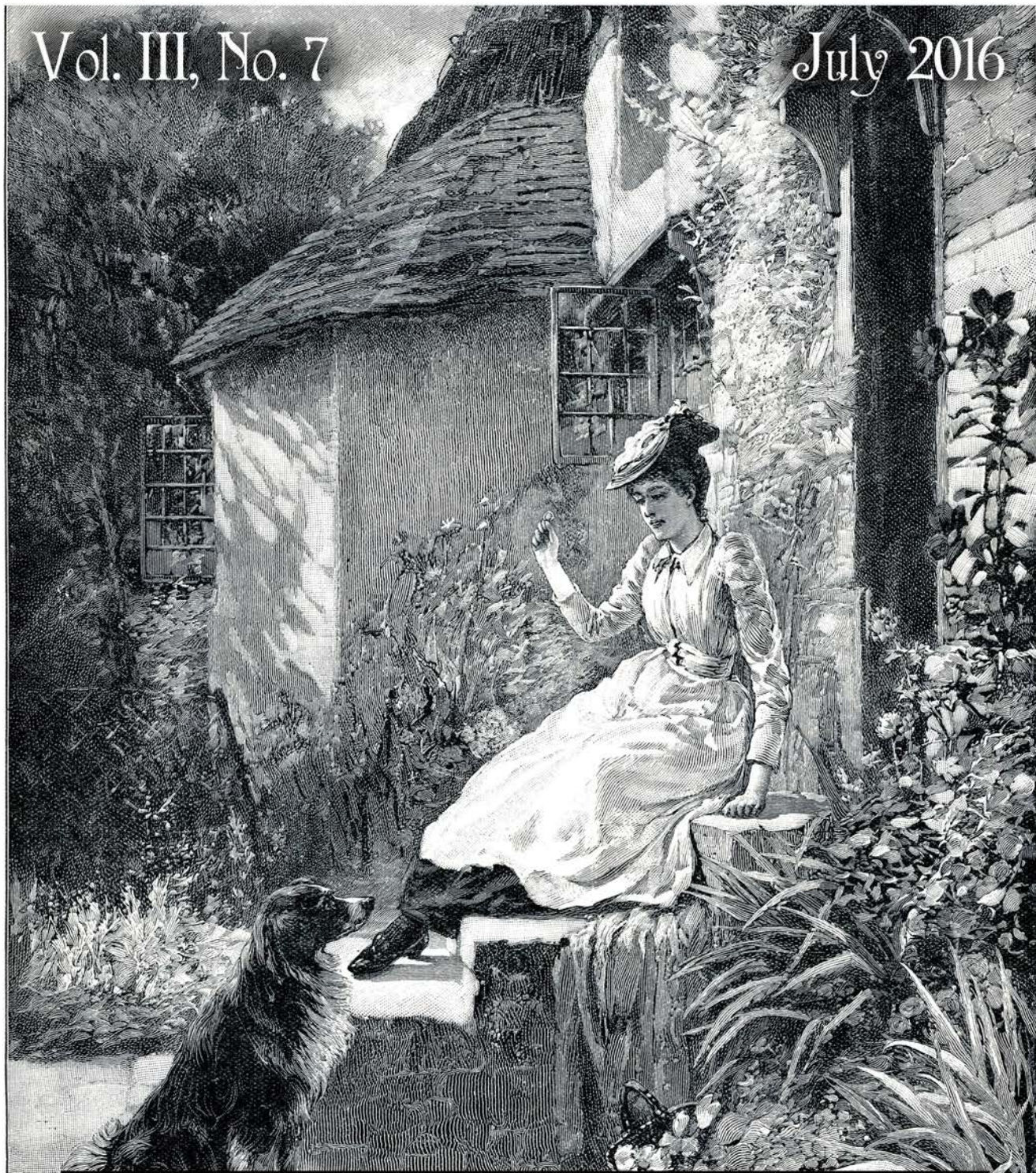


# Victorian Times

Vol. III, No. 7

July 2016



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Summer Soups • Up the Hudson River • Peculiar Prescriptions  
Attractive Summer Tables • The Harvest Mouse • The History of the Home  
Life on the Canadian Prairie • The Etiquette of Handshakes • Model Menus*

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

# The Fun of Primary Sources

I have a confession to make. I actually don't enjoy reading *about* the Victorian period all that much! By that I mean... I have a shelf full of books on the Victorian era, written by distinguished authors from our own. And I have a shelf full of books with crumbling spines and smelly pages that are actually *from* the Victorian era. Given a choice between reading a book *about* Victorians or *by* Victorians, I'll take the latter nearly every time.

Actually I have quite a few complaints about books *about* Victoriana, which I'm sure I'll get to in future editorials. But the bottom line is that I like primary sources. They have their pros and cons as well – but one “pro” is that they haven't been “filtered” to suit the modern reader.

In this issue I came across a piece that sums up many of the things I like about such sources: The little article on page 18 about “The Druggist's Peculiar Orders.” I had to retype it, because it came from a Victorian scrap album (Victorians hadn't heard of acid-free paper), and no amount of Photoshopping was going to make it readable. (This also means I don't know the precise date for this piece, only that it was published sometime between the late 1880's and early 1890's.)

It was meant as a humorous bit of filler. I don't know if a reporter got wind of the pharmacist's collection of “odd orders,” or if the pharmacist contacted the reporter for some free publicity. The piece was obviously written for a laugh, which was why I included it here in the first place. But retyping it gave me a chance to take a closer look – and discover some curious details that both the *Boston Herald* reporter and the pharmacist would have taken for granted.

For starters, it offers an eye-opening glimpse of the sorts of things that you could obtain from a “druggist” in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century. Today, if you visit the local pharmacy, you're going to find... well, *drugs*. Shelves filled with prepared medications, containing ingredients most of us would be hard-pressed to pronounce, let alone identify. (Some might argue that today's over-the-counter medications aren't so different from Victorian patent medicine nostrums, but that's a discussion for another day!)

At the Victorian pharmacy, however, I could have gotten not just prepared medicines, but the ingredients needed to prepare my own. The list of herbs available from this druggist sound like something I'd look for in the supermarket or the natural foods store – certainly not at my pharmacy! Clients could purchase bergamot, flax seed, arrowroot, bitter aloes, cardamom, licorice, and perhaps even catnip! Of course, they could also purchase whisky and cocaine right alongside all those healthy herbs – it wasn't all good news.

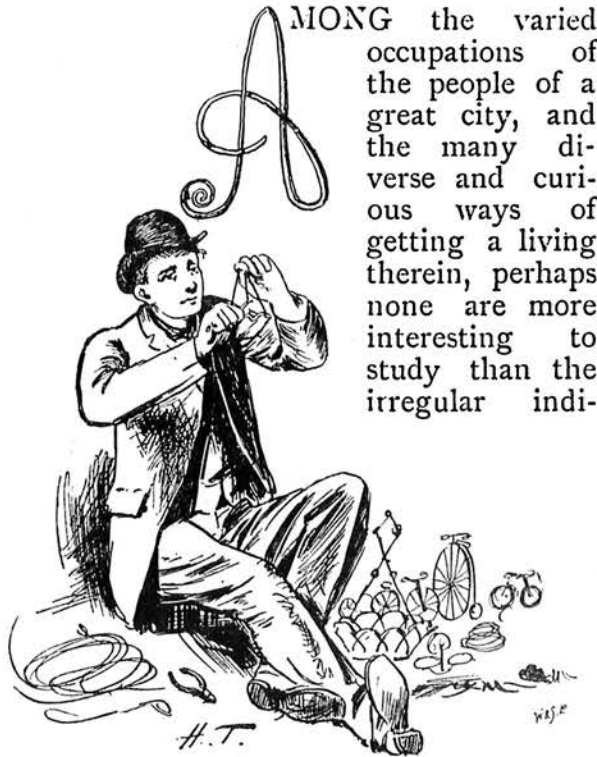
You could also, apparently, simply send a written request to your druggist for whatever it was you wanted, and stand a good chance of getting it (delivered!). Today, my pharmacist practically demands my fingerprints if I want to buy an antihistamine. I'm not sure what he'd do if I asked him for catnip.

The article also tells us quite a bit about the druggist's clientele. Even though it was meant to be a humorous look at folks who couldn't spell, it shows us more than that. It shows that the druggist's clients *could* read and write, even if they couldn't always spell the names of the products they wanted. And it shows that those same clients *knew* what they wanted. If they'd walked up to the counter in person, the druggist would have had no trouble understanding them; the difficulties only arose when folks tried to put on paper words that they knew the sound of but not, perhaps, quite the shape of.

Today, it's just as well that you can't buy whiskey and cocaine from your pharmacy, though it's still possible to get “opodeldoc.” But perhaps it might be nice if we could e-mail a request for, say, some licorice and catnip, have it delivered, and make ourselves a nice healthy tea!

—Maira Allen, Editor  
editors@victorianvoices.net

## Street-Corner Men.



AMONG the varied occupations of the people of a great city, and the many diverse and curious ways of getting a living therein, perhaps none are more interesting to study than the irregular indi-

viduals who may be seen at various street corners, and almost on any night of the week, in the various High streets and main thoroughfares of the suburbs, cajoling, lecturing, flattering, preaching, and dogmatically and assertively declaring, by all and every kind of method, the advantages to the public of an investment in their particular kind of goods or a subscription towards the open-air entertainment they provide. The copper wire-worker, who with aid of pliers rapidly evolves models of bicycles, ordinaries and safeties, flower-stands, vases, card-baskets, &c. ; the glass collar-stud and inexhaustible glass fountain-pen seller; the little old man who, with candle and old kettle, constantly pierces holes in the latter to mend with his patent solder, "Two sticks a penny, any child can do it"; the public benefactor and proprietor of a patent corn solvent; the conjuring-cards seller, "any one, man, woman, or child, can perform these ere tricks the same has wot hi do"; the boot-blacking stall-keeper; the silverer of old brass articles; the herb-vendor of penny packets to mix with tobacco to destroy the ill effects of nicotine, with printed placard of illustrious personages' opinions of smoking; the purveyor of old monthly parts of various illustrated

magazines and periodicals, the umbrella seller, the conjuror, the open-air reciter; these and many others, with every kind of dodge and manœuvre to extract pence from the pockets of the people, are the street-corner men of this great metropolis.

A curious fact about these itinerants is observable; the majority are selling medicines or compounds to cure the ills of the flesh, presumably the needs and necessities of the people in the direction of cheap medicines receiving more attention, and the trade being more lucrative, than the retailing of articles of a domestic character. Their methods of attracting attention are various. One well-known character about the London streets regularly prefaces the sale of his patent digestive cure-all, kill-pain, stomach-regulating tonic with a rather elaborate experiment with two wine-glasses, apparently clean and empty, somewhat on the lines of the conjuror's manipulation of a variety of drinks.

A little cold water poured into one makes no change, but with the other a muddy, dirty-red coloured liquid is the result, typical of a disordered state of health.



"TWO STICKS A PENNY."

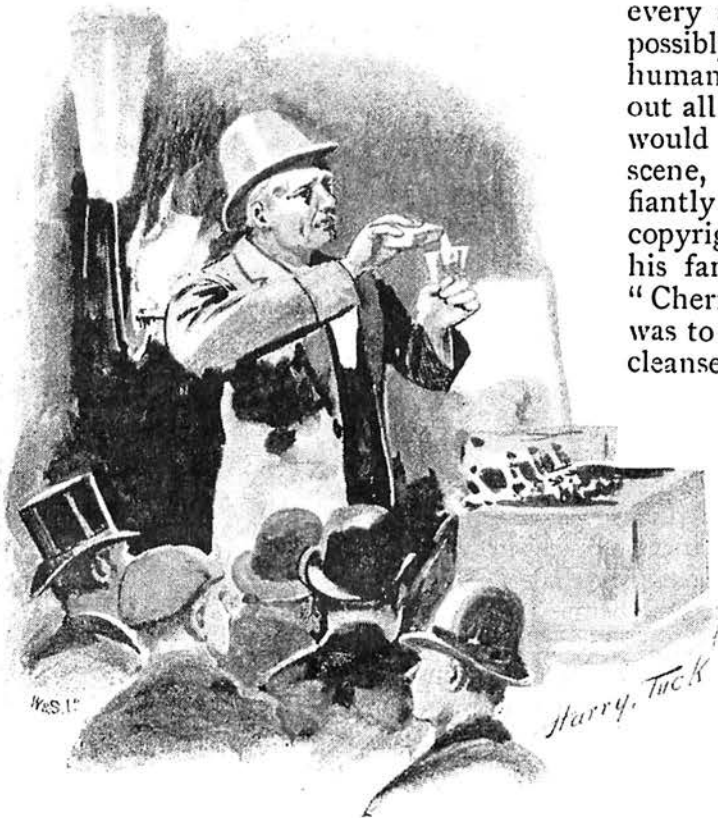


"OLD MONTHLY PARTS."

"Now," triumphantly declares the street quack, "you will see the magical effect of my patent curative, blood purifying, health-restoring, digestive tonic." Two drops of this into the muddy, dirty-red liquid

chemically restores the water to its former apparent purity, and the effect upon the health of the purchaser is analogously equally efficacious. Strong lungs, a tremendous voice, and emphatic declarations help to sell a great number of bottles.

Another regenerator of his race begins from the platform of a smart pony and trap, by an amusing account of having landed from New York with the traditional half-crown in his pocket, and, wandering down the White-chapel-road, was attracted by a quack medicine-vendor.



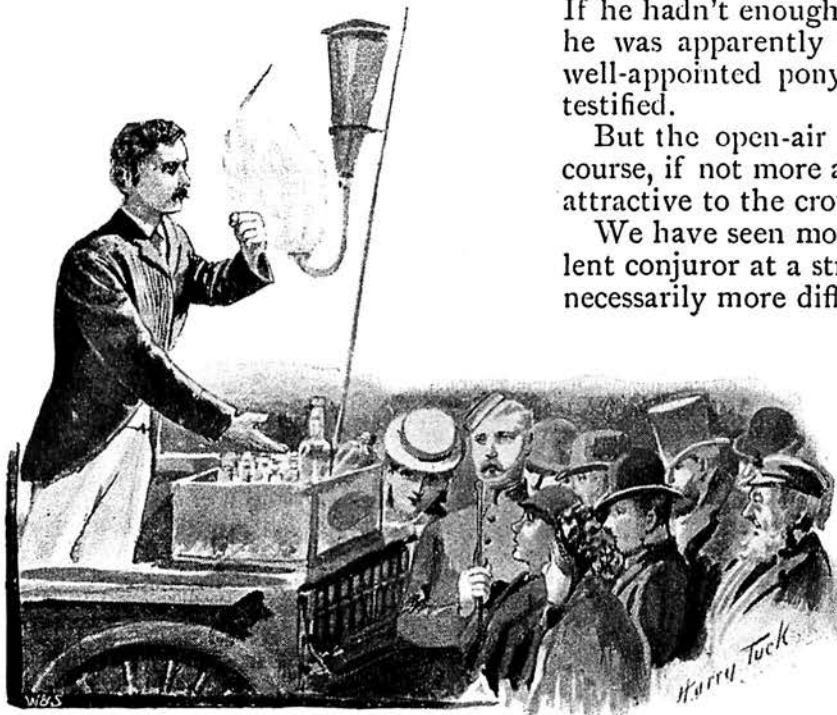
"EXPERIMENT WITH TWO WINE-GLASSES."

"The idea then struck me," he continues, "that I would never rest until, unaided and alone, I had become the greatest doctor of the London streets. That proud position I now enjoy. 'How do you do it, Shaw?' says one. 'Mere luck,' says another. How have I done it? I will tell you how I have done it. Take my health-giving hop-bitters; not Dr. Soules' hop-bitters, for which you have to pay

2s. 7½d. a bottle, but take my patent hop-bitters, one penny a packet, and you will never again be troubled—," and here

follows a splendid list of every ailment that could possibly afflict suffering humanity. Having sold out all his hop-bitters, he would then bring on the scene, utterly and defiantly regardless of any copyright of the title, his famous tooth-powder "Cherry Blossom," which was to "purify the breath, cleanse the teeth, harden

the gums, renovate the teeth, stop decay, beautify the complexion," &c., and in general make life a paradise, all for the small sum of one penny a box. Occasionally a boy is had up from the crowd, and his teeth



"THE GREATEST DOCTOR OF THE LONDON STREETS."

If he hadn't enough to last him a lifetime, he was apparently pretty well off, as his well-appointed pony and trap sufficiently testified.

But the open-air entertainments are, of course, if not more amusing, certainly more attractive to the crowd.

We have seen more than one very excellent conjuror at a street corner, and as it is necessarily more difficult to perform in the open with little or no apparatus, and the audience completely surrounding one, perhaps they may be entitled to some credit.

Guinea-pigs discovered under an old hat, which had the moment before been lifted to show its emptiness by a small wand held at tucked-up-sleeved

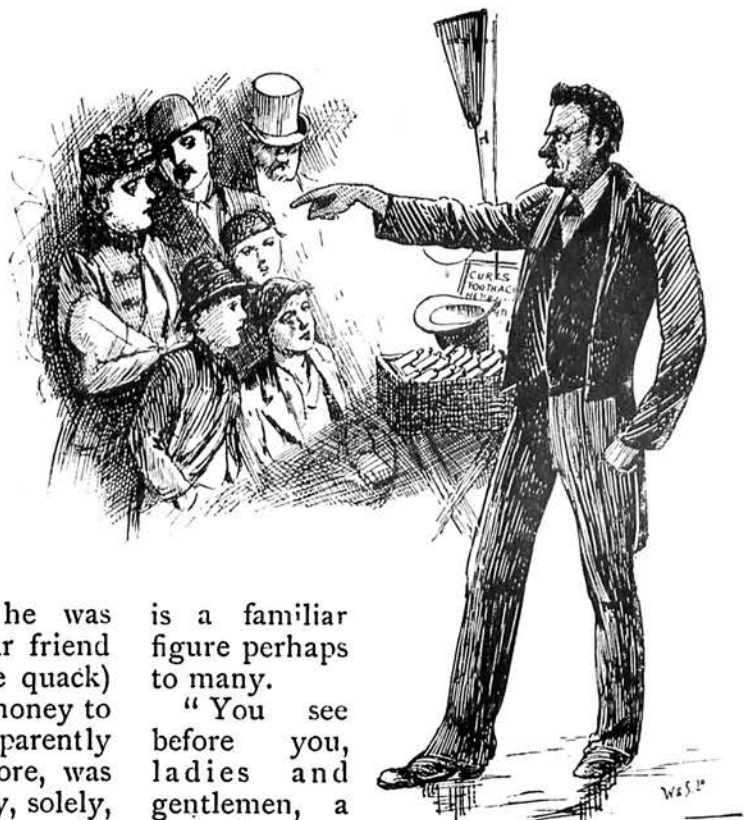
cleaned for him with a small piece of wadding, though generally a fairly good specimen dentally is selected.

The writer once stopped to listen to another type of quack, more modestly served with the usual naphtha lamp and small box on stand. He was a man with a fierce eye and very sallow complexion, who rejoiced to find one of his audience at the time afflicted with face-ache or neuralgia. He had an instantaneous cure by inhalation, and, indeed, if unable to discover a face bound up with a handkerchief or some other apparent evidence of neuralgic pains, would boldly and thunderingly accuse any particular one of the listeners of sciatica, neuralgia, tic-doloureux, or some other complaint, to the blushing confusion and ineffable distress of the victim of his declaration.

Another gentleman, with every assurance, declared solemnly that he was not there for himself, he was working on behalf of a very dear friend laid on a bed of sickness. He (the quack) had made enough and plenty of money to last him all his lifetime, and, apparently forgetting what he had said before, was selling his herbal compound purely, solely, and simply for the benefit of the people.

arms' length, rapid manipulation with cups and marbles, card tricks neatly shown, and other feats of legerdemain are comprised in the street conjuror's programme.

Open-air recitations have become very prevalent of late years. Here is one who



"AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE."

is a familiar figure perhaps to many.

"You see before you, ladies and gentlemen, a trained actorr



"A CONJUROR."

and accomplished elocutionist, one who has travelled throughout the whole of the countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America." It is no use, apparently, unless one is thorough in one's statements. "I have given recitations in the bleak frost-laden countries of Northern Russia and Siberia, in the balmy climates of the South, the burning deserts of the East, and the wild backwoods of America, and for the small sum of 6d." (collected in advance) "will give you any recitation you chuse to harsk for, from Homah or Shakespeah down to George R. Sims. I require 6d. only, to get my night's lodging."

Nobody venturing to suggest a subject—or, if they do, it's about the same—our hero impressively gives out "Christmas Day in the Workhouse," by George R. Sims, fairly enough recited; at the conclusion of which another street-corner is sought for the same performance.

Another class of street-corner men are more of the "Cheap Jack" kind of individual. The wily lures of some of these gentlemen are not always discoverable by a cursory attention to their methods. Imagine coming upon a young fellow in a trap, with the usual flaming naphtha lamps, solemnly holding a boy whose head has a white kerchief over it, looking much like a small culprit prepared for the hangman,

and the said young fellow, with great volubility, explaining some extraordinary and curious phenomenon which would happen, if sufficient attention were paid, but of which it is impossible to make head or tail. This is the simple dodge to collect an audience. That once done, the handkerchief is whipped off, the boy nimbly jumps down, and a copy of *The Evening News and Post* is carefully scanned to point out the advertisement of the young fellow's master, who, purely for advertising purposes, has sent him to this street-corner to sell, or rather, give away, for the audience is emphatically assured that all money taken will be returned, the celebrated pure Abyssinian double electric gold rings to be had at his master's establishment only, at the advertised price of 1s. 4d. "I harsk only one penny from each person for one of these rings. I am not allowed to sell less than one dozen, the same as hadvertised at 1s. 4d." (here the advertisement in *The Evening News* is again referred to, this time the paper upside down; but that is of no consequence); "and all those who purchase this ring, stay where you are; don't go away."

The dozen disposed of, the purchasers are requested to hold up their hands, and the pennies are duly returned. So far, so good. The next article would be a magnificently chased, pure Abyssinian double electric keeper ring, looking sparkingly bright in the glare of the lamps, for which twopence is asked, though sold at the head establishment at 2s. 6d., and the purchasers are earnestly entreated not to go away. Obvious deduction, the two-

pence of course to be returned. Two dozen only allowed to be sold of these. When duly disposed of, and another dozen tried in defiance of the strict regulations, it is found with the very extreme of irrelevance that time does not permit of several gold and silver watches being given



"AN ACCOMPLISHED ELOCUTIONIST."

away, so the "tuppences" are swept into the young fellow's pocket, to enable him, as he says, to give the audience another chance.

Diving quickly into a large box, paper packets are produced warranted to contain something, if only a bent wire button-hook, two of these being sold for 1d.

The sale slackening, one or two are opened, and out fall ivory-handled pocket knives, gold and silver alberts, brooches, &c. A fictitious rush thus created, divings into the box are rapid and frequent, with a large occurrence of bent wire button-hooks and waste-paper among the sold packets. Apparently the public rather enjoy the joke of this chance lottery.

We once came across a very good-

tempered-looking sort of Cheap-Jack who was selling for sixpence what he called the great Parisian novelty, a pocket knife that had a glazier's diamond in the head (with which he cut up quantities of glass), two blades, a file, scissors, corkscrew, gimlet, and goodness knows what besides; and he had in addition albums, scissors, plated spoons, and all kinds of domestic cutlery.

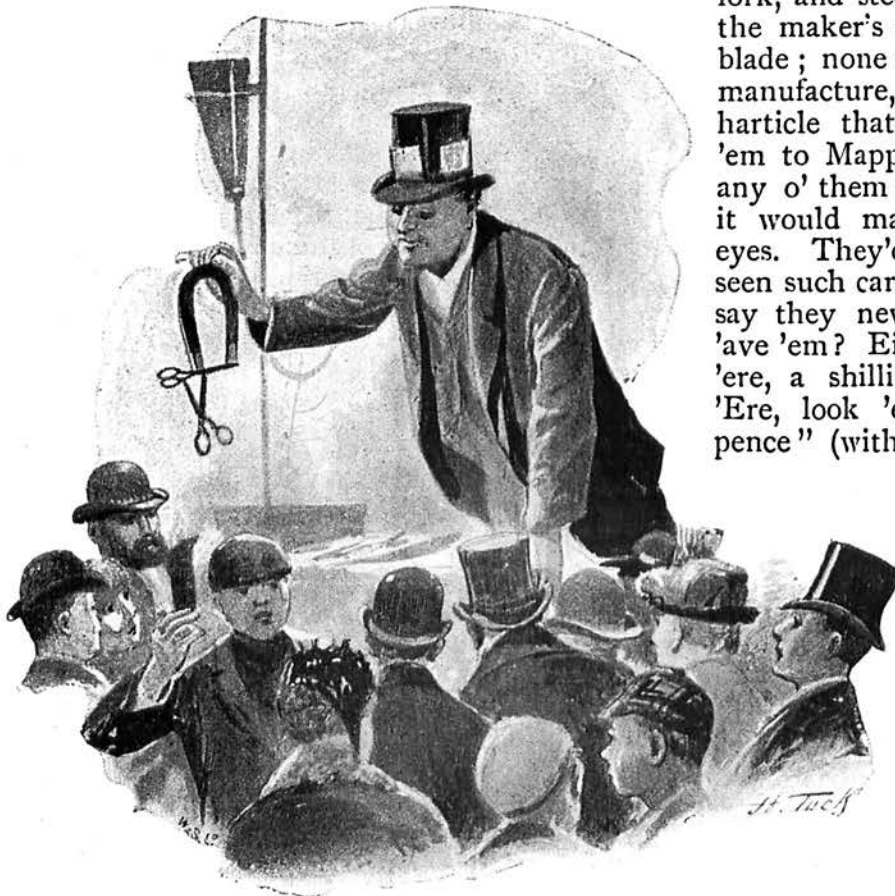


"A DODGE TO COLLECT AN AUDIENCE."

"What! Don't want no albums! Well, what shall I show yer? I've tried yer with everythink. But there, I hain't agoing to despair. I've got a little harticle here—I hain't a-going to tell yer no more lies to-night; if I do, may I

be a teetotaler—I've got a little harticle here—and I've honly got a very few, so you'll have to be quick—a carver, carving fork, and steel, real Sheffield make, the maker's name stamped on the blade; none o' yer German-sausage manufacture, real English; a little harticle that, if yer wos to take 'em to Mappin's or Benetfink's, or any o' them there places, I tell yer, it would make them open their eyes. They'd tell yer they'd never seen such carvers before, and I dare say they never did. Now, who'll 'ave 'em? Eighteenpence, fifteen—'ere, a shillin'; who'll 'ave 'em? 'Ere, look 'ere, ninepence, eightpence" (with a bang), "sixpence!

Now who'll 'ave 'em? If I can't sell 'em to yer, I'll give 'em to yer. Fancy, 'ere's a present for the missus! Why, you'd be able to buy twice as much meat for yer Sunday's dinner; the carvers 'ud cut it up so quick; and, after dinner, you could sit at the winder and blow



"DOMESTIC CUTLERY."



yer bacca ; and all for the small sum of sixpence ! Now hain't that much better than sharpening hup the hold knife on the winder-sill in yer shirt sleeves, when the people's a-coming out o' church down below ? Now, who'll 'ave 'em, honly sixpence, and I'll make yer a present of the sheet of paper they're wrapped in ? ”

And so he went on, when one article hung fire promptly introducing fresh ones.

Many other street-corner men there are ; the sweetstuff man, for instance, who sells

so rapidly that two boys are employed to open the bags for him—one penny a quarter of a pound—and occasionally mohair lace sellers, puzzle and toy retailers, shipwrecked mariners, street butchers, song sellers, negro entertainers, and others ; but we have endeavoured, within the limits of this article, to indicate only some of the characters who make a speciality of a street-corner pitch, rather than the heterogeneous army of those who may be termed the kerbstone characters of the London streets.



“ A SWEETSTUFF MAN.”

#### Unappreciated Promptness.

TO AN EDITOR.

MY writings you return so fast  
I've always had a dread  
That you remailed them, first and last,  
Before they had been read.

Last winter you grew quicker still ;  
I fancied this must mean  
You sent them back, with wondrous skill,  
Unopened and unseen.

This spring they all come home so quick  
I almost think it true  
You start them toward me, by some trick,  
Before they get to you.

If your dexterity should be  
Increased to some extent,  
My poems will get back to me  
Before they have been sent.

*Edward Lucas White.*

#### Poems versus Peanuts.

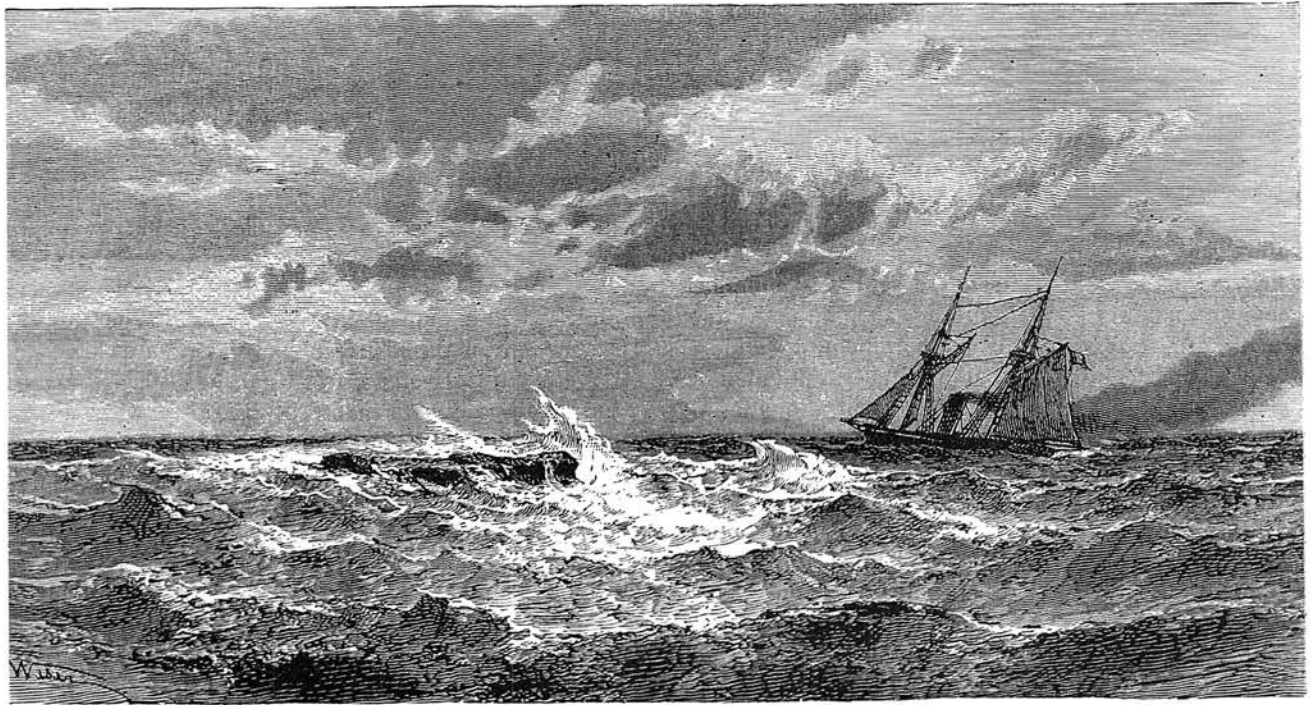
MY love brings poems Thursday nights  
And peanuts every Monday ;  
He writes from early morn till eve,  
Except, of course, on Sunday.

He sings of sweetness long drawn out,  
Of hopes cut through the middle,  
And once he tried to weave in rhyme  
The hoary Sphinx's riddle.

He 's very gay, then taciturn,  
And scathingly sardonic  
When poetizing Plato's school —  
(That 's where we get “ platonic ”).

For themes he scours the country through  
From 'Cisco's bay to Fundy's,  
But really, if the truth were told,  
I 'd rather see him Mondays.

*DeWitt C. Lockwood.*



## AN UNFASHIONABLE DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WHO IS SYLVIA?" ETC.



"SHALL we run down to the sea for a couple of hours?" asks our host at the luncheon-table of a country rectory, and an instant chorus of assent greets the proposal.

The day is one of the first of early summer. The warmth, delicious though it be, makes every one feel lazy. A taste of salt air, plus a rural drive, minus a band, a pier, a promenade, and all the fashionable terrors of a recognised bathing-place, will be the very acme of enjoyment, the mere notion of which puts every one in high spirits.

So bells are rung; orders given; the wagonette comes round for the elders; the pony-carriage takes four young folks; a neighbour's Norfolk cart is borrowed for the boys, and off we go.

We are in a county understood far and near to be one of the least attractive in England. We are often twitted with being uninteresting, muddy, aguish, and ugly. But as our rapid drive takes us along—now winding country roads sheltered by feathery-boughed elms, now lanes whose hedges are redolent of sweet-briar, most excellently lovely with wild roses; now past plantations whither scuttle coveys of baby partridges at our approach; now with a splash through a wide shallow ford, whose margins are fringed with

forget-me-nots; now up a long, long hill, *the* hill of the district; then through wide pastures, whose short fine grass is cropped by scores of sheep; over a causeway that parts the mainland from the islet we aim at; by a network of creeks fast filling with the incoming tide; by acres of flower-farms on our other hand, where stocks and gillyflowers freight every breeze that blows—then do we declare this corner of the world unkindly slandered, and by the time we reach the shore, and sight the wide, silvery waters, pronounce ourselves champion of the whole scene's peaceable beauties for evermore.

For us who are not young, nothing is pleasanter than, first, a stroll along the seaweed line of the morning tide, then a Scotch rug on the shore, a barricade of carriage cushions at our back, and to be left guardian of the boys' shoes and stockings, while they go out across the sandy flat to meet the rising flood.

Here it comes, ruffled and rippling under a southwest wind!—smiling in myriads of diamond-tipped sparkles, whispering its salutation from afar in dreamy murmurs; hush—sh—shing us half to sleep as presently its long wavelets break almost at our feet.

But our drowsy enjoyment is very soon dispelled. Shrieks of fright and fun reach us from yonder wooden breakwater. There the young ones having perched themselves with naked toes dangling in the water, these extremities are seized upon by a tribe of voracious crabs, who in their turn are captured and brought triumphantly to us, to be stowed away in a basket. This prize made safe, away hie the lads again in quest of the "pa:er," whom they intend to badger

into letting them have a bathe among the jelly-fishes, and we are left for another half-hour's solitude.

Now, if so disposed, we may jog up our antiquarian lore, recalling the days when this very spot was no insignificant stronghold, and the so-called "Saxon show" harboured, if one may judge by the remains continually coming to light, many of the richest of Britain's foreign protectors.

Or we may look across the glittering expanse, past the little white-sailed smacks scudding up to their haven, and across the bay where our island lies, to that long promontory yonder, and moralise upon the mutability of glories temporal, as we remember that there first vast Roman earthworks (and tradition adds a huge fortress), and next a noble priory, founded by a Saxon saint, have not only crumbled away under the hand of time, but their every vestige now lies buried beneath the encroaching waters which still creep yearly forward upon the coast doomed to submergence.

But while we sit meditating thus, an unlooked-for catastrophe occurs. We hear a queer little scratching sound at our side, and behold, there through a chink between basket and lid, our crabs are all escaping! In a clumsy bustle of excitement, out come the whole haul of semi-opaque crustaceans and (to our secret satisfaction) away they go to their native brine, we determining to hazard never a nip by detaining one of them. Their loss is vastly deplored by the boys who come rushing up after their dip: we meekly accept a scolding and suggest consolation in the fact of the tide having turned and "winkling" being soon possible.

To watch the bare-legged youngsters, who have turned to "winkling," we seniors venture out upon a slippery jetty of loose shingle, where greeny-grey shrimps dart about in the salt-water pools, and "whelks" stick to the wooden piles at either side. Our hostess and her daughters join us here, bringing jugs of milk and tempting little hot cakes from the farm they have just visited, whereof the orchard, not yet blossomless, runs down close to the shore.

Another daughter returns with the guest of the day, a young London barrister of archæological tastes, to whom she has been exhibiting a splendid bit of tessellated pavement, lately discovered by diggers of a drain across a turnip-field. Up come our other gentlemen, who have been punting about under convoy of a native fisherman, and who have made some wonderful bargains in lemon soles and sand-dabs, in the little straggling village that we have not visited. We all laugh at each other for having such scorched faces. With keen appetite we devour our food, and rather wish there was twice as much again. We begin to notice how long the boys' shadows are, on the shining sands. We rather unwillingly take forth our watches and discover it is getting late, and we must be going home. Then ensues a great halloaing to the winkling party, who don't wish to be disturbed, and pretend not

to hear us. A small amphibious boy, who has come up with the master's purchase of fish, volunteers to "go arter 'em," which he accordingly does at great speed, wending his way among shallows and flats like an eel in its natural habitat.

Our juveniles hailed at last make a virtue of necessity, gather up their spoil of little black sea-snails, and race their messenger back towards us with more haste than discretion. Presently a dismal howl announces disaster, and lo, there is the most diminutive of the party up to his waist in one of the oozy pits of black mud which abound along that shore! The situation seems alarming. Before, however, any of us have time to be frightened, off start other fisher-boys—always on the look-out for this sort of calamity with unwary strangers—and in a twinkling Master Jack is extracted from his inky bath, not at all damaged, but smelling most horribly! Hurried off to a cottage nigh at hand, he is there vigorously tubbed by the friendly mistress, and very soon returned to us safe and sound, cutting a comical figure in the Sunday garments of the youngest of his rescuers.

By the time this little episode is happily ended our vehicles are waiting. Wraps are not to be despised, for as we drive off, we meet a brisk air blowing seaward, and casting back a farewell look from the crest of the island, we see a light fog hanging over the distant coast. Sorry to bid the sea good night, and yet weary enough to relish the thought of getting home, we drive soberly along, less conversational than when we came, but enjoying to the full the sweet calm of the June evening. Overhead herons fly screaming from inland woods, to search after what the tide has left them for their supper. The sun goes down under a splendid canopy of gold and purple clouds. By the time we reach the top of our "high hill," the boundaries of the many parishes our host pointed out in the morning are no longer discernible. Only the grey church towers, or white winding roads, gleam out here and there. Twilight and weariness envelop us as we reach our journey's end.

But those hours of quite unfettered enjoyment have been very pleasant. Doubly so we think them when a nondescript meal—dinner, tea, and supper all in one—has revived our spirits.

As afterwards we sit alone in a dusky corner of the drawing-room, workers gathered round the lamp at the further end of the room, a very delicate touch waking harmony close by, we feel inclined to wish ourself banished from city life, free to revel often in such hours as these have been. We are disposed to ask our young London friend if he is not of our mind in this matter, but it appears he has beguiled Miss Amy out to hear the nightingales. So we will not disturb them, but put our pleasures down in pen and ink, and let the young couple, if they will, devise a conclusion which shall fitly crown

"With happy memories a happy day."

A. P.



## ART NEEDLE- WORK.

AFTER chair backs, I think perhaps borders of all kinds are the greatest favourites, as they can mostly be worked in the hand, though the broad ones, and those on rich material—such as plush, velvet, or satin—would all look better if worked in frames, as, indeed, the broad border of chestnut leaves, with which I am commencing the designs in this paper, ought to be. The scale on which it is drawn allows one inch to six: it is just two inches wide; therefore, the border, which is intended for a curtain, would be one foot in width. Place a strip of thin tissue or tracing paper over this design, and on it rule lines exactly one inch apart, along and across it, then on the paper to which you desire to transfer the enlarged copy rule lines six inches square (the narrow borders at each side should be about one and a half inch wide), and into each of these six-inch squares draw exactly as much of the pattern as there is in the corresponding one inch-square of the small design. By these means you will get a perfectly correct copy of it on a large scale, which you can then

and cobwebs would have also to be added. The border, when worked, can then be put on to a cloth or serge curtain, and would look very well.

Otherwise, two different serges make a very effective *appliqué*, and, of course, at much less cost. In this case you might cut out your pattern and apply it straight on to the curtain; this would be a very good plan to adopt with any old curtains to make them look fresh again, and would not take long to do, though the serge pattern thus treated would probably want a little more working up than a richer material would do to make it look handsomer.

Fig. 2, which should be enlarged in the same way as fig. 1, is also a broad curtain border, but more conventional in design. It would be most effectively worked on the curtain itself, and dark blue or green diagonal cloth or serge would be most suitable; it does not give so much scope for diversity of taste in style as fig. 1. It is intended to be solidly worked in simple crewel stitch, with different shades of green and red brown, the stems and veins of the leaves being from brown to red, and the flowers and insides of the pomegranates showing the seeds would be of a brighter red.

You can if you like put in the brightest shade in silk; this always has a good effect, like the high light in a painting. If done in the hand great care must be taken not to draw the threads so tight as to pucker the material in too great a degree to be set right in stretching. If this should be worked in bands, and placed on the curtain afterwards, the lines on each side must be put in; but if worked on the curtain itself they may be better left out. I shall, however, have more to say about curtains another time.

Fig. 3, a design of my favourite peacock feathers, is intended to be enlarged to six inches wide, as a band for a small work or occasional table. For this it can be worked on almost any material, as long as it is not too thick to allow the fine lines of the feathers to show well. I have seen some most charmingly done on old gold-coloured Roman satin for such a table. To get the colours right for working, and



FIG. 1.—BROAD CURTAIN BORDER.



FIG. 2.—BROAD CURTAIN BORDER.

transfer in the usual way to the material.

Curtain borders can either be worked in bands, to be afterwards put on the curtain, or at once on the curtain itself; but this last plan is so cumbrous I do not advise you to try it if you are using a design which can as well be worked on a band.

*Appliqué* is an easy and effective method of working curtain borders in this style. For this you must choose materials and colours that contrast well with each other, such as silk sheeting and plush or velveteen. In this way you would use silk sheeting to make your border, then cut the pattern out in plush or velveteen and lay it on the border; sew it on carefully, and either edge it with a thick line of silk or crewel, or with a fine cord. A few stitches will then work up the inside markings of the flowers and veins of the leaves if your pattern is not too complicated; and in the design I give the chestnuts

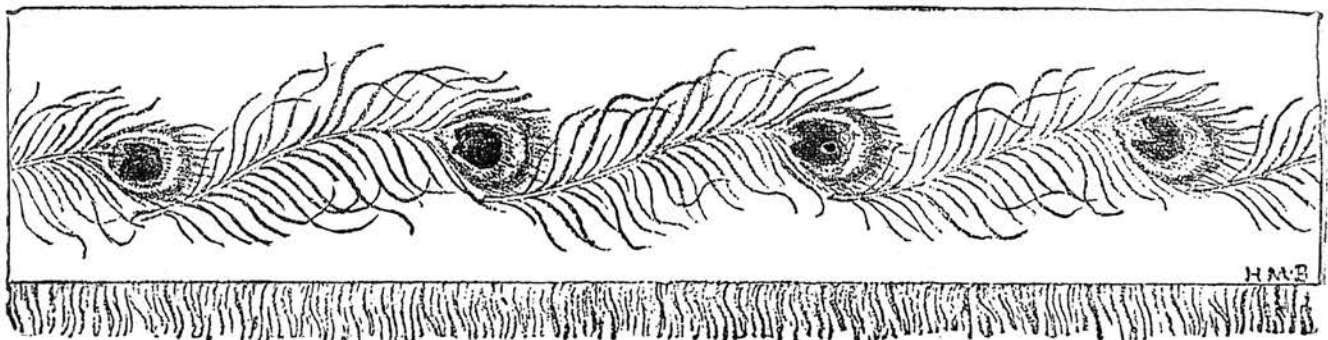


FIG. 3.—SMALL TABLE BORDER.

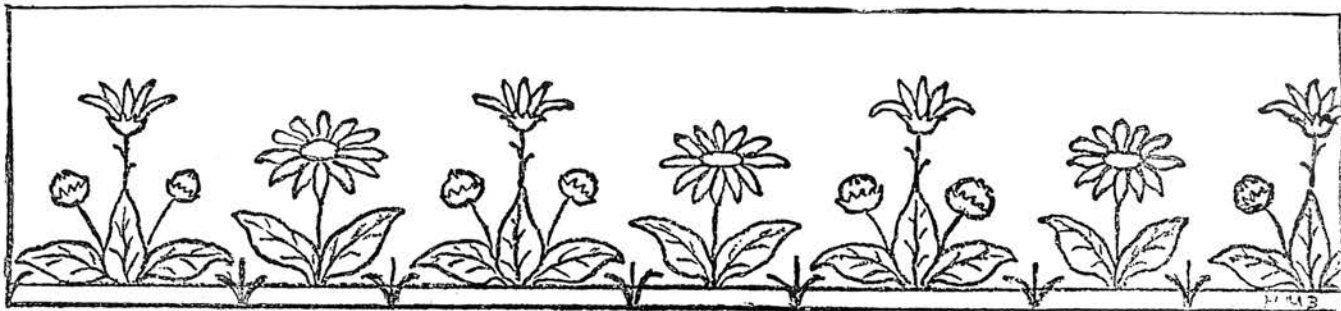


FIG. 4.—NATURAL DAISIES CONVENTIONALLY ARRANGED FOR BORDER. ANY SIZE.

also to make a life-like drawing of the feathers, I advise you to get one (they are to be got cheaply enough now at Messrs. Lazenby Liberty's in Oxford-street), copy its gracefully-curved lines carefully, and then match its colours as nearly as possible in silk or crewel, and keep it by you whilst you work. Enlarged still more, it would make a border all round an afternoon tea-cloth on crash, and if the self-made fringe of this were enriched by having needles full of the various coloured silks you have used in working the feathers rather freely put into it, the effect would be very pretty and harmonious.

This method of finish may also be used when a bought fringe of plain crewel is put on to a cloth or border, but it need not then be so freely introduced, a few threads of filouelle here and there having the same effect in the fringe that putting in the lights with silk has in the work. This border can also be adapted to a dress or a child's frock, any size you like, and for the latter especially it would be very pretty. Fig. 4 is a simple border which can be made any size required, and worked either

on crash or cloth, or any not very thick material, either in outline if small, or solid if worked larger, and, in the latter case, should be done in natural colours. As it stands now it would only be sufficiently important for a child's frock (in which case the frock might also have powderings of daisies scattered over it two or three inches apart), or some small article, such as a work-case or smoking-cap.

Fig. 5, conventionally arranged ivy and berries, may be treated in the same way as Fig. 4. It would look best with the berries worked solidly, whether the leaves be so or not; the upper division of the berries being dark brown or black, and the lower blue or olive green, while the stalks and veins of the leaves can be reddish brown.

Fig. 6 is intended, as I have drawn it here, for an afternoon tea-cloth or crash, and, as such, should be enlarged to about half the size again, or even twice as large, and may be worked with two or three shades of the same colour, with the flowers only in outline; or you may work the flowers solidly in natural

colours, with the border line at each side in dark green.

This I have given as an easy border for girls to make for themselves; other flowers, or even small sprays, would do, if clear and decided in shape. Arrange your flowers or sprays at equal distances within the border lines in any way you prefer, and then draw in the cobwebs afterwards; the groundwork of cobwebs is designedly irregular, or it would not have so pleasant an effect. You must manage to have a centre for a web here and there to bring all your lines to.

This border would also look well for other things, worked on dark satin; then the flowers could be solidly done in natural-coloured silk, with the cobwebs in light grey silk. Or, again, the border-lines and flowers might be worked in gold and the webs in silver threads. I had intended carrying my borders into another paper, but as the next part, though not the real Christmas number, will be virtually the holiday one, I think I will give the girls some ideas for small and pretty articles which they can make in their leisure hours, the turning out of which will amuse, as well as test the ingenuity of clever fingers, and then, if they desire it, we can resume the borders at another time.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

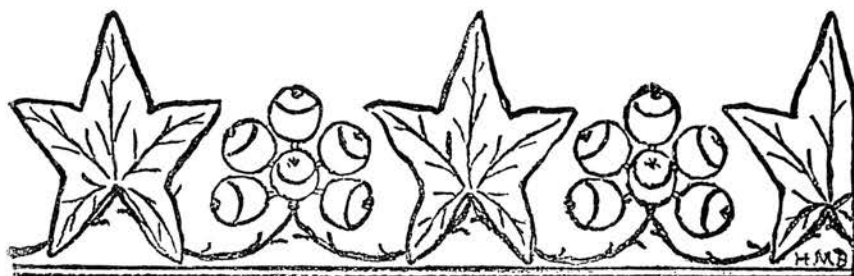


FIG. 5.—NARROW BORDER FOR CHILD'S DRESS. CONVENTIONAL ARRANGEMENT OF NATURAL IVY.

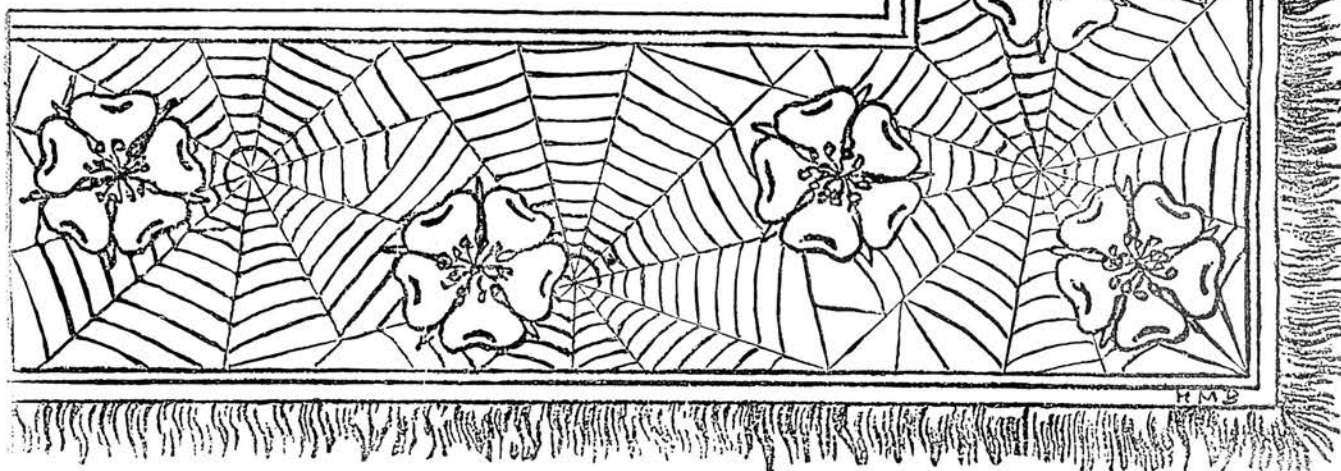


FIG. 6.—COBWEB BORDER EMBROIDERED WITH WILD ROSES. AFTERNOON TEA TABLE-CLOTH.

## A MODEL MENU FOR JULY.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

### MENU.

Green Pea Soup.  
 —  
 Cold Salmon. Tartar Sauce.  
 Cucumber.  
 —  
 Braised Ducklings with Turnips.  
 New Potatoes à la Creme.  
 —  
 Cauliflower au Gratin.  
 —  
 Caramel Pudding.  
 —  
 Home-made Cream Cheese.



**N** the middle of summer, when the weather is very hot, a dinner composed chiefly of cold dishes with daintily prepared vegetable, is often more acceptable, and also more wholesome than is a dinner of hot meats.

*Green Pea Soup.*—The French call this soup St. Germain's soup. It is not a very common one in England, probably because English housewives think that fresh green peas should be served as a vegetable, and that they are too good to be put into soup. The opinion is a reasonable one, nevertheless green pea soup is very delicious, and a pleasant variety of fare is gained when peas are used in this way.

When making green pea soup the cook should endeavour not only to have the soup of a good colour, but also to bind the ingredients together, so that the pulp of the peas does not separate from the broth, as it is apt to do if the soup is not properly made. In order to make the soup of a good colour, the saucepan used must be most scrupulously and daintily clean, the peas must not be old, and they must be freshly gathered, and the liquid part of the soup must consist either of very light-coloured clear stock or of water. As a matter of fact water is to be preferred, on account of its clearness, and as peas are in themselves almost as nourishing as meat, it is evident that they do not need to be mixed with stock to make them so. Some cooks in order to improve the colour of this soup, boil a few spinach leaves or lettuces with the peas. When this is done the spinach leaves should be young and fresh, and the lettuces should have the stems removed; otherwise the flavour of the soup may be rendered somewhat bitter. The employment of sorrel leaves is sometimes recommended, but to use them would be a mistake; they would be likely to make the soup yellow and sour, when it ought to be green and sweet. For economy's sake many cooks wash the shells of the peas, boil them and rub them on a sieve to obtain the pulp which belongs to them, and which is really very similar to the pulp obtained from the peas themselves.

In order to make well-flavoured green pea soup it is desirable either that onions should be boiled with the peas and passed through the sieve, or else that the stock should be flavoured rather strongly with onions. A little mint and parsley may also be used with advantage, and it will be well to put one or two lumps of sugar with the peas to ensure sweetness. Some people put carrots and turnips with green pea soup. These flavourers however not only make no improvement, but they positively spoil the soup.

To make good pea-soup then take two pints of freshly shelled young peas. Put them into three pints of fast boiling salted water with a sprig of parsley, a sprig of mint, a handful of young spinach leaves, a few young onions, two lumps of sugar; and no soda. Boil with the lid off the pan till the peas are quite soft, then pour through a strainer, take care of the water in which they were boiled, and rub them through a fine sieve. If the shells are to be boiled they must be cooked separately, and rubbed through a sieve apart from the peas, the pulp they yield can then be put with the pea pulp. Mix this pulp with the pea broth; and let it boil. Bind the ingredients together with two tablespoonfuls of arrowroot mixed to a smooth paste with cold water, and stirred into the soup. If arrowroot is not available two tablespoonfuls of crushed tapioca can be stirred into the soup, and simmered till transparent, or on an emergency a little cornflour might be used; but milk and flour are to be avoided. They are often used but they are not suitable for the purpose. The soup will be greatly improved however if a cupful of very young peas are reserved, boiled apart, then carefully drained, and thrown into the turcen just before it is sent to table.

*Salmon Cutlet and Tartare Sauce.*—Cold. Take a neat piece of salmon from the middle of a good-sized fish, and weighing a pound and a half or two pounds. Trim it neatly, wrap it in muslin, put it into a shallow saucepan with boiling salted water to which a little vinegar has been added, and let it simmer gently for about fifteen minutes. Take it up, and let it go cold. Prepare beforehand, to be in readiness for dishing the salmon, some very stiff aspic jelly; a quarter of a pint of Tartare sauce; a cucumber; and a slice of bread a trifle larger than the salmon cutlet but of the same shape. This bread should be fried and equally browned all over, then coated with a little of the aspic jelly made liquid. To dish the salmon, place the fried bread on a dish, put the salmon upon it, spread the sauce on the top, and put a wall of thinly cut cucumber all round the slices resting on the edge of the bread. Fill the outer part of the dish with aspic jelly chopped fine, Batavian endive and beetroot.

Salmon thus prepared will supply an elegant and attractive-looking dish. It will not be an extravagant one as far as the cost in money is concerned; but it will cost something in the time given to preparation. A mayonnaise of salmon for dinner on the following day may be made of any scraps of fish that are left.

*Aspic Jelly.*—Savoury jelly used for decoration, and intended to be chopped as described must be very stiff. It will be necessary therefore when making it to use an ounce of gelatine for a pint of liquid. Soak the gelatine in a gill of water for an hour, then put it into a stewpan with a very small carrot, an onion, and a tiny piece of turnip, one bay leaf, a quarter of a pint of tarragon vinegar, or the same measure of ordinary vinegar, and three leaves of fresh tarragon, three cloves, a dozen peppercorns, a teaspoonful of salt, the juice of half a lemon, and the whites and shell of an egg, and a pint of water. Whisk these ingredients over the fire until the jelly begins to simmer, then leave off stirring, and let it come to the boil. Draw it to the side of the fire, and let it stand a few minutes, then pass it through a warm jelly bag. Before it sets, brush a portion of the jelly over the toast. Turn the remainder into a damp shallow mould, and chop it when firm.

*Tartare Sauce*—is simply mayonnaise sauce to which tarragon, chervil or myrrh, parsley, and other ingredients have been added. The proportions usually followed are a dessertspoonful of mixed parsley, chervil, and tarragon, a small pinch of chopped cloves, onion or shalot, a teaspoonful of chopped gherkin, and half a teaspoonful of chopped capers, pepper and salt for half a pint of mayonnaise. Unfortunately tarragon and chervil are not to be had everywhere. When they cannot be obtained tarragon vinegar must be used instead. The chopped herbs and the seasoning should be stirred in just before the sauce is wanted. It is well to remember that tarragon and chervil, though only to be bought at high-class shops, and though often rather expensive, are very easily grown where there is a little piece of garden ground where herbs can be cultivated. Tarragon vinegar is very easily made at home; and July is the month in which it should be made. To prepare it pick fresh tarragon leaves from the stalks, put them into small dry bottles, and fill with vinegar. Cork, and let the vinegar stand for four or five weeks, then strain and bottle it. This vinegar is very pungent, and when it is used, a small quantity goes a long way, therefore it is not necessary to make very much of the extract at one time, especially as it is best when the supply is renewed every year.

*Braised Duck with Turnips.*—French housewives are as firmly convinced that turnips and duck ought to be served together, as English housewives are that duck and green peas were made for each other. The truth is that when a duck is daintily cooked, it is excellent with either vegetable. On occasion too, a gourmand might even be resigned if he had to dispense with both, and put up with carrots, mushrooms, or olives as substitutes for the same. Yet duck braised with turnips is a dish not to be despised, and housewives not acquainted with it would do well to try it.

Procure a fine young duck of medium size, or if necessary a couple of ducks. Very young ducklings, it is to be noted, are considered a dainty, and they look very inviting before they are cooked, yet too often they prove to be a delusion, for when brought to table they are found to be chiefly skin and bone. Tough ducklings, too, are very unsatisfactory, though not at all uncommon. Therefore the birds need to be carefully chosen with the breast plump and firm, and the skin clear. If they can hang for awhile before being cooked all the better. They should be well cooked, too; they must not be served underdressed, as wild ducks are.

Supposing one duck is to be cooked, stuff it by putting inside it half a teacupful of mild forcemeat, made of two onions chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two fresh sage leaves chopped small, or three dried ones powdered, and plenty of pepper and salt. If liked the onions can be boiled before being chopped. Make the forcemeat secure, and truss the bird compactly with the legs inside. Melt an ounce and a half of butter in a stewpan, add a little pepper and salt, put in the duck, and let it cook gently over a moderate heat, and turn it about until it is browned equally all over. Take the duck out of the stewpan, dredge an ounce of flour into the butter, and mix till smooth, then add three-quarters of a pint of stock, or water if there is no stock, a small bunch of herbs and an onion. Stir the sauce till it boils, and carefully remove the scum as it rises. In about five minutes put the duck in the sauce, cover the saucepan closely, draw it to the side, and let it simmer

gently for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour according to its size.

Meantime take about two dozen small round young turnips trimmed to be of an equal size and shape; or a number of fully-grown turnips prepared in the same way, and turned to the shape of olives, may be used if more convenient. Put them into boiling water for a few minutes to blanch them, dry them, and fry them in a little butter till they are lightly browned. Drain them, and twenty minutes or so before the duck is expected to be ready, put the turnips with it, and let all simmer gently together; do not let the turnips break. Also before putting in the turnips, and at other times when there is opportunity, do not forget to skim the sauce and turn the duck once or twice. These operations are very necessary, and if neglected the dish will not be as dainty as it ought to be.

When the duck is done, take it up and keep it hot. Drain the turnips also, and keep them warm. Skim the gravy, strain it, taste it to be sure that the seasoning is right, and boil it quickly to reduce it. When smooth and thick, put the duck into it again for a few minutes to get hot, and dish it with the turnips round it, and the gravy poured over all.

*New Potatoes with Cream.*—People who pride themselves on being epicures usually refuse to eat potatoes with duck; they are of opinion that the taste of the vegetable destroys that of the bird. The majority of housewives, however, feel as though they had not dined when they have not partaken of potatoes. A recipe for preparing them is therefore given.

Cut about a pound of recently boiled new potatoes into slices a quarter of an inch thick. Place them in a stewpan with two tablespoonfuls of cream, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt, a little nutmeg, and the juice of half a lemon. Put them on the fire and shake them till they are coated with the sauce, and quite hot, and serve.

*Cauliflower au Gratin.*—When successfully prepared this dish is always liked, but it is often spoiled through neglect of small details. It ought to be cooked in the dish in which it is served, and served very hot. When the shallow white earthenware dishes of which mention has already been made are available, this is easily done, and the dish can be placed in another, covered with a napkin. Sweet butter must also be used when making the sauce for the cauliflower. If the butter is at all strong, the cauliflower will taste oily, and its daintiness will be lost.

Choose a white sound cauliflower of a good size. Wash it well and let it lie in cold salted water for an hour, then cut the thick end of the stalk across twice, thus, X. Put the vegetable into fast boiling water, and let it boil fast till tender. Throw some salt and a little butter into the water when the cauliflower is boiling. This will help to keep the vegetable from being pulpy. When done take up the flower carefully, drain it well, and cut the sprigs off neatly. Pack these with the stems downwards in a shallow earthenware dish which will stand the fire, and can be sent to table, and which has been well buttered. Have ready some savoury sauce. Lay this in tablespoonfuls over the flower to coat it thickly, and sprinkle brown bread crumbs on the top. Place the dish in a baking tin containing boiling water, and set it in a good oven for about a quarter of an hour, till the cauliflower is hot through and well browned. At the last moment sprinkle a little grated Parmesan on the top, and serve.

To make the sauce melt half an ounce of butter, and mix with it off the fire an ounce of flour. Add a gill of cold water, and stir the mixture till it boils, when two tablespoonfuls of cream and an ounce of grated Parmesan should be added. This sauce will be thick, and so it should be.

*Caramel Pudding.*—This pudding is a general favourite with those who know it, and it is certainly a dainty pudding, but it requires a little management. Many who would like to have it, are deterred from doing so by hearing that it is necessary to use an extravagant number of eggs for it. If, however, the following directions be followed exactly, the pudding can be made at a fairly reasonable cost.

Take a tin mould with straight sides, and that will hold a pint and a half of custard. It is to be remembered that the smaller the mould, the more easily the pudding can be made to turn out successfully. On this account it is a good plan to make six or eight small caramel puddings instead of one large one. They may be made in exactly the same way in plain tins, each one of which holds about a gill of custard; and when turned out they look extremely pretty. To make one caramel pudding, take a plain tin mould, and put in it two ounces of castor sugar, and the juice of a lemon. Set it on the stove till the sugar is melted, stirring it all the time. In about six minutes it will colour, and it should be allowed to acquire a bright golden tint, like toffee, but not a dark brown tint, and on no account should it be allowed to burn. Take it at once off the stove and turn the mould round and about till it is equally and entirely covered inside with the brown syrup, then set it in cold water to make it quite stiff. Make some custard by pouring a pint of boiling milk upon three whole eggs which have been lightly beaten. Sweeten the mixture, and flavour it agreeably with vanilla, lemon rind, orange rind, or in any way that is acceptable. (Of course the milk must be sweet, and the eggs must be quite good; though they need not be perfectly fresh. If the ingredients are sweet, the boiling milk will not curdle if it is mixed gradually with the eggs, and the eggs are more serviceable when mixed with boiling milk than they are with cold milk.) Strain the custard, and let it go perfectly cold. Just before it is to be cooked, pour it into the prepared mould, and lay a round of buttered paper on the top. Put a saucer or something flat in a stewpan, and boiling water to the depth of an inch. Put the basin containing the pudding upon the saucer, and simmer for about two hours or till the custard is firm in the centre. This length of time is necessary because of the limited number of eggs used. If twice as many eggs were used, the custard would set more quickly and be richer, but it would not taste much better. The taste of this pudding depends very much on the flavouring. It is most important that the steaming should be carried on very gently. If the water is allowed to boil fast the pudding will be spoiled.

When the custard is firm take it up, let it stand for two or three minutes, then carefully invert it upon a dish. It ought to be of a rich brown outside, and a bright yellow colour inside. Caramel pudding can be served either cold or hot. Many people like it best when cold.

*Home-made Cream Cheese.*—In hot weather milk very often turns sour before it can be used, then it is thrown out and wasted. There is no need for this waste, however. If milk is pure in the first instance, it does not become impure because the curd in it has separated from the whey; and when in this condition it can be used in many ways to advantage. One of these is to make it into cream cheese, and home-made cream cheese is a very satisfactory product. Housewives who feel inclined to make a small quantity should proceed as follows—

Procure one of the light straw punnets in which strawberries and small fresh fruits are sold in these days, and put into it a good sized piece of coarse muslin which has been rinsed out of cold water and left wet. Pour

into it some milk which has turned to curds and whey: draw up the corners of the muslin, and hang the punnet in a cool place, putting something under it to catch the whey that drops from it. It should be allowed to hang thus for a day or two. When it ceases to drip, and the curd is dry, take it from the cloth, squeeze it well and form it into shape, put it into a clean piece of muslin and place it under a weight for some hours. Serve it as cream cheese is served.

While giving this recipe for the utilisation of sour milk, we ought to mention that milk keeps much longer if it is boiled as soon as it is brought into the house; and one of the surest ways of preventing certain forms of illness is to use only milk that has been boiled. Indeed, experts tell us that if we were all to make it the rule to boil not only all liquids, even water, before drinking them, and to eat nothing that had not been heated to the point of boiling, we need have little fear either of cholera or scarlet fever, while diphtheria and typhoid would be much less common than they are.

Perhaps it will be well to remind housewives who wish to keep their store room stocked with useful supplies required in cookery, that early in July walnuts should be pickled, and walnut ketchup should be made. Also that from now to the end of September herbs may be dried and bottled for use. Perhaps I may be allowed to say a word or two about each of these stores.

*Pickled Walnuts.*—Walnut pickle is exceedingly easy to make, and it is a very useful preparation. It is valuable not only as an accompaniment to cold meat, but if a small portion is put into hashes and stews it improves their flavour, and the black skin can be used for garnishing. It would be made oftener than it is if housekeepers did not forget it until the fruit was too mature for pickling. Only while they are quite young can walnuts be pickled; when the nut is formed within the husk it is too late.

When buying walnuts, housewives may be advised to buy the fruit by weight, that is, if they intend to pickle a small quantity only. Some vendors sell green walnuts by weight, others by the hundred, others by measure. It is, however, unsatisfactory to buy goods by measure, because, if dealers are disposed to be unfair, a quick turn of the hand may place the purchaser at a disadvantage; whereas weight is seldom at fault if quality be good. In my opinion a small buyer would find it more profitable to buy four pounds of walnuts at 3d. per pound than to buy a hundred walnuts for a shilling.

According to the usual method of making pickled walnuts, the nuts are pricked through with a needle before being put in the brine. This is a disagreeable business, because it stains the hands. It may be omitted if despatch is not an object, because it is only done in order to make the brine reach the heart of the walnut quickly. The walnuts must be put in strong brine, which should be changed twice or three times, kept in it for ten or twelve days, and stirred every day, drained, spread out in the sun to turn black, and fastened down with vinegar and spices. As they soak up the vinegar more vinegar should be poured over them, and they should be kept for some months before being used. Brine used for the purpose may be made in the proportion of half a pound of salt to three pints of water. It should be boiled for two or three minutes, skimmed, and allowed to go cold before being used.

*Walnut Ketchup* is used as a flavourer. It is more troublesome to make than pickled walnuts are. Take any quantity of young green walnuts and put them in layers in an earthenware jar, with a liberal sprinkling of salt between each layer. Let them stand all

night, then bruise them well in a mortar, and do this every day for a week. At the end of the time drain away the liquid; pile the walnuts at one side of the pan, and raise it by putting something under one side so as to make the pan incline from the walnuts, and pour off the juice that flows from them every day until no more can be obtained. Simmer it gently for half an hour, and skim it well. With each quart put half an ounce of whole ginger, half an ounce of peppercorns, a clove of garlic, four shallots sliced, three quarters of an ounce of allspice, and a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, or two anchovies. Boil gently for half an hour; pour out, and when cold drain the ketchup gently from the sediment into small dry bottles (which must be fully filled), cork securely, and cover the cork with melted resin. The sediment can be kept for flavouring common stews and sauces.

When walnuts have been pickled a year, the vinegar with which they have been covered is often used as a substitute for walnut ketchup. True, it is not quite as delicate in flavour, yet it answers fairly well, especially if it be drained from the nuts and boiled with a little spice and a few shallots.

*Herbs.*—Rightly used, herbs are most useful in cookery. Fifty years ago if we had been told that so-and-so was a clever housewife, we should have taken it for granted that she was intimately acquainted with herbs of all sorts, knew what each variety looked like, could name it by its scent when several yards away, and was familiar with the quality and flavour of each. Now we have to confess that there are hundreds of housewives who are really skilful, and who yet know nothing of herbs excepting as they buy them in small bottles from the grocer.

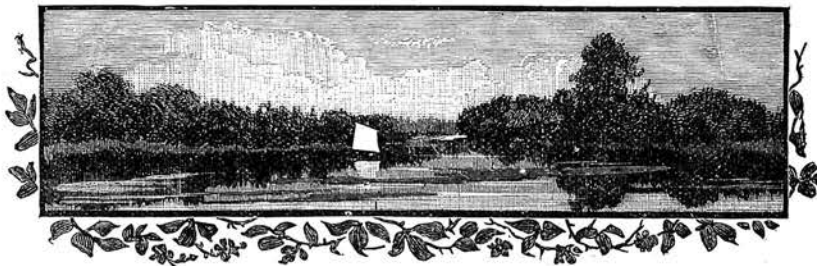
The fact is to be regretted because herbs have the quality of making food tasty without rendering it indigestible; and herbs bought ready bottled are for the most part very inferior to herbs dried at home. If only their cultivation were more generally understood, herbs might be easily grown in patches of garden which now lie idle. When this is not possible they should be bought in bunches and stored for use. The time of year for doing this varies with locality, and also with the time of planting the herbs, from now to the end of September. As a rule it is understood that they are best just before they flower. If left until they begin to seed they will have lost much of their goodness. According to herbalists neither the first nor the last crop have the fine flavour and perfume which characterise those gathered in the height of the season, that is, when the greater part of the crop is ripe.

Herbs should be gathered on a dry day, and they should not be gathered in the noonday heat. They should be carefully freed from dust and dirt before they are dried, and whatever method is employed in drying them, they should be quickly finished off, for so their flavour will be best preserved. The method which is most strongly recommended is that the herbs should be divided into small bundles and hung in a warm dark airy room till dry. When this plan is not practicable they should be dried by artificial heat either in the oven or before a fire, and then caution is necessary to prevent their being burnt. Of this a sufficient test is afforded by the preservation of the colour. When dry the leaves should be picked off the stalks, rubbed to powder, passed through a wire sieve, put into small dry bottles, corked tightly, labelled neatly, and stored for use. A very common practice is to put them

when dry into bags and store them. Thus treated they are sure to lose their flavour more quickly than when powdered and bottled.

There is a saying amongst old-fashioned housewives, when dealing with herbs that "two are company, but three are none." To this dictum, however, no housewife would subscribe who had used Francatelli's famous Aromatic Herbaceous Seasoning. This mixture is most excellent, and a tiny pinch put into stews and hashes imparts a very pleasant taste thereto. The recipe for making this mixture has, I believe, been given in a former number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It is repeated here however, for the benefit of those who have forgotten it. It may be added that one-fourth of the quantities named here would be sufficient for the needs of a moderate-sized household during one year, and that the best results are secured when the seasoning is freshly made every year. It is true that the fragrance of spices remains longer than a year, but that of the herbs is very evanescent. It is most important that the mixture when made should be kept in small bottles and corked tightly, and that when a little seasoning is wanted, the bottle should not be left uncorked a minute longer than is necessary.

*Francatelli's Seasoning.*—Take of nutmegs and mace one ounce each, of cloves and peppercorns two ounces of each, an ounce of dried bay leaves, three ounces of basil, the same of marjoram, two ounces of winter savory, and three ounces of thyme, half an ounce of cayenne pepper, the same of grated lemon peel, and two cloves of garlic. All these ingredients must be well pulverised in a mortar, first separately, afterwards together, and sifted through a fine wire sieve, then put away in dry corked bottles for use.



## SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD: UP THE HUDSON.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.

**A**MERICANS are said to be a boastful people, loth to let the light of their country be hidden under a bushel, and numberless stories are rife tending to show that as a nation they are apt to claim for their country its due. Yet my first thought, when I saw the magnificent river Hudson, was that they have been very modest about what is really great and grand, and boast only, if boast they do, about what needs bolstering up with loud praise.

We have all heard a great deal about American hotels, American freedom, and American improvements; but how many Englishmen know that, running

through New York city, and indeed through New York State, is a river so beautiful, that if it were situated anywhere in Europe half the world would be going to admire it: a river which Germans, fresh from their own loved Rhine, yet declare finer than that storied stream? It only lacks the ruins!

But if the beautiful Hudson had the associations of the Rhine, and had been made classic at every point with legend and poetry, then indeed would the lovely German river have to look to its laurels; for with all the natural beauties that the Rhine can boast, the Hudson has the added ones of stately breadth and pellucid waters.

Through the city its banks are, of course, devoted to commercial purposes; it is indeed a great com-



mercial highway, and during the season, until obstructed by ice, its commerce is very extensive ; it is, besides, the natural outlet for the lumber from the great forests of the North.

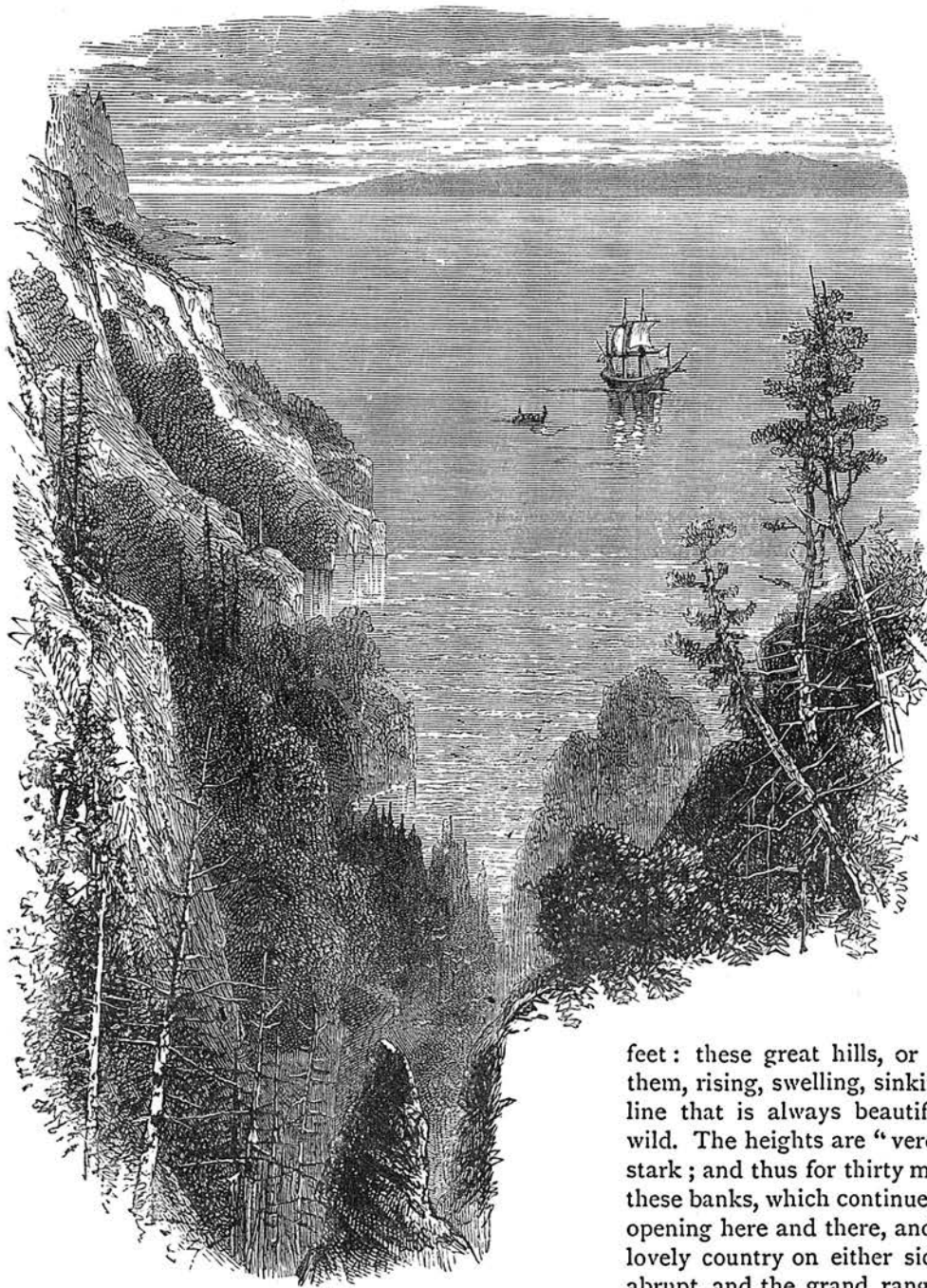
The commercial aspect of its banks, however, is soon left behind, and at Fort Lee, ten miles from New York, the Palisades begin, and extend along the west bank fifteen miles to the north ; and opposite, on the east bank, are the green wooded hills of Westchester county. These Palisades are a singularly beautiful feature of the scenery, and are so named from their precipitous character, rising, as they do, like a mighty wall from 200 to 500 feet out of the water, on which their frowning shadow is reflected ; glittering brilliantly in the sun, or gloomy and threatening in shade.

For fifteen miles this great dyke of basaltic trap-rock extends its rugged front, attaining its greatest height at Indian Head, 550 feet above the river. No more delightful water-journey can be imagined than to take the day boat from New York city to Albany. These boats are, to people whose idea of a river steamboat may be drawn from our tiny Thames craft, well worthy a few words of description. They are very swift, very large—varying, I believe, from 250 to 295 feet in length, the width of the latter boat (the *Albany*) being forty feet, or seventy-five at the widest point, including the wheels. Like all American travelling accommodations, whether by rail or water, there is an almost needless luxury in the fitting up, and the simple payment of an equal fare entitles the passenger to all the privileges the boat affords ; in other words, there are no first and second class. The only distinction, and one of comparatively modern growth, is that those who wish can engage a private parlour, of which there are several on recently-built boats for the use of invalids, bridal parties, or family excursions ; and in taking night journeys, a simple passenger ticket does not entitle to a state-room. The large majority of day travellers, however, prefer the general deck and saloon accommodation, which is very gorgeous. The walls are generally a combination of mahogany or walnut, ash, and maple woods, with abundant carving, and a great deal of plate-glass. The smoke-funnels, or, as they are termed here, “smoke-stacks”—of which there are always two, and on the larger boats three—are disguised, where they go through the saloon, by carved wood, mirrors, and so forth. Handsome Axminster carpets cover the floors, velvet or satin brocade covers the easy chairs, settees, &c., on which antimacassars are thrown ; in short, these steamers are fitted up as handsomely, and with the same disregard of cost, as the Brobdignagian hotels. But the thing which I think must strike all visitors to the country is the fact that, although the utmost liberty is accorded, and no distinction of persons whatever is made, there is no abuse of articles ; the cushions are never cut, or if ever, in all the travels I have made in the States, covering many thousand of miles, over a period of twelve years, I have never met with a single instance of wanton misuse. This is a digression which, as it is an index

of the American character, I trust may be excused. To return to the boat. The dining-room is on a par with the saloon in point of luxury, and the table-d'hôte dinner served, abundant—redundance, rather than stint, being a distinguishing feature of American catering—and excellent in material ; the failure, so far as it does fail in being satisfactory, being due to the use made of the materials, the cooking and bill of fare being too heterogeneous for fastidious tastes.

On some of the boats the dining-room is on the main deck, and thus no part of the fine scenery need be lost. These boats carry from 1,800 to 2,000 passengers ; and as these “floating palaces,” as they are somewhat magniloquently called, glide on the beautiful river, the eye is almost fatigued with the ever-changing beauty of its banks. This is less the case while passing the Palisades ; once their rugged grandeur is fixed in the mind, one can look on the softer loveliness of the east bank and enjoy its varied charms, as we pass the lovely villages of Inwood, Fort Washington, Westchester Heights, Yonkers, and Tarrytown, and many others ; some crowning a high bank or headland, others clinging to the side of a rock, and others again seeming to nestle between the rolling hills, half hidden in greenery. And then, after some twenty miles of such journeying, the Palisades—which have formed the west bank so far, shutting out the western sky—suddenly end, and the soft hills of Rockland county open before us ; while far beyond in the blue distance is the hazy outline of the Ramapo Mountains. The river here widens into a lake or bay, four miles wide, called “Tappan Bay,” or “Tappan Zee.” I may here state in parenthesis that the end of the Palisades forms the boundary between the States of New York and New Jersey. The heights on either side this broad stretch of water are a succession of thriving towns or beautiful country seats, most of them worth describing, yet too numerous to mention in the limits of an article like the present.

The Tappan Zee extends for some ten miles ; it contracts somewhat at Croton Point, and again widens, and is called for some miles Haverstraw Bay, which at its widest point is five miles wide ; and we have on our left High Torn Mountain, a peak 850 feet in height ; Treason Hill, where André met Arnold ; Grassy Point, stormed by the Americans, under General Wayne, in 1779 ; and on the right or east bank, Teller's Point, Croton Village, Verplanck's Point, and many other “Points,” I only naming those of historic interest ; and then still on the east bank we come to Manito Mountain, and Peekskill, one of the most beautiful of the Hudson villages, which are all so lovely. And then, so suddenly that it would seem as if we had come to the end of our journey, and there was no outlet from the lake we appear to be in, the river contracts to a narrow channel, scarce half a mile wide, overhung on either side by the grand and rugged crags of Donderberg and Anthony's Nose : the former, on the west bank, 1,098 feet high, the latter 1,220 feet, above the river. These two mountains seem to form the portal to the famous Highlands of the Hudson, and once we pass them we enter



VIEW ON THE HUDSON.

upon some twenty miles of fairy-land. The river winds among a succession of beautiful scenes, wooded islands, bluffs, cliffs, coves, and so constantly widens and contracts, so winds hither and thither, that it seems repeatedly as if the steamer could not possibly pass through the narrow channel ahead. The bluffs will appear to meet as if they were the boundary of a lake, or an island stretches across the river, concealing the channel, which is only narrow by comparison. Many spots of interest are thus passed, the most interesting, to English people, of all on the river being perhaps Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving, which is near Tarrytown; and to juvenile readers, that of Miss Warner, author of the "Wide, Wide World;" while to Americans, West Point, the great

military Academy of the present day, a sort of Trans-Atlantic Sandhurst, and the principal strategic point during the Revolution, will always be one of the principal attractions of the Hudson. It is situated at one of its most beautiful points, the view from it looking south being very fine.

Having reached the two mountains which may be said to form the northern entrance to the Highlands—the one on the east bank, Old Cro' Nest, rising 1,418 feet out of the water, and Breakneck Mountain on the west, 1,187 feet—we come again on new scenes of beauty. The Storm King, 1,529 feet high, the northernmost point of the Highlands, is confronted on the opposite bank by the South Beacon Hill, 1,685 feet high, and a short distance from it North Beacon, 1,471

feet: these great hills, or downs as we should term them, rising, swelling, sinking with a softness of outline that is always beautiful and grand, but seldom wild. The heights are "verdure-clad," never barren or stark; and thus for thirty miles more we glide between these banks, which continue high and often precipitous, opening here and there, and giving us glimpses of the lovely country on either side; then they become less abrupt, and the grand range of the Catskills, looking at first like great cumuli clouds, come into view.

The Catskills, of which in this paper it is impossible to give any description, are at their highest peak 4,000 feet above the river, and are the only part of all this beautiful region made classic by the enchanter's wand of genius, being, as they are, the scene of Washington Irving's delightful legend, "Rip Van Winkle."

With the great ranges of the Catskill Mountains always looming in sight, and their forms ever changing as one point after another comes into view, we approach Albany, which is, strange to say, the capital of New York State, the seat of State Government, just as the small city of Washington is the capital of America.

Before reaching Albany, however, we pass the Beeren, or Bear Island, which is the meeting-point of the four counties of Albany, Rensselaer, Columbia,

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and Greene, and the site of the "Castle of Rensselaersteën," from whose walls, in the days when New York was New Amsterdam, as we read in "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Nicholas Koorn, the agent of the patroon Van Rensselaer, used to compel passing vessels to dip their colours and pay tribute to the old Dutch freebooter, reminding one of ancient baronial doings on the banks of the "beautiful Rhine."

Beyond Albany, although the river flows for 180 miles north of that city, it is not navigable for steamers or large craft, being broken by numerous falls and rapids.

Although I have tried to give those who may never go "up the Hudson" an idea of its beauty, I am aware that to those who have seen it the description may seem feeble; so difficult is it to describe the charm of that winding river, now a lake and now a strait, or by saying the banks bear such a name at such a part, and are so many feet high, to convey an idea also of the exquisite beauty of their formation, the shadows they cast one on the other and on the waters at their feet; and if one could do all that, the brilliant atmosphere through which it is all seen would be wanting.

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## The Druggist's Peculiar Orders

### Curious Mistakes in Names Made by Applicants for Medicines

A Cambridgeport druggist has made a practice for some years of saving in a scrap book some of the most peculiar orders which he receives. "We are asked for some rather strange things," he said to the writer, "but we can generally guess what is wanted. Many people expect a druggist to prescribe for their ailments, as it saves physicians' charges, and the diagnoses of complaints which come to us are often amusing. Look at these: 'Send me some of the essence you put people to sleep with when you cut their fingers off.' That evidently means ether. 'I want something to take tobacco out of my mouth.' Of course the scent of tobacco was the thing objected to. 'Send me a baby's top to a nursing bottle' means, without a doubt, a nursing bottle top. 'An ounce of the smelling stuff that goes through your brain' describes very well the effect of inhaling ammonia. 'Something for a sore baby's eye' is not easy to mistake, though stated rather oddly. Here is a startling order for 'enough ipecac to throw up a girl 4 years old.' I cannot help sympathizing with this person, who asks for 'enough aniseed to take the twist out of a dose of senna.' Here is a request for a 'plaster for a man kilt with stitches.' Perhaps the one who wrote this order for 'something for a caustic woman' built better than he knew. Here is an order for 'something for a heavy pain in the bones that is coming out through the eyes.' The person who wrote for 'something to take a man's breath away' did not intend murder or suicide, but merely wished for cardamom seed or something of that nature. I sent a liniment to this lady, who asked for 'something to rub my old man with.' Not a bad description of a poultice is the order for 'enough flaxseed to make a pudding for a sore toe.' This child, who had an

'impression on his heart and a cough that is choking him in the neck' ought to have been taken to a doctor, as well as this other one who, his mother wrote, was 'heaving up and down and every way.' Here is a request for 'something to knock a cold out of an old woman.' The next one seems to be in hard condition. She desires something for a woman 'who has a bad cough and cannot cough.' No druggist would hesitate for a minute to fill this order: 'Something, I forget the name, but it is for a cure.' 'Our own preparation' will just fill the bill in such a case. But what should we send for a 'swelled woman's foot,' 'a man with a dry spit on him,' and 'a woman whose appetite is loose on her?'

"We got used to phonetic spelling," pursued the druggist, "and are very seldom unable to arrive at a fair conclusion of what is wanted, even by the blindest writers. Here are orders for penny garick, pary garic and paddy garic, which procured paregoric in each case. These orders for Barnegat, vergamout and bugmint were filled with bergamot; these requests for come earback, gum mare back, garmariback, come araback and ram back called for gum Arabic; these asking for camfler and camplire meant camphor; worm me fuge and barmafug meant vermifuge, of course; where our customers have called for epicot, metick, apricot and epicat we have delivered ipecacuanha; the persons who wrote for honey quintom, blew oint, Annie Quintom and Ann Grintom got unguentum; otherwise called blue ointment; orders for lodnom, lad num and lord warm we filled with laudanum; for balm of city we sent spermaceti; those who wanted high stirrips got hive syrup; this fellow who wrote for paint killer received pain killer; I knew that bubben wisky meant bourbon whisky, that air root

meant arrowroot, and that bitter Alice meant bitter aloes. I sent Arabian balsam instead of raving balsam to this man, corrosive sublimate instead of a gross of supplements to that one, and cherry pectoral instead of cherry pickered to this other. I substituted syrup of squills in these orders for sharp squil and sirrrip of swill, sent Ayer's pills to this man who asks for ear pill, Epsom salts to the one who wrote for lapson salt, and some cubebs instead of cupids to the other. Not having any glory farm on hand, I took the liberty of filling this order with chloroform, and being out of flack seed and flack sed I sent flaxseed in that one.

"When I got these orders for ox sled acid and horrid lime, I sent oxalic acid and chlorate of lime. This man asks for McCordon seed and this one for carman seed, but I gave cardamom seeds to each. Many orders come in where one syllable is mistaken for a conjunction, as chirrup and quill, for syrup of squills; check and berry, for checkerberry; gold and thread, for golden thread; spit and turkletine, for spirits of turpentine; balm and gilead, for balm of Gilead; hope and dildock, for opodeldoc. People who wish for borax write for boeracks, bowrux, bow rax and bow wax. We get orders for Arnold's 'blossom,' instead of balsam; Hall's hair 'manure' for renewer, and Burnett's 'cocarine' instead of cocaine. Customers who want lovenge write for love itch. Those who desire licorice write for luckrich, logrish, lickrish and stickrish. Here is a woman who wants five cents' worth of cologne to smell a trunk. Another asks for a mixture which shall be two-thirds alcohol and two-thirds castor oil. This one wants something to make catnip tea from, and the other asks for ten cents' worth of Mary attic acid.

*-Boston Herald*



### ATTRACTIVE SERVING.

AT no time of the year is there more demand for attractive dishes, than during the heat of midsummer, when it is necessary that food be served in the most inviting manner possible. With the mercury ranging among the nineties, or over-leaping a hundred in the glaring sunshine, the busy man of the day turns with disgust from the carbonaceous viands of the cooler months, and partakes with delight of tempting salads, cooling ices, refreshing beverages, and the delicious fruits of the season. Something substantial there must be for the first and second meals of the day, and a simple decoration of green lends a cooling effect which will often tempt the flagging appetite, when otherwise the food would remain untouched. Sprigs of parsley (especially the fern-leaved variety), either fresh or fried, form a beautiful garnish. The simplest salad may be rendered doubly inviting by the addition of a tasteful border. Nasturtium blossoms are especially beautiful for this purpose, converting even a plain lettuce salad into a beautiful dish, while the nasturtium seeds will form a delightful addition to the stuffing for your mangoes of tender musk-melon later in the season. Pickled eggs are delicious if served fresh and cool, and thin slices of the white, cut in rings, and arranged alternately with slices of young boiled beets or thinly sliced lemons, form a very effective garnish for cold meats, fish, or veal cutlets. Melons and other fruits are delicious even for breakfast, if thoroughly chilled, and especially attractive if served on a bed of cracked ice.

Oranges and bananas sliced together, or oranges and pineapple, sweetened with powdered sugar, and with or without the addition of a grated cocoanut, are delightful dishes, and produce a fine effect if served in a glass dish placed within one of a larger size, and the intervening space filled with cracked ice.

Moulded dishes, like blanc mange are pretty when placed on an inverted plate within a dish of larger size, and surrounded

by ice in the same way. Frozen fruits are delicious.

Fruit ices are always acceptable, and are excellent substitutes for ice creams for those who find sweet milk or cream difficult or expensive to obtain. They are frozen in precisely the same way, and no failure will attend the process, if the directions given in our December number be implicitly followed. In the absence of a regular freezer, an excellent substitute is found in a two-quart or a gallon tin pail of a shape that will allow its being placed within a large wooden pail, and leaving space for the packing of ice and salt. Care must be taken that the packing does not reach the cover of the tin pail. By keeping up a whirling motion of the inner pail, and scraping the contents from its sides with a stout spoon, just as good a product may be obtained as one need wish, at the expense of a little more time and labor. Summer pears form a delicious dessert when frozen, and even apples are delicious. Indeed, cold desserts should form the rule, care being taken to do all possible work, attending their preparation, in the early part of the day.

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#### Some Choice Summer Dishes.

**CHICKEN CURRY.**—This is a delicious dish and is especially wholesome during the heated season. Fry one onion and a single clove of garlic in four tablespoonfuls of butter until a light brown. Have ready two spring chickens which have been cut into small pieces two or three inches square, parboiled for fifteen or twenty minutes, drained and floured. Remove the onion from the butter, lay in the chicken and fry to a delicate brown. Strain the liquor (in which the chickens were boiled) over them; add the juice of one lemon, a sour apple pared and quartered, a large teaspoonful of curry powder, salt sufficient, and one tablespoonful of flour rubbed into a tablespoonful of butter. Stew gently for one hour. Veal is excellent served this way, and very wholesome. Cold meats

are rendered delightful when warmed over, with the addition of a little curry powder. A trifle adds much to the flavor of soups, for those who have acquired a taste for it. A bottle of curry costing but twenty-five cents will last a long time.

**NASTURTIUM SALAD**—Put nice tender lettuce leaves in your salad bowl and toss up in a dressing of salt, pepper, vinegar, and best salad oil (or melted butter if you prefer it). Put here and there a fresh nasturtium blossom as a garnish, and you will have a lovely dish. Some like the young tender leaves of the nasturtium vine mixed with the lettuce, but this is a matter of taste.

**POTATO SALAD**.—To one quart of cold potato, sliced very thin, add one small onion chopped fine, or one teaspoonful of onion juice. Some like a tart apple pared and chopped fine in addition to the above, but this is not essential. Set in a cold place till serving time. For the dressing, beat two eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, four tablespoonfuls of weak vinegar, and place in a stew pan, which set in a kettle of boiling water. Stir constantly until it becomes of the consistency of thick, sweet cream; remove from the fire, and add one teaspoonful of salt, one of made mustard, and a pinch of pepper. Set in a cold place till needed, when it should be poured over the potatoes, stirring it in gently with a fork to avoid breaking them.

**BLUEBERRY PUDDING**.—To three cups of flour—rounded measure—add half a teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Rub through a sieve, and add two cups of sweet milk, one egg, well beaten, and a pint and a half (three cups) of blueberries. Pour the mixture into a buttered tin basin or mould; set this in a steamer, over a kettle of boiling water, and steam steadily for two hours. Serve with hard sauce, or any rich hot sauce. Do not uncover the steamer for at least an hour, and do not allow the water to stop boiling.

**BLACKBERRY PUDDING, OR ROLY-POLY**.—Three cups of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder, add one teaspoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and a scant cup of milk. Mix, and roll the dough down to nearly one-half inch in thickness. Spread three pints of berries over the dough, leaving

a margin of dough about an inch in width on three sides. Begin at the other side and roll up the dough. Pinch the ends of the roll to prevent the juice from escaping; lay it in a buttered oblong pan, and steam over a kettle of boiling water for two hours. Eat with pudding sauce, or sugar and cream. Almost any kind of fruit may be used for this pudding. Sliced peaches are very nice.

**CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE**.—Grate enough chocolate for half a teacupful, add a teacupful of water, and half a teacupful of sugar. Let it simmer until the chocolate is all dissolved; Moisten three tablespoonfuls of corn starch (rounded measure), with a little cold water, stir into it two teacupfuls of sweet milk, and add it to the chocolate mixture, stirring constantly. Let simmer five minutes from the time it begins to boil. Pour into moulds that have been dipped into cold water, and set away on ice to form and cool, or in some cool place. The mixture should be boiled in a bright tin vessel, set in a kettle of boiling water. This is a cheap and delicious dessert, especially if served with whipped cream.

**APPLE ICE**.—Grate nice mellow apples, make them quite sweet, and place in the freezer for two hours. They are fine for dessert or tea. Pears, peaches, pineapples, oranges and quinces are fine served in this way. The fruit must not remain in the freezer longer than two hours, and the beater is not used. Watermelon, with just a trifle of sugar, freezes sufficiently in one hour, and cantaloupe with or without sugar in one and a half hours.

**LEMON ICE**.—To one quart of good lemonade, add the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Freeze same as ice cream. Orange ice is prepared in the same way.

**RASPBERRY ICE**.—Take two quarts of fresh juicy blackcaps, mash them fine, and strain to extract the juice. It should make three cups of juice. To this add three cups of water which have been boiled with two cups of sugar for twenty minutes. Add last the juice of two lemons. Freeze.

**PINEAPPLE ICE**.—This is one of the most delicious water ices made. Select a large sugar-loaf pineapple—one that is well-ripened and juicy. Pare, cut out the eyes and heart. Chop fine, and add two cups of sugar and one of cold water. Pour a cupful of

boiling water in a tablespoonful of gelatine, which has been soaking for two hours in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Stir till dissolved and add this to the pineapple. Press through a hair sieve to extract all the pineapple juice, and freeze.

#### Timely Suggestions.

**BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.**—This is valuable in the summer complaints of children, and is very simply made. Simmer blackberries till they break. Strain, pressing well to extract the juice. To each pint of juice add one pound of loaf sugar, one-half ounce of cinnamon, one-fourth ounce of mace, and one-fourth ounce of cloves; boil fifteen minutes. Bottle and cork well, and keep in a cool place.

**CLEARING COFFEE WITHOUT EGGS.**—Where a filter is not at hand, boil the coffee in a little bag made of cheese cloth. It will produce

coffee clear as amber. Empty, rinse and scald the bag each time it is used.

**TARNISHED SPOONS.**—Egg spoons become tarnished by the sulphur in the egg combining with the silver. This tarnish may be removed by rubbing with fine wet salt of ammonia.

**TO MAKE FLAT IRONS SMOOTH.**—Rub them with beeswax tied up in a piece of cloth, and finish by rubbing them briskly on salt scattered on brown paper. To remove starch from them, scrape with a knife and rub rapidly upon a sprinkling of salt.

**PRESERVING BROOMS.**—If brooms are dipped once a week in boiling suds, they become tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer, and sweep like a new broom.

**TO PREVENT pie-crust from becoming sodden,** paint lower crust with beaten white of egg.

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## FUCHSIAS.

ONE of our favorite plants, especially for house culture, is the fuchsia (lady's ear drop). They may be raised either from cuttings or seed. If seeds are used, plant in shallow pots, and when of a convenient size, transplant to the desired location.

If plants are to be raised from slips, root them in a box of sand, or in a bottle of water set in a sunny window. When well rooted, plant them in a pot or box, with a bottom layer of rich stable soil, well decayed, leaf mould on top of that, and a little sand on top. Water them well and place in a shady place for a day or two. After they begin to grow, give them a stimulant once a week (a little ammonia water), plenty of water, and a moderate amount of sunshine.

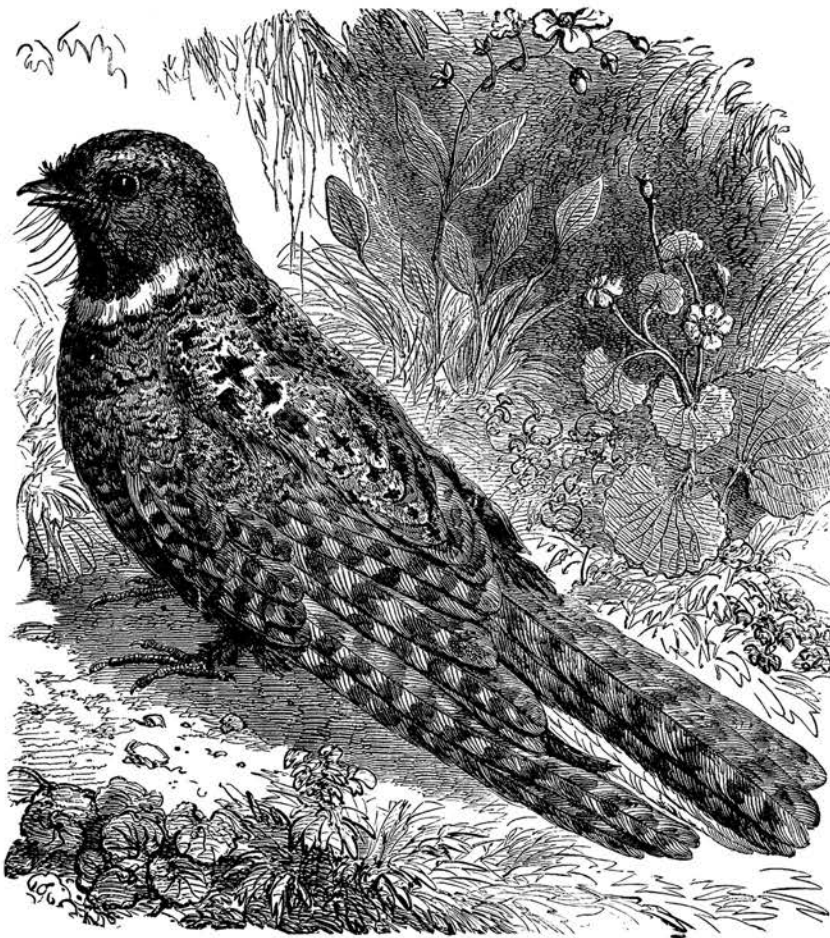
Fuchsias may be trained to climb, or grow in a close, compact form. In California they grow to the roofs of houses.

To shape a plant, begin when it is from eight to ten inches high, to pinch the top, and two branches will start. After a while pinch these too, until the plants suit you. In that way one gets more blooming branches. Of course, all fuchsias do not require this treatment, as they grow bushy from the first. One

need never lose a plant, if this treatment is followed carefully. The tops pinched off may be rooted, and so gain other plants. Florists follow this method in shaping plants.

The Champion of the World is a beautiful fuchsia, with scarlet and sepals, violet corolla. Golden Fleece is another, the foliage being of a golden yellow, a very good bloomer. The Princess of Wales is also a very free bloomer, flowers a double white. The Storm King, sent out by C. E. Allen, Brattleboro, Vt., is a magnificent variety of this plant. The flowers are of an immense size, of a delicate pink, bursting into a snowy white.

In watering fuchsias, as well as almost all other plants, the following will always hold good: If on taking earth from the pot it crumbles like dust, it will be evident that they require watering. A sure sign is to knock on the side of the pot near the middle, with the knuckle; if it gives forth a hollow ring, the plant needs water; if there is a dull sound, there is still enough moisture to sustain the plant. Plants must not be wet more than once or twice a day. On the other hand, the earth must not dry out entirely, for that is also injurious.



### The Whip-poor-will.

**T**HIS bird, about the size of the thrush, has its plumage variegated with black, very light and dark brown, the colors extending in minute streaks over the body, and spotting the wings. It migrates in the Spring from the far South, ranges as far north as the great lakes of Canada, and, after breeding, retires to Winter in the warm climes of the South. The nocturnal song of this bird, which is a low, wailing repetition of two or three notes, which have been rendered into the words which make up its name, as heard in the stillness and solitude of the night, is weird and melancholy.

WHY dost thou come at set of sun,  
 Those pensive words to say?  
 Why whip poor Will—what has he done?  
 And who is Will, I pray?  
 Why come from yon leaf-shaded hill,  
 A suppliant at my door?

Why ask of me to whip poor Will?  
 And is Will really poor?

If poverty is his crime, let mirth  
 From out his heart be driven;  
 That is the deadliest sin on earth,  
 And never is forgiven.

Yet wherefore strain thy tiny throat  
 While other birds repose?  
 What means thy melancholy note?—  
 The mystery disclose.

Still "whip poor Will?" Art thou a sprite  
 From unknown regions sent,  
 To wander in the gloom of night,  
 And ask for punishment?

Is thine a conscience sore beset  
 With guilt? or, what is worse,  
 Hast thou to meet writs, duns, and debt,  
 No money in thy purse?

If this be thy hard fate indeed,  
 Ah! well may'st thou repine;  
 The sympathy I give I need—  
 The poet's doom is thine!

Art thou a lover, Will? Hast proved  
 The fairest can deceive?  
 Thine is the lot of all who've loved,  
 Since Adam wedded Eve.

Hast trusted in a friend, and seen  
 No friend was he in need?  
 A common error—men still lean  
 Upon as frail a reed.

Hast found the world a Babel wide,  
 Where man to mammon stoops?  
 Where flourish arrogance and pride,  
 While modest merit droops?

What! none of these? Then whence thy pain?  
 To guess it who's the skill?  
 Pray have the kindness to explain  
 Why I should whip poor Will?

Dost merely ask thy just desert?  
 What! not another word?  
 Back to the woods again unhurt—  
 I would not harm thee, bird;

But use thee kindly; for my nerves,  
 Like thine, have penance done;  
 Use every man as he deserves,  
 Who shall 'scape whipping? None.

Farewell, poor Will!—not valueless  
 This lesson by thee given;  
 Keep thine own counsel, and confess  
 Thyself alone to heaven!

G. P. MORRIS.

## ANOTHER LITTLE FRIEND.



**S**MALLEST of mammals, and most interesting of rodents, is the Harvest Mouse. The colour of its body is uniform reddish-brown, except the under part of the neck, stomach, and thighs,

which are white. This colour, however, varies—probably with age; and after long confinement the fur loses much of its brightness. The harvest mouse is a far more suitable pet for a cage than any of its numerous relations, for it is decidedly uncommon, it is smaller and more active than any other mouse, its smell is neither so strong nor so offensive as that of white mice; it is lively by day, which the dormouse is not; and it has a prehensile tail, enabling it to climb about in strange attitudes, hang head downwards from a perch, and perform other monkey-like evolutions. Besides, it readily resigns itself to captivity, exhibiting no shyness on being taken, beyond an occasional nibbling at the wires, which, after all, may not denote a wish to get out, for we all know that mice would not be happy if they were not nibbling.

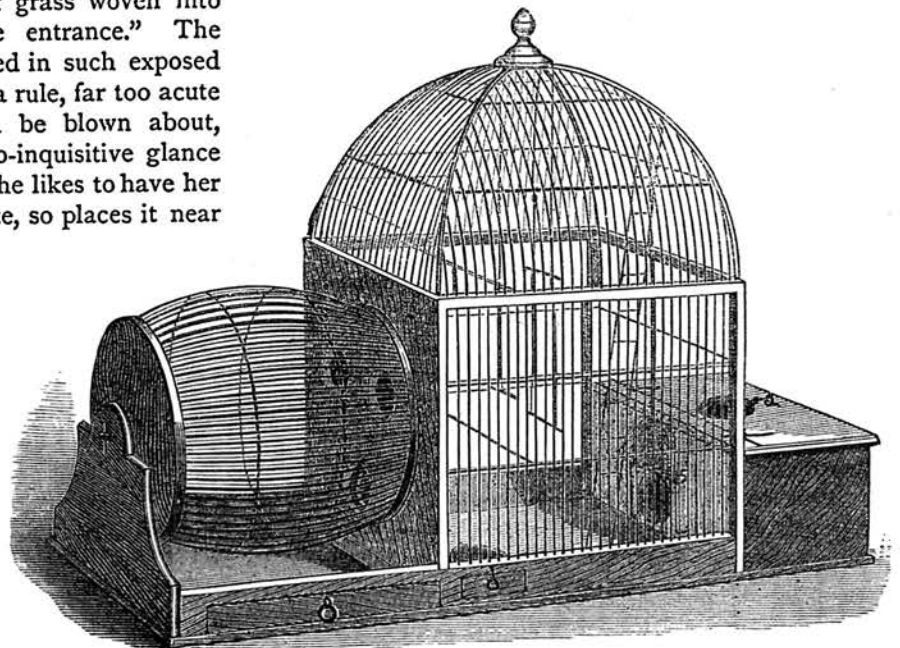
Some natural-history books say: “The nest of the harvest mouse may be found attached to the stalks of ripening corn. It is composed of grass woven into a ball, possessing no perceptible entrance.” The nests are probably not often placed in such exposed situations. Our little friend is, as a rule, far too acute to fix her abode where it would be blown about, rained upon, and exposed to the too-inquisitive glance of every passing owl or kestrel. She likes to have her house, her castle, secure and private, so places it near the ground, in some bramble, thistle, or other weed, that flourishes in the hedgerow. Here she rears her young in safety, making excursions to the corn-stalks to rob the ear of its grain, and abandoning her retreat, children and all, ere autumn strips off the sheltering leaves and discloses its position.

Some farmers are born naturalists. They scorn to place their corn on those stone vermin-proof supports of the farmyard which their landlord has so economic-

ally provided for that purpose, but prefer to stack it on the ground, in the corner of the field where it grew, so that they may have the pleasure of grumbling at the mice and rats for coming and eating it. And grumble they do, when winter has come, and they hire the noisy threshing engine, only to find half of their grain already threshed, ground, and consumed by those industrious little mortals. If there be any harvest mice in the neighbourhood, they will be found at the bottom of a rick thus situated, and being conspicuous by their bright fur, may then be easily captured.

Any kind of cage will answer its purpose, provided the bars be close enough together. But to observe our pets' climbing propensities to advantage, a dome cage is best, not less than eighteen inches square, with small dormitories in the wood-work at the base, and liberally provided with tight-ropes, fixed and swinging perches, as well as any other gymnastic appliance which suggests itself. There should also be a wheel, with a small removable tray underneath it, placed outside the wires.

The sleeping-boxes should not be larger than two inches square, for though these mice are anything but gregarious, two or three will somehow squeeze themselves into even that small area, till the wonder is how they manage to breathe; and if the boxes were larger, more would huddle together for the genial warmth of companionship. If the lid of a box be opened when they are asleep, the occupants will be found pressed quite flat, and fitting into each other like the sardines of a newly-opened tin; and even though a separate berth be provided for every member of the community, they will still pack themselves, as far as possible,



A MODEL CAGE.



into one compartment. This is objectionable, though unavoidable, for the heat thus engendered encourages fleas, which, though they bear the same proportion to the *Culex irritans* of the household as a prawn does to a lobster (thereby showing how Nature adapts herself to her surroundings), are none the less veritable fleas.

The drinking-trough should be so placed that the mice can get nothing beyond their head to the liquid ; for if exposed entirely, the sand or bran of the floor-board will soon find its way into it, and foul the water.

If several of these mice be turned into one cage, their first desire is to find out which has the hardest tail. With no provocation, one will creep behind his neighbour, in a manner most un-English, and deliberately nip a piece out of that appendage, and before long several tails will be found barked. When



this occurs, it is best to put the injured mice into a separate cage, there to await recovery (or, better still, to turn them loose altogether), after which a lasting peace will probably be established in the colony.

By nature insectivorous, the little animals, when caged, readily take the edge off their appetite with grain, but like to finish their dinner with one or two small beetles, earwigs, or big meat-flies, which are generally demolished from the head downwards.

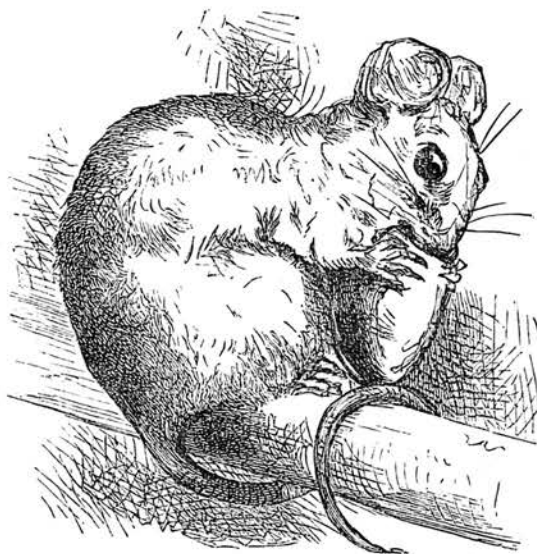
If a cockchafer or any of the larger *Scarabæi* be introduced alive into the cage, the nearest mouse pats him on the head, or tumbles him about, trying to get up a game of "touch-last ;" but when in response the chafer merely falls on his back, waving his legs helplessly in the air, mousey scorns to attack such an ignoble foe. He is by no means afraid of such a coleopterous monster, but, for some reason not caring to eat him, refrains from wantonly taking life.

In order to see how the prehensile tail is used, a good plan is to pass an almond (of which the mice are



very fond), fastened to one end of a thin piece of string, down from the top of the cage. If they are "on the feed," the nut hardly touches the bottom before a bite is felt. Then the string may be quietly drawn up again, and rather than relax its hold upon such a favourite morsel, up comes the mouse with it, either swinging its body upwards and seizing the twine with its hind legs, or else hanging to the almond by its incisors and fore-feet, while its hind-legs swing about wildly, and its tail keeps making all sorts of curves, until in ascending it meets with a perch. This is at once grappled by that "fifth hand," which coils round it like a corkscrew ; and there mousey will enjoy her banquet, squatting on her haunches. Hunger satisfied, the almond is let go, and her next care will be to wipe her face with her hands, brush up her whiskers, lick her fur all over, and have a general clean-up ; and then, perhaps, climb down to the trough, prick up her little ears, and take a good drink, lapping the water with her tiny tongue, as a cat its milk.

I have kept these little creatures together in numbers, and so they have never bred in my cage. But it is probable that if a pair were put in a roomy cage in spring, with some suitable retreat for a nest, ere summer was over they would have the cares of a family devolving upon them. A. H. MALAN, M.A.



THE HISTORY OF HOME  
OR  
DOMESTIC WAYS SINCE THE TIMES OF HENRY VIII.

By NANETTE MASON.

PART I.

THE REIGNS OF HENRY VIII., EDWARD VI., AND  
MARY I.



IN the following articles we propose to treat of home life in bygone days.

That being the case, our net will be spread wide enough to catch a very miscellaneous collection of facts. Nothing will come amiss to us that in any way illustrates the domestic existence of our

ancestors, and every reader, whatever her turn of mind, will be sure to find something worth taking note of.

It will be a different sort of narrative from the history of great men, or a tale of battles, sieges, and such-like imposing circumstances. We shall speak of houses and furniture, food and clothing, etiquette and good manners, wages and prices, education and superstition, household industries and household amusements, old recipes and domestic medicines, the ways of the poor and the ways of the rich. We shall make as much of needles and pins as ordinary history-books do of swords and guns, and a girl singing an old song will have more attention than they give to an ambassador negotiating a foreign treaty.

The worst of it is that the subject is long, whilst our space is of necessity short. We shall try, however, to change that disadvantage into an advantage, by giving only those facts that appear most interesting. There is a pleasure, too, when reading about a subject, to know that the half has not been told, and that to all who care to pursue it on their own account a rich harvest remains yet unreaped.

We are not going to begin with the time "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," and homes were in caves and under the shade of green trees; our starting-point is to be the reign of Henry VIII., and our first article will embrace that reign and the reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary—in other words, from 1509 to 1558.

In those far-back days many things were different from what they are now. There has been a great advance in material comfort. Our forefathers, no doubt, had just as much wit and wisdom as we have; but we can boast an advantage over them in possessing more of the conveniences of life. In that respect, at least, we are lucky to have been born so late.

Let us not imagine, however, that they had a bad time of it, or were discontented or miserable because they had not everything just like us. People do not sigh after what they have never either seen or heard of. We really find happiness in our affections—not in our material surroundings, which are of secondary importance; and it is not unreasonable to conclude that, as human nature is al-

ways the same, these ancestors of ours enjoyed life in their way quite as much as we do.

We start with the subject of houses and furniture. When Henry VIII. began to reign, well-to-do people in towns lived, as a rule, in houses built principally of timber, the fronts being often ornamented with rich carvings of fanciful and grotesque objects. The upper storeys projected; so much so, indeed, that in a street people in the attics on either side could almost shake hands. There was a reason for building in this way. As the houses were of perishable material, each storey gave protection from the weather to the storey beneath it.

Such a quantity of timber being used, there was a great danger of fire, and the warning of the bellmen who proclaimed the hours of the night in London was certainly needed, when, to their instructions to "be charitable to the poor, and pray for the dead," they added, "Take care of your fire and candle."

The labouring people in the country lived in houses constructed of the first things that came to hand—often nothing but wattle and mud or clay. When the mud or clay cracked, under the influence of summer's heat or winter's frost, it was a simple matter with the same material to "stop a hole to keep the wind away." Ventilation was very defective, and Erasmus attributes the frequent sicknesses with which England was then visited in a great measure to the want of fresh air in the dwelling-houses.

The ideas that regulated the furnishing and decoration of the houses of the upper classes form a marked contrast to those prevailing nowadays. The furniture was more massive, and there was less of it. The bed-chamber of Henry VIII. contained only a couple of joint cupboards, a joint stool, two hand-irons, a fire-fork, a pair of tongs, a fire-pan, and a steel mirror covered with yellow velvet.

Carpets came into use before the reign of Henry VIII. was far advanced, though in the reign of Queen Mary rushes still strewed the floor of the presence-chamber. Feather beds were used in Henry VIII.'s reign by the upper classes. When they went travelling, they were no longer content with the floor or a hard bench at halting-places, but generally carried portable beds (packed in leather cases) with them on horseback. In the lower ranks of life straw pallets, or rough mats with a round log for a pillow, formed the ordinary provision for sleeping.

Ladies' dresses amongst the nobility in Henry VIII.'s reign had a certain formality, but in many points were elegant and becoming. Early in the sixteenth century they were made low and cut square about the neck: the sleeves were tight at the shoulder, but suddenly became very large and open, showing the puffed sleeves of the under-dress. The long skirts were worn open in front to the waist, showing the kirtle or petticoat. Sometimes, however, dresses were worn high, with short waists and a small falling collar.

At a little later date the sleeves of dresses were puffed at the shoulders, and when the dress was made open above the girdle, what was called a "partlet"—a kind of habit-shirt—was worn beneath it, and carried up to the throat.

Sleeves were one of the strong points of the ladies of those times. They were independent

articles of clothing, and were attached at pleasure to the rest of the costume. "Much splendour," says Mr. J. R. Planché, "was lavished on this part of the dress, and its various fashions were singularly quaint and elegant. Amongst the inventories of Henry VIII.'s reign we find "three pair of purple satin sleeves for women; one pair of linen sleeves, paned with gold over the arm, quilted with black silk, and wrought with flowers between the panes and at the hands; one pair of sleeves of purple gold tissue damask wire, each sleeve tied with aglets of gold; one pair of crimson satin sleeves, four buttons of gold being set on each sleeve, and in every button nine pearls."

Necklaces and other ornaments of jewellery were much worn. No dress was complete without a girdle, and from the girdle was suspended by means of chains such articles as tablets, knives and purses. Sometimes, in place of the chains, the girdles themselves had a long pendant, which was elaborately decorated.

We get a glimpse of the style of dress amongst commoner folk, in the history of a famous clothier known as "Jack of Newbury." When Jack was married, the bride, in her wedding costume, must have cut quite a picturesque figure. "The bride," we read, "being dressed in a gown of sheep's russet and a kirtle of fine worsted, her head attired in a *billiment* (habillment) of gold, and her hair, as yellow as gold, hanging down behind her, which was curiously combed and plaited, according to the manner of those days, was led to church by two boys with bride laces, and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves."

Mrs. Jack became a widow, and after she had laid aside her weeds she is described as coming one day out of the kitchen "in a fair train gown stuck full of silver pins, having a white cap on her head, with cuts of curious needlework under the same, and an apron before her as white as driven snow."

The ordinary costume for men of the upper ranks in the time of Henry VIII. was a full-skirted jacket or doublet, with large sleeves to the wrists, over which was hung a short cloak or coat, with loose hanging sleeves and a broad, rolling collar of fur. To these articles of dress was added a brimmed cap, jewelled and bordered with ostrich feathers; stockings and square-toed shoes.

A sumptuary law was passed in 1533, limiting the use of certain expensive stuffs and valuable personal ornaments to certain classes. Common people and serving men, for example, were confined to the use of cloth of a fixed price, and lamb's fur only, and they were forbidden to wear any ornaments or even buttons of gold, silver, or gilt work, excepting the badge of their lord or master.

The apprentices of London wore blue cloaks in summer, and in winter gowns of the same colour. Blue cloaks or gowns were a mark of servitude.

Fourteen years before the beginning of Henry VIII.'s reign wages were settled by Act of Parliament. A free mason, master carpenter, rough mason, bricklayer, master tiler, plumber, glazier, carver or joiner, was allowed from Easter to Michaelmas to take 6d. a day, without meat or drink. Suppose he had meat and drink, he could only charge 4d. A master having under him six men was allowed a penny a day extra. From

Michaelmas to Easter a penny a day was taken off these prices. Wages, however, gradually rose all through the sixteenth century.

In 1511, in the household of the Earl of Northumberland, the principal priest of the chapel had £5 a year; a chaplain graduate £3 6s. 8d.; a chaplain not a graduate, £2; a minstrel, £4; a serving boy, 13s. 4d. These payments were over and above food and lodging.

When wages and salaries were so low, compared with those of our own day, we must expect to find a corresponding difference in prices. In 1541 a hundred eggs sold for 1s. 2d., a dozen pigeons cost 10d., a good fat goose cost 8d., and you could buy a fat sheep for from 2s. 4d. to 4s., and an ox for about £2. In 1533 an Act was passed by which the price of beef and pork was fixed at ½d. a pound, and veal at ¾d.

Of the state of learning, in the houses at any rate of the upper classes, much is to be said that reflects credit on our ancestors. The royal court of Henry VIII., whatever might be its faults, did not neglect study. In the case of Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI., devotion to his books no doubt had an injurious effect on his health, and there is no saying what might have been the result to England had he had less learning and more exercise. Bishop Burnet tells us that he was so forward in his education that "before he was eight years old he wrote Latin letters to his father, who was a prince of that stern severity that one can hardly think that those about his son durst cheat him by making letters for him."

Mary had a good knowledge of classic authors, and wrote good Latin letters. Elizabeth began every day with an hour's reading in the Greek Testament, the tragedies of Sophocles, and the orations of Isocrates and Demosthenes. She also was a good Latin scholar, spoke French and Italian as fluently as English, had a smattering of Dutch and German, and was a devourer of works on history.

These two princesses were the highest in station of the accomplished women of the time, but there were many who equalled, and some who surpassed, them in learning. The most remarkable of all for accomplishments was certainly Lady Jane Grey, afterwards the unfortunate queen of a ten-days' reign. Lady Jane took so kindly to study that she became the marvel of the age for her acquirements. She excelled in needlework and in music, and, aided by her tutor, Dr. Elmer, or Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London, had thoroughly mastered Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, and knew something of at least three Oriental tongues—Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic.

One of the most interesting passages—and a touching one it is, too—in the writings of Roger Ascham is that in "The Schoolmaster," in which he describes a visit he paid to the home of Lady Jane's parents in Leicestershire in 1550. She was then little over thirteen years old. It gives us a glimpse of the girl-life of the period in a high rank of society, and deserves to be quoted in full.

"Before I went into Germany," says Ascham, "I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædon Platonis, in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccaccio.

"After salutation and duty done with some other talk, I asked her why she would leave such pastime in the park?

"Smiling, she answered me, 'I wis all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that

pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas, good folk! they never felt what true pleasure meant.'

"'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women but very few men have attained thereunto?'

"'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me is that He sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, measure, and number—even so perfectly as God made the world—or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes, with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them; so without measure mis-ordered that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me.'

"I remember this talk gladly," Ascham adds, "both because it is so worthy of memory, and because, also, it was the last talk that ever I had and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."

However learning might flourish in the upper circles of society, it seems to have languished in the schools and among the people. But efforts were made in the direction of popular education, and more grammar schools it is said were founded in the latter part of Henry VIII.'s reign than in the three hundred years preceding.

Music was practised by all classes. Erasmus, who saw much of England in the beginning of the sixteenth century, speaks of the English as the most accomplished in the skill of music of any people. "It is certain," says Mr. Chappell, "that the beginning of the sixteenth century produced in England a race of musicians equal to the best in foreign countries, and in point of secular music decidedly in advance of them."

Henry VIII. was a great patron of music, and, more than that, he was himself a composer and performer. He played well on both the virginals and the lute, and could sing at sight. But to sing at sight was a common accomplishment amongst gentlemen; so common, indeed, that inability to do so was looked on as a serious drawback to success in life. Homes were rendered cheerful by the singing of madrigals and other part music. The first collection of songs in parts that was printed in England belongs to the year 1530.

Besides music, many other recreations were indulged in. These were the days of archery, casting of the bar, wrestling, and such martial sports as fighting with swords and battle-axes. For rural pastimes there were hunting and hawking—and in these the ladies were often as enthusiastic as the gentlemen. Card-playing was highly popular, and in the reign of Henry VIII. a prohibitory statute was found necessary to prevent apprentices from using cards, except in the Christmas holidays, and then only in their masters' houses. The same statute forbade any householder to permit card-playing in his house, under the penalty of six shillings and eightpence for every offence.

May Day was a general holiday, and Maypoles were set up in every town and village. The observance of May Day differed no doubt in minor particulars in different places, but in general it consisted in people of all ranks going out early in the morning into the "sweet meadows and green woods," where they broke down branches from the trees, and adorned them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. "This done, they returned homewards with their booty, and made their doors and windows triumph in the flowery spoil." The Maypole was set up, and the rest of the day was spent in dancing round it, and in sports of different kinds. When evening came, bonfires were lighted in the streets. Even the reigning sovereign joined in these amusements. On May Day, 1515, Henry VIII. and Queen Katherine, his wife, rode a-Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's-hill, accompanied by many lords and ladies.

There was a famous London Maypole in Cornhill before the parish church of St. Andrew Undershaft. The pole or shaft, Stow tells us, was set up by the citizens "every year, on May Day, in the morning, in the midst of the street, before the south door of the said church; which shaft, when it was set on end and fixed in the ground, was higher than the church steeple." When its annual day of usefulness was over, the pole was taken down again and hung on iron hooks above the doors of the neighbouring houses.

This pole was destroyed in 1550, the fourth year of Edward VI.'s reign, in an outburst of Puritanism, after a sermon preached at St. Paul's Cross against May games. The inhabitants of the houses against whose wall the pole had found shelter sawed it in pieces, and every man took a bit and made use of it to light his fire.

Mingled with the festivities of May Day there was a distinct set of sports, very popular in the early part of the sixteenth century, intended to represent the adventures of the renowned woodland hero, Robin Hood. The enthusiasm with which the common people entered into these sports may be seen from the reception Bishop Latimer met with when he once proposed to preach in a town on the 1st of May. He tells the incident himself in a sermon he preached in 1549 before Edward VI.

"I came once myself," he says, "to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word overnight into the town that I would preach there in the morning because it was holy day, and methought it was an holy day's work." (It was the Feast of the Apostles Philip and James.) "The church stood in my way, and I took my horse and my company and went thither. I thought I should have found a great company in the church, and when I came there the church door was fast locked.

"I tarried there half an hour and more. At last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us. We cannot hear you. It is Robin Hood's Day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood. I pray you forbid them not.'

"I was fain there to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet"—or bishop's surplice—"should have been regarded, though I were not; but it would not serve; it was fain to give place to Robin Hood."

How did stay-at-home people amuse themselves then in the long winter evenings? No doubt they either made time seem short by going to sleep, or they sat by the fireside singing songs or telling oft-told stories, or exercising their wits by asking each other riddles or conundrums. Some of their fireside riddles are preserved in a little book called "Demands Joyous"—in modern English

Merry Questions—which was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1511.

The following are a few of the conundrums contained in this work, and at some of them the reader, who is well acquainted with the conundrums of the present day, will be tempted to exclaim with Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun.

“What is it that never freezeth?—Boiling water.

“What is it that never was and never will be?—A mouse’s nest in a cat’s ear.

“How many straws go to a goose’s nest?—Not one, for straws, not having feet, cannot go anywhere.

“How many calves’ tails would it take to reach from the earth to the sky?—No more than one, if it be long enough.

“What man getteth his living backwards?—A ropemaker.

“Why doth a dog turn round three times before he lieth down?—Because he knoweth not his bed’s head from the foot thereof.

“Why do men make an oven in a town? Because they cannot make a town in an oven.

“How may a man discern a cow in a flock of sheep?—By his eyesight.

“What is the worst bestowed charity that one can give?—Alms to a blind man; for he would be glad to see the person hanged that gave it to him.”

An industry of considerable interest from a domestic point of view came to the front in 1542; this was the manufacture of pins. These useful articles were originally made abroad, but the English pinners took to making them, and on their engaging to keep the public well supplied at reasonable prices, an Act of Parliament was passed in the year just named, forbidding the sale of any sort of pins excepting “only such as shall be double-headed, and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pin, well smoothed, the shank well shaven, the point well and round filed, canted and sharpened.”

The English pinmakers, however, either proved unable or unwilling to keep their part of the bargain, and complaints were so loudly made that the pins were not what they should be, that in 1545 the Act was declared

“frustrate and annihilated, and to be repealed for ever.” Pins of good quality were of brass, but unscrupulous makers made pins of iron wire, blanching, and passed them off as brass ones.

People who went from home then had no choice—they must either ride or walk. Kings, queens, and gentlefolk all mounted to the saddle, the ladies being accustomed to ride on pillions fixed on the horse, and generally behind some relative or serving-man. Rude carriages, however, made their appearance in England in 1555.

Before the Reformation there were no poor’s rates. The poor had their wants supplied by charitable doles given at religious houses, and by contributions placed in the poor man’s box which stood in every church. In all parishes there was a church house supplied with dishes and cooking utensils. “Here,” says John Aubrey, “the housekeepers met, and were merry and gave their charity.”

Begging, under certain conditions, was regulated by an Act of Parliament passed in 1530. By this Act justices of the peace were required to give licences under their seals to such poor, aged, and impotent persons to beg within a certain precinct as they thought had most need. If anyone begged out of the district assigned to him he was to be set in the stocks two days and two nights; and if anyone begged without first obtaining a licence he was to be put in the stocks three days and three nights, and be fed with bread and water only.

Vagrants were very sternly dealt with; but in this Act, and in subsequent legislation on the same subject, we see that our sixteenth-century forefathers had an honest desire to do their duty in relieving such as were in “unfeigned misery.” In an Act passed in the first year of Edward VI.’s reign we find the curate of every parish required, “on every Sunday and holiday, after reading the Gospel of the day, to make (according to such talent as God hath given him) a godly and brief exhortation to his parishioners, moving and exciting them to remember the poor people, and the duty of Christian charity in relieving of them which be their brethren in Christ,

born in the same parish and needing their help.”

One of the interesting households of the period was that of Sir Thomas More, the famous Lord Chancellor who was executed in 1535. More lived at Chelsea, and of his happy home there Erasmus, who knew him well, has given the following charming account:—“More,” he says, “has built, near London, upon the Thames, a modest yet commodious mansion. There he lives, surrounded by his numerous family, including his wife, his son, and his son’s wife, his three daughters and their husbands, with eleven grandchildren. There is not any man living so affectionate to his children as he, and he loveth his old wife as if she were a girl of fifteen. Such is the excellence of his disposition, that whatsoever happeneth that could not be helped, he is as cheerful and as well pleased as though the best thing possible had been done.

“In More’s house you would say that Plato’s Academy was revived again, only whereas in the Academy the discussion turned upon geometry and the power of numbers, the house at Chelsea is a veritable school of Christian religion. In it is none, man or woman, but readeth or studieth the liberal arts; yet is their chief care of piety. There is never any seen idle. The head of the house governs it, not by a lofty carriage and oft rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners. Every member is busy in his place, performing his duty with alacrity; nor is sober mirth wanting.”

Speaking of More’s home life in his “Short History of the English People,” Mr. J. R. Green says:—“The reserve which the age exacted from parents was thrown to the winds in More’s intercourse with his children. He loved teaching them, and lured them to their deeper studies by the coins and curiosities he had gathered in his cabinet. He was as fond of their pets and their games as the children themselves, and would take grave scholars and statesmen into the garden to see his girls’ rabbit-hutches or to watch the gambols of their favourite monkey.”

(To be continued.)



# Home & London



Who'll buy my singing birds?



Any hobby horses today?



Fine writing ink and quills!



Any toasting forks and shovels?



Young lambs to sell!



Half-past ten and a stormy night.



Dust 'oh, dust 'oh!



Old clo', old clo', old clo'



Three pence a pouch (?) strawberries

Guy W. Hunt

1892

The original captions being all but illegible, I've provided transcriptions where possible.

# Street Scenes



Any door mats or dusting brooms?



Two market bunches a penny watercress



All hot, all hot, taters all hot!



All a blowing, all a growing!



Muffins and crumpets, all hot, all hot!



Sweep, sweep, sweep!



Any cluckweed or groundsell (?) for your singing birds?



Fine fresh herrings, eight for fourpence

*Wm. Brindley*

1592



JULY.

Then July comes with his hot calms,  
 And constant in his kind;  
 The man doth thrive to thirty-five,  
 And sober grows his mind;  
 His children small do on him call,  
 And breed him sturt and strife;  
 His wife may die, and so must he  
 Go seek another wife.  
 OLD POEM; 1653.

SEEKING THE SHADE.—BATHING, SWIMMING, AND FISHING.

JULY was named Julius by Marc Antony, in compliment to Julius Caesar. The Saxons called it *Hew-Monat*, or *Hey-Monath*, because in it they generally mowed, and gathered in their hay; it was also called *Maed Monath*, because at this season the meads are covered with bloom.

July 1 is the Anniversary of two important events—the Battle of the Boyne, in 1690, at which both James II., and William III., were present; and the Battle of the Nile, in 1780, the result of which was so brilliant, that Nelson said victory was not a sufficient name for it.

Churchill thus glances at the superstitious notions about rain on St. Swithin's Day, (July 15) :—

July, to whom the Dog Star in her train,  
 St. James gives oysters, and St. Swithin rain.

Gay, in his *Trivia*, mentions :—

How if on Swithin's Feast the welkin low'rs,  
 And every penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,  
 Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,  
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain."

There is, too, an old proverb :

St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,  
 For forty days it will remain;  
 St. Swithin's day if thou be fair,  
 For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

There is a quaint saying, that when it rains on St. Swithin's Day, it is the Saint christening the Apples. In some church books, there are entries of gatherings of "Sainte Swithine's farthyngs" on this day. St. Swithin was *Chancellor of the Exchequer* in the time of King Ethelbert, and the great patron saint of the Cathedral and City of Winchester; in the former is shown a large sculptured stone, which was long believed to cover the remains of the Saxon Saint, but this was disproved in 1797, by the finding of a complete skeleton beneath the stone; and the skull of St. Swithin is known to have been deposited in Canterbury Cathedral: his shrine was formerly kept in a chapel behind the altar in Winchester Cathedral.

With respect to "Rain on St. Swithin's Day," Mr. Howard, the meteorologist, observes: "The notion commonly entertained on this subject, if put strictly to the test of experience at any one station in this part of the island, (London), will be found fallacious. To do justice to popular observation, I may now state, that in a majority of our Summers, a showery period, which, with some latitude as to time and circumstances, may be admitted to constitute daily rain for forty days, does come on about the time indicated by this tradition: not that any long space before is often so dry as to mark distinctly its commencement."

A showery disposition in the air has certain tokens, of which the frequency of the Rainbow is one. All showers, however favourable their position with respect to the sun, do not, however, produce equally marked and beautiful Rainbows:

O arch of promise, seen in liquid skies!  
 With glittering band of many coloured raies  
 In harmonic all blending. How mine eyes  
 Love to observe thee. As these showerie daies,

Changing and many weathered, sometimes smile  
 And flash short sunshine through black clouds awhile.  
 Then deepening dark again, they fall in raine,  
 So is it pleasant now to pause and view,  
 Thy brilliant sign in clouds of waterie hue,  
 And know the storm will not return againe.

*St. James's Day* (July 25th), was formerly observed by the distribution of food to such as chose to demand it. On *St. James's Day* (old style) oysters came in in London; and there is a popular notion, like that relating to geese on Michaelmas Day, that whoever eats oysters on that day, will never want money for the rest of the year. Yet, this does not accord with another popular conceit, in *Butter's Dye's Dry Dinner*, 1599: "it is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster."

Our artist has depicted a beautiful scene of noontide leisure, an episode in the life of "Illustrious Summer." Bathing, sailing, fishing, and all kinds of water frolics, are now in high season. Thomson gives us a life-like picture of the first:—

Cheer'd by the setting beam, the sprightly youth Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid To meditate the blue profound below; Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.	His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek Instant emerge; and through the flexile wave, At each short breathing by his lip repell'd, With arms and legs according well, he makes, As humour leads, an easy-winding path; While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light Effuses, on the pleas'd spectators round.
--	--

Such a scene, too, as the Poet of Nature sings, is here :

The brook ran bubbling by, and sighing weak, The breeze among the bending willows play'd. Warm in their cheek, the sultry season glow'd; And, roll'd in loose array, they came to bathe Their fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.	This is the purest exercise of health, The kind refresher of the summer heats; Even from the body's purity the mind Receives a secret, sympathetic aid.
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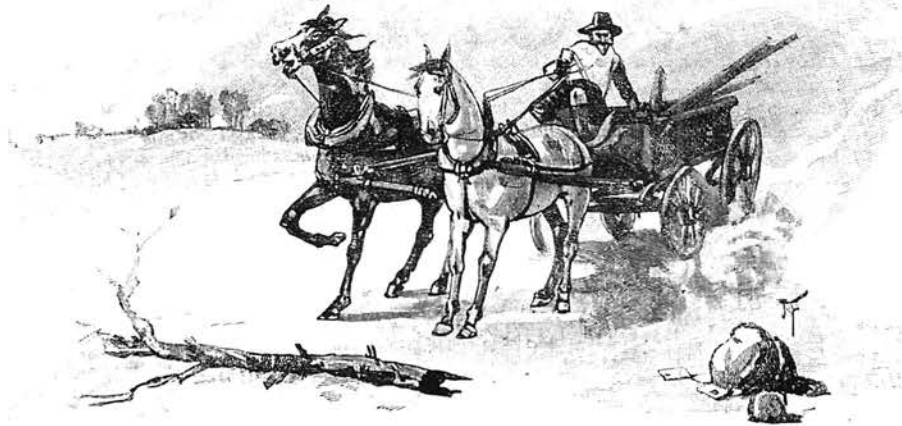
The Fishing at this time of year, that is to say, Perch and Trout fishing, is, perhaps, the best of any fishing that the circle of the season produces. "The witty, companionable, and gentle Gay," who often tried his art to "tempt the tenant of the brook," gives this poetical picture of the fly-fisher :—

He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow, Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw, When, if an insect fall (his certain guide), He gently takes him from the whirling tide. Examines well his form with curious eyes,	His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size; Then round the hook the chosen few he winds, And on the back a speckled feather binds; So just the colours shine through every part, That nature seems to live again in art.
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Sir Henry Wootton, Provost of Eton College, says Walton, was "a most dear lover and a frequent practiser of the Art of Angling, of which he would say, 'Twas an employment for his idle time, which was then not idly spent, 'for Angling was, after tedious study, a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness,' and 'that it begat habits of peace and patience, in those that professed and practised it.'"

# PICKINGS FROM THE PRAIRIE.

BY WILLIAM TRANT.



LETTERS FOR POST.



THESE words are written in a log shanty, situated on the vast prairies of North-West Canada, a region that has been aptly described as the "Great Lone Land." I have not a neighbour to the north or west of me within a distance of sixty miles. Adjoining me on the south is an "Indian Reserve"—that is, some hundreds of square miles of

prairie set aside by the Government for the home of the red man; and to the eastward of me, at distances varying from two miles to seven miles, reside ten families, forty-two persons all told, six of them being wives, and twenty-two of whom are young men and maidens, infants and children. These households, with myself and family, form the "settlement" about which I have taken up my pen to write. We are all English, with the exception of one family, which is French-Canadian. None of us are of the sort of persons that emigration agents and emigration literature describe as fit and proper persons to emigrate. Indeed, with the exception of one person, and the French-Canadian family already mentioned (who have been bred farmers), we are all of the kind whom the emigration office says had better stay at home. I have noticed this blunder, by persons who ought to know better, in other countries I have visited; and I have been assured by one who knows, that the City clerks have made the best diamond-diggers in South Africa. In "Our Settlement," as I will call it, one settler was trained as a surveyor,

another as a lawyer, two have been clerks, two have been commercial travellers, one is a stonemason, and I have but just left the pen for the plough. It is seen, therefore, that a settlement is not, as is often supposed, a fortuitous concourse of Scotch crofters, Irish cotters, and the "residuum" of large towns. That there are many of these in Canada and the United States is true, but in this wide expanse of the North-West



IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

IN THE NEW.

they are so scattered as to be but rarely seen in ordinary course.

This little batch of families, whom I will designate "we," becomes, very naturally, a community with identical interests. There is no trade rivalry amongst us, but, on the other hand, a sort of tacit co-operation, none the less real that it is not formulated. There is no social rivalry, for we have all the glorious privilege



of being equally independent. We have each of us our little weaknesses—*cela va sans dire*. A young girl with a new dress “all the way from Toronto”; a young farmer with a new horse; the man with the largest acreage under crop; none of them hides his or her light under a bushel, though there be but ten families to see its shining. As none of us has much to talk about, it is but natural to talk of one’s neighbours, and it is their faults rather than their virtues that come under discussion. These, however, are little sins compared with the envy, hatred, and malice of towns; and are but ripples upon that ocean of mutual and reciprocal obligation without which our little community could not hold together for a moment. Take, for instance, the simple operation of shopping. Twenty-two miles from “Our Settlement,” across the Indian Reserve already mentioned, is a cluster of two score of wooden houses; this is our nearest “town.” Whenever any of us have to buy anything it has to be bought here. When, therefore, one of us is called “to town” on business, he is entrusted with the shopping for the whole settlement, and comes back with his waggon or buck-board laden with groceries, drapery, etc. Our mails are managed in the same way. This acts well enough during the summer, when we contrive a weekly visitation to the town; but in the fall, and during the long winter, we are often put to great inconvenience—first, because persons do not care to face the weather without adequate reason; or, secondly, the snow-drifts may have hidden the trail or rendered it impassable. I have known communication between the town and the settlement suspended for periods ranging from one week to five weeks. We then have to trust to any chance passer-by to take in our letters to the post office; and it is surprising, in the circumstances, how seldom a letter or a newspaper miscarries. Some-

times, when we know the trail a person will take on his way to town, we place our letters (stamped, or with the money for stamps) under a conspicuous stone, near to which we throw a tree across the trail to attract the wayfarer’s attention. He knows the signal, dismounts, secures the letters, and takes them to post.

In “Our Settlement” the dignity of labour is thoroughly recognised. No man is thought the worse of because he works; indeed, he is thought worse of if he do not work. And why should it not be so? What with fencing, firewood, and logs for building, tree-felling is a principal occupation with us; and why should we be thought any the worse for doing from necessity what a celebrated English statesman does for recreation? Last year “Our Settlement” elected me treasurer of a committee for celebrating “Dominion Day,” Canada’s national holiday. I found that my first and chief duty was to carry posts and stakes to my fellow-committeemen, so that they could fence an arena for athletic sports. One of “Our Settlement” has just been made a J.P. Four years ago he was a stonemason in Cornwall, and he still works at his trade for two dollars a day. The same feature pervades all society out here on the prairie (note that I do not write all “grades” of society). The storekeeper from whom we buy our groceries is our member in the Legislative Assembly, and the keeper of a temperance hotel is our senator. This recognition of the “horny hand” is but natural. A man out here cannot be one thing and seem another. There is not sufficient privacy for that. All of us, having homesteaded, have equally had our farms given to us for nothing beyond a registration fee of ten dollars. The acreage each person has under crop is known to the rest of us; we can count his stock of sheep, cattle, and ponies. When he buys



“MANY WILL BE LATE ”



“ ‘ BACHING ’ IT.”

anything we know from whom he has purchased and the price he has given. When he sells anything, we know to whom and for what money. A man's financial status is as clearly known as J. Stuart Mill could have wished when he described the reluctance of persons to disclose their incomes as “a low state of public morality.” This equality is inimical to the chatter of Mrs. Grundy, and, to my mind at least, is one of the charms of prairie life.

A feature peculiar to life in a settlement is “baching it,” a short phrase for “bacheloring it.” The men who live by themselves have to do everything for themselves. When a man “baches it,” his shanty consists of but one room, generally built of logs. If he be a tidy and a cleanly man, he periodically scrubs his floor; he carefully stows away his bedding during the day, his cooking utensils are neatly arranged on his shelves, perhaps alongside a selection of the best books; his walls are decorated with the portraits of his relatives and friends, and by the latest pictures sent out from England; and his rough furniture, most of it made by himself, is, at any rate, clean. In such humble though tidy abode, the dashing young fellow who was a favourite in drawing-rooms, and the “best waltzer known,” may be seen, pipe in mouth, mending his stockings (for he is a tidy man), or reading, or writing home, or kneading dough, or up to the arms in suds as he scrubs away at his fortnight's washing. There is, however, the very opposite of the above description—viz., the untidy man, with unkempt hair, unwashed face, linen a stranger to the washtub, the interior of his shanty all higgledy-piggledy. There is, however, much to be said to excuse this. The young fellow who has been hard at work all day is too tired to set to household work in the evening—too tired even to cook. Leaving his plough, or his axe, or his spade, just where he may happen to be (where it will remain until he

next wants it), he is too tired to knead, so makes damper with or without baking powder; too tired to trouble about a roast, he will cut or chop off a piece of pork from a joint and cook it anyhow; he cares nothing about “tidying up”; neglects his ablutions; tumbles into his unshaken bed with his clothes on, and sleeps the sleep of the fatigued. The habit grows upon him: he becomes dirty both in appearance and in fact, slovenly in all he does; while his shanty, unswept and neglected, soon bears an abundance of living proofs that it is a stranger to the housemaid and the chambermaid.

The best way to “bach it” is for two to live together. One can then do the indoor work while the other attends to the farm, and they can vary the work by going “turn and turn about.” Many do this, and live with all the ease of unconventionalists, and all the comfort of cleanliness. The two clergymen who take it in turns to visit “Our Settlement” live in this way. Both are graduates of English universities, and doubtless know what are the luxuries of life. And yet they “rough it,” if roughing it consists of being one's own cook, washerwoman, chambermaid, and servant of all work. In summer, when they visit us, there is often no better bed for them than a haystack, and yet they say that they are happy and have no desire to return to the life of the old country.

The mention of clergymen presupposes public worship, and I can assure my readers that, out of the world though we be, we are not without that privilege. We have no church, it is true, but we have fortnightly visits from the gentlemen mentioned, and service is conducted and the communion administered in one or other of the shanties most conveniently situated. Nothing short of a blizzard keeps our worshippers away from these gatherings. The snow it shall snow, the wind it shall blow, and the thermometer not make up its mind whether to rise to

thirty below zero or fall to "forty below"; but still, there are bearskins and mufflers and fur caps, and the ponies can find the trails, however hidden; and snowdrifts are mere nothings (on service Sundays). And so our farmers come, three, four, five, and seven miles, to join in the worship of the Lord who loves us all. Of course, there may be delays, and many will be late; but the parson waits, until the tingle of the distant sleigh bells is heard, and the laggards are seen coming between the last bluffs, with signs of a breakdown or an upset, or some such catastrophe born of the rigours of the Canadian winter.

Not only have we "Our Church," so to speak, but we have "Our School." We are proud of our school, and we have reason and justification for the pride. The only rate we have to pay is a rather heavy one we have laid upon ourselves to educate the settlement's children. This has been done to build a school, which we have accomplished by borrowing \$500—i.e., £100—on debentures, repayable in twenty equal annual instalments. We gathered the stones ourselves from the prairie, hauling them with our waggons and oxen; our J.P. and his sons built the school with their own hands; and within the building "young Canada" is being educated. All these details may appear trifling, but it must be remembered that there are hundreds—nay, thousands, of such settlements on the North-west prairies. It is thus a nation is being formed, is concreting itself, so to speak, and the trustees of our schools, our J.P.'s and so on, are creating that municipal life which is the strength of a great nation. Literally, it is but one step from a log hut to Parliament House. I have had a glimpse of electioneering in Canada. I think the public meetings out here are conducted on a better plan than in England. In Canada the opposing candidates attend each others' meetings, and as long a time as one speaks is allowed to his opponent, and the succeeding speakers follow,

one on each side alternately, the time at disposal being fairly divided between them. At the finish a show of hands is taken as to the fitness of each candidate. This statement of both sides of the question makes the meeting far more interesting than merely hearing one side, while it offers an excellent opportunity for examining and cross-examining the candidates.



"ALL THE WAY FROM TORONTO"

I have given above a short account of life in a Canadian settlement. It is a pleasant life, because it is as free as the air that blows across the prairie. Jack is his own master, and has only himself to consult and to please; and altogether it is a jolly life, notwithstanding that it is devoid of those pleasures and luxuries that constitute life in a great city.

## USEFUL HINTS.

**KISHNUGGAR HULLUAH.**—Put a quarter of a pound of good fresh butter into a saucepan with three ounces of fine rice flour, stir well all the time; add four ounces of castor sugar, then add the pulp of a pineapple, which must have been previously prepared by peeling and rubbing it through a fine wire sieve, stir well and let it cook gently for ten minutes. Pour it in a damp mould, and when set turn out and serve with good thick cream poured over it, and sprinkle over or arrange in some design various coloured crystallised fruits.

**KIDNEY AND BACON (*sauté*).**—Put an ounce of butter into a *sauté* pan, cut the kidneys in half, and chop finely a little lean ham or bacon; when the butter is boiling put them in, adding pepper, salt and a little finely-chopped parsley; place the pan on the fire for three or four minutes, then turn the kidneys, place on a slow fire for half-an-hour, serve on dry toast pouring the gravy over it. Serve hot.

### WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

A POOR girl in the Isle of Wight desired greatly to aid in a good work, but she only had a penny, and I think it will be interesting to many girls to know what she did with this penny.

Bought a penny reel of white cotton and made  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of lace which she sold for 6d. With this 6d. she bought a ball of string and made a bag which sold for 1s. 9d.

From this she took 8d. and bought muslin and lace with which she made a pinafore and sold it for 1s. 6d.

Again she took 8d. and bought materials for a pin-cushion, consisting of a little white braid and a skein of orange wool, a piece of green *pongée*, and lace to go round. The pincushion she sold for 2s.

As a result of one penny and her work she was able to hand in 3s. 11d.

E. B.

### VERY EFFECTIVE DOOR-RESTS.

TAKE an empty bottle, fill it with shot or sand in order to weight it, and cork it down, cutting the cork off flat with the neck of the bottle.

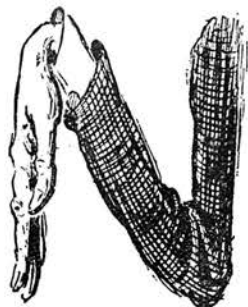
Cut out a round of card-board the same size as the bottom of the bottle and cover it neatly with blue or black serge. Make a case of the same material for the bottle and sew it on to the card-board circle at the bottom so that the bottle stands firm. Having fitted the material make it neat over the cork. This serves as a petticoat. Buy at any toy-shop a doll's head and shoulders and a pair of arms; sew the former on to the neck of the bottle and the latter on the sides.

Make a simple body and skirt of black or blue serge or cashmere with turn-down collar, and cuffs of narrow white tape. Make a cap and apron of white muslin and lace, and the maid to keep the door open is complete and attractive.

E. B.

## THE ART OF HAND-SHAKING.

"And here's a hand, my trusty frien',  
And gie's a hand o' thine!"—AULD LANG SYNE.



NOTHING is more common than the practice of hand-shaking, and yet very few persons ever consider how much art there is, or there should be, in the custom.

So prevalent, indeed, is this mode of acknowledgment or greeting between friend and friend, that probably not one person in ten thousand pauses for a moment to think of its significance. Nevertheless, there are not a few interesting characteristics in hand-shaking which it is the purpose of this paper to enumerate and describe.

The following are some of the more important of these:—

*First: the firm, full-handed grasp, indicative of sincerity, heartiness, and true friendship.* One can generally tell by the hand-shake the *quality* of the friendship. Burns has well apprehended this in the lines quoted at the beginning of the paper. A "trusty friend" is the friend most desired of all, and it is not possible to imagine the grip of the

hand of such a friend to be aught but sympathetic, hearty, and sincere.

There is an eloquence in this full-handed grasp far more thrilling than language; it is, so to speak, a kind of unspoken speech of the heart compressed into a graceful voluntary



THE "LACKADAISICAL."



"THERE IS AN ELOQUENCE IN THIS FULL-HANDED GRASP."

act, designed by Nature to be easy and simple, approved by the custom of many centuries, and adopted by all sterling men and women in greeting those whom they regard and esteem as friends.

*Second: the demonstrative hand-shake,* which must not by any means be regarded as next in interest and worthiness to that just described. One has always to beware of this kind of hand-shake, which may either grip like a vice, as expressive of great cordiality on the part of the "gripper," of which there may be some doubt, or it may so hold-fast and swing-about that one feels, for the moment, as if one's arm were converted into a pump-handle for the benefit of the effusive friend—anxious, perhaps, to *draw* something. It is significant of much of the pretentiousness of present-day social life that this form of hand-shaking is perhaps that most in vogue.

*Thirdly: the lackadaisical hand-shake,* suggestive not only of feebleness of physique,

but also of friendship. This form of hand-shaking is altogether devoid of art. It has not even the robustness of number two



“THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT.”

to recommend it. Its chief characteristic is want of character. And yet, how common is this form! Who hasn't experienced it somewhere within the circle of acquaintanceship?

*Fourthly: the lingering, trifling hand-shake.* Beware of such a hand-shake. There is cunning and craft in it, and it generally belongs to an enemy. The effusive, demonstrative hand-shake may be sinister, but this is positively wicked. Avoid it as you would avoid the “fawning publican” smile of a Shylock! Happily, this form is very rare, but it may be met with. The writer remembers (with a shudder!) once “shaking hands” with an individual who brought apparently good introductory credentials with him. The hand-shake of the stranger was of this class—a soft velvety touch that somehow held the hand by a kind of fascination: a lingering, loth-to-let-you-off sort of shake that was as novel as it *wasn't* nice. After some talk—likewise of a loitering description—the stranger, rising to go, and again extending the obnoxious palm, ventured, while fascinating with his hand-shake, to elicit the loan of money which had been the object of his visit, and which object he tried literally to accomplish by the art of a species of palmistry.

*Fifthly: the finger-shake.* Who is not familiar with this form of insult? One, two, three, four fingers may be offered, but still they are only *fingers*! Many people (ladies are largely exempt) have adopted this

pernicious, impertinent form of hand-shaking, and that often without knowing it. There is only one effective way of curing the habit: decline the fingers, and without thanks.

A close study of the characters of those who try the finger dodge would, in most cases, discover them to be persons not remarkable for benevolence, not distinguished for courtesy or good-breeding, but well-known to be avaricious and close-fisted.

*Lastly: the hand that never shakes a hand at all.* Surely an inhuman hand this! It is only natural to suppose so; but, as a matter of fact, there are many otherwise excellent persons who never shake hands with any whom they may meet. Various idiosyncrasies have influenced them to withhold their hands: *i.e.*, vanity and self-conceit, moroseness and misanthropy; but such persons are for the most part what Professor Lombroso designates *mattoids*, or semi-lunatics, whose “idea” with respect to the matter of hand-shaking sometimes takes the most grotesque forms. One man, for instance, believed that all disease was contracted by hand-shaking, and that one of the great causes of epidemics could be traced to that general practice—a belief that is not altogether to be despised. In conclusion, it is amusing to imagine—if that were possible—how we would greet one another supposing that for one day only our hands were, by some extraordinary power, tied behind our backs. What an awkward predicament many persons would find themselves in! Only the man who owns the hand that never shakes a hand at all would enjoy it.

A. C.



“THE FINGER-SHAKE.”

## SOUPS FOR HOT WEATHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY," &c.



CAN fully understand some persons saying, "What! hot soups this weather? Why, that would be as bad as oysters!" This depends very much upon what soup it is. I fully admit that a thick mock-turtle, especially if made from pig's head, would be as unsuitable as pork sausages or any other hot weather abomination; but a well-flavoured white soup is, I think,

as nice a commencement to a dinner in very hot weather as anything, if the soup is properly made, and some tempting fried bread is served with it.

I will first describe how to make a few varieties of white soup, and then will explain how to make a clear soup, that can be served *iced*, which, when the weather is really very dreadful, will make an agreeable change.

White soups may generally be described as good white stock, mixed with boiling milk, and flavoured with various vegetables, such as celery, cauliflower, artichokes, vegetable marrow, cabbage, potato, &c. There are also many other vegetable soups suitable for summer made without milk, such as carrot, asparagus, green-pea, &c.

In order to make every kind of white soup, it is necessary to have some good stock made from veal bones. Bones will do just as well as knuckle of veal. As the stock need not be clear, and as bones are cheaper, they are, of course, to be preferred. Take, say, a couple of pounds of veal bones, chop them up, and put them in a saucepan or stock-pot, with a quart of cold water, an onion, a few sticks of celery (if they can be obtained), and a few sprigs of parsley; a small carrot and turnip can also be added, but are not absolutely necessary. Next, if possible, get a piece of raw ham, or a ham-bone, or a lean bacon-bone. This is a very great improvement to all white soups. These bones should be put on very early in the morning, so as they can stew gently for five or six hours. After they have stewed for this time, the stock should be strained off, and allowed to boil away till the whole quart of stock is reduced, by boiling, to about half a pint. This reducing may, to some, seem extravagant; but I will explain the reason, which is really an economical one. To make what may be called high-class white soup, cream is generally ordered—a pint of boiling cream being added to, say, a quart or more of good stock—but by reducing a quart of stock to half a pint we get good soup with-

out cream, equal almost to that which is made with cream.

Having reduced this quart of stock to half a pint, next take a quart of good milk, or nearly a quart, and put it on the fire to boil, adding, if possible, two dried bay-leaves, or one fresh, to boil in it; as soon as it begins to boil, which can be told by the bubbles rising, and then the white foam, take it off the fire, and add this milk to the reduced stock. Take out, of course, the bay-leaves. Season this white soup with a little pepper and salt, and it will be very nice as it is, without any vegetables. It can be thickened with a little butter and flour (white roux) mixed together, and baked in the oven a short time to take the rawness off the flour. When vegetables are added, thickening is not always necessary, as the vegetables generally are sufficient in themselves to thicken the soup.

To make cauliflower soup, proceed as above, with the addition of getting a young cauliflower, and boiling it for about ten minutes in salt and water in the ordinary way. Then take it out and drain it, and cut off the white part, and pick out a number of the best little white sprigs of cauliflower, in shape like a tiny bouquet of flowers, and put them aside to add to the soup after it is finished. Next trim away the green part, and put all the rest of the stalk, white part, &c., into the stock to boil till it is perfectly tender. When this is tender and the stock sufficiently reduced, rub it all through a wire sieve, and then add the boiled milk. The soup will now be probably thick enough. Then add the little sprigs of cauliflower, and bring the soup to a boil; this will be sufficient to make them tender, as they were not fully boiled at first, and the soup can then be served with the fried bread.

In making vegetable marrow soup, the vegetable marrow must be first peeled and cut into quarters, and all the pips removed. These quarters can now be boiled in the stock, and the whole boiled away till it is a pulp. Take care, however, you do not boil it away till it burns. Then rub the pulp through a wire sieve, and add the boiled milk as before.

Potato soup is made as above, with the addition of sufficient cooked potatoes being rubbed through a wire sieve to make the soup thick. The thickness of white soup should be about that of double cream. A very great improvement to potato soup is to serve a few very small new potatoes, not much bigger than large marbles, whole in the soup.

Perhaps the nicest of all white soups is celery soup, but, unfortunately, celery is not easily got in very hot weather. Plenty of celery must be boiled in the stock. The green part should be removed first, and the celery, when tender, should be rubbed through the wire sieve, sufficient celery being sent through to make the soup thick without any thickening being added afterwards.

Palestine soup is made in just the same way as vegetable marrow soup, the chief point being to use

sufficient Jerusalem artichokes to make the soup thick without having recourse to other means.

In all the above soups I have mentioned, I suggested that the stock should be strained off. It is an open point, however, dependent on the taste of the eater, whether or not an onion boiled in the stock may not also be rubbed through the wire sieve with the vegetables. When the flavour of onion is liked, this should be done. It imparts a richness to the soup, besides rendering it more nourishing. On the other hand, it should be remembered that even a slight flavour of onion is strongly objected to by many. There are persons who become absolutely ill after taking onions; when, therefore, the soup is intended for those whose tastes we do not know, it is best not to rub the onion through the sieve.

With regard to potato soup, I have recommended stock made from veal bones, but for this nourishing and much-neglected soup almost any stock will do. Like pea soup, it can be made from the liquor in which a piece of bacon has been boiled; or, in other words, potato soup can be made from greasy stock. Of course it is not so nice, nor so suitable for hot weather; still, the point should be borne in mind. Potato soup is an admirable soup for children, being a mixture of potatoes, milk, and a little meat, or rather, juice of meat.

There is one more addition to all white soups that can be made, viz., a little nutmeg. This, however, requires great care in adding, as too much will spoil the soup; and it is by no means an easy matter to impress the "good plain cook" with the fact of how long a way a little nutmeg goes. The nutmeg should flavour the soup to a certain extent, and yet you should not be able to tell that there is any nutmeg in it. A very good expression is "a suspicion of nutmeg." If you rub a used nutmeg—*i.e.*, one that is cut into, and fits the grater, so to speak—twice across the grater, it will, as a rule, be ample to impart flavour to a quart of soup. It is safest to grate the nutmeg on a spoon, so that if too much falls it can be taken out.

One essential to all white soups is fried bread. The bread, which should be cut from a close loaf free from holes, should be stale, and must be cut into very small dice. The fat or lard in which it is fried should be clean, and more than deep enough to cover the bread. The very best thing in which to fry bread is a small copper tinned saucepan, and a little wire basket made to fit. The worst of a frying-pan is that it requires such a large quantity of fat. A very little ingenuity will enable you to make a wire basket yourself that will just fit inside a little saucepan. A small copper saucepan lined with tin, one about five inches in diameter, will be found very useful in every household. The fat should be almost smoking hot. The bread should be put in the basket, and the basket plunged into the hot fat; about thirty seconds will fry the bread. As soon as it gets a light brown, take it out, as it will turn a darker colour after it has been removed from the fat; throw the bread first on to a hot cloth,

and then place it on some coarse paper in front of the fire, or in the oven, to drain the grease from it. Do not let the fried bread get cold suddenly, or it will taste greasy.

The fried bread, which should be of a rich golden brown colour, should be handed round with the soup, and never served in it.

With potato soup a little dried mint may be served, like pea soup. Some think this a great improvement. I think a tea-spoonful of finely-chopped parsley added to the soup, and allowed to boil in it for about a minute, better than dried mint served with it.

An agreeable change, and probably to many a novelty, in very hot weather, is to have the soup iced instead of hot. The soup should, of course, be clear and perfectly bright, and also have some mixed vegetables in it. A small tin of Macedoines is as good as anything, or if fresh vegetables can be obtained easily, have some carrot, turnip, green-peas, and, if possible, a few asparagus tops and a few fresh green tarragon leaves cut into thin strips. The carrot and turnip must be cut up into small dice or thin strips, the whole thrown into fast-boiling water, to preserve their colour, and boiled, and then added to the soup.

The first point is to get some perfectly bright stock; a little veal will be sufficient. It must be placed in some cold water at starting, with an onion, in which six cloves have been stuck, a carrot, a turnip, some sticks of celery, and some sprigs of parsley. Suppose we have one pound of veal, we should want a quart of water, and let it stew gently for two hours. Some cayenne pepper and salt may be allowed to boil with it. This should then all be strained off, every particle of fat removed, and if not quite bright, cleared by beating a white of egg up in a little cold water, adding this to the soup after it is strained, and boiling it for five or ten minutes, then straining the whole through a jelly-bag. As the soup is required quite cold, it must not be too strong, or it will be a jelly. Therefore, the veal must not stew too long. Of course, after straining off the first lot of soup some more water should be added to the veal and vegetables, and they should be put on the fire again to make more stock. The soup is now clear, but poor both in flavour and colour. This can be remedied by adding some extract of meat. Add to a quart of soup a brimming tea-spoonful, or even more.

Make the soup a rich, bright, golden-brown colour, like the fried bread; boil the already-cooked vegetables in the soup for a few minutes, and let the soup get cold. Taste it first, to see if it requires a little more pepper or salt. When it is quite cold put it in a basin, and put the basin in the soup-tureen, with some rough ice round it outside, and let it stand so for half an hour before dinner.

The soup will taste very good, as though not a jelly, it will not be thin, owing to the jelly from the veal. The extract of meat can be added without making it in the least degree thicker when cold, as Liebig's extract does not contain gelatine.



## MR. AND MRS. PIDGEON'S VISIT TO THEIR CITY FRIENDS, AS RELATED BY MR. PIDGEON.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

I HAVE a snug little place in the country of about one hundred acres. It is easy of access by steamboats, which come within two miles of the place, and at the landing stages are always in readiness to convey passengers to a frequented hotel, the road to which passes in front of our house. Being thus easy of access, our house is filled with visitors from the first of June to the middle of September, and in fact it is more like a country boarding-house than a private residence, only we never get any pay from our boarders. One year we had as many as twenty visitors at one time, including children and nurses, and at no time in the summer do we have less than eight. At the beginning of May my wife commences her preparations: every room is made as white as water, soap, sand, and whitewash can make it; carpets are taken up and mattings put down; feather beds exchanged for mattresses, white curtains put up at windows and around bedsteads, and a general fixing up ensues. An order for groceries—one would think sufficient for an army—is sent to our grocer in the city, and the preserve closet undergoes a thorough examination. Our house consists of a parlor, dining-room, library, storeroom, and kitchen on the ground floor; four bedrooms on the second floor, and two neat attic rooms; and every room in the house has been crammed full. Let me give you an account of last summer's visitors, merely premising that it is a fair sample of the four preceding summers.

It was near the close of a warm day in the beginning of June, and the sun was slowly sinking to his rest (ahem! that opens fine, I think; now if I can only keep on this way), when the stage might have been seen (and *was* seen by me, to my sorrow) slowly wending its way to our peaceful domicil. It paused at the entrance to the grassy lawn that sloped gently downward to the road, the door was opened, the steps let down, and a lady, large and stately, descended, and advanced leisurely to our abode. Close following on her footsteps came a youthful throng, of various ages and of various size, from the fair babe lulled in the nurse's arms, to the brave boy just thirteen summers old. (Bless my soul! I'm a poet!) Nearer

she came, and looking on her face, I recognized fair Mrs. Spendergrass, and eagerly I ran to welcome her to our abode—the home of earthly bliss. I must give it up—I can't write poetry without telling lies to make up the lines. Truth to tell, Mrs. Spendergrass, with her tribe of children, was my special aversion. I don't believe a worse set of youngsters ever lived, and they made so much noise they nearly deafened one. However, I made the "best of a bad bargain," as the saying is; and forcing a ghastly smile, I escorted her and her army to the house, and went in quest of Rebecca. Now, Rebecca is one of the dearest little souls that ever lived, with not one particle of guile about her, and she is never happier than when she is entertaining a houseful of visitors, or *friends*, as she calls them; so, although Mrs. Spendergrass and her tribe had nearly plágued our lives out for two summers, yet she ran into the parlor and welcomed them all in a transport of joy, kissing every child twice, and giving a dozen extra ones to the twin babies. By the by, Mrs. S. only had one baby when she was here before; *this* time she has brought twins; I only hope that she won't bring triplets if she should chance to come again. Well, Rebecca flew about, had chickens killed and picked in almost as short a time as it takes me to write about it; and with her own dear hands she set out the table, and arranged the tempting fare upon it. Shall I describe one of our country suppers? Rebecca is a famous house-keeper, and rare suppers she can get, I tell you. We had snowy bread and light flaky biscuit, golden butter, broiled ham and chickens, with cream gravy, ripe red strawberries, with real cream to eat with them, and preserved peaches and honey, to say nothing of tea and coffee—such as one seldom gets—and the dearest little wife in the world to sit at the head of the table. The dishes were filled up when we began supper, but there wasn't much in them when we were done, for the Spendergrasses have famous appetites. It took two rooms to hold them at night. Mrs. Spendergrass, the twins, and two other little ones occupying one room; the nurse and the two boys in the room adjoining, a trundle-bed hav-



ing been removed to Mrs. S.'s room, and a cot put up for the nurse in the next room by Mrs. S.'s special request.

At breakfast, the next morning, she informed us that she wished her children to drink nothing but new milk, and as much of that as they wanted, as she had heard that it was so healthy, and she herself wished green tea in the morning and at dinner, black tea for supper, cocoa for luncheon at ten o'clock; and as she was nursing and very weak, she would like some of our currant wine every afternoon at four o'clock. Soup, she *must* have every day for dinner; but for the rest, she was very easily suited, and hoped that we would make no change in our domestic arrangements on her account. Now it was an easy matter to let her have as much tea, and cocoa, and currant wine as she wanted; but it was not quite so easy to manage about the milk and soup. We had four cows, but two of them gave very little milk, and the other two barely sufficed to keep us in milk and butter; and as for the soup, we were too far from the city to get fresh meat often, and it would not keep long in such warm weather.

Rebecca promised all Mrs. S. asked; but after breakfast she came to me in a great deal of trouble to know what she should do, as the young Spendergrasses would drink a gallon or two of milk a day. I told her to give them the skim milk, and they would never know the difference; and as to soup, she could give Mrs. S. chicken soup twice a week, and maybe she could concoct some kind of vegetable soup by the aid of the cook-books, and I would get fresh meat as often as I could. With a lightened heart Rebecca left me to attend to her domestic affairs; and I locked myself up in the library, hoping to have a little quiet, but every few moments there was an outbreak in the Spendergrass tribe, and at last I heard a scream from our own little ones, and heard our little five years old Freddy in high dispute with the Spendergrasses, and heard him say: "I'll tell papa you beat my little sister Minnie!" I hastened to the rescue, for little blue-eyed Minnie was the pet of our household, and I heard her sobbing violently—the little darling sunbeam whose every whim we had gratified. What was my astonishment to behold Mrs. S. sitting complacently in the midst of the tumult, and taking no notice whatever of the conduct of her children. Little Minnie held out her arms when she saw me, and I took her up and soothed her; but I saw red streaks all over her dear little fat arms, and saw a switch

in the hand of one of the boys; so I could guess pretty well what ailed my little one.

Mrs. S. looked on smilingly. "I never take any notice of children's quarrels," she said, with an amiable little laugh; "the little things can manage better without our interference. My boys are perfectly delighted with the country," she continued, "they are very lively, spirited children, but there is not a bit of harm in them. My Andrew Jackson is quite a hero, but Henry Clay is more devoted to his studies. In fact we have feared he would injure his health by such close application, but I am happy to see his spirits have been most excellent since he has been here. My girls are wild little pussies, too; but I don't care how much they romp in the country, there is no one here to be annoyed by their noise. Have you any fruit ripe yet, Mr. Pidgeon? Ah! yes, there is that tree of June apples—will you be so kind as to send a servant to gather some for me? I am so fond of apples." Thus the lady rattled on without pausing for an answer till her final request.

Now we kept but two servants, and one of them was rather old, so I ventured to hint to Mrs. S. that perhaps her boys might like the sport of gathering and bringing her a basket of apples, as the tree was some distance from the house, and Molly and Kitty were busy. The boys set off in high glee, and taking little Minnie with me I returned to the library again, locking the door. The poor little thing soon fell asleep, so I laid her on a lounge, and covered her with my handkerchief to keep off the flies. The library adjoined a store-room that opened into the kitchen, so I could easily hear what was going on, and finding that Rebecca had work to do up in the chambers, I called to her that Minnie was asleep, and I would take care of her till she came down again. Minnie was in the habit of getting ravenously hungry and thirsty, when her mother found it most inconvenient to attend to her. Rebecca was very glad to hear that there was a chance for her to go on with her work, without interruption from baby. She had scarcely got upstairs when I heard the smooth voice of Mrs. S., in the kitchen. "Molly," said she, "I have three thin flounced dresses I want you to iron for me this afternoon. I have brought them rough dried, for I knew they would get tumbled so they would not be fit to be seen, so it was folly to iron them; also the children's white dresses I want ironed, and there are a good many little things I want washed for the babies, as soon as you can get time, for the nurse has no chance to

do these things. And see here, Molly, I want the sheets, pillow and bolster cases exchanged on our beds twice a week, and let me have six clean towels every day—four fine, and two coarse ones, and put a large pitcher in my room besides the one that is there. Be sure to have my cocoa ready at eleven precisely,” and the lady took her frounces out of the kitchen, leaving Molly to grumble after her for the next hour.

“Who she thinks goin’ to wait on her, I’d like to know,” quoth Molly; “you, white trash, thinks she can make me fly round arter her, but she’s mighty mistaken—’deed is she. Why can’t she iron her own fal-lals? She’s none too good, dear knows she aint. Need n’t think she’s goin’ to make this nigger fly round arter her, I’ve got ’nuff to do now, ’thout waitin’ on her and her rips of chilluns. Catch me a roastin’ my eyes out ironin’ of her fooleries. I won’t tech them, ’deed won’t I.”

“Shet up your mouth,” growled Kitty; “’tend to yer own work, that’s all you got to do.”

“I aint agoin’ to tech her things at any rate,” persisted Molly; “didn’t I work myself off’n my feet last summer, and what did she give me for it?—an old caliker bed gownd that I wouldn’t bemean myself to wear. Poor, mean trash!”

I may as well say here that in the end Mrs. S. conquered, and the clothes were washed and ironed by Molly every week during her stay. Little Minnie at last woke up, and cried for her mamma, so I carried her to Rebecca, but she cried out, “For mercy’s sake, Henry, don’t bring that child here, for I’m too busy to attend to her now,” so we wended our way back to the library, stopping first in the kitchen where we got a bowl of bread and milk, and for the first time in my life, I essayed to feed a hungry child. I succeeded beyond my utmost expectation, only choking Minnie twice, and not spilling more than half down her bosom, so, highly elated with my success, I began to feel amiable once more, and made no complaint at being kept waiting for my dinner, twenty minutes past the usual time.

After dinner was over I resigned my charge to Rebecca and settled myself down comfortably for the afternoon.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Honeywell, and Mrs. Honeywell’s two sisters came, and two days later Mrs. Register and her sick daughter. I engaged another servant, and every part of the house was crammed full, so we had to sleep on the parlor floor. Miss Register was

quite sick and very weak, so every day she had to have boneset tea made for her, a new laid egg beat up with port wine, and a boiled chicken for dinner. However, she showed some gratitude, which was more than any one else did.

At last the summer came to an end, the last carriage load left the house, and weary and dispirited poor Rebecca went to work to clear up the house after them. Mrs. Spendergrass and her children had a great knack at breaking china and glass, and you could generally guess pretty well as to their whereabouts by the crash that followed their footsteps. I never saw one of them take up anything choice without apprehending its downfall, and it was very rarely my apprehensions deceived me. But I cannot begin to relate the damage done by our visitors—how they inked and greased our carpets, and curtains, and broke everything of a breakable nature—the pencil of Hogarth could alone portray such a scene of confusion as our house presented, after the departure of our visitors. My carriage horses were lamed, and the carriage broken. I had a great variety of choice fruit trees, and a great abundance of fruit, and had calculated on making a considerable sum of money from the sale of it, but our visitors carried off all that they did not eat, except what was put up for next year’s consumption in the shape of preserves and pickles. We had scarcely a fowl left on the place, none in fact, but those that were too old to be eaten. The servants were completely worn out with waiting on the numerous wants of our visitors, and poor Rebecca looked like she had had a severe spell of sickness. Our little Minnie, from having no one to give her proper attention, ate so much unripe fruit that it caused her a pretty severe attack of dysentery, which left her pale and languid, and very unlike the little, fat, rosy, dimpled darling she had been heretofore. On the last day of August I mounted one of the working horses, and took refuge at a neighbor’s house for a couple of days, hoping the worst of the putting to rights would be over by that time, but I was wofully mistaken. For a week after that time I could not stir outside of the library door without stumbling into a pail of whitewash, or a tub of hot water, to say nothing of pitching headlong over mops, brooms, etc. I pass over the details of the house cleaning, merely remarking that Minnie was twice fished out of a tub of soapsuds, and Freddy, trying to discover a passage through the front hall, stumbled over a broom, and took a seat in a pail of white-

wash, fortunately doing no damage beyond ruining a new pair of trowsers. At last order rose out of the chaos, carpets were tacked down, curtains put up, and once more I could go through the house without danger of breaking my neck.

Some time in September, I found that my business required my presence in the city, and as all our friends had given us pressing invitations to visit them, I concluded to take Rebecca and the children, and stay two or three weeks. Rebecca wrote to Mrs. Spendergrass, telling her she was coming to make her a visit, and would be there in two or three days. We went to the steamboat landing in our own carriage, because Rebecca had so many presents to take her city friends, I disliked filling up the stage with them. When we got to the landing Rebecca found an old friend of hers who resided there, and who insisted on our staying for the afternoon boat, instead of going in the morning as we had contemplated. She said the afternoon boat went for half-price. Now Rebecca is a great hand for saving a penny, so she at once set her mind on going in the afternoon boat, though it was much slower than the morning boat.

Well! we were now hospitably entertained, and at last safely embarked in an old rattletrap of a boat, which, by the way, charged full price, having raised the fare that very day. We did not reach the city till dusk, and then a chilly, disagreeable rain had set in, but we took our seats in the hack with light hearts, feeling certain that in a few minutes we should be in the warm parlors of Mrs. Spendergrass, and partaking of a nice supper. I had an idea that the street in which the Spendergrass mansion was located was near the wharf, and so it afterwards proved to be, but the hackman, seeing we were from the country, had taken advantage of our ignorance of the city, to drive us through all the alleys and little streets he could find, till at last I poked out my head, and told him if he didn't take us to the place pretty soon I would get out and hunt it myself, so he pretended he had misunderstood me, whirled round two or three corners, and deposited us in front of a large, stately mansion where the Spendergrasses resided. To my dismay, the house was perfectly dark, and though I rang the bell till the knob came off in my hand, no one came to the door. At length an old woman who lived next door poked out her head, and told me there was no use in my "making that 'ere kind of a racket, for Mrs. Spendergrass had got a letter from

some place, and had gone off to New York to see her mother, and tuk the children along, and Mr. Spendergrass had got the house locked up, and never came home till arter midnight," and with this agreeable news, the head was popped in again, the window slammed down, and I went back to the carriage in dismay, and found Rebecca weeping, and Minnie fretting to be put to bed. Just as I had proposed going to the nearest hotel, I felt my arm touched, and looking around I saw a gentleman holding an umbrella over his head, but hatless. In courteous language he invited us to enter his house, stating that his wife had been a visitor of ours, and had recognized us from the window, and wished very much to see us. Rebecca saved me the trouble of replying by at once availing herself of the invitation, and our host soon ushered us into an elegantly furnished parlor, where we were met, and warmly welcomed by a pretty, bright eyed little woman, whom we both recognized at once as Mrs. Howard, a lady who had spent a few days at our house about two years previous, and a distant relative of the Spendergrasses. She apologized as well as she could for Mrs. S.'s conduct, but we both felt that the house had been shut up to get clear of us. We learned afterwards that Mrs. S. was a miser at home, and prodigal as she was in dress, her husband lived a dreadful life with her; for she hardly allowed her family enough to eat while she spent countless sums on her own person. This only confirmed my previous suspicions. Mr. and Mrs. Howard treated us with the greatest hospitality, and after partaking of a superb supper, Mrs. H. took Rebecca up to a bedroom, furnished with a crib, cradle, and every comfort needed. The children were unrobed, and laid in their comfortable beds, and Rebecca arranged her hair, washed her face and hands, and, rested and refreshed, prepared to return to the parlor. As they were leaving the room, Mrs. Howard paused awhile by Minnie's cradle. She stooped down and pressed a loving kiss on the round, rosy cheek of the little sleeper. "I have lost my little one," she said sadly, while a tear glistened in her dark eyes; "dear little lambs, we do not know how dear they are to us till we lose them."

It was a chilly, rainy evening, but none of the outward discomfort reached us, as we gathered around the pleasant fireside. It was an evening long to be remembered by all of us. Our kind entertainers insisted on our making our home with them during our stay in the city; but Rebecca was fearful our other friends

might feel hurt if we did not spend part of the time with them; so when we retired to our room that night, it was decided that I should go the next morning to call on our friends, and see who was most anxious to receive us, while Rebecca remained in her present quarters till afternoon. After a good night's sleep, and a first-rate breakfast, I started out on my expedition. The first place I went to was Mrs. Cameron's. I was admitted by a dirty looking girl, who ushered me into a small room on the landing, and just over the kitchen, as I discovered by the smell of cooking, and the sound of voices.

"Who is it, Biddy?" I heard Mrs. Cameron say.

"Here 's his name, mum, on this bit of paste-board," the girl replied.

"Mr. Pidgeon! oh, horrid! I do hope he hasn't come to stay here. I *do* hate to be plagued with company. Here, Biddy, just pin this collar for me, and bring me down my new cap—the one with the blue flowers."

I heard a door open and shut; but in a few moments I heard Mrs. Cameron open the door again, and say:—

"There 's nobody in the parlor, Biddy—where did you leave Mr. Pidgeon?"

"Sure I took him in the little room where the fire is; it was so cowld in the parlor."

"Mercy on the stupid girl!" I heard Mrs. C. exclaim, impatiently. "Go, Biddy, and show him into the parlor."

Mrs. Cameron received me with a face full of smiles, and made many inquiries after her dear Mrs. Pidgeon and the sweet children; but I presume it is hardly necessary to inform my reader that I refused all invitations to stay with her, notwithstanding that they grew very pressing, when she found that there was no danger of my staying.

I next went to Mrs. Lander's. She, too, received me with many smiles, asked where Rebecca was making her home, and invited us to come and *take tea* with her before we returned home. From there I went to Mrs. Bradley's. She regretted very much that some friends of Mr. B.'s were coming to make her a visit; otherwise, they would be so happy to have dear Rebecca make her home there; but the *next* time we came, we must be certain to make them a good long visit. I will not bore my reader with a full account of my visits to some three or four more of Rebecca's *friends*, none of whom showed any desire for our company, and I resolved to try only one more place, and if I had no better success there, I would engage board at a hotel. But Mrs. Register and her

daughter at once insisted on our coming to them to make our home. Miss Register in particular seemed delighted to have the opportunity of returning our hospitality. She had regained her health, and looked so pretty and rosy, I scarcely knew her at first.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard were very sorry to have us leave them, and exacted from us a promise to spend a week with them before we returned home. In parting with them we presented them with some choice grapes and oranges raised in our own greenhouse, and some very fine peaches. We also carried a peck of the peaches to Mrs. Register, a bushel of very fine sweet potatoes, and a ham of our own curing. We were hospitably welcomed, and ushered into a handsome suite of apartments on the second floor, consisting of parlor, dressing-room, and bedroom. But our meals! Let me describe our first dinner, which was a fair sample of what was to come. It was set out in great style, and made considerable show, and we had five courses. In the first place we had a thin, watery kind of soup, tasting of nothing but salt and potatoes. A beef bone, with very little meat on it, and two dishes of watery vegetables made up the first course. Then we had a small piece of roast beef, or beef *à la mode* Mrs. Register called it; but it was so tough I gave it up in despair. There was a dish of pork chops, nearly all bone, a tough fowl, and some side dishes of badly-cooked beets and carrots, and sweet potatoes boiled till the water could be wrung out. Irish potatoes we had in various forms, omelette, balls, and plain mashed potatoes. The bread was sour—the butter strong. For our third course we had a hard, tough mass of dough, with raisins boiled in it, that Mrs. Register called cold plum pudding. The sauce tasted strongly of cheap brandy. Then we had rice balls, and some pies from the baker's. After these were removed, we had custard and cake—sponge cake like leather. To conclude, we had some of our own fruit, some bad almonds and raisins, and a bottle of cheap wine. Mrs. Register helped us with the greatest affability, and was as much at her ease as if everything was of the best. For supper we had smoky tea and weak coffee, some black-looking preserves, tough cake, a little cheese, sour baker's bread, and bad butter. But bad as the fare was, there was not enough of it, and I was obliged to go to an eating-house every day to satisfy my hunger. I smuggled in oysters to Rebecca every night, and kept her well supplied with cakes and crackers for the children. With many smiles and blushes Miss

Register informed Rebecca that she was to be married very soon to a young lawyer, and they were to spend a year or two in France and Italy. Her mother was to accompany them. I learned afterwards that they had been engaged for some time, but the mother had resolutely opposed the match on account of the poverty of the lover. This was what had affected Miss Register's health; and, fearing that she would go into a decline, her mother was at length forced to consent. From what I had seen of their mode of living, I had come to the conclusion that the Registers were in rather indigent circumstances, and really pitied Mrs. Register for striving so hard to keep up appearances, when she had not the means of living as she desired. Something of this I said to Mrs. Howard, when, to my great surprise, she told me that Mrs. Register was worth over a hundred thousand dollars, and had not a poor relative living. Her daughter had a snug little fortune, too, independent of her mother. So it was only meanness made her live as she did, for she did not spend one-third of her income, so Mrs. Howard informed me. "Her daughter is exceedingly mortified by her mother's conduct," continued Mrs. H.; "but she cannot get her to act differently. Her servants tell some ludicrous tales about her household economy." I felt really glad that her pretty daughter was going to get a good husband, for she is a good, sensible girl, and the Howards speak very highly of her lover. We spent a week with the Howards, and enjoyed ourselves extremely. In company with them we visited the different places of amusement, and went to see everything that was worth seeing. We parted from them with regret, for we had formed a strong friendship for them during our stay. We exacted from them a promise to return our visit next summer. With regard to our visitors of preceding summers, I fancy we shall not be plagued by many of them. We received a long and flowery epistle from Mrs. Spendergrass on our return home, expressing *her great regret at being compelled to leave home*, and thus missing our agreeable company. She sincerely deplored that she had not received our letter *soon enough* to delay her visit, and hoped that we would soon visit the city again, as she was very desirous to see us all. She would try to make us a long visit next summer—she enjoyed herself so much with her dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pidgeon. My sole answer was to send her an envelope containing the card of the proprietor of the nearest hotel, and a few lines saying that

it would not be convenient for us to keep open house for our *friends* any longer. I have never had any reply to it; but we don't look for the Spendergrasses this summer. Rebecca was a little worried about what I had done, but consented to let me take my own way. Taking all things into consideration, I don't think we shall have much cause to regret "Mr. and Mrs. Pidgeon's Visit to their City Friends."

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### The Head of the House.

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"I'm *head* of the house," said he,  
 With a feeling of manly pride;  
 For the wants of my family,  
 Their every-day needs I provide;  
 And my order must be obeyed  
 As if 'twere the king's decree,  
 By mistress as well as maid;  
 For "I'm *head* of the house," said he.

"I call the cook to account  
 If she's given to wasteful ways;  
 And know the exact amount  
 My wife for each item pays;  
 I settle the bills, and so  
 The grocers and butchers, you see,  
 And merchants and milliners know  
 I am *head* of the house," said he.

"My domestic affairs all move  
 Like clock-work, from morn till night,  
 And that is enough to prove  
 That my way of doing is right;  
 My subjects obey my laws,  
 And with my requests agree,  
 And order prevails because  
 I am *head* of the house," said he.

The wife, though she did not boast  
 Of any superior skill,  
 Or claim that she ruled the roost,  
 Or followed her own sweet will,  
 Was ready to note and quell  
 Marauding of maid or mouse,  
 That everything there might tell  
 That she was the *heart* of the house.

The comfort of those around  
 Was always her daily care;  
 However narrow the bound  
 Of home—it was home-like there;  
 In parlor, in kitchen, or hall,  
 Wherever she chanced to be,  
 A beauty was over all,  
 For the *heart* of the house was she.

Another with pomp and pride  
 May rule, and their scepter sway;  
 But over the ingle-side  
 She reigns in a quiet way;  
 Another may choose to be  
 The *head*—she will not demur;  
 For the *heart* of the house is she,  
 And that is enough for her.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

## Odds and Ends.

"LOOK within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig."—*Marcus Aurelius*

"IN judging others a man labours to no purpose, commonly errs and easily sins, but in examining and judging himself, he is always wisely and usefully employed."

*Thomas à Kempis.*

"Knowledge is proud that she has learnt so much,  
Wisdom is humble that she knows no more."—*Cowper.*

AMERICA seems to be the country from which feminine initiative springs. In California there are several young women who are successful managers of large grain farms, two women run cattle farms on their own account, and in addition to orange growers, fisherwomen, engineers, and pilots, the State also boasts a woman undertaker. But all these pale before the accomplishments of Miss Rogers, who, although only twenty-three years old, has already made a fortune in the cattle and horse business by being a vaquero. An American newspaper describes Miss Rogers as being "a type that surprises even the west." And judging by the account of her capabilities she is indeed surprising. She rides after her father's cattle and her own on the prairies, and drives them into her ranches, she personally sees to the branding of the animals, and to their proper separation, and is able to plough, to sow, and work a harvesting machine. She also makes all the ploughs for her father's ranche and her own, she has the markets for beef, grain, and pork at her fingers' ends, and conducts all the sales and contracts on the two properties. It is pleasant to learn after this account that "she is not an Amazon," and that she is a delightful hostess, plays the piano well, does fancy work, and possesses a library of several hundred books, and that she won a medal at school for proficiency in English and Latin literature. Miss Rogers would seem to be a female Admiral Crichton.

"FULL many a shaft at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer little meant.  
Full many a word at random spoken,  
May smooth or wound a heart that's broken."—*Scott.*

"SILENCE is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy."

MISS KATE COLBORNE of Sunderland is the first girl who has gone straight from a course of tuition at a Higher Grade Board School to the University. She recently took the B.Sc. degree at Durham University.

"GOODNESS, like the River Nile, overflows its banks to enrich the soil and to throw plenty into the country."—*Collier.*

IN addition to other popular superstitions, those regarding babies are particularly curious and interesting. For instance, in the Isle of Man it is firmly believed that a baby will be dwarfed and wizened if anyone steps over it or walks round it, whilst in Scotland an infant is considered to have a lucky future if it handles its spoon with its left hand, and should it have a number of falls before its first birthday it will be perfectly happy and successful all its life. On the other hand, in South America a book, a piece of money and a bottle of liquor are placed before a child the day it attains its first year in order to ascertain its bent in life, it being the superstition that whichever object it grasps first will be indicative of its future career. In the North of England when a child is taken from a house for the first time it is given an egg, some salt, and a small loaf of bread and occasionally a piece of money, to ensure it against coming to want. In Germany the people consider it necessary that a child should "go up" before it goes down in the world, so as soon as it is born it is carried upstairs. If the house is only of one storey, the nurse mounts a table or chair with the infant in her arms.

"GREAT thoughts are the sheet-anchor of the soul, for is it not when we are in company with the purest and wisest of all times that we are also in touch with Him who is the great source of every ennobling aspiration."—*Crocker.*

The destruction of birds for the personal adornment of women still continues, and it cannot be too frequently urged upon readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to discountenance all feather trimming of any kind whatsoever, for quite unconsciously and with the best of intentions they may be inflicting untold suffering upon harmless and beautiful birds.

"TOO much talk is weakening all round. It weakens the talker, the talkee and the talked about. A reticent tongue covers much. We are too prone to wage wordy battles, which, though they draw no blood, sear the heart with hot irons. Better abjure the use of our tongues altogether if we cannot make them ministers of goodwill and joy. I watched a bird swinging on its perch in the sunshine today, and, although it was a venerable bird, as the age of birds counts, it was as blithe and gay as when it chipped its shell, not a feather had turned grey, not a furrow had channeled its smooth beak. I watched the cat on a rug, blinking and purring her declining days away; not a wrinkle, not a tear mark, not a sign or the withering blight and trouble of old age. I watched the family horse poking his nose outside the bars of the pasture field, as dapper and gay as when he first kicked his coltish heels in the clover. Why? Because to neither the bird, the cat, nor the horse has been vouchsafed the power of speech, and in consequence they are debarred from endless bickerings over trifles and the mischievous warfare of vain dispute. Some eminent authority gives it as a rule, that the three things to be avoided, in order that serenity and beauty may be maintained, both of soul and body, are anger, argument, and avarice."—*Mrs. Holden.*

"A SWEET disposition, a lovely soul, an affectionate nature, will speak in the eyes, the lips, the brow, and become the cause of beauty."

"HAPPINESS depends upon the taste, and not on the thing; and it is by having what we like that we are made happy, and not by having what others consider likable."—*Rochefoucauld.*

"THE word 'independence' is united to the accessory ideas of dignity and virtue. The word 'dependence' is united to the ideas of inferiority and corruption."—*Bentham.*

"THE commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle for."—*Hawthorne.*

THE foods of the various classes of a nation were often regulated by law in the past. Two Roman laws, passed about 160 B.C., regulated the cost of feasts at private houses, stating how much was to be eaten, and forbidding the fattening of fowls. Julius Cæsar was very strict with regard to foods, and used to send his soldiers to confiscate forbidden luxuries offered for sale in the market-places, and to private houses to see that the legal dietary was properly observed. These diet laws were probably necessary in ancient Rome remembering the gluttony of the Romans. Coming down to the Middle Ages, laws of Charles VI. of France and of Edward III. of England decreed the diet of the French and English according to their rank, both as to quality and quantity. The Parliament of Scotland in 1433 passed a similar law. In addition to these the laws regarding dress were particularly severe, and it is curious to notice that some of the English sumptuary laws remained in force, nominally, until about thirty-five years ago.

"LANGUAGE and thought are inseparable. Words without thought are dead sounds; thoughts without words are nothing. To think is to speak low; to speak is to think aloud. The word is the thought incarnate."—*Max Müller*

"I HOLD it truth with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."—*Tennyson*

"OF an idle, unrevolving man, destiny can make nothing more than a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour, let her spend on him what colouring she may. Let the idle think of this."—*Carlyle.*

"TO store our memories with a sense of injuries is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was meant for refined gold."—*W. Secker.*



Chatterbox 1885

JULIA.

**T**HERE, sweep those foolish tears away,  
I will not crush my brains to-day!  
Look, are the southern curtains drawn?  
Fetch me a fan, and so begone.

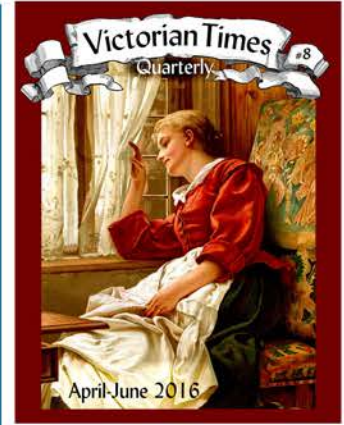
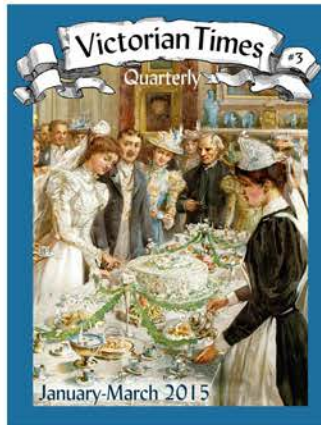
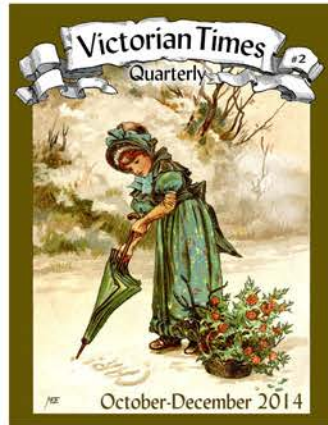
O Nature bare thy loving breast,  
And give thy child one hour of rest,  
One little hour to be unseen  
Beneath thy scarf of leafy green.  
*O. W. Holmes.*

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