as many as possible caught on the back of the hand, as in the other game. If none are so caught, the player loses her turn at once. If any are caught, she can go on playing. First she throws all the jacks on the floor; then she separates one without touching any of the others. Next she throws this jack up, and while it is in the air she has to pick up one of the others and catch the jack she has just thrown up in the same hand before it descends. This she repeats till all the jacks are gathered up, when she throws them out again and picks them up two by two, then three at once and the fourth separately, and then all four at once. Then she proceeds to "Set the Table." She takes two jacks in her hand, at once throws one up in the air, sets the other down at the corner of an imaginary square, and catches the other before it descends. She repeats this with another jack, and forms another corner

of the table, and so on till the four jacks are placed thus—

```

      *   *
      *   *
  
```

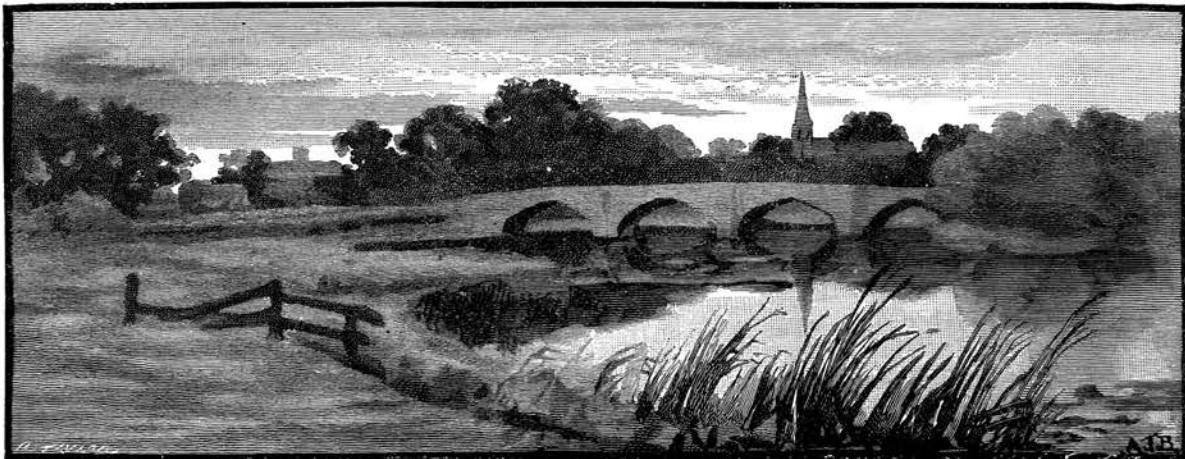
Then she "Clears the Table" by reversing the process, and picking up the four jacks one after another while one jack is in the air.

She "Sweeps the Floor" by scattering the jacks broadcast, and by single touches of the forefinger, given while the fifth jack is in the air, pushing the others into a compact heap. She "Rides the Elephant" by placing the four jacks in a row, thus—

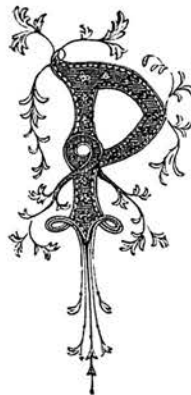
```

      *
      *
      *
      *
  
```

and then, after placing the fifth on the back of her right hand, tracing a tortuous course with the forefinger in and out of the four. When she has done this backwards and forwards three times she jerks the jack off the back of her hand into the air, and, gathering up the four others, catches the up-thrown jack in the same hand as it falls. She finally "Gathers Chickens" by holding her left hand on the ground with outspread fingers and palm slightly arched, and with one jack on the back of the right hand taps the four jacks one after another so as to collect them in a heap under the left hand; then throwing the jack off the back of the hand she gathers in the "chickens" while the jack is in the air.



PAVEMENT ARTISTS.



PERHAPS, of all the mongrel callings which spring into existence in cities, and illustrate the high pressure of modern life, none is more incongruous than that of the pavement artist. We should be no more likely to look for art on the flagstones than for a fortune in the gutter; but, as it seems, there is a by no means inconsiderable class who are busily engaged in gaining a living out of each of these avocations. In London the pavement

artist is a very familiar personage. He takes up his station at an early hour, generally at the same point, which is, of course, in the most conspicuous part

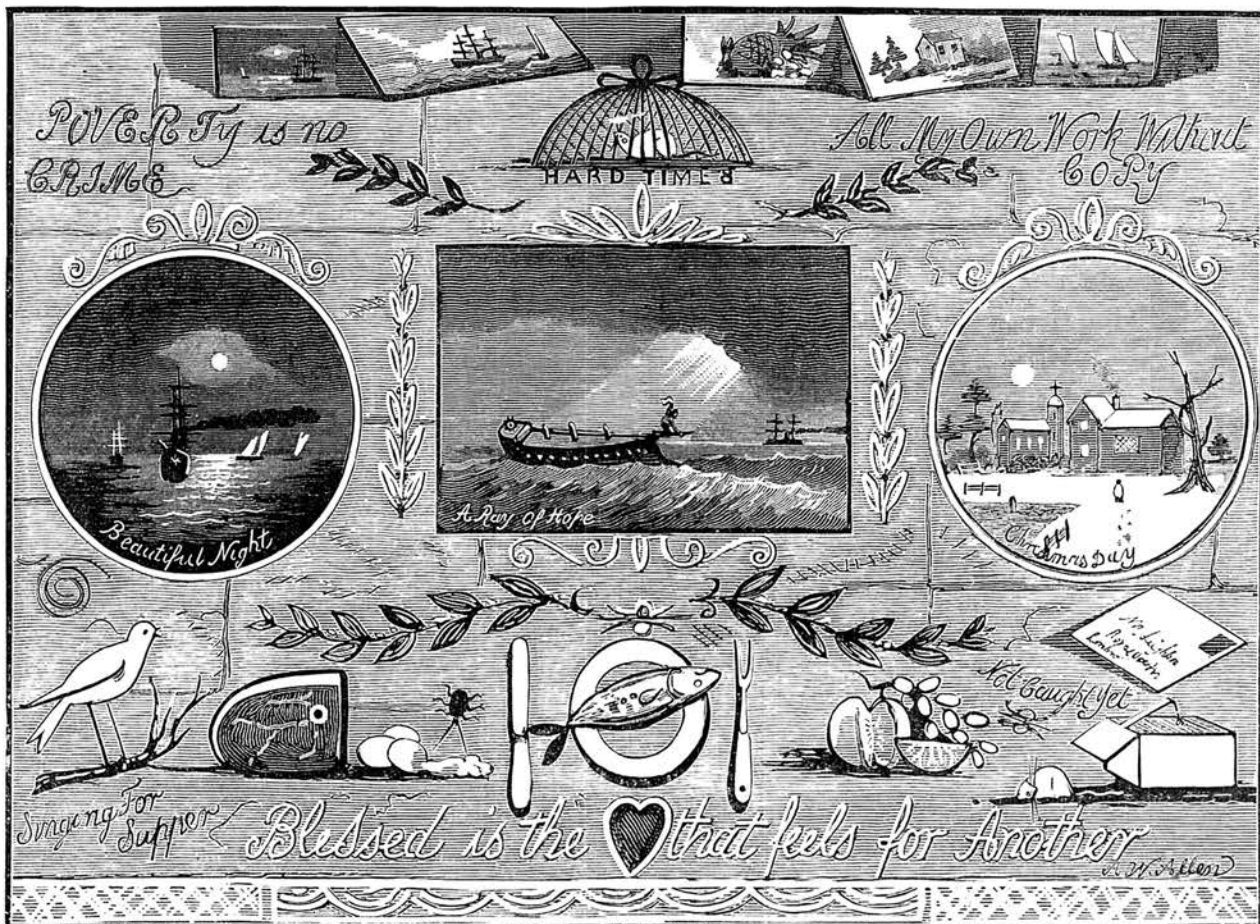
of a crowded thoroughfare, and seems to enjoy an enviable immunity from the operation of the stern edict by which the Metropolitan Police regulate the traffic on the simple but effectual system of the pop-gun. The unkempt and generally "seedy" figure crouching over those hard flagstones, in an attitude at once undignified and uncomfortable, is suggestive of anything rather than prosperity. The long row of works of art drawn in chalk on the pavement, which the next shower of rain will wash away, might not perhaps stand much chance with the Council of the Royal Academy, although they would doubtless be held to possess a very considerable amount of "artistic merit" by a British jury. The first characteristic that must strike any observer of these curious eccentricities of vagabond

genius is their singular sameness. Not only does the same artist repeat his productions, with but scanty variation, day by day, but go where one will, the same "subjects" seem by some mysterious canon to call for treatment in chalk. Thus, whether it be in Marylebone or at Westminster, we can predict beforehand many of the scenes chosen for illustration. Sea-pieces, for example, are indispensable, and these afford plenty of scope for that vivid colouring which is so effective with a pavement background. What could be more striking than a vessel becalmed by night at sea, which is here always "so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," while a sky of ominous blackness is broken by a very full moon, which casts a long line of glittering light across the rippling waves! Again, "A Ship on Fire at Sea" is a favourite subject, while "The Morning after the Storm" presents great opportunities for effective rendering. But turning to the more homely efforts, we can discern much shrewdness in the class of objects selected. A red herring, for instance, appeals powerfully to the imagination of a hungry artisan, and often produces the desired pence from pockets not too well filled, but owned by persons who have a fellow-feeling for their hungry fellow-creatures. Again, various viands are more or less realistically depicted. A piece of salmon, a rasher of bacon, a cut orange, a bunch of grapes, a pineapple, and fruits innumerable, with, of course, a

knife and fork, appeal forcibly to the imagination and the sympathies of those for whom landscape possesses no charm. Indeed, so varied is the selection that the taste must be exacting indeed that does not here find something to please.

But the observant passer-by will notice that these rough pictures are of very unequal merit. Here, for instance, may be seen one that clearly indicates a practised and educated hand. The perspective, if not faultless, will pass muster. The rules of foreground, background, and middle distance are fairly well observed. The colouring, if a little loud, is not without a certain merit. Side by side with it, however, is a mere daub, which many a future artist who is still in the nursery could beat. In fact, it is often very apparent that two handicraftsmen have been at work. There is, indeed, little doubt that this calling is pursued on a much more extensive scale than is generally supposed. The "artist" of the joint-stock company is, of course, easily able to visit several points in the course of a few hours, leaving each in charge of an assistant or apprentice, who generally fills in the background, and does such supplementary pieces as he can.

Such a conclusion, of course, does away with much of the romance which clings to the pavement artist. But if you come to think of it, it is at first sight not a little curious that the class should exist at all. It is incredible that any educated man should ever descend to



FAC-SIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF PAVEMENT SKETCHES.



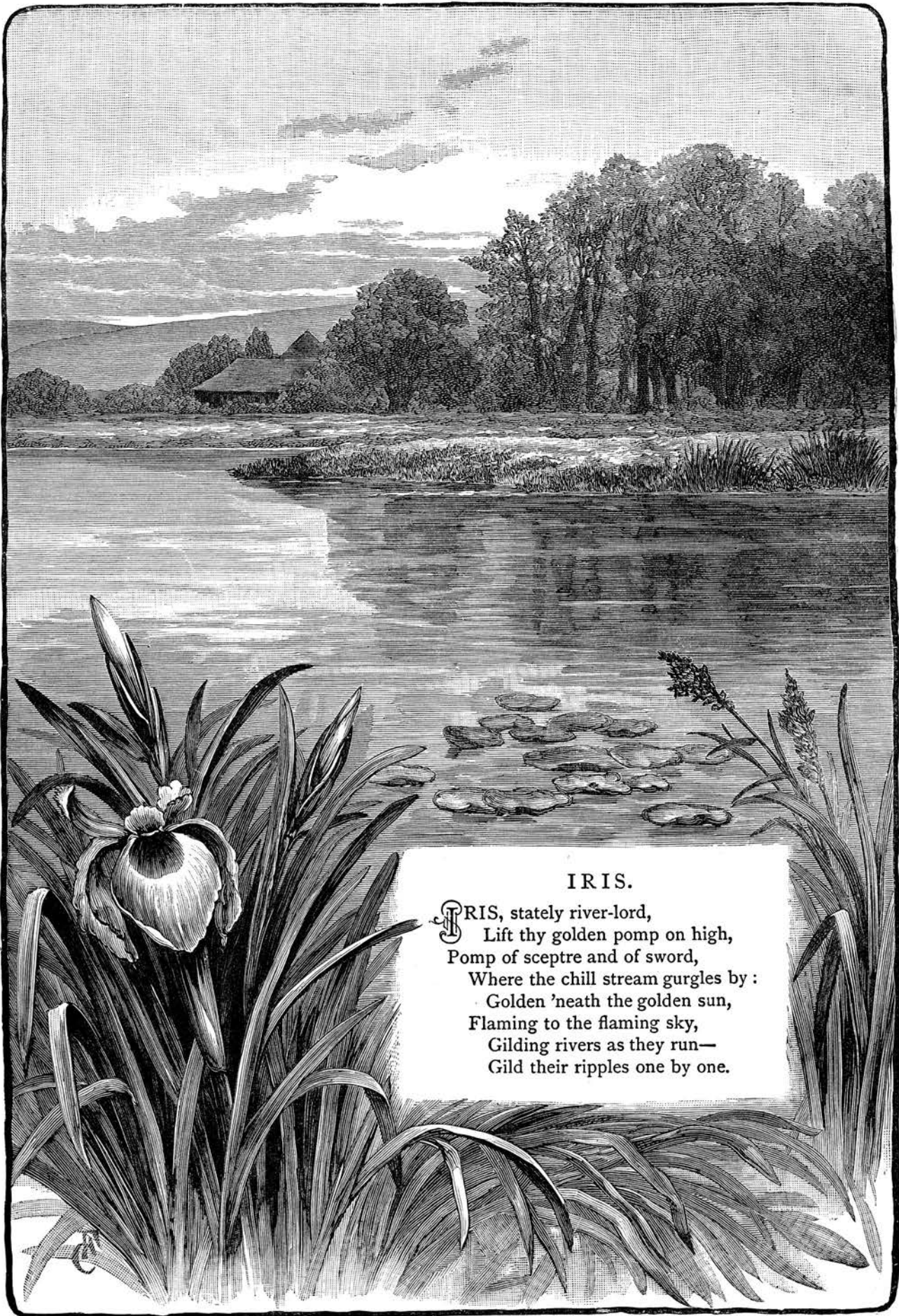
THE ARTIST AND HIS GALLERY.

such a depth in the social scale ; and for ourselves, we can safely assert that we have never had any reason to believe that the ostensible pavement artists of London were the victims of fortune. They are for the most part illiterate and uneducated, and are socially only a few degrees removed from the hawker class. Possibly some of them would achieve a position of independence, if not fame, but for the accident of birth, and they are a standing protest against the want which exists of technical education. Granted opportunity, many of them might do very well in some of those callings which require a sort of second-rate artistic ability, if they were not capable of higher things.

There seems, however, to be considerable misapprehension as to the profits of this and similar callings. It is not a little difficult to arrive at the true facts in this particular, but we have reason to believe that from five to ten shillings a day is not a high average at which to put the takings of a street gallery in fine weather. Doubtless the amount fluctuates ; but it will generally be noticed that these men choose localities frequented by working men, and this is a wise discretion. The British workman is the most generous of men, and it is seldom that he will not find a spare "copper" or two to bestow upon those who cater for his amusement or appeal to his ready sympathy. Occasionally, too, and perhaps not unfrequently, a small windfall, in the shape

of a shilling carelessly thrown upon the pavement by a well-to-do passer-by, swells the day's earnings. Of course, in bad weather the artist has to seek other means of making a living. Thus, as he will himself tell you, he sometimes has a sale for pictures on card ; and here his artisan clients are good customers. Not too critical in their taste, many of them are greatly attracted by the rich and gaudy colouring of one of these chalk drawings, and will gladly give a few shillings for a copy on card to hang up at home. Not the least amusing feature of this branch of the trade is that payment for these productions is based, not on the subject treated, but on the size. The usual charge for "an arrangement" in red, green, and blue, 3 ft. by 1½ ft., for instance, is two shillings and sixpence.

This occupation is arduous and irksome enough to enlist some sympathy for those who follow it. It is, at the same time, to be regretted that a calling of such a mendicant nature should be encouraged. Whether these men are engaged by others, who do not appear, or solicit alms on their own account is no great matter. But so far as they are concerned, it is hard to believe that if they were prepared to join the mighty army of regular toilers they could not earn a livelihood. As it is, they serve no useful or beneficent purpose, and it is to be feared that they receive a large amount of practical sympathy that might be better bestowed.



IRIS.

IRIS, stately river-lord,
Lift thy golden pomp on high,
Pomp of sceptre and of sword,
Where the chill stream gurgles by :
Golden 'neath the golden sun,
Flaming to the flaming sky,
Gilding rivers as they run—
Gild their ripples one by one.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

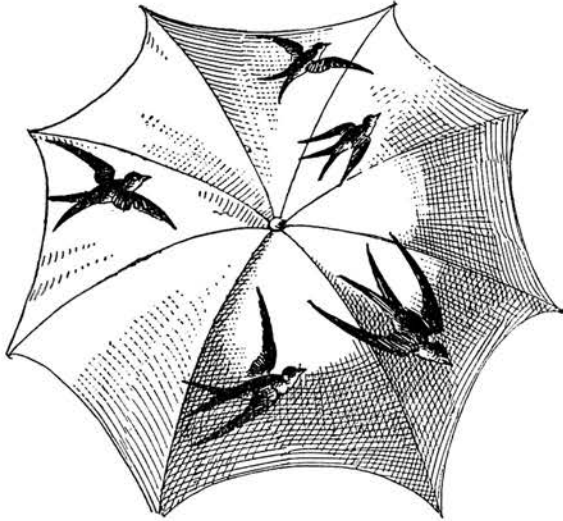


FIG. 1.—SUNSHADE.

WITH the sole exception of the sunshade, all the articles with which illustrations are given in this paper on art needlework are carefully chosen as such that may be carried out easily by ordinary girl-workers from beginning to end, as there is no troublesome or expensive mounting to be done.

To commence with our exception. The sunshade, of which we give a sketch in Fig. 1, is of natural-coloured tussore. A skilful needlewoman should be able, with a little management, to embroider this in its made-

up form, but it would be necessary, in order to hide the unsightly back of the embroidery, to have it lined with silk afterwards, and this cannot be done by the worker. The swallows are embroidered solidly in feather stitch (*opus plumarium*), in natural-coloured silks. Humming birds and butterflies are worked on dark-coloured satin on silk sunshades in the same manner. Very little work is necessary to produce a good effect. Bows of ribbon of some shade of the silk used in embroidery may be attached to the tops or handles of the sunshade, and

they may also be made smarter by the addition of lace. If natural birds or butterflies be too realistic for the worker's taste, the style of the design may be Japanese, and merely outlined in gold thread. This would be handsome on a sunshade of black satin, trimmed with Spanish lace.

Fig. 2 is a pocket-handkerchief sachet of the palest blue tussore or corah silk, on which natural tulips are solidly worked in feather stitch, in a variety of delicately tinted silks, pink being the dominating colour. It is lined with pale pink quilted silk, and trimmed with cord of combined pink and blue.

Sets of pocket-handkerchief and glove sachets, with nightdress and brush and comb bags, all embroidered and made up to match, are among the most popular art needlework presents of the season. Fine white sateen, or sateen-jean, is, in our opinion, the best material to use for the set of this kind. The design can be worked with flourishing thread, which is now brought to such perfection, and can be obtained in such endless variety of colours and delicate shades, that an article solidly worked with it can scarcely be distinguished from silk embroidery. Articles thus worked can so easily be washed or cleaned without injury, especially as the lining can, if liked, be also of sateen.

Fig. 3 is a glove sachet of olive green satin, which has a design of mimosa embroidered in natural-coloured shaded silk. Both leaves and stems are of rather pale green, and the fluffy blossoms are worked in two or three shades of yellow, in feather stitch. The stitches should radiate irregularly and not very thickly from the centre of each tuft. These flowers might be worked in French knots, but this would not give the soft and fluffy effect so well as the former method. The sachet is lined with quilted yellow silk, and bound with green cord. It is merely to give a suggestion for another set, such as Fig. 2. A glove and handkerchief case should always match. The two together make a very handsome birthday or wedding present. Nightdress and brush and comb bags would then make a second pair, if the whole four articles be too large an undertaking.



FIG. 2.—HANDKERCHIEF SACHET.



FIG. 3.—GLOVE SACHET.

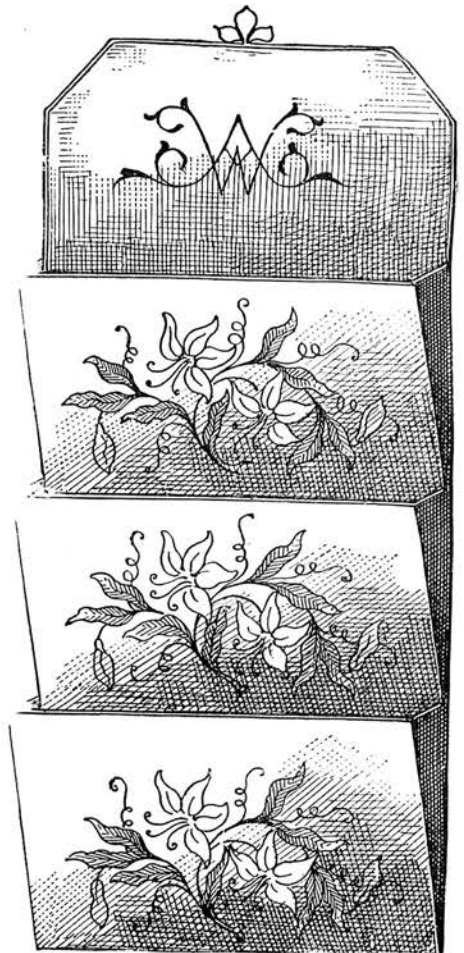


FIG. 4.—WALL-POCKET.

In Fig. 4 we give a sketch of a wall-pocket, such as would be a useful and decorative present for a gentleman, or for a bachelor's room of any sort. It will hold a good many letters and cards, and can be easily made up by a neat-fingered girl. A piece of millboard, from 12 to 14 inches long, by 6 or 7 inches wide, will make the foundation, with three

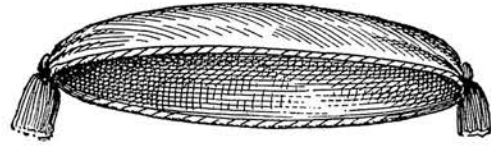
for the making up and finishing off of this pocket. It may be made in one material throughout, and any suitable small spray of natural or conventional flowers can be utilised for the design, which can, if preferred, be repeated at the top instead of the monogram. But if it be intended for a gentleman, the monogram, or perhaps initials and crest, or

silk. The little tassels which gather up the ends can be made by the worker of a *needleful* of filoselle.

The same design would look very pretty on dark blue silk. Such trifles as these, and others of which we have endeavoured to give practical sketches and suggestions, have certainly advantages in the eyes of many of our



FIG. 5.—TEAPOT HOLDER.



SHOWING REVERSE OF FIG. 5.

pieces of thinner cardboard for the pockets. The foundation is covered with terra-cotta coloured satin, backed with sateen of the same shade, with which the pockets are also lined. The front or embroidered parts of the pockets are of terra-cotta coloured plush. The design is outlined throughout with Japanese gold thread, its leaves and flowers being partly filled in with pale pink silk, in long and short stitch. Great neatness and care are necessary

the arms of the college or school, would certainly make it a more valued present.

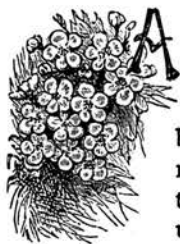
Fig. 5 is an improved form of a teapot or kettle holder, for drawing-room use, of which, for practical purposes, we give two sketches. It is of olive green satin, on which is embroidered a tiny group of natural primroses, shaded daintily in solid silk. Layers of cotton wool are inserted between the satin and the lining, which is of primrose-coloured

girls, to whom larger and more complicated pieces of work appear too formidable to be commenced and carried out, from the fact that *patience and energy are likely to fail* before they are completed, and also because they do not involve any great outlay in the way of material, which is a great consideration to those who wish to offer a pretty and acceptable present, but who, at the same time, have but a limited command of pocket-money.



Chatterbox, 1893

A "SUGARING OFF" PARTY IN CANADA.



A SOMEWHAT strange sound to English ears probably is the above title, but what a *sweet* picture passes before the mind's eye of the true-born Canadian at the mention of the magic name! To a stranger visiting the country a "sugaring off" is a unique experience, interesting enough to bear the relation I am about to make.

In the Easter holidays we received an invitation

from a young married couple to come out to their home at St. Thérèse, for the purpose of attending a "sugaring off." We started by an early train, and reached our destination at nine a.m. St. Thérèse is a pretty village between twenty and twenty-five miles distance from Montreal. A small river flows through the village, greatly enhancing the beauty of the landscape.

When our party, ten in number, had assembled at our kind host's, we took our seats in an old-fashioned

box-sleigh. This vehicle, the most comfortable thing to travel in you can possibly imagine, has long fallen into disuse, except amongst the French Canadian farmers. It is a wooden sled, walled in at the sides and ends, forming a square enclosure. Straw is put in the bottom, fur rugs over the straw, then the traveller seats himself, draws the upper buffalo robes around him, and starts away to the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells in a conveyance fit for a king.

It was a fine clear day in the early part of April, the sky a splendid blue, not a cloud visible, the air keen and invigorating.

"A bad day for the sap," observed our host.

"Too much frost in the air," said another.

"What does that mean?" asked a third, to whom our present expedition was a novel experience.

"Why, the sap won't run when it is freezing as hard as this," our host began; "but wait till we get a little farther in, and you will see for yourself without need of an explanation."

After driving about four miles we came to the "bush," an extensive wood of sugar-maples. A rough road led through the trees, but soon the drifts of snow became so heavy that our progress was blocked, and one after another leaped from the sleigh and found a footing without any difficulty on the icy surface of the snow-drifts at the side of the road, while the horses, relieved by this movement, struggled on. We now knew we were drawing near the base of operations by a singular and ridiculous sight. The bush was very thick, and every tree was adorned with a kettle as large as a wooden water-bucket. Wherever the eye fell there grew a tree and a kettle. We felt we were attending a tremendous "kettle-drum;" in fact, there were six hundred kettles all told. Each hung upon a spigot, a small wooden peg grooved in the centre, down which the sap runs from a cut in the trunk of the tree into the vessel below. To-day, however, there was a hard frost, and the sap would not flow.

We soon reached the sugar-house, a log cabin with a slanting roof over rafters, and no chimney. The smoke came through a long aperture made by leaving out the top logs on each side of the roof. The floor was bare earth, save at one end of the cabin, where a portion had been boarded over for the men to sleep on. A bed was an unknown luxury; the men who

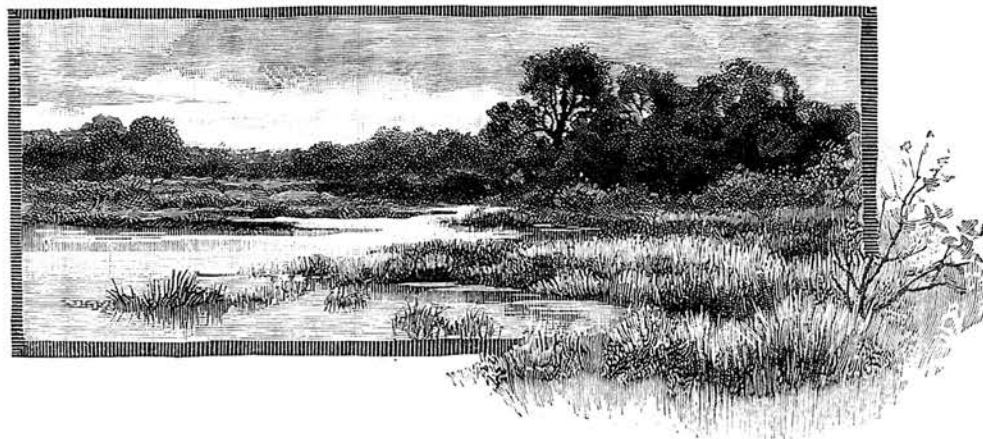
looked after the sugar rolled themselves in blankets at night, and slept on the bare boards. At the further end of the cabin stood a huge fireplace, built of brick, containing two compartments, in which the fire is built to boil the sap. These are joined by a brick arch corresponding in height to the sides of the fireplace, and help to support the great tins in which the sap is boiled. These tins are about eight feet long and a foot deep.

The sap is first poured from the kettles into huge barrels, and transferred from the barrels to these tins. The sap produces sugar, candy, and syrup; it is very thin in its raw state, and requires to be boiled almost a day before it produces syrup. If the sap is intended for candy or sugar, it must be boiled two or three hours longer. The candy stage is arrived at about five minutes before it sugars, when it has the appearance of toffy or *wax*, as it is called, and is poured off into the snow and left to cool.

The following test is applied to the sap to see if it has sugared. A spoonful is taken from the boiling tins, then blown upon with the mouth, and if glassy bubbles float off into the air, the sap has "sugared." It is then poured into tins, where it hardens into the thick cakes known in Canada as maple sugar. While the sap is boiling, a piece of fat pork is hung up over the tins to clarify the sugar and keep the sap from running over. The heat of the steam causes the pork to melt and fall in drops below. Cold sap is also poured in to prevent the boiling pan from running over.

We had brought a lunch of bacon, bread, tea, and eggs, and we now began to picnic in true sugar-camp style. Some gathered around a barrel of cold boiled sap standing in a corner, into which they dipped slices of bread, declaring the taste was delicious. Tea, too, was made, the tea being infused in boiling sap instead of boiling water, the sap of course being in its first stage, which is very thin. In its raw state the sap looks and tastes like faintly sweetened water, but has a delicate, wild flavour impossible to describe. We also partook of eggs, the great dish at a "sugaring off." They are, of course, cooked in the sap. Many prefer them boiled in the shell in the sap, but the French Canadians delight in eggs *poached* in the sweet boiling sap, and consider them a great delicacy.

F. G.



A LITTLE FRIEND.



THE hardest animal to kill that I know is the mouse. Its vitality is far from great; it will die of fright if caught uninjured in a wire trap; a slight squeeze will crush it; but all the same, I maintain

that it is a hard animal to kill: Paradoxical this: but once the little thing is caught, its graceful proportions, bright beady eyes, soft rounded ears, fine fur, and innocent, inoffensive looks, all rise as special pleaders before the individual who would condemn the pretty thing to death.

The mouse, then, is hard to kill; but necessity knows no law, and while ridiculing as childish and absurd those people who shriek with alarm at the sight of the pretty little animal running across a room in the twilight, the fiat must go forth, and if he invades our homes the mouse must die.

Why? Because he goes straight to the flour bag or tub to devour and destroy, eats through papers of sugar, nibbles candles, gnaws his way right into that Stilton sent you as a present, and generally does so much mischief, and makes so much noise, that you set one or other of the many traps that have been invented for his extermination, and catch him readily, for he is far less suspicious than his relative, the rat.

I have tried most of the plans for entrapping our little friend, who is so affectionate that he will not be said nay. I have had cats, and found the remedy far worse than the disease, for—*pace* good assertors to the contrary—the presence of a cat does not drive away mice from a house, and as to the catching powers of that sleek feline purrer, no doubt they are great, but they are very little exercised by a well-fed cat, who is really a gross impostor, making so much fuss over the capture of one mouse, that you might imagine the whole race had been exterminated.

One of the best traps is the spring block full of holes, in which some half-dozen garrotting wires are held open in their places by tying with threads; bait of cheese or the like is placed out of reach within, and this being only to be obtained by gnawing, the mouse finds it just to its taste, gnaws through the

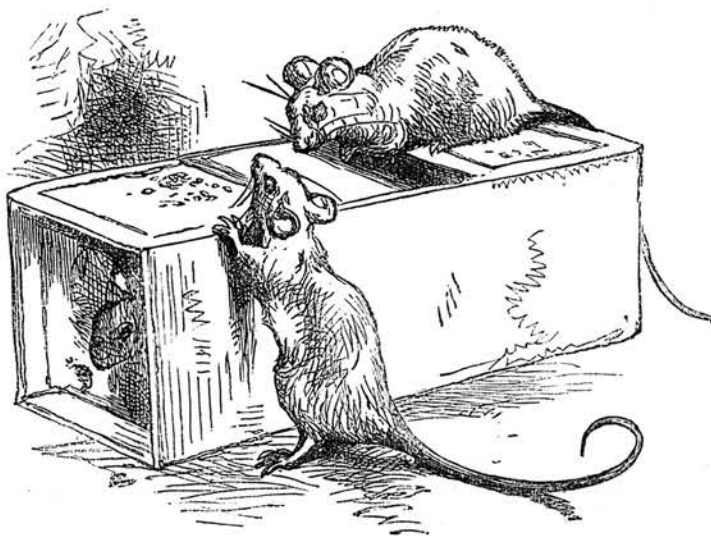
thread, and—dies. Waterton's plan is good. The old naturalist suggested the taking of a large brown earthenware jar, rubbing it inside with rank-smelling grease, and sinking it flush with the earth, when the mice, attracted by the grease, spring in and cannot spring out. A capital pitfall, but not available for indoor use.

If you openly declare yourself the foe of the tiny domestic mouse, he shuns you naturally enough; but if you are of a social disposition, and disposed to study his ways, he soon becomes accustomed to you, and will walk into your room in the most fearless way, showing an especial tendency for the interior of the kitchen fender, where Mary is too fond of shaking her supper-cloth. Here *Mus*, with his bead-like eyes and rounded ears, will run about at a tremendous rate, turning himself into a miniature kangaroo, and sitting up on his hind-legs, use his fore-paws like hands, to which, in fact, they strangely assimilate, having four fingers and a little badly-developed thumb, very different to the long fine toes of his hind-feet. This kangaroo-like aspect is much greater than might be imagined, especially when the little animal progresses in a series of playful bounds.

Not long since, a medical friend, residing in Gower Street, invited me to come and see his mice—two which came out regularly every night from behind the wainscot into the dining-room, ran along the carpet to the window-curtains, up the soft woollen fabric to where the canary-cage hung, and then and there had a hearty meal of seed.

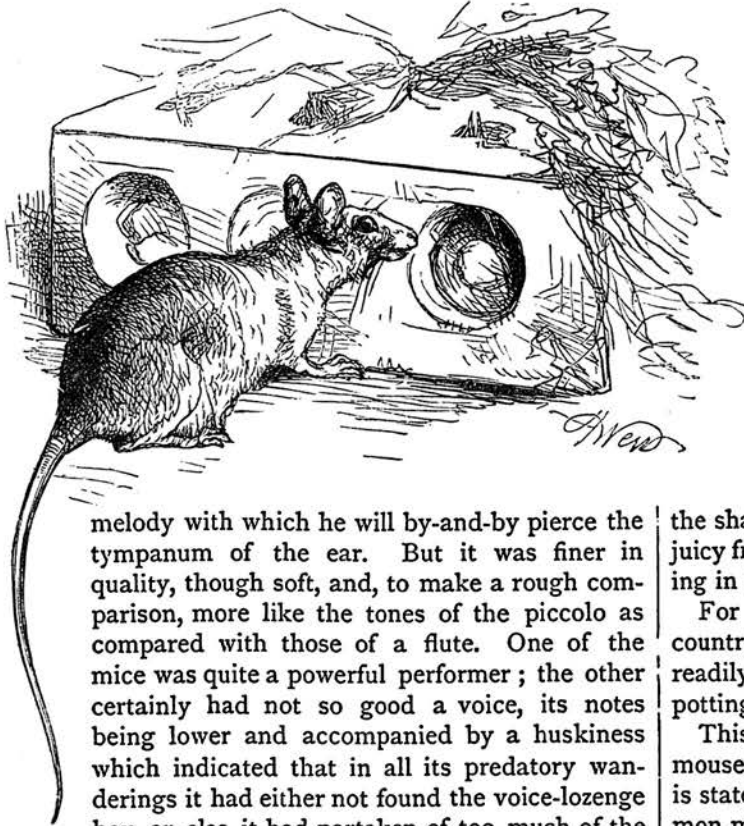
It might be imagined that there is something musical in canary-seed, for after their feast first one and then the other would oblige the company with a song—a veritable song, mind, like that of a bird, and one which was at first attributed to the canary, until it was seen that the winged minstrel was reposing in the shape of a ball of feathers, while the vocalist was the mouse.

This song was a very agreeable twittering, exactly



like that of a young cock-bird in spring, when he seems to be busy rehearsing for the full bursts of

sary, though, with these little creatures, for, tiny as they are, their muscular strength of jaw is astonishing, and they can drive their keen teeth through the piece of skin they nip with lightning-like rapidity.



A striking peculiarity of the common domestic mice is the way in which they will migrate. For months, perhaps, the house may swarm with them, so that they become a perfect nuisance. Then all at once, and without warning, they go no one knows whither and are forgotten, till some night the old familiar scratching and gnawing are heard, and the old runs are full.

Now, if this occurred in the country it would be easily explainable, for they would be only participating in the habits of our little enemy the rat, and their cousins the field-mice; but this is the case in busy London, where there are no temptations in

melody with which he will by-and-by pierce the tympanum of the ear. But it was finer in quality, though soft, and, to make a rough comparison, more like the tones of the piccolo as compared with those of a flute. One of the mice was quite a powerful performer; the other certainly had not so good a voice, its notes being lower and accompanied by a huskiness which indicated that in all its predatory wanderings it had either not found the voice-lozenge box, or else it had partaken of too much of the outer coating of the seed.

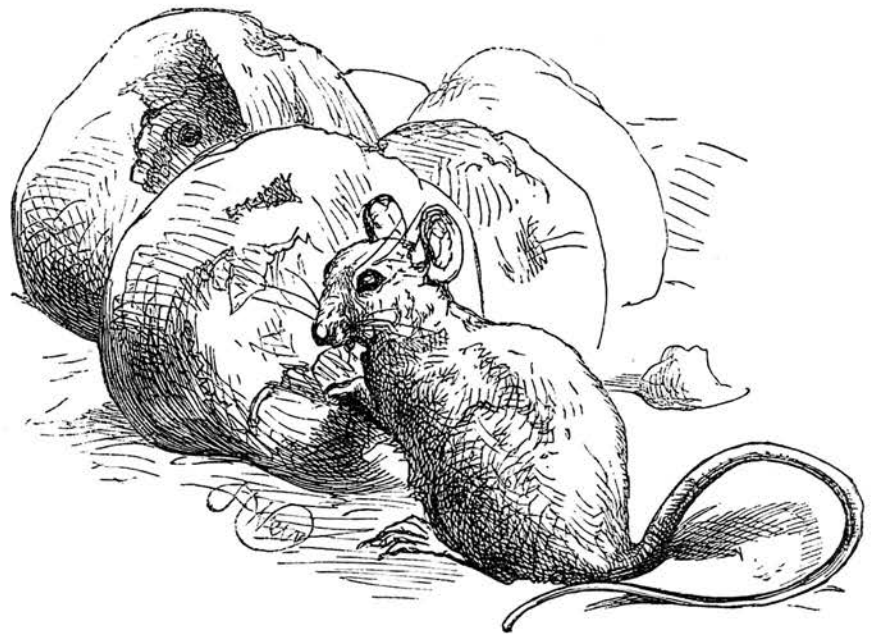
the shape of coppice and hedgerow, milky young corn, juicy fruit, sweet nut, or tender peas and beans swelling in the garden ready to come up.

For the field-mouse has its migrations, and in a country place, though it rarely enters the house, takes readily to barn, stable, or (most loved of all) the pits, potting-sheds, and apple-lofts of a large garden.

This mouse—the wood-mouse, or long-tailed field-mouse (*Mus sylvaticus*), as it is called by naturalists—is stated by them to be “a little larger than the common mouse.”

This singing power of the mouse has often been remarked, and is by some writers attributed to a disease of the vocal organs, probably from its being so rare; but the fact seems to be that it is the natural result of the tiny animal being a dweller in close proximity to a loudly-singing bird, to whose calls it responds with one of its more shrill squeaks, and then by degrees, possessing a strong imitative faculty, acquires the power of modulating its little voice till it produces a very fair copy of the bird's song. The proof of this would not be very difficult to any one who cared to keep as tame pets a few dozen mice, even as some children keep white mice. Three or four good singing-birds should be kept in the same room, and the probabilities are that out of the little rodent family one or two would prove adepts in the vocal art.

Perhaps habitat has something to do with the case—good feeding, pleasant climate, and the like; for in place of being a *little* larger than the common mouse, those I have caught by the dozen are at least double, often three times, the size of the ordinary mouse of

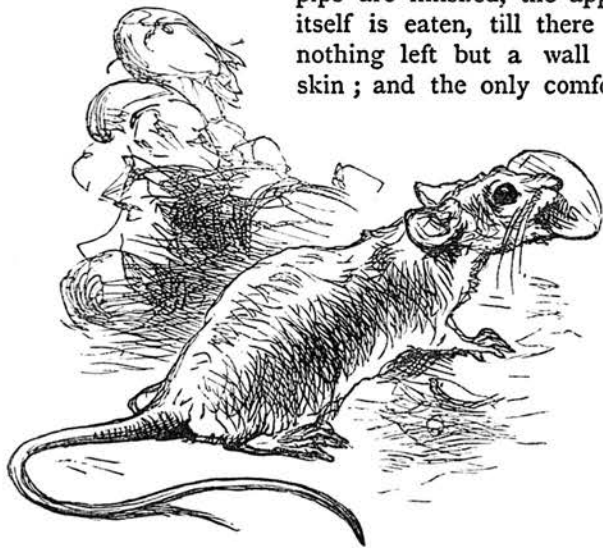


This keeping of white mice seems of late years to have fallen into disrepute. Like the white rabbits one used to have, they are simply a variety of the brown ones, which are easily enough tamed sufficiently to become accustomed to their cage and take food from their owner's hand. Care is neces-

our hearth and wainscot. Lighter in colour—being of a warm brown, creamy white beneath, and with a fur that is finer, more sleek and shiny—they are also

slighter in build and greater in activity. While the sun shines warmly they are out-door animals, burrowing under ground, and storing their nuts, corn, peas, and beans for the winter; but when autumn begins to give place to bleak winter, they seek the out-buildings in troops, and then woe betide those stored-up Ribston Pippins, those Russets, those Golden Knobs that you have in the apple-rack side by side with the heap of filberts and Kentish cobs! They will have the nuts first, carrying them off behind the boards and under the floor, the heap diminishing you know not how. At last, lest the unknown thief should take the rest, you carry them to a safer place; and then the poor apples!

First they are eaten into merely for the sake of their ripe brown pips, and then, as time goes on and the pips are finished, the apple itself is eaten, till there is nothing left but a wall of skin; and the only comfort



you have is that the mice must be getting very fat and sleek. There are bounds to patience, and even that of one who loves animals can be tried too sorely. War was commenced, and in a tiny iron-toothed trap made on the principle of those for rats about a dozen of these marauders of fruit expiated their crimes.

Crimes? Well, what else can you call them, in a garden already robbed to denudation by robins (well named), by thrushes and blackbirds, of its strawberries and black currants and gooseberries, and by sparrows and starlings of its cherries? Was not this enough, without the great field-mouse coming and saying, in acts if not in words, "Yes, these are two very choice rows of Windsor beans!" and "Ah, what fine, succulent, juicy Perfection peas these are!" and then, just as they are swelling and putting forth their

tender germs, altering your style of planting for one in accordance with the mousey taste? You planted them neatly and carefully in rows ready to come up. Mouse prefers them all in one hole just below the surface, ready to go down when hunger demands. The field-mouse is really then a little pest in your garden, and the mischief he can do almost incredible. Catch him you can when he takes refuge in, or rather attacks, your covered stores; but in the garden Waterton's plan comes best, though one does not care to be disturbing one's smooth borders by planting pit-falls. Poison is often advocated, but it shall not be recommended here, since it brings its own Nemesis, and only too often by slaying some creature for whose delectation it was never meant.



The rustic in Sussex threads a bean, and attaches the thread to the stick, which holds up a brick; and, if cleverly set, the mouse pulls down the brick upon his devoted head. The little steel trap is the best gin for the pea and bean thief, however; though the great thing in catching these mice is in finding new places and cunning plans for setting the destroying machine.

This article must not conclude without some words about the other British mouse—the smallest quadruped we have. This beautiful little creature, say the naturalists, has "three simple molar teeth in each jaw, with tuberculated summits, the upper incisors wedge-shaped, the lower compound and pointed," and so on and so on. Of it, however, I can say but little. Its pretty cricket-ball-shaped nest I have never yet found suspended from three stalks of corn, and woven of leaves and panicles of grass. This is a pleasure to come; while for a lengthened description of its habits I must refer the reader to some natural history work. The above is no fable, but a truthful description of the habits of the town and the country mouse.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.





CONDUCTED BY LAURA WILLIS LATHROP.

CAMP LIFE.—ACCESSORIES.—OUTFITS.—COOKERY, ETC.

WHILE many shrink from the inconveniences and hardy recreations of camp life, quite a large proportion find an added charm in each successive season of its enjoyment. Its opportunities for complete isolation from society and its bonds, for exemption from business cares, and for uninterrupted physical and mental enjoyment, prove an attraction of irresistible power. Whittier expresses its utter rest in his most inviting strain:—

“ Life’s burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature’s own exceeding peace.

“ Oh, welcome calm of heart and mind,
As falls yon fir tree’s loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind.

“ So fall the weary years away:
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.”

It seems almost akin to sacrilege to intrude upon this sweet sentiment, discussions of the rude equipments of camp life, but novices determined to “rough it” for a season will secure more of the delicious “calm of heart and mind,” if special care is given to the utter prosaic preparations conducive to this blissful realization.

One of the first requirements is a well-selected tent. What is called a “wall tent” is best, affording most standing room. An eight-foot one will accommodate a party of six or eight. In some localities these may be hired for any length of time from the sail makers. Parties wishing to escape inundation, should take the precaution to dig a trench around the outside of tent. Many laughable incidents occurred during the ceaseless rain at the national encampment, from neglect on the part of over-joyed veterans (“old timers” though they were) to attend to this safeguard.

Sleeping on the ground, rolled in a blanket, is injudicious. Boards should be used. Raise them slightly at the head, cover them with rubber blankets, next with straw, small hemlock boughs, or dried sea-weed. Spread over this colored woolen blankets of substantial make and generous size. The heads should be ranged along the sides of the tent, feet towards the center. If the boards are securely nailed to the strip of timber, which affords elevation for the head, the beds may be carried out entire for their daily airing.

In regard to dress, both ladies and gentlemen should dress throughout in light weight flannel to secure immunity from climatic changes with their otherwise evil effects. Provide a sufficiency of light woolen shawls and overcoats, plenty of light, woolen stockings, substantial shoes with low heels and broad soles, and broad brimmed hats. Two changes of underclothing should be carried, as a “rainy spell” may preclude the work of successful laundering. Wash and rinse them in water little more than lukewarm to prevent shrinkage.

Washing is suggestive of soap, of which a liberal supply should be provided for laundry and toilet purposes as well as for washing dishes. Sapolio is a valuable aid in cleansing cooking utensils. Half a dozen cakes will suffice for the entire siege. Common baking soda and borax are useful for bathing purposes, allaying the irritation caused by the bites of insects. Oil of pennyroyal, distributed about the tent, is said to prevent the inroad of these pests to a great degree.

If the party is fortunate enough to “pitch” near a spring the latter may be utilized for refrigerating purposes, by placing a wooden box over the running stream where it issues from the spring. One of the top boards provided with leather hinges serves as a lid. Eatables in dishes may be placed on large stones

laid in the stream. A jar of butter may be kept in fine condition. Where there is no spring, an excavation in the side of a bank, is a good substitute if a door be added. Insect powder scattered freely about the entrance, without and within, is a preventive against insectile invaders. A short distance from camp a deep hole should be dug as a receptacle for refuse. If a light covering of the earth dug out is thrown over each deposit your surroundings will remain perfectly wholesome.

A sort of range or stove, which answers well in dry weather, may be quickly made by digging a place about two feet deep in a bank. Line three sides with bricks or stones, use a piece of heavy sheet iron for the top, and same with an opening for draught for the front. A piece of stove pipe, fitted into the masonry in the rear, completes it. The top of an old cook stove, which may be bought at the foundry or a junk shop for a mere trifle, is still better. Place two double rows of bricks edgewise on the ground, just in front of opening and just wide enough apart to serve as a rest for a large square shaped broiler. Use clay as a cement. Rake out a bed of live coals when needed and you may have broiled fish, fowl and meats in perfection.

Camping stoves of sheet iron are now made with a water reservoir which serves as a receptacle for cooking utensils in the way, and in fact for all the *necessary* requisites used in serving. The whole is closely packed in a box which serves as a chest for stores when to camp. Half of the top may be supplied with leather hinges for a lid, while the unused half will answer for a side board. Kerosene oil stoves answer every purpose, while the oven of any reliable make insures perfection in *baking*, the *desideratum* in camp cookery.

Cooking utensils should be light as well as serviceable. Use tin kettles with covers. Coffee and teapots with *lips riveted* on instead of spouts. The handles of stew pans, tin cups, etc. should be secured in the same manner. A jacket kettle will enable you to cook beans, rice, hominy, etc., without burning them. A tin pail set in a kettle is a good substitute. Carry no breakable dishes. Have plates and cups of heavy block tin, and they will last for years.

They may be scoured with white beach sand or sapolio. You will need spiders with covers, baking pans, basins, a dish-pan, a gridiron, pails, and some iron spoons. Tin cans of two or three pounds capacity, when emptied of their contents, may have their tops melted off by inverting on a hot stove for a few minutes, taking care to remove them before the side seam becomes unsoldered. They form neat vessels in which to cook corn cut from the cob, green pease, fruit, etc. As they occupy but little space on the stove, several dishes may be cooked at once, lending much variety to the table.

The provisions required depend very much upon the location selected, some offering excellent opportunities for securing supplies, others none. Individual tastes and requirements vary, but it is always wise to take a good supply of staples. Hecker's prepared flour, wheat, graham or Indian will insure you good gems, griddle-cakes or biscuits. You will be obliged to add more milk or water (either will do) than when using plain brands with baking powder. "Prepared" flour absorbs more moisture than other kinds. You will want a supply of salt pork, bacon, ham, dried beef, smoked halibut, salt fish, butter and eggs. Canned fruits, fish, and vegetables must be carried if you have no certainty of obtaining them near camp. Besides these you will need sugar, spices, salt, pepper, vinegar, lard, mustard, coffee, tea, chocolate, condensed milk, rice, oatmeal, hominy, baking powder, baking soda, ginger, molasses, beans, cheese, dried fruits, etc., also pilot bread and crackers. In short you will need so many little things that you will find it wise to begin a memoranda of articles weeks beforehand, noting promptly each article as soon as thought of.

If you expect to capture your own supply of fish, game and meat, you will wisely enter upon your list, liniment, court plaster, Jamaica ginger, fishing tackle, gun and ammunition, strings, ropes and bags. Your household industries will suggest hammer and nails, shovel, axe, saw, lantern, matches, pins, needles, thread, twine, towels, pocket knives, and lastly a supply of old linen and cotton cloths, so necessary for dressing cuts, bruises, sprains, etc.

Add to these supplies a liberal supply of good humor and a determination to look

upon the bright side of everything, and you will doubtless obtain all the benefits which one may reasonably expect from a season's "roughing it in camp."

Cooking in Camp.

BOIL meat slowly and vegetables rapidly. Do not salt either until time to season as it hardens them. A piece of soda about as large as a large pea will facilitate the cooking of vegetables especially if the water is hard. Serve hot dishes as hot as possible and your excellent appetite will tide you safely over all minor defects in savor or serving.

BROILED HAM.—Slice thin, let stand in water moderately hot for fifteen minutes. Broil over clear coals ten minutes; watching to prevent scorching. Butter it if you wish.

BROILED SALT PORK.—Place to soak in warm water over night. Broil same as ham for breakfast.

FRIED SALT PORK.—Place to soak over night in sweet milk in a cool place. Dip in flour and fry to a bright brown in beef drippings or pork fat. Do not fry to a crisp but simply till the meat looks *clear*. Leave four tablespoonfuls of the fat in the spider, put in one large tablespoonful of flour, stir till it froths, then turn in the milk (one pint) in which the pork was soaked, stirring steadily till it boils. Add pepper and salt. Set pork in oven till served. Serve with potatoes either boiled or baked with the skins on.

BROILED BIRDS.—Clean nicely and wipe dry, splitting through the back. Broil over a clear bed of coals from fifteen to twenty minutes according to size. Pepper, salt, and butter.

BROILED FRESH FISH.—Grease the bars of the gridiron, place the fish (flesh side downward) upon it and broil ten minutes. Turn with the aid of a cake-turner, and broil skin side ten minutes. This side should be sprinkled with salt and pepper when the fish is first put on, and should be broiled over a slower fire as it burns easily. Add butter and more salt and pepper. Serve with tomatoes in some form.

FRIED SALT FISH.—Freshen in plenty of cold water for twenty-four hours. Wipe dry. Dredge with flour and a little pepper. Fry in pork fat or half each of butter and

lard. Fry flesh side first. Serve with baked or stewed potatoes.

VEAL CUTLETS.—Dip pieces cut from the rind into beaten egg, then into cracker crumbs and fry slowly, in covered spider, to a bright brown. Fry fish cutlets the same. Use either pork fat or butter and lard for frying.

BOILED CLAMS.—Wash clams in the shell in several waters to free from sand. Fill a kettle with them and add a generous teacupful of water. Let steam till the shells open. Take them out of shells and serve with butter, pepper, salt and lemon juice or vinegar. It is also proper to serve in the shell if desired.

ROAST CLAMS.—Get your clams the day before wanted. Scrub perfectly clean. You will need a peck in the shell for eight persons. Next put them in just enough clear cold water to cover and add two handfuls of white corn meal. When wanted, rinse and drain them, put into a large dripping pan and place in a *very* hot oven till the shells begin to open, which will be in less than ten minutes; five minutes often does the work if the oven is hot enough. Remove from the shell and serve as you do boiled clams. Brown bread is fine with a clam bake.

CLAM CHOWDER.—Take fifty clams well washed and treated to corn meal as directed above. Wash *perfectly* clean. Then cover them with *boiling* water. Let stand ten minutes, remove from the shells; for this amount take eight raw potatoes, two large onions, half a pound of fat salt pork, and half dozen split crackers. Cut the pork into little cubes and fry light brown. Add the onions sliced thin, and stir till they become a light straw color. Add next a tablespoonful of salt, two of flour and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Stir well, and add three quarts of water. Boil twenty minutes then put in the clams (cut in coarse pieces) and the crackers, and let boil five minutes from the time it begins to bubble. Make chicken chowder same way, using two spring chickens in place of clams, and boiling the whole together for one hour.

ROASTED BIRDS—Hunter's Mode.—Open the bird and clean it (remove the entrails) but do not pick off the feathers. Wipe dry. Cover with a coating of wet clay, and bury them in hot coals. In three-quarters of an hour they will be cooked. Peel off the clay which will remove with it both the feathers

and the skin. Season with melted butter, pepper and salt. Old hunters and others who have eaten them say that this is the most delicious of all modes of cooking.

STALE BREAD. — Dip in water quickly then in the batter, and fry in ham gravy or pork fat. Nice fried without batter.

BATTER FOR FRITTERS. — Use two cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful Royal baking powder, sifted together. Beat two eggs lightly, add one cupful sweet milk or water, stir in the dry ingredients, beating upward quickly and lightly.

PEACH FRITTERS. — Pare and cut peaches enough to make one pint. Stir into the above batter and fry quickly in hot lard. Drain and sift powdered sugar over them.

BANANA FRITTERS. — Pare and cut into halves. Squeeze orange juice over them and sprinkle with sugar. Let stand half an hour. Dip in above batter, and fry. Serve with powdered sugar.

APPLE FRITTERS. — Pare and core with a corer. Cut in round slices, let stand an hour, sprinkled with sugar and lemon juice. Dip each slice separately into the above batter and fry. Serve with sugar.

ORANGE FRITTERS, and those of pine apple and mellow pears, treat in the same way.

CLAM FRITTERS. — Chop clams quite coarse, stir in above batter with sugar omitted, and fry.

SWEET POTATOES. — Steam or boil till tender, and then finish by baking brown in the oven, or halve them when tender. Lay in a dripping pan, sprinkle a little sugar over them with butter, pepper and salt, and brown in the oven. Slice cold, boiled sweet potatoes and fry for breakfast or supper in pork fat, beef drippings or butter. Fine.

CREAM SUBSTITUTE. — In the absence of cream, beat an egg just enough to break it up thoroughly, but not to a froth. Add two tablespoonfuls of water. Pour into this, (beating steadily) your supply of prepared chocolate or coffee, and you will find that it simulates cream very closely.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ABOUT POTATOES.

It is far the most economical plan to buy good potatoes, and, when possible, to buy a sack at a time. They may then be stored in a dry dark place, looked carefully over from time to time, and any which show signs of disease, or those which are beginning to sprout, should be used first.

If no choice in this direction is necessary, let me advise all mistresses to see that the potatoes selected for each day's consumption are of as much the same size as possible. If large and small potatoes are cooked together, one must suffer. Either the large potato is properly cooked and the small one reduced to a pulp, or the small potato is properly cooked and the large one is underdone. Much waste is occasioned in this way, besides much grumbling about badly-cooked potatoes.

I cannot understand why people do not adopt the plan more generally of cooking potatoes with their skins on. They are much more wholesome, cooked in this manner, as they retain their mineral salts which lie near the skin, and there is less waste both of the potato and also of time in preparing them.

GREEN VEGETABLES.

All green vegetables should be used the same day they are cut, so there is no question of storing them. When buying them, choose those of a healthy green colour, not yellow, and see that they are firm and crisp. When they are flabby and limp, it shows that they are stale, and stale vegetables are most unwholesome.

Choose cabbages and lettuce with firm compact hearts. Cauliflowers should have the flower in a firm compact white mass. If the small branchlets of the flower show, and the whole flower-head is expanded, the cauliflower is too old, and will be tough and strong.

FRENCH BEANS.

The beans inside the pod should be very small and showing no colour, and the pod should look succulent and not stringy. If fresh they will be stiff and firm.

GREEN PEAS.

Garden peas may readily be told from field peas; they are a brighter green, and the pods have a smoother surface. Peas in perfection should be picked when they are three parts grown. If they are allowed to grow to their full size, they are dry and have lost much of their flavour.

If green vegetables are brought into the house in the morning to be used in the evening, it is a good plan to lay them on a stone floor in a dark cool place till one hour before they are required to be prepared for cooking. Then remove the outer leaves, and immerse them in cold water to which has been added one tablespoonful of salt. Look them over carefully and remove any discoloured or worm-eaten parts, and lastly rinse the vegetables thoroughly under a tap of cold water.

If you are preparing vegetables such as lettuce, endives, etc., for a salad, dry all the leaves carefully, after they have been rinsed, before proceeding to mix the ingredients.

CHILDREN'S PLEASURES.

MY dear children, you must go into the nursery and keep quiet. Don't you see I am busy, and cannot be disturbed?"

"But, mamma, we have nothing to do."

"Nothing to do! Cannot nurse find you anything to do? Why do you come bothering me so?"

"Perhaps they would value their treasures more if they had fewer of them," said I. "I always think it is a great mistake to let children have many toys at once, because they only get tired of them, and break them; and I think also that simple ones please them quite as much if not more than very elaborate ones. However,



"THE CHILDREN BEGAN WITH GREAT GLEE"

"Nurse says we're to be quiet, too, mamma."

"Play with your toys; you have plenty."

"We're tired of them."

"It is a strange thing," said Mrs. Johnson, turning to me, "my husband and I spend more money than any of our acquaintance in buying toys, and yet our children never seem contented. They are always wanting something fresh."

we cannot leave the little ones unhappy. May I go into the nursery after them?"

"Oh, yes, if you care to do so," said Mrs. Johnson, "and I am sure you are very kind; but it will be of no use. If you find them employment they will be tired of it in half-an-hour, and want something else. Nurse does not look after them as she ought to do," she continued, in an aggrieved tone.

"If the mother does not care to make their childhood bright and pleasant, it can scarcely be expected that a nurse will do it," I thought, though of course I did not express my thoughts; and I made my way into the nursery.

Things there seemed rather dismal. The room was bright and cheerful-looking, but the children appeared cross and dissatisfied. A tidy-looking nursemaid was sitting with them, and the floor was strewn with toys of all kinds, in various stages of dilapidation. As I entered I overheard nurse saying, "Why not build something pretty with your bricks?" which was answered by a simultaneous scornful chorus of—"Bricks!"

"Don't you like playing at bricks, then?" I asked. "I think it is great fun. I know some little boys who have fine games with bricks. They build two or three stations—say here, and here, and here—and then they make arches and railway bridges, and they put one or two bricks upon each other for trains, and themselves pretend to be railway guards, and take up passengers. Then they need to be very careful, because sometimes the trains run into one another, which of course is very sad, and mischief is done that has to be repaired. How would you like to play at that game? Supposing we build a station here, and call it Bradford, and make you, Johnnie, station-master. Then we will put another here, and call it London: *you*, Lucy, shall be station-master."

"Girls are not station-masters," said Frank, who seemed to think his brother and sister were mollified with undignified haste.

"They are in this game," I replied. "You, Frank, had better be the guard, and accompany the down trains, and Herbert the guard to accompany the up trains. Now set to work and build the line."

The children began with great glee, and soon I stole away, leaving them enjoying themselves heartily, as was shown by the peals of laughter which were shortly heard.

"Well, have you satisfied them?" inquired Mrs. Johnson.

"Yes, I think they are happy for a little time, at any rate. Poor little mites! they only wanted an idea to start with, and once they have got that, they will work it out for themselves. Very young children can seldom originate anything new, and if they do, their fancies ought to be carefully noted."

"Why?"

"Because it is such a guide for the parents, and shows them where the talent of the children lies. You seldom hear of a man making his mark in any particular branch, who has not shown by his amusements in youth what is his natural taste."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Johnson; "you seem to regard children's amusements and children's pleasures as quite solemn things."

"And quite right too," said Jack, my husband, who with Mr. Johnson entered the room at this moment. "I wish every one regarded them in that light. People often speak as if children's lives were full of brightness, free from care and anxiety, but I believe very often

they are quite the reverse. The troubles of childhood seem very small to us, but they are very important to the little folks themselves, and it is worth while bestowing a little sympathy upon them."

"Oh, yes! indeed it is," said I. "There are sorrows enough in after-life. Childhood's days ought to be bright. 'He who makes a child's life happy is a co-worker with God.'"

"That is all very well," observed Mr. Johnson, "but children differ so. Now take ours. I think I may say honestly that we spare no expense to make our children happy. They have a pleasant playground, a comfortable nursery, interesting picture-books, and most expensive toys; and yet their mother tells me that they are continually wanting something they have not got."

"I certainly do not believe," said Jack, "that those children are necessarily the happiest who are the richest in toys. Look at the little dirty youngsters in the street. They get far more enjoyment out of the manufacture of dirt-pies by the side of the road than their more fortunate brothers and sisters get out of costly playthings. It is with children as with grown-up people; happiness is more a question of disposition than of surroundings."

"I think, when trying to give children pleasure and make them happy," said I, "one is apt to forget how *little* delights them."

"I believe," remarked Mrs. Johnson, "that what delights them more than anything is to break the furniture and tear their clothes."

"Oh, no! they are not often wilfully mischievous. They 'feel their life in every limb,' and *cannot* always be still. Most healthy children prefer games full of action—even rough games if you like; and it is much better that they should do so. Healthy romping saves many a doctor's bill. Parents ought to be very careful how they repress the spirits of their little ones too hastily, and should try not to be continually saying, "Hush, hush! be still!"

"When it can be managed," said Jack, "it is a splendid thing to give them a room all to themselves, in the attics if possible, far away from the haunts of the family, where they can shout, and jump, and run to their heart's content. But of course this is not always practicable. At the same time, I must say I should put danger out of their way as much as possible, and I should not choose a room with an open fire or a window that opened upon the leads for their delectation."

"No, I should think not," remarked Mrs. Johnson. "Fancy my Johnnie under such circumstances! I almost tremble to think of it."

"There is one way nowadays in which children are very badly and injudiciously treated, in my opinion," said Jack, "and that is in trying to cheat them as it were into getting knowledge, under the guise of pleasure. How many books there are that commence in a most interesting way, and in a very short time the juvenile reader finds himself lightly introduced to one of the abstruse sciences! I do call that too bad. That kind of thing does more harm than good, because

there is no royal road to learning. Knowledge can only be acquired by patient study, and the attempt to entrap boys and girls into catching some of it in this way only tends to disgust them with books, which is a great mistake. The very boys and girls who will read these kind of books are unfortunately the ones who ought not to do so, for they are most likely the quiet, studious children, who want to be taken from study, not drawn into it."

"Then do you not believe in what is called combining instruction with amusement?" said Mr. Johnson.

"I should not feel inclined to say that I did not believe in it at all, but I am sure it requires to be done most judiciously and with great discrimination, or it is most useless. A wise teacher can sometimes impart knowledge to a child almost without his being conscious of it, in the course of a ramble through the woods or by the sea-shore; or even if he does not supply actual scientific facts, he can do what is far more important, he can awaken habits of observation and reflection which, if only they can be once roused, never slumber again. There is no need to buy toys, though, in order to amuse children. We have a clever little friend who can interest our youngsters for hours; telling them stories, and illustrating her tale as she goes on, by cutting out in writing-paper, chairs, tables, footstools, old ladies, gallant gentlemen, umbrellas, walking-sticks, rampant bulls, fiery steeds, and peaceful pussy-cats. Another—a gentleman—will make out of orange-peel, valuable shorthorns, and gentle baa-lambs; and with no other materials than two or three sheets of paper, will fabricate boats, barges, windmills, cocked hats, bellows, looking-glasses, bread-baskets, cocks and hens, and numberless articles."

"That is what I like so much in the Kindergarten system of education for little ones," said I. "The teachers aim at awakening the faculties rather than cramming the children's memories with detail. Have you ever realised what an achievement it is for a child to learn to read and write? It seems almost as if that ought not to be attempted with quite a young child. These teachers do not make the attempt. They endeavour to bring a child's powers into play, and act in such a way that if there are any talents hidden under the curly pates, they are likely to show themselves."

"Ah!" observed Mrs. Johnson, "you talk about the difficulty of learning to read and write: what is it for a girl to learn to sew? Of course, I agree with all superior people, in thinking that it is most important a girl should be taught this most useful domestic art. But surely it need not be made a bugbear; and nowadays it is either left alone altogether, or made most unpleasant. I always think of that part of my own education with horror. I had a most excellent aunt, Mary Anne, who considered that my mother did not sufficiently look after me in this respect; and, in order to make up for her deficiencies, used to invite me to spend the day with her, and on each occasion a long seam was brought out, and a length marked, which I was ordered to finish before I left off. Again and again I rebelled, and then I was held up as a shocking example to my cousins, who sat in their places, sewing

with deft fingers, and looking pictures of virtue. Oh, dear!" she continued, laughing; "my hands used to get so hot; and the needles would stick, and the seam went into very deep mourning before it was finished, and the stitches looked so large! I believe, if that state of things had continued, I should never have liked needlework."

"But you sew so well now, and seem to like it so much. How is that?"

"It happened that another aunt came to pay us a visit, and she found out the mischief that was being done, and interposed on my behalf. She discarded the hateful seam altogether, and in place of it gave me a large doll, which would be so lovely when it was dressed, and she promised to help me if I would try to dress it; and, although I was rather suspicious at first, I soon began to take an interest in my work, and in a little time grew quite fond of it."

"Ah! your second aunt was a wise woman. But what strange ideas some people have!" said Jack. "I know one lady—a most sensible, excellent woman, in many respects—who makes it a boast that she never allowed her girls to waste their time over books. The consequence is, her daughters, with good average abilities, have no taste whatever for reading, and unfortunately cannot acquire it now, I fear; for I do not think it is possible for any one to gain such a liking except in early life. The art of sewing may be learnt, but not the love of reading. Another most conscientious, well-meaning mother never allows her children to read fairy tales, or any works of fiction, and so represses, as far as she can, all imagination in her children, which is a terrible calamity. The most peculiar educational fancy that I know of, however, is one which possesses an acquaintance of my wife's. This lady thinks that life is so full of sadness, that the best thing she can do for her children is to accustom them to disappointment. Consequently, she promises them little treats, and at the last moment revokes her promise; takes tickets for the pantomime, and, when the children are ready for setting out, sends them off to bed, and so on."

"What a horrible woman!" said Mrs. Johnson. "I should think she is doing her children an amount of harm, in leading them to doubt her truthfulness."

"I don't think, so far, the result of her teaching has been very satisfactory. The children are bitter and cynical, and they are almost always in tears, and seem to regard disappointment quite as a matter of course."

Well-meaning people make blunders at times, and there are plenty of quicksands to avoid, even in such a seemingly simple thing as trying to make children happy. If you indulge them too much, pleasures pall on them, and they grow exacting and selfish. If they are kept too strictly, they become envious and discontented. In this, as in most other things, the path of wisdom lies between the two extremes; and whilst it may safely be asserted that no children should be kept without pleasures, their amount and character must be left to the judicious parent, who has studied the character and disposition of the child.

PHILLIS BROWNE.



WRINKLES FROM THE LAUNDRY.

It does not seem quite within the "fitness of things" that we should turn to the laundry for the wherewithal to make "things of beauty," but nowadays the cry is for something quaint and out of the common. We plant a fern in a French *sabot*, and hang it on our walls; we stand our sticks and umbrellas in drain-pipes, so why not turn clothes-horses, rope and pegs into uses for which they were certainly never intended?

To begin with the clothes-horses, or "maidens," as the Lancashire folk call them; they make charming fire-place screens, and are easily folded out of the way when not required. Take a two-fold horse, two feet six inches high, price 1s. 8d., Fig. 1; one and three-quarter yards of art-muslin, six yards of cheap ribbon, and a tin of enamel, choose your colouring to match your room; ivory-white enamel and yellow figured-muslin, with ivory and yellow ribbons looks well, or dark-green draped with pink, or pale-blue and pink, anything you prefer; it is well to carefully "rub down" your horse with sand-

paper, to ensure a nice smooth surface; give it two or three coats of enamel, including the webbing hinges, and let it thoroughly dry and harden; divide your muslin into three widths, and cut one width in half, so allowing a width and a half for each side of the horse. Run up the seams, fold hems top and bottom, and make three runnings (leaving a half-inch heading) with strong thread at each hem, drawing them up to the exact size, A and C, Fig. 1. At each corner and in the middle of the gathers sew half a yard of ribbon, A, B, C, D, E, F, Fig. 2, tie the muslin on to the horse, Fig. 3, taking care that the ribbons A, C, D, F, are tied round the perpendicular and not the horizontal bars.

Clothes-rope makes excellent dusting-brushes. You require good Manilla-rope, not hemp, if it can be bought at 2d. the yard; cut three lengths of seventeen inches each, untwist and thoroughly fray out four inches of each end, Fig. 4, place the three pieces of rope together, double them in the middle, bind securely with fine twine, and then tie a brightly-coloured ribbon round it, Fig. 5.

American clothes-pegs may be put to many uses, a very simple one being a key- or watch-hook. Take two pegs, fix one crosswise into the other, screw in a cup-hook, enamel it any colour you please, tie on a ribbon by which to hang it up, and you have Fig. 6 complete. Photograph-stands, for cabinets or cartes, may be easily made. Cut off the knobs of two pegs, take a piece of wood a quarter of an inch thick, six inches by two inches and a half, groove two holes in it, four inches apart if for cabinets, two inches and a half if for cartes; insert the ends of the pegs at a slight angle, and glue them in firmly. Enamel any colour, twist ribbon from one to another, and finish off with a bow in the middle; the photograph stands in the slits of the pegs, Fig. 7.

Butterflies, as Fig. 8, can be readily made, and need no description. The peg forms a capital body, and needs only a few artistic touches. The wings can be made of any suitable material, silk if preferred, edged with wire.

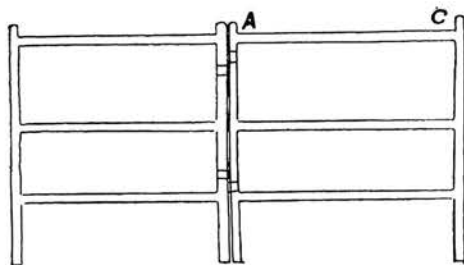


FIG. 1.

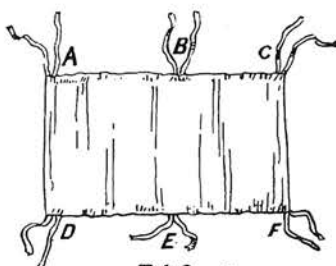


FIG. 2.

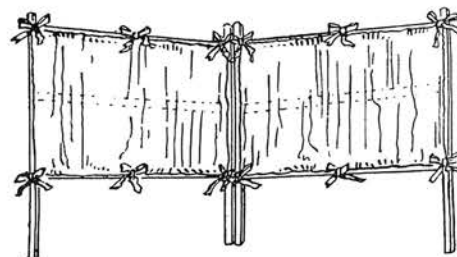


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

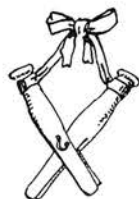


FIG. 6.

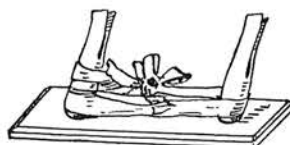


FIG. 7.

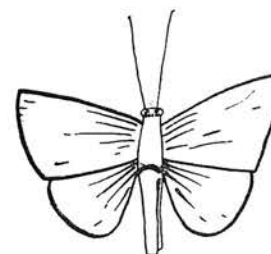


FIG. 8.

USEFUL HINTS.

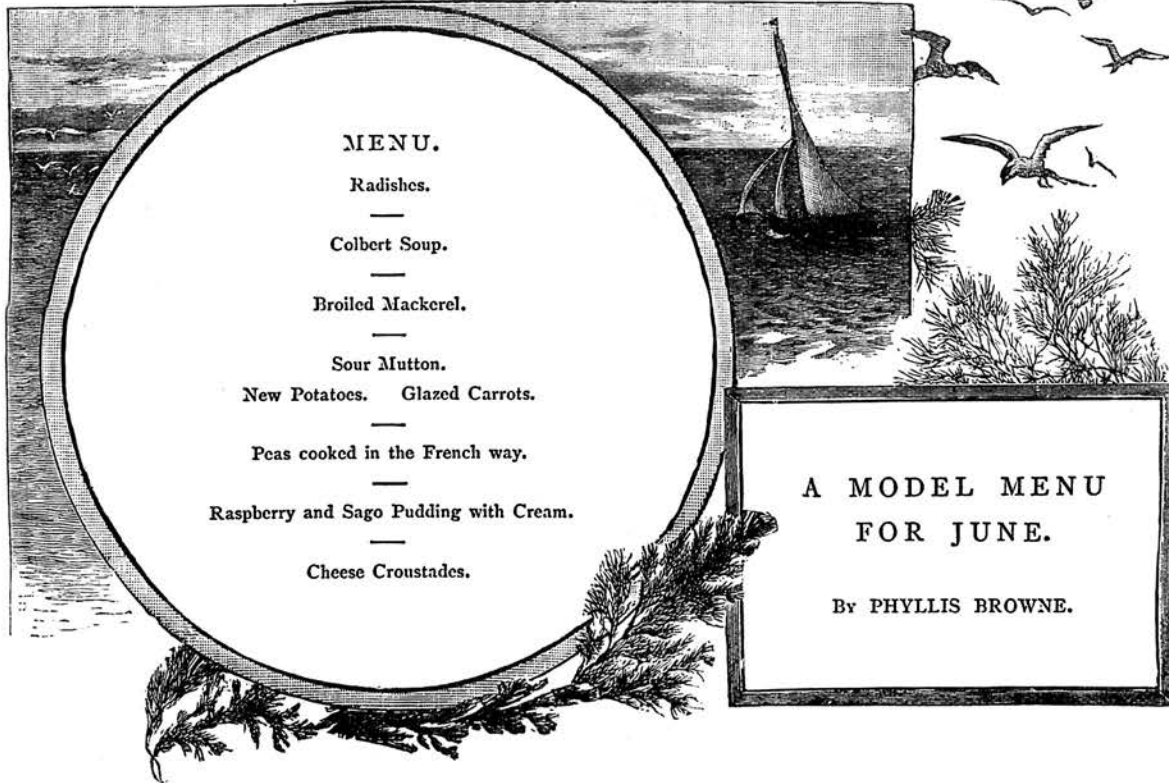
LEMON DROPS.—Grate the peel of three good sized lemons, add to it half a pound of castor sugar, one tablespoonful of fine flour, and beat well into it the whites of two eggs. Butter some kitchen paper and drop the mixture from a teaspoon into it and bake in a moderate oven on a tin sheet.

SULTANA DROP CAKES.—Mix one pound of dry flour with half a pound of butter; after you have rubbed it well in, add a quarter of a pound

of castor sugar, half a pound of sultanas well-washed and dried, one egg and two tablespoonfuls of orange flower water, and one tablespoonful of sherry or brandy; drop on a baking sheet well floured.

GHERKIN PICKLE.—Cut some nice young gherkins or small cucumbers, spread them on a dish and sprinkle the ordinary cooking-salt over them, and let them lie in the salt for seven or eight days. Drain them quite free from

salt and put them in a stone jar, covering them with boiling vinegar. Set the jar near the fire and cover over the gherkins plenty of nice fresh vine leaves, and leave them for an hour or so, and, if they do not become a pretty good colour, pour the vinegar back again and boil, and cover them each time with fresh vine leaves; after the second time they will become a nice spring green. Tie it up with parchment or use a good cork, and keep it in a dry place.



Radishes.—One of the simplest *hors d'œuvres* which can be provided, yet one that is always acceptable where people have learnt to appreciate what is excellent, consists of a supply of young radishes prettily trimmed and arranged. Radishes are to be had, we know, all the year round, but they are usually at their best at this time of year; they are wholesome, they stimulate the appetite, and they are put to their best use when nibbled at the beginning of dinner. They are also very pretty, and when artistically arranged they improve the appearance of the table very much. An easy way of serving them is to have small plates put in readiness round the table, one for each person, and to have the radishes on a glass dish or glass dishes in the centre within reach of everyone.

When radishes are provided it is most important that they should be dished properly. Choose those that are firm and young, small, round, and as red as possible. Pare away all the leaves, but leave the best of the green stalks to the depth of about an inch. Cut away the end of the root, and when doing so pare off a portion of the skin near the end to show a little of the white underneath with a sharp knife; cut the radish down twice across, but not quite through the root; or else with a sharp knife pare the red skin into five or six equal sized leaves. In either case be very careful not to detach the stalks. Put the

trimmed radishes into cold water till wanted. They may be placed on the dish in a circle with the roots to the middle, the green stems outward, and a little chopped ice over all. In Parisian restaurants radishes are frequently served thus as *hors d'œuvres*.

Colbert Soup.—Eggs are now very abundant and very good. It is easy at this season to get eggs that are newly laid, and there is now little fear that they will be stale. Under these circumstances one of the most satisfactory of available soups is clear soup served with poached egg floating in it, one egg being provided for each person. Soup thus garnished is very restorative and very easy of digestion. It is particularly valuable for people who are exhausted with overwork, or who expect to have exceptional demands made upon their strength. It is worth while, therefore, for cooks to learn how to manage in serving the soup, because, apart from everything else, it is an exceedingly useful dish, and much liked.

Clear soup with a garnish of poached egg would be more frequently served than it is but for the difficulty of making it look neat. Whenever the recipe for making it is given we generally find the words added, "care must be given not to break the eggs." But cooks who have attempted to make Colbert soup, and hostesses who have tried to dispense it at table, have discovered that it is not easy to serve an egg without breaking it, and when

one egg yolk is broken in a tureen of clear soup the beauty of the soup is gone. After a disaster of this kind, can we wonder that the soup is set aside?

There are two or three ways of overcoming this difficulty, however. One is to put the poached eggs on a separate dish and have them handed round as soon as the soup is served. This method is fairly safe, although it is not everyone who can take up a poached egg from a dish and convey it to a plate of soup without scattering part of it. Unfortunately, also, it rather destroys the charm of the soup, for a neatly poached egg covered with clear soup has a very attractive appearance. Another way is to break an egg and turn it into each soup-plate without disturbing the yolk, and to pour a cupful of boiling hot soup gently over it. In about two minutes the whole of the egg will be set. Of course the soup-plate must have been warmed in the first instance. The objection to this plan is that the egg does not get trimmed. A third method is to put some water into a frying-pan with some salt and half a wineglassful of vinegar. When it boils break the eggs carefully into it, being most particular to keep the yolks whole, and gently poach the eggs for about two minutes. Have ready a pan containing hot water, take the eggs up one by one with a slice and lay them gently in it; then trim the edges and make the eggs of a neat shape. Now put

them into the soup-plates, pour the boiling soup over them, and place a soup-plate with its contents before each guest.

Mackerel is now in full season. It is a most dainty fish and very nourishing, yet it is rather despised by English housewives. If it were to rise in price it would very likely rise also in popular estimation. Probably because it is cheap it is rarely served at high-class dinners. The prejudice against it, however, is quite unfounded. True epicures do not despise mackerel. This is what a great culinary authority, Grimod de la Reynière has said of the fish:—

“The mackerel has this in common with good women, he is loved by all the world. He is welcomed both by rich and poor with the same eagerness. He is most commonly eaten *à la maître d’hôtel*, but he may be prepared in a hundred ways, and will be as exquisite plain as in the most elaborate dressing.”

Valuable and delicious though mackerel is, it possesses its disadvantages. Its flesh is so rich and oily that it is indigestible as salmon is indigestible to people inclined to dyspepsia. Also, it deteriorates in quality very quickly; it is one of the worst fishes for keeping that we have, yet to be of any worth it must be eaten fresh, for when stale it is most unwholesome. Fortunately it is easy to tell when a mackerel is fresh and when it is stale. A fresh mackerel is very bright looking. Its skin shines brilliantly, and its body is stiff and firm. When the skin and eyes of a mackerel look dull, and its body is limp, its glory has departed, and it is worse than worthless. Moderate sized mackerel are to be preferred to those of a large size.

It has been said that the only perfect way of cooking mackerel is to broil it. Yet it is possible that hundreds of housewives in England have never tasted broiled mackerel. The commonest way of cooking the fish, and also the worst way, the method of treatment which makes it most insipid, is to boil it. Mackerel when boiled is less appetising, though more digestible, than when cooked in any other way. The state of the fire, however, is a most important thing in the broiling; unless the fire is clear and bright, successful broiling is out of the question. Yet when a dinner is to be dished it is not always possible to keep the fire quite clear. To prevent disappointment, therefore, I will give recipes both for broiled mackerel and baked mackerel. Both are more tasty than the fish would be if boiled:—

Broiled Mackerel.—Trim off the tail and fins of the fish, remove the gills and inside, and wipe the fish well without washing it, because water will make the skin blister. If there is blood about it, so that it must be washed, cleanse it quickly in salt and water and dry it well. Split it open so that the back-bone will be in the middle, season it with pepper and salt, and pour a little warm butter, bacon fat or salad oil all over it. Grease and make warm the bars of the gridiron, put the fish on it, the cut side first, turn it frequently, and baste it with a little more oil now and again. It must be turned carefully because the flesh breaks readily. A double gridiron is the best. The mackerel will probably need to cook for twelve or fifteen minutes; if the fire is fierce, and it is quickly broiled it will be spoiled. Just before taking it up sprinkle chopped parsley over it, lay it on a hot dish, and butter it well. As the butter should be well melted before the fish is served, it is well to put a hot dish over it as well as under it, and let it stand a minute or two. If instead of being broiled whole the fish can be filleted, so much the better. For this it must be split in half, have the back bone removed, and each side cut slantwise in three pieces. Before being broiled the pieces must be drawn through oiled butter. If sauce

is required for the fish, a very tasty one can be prepared as follows:—Melt an ounce of butter in a small stewpan, mix three quarters of an ounce of flour smoothly with it, and let it become brown. Add a cupful of cold water, stir till it boils, then stir in a tablespoonful of vinegar and a desertspoonful of bruised capers.

Baked Mackerel.—Carefully cleanse two mackerel, cut off their heads, remove the fins, split them open down the back, and if it has been necessary to wash them, dry them well, either by hanging them in the air, or by dabbing them with a cloth. Take out the backbone, grease a baking dish, and lay one fish in it skin downwards. Sprinkle upon it a savoury mixture of one desertspoonful of chopped parsley, a slice of onion the size of a thumbnail, finely chopped, a small teaspoonful of mixed herbs, a tablespoonful of fine bread-crumbs, and a little pepper and salt. Having distributed the mixture evenly over one fish lay the second fish prepared in the same way upon it, skin upwards, pour about two ounces of melted dripping over it, cover it with an inverted pie dish, and bake it for about half an hour, basting it occasionally. When done, slip a slice under the fish, lay them on a hot dish, garnish with cut lemon and parsley, and serve.

If, after all, housewives prefer to boil the mackerel they may at least cook it in flavoured stock instead of water. Let them have the fish filleted and divided into neat pieces, then laid carefully in warm stock with a carrot and a tiny piece of onion. When it has stewed gently till tender, make sauce of a portion of the stock, by flavouring it with lemon juice and a little mace, and thickening it with roux. Dish the fillets of mackerel in a circle, pour the sauce over them, and sprinkle chopped parsley over all.

Sour Mutton.—A pleasant change from the ordinary roast and boiled is obtained by cooking a leg of mutton according to the following recipe which came from Germany. Select a small plump leg of mutton, and put it into a pickling pan with half a pint of vinegar, a quarter of a pint of water, one good sized onion stuck with six cloves, a desertspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of peppercorns, and two bay leaves. Turn the meat, and rub the pickle into it every day, for ten days, bake in the usual way, and baste it well. During the last half hour of cooking, add a little of the pickling liquid to the basting, and baste frequently. When they are in the store closet, sour plums (a recipe for making which shall be given in two or three months when the plums are in season), or chutney, or pickled cranberries should be served with this dish.

New Potatoes with Parsley and Butter.—Early new potatoes are always welcomed, and they are sometimes sold in punnets at a high price, and then regarded as a luxury; yet they are nearly always a delusion. Oftener than not they are waxy and not nearly so wholesome as they ought to be, and experts tell us that many of the so-called early potatoes are not new, they are simply small old potatoes that have lain in the ground for some time without sprouting, been taken up when potatoes were planted, dried and kept in sand till spring. The way to test them is to scrape the skin with the nail. When potatoes are new the skin is quite tender, and comes off almost with a touch. By June, however, new potatoes are sure to be worth having; and if we wish to enjoy them in perfection we should see that they are dug out of the ground as short a time as possible before cooking. They will then need only to be washed and brushed; but if they have been dug up for awhile they will have to be scraped to make them clean.

Prepare the potatoes, and put them into boiling water with salt, and let them boil gently for a quarter of an hour, or till nearly tender; then drain them, cover them with a

cloth, and let them steam till done. If they are of a good colour and really young, it would be a pity to do anything with them but sprinkle chopped parsley over them, and serve them hot without cover. If they are dark and of the sort that “taste better than they look,” it will be advisable either to *sauter* them or to pour parsley-sauce over them. To make the sauce, wash a sprig or two of picked parsley in two waters, wring it dry, and shred it finely, but do not boil it before chopping it, as is so often done. Melt one ounce of butter in a small saucepan, mix half an ounce of flour smoothly with it, and add half a pint of cold water. Stir the sauce till it boils, and add the parsley last thing. Pour the sauce over the potatoes just before serving.

To *sauter* the new potatoes, wash and brush them and cut them into sections like the quarters of an orange. Only half boil them, drain them, let them dry; then put them into a pan with butter, pepper, and salt, and let them finish cooking over a gentle fire, shaking them occasionally; sprinkle salt over them and serve. An ounce of butter will be needed for one pound of potatoes.

Young Carrots Stewed.—Take a dozen or more young carrots, about the shape and size of a walnut. Wash and brush them well, and, if necessary, lightly scrape them, and trim them to make them all alike. Put them into boiling salted water, and let them boil for about half an hour, then drain them, and put them to stew with stock to cover them, three lumps of sugar and a good slice of butter. Let them boil gently for half an hour, then take them up; boil the stock quickly till it is reduced and begins to thicken. Roll the carrots in the glaze to coat them, and pile them in a tureen. Pour round them a cupful of brown sauce flavoured with lemon-juice.

Peas Cooked in the French Way.—When peas come into the market housewives always rejoice, because, however much we may ill-treat other vegetable treasures, everyone likes green peas, and it is so easy to boil them that they are generally well cooked. There are people, however, who appreciate peas so highly that they declare it to be a shame to serve them with meat because they are worthy to constitute a course by themselves. The French are of this opinion. When they can get garden peas freshly gathered, they cook them carefully, and convert them into a dish so dainty that the authority already mentioned, Grimod de la Reynière, declared peas cooked in the French way to be delectable, and superior to all dishes of summer vegetables.

Now this being the case, would it not be well, while peas are still a novelty amongst us, for English housewives to make an experiment, cook them in the French way, and serve them by themselves as a substitute for game after meat? There is no doubt that people eat too much meat in these days. In summer time, especially, we might with advantage make more use of vegetables than we do, and so benefit both in health and pocket. To cook peas which are to be served as a separate course take, say, a pint of young peas, fine and freshly gathered. Shell them just before cooking them, or, if they must be shelled earlier, cover them with a damp cloth till wanted. They lose their flavour when they are exposed to the air. Take also a fine lettuce. Strip off the outside leaves and cut it down the centre; put within it either a sprig of thyme or a sprig of mint, and tie together again. The herbs may be omitted if their flavour is not liked, and they are not always used; but the lettuce should be cut down and tied together again, because it yields more moisture when cut, and it would fall too much if left open. Some cooks put five or six spring onions into the pan as well as the lettuce, but the addition is a matter of taste. Put the

lettuce into a saucepan with two ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, and about two tablespoonfuls of water to a pint of peas; the lettuce and the peas will themselves yield a good deal of moisture. If the peas are not very young, a teaspoonful of sugar will be an improvement. Cook over a slow fire for about twenty minutes; then take out the lettuce, etc., and simmer the peas gently till they are done and the broth is almost all absorbed. Lift the saucepan from the fire and put with the peas either half an ounce of butter mixed smoothly with a teaspoonful of flour, or the yolk of an egg and a little butter, or a tablespoonful of cream and a little butter, and shake the pan

A SLOW POISON.

A physician said one day to Fontenelle, the French poet, "Coffee is a slow poison."
"Yes, very slow," answered the aged author, smiling, "for I have taken it every day for more than four-score years."

till the sauce is well mixed with the peas. Do not, however, let the peas boil again after they are sauced.

Very frequently fully grown and indeed somewhat old peas are cooked in this way in order to hide their inferiority. It will be understood, however, that the time required for cooking varies with the quality of the vegetable. When done the peas ought to be nicely cooked and coated with sauce.

Tapioca and Strawberry Pudding.—A few months ago the recipe for this pudding was given in an article on strawberries. It is, however, so delicious that it would be a pity for it to be forgotten now when small fresh fruits are with us. It can be made either of soaked sago or soaked tapioca boiled till clear, in a double saucepan, with the water in which it was soaked. When done, a little salt, lemon juice, and plenty of white sugar should be added, and a mixture of raspberries or strawberries stirred in off the fire. It should be served in a glass dish and eaten with cream.

Cheese Croustades.—A very pleasant change in the ordinary cheese course may be made by providing one of the many varieties of fancy preparations of cheese that are available. The following is particularly easy because, as the dainty morsels do not need to bake more than about ten minutes, they can be put into the oven when the pudding is sent to table and will be just ready when wanted.

Line some small moulds with good pastry rolled very thin; grate two ounces of parmesan, and mix with it an ounce of warmed butter. Add salt and cayenne, and the yolks of two eggs whisked till firm; if the eggs are small three yolks will be required to the white of one large egg. The white of egg must be put in last thing. Half fill the pastry cases with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven till the cheese mixture is set and the pastry slightly coloured. Sprinkle grated parmesan and chopped parsley upon each and serve, and dish the croustades on a folded napkin.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

OR,

LOCAL NAMES FOR FAMILIAR FLOWERS.

By DARLEY DALE.

"WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers, to paint the laughing soil,
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil,
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood—
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its Maker good.

The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer fade,
The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The wind be lulled, the sun and moon forget their old decree,
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee."

"Call a rose by any other name and it will smell as sweet," says the proverb, and acting on this principle our country folks have found a familiar name for almost all our English wild-flowers. Some of these names are common to most parts of England, some prevail only in certain counties, some are purely local, some denote one species in one county and a totally different plant in another part, and some are evidently mere mistakes.

For instance, the wild arum is known all over England as lords-and-ladies, though, as we shall presently see, it rejoices in several other pseudonyms also. The laburnum is known in Gloucestershire, and several other counties, as golden-chain; in Warwickshire and Sussex as golden-rain—a translation of its German name of *Goldregen*; Whitsuntide-bosses for the Guelder rose is, we believe, peculiar to Gloucestershire; while kingcup in some places (Hampshire for one) means the wild marsh marigold, in others the lesser celandine, in others the bulbous crowfoot or early spring buttercups—the "gold-eyed kingcups fine" of the poet.

Some of these familiar names are very quaint, as, for example, "alleluia" for the wood sorrel, and "God's cups and saucers," the Warwickshire name for the little blue Germander speedwell (*Veronica chamædryis*), generally known as "bird's-eye," though why birds should be credited with such intensely blue eyes we know not, unless it be because the old French rhyme declares

"Les yeux bleus vont aux cieus," and birds certainly go nearer to the heavens than ordinary mortals. The veronica is also known as Paul's betony. Many of these names are poetical, as "traveller's joy" for the wild clematis; and the child who first called the great ox-eye the "moon daisy," by which name it goes in many of the Midland counties, must have had a vein of poetry in its composition to liken the ordinary daisies to the stars, and the great ox-eye to the moon. Some, on the contrary, lean towards the comic, as "granny's nightcap," the Buckinghamshire name for the white campion, or "white Bobby's eyes" for the same flower in Hampshire, "Adam and Eve" for the wild arum in Kent, "hobble-gobbles" for the marsh marigold in Buckinghamshire.

The cuckoo has lent its name to a large number, but greedy and usurping as the herald of spring is, he hardly requires the extensive wardrobe the wild flowers supply him with. In Shropshire the dog-violet provides him with shoes, for its local name there is the "cuckoo's shoe"; the same county also provides him with a cap; there the "cuckoo caps" are the flowers of the *Aconitum napellus*, or common monkshood; in Sussex the birdsfoot trefoil supplies him with stockings, the "cuckoo's stockings" being one of the numerous names of this flower; and in Shropshire again he finds his boots, for there the true blue-bell or wild hyacinth is known as the "cuckoo's boots." The pretty little wood sorrel goes by

the name of "cuckoo's meat" in Gloucestershire, and the "cuckoo's bread and cheese" in Buckinghamshire, and a similar name, the "cuckoo's bread and cheese tree," is given to the hawthorn in some parts of the country; while the wild arum is frequently known as the "cuckoo pint," and the "cuckoo flower" is the common name for the bitter-cress (*Cardamine pratensis*).

Several of the wild flowers have for some strange reason been dedicated to that gentleman who is generally considered unmentionable in polite society, and who certainly does not deserve to give his name to such a pretty, graceful flower as the stellaria, which is known in Shropshire as the "devil's eyes," and in other places as "devil's corn"; the same county has given the corn crowfoot, with its deeply-cut leaves and prickly carpels, the pseudonym of the "devil's currycomb"; the *Premorse scabious* is commonly known as the "devil's bit," a name given it on account of its odd-shaped root, which appears to have been bitten off abruptly, and our ancestors thought by the devil out of envy, as it might otherwise have been useful to man; in Sussex the wild arum is called the "devil's men and women," but it also goes by the name of "cows and calves" in that part of the world; and the "naughty man's plaything" is an universal name for the stinging nettle.

Perhaps with more reason many of the wild flowers have been dedicated to the gentler sex; so we find the pretty yellow birdsfoot trefoil called very generally "ladies' fingers" or "ladies' slipper"; the "cuckoo flower" is quite as frequently known as "ladies' smock"; the quaint one-sided little orchis (*Neottia spiralis*) is commonly called "ladies' trcses"; while "lady orchis" is the English name for the *Orchis fusca* of the botanist. We have three species of the *alchemilla* or "ladies' mantle"; the root of the black briony is some-

times called "lady's seat," and the common "goose grass" is oftener known as "lady's bedstraw"; but in truth most of these flowers received their names before the Reformation, and are corruptions of "Our Lady's Seat," etc., the Lady meant being the Blessed Virgin.

No wild flower rejoices in more names than the *Lotus corniculatus*, or birdsfoot trefoil: it is known as "lamb's toes," "ladies' fingers," "shoes and stockings," "pattens and clogs," and "fingers and thumbs," in various parts of England; in Sussex it is called "milkmaids" and "cuckoo's stockings"; in Buckinghamshire "pettitoes," and very generally "ladies' slipper."

The wild clematis is another flower with as many names as a prince or princess; besides its charming title of "traveller's joy" given it by old Gerard, who loved to see it "decking up the waies," it is known in autumn and winter, when the spray-like flowers have gone to seed in feathery tufts, as "old man's beard"; in Hampshire it has the somewhat silly name of "boy's bacca"; in Gloucestershire it is called "honesty," and also "withy-wind," a name given to it in other parts of England; more rarely it is known as "virgin's bower," from its trailing habits and manner of growth.

A variety of names seems to be a mark of popularity among the wild flowers, though this is a rule to which there are exceptions, notably the primrose and cowslip, both favourite flowers, but which so far as we know have no other name. The pansy, a general favourite, has a long string, besides its common name of "heartsease"; in Hampshire it is called "love in idleness"; in Buckinghamshire "kiss me" or "jump up and kiss me"; in other places "love in vain," and occasionally it is known by the quaint long title of "three faces under a hood"; and in the Midland counties as "pink of my John," while an old-fashioned name for it was "herb trinity."

The dear little wild geranium, whose pink blossoms and delicate, deeply-cut, lobed leaves gladden our eyes the whole summer and autumn, lingering on till December in mild seasons, has several names; it is generally known as "herb Robert," often as "poor Robin"; in Hampshire as "cats' eyes," and occasionally as "dragon's blood."

The wild marsh marigolds, shining like fire, in swamps and hollows grey, with their soft glossy green leaves, their great golden-cupped flowers and succulent stems, have a variety of names, of which "kingcups" and "golden-cups" are perhaps the prettiest and most general. In Wiltshire they are called "May bubbles"; in Northamptonshire "water blobs"; in Warwickshire "mare blobs"; in some places "water bubbles," and in Buckinghamshire "hobble-gobbles," while Shakespeare called them "Mary-buds."

The pretty little ivy-leaved toadflax, with its small lilac flowers and fleshy purplish leaves, which creeps over old walls, is known in Devonshire and Cornwall as "mother of millions" or "mother of thousands," in Sussex as the "creeping sailor," and in Hampshire as the "travelling sailor."

The pretty wild spirea, with its foam-like clusters of white almond-scented blossoms, which shakes its graceful heads among the

purple looestrife and the golden stars of the common ragwort by the water-side, is justly called in Shropshire the "king of the meadow," though "meadow-sweet" is a more usual and quite as appropriate a title; in Sussex it is known as "sweet hay."

The common hoary plantain evidently owes its names to boys, with whom doubtless originated the game of knocking off the spiky heads by striking one flower stem sharply against the other, and then giving the plant its common name of "soldiers"; in Devonshire this is modified to "conquerors"; in Hampshire to "knockheads"; in Shropshire to "fighting cocks" and "black jacks," and in Kent the plant is known as "jack-straws"; while the names of "ladies' gloves," "ladies' fingers," and "thimble flowers" for the tall handsome magenta-bells of the foxglove are as evidently of feminine origin. In Ireland "fairy gloves" and "fairy thimbles" are its local names, while the common English name of foxglove is a corruption of "folk's glove."

Occasionally these familiar names are somewhat too realistic to be altogether pleasing, as for instance "headache" for the beautiful scarlet poppy, a Sussex title; and the "red weed" of Hampshire for the same flower is almost as bad; while "smell foxes" for the favourite wood anemone, common in Hampshire, is nothing short of a libel, since that frail plant has none of the odour which makes Reynard so objectionable an animal; and "Dead man's hands" (Hants) and "dead man's fingers" (Bucks) are decidedly very unpleasant ideas to associate with the early purple orchis, though the odour of these flowers is very strong, and in the evening offensive.

Why the little white capsella, known as the "shepherd's purse" all over England, should be insulted by the name of "pickpocket" in Buckinghamshire we can't say, nor does there seem to be much meaning in the Devonshire name of "lamb in a pulpit" for the wild arum; and "eggs and bacon" for the wild antirrhinum is somewhat far-fetched, and more suggestive of the breakfast table than the crumbling walls and waste places on which the plant, with its pale yellow blossoms spotted with orange, grows. There is much more reason in the Norfolk name of "snowballs" for the white clusters of the guelder rose, and of "lambs' tails" for the catkins which droop so gracefully from the twigs of the hazel bushes as soon as the snow has melted in early spring.

The common cleaver, *Galium aparine*, is generally known as "goose grass," but very often as "catch weed" or "scratch weed," from the way in which its long rough straggling stems with their whorls of bright green bristly leaves catch on passers-by. In the North of England this plant goes by the name of "hair rough" or "harriff," and in some places it is called "tongue bleed" or "Robin run in the hedge"; it owes its name of "goose grass" to the supposed liking of geese for its leaves. First cousin to the common cleaver is the "lady's bedstraw" (*Galium verum*), used in Ireland by the peasant girls as a rosary, each minute whorl of dark green leaves serving as a bead; the name "bedstraw" is a corruption

of "bead-straw," and may also be due to the fact that bead-like excrescences are found on the stem.

The whortleberry is known indiscriminately as the "bilberry" and "whinberry," and in the West of England the black berries which succeed the pretty pink blossoms are called "whorts," while in Kent they are known as "hurts." *Apropos* of berries, there is a strange custom in Hampshire of calling the berryless holly "holm."

The elegant wood anemone, with its frail white blossoms often deeply tinged with mauve on the under surface, is often called the "wind flower" in England as well as in France, where its common name is *l'herbe au vent*; in Warwickshire and other counties it is known as "Moll of the woods."

The brilliant yellow blossoms of the St. John's wort family (*Hypericum*) have always been favourites in midsummer, when they are in full bloom. These flowers are known by the names of "Aaron's beard" very commonly, "Jerusalem star" in Shropshire, and formerly the perforated species was called "balm for the warrior's wound," on account of its healing properties.

The large white convolvulus—which, in spite of its handsome white bell-shaped flowers and heart-shaped leaves, is a pestilent weed in the fruit garden, where it has a great liking for currant and gooseberry bushes—is called in Shropshire "old man's nightcap"; in Yorkshire "bearbine" or "lily-bine"; its common English name is the "great bind weed," and in some counties it is known as "withy wind," though, as we have seen, this title is much more frequently given to the wild clematis. And this leads us to the conclusion that many of these local names, which are so variously applied in different parts of the country, are the result of mistaken identity, and are often neither more nor less than errors which have been handed on from generation to generation.

An odd custom has arisen of applying the word "horse" to some larger kinds of flowers; for instance, the large ox-eye daisy is known in Hampshire and other parts of the country as the "horse daisy"; the plume thistle (*Cnicus arvensis*), which is two or three feet high, is called the "horse thistle"; that strong smelling mint (*Mentha sylvestris*) with its spikes of pale lilac flowers growing in whorls is called "horse mint"; there is also a grass (*Equisetum*) with leaves growing in whorls, and bearing cones on the top of the stems, called "horsetail grass"; and the elecampane, with its large yellow flowers, is known as "horse heal," not so much on account of its size—though the flower is almost as big as a dwarf sunflower—but because of its medicinal properties. The "horse radish" probably owed its name to its strong astringent nature.

In fact, there generally seems to be some connection between the name and the flower, though in many cases it requires the strong imagination of childhood to trace it; and on the other hand there is often a great deal in the name which shows, in some cases at least, a quick imagination, a gleam of humour, a vein of poetry, and that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."



THE APRONS OF TO-DAY.



THE aprons of ten years ago have been greatly changed by a process of embellishment and glorification, and are no longer the same things that they used to be. Those used for special purposes—such as the apron or “overall” of the artist—have been improved and bettered; and even the parlour-maid’s has felt the influence, and has become a handsome and even artistic badge of her employment in domestic service; and, like the cap she wears, the fashions of bygone days have been borrowed from, and the cap and apron of the Puritan, the Huguenot, and the days of early Protestantism, have been adapted to modern household uses. We have followed the same tendency in our clothes; and the Tudor Period is revived in our capes, high sleeves, and high collars, and Venice and old Padua jostle old London at every street corner of the “Modern Babylon.”

The newest shape seems to have a Swiss, or peasant’s belt, added to it, and in some of them this is quite wide at the sides, as well as in front at the points, which may be below only, or both above and below the waist-line. In one of our prettiest examples, *i.e.*, one of silk and lace, the apron is edged with wide lace, and the pointed band is edged too, in imitation of the fashionable manner of trimming bodices.

Another lace-trimmed apron is much draped, having a double box-pleat in front under a pleated point, and the sides are draped to the back, where they are finished with a bow of ribbon and long ends. The draping of the sides in folds is quite like a pannier in style, and makes the apron very graceful. The material may be of silk or zephyr, cambric, soft surah, or pongee silk, or, for harder and rougher wear, of brown holland, sateen, or red Turkey-twill. At the side, the lace is put on in what the French modistes call *flots*, or waterfalls; and the front and back of the bodice portion may be made exactly in the same manner with a folded piece of the material, the top and shoulder-braces being ornamented with lace. If preferred, this may terminate at the shoulder tips, the back being only *bretelles* of ribbon.

Another lace-trimmed apron is of one of the new floral silks, which may be copied in delaine or flowered sateen. The skirt part of the apron is plain, and a little longer than square. The lace is turned up at the bottom upon the apron.



The bib portion is a very simple arrangement of ribbon-velvet edged with lace, passing round the neck, and, crossing in the front, ending on each hip. A bow of ribbon finishes the back.

Another "work apron," as it may be called, is of spotted material edged with lace, and has a wide pocket across the front, which is intended to hold whatsoever work the wearer may be engaged upon. A double gathering, with a heading, finishes the pocket, and a rosette at the side of the waist. The bib in front consists of a three-cornered piece of the material, fastened on each shoulder and ornamented there by a rosette similar to that at the waist.

After the lace-trimmed aprons come those in black silk or sateen, embroidered in black or colours, and more or less ornamented at the edges with battlemented spaces or with *passementerie* and bows of ribbon in various places.

The aprons in which Dame Fashion really has taken a stride in advance are, as I said at first, the large ones adapted for useful purposes. And these become more and more needful every day, as our women and girls take to gardening in all its forms, cooking, photography, type-writing, painting, or any other of the modern methods of earning a living. For games, such as lawn-tennis, the fashion of wearing aprons seems to have gone out in favour of wearing flannels made on purpose for such games; and a very sensible change it is when one thinks of the over-heating insepar-

able from the great exertion of tennis; and this of itself makes "flannels" (by which a girl means the entire frock; as a man means the suit in which he plays cricket) necessary. They are infinitely more becoming than any apron when a pretty and not too "loud" flannel is chosen (if one may be excused for the term), and when the suit itself is well-made and well-fitted, so far as it can be; and it seems better to have a proper costume than an apron only.

We find numbers of the really useful apron of coloured zephyr, holland, or cotton more or less large, edged with braid, with white embroidery, with fine braiding, or with white cotton *passementerie*. They generally have bibs; and whatever is the fashion, they never disappear, for they are too useful and needful to many industrious people, who wear an apron for its use, and like it to be as pretty and becoming as may be consistently with its usefulness.

Amongst aprons that are distinguished for beauty at the present day may be mentioned those called "Russian," and decorated with Russian cross-stitch designs and the pretty white Russian laces with coloured patterns. The material is a kind of coarse *écru* linen, or crash-towelling. The apron is generally of a long square shape, with a plain or pointed band, and edged at the bottom with lace of red or blue designs to match, which we find a pattern in Russian cross-stitch, worked in red and blue cotton above the lace, while

over this comes a row of lace insertion similar to that at the edge of the apron. The design in cross-stitch can often be had ready traced at the shops in London where Russian lace and embroideries are sold. But it is not difficult to do without the tracing, by adopting the Russian method of *laying a strip of canvas* (not Penelope) over the place where the work is to be done, and tacking it down quite evenly. The canvas must be of the old-fashioned kind, with even threads, without the stitches defined. Then the design selected is executed on this; and after the work is finished, the threads are drawn one by one, and the work appears intact and even. The usual size for one of these aprons is twenty-eight inches long by twenty-six wide.

From America comes to me a lovely apron, the origin of which I can plainly trace to early days of colonial governors in the American colonies, or perhaps "plantations," as they were often called when further south. In England they may be seen sometimes in pictures of the reign of Charles II. and even of Queen Anne; but the material of which they were then made was lace of the finest and rarest kind, and cambric or linen-lawn, which hailed perhaps from Flanders or the Low Countries. Those were the days when the apron was a part of the attire of the greatest ladies, and covered silk or satin, and even added a quaint grace of their very own to them. It was a fit emblem of those days, too, when every lady of high degree





FROM AMERICA.

shared in the work of her household, made cakes with her own hands, prided herself on her confections, and cherished many a recipe of ancient lineage, preserving them a dead secret even from her own daughters.

The American representative of to-day is not made of such lordly materials, but it is charmingly pretty for all that. It has an old-world air likewise about it, and a breath of quaintness and dainty antiquity. The material is a fine linen-cambric, and the ornamentation is of crochet, so fine and web-like that it must have taken ages to work it; and it will outlast and outlive, in its delicate strength, the industrious hands that wove its slender threads. The patterns of the crochet lace and insertion, much enlarged, are given here, and a sketch of the apron. The crochet thread used, and also the needle, are the finest possible, and the depth of the insertion and of the lace are the same—perhaps four or five inches each. These aprons are worn in the afternoons at tea, I hear, and they are much admired, and valued for their old-time appearance and quaint grace.

FIG. 1.—This pattern is worked on the back thread of the stitch.

Make a chain of 41 stitches; turn back.

1st Row—Work 6 long stitches, beginning on the sixth chain stitch. * 5 chain, miss 5; 1 long in the sixth chain; repeat from * 4 times.

2nd Row—5 chain; 1 single crochet in centre of space made by five chain; 1 long on

long stitch, * 3 chain; 1 single crochet into next space; 1 long on next long; repeat from * 3 times. 6 long on six long of last row; 2 chain, miss 2, 1 long into the third chain stitch.

3rd Row—the same as first row; but at the end make 11 chain; turn.

4th Row—1 long in the eighth stitch of 11 chain; 3 chain; 1 long in the last long of former row.

Work now according to the illustration, increasing every other row, as explained in the 4th row, until the 9th row, at the end of which only make 5 chain instead of 11; 1 long stitch on former row. After this, decrease every other row until the scallop is completed.

The picot edge is formed of 4 chain: 1 double in space, 2 picots in the first space, 1 double crochet in second space, 2 picots in third, 1 double in fourth space, 3 picots in fifth space, 1 double in sixth space, 1 double crochet in seventh space, 3 picots in eighth space, 1 double in ninth space, 1 double in tenth space, 3 picots in eleventh space, 1 double in twelfth space, 3 picots in thirteenth space, which is the centre of scallop.

FIG. 2.—CROCHET INSERTION—The insertion to match the above is worked exactly in same manner, and is commenced with sixty chain stitches.

The newest departure in the way of a useful apron is that called the "New Academy," invented and designed by a well-known firm in town for artists, literary ladies, or domestic purposes. It is really an overall with sleeves, and a yoked bodice, covering the dress entirely in the front, and making the wearer look immensely business-like. It is made in silk, zephyr, and holland, and would not only save a good gown, but would confer a still greater favour by completely covering up an extremely ancient one, and thus turning a shabby person into a smart and charmingly arrayed gentlewoman.

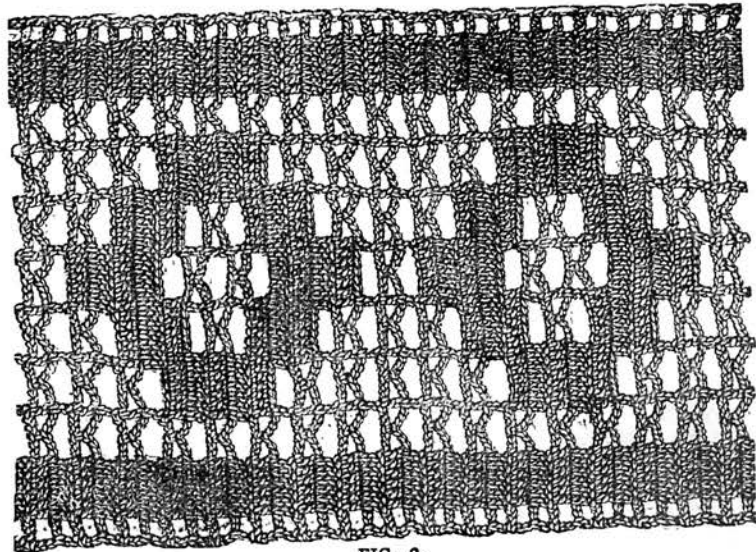


FIG. 2.

USEFUL HINTS.

COCOANUT CAKE.—Two eggs, their weight in flour, sugar and butter; beat the butter to a cream with the sugar, and add flour gradually and the eggs well-beaten, a few drops of cochineal, a teaspoonful of vanilla, and four candied greengages chopped into small pieces, two ounces of cocoanut; mix and add the last thing a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Put into a flat, round, or oblong tin that has been buttered and had some cocoanut and castor sugar sifted over it; bake in a rather hot oven for half an hour. When done, turn out and cut in bars; cut these across, either in squares or diamonds.

FUN PUDDING.—Fill a large pie-dish three parts full with apples, sliced very thinly; sprinkle sugar over, and put a layer of apricot jam. Take a stew-pan and put into it one pint of milk; put on the fire and let it boil. Meantime mix two tablespoonfuls of arrow-root and a little sugar with as small a quantity of cold milk as possible; stir into the boiling milk. When it is thick, pour over the apples, and bake in a moderate oven till done.

CLARIFIED FAT.—This, when nicely prepared, may be used for almost anything, and

is particularly good for all frying purposes instead of lard or butter. Cut into pieces any quantity required of fat, either of beef or mutton. Place these in a saucepan, and cover with cold water; stir all until the water boils. When boiling, skim the surface well, and afterwards allow the preparation to boil very rapidly until the water has all been discharged in vapour. If any water remains, the liquid retains its white colour, but if no water remains, the fluid takes the colour of salad-oil. When free from water, the fat should be strained, and is ready for any use to which it is to be put.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

AS TO "GOING TO EUROPE."—This is the season of the year when rich Americans swarm to Europe, some merely for a month or two, others to begin a round of travel to last very much longer. With many young girls a visit abroad is the dream of their life. "Oh! I'll never marry anybody," we once heard a pretty creature say, "unless he can take me to Europe."

In one sense this desire is not only unobjectionable, but really praiseworthy. When the wish to go to Europe is to study, or even see, the historical localities, the great cathedrals, the picture-galleries, and all the other things about which one has read, it is a wish to be respected. Travel, carried on with such a purpose, is itself a "liberal education." Nothing, as the Indians say, "opens the eyes" so much. Nothing enlarges the intelligence more, or banishes narrow, illiberal views. An impartial traveler soon finds that, after all, a Frenchman is more like a man than he is like a Frenchman; and that the same is true, as well, of other nationalities: German, Italian, Danish, even Russian; that we are, literally, all "brothers of one blood." "Going abroad," to such persons, is really a benefit, therefore.

But to those who go to Europe, as so many thousands do, in hopes "to touch elbows" with the nobility, it is a different affair altogether. The Old World is full of rich Americans, whose only aim in life—and a miserable one it is—seems to be to make the acquaintance of titled families. There are hundreds of American girls, now abroad, whose dearest ambition is to marry "a lord." All this is disgraceful. It is "snobbishness" of the worst kind. A true American, man or woman, is proud of his or her country, not ashamed of it. A true American thinks "a man's a man for a' that," and that rank, after all, is "but the guinea-stamp." At best, a title is only the reward given to some ancestor, generations ago, for some service done to the State; it is not the reward won by the personal merits of the present earl, count, baron, etc.; and therefore he ought not to be worshiped for it. Generally, however, the title has been bought by borough-mongering, either in the past or present age, or has been conferred on the base-born descendant of some worthless monarch, like Charles the Second. Four-fifths, even of the English nobility, represent, in no respect, honor or nobleness, even in the past.

No! To be a citizen of this great and growing country—this land, where, above all others, men are freest, and have the best chance of development—is really a higher distinction than to be the descendant of some robber-knight of the Middle Ages, some Norman "filibuster" of the days of the Conqueror. American girls who go to Europe, and there practically deny their country, by their worship of rank, are no true daughters of America. Perhaps the best thing for America, after all, is that such girls should marry abroad: at least that they should never return; for this land, where all are "free and equal," is not the place for them.



CHARCOAL: ITS INFLUENCE ON PLANTS.—Pure charcoal acts in an extraordinary manner on unhealthy plants. An orange-tree which had the disease of its leaves turning yellow, acquired within a month a perfectly healthy green color when the upper surface of the earth was removed from the part in which the tree grew, and a ring of fine charcoal, an inch in thickness, was put in place of the earth. The same plan succeeded with a gardenia. A cactus was planted in a mixture of charcoal and earth, and it attained to double its size in a few weeks. It has been found that when charcoal was used instead of sand, the vegetation was always stronger and more vigorous. When the experiments were made with charcoal only, without a mixture of soil, the best results were obtained. The experiments were tried upon more than forty species, including hollies. Leaves and pieces of leaves took root, and in fact budded, in pure charcoal; so also did leaves of the Begonia, the Euphorbia, the Oxalis, Indian-rubber (Ficus), Cyclamens, Polyanthus, Mesembryanthemums, and others; also pieces of the American aloe, and the tufts or crowns of pine-apples. The charcoal employed in these experiments is the dust-like powder of charcoal; or it can be pounded into small dust very readily. The plants treated with it require water, or the roots would dry. The explanation given of this marvel is that the charcoal undergoes decomposition after four or five years, and thus carbonic acid is produced, the principal substance necessary for plants.

WHAT ARE WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES?—A fair subscriber asks us if there are any wedding anniversaries to be observed except the silver and golden ones. We reply that we believe there are the following:

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| First, | Paper Wedding. |
| Second, | Straw Wedding. |
| Third, | Candy Wedding. |
| Fourth, | Leather Wedding. |
| Fifth, | Wooden Wedding. |
| Tenth, | Tin Wedding. |
| Twelfth, | Linen Wedding. |
| Fifteenth, | Crystal Wedding. |
| Twentieth, | Floral Wedding. |
| Twenty-fifth, | Silver Wedding. |
| Thirtieth, | Pearl Wedding. |
| Thirty-fifth, | China Wedding. |
| Fortieth, | Coral Wedding. |
| Fiftieth, | Gold Wedding. |
| Seventy-fifth, | Diamond Wedding. |

Of course the celebration of none of these is obligatory; it is altogether a matter of taste. Most persons, we fancy, will be content with observing their silver and golden weddings.

IRON-RUST MAY BE REMOVED from delicate garments, upon which you dare not try oxalic acid, by mixing the juice of a lemon with some salt; put this over the rusted spots, and then hold over the spout of a steaming tea-kettle. This is almost always effectual.

WHEN GETTING UP CLUBS, do not be deceived by big-sounding promises. Every year, trashy magazines come out with grand promises, but after a few months die, cheating their subscribers, or else fizzle on, third-rate in every respect, and so deceiving in another way.

Odds and Ends.

THE first woman in England to have a statue erected to her, besides the Queen and other female sovereigns, was "Sister Dora," as Miss Patteson was called at Walsall where she was a district nurse. For many years she worked with the most unselfish zeal amongst the poorest of the poor, and at her premature death her grateful townspeople erected a portrait statue to her memory. In the United States the first statue to a woman was raised to Margaret Haughery who began life as a milk-seller in New Orleans. Ultimately she became a baker and, amassing a considerable fortune devoted it almost entirely to the alleviation of the miseries of the poor, and was known amongst them as "The Orphan's Friend." Margaret Haughery could neither read nor write.

WOMEN are actively turning their energies to many new occupations in the Colonies. In Australia some ladies have taken farm lands and are working them themselves, others are market-gardening very successfully; whilst others again are instituting silk-worm raising and silk-growing. So popular has the last occupation become, that a year or two ago a deputation of ladies waited on the New South Wales Minister of Mines and Agriculture in order to bring the importance of the subject to his notice, and to ask that a well-known silk-grower should be appointed to the management of a farm in order that he might train young women in all the essentials of the silk industry. Further steps in this direction have lately been taken by the formation of a company in Sydney to promote the co-operative settlement of women for silk culture. In addition to the raising of silk-worms, flower-growing, scent-making and bee-farming are also promoted by the company. The Victorian government encourages the growth of scent-plants, possessing a scent farm of its own where training may be had. It is said that three or four acres of ground are quite sufficient to start upon, and that the returns come in quickly.

THE young Queen of Holland leads a life of clockwork regularity. At seven o'clock she rises, breakfasts at eight, her lessons beginning at nine o'clock. At half-past eleven she goes out for a drive, and no matter what the season of the year may be or the state of the weather, it is always in an open carriage. At half-past four there is tea in the English fashion, and from then until dinner-time, Her Majesty is allowed to amuse herself as she pleases, usually wandering about the Palace gardens, riding her ponies or playing with her dolls. At half-past six she dines, and at ten o'clock is in bed, this and the hour for rising never changing unless she is unwell.

WHEN William Caxton set up his printing press in Westminster and showed his manner of printing to Edward the Fourth, he little thought that his first edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* would one day be sold for twenty times its weight in gold. There are now only two perfect copies of this work, which was originally published in 1478, in existence, and at a recent sale one of them was sold for £1880.

"A WOMAN'S glory is herself. If she is wise, she is wise for herself. It is just as great for her to do a great thing herself as it is to have her husband or son do it, and husband and son are all the more likely to be great for her grandeur."—*Grail Hamilton*.

SUPERSTITION still lingers in places quite close to the centres of civilisation. The inhabitants of Long Island, and of the places on the American Atlantic sea-board still believe that a dying life goes out with each tide, and think it brings bad luck if a shovel is carried into a house or an umbrella is opened within doors. And within less than one hundred miles of New York, an American newspaper declares, that there are many farmers who will not kill their pigs during a waning moon for fear the pork will shrink during the process of cooking, and that many of these same farmers refuse to plant potatoes during certain phases of the moon.

"THINK truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed."—*Bonar*.

THE ladies of the English royal family wear wedding-rings of medium breadth and thickness, and following the sensible German custom, their husbands also wear wedding-rings.

AMONGST the plate belonging to the Crown of England is a peacock made of precious stones which came from India; it is valued at £35,000. There is also a tiger's head, with a solid ingot of gold for its tongue, and with crystal teeth, as well as a gold shield, valued at £10,000, which was made from a large number of snuff-boxes by order of George IV.

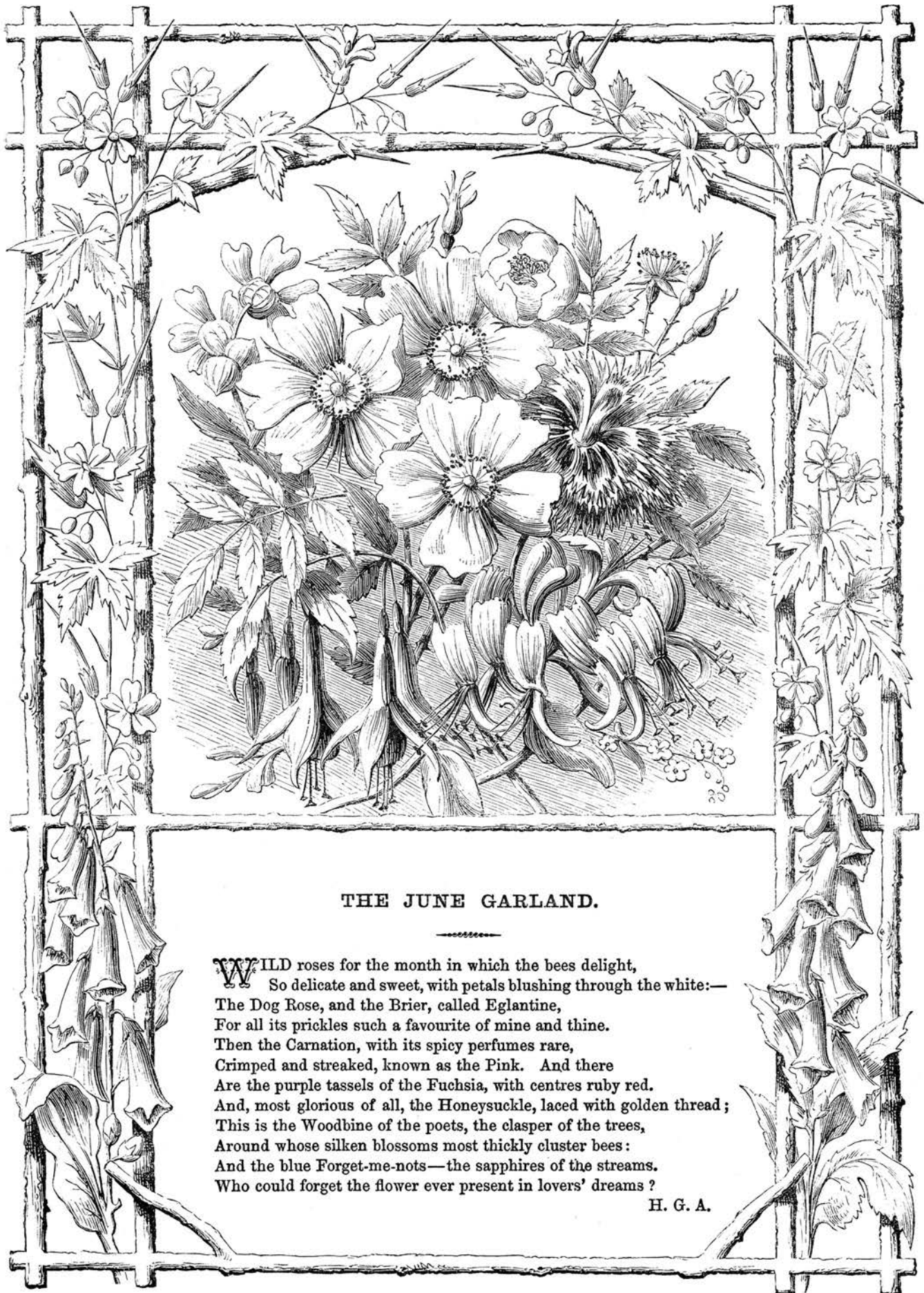
THE mistakes that occur in newspapers are frequently amusing. Here are several to be added to those which were recently quoted in this page. A celebrated singer was thrown out of his carriage whilst driving, and a morning paper, after describing the accident, added, "We are happy to say that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces." This advertisement from a North London paper is a delightful misprint. Wanted a respectable girl, age eighty-five, to take care of one baby." And this mixture of a report of the presentation to a minister, and of the chase of a mad dog, caused much amusement at the time of its appearance—"So the congregation presented their beloved pastor with a well-filled purse, who, after thanking them, made a turn down South Main Street as far as Planet, then up Planet to Benefit Street, where he was caught by some boys, who tied a tin pan to his tail. Again he went up Benefit Street and down College, at the foot of which he was shot by a policeman."

MANY curious remedies have been recommended for the cure of rheumatism, but none more curious than a vest made of snake's skin. Not long ago a tramp was arrested in one of the streets of Paris, and was found to be wearing a closely-fitting jersey made of the skins of snakes, cleverly woven together, and he claimed that this odd garment was a splendid cure for rheumatism and other diseases that attack the bones. He said that he had been in the army, and whilst serving in Tonkin, had contracted rheumatism by sleeping upon the bare ground. A native made him the snake's skin jersey, and ever since that time he had slept upon the dampest ground with impunity!

THE manuscript of the gospels recently found at Caesarea will, it is said, probably be the finest specimen of illuminated MSS. in existence. A Russian expert together with Dr. A. Long has made an elaborate examination of this precious document and declares that without a doubt it is the long-lost manuscript known as Code X N, from which the leaves now at Patmos, Vienna, in the British Museum, and at the Vatican, were abstracted many centuries ago. The dark reddish purple of the leaves is identically the same, the silver lettering throughout—except the sacred names which are written in gold—are of the same period, between A.D. 550 and 600. One convincing proof is that the Patmos and the other pages mentioned above are missing from the manuscript found at Caesarea, and not only does the first of the Patmos pages begin with the latter half of a word with which one of the pages of the MSS. ends, but the last of the Patmos pages finishes with half a word, which is completed on the next page of the remarkable treasure-trove.

THE golden rose which the Pope gives every year to a royal lady, distinguished for loyalty both to the Pope and to the Church of Rome, is made of pure gold, and is valued at £2000. There is a golden rose in the centre into which the Pope pours balsam, this being surrounded with smaller rosebuds and leaves all of the purest gold, and chiselled with exquisite workmanship. The whole stands in a golden pot, on the side of which are the Pope's arms and an inscription. The rose is blessed each year on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and is immediately afterwards sent to the royal lady who has been chosen as its recipient for the ecclesiastical year. Two members of the Court of the Vatican, a prelate, and a noble guard, take the rose to its destination, the lady so honoured paying their travelling expenses. The prince who has best deserved of the Church of Rome during the year has the Blessed Sword and Cap presented to him, and if there is no one to merit the gift, it is laid in the Vatican. The golden rose has been presented to the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, and to the ex-Empress Eugénie of France, the last recipient being the Princess of Bulgaria.

"THE heart of a fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of a wise man is in his heart."
Benjamin Franklin.



THE JUNE GARLAND.

WILD roses for the month in which the bees delight,
So delicate and sweet, with petals blushing through the white:—
The Dog Rose, and the Brier, called Eglantine,
For all its prickles such a favourite of mine and thine.
Then the Carnation, with its spicy perfumes rare,
Crimped and streaked, known as the Pink. And there
Are the purple tassels of the Fuchsia, with centres ruby red.
And, most glorious of all, the Honeysuckle, laced with golden thread;
This is the Woodbine of the poets, the clasper of the trees,
Around whose silken blossoms most thickly cluster bees:
And the blue Forget-me-nots—the sapphires of the streams.
Who could forget the flower ever present in lovers' dreams?

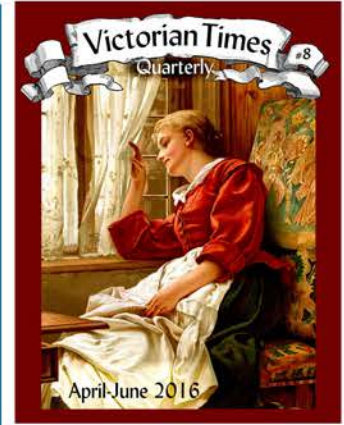
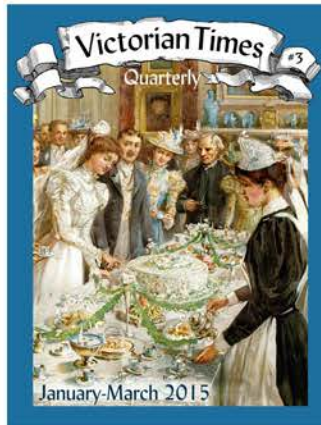
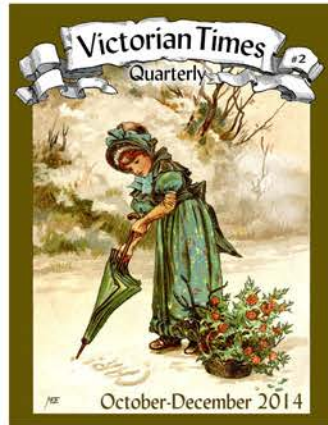
H. G. A.

Give the Gift of Victorian Times... in Print!

Every three months, we issue *Victorian Times Quarterly*, the print edition of *Victorian Times*. These beautiful, collectible volumes put every charming article, delicious recipe and gorgeous illustration at your fingertips - the perfect reference collection that you'll be able to turn to again and again. Plus, they make the ideal gift for anyone who loves the Victorian era as much as you do!

Find out more, including issue contents, ordering links and annual indices at:

<http://www.VictorianVoices.net/VT/VTQ/index.shtml>



Coming in July 2016...

- Street-Corner Performers (and Hucksters) of London
- A Day at the Seaside
- The New World: Traveling Up the Hudson River
- Model Menu for the Month
- Attractive Ways to Serve Summer Dishes
- The Harvest Mouse: a Charming Little Pet
- Children's Outdoor Games from America
- Country Lore and Feast Days for the Month
- Beautiful Art Needlework Designs
- An American Druggist's Collection of Odd Orders
- Life on the Canadian Prairie
- The Art of the Handshake
- Some London Street Cries (pictorial feature)
- Plus poetry, household hints, Odds & Ends and more



Download it today at VictorianVoices.net/VT/issues/VT-1607.shtml