

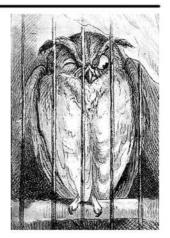
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^{*} The Girl's Own Paper **Cassell's Family Magazine

After a Fashion

ecently my sister declared that she had purged her closet of "nearly 100 items of clothing." Now retired, she decided she didn't need to keep her "working clothes," of which she had a large supply, because as a teacher, she told me, "you don't want to show up wearing the same thing two days in a row or even in the same week."

My sister's closet came to mind when I read this issue's "Etiquette of Mourning" and its recommendations for a suitable "closet" of attire for a widow in her first year of mourning. According to this article, an "ample" wardrobe would be two dresses, one mantle, a jacket, two bonnets, twelve collars and cuffs, one petticoat, four pairs of hose, and 24 handkerchiefs (12 special, 12 everyday). For... a year.

Many of us are drawn to Victoriana because of the gorgeous fashions. A typical *Demorest* might have 18-20 pages dedicated to fashion, with page after page of beautiful illustrations. The majority of *Godey's* nonfiction pages are devoted to fashion. British magazines tended to have somewhat smaller fashion sections; conversely, there were other magazines, such as *La Mode* or *Bon Ton*, that focused *entirely* on fashion.

And yet... in 1882, *Collier's Cyclopedia* states that two dresses was an "ample" wardrobe for an entire year. What's with all these fashion pages, if the typical Victorian woman has no more than two dresses in her closet?

One key lies in remembering that these sections were not "catalogs" or "ads." We ladies of the 21st century are accustomed to seeing *catalogs* of clothing, or fashion supplements that tell us where to buy. Ooh, there's a charming morning gown of gray taffeta... just the thing... I'll order it today and wear it to tomorrow's party.

Victorian fashion pages aren't catalogs; they're *suggestions*. "Off the rack" clothing didn't exist. So if you saw that perfect morning gown, you didn't send for the dress; you sent for the pattern. (*Demorest* actually began as a fashion publication designed to market Madame Demorest's paper dress patterns.) If you were well-to-do, you went to your dressmaker (or had her come to you), showed her the picture, chose the fabric, and waited for the dress to be made for you. If you weren't, you'd order the pattern, visit a dry-goods store to choose a fabric that would be attractive yet durable, and sewed the gown yourself. Possibly by hand.

Imagine *sewing* those incredible dresses... By 1860 the sewing machine was just catching on. By the 1880's it was in many homes, but a great deal of the work still had to be done by hand. That's a *lot* of stitching. So perhaps it's not so surprising that if you wanted that fashionable morning dress, it would be the dress you wore *every* morning, for the better part of a year. If you were well off, you probably had a couple of dresses for summer and a couple of warmer ones for winter. Many Victorian women, however, made do with the same dress, morning and afternoon, summer *and* winter—with a spare "Sunday best" gown if they were lucky.

Another thing that hadn't been invented yet was polyester (which some of us might consider a *good* thing). Better-quality gowns might be made of wool, silk or taffeta (as well as fabrics most of us have never seen today, such as "bombazine" or "Parmatta"). Less expensive gowns might be made of cotton or calico. Most could not be simply popped into a wash-tub when they got dirty. They needed to be sponged, aired, and pressed. One did one's best to remove spots and stains and mend tears. When a gown became too worn or soiled to be respectable, a budget-wise alternative was to take out the seams, turn the fabric "inside out," and sew it up again.

But what about all those trunks of clothing that went with the Victorian lady when she traveled? Surely they held more than two gowns! Of course, if a woman could afford to travel, she could probably afford more than one dress—and in high society, one might indeed travel with gowns for morning, afternoon, dinner, evening, riding and more. If one traveled abroad, one was also packing for months, not days.

Now, as for my own closet, if I purged 100 items of clothing, the remainder would be still be "ample" by Victorian standards, if not my own. But as I looked at my rather dull selection of (mostly Walmart) offerings, it occurred to me that if I added it all together, I probably had very little more actual *fabric* in my closet than that typical Victorian woman with her two dresses. A Victorian gown might require 8-12 yards of fabric, with another 4-5 yards for the petticoat; a mantle or cloak might be 4-5 yards more. That's not counting collars, cuffs, underthings, crinolines, and, of course, those hankies. I suspect my entire wardrobe might fit fairly easily into a Victorian travel trunk, with room to spare!

Much as I admire Victorian fashion plates, I confess that I'd far rather have a bit more variety in my closet—including clothes that can be popped in the washer each week, and clothes that can be discarded without guilt if they wear out or if I simply don't like them anymore. And I never have to worry about fitting into my corset...

—Moira Allen, Editor editors@victorianvoices.net

In Leadenhall Market.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.



EADENHALL MARKET is a changed place since fifteen years ago. Broad arcades and plate-glass fronts stand where stood and tumbled those singular shops in which no man

could tell exactly where the main structure of the building left off and the hutches,

boxes, boards, benches, and stock began; where the ways were devious and men's elbows brushed as near either side as they may have done any time since the market was founded by good Sir Richard Whittington, in the year of our Lord 1408. Other things have changed beside the shops; by statute of 1533 no beef might here be sold for more than a halfpenny a pound, nor mutton for more than a halfpenny half-farthing. Nowadays this good old law is defied shamelessly.

But the demolition of 1880 left us something. It did not sweep away everything of hutches, boxes, boards, baskets, and smell; thanks be to the Corporation for that they left us Ship Tavern Passage.

Dear old Ship Tavern Passage! Cumbered with cages, boxes, and baskets, littered with straw, sand, and sawdust; filled with barks and yelps, crows and clucks, and the smell of mice and rabbits! What living thing, short of a hippopotamus, have I not bought there in one of those poky little shops, the door to which is a hole, framed round with boxes full of living things, and guarded by tied dogs perpetually attempting to get at each other across the opening. In & the days when the attic was devoted to surreptitious guinea-pigs, when white rats escaped from the school desk, and when grown sisters' dislike

of mice seemed insane, then was Ship Tavern Passage a dream of delight.

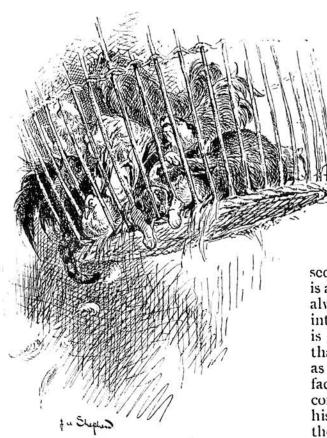
What a delightful door is one such as

these to a boy! Here is a box full of pigeons—puffy pouters, neckless and almost headless. On top of this another box full of rabbits—mild-eyed nibblers with tender pink noses, with ears at lop, half-lop, cock, and the rest. On this, again, there are guinca-pigs; and, still higher, a mighty crowing and indignant cock, in a basket.



"FRAMED ROUND WITH BOXES."

What differing emotions do the inscriptions on many boards convey to different minds! "Small reptiles on hand" is an inspiriting



legend to the schoolboy who keeps green lizards and tame snakes; but his sister, his mother, or his aunt—well, she shudders, and instinctively rubs the palm of her hand on her muff. She turns with relief to the milder announcement, "Gentles always in stock," and, sorely misled by the name, wonders why Johnny, instead of nasty lizards, can't keep a dear little, pretty, tame gentle, with soft fur, and trustful brown eyes; afterwards being much edified to find that she has recommended the addition of maggots to the juvenile vivarium.

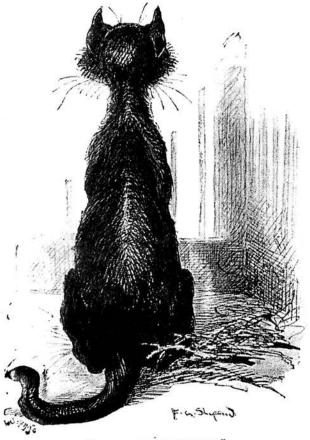
"A WICKER CAGE."

Nobody knows how well animals of different species may agree together till visiting Leadenhall Market. Here you shall often see hung up in one of those wicker cages, of shape like a haystack, a congeries of cocks and hens, ducks, guinea-pigs, and puppies that shall astonish you by its amiability. They do not fight, being bound together by a bond of common interest—the desire to get out. They cannot fight, if they want to, being packed much too tightly; wherein we see how bodily tribulation and discomfort may bring about moral regeneration and peaceful manners. Indeed, we have here, in these cages and boxes, a number of small nations or states; for, no matter how amicably the inhabitants

of each may exist together, beaks and claws are ever ready to reach out whenever possible for attack between the bars of cages adjoining.

All the stock isn't kept in crowds, however. It doesn't do. Here is an old tom-cat, for instance, who would scarcely be a safe companion for half a dozen doves, or white mice; a handsome, wicked-looking old chap who won't allow any liberties. And here is another, just as wicked-looking, and not at all handsome. He has begun to despair of anybody ever buying him, and is crusty in con-

sequence of being a drug in the market. It is a noticeable thing that every animal here, always excepting the cats, shows a most intelligent and natural anxiety as to who is to become its owner. They all know that they are here for sale, quite as well as the shopkeeper himself; and every face is anxiously turned toward each new comer, while a rapid estimate is taken of his appearance, dress, manners, disposition, the probable character of his house, and the quantity of table-scraps therein available. All this, as I have said, with the



"A DRUG IN THE MARKET."

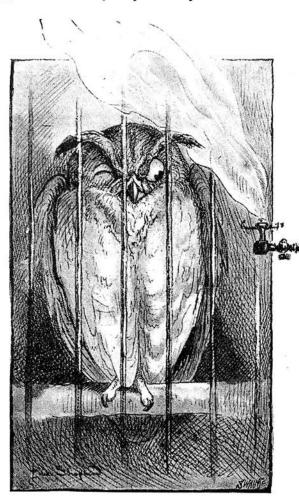
exception of the cats. A cat has too high a sense of his own dignity and worth to betray any such degrading interest in human beings. Therefore he stares calmly and placidly at nothing, giving an occasional lick to a paw, and receiving whatever endearments may be offered from outside with the lofty inattention of a cast ornament. He does this with an idea of enhancing his own value, and of inflaming the mind of the passer-by with un uncontrollable desire to become connected with so exclusive a cat; quite like the cook on show at a registry office, who lifts her nose and stares straight ahead, to impress the newly arrived lady with the belief that she isn't at all anxious for an engagement, and could scarcely, in any case, condescend so far as to have anything to do with her. At the same time, like the cook, the cat is the sharpest listener, and the most observant creature in all this shop, in his own sly way.

Watch the casual air with which he turns his head as a stranger passes the shop-to look, of course, at something else altogether, upon which he finally allows his gaze to rest. Note, too, as he gazes on this immaterial something, how his ears lift and open to their widest. The stranger has come about a dog. The ears resume their usual aspect, and the gaze returns to the same far-away nothing as before.

But this unhandsome ruffian has waited so long, and has been disappointed so often, that he shows signs of losing the placidity proper to his nature. Being an unusually good mouser, he has a unrecognised genius is aggravated by the sight of white rats and mice across the shop, where he can't reach them and prove his capabilities. So he makes vicious snaps and dabs at boys who poke their fingers between the bars, and will probably swear horribly at the next lady customer who says she doesn't want that horrid-looking beast.

This is not a place where any animal fond of a quiet life would come of its own accord. Here is a most respectable owl, whose ideas of the order of things are seriously outraged by its surroundings. A quiet wing-stretch at night is out of the question, because of the cage; and any attempt at going to sleep during the day in that whirl of yells, crows, barks, and light is—well, there! But he has been put high up in the darkest available corner by a considerate tradesman, and makes a shift for forty winks now and again. He is justly

indignant at things in general, and meditates upon them in solemn sulkiness in the intervals of his little naps. As the proper centre of the universe, he contemplates the rebellion of its conditions against his comfort with gloomy anger until he falls asleep. Whenever he does this a customer is sure to arrive, and wish to look at something hard by his corner. The dealer extends a match to an adjacent gas-jet, and, with a pop, a great flame springs into being a foot from the owl's beak. Promptly one eye opens, and projects upon that gaslight a glare of puckered indignation. You observe, he never



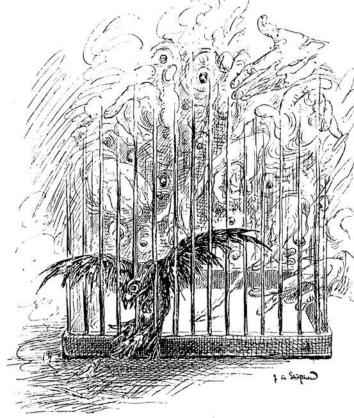
"A GLARE OF PUCKERED INDIGNATION."

certain contempt for such cats as have nothing to recommend them but their appearance; and the natural savagery of opens but one eye-the eye nearer his object of attention. "Why take unnecessary trouble?" reflects the sage; and,

sooth to tell, in that one eye is gathered enough of wrath to put out any flame produced by any

but the most impudent of gas companies. And though this flame be unaffected, still let us learn from this feathered philosopher, when the world gets out of joint, and all things tempt us to anger - to wink the other eye.

Other birds here, besides the owl, like a quiet life, and don't get it. All such pigeons as lie within boy-reach are among these, as well as some within manreach. It is notorious that no pigeon can show his points, or even his breed, pro-



THE PUBLIC-FROM A PIGEON'S POINT OF VIEW

perly, unless stimulated and prodded thereunto with clucks, whistles, sticks, and fingers. "Bill," says a boy, "look at this'n; tumbler. ain't he?" and he does what he can to make the victim tumble by means of a long lead pencil brought against the legs. "No," observes his companion, sagely, "he's a fantail, only he won't fan"; and thereupon tries a prod with a stick. This failing to produce the desired effect, it seems evident that the luckless bird must be a pouter, so that another prod becomes necessary, to make him pout. But he won't pout, and, as he won't make the least attempt to carry the lead pencil, even when thumped with the stick, obviously he can't be a carrier. The shopkeeper coming out very hurriedly at this stage of the diagnosis, the consultation is promptly removed to some distance off. More pretentious connoisseurs than these contribute an occasional poke, with an idea of getting the bird to show his height; and, altogether, from the retiring pigeon's point of view, Leadenhall Market might be a less exciting place.

But some pigeons are used to excitement,

and no boy who whistles along through the Market is half sharp enough to beat them.

> Look about you, young and green pigeon - fancier, and see, if, perchance, there be a bird about here which you remember at some time to have loved, bought, and lost—all, perhaps, in a single day. If so, he is probably one of the sort I mean. He lives a gay and fluttering life, staying a day or two with everybody, but always returning to one place. He is what a fancier, careless of his speech, will call a "dead homer," in spite of his being so very much alive and locomotive

that human sight, week after week, fails to follow his course. He is a man-ofthe-world sort of pigeon, this. Knows his way about London—ay, and any



"A DEAD HOMER."

amount of the country round it—as well as ever did Mr. Sam Weller. He knows people too, and their little ways; with the number of owners he has had, a very slug must become a knowing card. Look at the innocent old chap. If you be unskilled in avian physiognomy, what more simple and guileless creature could you carry home from here, with the certainty of keeping him obediently with you for ever? But he who once has owned and lost him sees within the eye of rectitude the wink of absquatulation. The rogue

recognises his old buyer again, but makes no sign; so skilled in human nature is he, and so contemptuous of it, that he allows for the offchance of being bought again, and taken to a place which will revive old memories as well as bring a change of air and diet, and from which the road back is familiar. For there is an owner to whom this otherwise fickle bird is ever true, and from whom nothing short of solitary confinement can keep him, an owner who fully reciprocates his affection, and receives him back after each excursion with a delight which springs from the cornermost depths of his trousers pocket.

But the chief article of living merchandise here is the dog; so much so that the customary greeting of the dealers is, "Want to buy a little dawg, sir?" regardless of the rest of their stock. You observe that they always mention a little dog, although dogs of all sizes, kinds, colours, and shapes are here to buy. This may possibly be because just now the fashion largely runs to little dogs—fox-terriers and the like; but I rather think it is said with a view of conveying, by a wily sophism, an idea of the pecuniary smallness of the suggested transaction—just as a tradesman talks of a "little bill" or a card-sharper of a "little game." Once having engaged the victim by the administration of this fallacy

—well, it only remains to do business with him, the manner of which business it is easy to learn by the practical expedient of buying a dog.

Nervous men do not like buying dogs at Leadenhall Market. "I'll show you the dog to suit you, sir," says the dealer; "just step this way," that way being into the shop. But at the door of the shop stands, sits, or hangs about on the end of a chain a certain bulldog of uninviting aspect. He isn't demonstrative—never barks or snaps; he just hangs his mouth and looks at you.

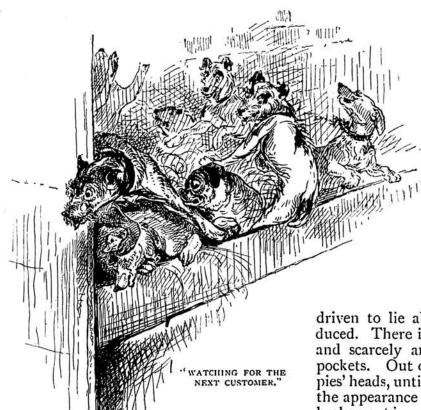
> It is wonderful to observe the amount of shyness acquired by a man not naturally bashful by the mere help of this dog's presence; at times it really seems a pity that some of it cannot be made to last. People who have never been known to refuse invitation before hesitate at that of the dealer; because, even suppose Cerberus passed, the shrinking visitor must, with all the nonchalance and easy grace possible, walk the gauntlet between two rows of other dogs, straining to get at each other across the avenue, at the further end of which stands the dealer. After which he must be prepared to hear that the dog to

suit him is being kept on the roof of the house, at the other end of many black and crooked stairs, also populated, in unexpected places, with dogs; and, possibly, after his disastrous chances, moving accidents, and hairbreadth 'scapes, to find that the dog doesn't suit him at all.

Every living creature here knows that it stands for sale, and speculates upon its prospective owner; that has already been said. Of course, the dogs show it most, and of the dogs the fox-terriers more than any. Come up a side alley, where a window gives light to a bench carrying a dozen. There they sit, ears acock, heads aside, eyes and noses directed intently towards the door. You are standing within two feet of



"OF UNINVITING ASPECT."



them, but they

don't see you they are watching for the next customer in at the

door. You rap at the window or call; not one takes the trouble even to turn his head. You are not a customer, and it is only with customers that they have business. Personally I don't believe that all this is due to an interest in the visitors; I know the raffish, rat-catching ways of these fox-terriers, and am confident that they have bets among themselves—something in the nature of a sweepstake—as to who will be taken away next. Or perhaps each of these anxious little dogs is straining his eyes, and his chain, and his neck after that master who has been absent for many, many days, and who must come back to him soon-who can't have deserted him.

Certain men are seen hereabout whom nobody would expect to see anywhere else, and about whom I have a theory. These men are the exceptions that prove the Darwinian doctrine of the evolution of the human species through the monkey. In their descent from the primordial protoplasm they must have boldly skipped all the species between dog and man, so that now they carry as much external affinity to their last quadruped ancestors as other people do to the monkeys. Indeed, when you come

to know them, you find them to be men of such enterprise and resource that this skipping kusiness is just what they would have done with half a chance. Some keep shops, some help the shopkeepers, and some are free-lances. There is not a dog in the whole world that they will not undertake to get for you, at the right price, at a day's notice; if you were to demand the Dog cf Montargis they would undertake to fetch it, even though they were

driven to lie about its identity when produced. There is no end to their enterprise, and scarcely any to their number of big pockets. Out of these pockets stick puppies' heads, until the whole creature assumes the appearance of a sort of canine kangaroo broken out in a general eruption of pouches, with young ones in each. They are very good fellows, some of these, as a man with



"BUY A LITTLE DAWG, SIR?

any of the characteristics of a good dog must be, so that I mean no harm when I say that I have seen many a wire muzzle which would fit the features of some of them admirably, were man as unkind to man by police regulation as to dog. And I am convinced that the reason they all wear large coats is to conceal little tails rudimentary, perhaps, but still tails. This survival from primeval ages is not at all an affliction—on the contrary, a comfort. They quietly wag them when they have

"done" a customer rather more than usually brown. This while preserving faces of the severest virtue.

Do they still sell silkworms in Leadenhall Market? I fear not: I miss the signs. In some of the old alleys the privilege was extended to boys of purchasing the eggs — little brown specks spread over a bit of paper—which were kept in a box in a warm place and never came to anything. I must have bought many pints of these eggs; the dealers probably had them in by the peck, for I

verily believe they were all turnip-seed.

Singing birds are not so numerous here as they used to be—they have migrated, I believe, with a considerable reinforcement from Seven Dials, to Club Row; but an inconvenient and amusing rascal such as a jackdaw or a magpie is easy to find. If any man live a sad life—a life environed with constitutional blues—let him buy a jackdaw. The mere sight of a jackdaw scratching his head, with his leg cocked over behind his wing, is enough to cure a leaden indigestion. But when, after having one wing cut, for the first time he attempts to fly—well, the recollection brings a stitch in the side.

Now and again, during the hunting season, one may see here a fox, waiting to be bought, bagged, and set going before some pack not very far from London, where a find is out of the question. He is an impudent rascal, and will probably be hunted a good many times before encountering a kill. Maybe he has been here before; in that case, he has a poor opinion of human creatures generally, and rather enjoys his situation. He has just run up to town for a day or two, to see a little life,

and presently will go back again and take a little exercise with the hounds, to put himself into condition. Then, perhaps, when he tires of country life, he will look up again for a bit, and take a

> little more dissipation. It's very pleasant, as a change, to live here under cover and be waited but he upon, wouldn't think of staying more than a few days-that would bore him.

A singular property of this place is the improvement effected in the shape, breed,

points, and general value of an animal by the atmosphere. If a man take a dog there to sell, he will find that in the opinion of an expert dealer, who "WAITING TO BE BAGGED." ought to know, it is too leggy, poor in the coat, bad in the

markings, wrong in the size, out in the curve of the tail, too snipey in the head, outrageous in the ears, and altogether rather dear at a gift. But go in there a day or two afterwards to buy that dog, and you will be astounded to hear of the improvement that so short a sojourn has effected. It has good, clean, stocky legs, a wonderful coat, perfect marks, correct size to a shade, a tail with just the exact sweep, a good, broad head, unequalled ears, and altogether is a preposterous sacrifice at fifteen guineas. Marvellous, isn't it?

Since they are here offered for sale, one

may assume that boys still keep guinea-pigs, although for the advanced boy of to-day such pets may well seem too slow. They are most unintelligent, eat their young, and, so long as plenty of parsley is forthcoming, think very little about their owners. Once having failed to hold one up by the tail till his eyes dropped out, one would expect a boy's interest in these animals to vanish, but a boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are rum, rum thoughts, as Longfellow ought to have said. Wherefore they still keep guinea - pigs. Probably they still keep green lizards and snakes; they used to do so. A friend of mine has to try to earn his living as a barrister, which is a very sad thing. It is all owing to his keeping snakes as a boy, and letting a few of them get adrift in the house of a maiden aunt. She

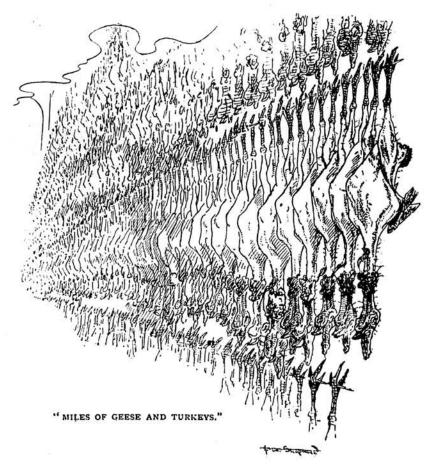
left the premises at a moment's notice, and sold the furniture. This was only funny.



"LIVING MERCHANDISE."

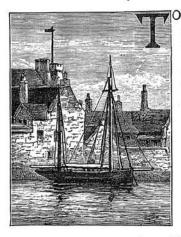
Then she left all her money to a missionary society, and that was serious.

Leadenhall Market, as one used to know it, is going, going; but let us hope it will never be quite gone. Long may the living merchandise resist the inroads of serried ranks of hooks, whereon hang many, many miles of plucked geese and turkeys; birds of no feather flocking together to minister to man's alimentary desires, instead of to his love for those weaker creatures which are so many ages behind him in the tale of evolution, or which have branched off by the way!



A UNIQUE WATERING-PLACE.

(SIGHTS AND SCENES OF THE NEW WORLD.) BY CATHERINE OWEN.



O the foreigner residing in America long enough to watch the beginning and the end of changes, perhaps the most remarkable thing is the rapidity with which, having once decided that a certain thing is desirable, Americans set to work to attain it.

No obstacle, natural or artificial, is allowed to obstruct them, whether it be hundreds

of acres of barren rocks, without soil for a blade of grass to grow, which they mean shall bloom into the fertile loveliness of Central Park, or—like Coney Island—a flat, arid waste of sand, given up to row-dyism, which they determine shall become a gay and fashionable resort—the most attractive watering-place in the world to spend a day in.

Changes we see in every country—parks evolved from barren places, sea-side resorts from sand-banks—but usually the process is gradual, slow, and after some years the end is attained; but in America the attainment follows quickly on the resolution.

Ten years ago Coney Island was unknown to respectable New York, except as a barren, sandy waste very close to the city. One would hear vague regrets that there should be within ten miles of the city a fine beach and bathing-place of which no use was made, its wonderful facilities for sea-bathing amid the enjoyment of fresh ocean breezes being entirely given over to those who made the beach a Pandemonium.

In 1875, at the west end of the island, there was a wretched little hotel or tavern, and to this point two boats went daily from New York city; and at the termination of the Coney Island road stood another miserable hostelry. About this time an enterprising capitalist saw the possibilities of the place, and built a steam-railroad from Brooklyn to what is now known as West Brighton Beach, and erected a large restaurant and pavilion.

Six years later—in 1881—Coney Island had become the most popular watering-place in the country. There were eight railroads running to it, one line of horsecars (tram-cars), and nine lines of steamboats, capable of transporting at least 150,000 persons to and from the beach daily, were in operation.

The beach is covered with light, cool, and gaily-painted buildings for every conceivable purpose, and during the whole summer months the sands are black with people.

Three of the hotels are among the finest of their kind in the world, and a number of the others fully equal to the best hotels at other watering-places. The island is now divided into four parts, known as the West End, West Brighton, Brighton Beach, and Manhattan Beach; and one soon learns that these divisions represent differences in the social scale of those who visit them.

The West End is still left much to nature. There are unattractive bathing-houses, the beach covered with refuse thrown up by the tides, and a huge wooden pavilion is used as a lunching-place.

Between West End and West Brighton are numbers of small hotels and pavilions, and then West Brighton Hotel. This forms about the centre of the beach, and here we begin to see what money and determination can do against nature.

Remember, Coney Island is but a sand-bar, into the soil of which we sink ankle-deep; and then look at this great Plaza, brilliant with parterres of flowers masses of heliotrope, of roses, of geraniums—as beautifully kept as in Hyde Park itself, the grass green and fresh, traversed by broad wooden paths.

A fine band plays every afternoon and evening, and at this point the scene is like a huge fair-ground. At a distance from the Plaza performances of all kinds are going on—"Punch and Judy," dancing dogs, acrobats, great swings, merry-go-rounds, lecturers, vendors, jugglers, waxworks: everything that ever did go to a fair comes here, and it is to this point that the humbler pleasure-seeker, out for a rare day's holiday, brings wife, children, and lunch-basket, and regales eyes and ears, while the body is refreshed by the sharp, salt air of the Atlantic.

Here, too, is one of the great iron piers, which, built of tubular iron piles, runs a thousand feet into the sea. On it are three two-storey buildings, containing saloons, dining-rooms, and promenades. There are also 1,200 bath-rooms, and stairways leading down into the water

Steamboats from New York land here every hour of the day and evening, and at night the whole is lighted with electric lights.

At this date there is a second iron pier, built very near the one first mentioned, and offering still larger accommodation to excursionists, and having, in addition to all the attractions of the one first built, a theatre. Both of the piers have a most excellent restaurant, and at the innumerable small tables one can partake of a French dinner while watching the bathing below.

A wide drive and promenade of half a mile brings us to Brighton Beach—a very favourite spot with the better class of visitors. The hotel here has also a profusion of flowers, grass, and terraced walks; but at this part of the beach the itinerant vendor is not seen, nor any of the noisy attractions of the West End.

The Brighton Hotel is an ornamental building, handsomely furnished, over 500 feet long, and during the day can provide meals for 20,000 people. In front of this hotel is a pavilion, in which an orchestra of sixty discourse most excellent music during the afternoon and evening.

From Brighton to Manhattan Beach is two miles and a half, and the two are connected by a so-called marine railway.

This hotel is nearly 700 feet long, and three and four storeys in height, and very handsomely furnished. The lower floors and piazzas are entirely given up to the daily visitors; the upper ones are reserved for those who make a longer stay. Four thousand can dine at one time in this house.

One feature of all these hotels is that excellent accommodation is provided, without charge, for those families who bring their own lunch.

A large, airy pavilion, open to the sea, with parquet floor, neat tables, chairs, and abundant ice-water, cost nothing. Here the more frugal can unpack their baskets comfortably, and sit and eat the sandwiches, fried chicken or fried oysters, pickles, jelly-cake, and biscuit (rolls), which form the usual contents of an American lunch-basket.

Waiters are in attendance, and of them can be ordered any additional dish or dishes—tea, coffee, or beer—that may be required. Some parties bring only part of the lunch—the bread, butter, pickles, and cake—and order the sea-food for which the place is famous—soft-shell crab, clam, chowder, broiled fish, &c.

But such ordering is not usual or expected in return for the use of the pavilion. The hotel proprietors probably find their interest in the fact that the trim grounds and terraces—which, forming part of the beach, are open to all—are absolutely free from litter. No débris of a peripatetic luncheon—shells of hard eggs, empty bottles, orange-peel, or pieces of paper—strew the sand, or the miles of planked space that surround every hotel.

Coney Island is gayest at night: it is then that the parched and weary New York business man quits his office, and takes the boat to this sea-girt island—dines, listens to the music, and, if he wishes, can be back in the city by nine o'clock.

Thousands of clerks go to the island as the families who have been spending the day return, and the bathing goes on by electric light till midnight.

Its convenient proximity to the city, the fact that there is everything to make it as easy to spend an evening by the sea-shore as to walk in the park, make it an inestimable boon to those whom business compels to remain in the city through the hot months.

Although I have been able to give a few particulars of this remarkable watering place, I have not been able to convey an idea of the aspect of it—its wealth of colour—by day; for flowers, fountains, and the bunting that streams from every tower of every hotel and pavilion, make a bright picture, over which the sun shines brightly (if we are fortunate), and the blue sea sparkles.

At night, however, the scene is more gay. It is a sort of Ranelagh-by-the-Sea. Handsome dressing is the rule, and the fact that every foot of terrace is kept as clean as a ball-room enables ladies to wear their delicate clothing with as little damage as in a drawing-room, and they vie with each other in the beauty of their costume. This applies principally, of course, to

those who spend some time on the island, which, although its greatest value is to those who would get the sea-air in no other way, it has become very much the fashion to do. It is easy for business men to send wife and family to a spot where they can so easily join them in the evening, and every year it is becoming more and more common to do this.

At night, then, a surging crowd of gaily-dressed people pervades the place; thousands are seated at the little tables, taking ices or other refreshments, while the concerts go on, Levy or Arbuckle playing, perhaps, a cornet solo, and Gilmore (the Jullien of America) leading the band; for the music provided is the finest attainable, great rivalry existing on this point between the fashionable hotels.

The electric light beams over all, but thousands of coloured lights are everywhere. The iron piers are lighted with crimson-globed lights, which gleam redly over the sea. Most of the buildings are outlined with coloured lights, and at nine, from two or three points, there are very fine fireworks; with music and gaiety, and laughter, and fragrance of flowers everywhere.

Looking at this night scene, where money is spent lavishly, where the multitude seem given up to the enjoyment of the hour, in which every sense is gratified—for, besides the eye and ear and palate, the air is filled with sweet odours—one forgets that one is in prosaic, money-making America; for, as a rule, Americans, as their English cousins are said to do, take their pleasures sadly—the atmosphere of gaiety is usually lacking.

Coney Island is an exception to all this. No Parisian or Italian fête has more colour or *abandon* than is to be found here at all times in the season.

One of the gay pavilions on the beach is a pretty temporary home for strayed children. In the immense crowds such cases occur daily. The lost child is taken by one of the beach police, or other Good Samaritan, to the cool and pretty building, where it is amused and entertained till claimed. There is no rushing about in all directions, searching weary hours in the broiling sun by terrified guardians, to find at last a tearful, frightened child at a police-station, as at the London Crystal Palace or Hyde Park on fête days, or as would be the case elsewhere in America. If the child is missed, the mother goes direct to the place to which she knows it has been, or will be, taken.

Another convenience is a "lost and found" bureau, where articles found or lost can be taken or claimed; and it speaks well for American honesty that the "founds" are in no mean proportion to the "losts."

The season lasts only so long as the warm weather, and the close of it varies according to the late or early autumn; but the day the fiat has gone forth that the chill days have come, presto!—the whole scene changes like the "baseless fabric of a dream." Down comes the bunting, up go the gay awnings; hotels are dismantled, vehicles of every kind disappear, kiosques and every movable thing are taken away, and within a week or so nothing remains but gaunt, empty buildings with closed shutters, the deserted piers, and closed bathing-houses, to tell of what has been.

A MODEL MENU FOR OCTOBER.

By PHYLLIS BROWNE.

Mulligatavny Soup is not as popular as it deserves to be, for it need not be expensive, and yet when well made it is both wholesome and excellent. It should be chosen when there is in the larder the liquor in which rabbits, a couple of fowls, or even a leg of mutton have been boiled. Rabbit liquor is however particularly suitable for the purpose, because it possesses a flavour which improves almost every sort of soup. There are people who think that the chief virtue belonging to boiled rabbit is the soup which can be made from the broth the day after it has been served.

To make mulligatawny soup, skim the rabbit or mutton stock, and take two quarts free from sediment. Melt two ounces

free from sediment. Melt two ounces of butter or sweet dripping in a stewpan, and slice into it two onions and two sour apples cut into quarters; a small turnip and two or three sticks of celery, a few strips of bacon rind scalded and scraped may be added with advantage. Cover the stewpan closely and let the vegetables sweat over the fire for ten minutes; then drain away the fat, add pepper and salt, a bunch of parsley, a small sprig of thyme and a bay leaf tied together, and pour on the two quarts of stock. Let all boil together until the vegetables are soft, when they must be passed through a sieve. Mix the pulp with the soup and let it boil again. Put a large tablespoonful of flour, a tablespoonful of curry powder and a teaspoonful of curry paste into a basin, and mix it with a little cold stock to a smooth paste. Stir this thickening into the soup, and boil a few minutes longer, when the soup will be ready. Just before serving add a few drops of lemon juice. It will be a great improvement if a gill of cream is also added to the soup. It should be stirred in just before

serving.

Rice boiled as for curry should be put on a dish and handed round with mulligatawny soup. To prepare it, wash a small teacupful of Patna rice in two or three waters, throw it into plenty of fast-boiling salted water, and let it boil quickly until a grain feels tender when pressed between the thumb and finger. It will take about a quarter of an hour, but the time will vary slightly according to

time will vary slightly according to the quality of the rice. It must on no account boil to pulp. When done throw it on a sieve, set it before the fire for a minute or two that it may dry well, and stir it with a fork. Serve it very hot.

If there are in the house any choice remains of fowl, rabbit, or veal, they may be cut into neat shapes and thrown into the soup-tureen with the soup.

Normandy Sole.—This is a very superlative dish; when prepared in the orthodox way, it is also very extravagant, and no one with the least respect for economy would think of having it. A modification of it however on a simple scale is excellent, and is to be recommended. On the whole it is profitable also, because the sauce makes the fish go a long

For the benefit of those who would care to know what real Normandy sole is like I give first the genuine recipe as furnished by M. fouffe who had it from Langlais, the *chef* of the Rocher de Cancale, where it was first

prepared, and afterwards the modest modification of it which is recommended here.

Sole à la Normande.—Clean a large sole, strip off the black skin, and make an incision a quarter of an inch deep on the skinned part all along each side of the bones so as to detach the flesh from the bone. Butter a silver dish, strew over it some onions chopped very finely and previously blanched, season the sole with salt and pepper, put it on the dish, moisten it with French white wine, and cook it in the oven. Prepare some oysters, mussels, mushrooms, smelts, and croûtons for garnish. Make some Velouté sauce maigre, add to it the liquor from the sole and that in which the mussels have been cooked; reduce it and

MENU.

Mulligatawny Soup.

Normandy Sole.

Roast Goose.
Potatoes. Chestnut Purée.

Fried Celery.

Vanilla Soufflée.
Apples in Red Jelly.

Cheese Biscuits.

thicken it with yolk of egg. Place the oysters, mussels, and mushrooms on the sole; pour over some sauce, and put the dish in the oven for five minutes, being careful not to colour the sauce; garnish the top with the fried smelts and croûtons, and serve with the remaining sauce in a boat. The croûtons for sole à la Normande are cut from some rasped crust of French rolls, buttered on each side and coloured in the oven.

The modified recipe is as follows—Procure one large thick sole and two quarts of mussels; the smallest are the best. Wash and scrub the mussels thoroughly, and let them lie in salt and water for two or three hours that they may cleanse themselves. Put them into a stewpan with two slices of onion, a small bunch of herbs, six or eight peppercorns, a dessertspoonful of salt, an inch of thin lemon rind and one clove (but no water), and shake the pan over the fire till the mussels open. If overdone they will be hard. Take them out

of their shells, examine each one separately, and remove and throw away the little piece of weed which lies under the black tongue, also the small shellfish which will be found in some of the shells. Set the mussels aside, and strain the broth which will have come from them. Clean the sole, draw off the black skin and take up the fillets of flesh; stew the bones in salted water to cover them to make fish stock, then strain it. Thus far the dish can be prepared some time before it is wanted.

Trim the fillets neatly, and make them smooth by pressing them with the broad side of a knife which is dipped from time to time in cold water; put them into a well-greased

in cold water; put them into a well-greased baking tin, season them with pepper and salt, squeeze the juice of half a lemon over them, pour two table-spoonfuls of the stock in which the fish bones were stewed round them. cover them with a sheet of buttered paper, and bake them in a moderate oven till they are cooked through. They will need to bake about ten minutes. Whilst they are baking make a little melted butter, and use for it the fish stock and the mussel broth instead of water. Stir the sauce till it boils, and add a gill of cream and the mussels. Arrange the fillets of sole on a dish, garnish with the mussels, and pour the sauce over all.

If allowed, this dish will be greatly improved by the addition to the garnish of about a dozen button mushrooms and six or eight croûtons. The mushrooms should be washed quickly and drained, then stewed beforehand with the juice of a lemon and a little butter. When tender they may be stirred with their gravy into the sauce. To make the croûtons, rasp the crust of a French roll, and cut it in strips two inches long and one inch wide. Dip the strips in butter and put them on a baking tin in a hot oven for three minutes. Another way of making croûtons is to cut stale crumb of bread into fancy shapes, fry them in butter to a golden brown tinge, and drain them on kitchen paper.

on kitchen paper.

Although it is correct to use mussels for this dish, we have to confess that many people are afraid of these fish, and some find them very indigestible. Under these circum-

stances it is advisable to substitute oysters for mussels. The oysters must of course be bearded and blanched, and stirred into the sauce. When calculating what number will be required it will be well to allow two or three oysters for each person. Oysters are much more expensive than mussels: thrifty people are inclined to use them sparingly. Mussels are very cheap, and therefore we feel justified in being rather liberal with them, especially as we shall discover that in two quarts of mussels there is a good deal more shell than there is fish.

Roast Goose.—Dainty eaters are accustomed to consider roast goose a vulgar dish; yet it is to be noted that when it is set before them they usually succeed in conquering their distaste for it and appear to relish it. The truth is that a goose wisely chosen and well roasted is a most excellent dish, especially when it is served with purée of chestnuts as a vegetable. As the last-named preparation is

not so well known as it deserves to be, we shall be wise if we put up with the goose for

the sake of trying the garnish.

Geese are understood to come into season about the middle of September. At first they command a high price, but they gradually become cheaper; they are at their best during the last three months of the year; but after Christmas they are liable to deteriorate in quality. At all times they vary very much in quality. Experienced housewives always say that a goose should not be caten after it is a year old, for an old bird is sure to be tough; yet veteran geese very often find their way into the It is desirable, therefore, that the person whose duty it is to purchase the bird should know how to choose it. The following are the points to be remembered: A goose which weighs six or eight pounds is to be preferred to one of a large size. The breast of a goose should be plump, the skin white, fine and free from hairs, and the bill and feet yellow, not red, and pliable. If the feet are red and stiff, the bird is certain to be old, and its flesh hard. When the goose is bought in the country it is well to remember that birds fed on uplands are the best. Birds fed on lowlands are very likely to be greasy.

A goose ought to hang for some days after it is killed. It is scarcely possible to say how long, because the time must depend on the state of the weather. If this be favourable a

week will probably be sufficient.

Geese bought after September are almost always stuffed with sage and onions, and it is this savoury accompaniment which makes people of fastidious taste and delicate digestion afraid of the dish. It is, however, astonishing how much may be done by the cook to lessen the disagreeables which attend the employment of onions. For one thing, Spanish onions may be used to make the stuffing, and they are milder than English onions. The vegetable also may be boiled in one or two waters, and the core, which is the most pungent part, may be left out altogether. Last but not least a smaller or larger proportion of bread crumbs may be mixed with the stuffing. If after all these precautions there still remains a fear that the stuffing will be either indigestible or too powerful, the following plan may be tried:—For at least thirty years I have adopted it. I may perhaps be allowed to add that I leave it from my method. to add that I learnt it from my mother, who had great faith in it. It is published also in Miss Acton's well-known cookery book.

Pare from a lemon all the yellow rind, taking care not to bruise the fruit, nor to cut so deeply as to let out the juice, and leaving as much of the white pith as possible. Place this lemon in the middle of the seasoning within the bird. Before serving make an opening in the skin, open the flap gently, remove the lemon, and throw it at once into the fire without letting it touch anything. Its thick skin will have absorbed nearly all the impurities which would otherwise have been

objectionable. When the flavour and smell of onions in stuffing is not disliked, the bulbs can simply be chopped raw, mixed with sage leaves, pepper and salt, and put in the body of the goose. The number of onions used will of course be determined by the size of the bird. For a moderate-sized goose two Spanish onions will be abundant. In preparing forcemeat it is well to make onions the basis, and add the other ingredients in their due proportion. It is a safe rule to allow two fresh sage leaves, or four dried ones, and one ounce of bread crumbs, with pepper and salt, for each large Spanish onion. Forcemeat thus made will probably suit the taste of the majority, although it will be too mild for those who like highly-seasoned preparations. It must not be forcetten that forcement is put into the hadden forgotten that forcemeat is put into the body of a goose, whereas in turkeys and fowls it is

put in the crop. It must be fastened in very securely. The bird must be well cooked, for underdressed goose is both unwholesome and distasteful. A small goose will need to be baked about an hour and a half.

Both gravy and apple-sauce are served with ast goose. To make gravy, cut up an onion roast goose. first in thin slices from the crown to the root, and then across, and fry in a little butter for a minute or two. Pour on a pint of unflavoured stock made from scraps and free from fat, and add a bunch of parsley, six or eight peppercorns, half a blade of mace, and a little salt. Stew gently till the stock is pleasantly flavoured, then mix a dessertspoonful of flour smoothly with a little cold water; stir this into the gravy, and simmer again until it is as thick as cream. Then, before using it, a few drops of liquid browning will probably be required to give it the proper tint. If there is any gravy left from a joint, it may of course be added.

Apple Sauce.-Pare, core and cut into quarters two pounds of good cooking apples. Put these into a stewpan with a spoonful or two of water; cover them closely and stew or bake them gently till they fall. Beat them to pulp, stir in a spoonful of sugar, and a very little

butter, and serve hot.

Potato Gulettes.—Peel two pounds of potatoes, and steam or boil them in the usual way. Turn them into a hot basin, and beat them with a spoon till smooth; then put with them two saltspoonfuls of salt, two ounces of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of hot milk or cream. Add also the yolk of an egg well beaten; set the basin containing the mixture over a saucepan of boiling water, and beat them for five minutes. Last thing, add the white of the egg which has been whisked till firm. Drop the mixture in spoonfuls upon a greased baking tin; brush these over with milk, and brown either in a quick oven or before the fire.

Mashed Chestnuts.—Chestnuts are not used as a vegetable in England nearly as much as they ought to be; although in France they are much appreciated. It is true that soup is occasionally made from them, that they are made now and again into stuffing, and that marrons glacés, perhaps the most delicious of sweetmeats, are obtained from them; but as a substitute for ordinary vegetables they are rarely seen. Yet chestnuts are highly nutritious, and very abundant and cheap. who have once tried them are as a rule very enthusiastic about them. The following recipe is of French origin, and it has been highly approved:

Take the outer skin off fifty chestnuts and throw them into boiling water for five minutes; then take off the inner skin. Put the nuts back into boiling water, and see that they are well covered, and boil them gently till they are quite soft. Drain them well, mash them with a wooden spoon and rub them through a sieve. Put the purée thus obtained into a saucepan, with a pinch of salt, butter about the size of a walnut, pepper and salt and about a wineglassful of cream, or of milk if cream is not available. Stir the preparation over the fire for three or four minutes to make it hot without letting it boil, and serve. Mashed chestnuts are particularly good with geese, ducks, and turkeys.

Fried Celery.—Celery is a most excellent and wholesome vegetable, and it can be served in many ways. As M. Kettner has said, "it makes a soup of itself; it makes a sauce of itself; it is excellent plain-boiled as seakale; it will stew to perfection, and it makes a salad the will stew to perfection, and it makes a salad which is not only good in itself, but doubly good because it can be had when other salads fail." Yet though celery can be served in so many ways, it is unquestionably at its best when eaten raw. The pity of it is that when in this condition a great many people are

obliged to turn away from it because their teeth are not strong. It is quite melancholy to notice that when young fresh celery, crisp through having stood in water for awhile, and daintily curled, is passed round with the cheese at the conclusion of dinner, at least half the company refuse it. We guess at once that they are afraid of it. They would like it well enough if they could masticate it; but necessity compels them to deny themselves.

Daintily-fried celery ranks nearly as high as raw celery in excellence; and those who can-not eat the uncooked vegetable should be induced to try it. Fried celery may be served in the place of game, and when the meat course has been of a fairly substantial character, it will probably be preferred to game. Vegetables daintily cooked, and which form a course by themselves, are becoming more and more popular amongst those who study the art of good living, and celery may with advantage be enjoyed in this way.

To prepare the celery, proceed thus—Take two or three heads of celery, wash them well, and set aside the outer sticks, which may be reserved for flavouring. Cut the rest first into quarters, then into lengths of equal size and thickness. Lay them in cold water for a little while, afterwards throw them into boiling water to which a tablespoonful of vinegar has been added, and boil them till tender. Let them drain well, and flatten each piece with the flat side of a knife which has been dipped into cold water, and spread them on a napkin till dry. Roll each piece in flour, then in even white bread crumbs; dip in beaten egg and roll again in bread crumbs, mixed with grated parmesan and seasoned with pepper and salt. Thus far the celery may be prepared some time before it is required. A minute or two before it is to be served, place the celery carefully in a single layer in a wire frying basket, have ready a pan of hot fat, plunge the basket into it, and when the crumbs are brown the vegetable is ready. Let it drain, dish it in a pile like bricks and

Lemon Soufflée. - Soufflées are much liked, and very wholesome; it is a pity, therefore, that they are not served more frequently than they are in private houses. The reason cannot be that they are expensive, because they are on the whole rather economical. It is true that it is necessary to use a sufficient number of eggs when making them, but when eggs are cheap this is not very ruinous, because little else besides eggs is necessary. Probably they are rarely seen because cooks are afraid to make them. This is unfortunate, because they may be easily managed if only attention be paid to one or two points. Moreover they admit of much variety; they are made of all sorts of farinaceous substances, and the person who comprehends the method employed, and can make one sort of soufflée, can make several sorts. Consequently it is well worth while to give a little attention to the subject.

There are two ways of cooking soufflées, steaming and baking. The Fondu, a recipe for making which was given last month, was in reality a baked souffice; this month the recipe is for a steamed soufflée. Of these two varieties the baked soufflées are the more easily prepared; they are not quite equal to the others, however, because they are less digestible and they fall more quickly. It is necessary to be very careful when steaming souffices, for this is the point where disaster is most likely to occur.

If a soufflée is to be successfully steamed, the heat must be equally maintained all the time. It must be sufficient, and yet it must not be too great. What is wanted is that the souffice should be kept gently and steadily simmering till done. To accomplish this there should be about an inch of boiling water in a pan; the tin containing the soufflée should be put in, covered, then drawn to the side of the stove. Yet it will not do to keep taking the lid off the pan to ascertain whether the pudding is going on all right, for this would let in the cold air and might retard the rising of the soufflée. The safer plan is to lay the hand on the lid of the pan on the side nearest to the heat. If a sort of constant quiet throb, such as would be caused by a gentle simmer, is felt, the pudding is going on well. After it has had time to rise properly it may be inspected without harm being done; but at first it should be left alone.

The tin for a steamed soufflée should be prepared in the way described for a baked soufflée, that is, it should be buttered well inside, a round of buttered paper should be placed at the bottom, and a band of doubled paper well-buttered should be bound round it on the outside to support the soufflée as it rises. In steamed soufflées, also, a round of paper must be laid on the top to prevent the condensed steam from falling in drops into the pudding. Another detail requiring close attention is that the panada or farinaceous preparation which forms the basis of the soufflée should be thoroughly cooked. If it is not the soufflee is sure to be spoilt. It should be stirred over the fire until, whilst it is being stirred, it leaves the sides of the saucepan with the spoon. The yolks of eggs too should be added one at a time, and the white should be whisked till quite solid, and should be dashed in at the last moment before cooking.

So much for preliminaries; we now come to the recipe. Put a saucepan on the fire of a size that will hold the soufflée tin, and pour water in it to the depth of an inch. Choose an oval tin with straight sides, and prepare it by greasing it and binding paper round it in the way already described. Clean a large lemon, peel it as thinly as possible, put the peel in half a pint of warm milk, and let it soak till it has yielded its flavour. Melt an ounce of butter in a small saucepan. Mix smoothly with it two dessertspoonfuls of flour and one dessertspoonful of arrowroot; cook the mixture well. Strain the milk and mix it gradually with the paste, sweeten with a dessertspoonful of castor sugar, and add one at a time the yolks of three eggs. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and just before the soufflée is to be cooked stir them in lightly.

Put the preparation into the tin, cover it with a greased round of paper and steam as directed from thirty to forty minutes. It will be done when firm in the middle. Turn it

quickly upon a hot dish, and pour the sauce round it. A little custard flavoured with lemon makes an excellent sauce for this soufflée, or if preferred a sauce may be made as follows: Put half a pint of water, a piece of lemon rind and two tablespoonfuls of sugar into a saucepan, and boil. Mix a teaspoonful of arrowroot with a little cold water; when the water in the saucepan boils, pour the arrowroot into it, and stir until the sauce thickens. Strain and add the juice of the lemon.

Apples in Red Jelly is an old-fashioned dish, but very pretty, very easily managed, and generally liked. To make it, take five or six apples of a firm white sort, peel them whole, and push out the cores with a scoop. Place the fruit in a pie dish and fill the hollows from which the cores were taken with white sugar and grated lemon ri .d or powdered cinnamon; pour on about a pint of water, cover closely, and bake through till the apples are cooked without having fallen. Arrange them carefully in a glass or silver dish, dissolve a dessertspoonful of gelatine in the syrup in which they were cooked, sweeten it if necessary, put a little lemon-juice with it, colour it with a few drops of cochineal, pour it over the apples, and let it stiffen. Before serving, a little knob of whipped cream may be placed on the top of each apple.

Cheese Biscuits.—Put two ounces of Vienna flour on a board, and mix a pinch of salt and a grain of cayenne with it. Rub into it two ounces of butter and add two ounces of grated parmesan; mix with the yolk of an egg and a squeeze of lemon juice to a smooth stiff paste. Roll the pastry out very thinly. If it is too short to roll, a little water may be worked in, but the less the better. Stamp into small round biscuits and bake for a few minutes in a cool oven. Before serving place in the centre of each biscuit a little pyramid of whipped cream flavoured with parmesan.

In October tomato jam and tomato sauce should be prepared. Quinces, too, come into the market during the month, and are excellent for mixing with apples. October is the time also for making apple jelly and Siberian crab jelly.

Tomato Jam.—Allow a pound of sugar and a small cupful of water for each pound of tomatoes. Skin the tomatoes, cut them across, and take out as many seeds as can be extracted without waste. Put the skin, seeds, and the juice that has run from the fruit in the allotted measure of water, and boil gently for half-an-hour, then strain the liquid. Put it

with the sugar, and stir it till the sugar is dissolved, but not afterwards until it bubbles all over the surface. Now put in the tomato pulp and boil the jam till it jellies. Tie it down in the usual way. This jam is not common; it is generally much liked by people who like tomatoes, and it is very brilliant in colour.

Tomato Store Sauce.—Cut eight pounds of tomatoes in slices, and pour over them a quart of vinegar. Add half a pound of salt, two ounces of whole black pepper, half an ounce of cayenne, a quarter of a pound of whole allspice, six large onions sliced, one ounce of cloves, and two pounds of brown sugar. Boil three hours and stir well. Rub through a sieve, bottle as soon as cold and cork securely.

Quinces are in the market only a very little time. It is sometimes said that they have gone out of fashion, but still people who like them at all like them very much, and they are generally regarded as a dainty when served. Speaking of them, so great an authority as M. Kettner says: "Quinces have this curious virtue, that being of little value themselves they improve an apple pie beyond the power of words to describe." The following is M. Kettner's recipe for preparing quinces to be served thus:

Quinces for addition to Apple Pie.—Peel the quinces and cut them in quarters. To five pounds of fruit put three of sugar and a wineglassful of water. Put them in pint jars, cover them, place them in boiling water, and simmer then very gently for three hours. Put the peels in with them and take them out when done. Bottle what is not wanted for immediate use.

We have now come to the end of the Model Menu. At the commencement the promise was made that the dinners described should be possible. Naturally this did not mean that they could be cooked by an ignorant, careless person, but rather by one who is intelligent and willing. It is believed that the promise then made has been fulfilled. Mistresses of households should be warned, however, that it would be unwise to expect any girl to cook one of these dinners for "company" without having tried the dishes beforehand separately, thus being prepared for the difficulties likely to occur.

It is, however, confidently hoped that if even the veriest novice in cookery will patiently go through these menus month by month, following closely the directions given, she will be a very much better cook when she somes to the end of them than she was at the beginning.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

BE very careful where you throw lighted matches. It is very common for people to carelessly throw them aside when done with, and a lady of our acquaintance had her dress set alight by a match thrown down from a window-balcony. In another case, last summer, a lighted match thrown from the top of an omnibus fell on a cart-horse's head, frightening him so much that a serious accident was the result.

In a case of dropsy, the following recipe has been found a great alleviation. Take a few dried figs—the tenderest you can find—cut them up into small pieces, pour over them sufficient rum of good quality, let them soak in it for some hours and then give to the patient to eat.

A LITTLE water should be mixed with the milk given to cats. It is better for them and improves their fur.

COOKS should never be allowed to stick pins in the front of their dress; these are apt to drop into the cooking. A cake was once found to contain three pins.

THE greatest care should be taken in purchasing violet-powder—only to have that made by a firm of repute. Lead, arsenic, and other injurious ingredients are sometimes mixed with it, and a little while ago some of this deleterious mixture caused the death of some infants. Where there is any uncertainty about it, the finest oatmeal should be used instead.

BREAD and good raisins with a glass of hot milk are an admirable luncheon. The hot milk is a good stimulant, and the raisins are very sustaining.

THE insides of banana skins are said to be very good for cleaning tan shoes.

EVERY young person should learn how to carve joints of meat, poultry and game. It is not a difficult accomplishment if learnt at leisure and at home. It should be practised at one's own table, and will be found to be of practical use and benefit at the table of others. A good carver is a public benefactor.

It is not always safe to carry money in one's glove. You do not know who has handled it last, and it is safer not to carry it next to one's skin.

CHAMOIS leather should not be used for rubbing lenses or glass, as it scratches a delicate surface.

Boots that have been cleaned with blacking should not be left where black-beetles can get at them. They will quite destroy the leather in their eagerness to devour the blacking, for which they have a particular liking.





THE HALUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1846. OCTOBER. October's blast comes in with boast, And makes the flow'rs to fall; Then man appears at fifty years, Old age doth on him call; The almoud-tree doth flourish hie, And pale grows man we see; Then it is time to use this line, Remember man to die.

THE HOST AND HIS FAMILY SPECTATORS OF THE MYSTERIES OF ALLHALLOW EVEN.

OLD PORM; 1653.

OCTOBER, though from the age of Numa it has been the tenth mouth of the year, derives its name from its original position in the Alban Calendar; being compounded of Octo, eight; and imber, a shower. The Saxons called it Wyn Monath, or the Wine-Month; and also, Wynter-Fyllyth, from the approach of Winter.

St. Denys, (October 9), is the tutelar Saint of France: his reliques are enshrined in the superb abbey-church near Paris.

St. Wifrid, (Oct. 12), was Archbishop of York, and founded the monastery of Ripon, where his body was buried, in 709, in the church of St. Peter: he is reputed to have invented the gamut; and his Festival is annually kept at Ripon on the Sunday after Lammas Day, on the eve of which feast is a procession, in which the fiddle is not forgotten.

St. Ethelburgh's Day, (Oct. 11,) was formerly a monastic and rural feast: amidst the annual store of provision at Barking Nunnery, occurs "wheat and milk for Frimitic, (Furmety,) upon St. Alburg's, (St. Ethelburgh's,) Day.

St. Luke, (October 18), is the patron of painters, from his reputed skill in painting, especially in portraits of Our Saviour: the usual oath of King William Rufus was by the face of Christ, depicted by St. Luke. His day is still kept at the Public Offices.

S. S. Crispin and Crispinian's Day, (October 25), is but slightly observed. Shakspeare has perpetuated the memory of this Festival by the speech which he has given to Henry V., before the battle of Agincourt :-

This day is called the Feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe bome,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that shall live this day, and see old age Will yearly, on the vigil, feast his neighbor And say to-morrow is St. Crispian.

Both Saints are said to have been Romans of noble family, put to death in the persecution under Diocletian, at Soissons, in Gaul. Their bodies were afterwards translated to Rome, and interred in St. Lawrence's church; they are, also, traditionally stated to have been buried near Lydd, in Kent, where a heap of stones is to this day called "Crispin's Grave."

St. Simon and St. Jude's Feast, (October 28), was superstitiously considered rainy, as well as that of St Swithin; and this, probably, because the autumnal rains began on or about that day. In an old play occurs: "I know it as well as I know 'twill rain on Simon and Jude's Day." In another old play occurs : "Now a continued Simcon and Jude's rain beat all your feathers as flat down as And, we learn from Holinshed that, in 1536, when a battle was appancakes." pointed to have been fought upon this day between the King's troops and the Rebels in Yorkshire, that so great a quantity of rain fell upon the eve thereof, as to prevent the battle from taking place.

Allhallow Eren, (O:tober 31), the great festival of the month, the vigil of All Saint's Day, with all its revels, is depicted by our artist. Here is the sport of flinging nuts into the f.re, to propitiate omens touching matrimony; when, if the

nuts lie still, and burn togeth er, they prognosticate a happy marriage or hopeful love; if, on the contrary, they bounce, and fly asunder, the sign is unpropitious: such is the custom in the North, where it is called Nuterack Night; in Ireland there is a similar custom: and Burns has commemorated its "sports, cheep and cheery" in the West of Scotland :-

Some merry, friendly, countra focks
Together did convene
To burn their nits, and pou their stocks,
And haud their Italioween
Fu' blythe that night.

Another sport was to dive for apples, and to catch at them when stuck upon the ends of a stick, crossed by another with lighted candles at the ends; and that with the mouth only, their hands being tied behind the players' backs. There were also on Allhallow E'en, various divinations, eating the apple at the glass, running round the stack three times, bonfires, ringing of bells, and feasting.

With this month begins Pheasant-shooting, of which Pope has given a touching picture :-

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground,

Change, the characteristic of Nature, is never better seen than in this month, lecturing us with its scenes of falling grandeur. Dr. Johnson revelled in these meditative musings, from Pope's translation of Homer: -

Like leaves on trees, the race of Man is found, Now green in youth, now withering on the gro Another race the following Spring supplies, They full successive, and successive rise; So generations in their course decay, So flourish these when those are passed away.

The Swallow has now left us, having staid :-

Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:

Such auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct or prophecy she knew.
When prudence warn'd her to remove bett
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:

At the close of the month begins Hare-hunting; Thomson has stigmatised this sport as "the savage soul of game:"

Poor is the triumpin o er the timid Hare i

O'er a weak, narmiess, flying creature, all Mix'd in sad tunult, and discordant joy.

Winter is now approaching :-

October winds, wi' biting breath, Now nip the leaf that's yellow fading; Nae gowans glint upon the green, Alas! they're co'er'd wi' winter's acading.

As through the woods I musing gang,
Nac burdles cheer me frac the bushes,
Save little Robin's lanely sang,
Wild-warbling where the burnle gushes.
J. SCADLOCK. I. T.

WHAT MAY BE EATEN WITH THE FINGERS.

THERE are a number of things that the most fashionable and well-bred people now eat at the dinner table with their fingers. They are:

Olives, to which a fork should never be applied.

Asparagus, whether hot or cold, when served whole, as it should be.

Lettuce, which should be dipped in the dressing, or in a little salt.

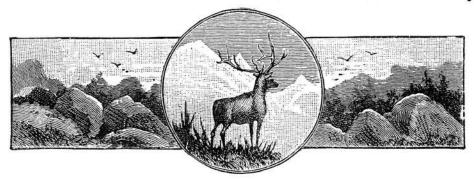
Strawberries when served with the stems on, as they usually are in the most elegant houses. Celery, which may properly be placed on the table-cloth beside the plate.

Bread, toast, and all tarts and small cakes. Fruit of all kinds, except melons and preserves, which are eaten with a spoon.

Cheese which is almost invariably eaten with the fingers even by the most particular people.

Even the leg or other small piece of a bird is taken in the fingers at fashionable dinners, and at most of the luncheons ladies pick small pieces of chicken without using a fork.

- Chicago Herald.



A GOSSIP ON RINGS AND WEDDING RINGS.

BY ARDERN HOLT.

"'Tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round."



POSY RINGS.

OVE and wedding rings are, we hope, intimately associated; yet Colley Cibber exclaims: "Oh! how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding ring." Do you know why this gold circlet is placed on the left hand? Opinions differ. On the one side, it is affirmed

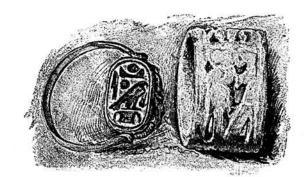
that a vein proceeding from the heart to that finger is the cause; on the other, that it denotes that the wife

is subject to her husband. Napoleon I., when he married his second Empress, whispered in M. Pradt's ear: "The Roman law ordains that all slaves should wear rings, and as the women are our slaves, they ought to wear this badge of servitude." The Little Corporal and the Great Emperor was not given to weighing his words as far as politeness was



GIMMAL RING. (Londesborough Collection.)

concerned. It is more grateful to women to know that men in a thousand graceful ways have demon-



EGYPTIAN RINGS. (SCARAB ON LEFT, PORCELAIN ON RIGHT.)

strated the tenderness of their passion by "the giving and receiving of a ring." Herrick sings—

"And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw or else to sever,
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever."

It was more the fashion in old days than now to engrave a verse within the ring. Many such have been handed down to us; for example—

"Thus may our lives be one perpetual round, Nor care, nor sorrow, ever shall be found."

Other mottoes, or posies as they were called—such as "Let likings last;" "United hearts, death only



EGYPTIAN SNAKE RING. (British Museum.)

parts;" "Let us share in joy and care;" "As God decreed, so we. agreed;" and "Love and live happily"characterised wedding and betrothal rings alike. The following were chiefly confined to marriage rings :-

"A virtuous wife preserveth life;" "By God alone we two are one;" "Christ for me hath chosen thee;" "Hearts united live contented;" "God's blessing be on thee and me;" and "God did foresee we should agree." Lady Cathcart, who, as the Scotchman once said, "was "unco' wastefu' o' husbands," on her fourth wedding ring had inscribed, "If I survive, I will have five." Whether she had the opportunity of

carrying out her threat history sayeth not. William III was hardly the kind of man to display any sentimental weakness openly, and yet when he died a gold ring was found tied to his left arm by a ribbon—the ring containing the Queen's hair. During their courtship he had presented the Princess Mary with one in the form of a gold strap and buckle, set with diamonds and the posy, "I will win and wear thee if I can."

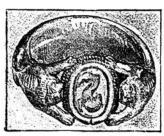
Love has ever proved superior to sorrow-indeed, grief strengthens affection-



BABYLONIAN ENGRAVED CYLINDER. (British Museum.)

and a certain Baron Rosen sent to Siberia, and deprived of all his personal trinkets, refused to relinquish his wedding ring, declaring that if it went his finger should go with it, and his wishes were respected. Dr. Johnson preserved his wife's wedding ring, with this inscription: "Eheu! Eliza Johnson, nupta Jul. 9, 1736; mortua, eheu! March 17, 1752."

In Russia, as in many other countries, both husband and wife have a ring in testimony of their nuptials. The members of our own Royal Family adopt this plan.



ETRUSCAN GOLD RING. (British Museum.)

The Duke of Connaught wears on his fourth finger a plain gold hoop with "Marguerite" engraved inside; his wife's ring bearing the name of "Arthur." And at the present moment a wellknown London firm advertises gentlemen's wedding rings as a specialty.



GREEK GOLD RING. (British Museum.)

The Prince of Wales gave his bride a hoop with six stones: beryl, emerald, ruby, turquoise, jacinth, and emerald; the initial forming his own pet name, "Bertie." It has always been recognised among lovers that there is a special stone for each month in love's calendar. January is represented by the garnet (constancy); February, by the amethyst (sincerity);

March, by the bloodstone (courage); April, by the diamond (innocence); May, by the emerald (success in love); June, the agate (long life); July, the chameleon (contented mind); August, the sardonyx (married

happiness); September, the chrysote (clearness of intellect); October, opal (fortunate); November, topaz (fidelity); December, turquoise (prosperity).

When our Queen was married she distributed in remembrance of the event, gold rings enclosing her likeness, but so exceedingly small that they were invisible except by means of a magnifying glass: they are highly treasured amongst many members of the aristocracy to this day.



(Engraved Stone)

A wedding ring need not of neces- (British Museum.) sity be gold. Ere this many loving couples have been married, and legally married too, with a curtain ring, and among these were people of no less note than the then Duke of Hamilton and

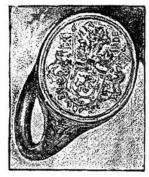


DARNLEY RING. (South Kensington Museum.)

one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings. Iron rings have been made to do the duty of gold, and sometimes even leather. We read of one bride whose finger was encircled during the ceremony with a piece of kid cut from her own glove; while the very poorest classes were con-abolished wedding rings altogether, and to this day some members of the Society of Friends object to

their use on account of their heathen origin.

Time was when they were worn on the thumb. When George I. was King, as soon as the ceremony was over, the bride removed her wedding ring from the ring finger to the thumb, and the traces of the custom are still visible in some pictures of the period where they are there depicted. This perhaps accounts for the saying, "Wear



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' SIGNET RING. (British Museum.)

my husband on my thumb." Another class of thumb ring was ecclesiastical.

Brides of our day would hardly object to the old custom that, after the bridegroom had placed the wedding ring on the wife's finger, he should supplement it by several others with gems. In early days the espousal circlet was placed first on one finger, then on another, before its final resting place, with



RING SAID TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN BY CHARLES I. TO JUXON. (South Kensington Museum.)

the words: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen." Interesting relics of old days are the gimmal rings, used both for marriage and betrothal. They were made of two or three movable hoops, one of which was worn by each of the lovers during the betrothal; but at the



THUMB RING OF POPE INNOCENT VIII. (British Museum.)

marriage the completed ring was united again, and served for a keeper or wedding ring, the hoops being kept together by clasped hands, and sometimes attached to a heart. In the north of Europe the wedding ring opened in the centre, so that there was room for the finger to enlarge with age,

but in this case it was not of plain gold, but chased and engraved. No doubt the double and triple gimmal rings originated in the old idea of a betrothed couple dividing a coin, each keeping half. But there are other rings for us to consider, and I will dismiss this part of my subject with Douglas Jerrold's view of the question: "Alack! the wedding ring, like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil, it circles the whole world."



BISHOP'S RING.
(South Kensington
Museum.)

When rings were first worn it was

not so much for ornament as a sign of power and authority. They were mostly signet rings bearing a distinguishing badge. Many seal rings are found in Egyptian and other ancient tombs.

Very beautiful relics of the kind have been handed down to us-the Egyptian, of pure gold, heavy but simple in design, and some of glass and pottery; the Babylonian, cylindrical, cut from some hard substance like crystal, and perforated from end to end, so that they could be hung about the neck. The Egyptian snake rings are more quaint and curious than The Greeks have left us iron and beautiful. gold rings of exquisite workmanship. One from Etruria, now in the British Museum, has the hoop formed of the bodies of two lions, their paws supporting an engraving of a lion in heraldic colours. Among the Romans, iron rings were worn, save by ambassadors, senators, and persons of high degree;

and Tiberius made a property qualification for wearing rings.

It would take a long chapter to give even a brief summary of the many romances and thrilling incidents with which rings are associated. History is full



CRAMP RING.

of them. Before the date of the sign manual, and long after, the sovereign's will was signified by his or her ring, as in the days of Mary Queen of Scots, when her messenger arrived in hot haste, armed with the Queen's ring for the Provost, to reprieve two luckless citizens at the foot of the gallows. Many of that ill-fated Queen's rings still remain to us. Just before the birth of her son James, she made a will specially bequeathing her espousal ring of diamonds enamelled red to "the King who gave it me." "Mary Queen of Scots' ring" is an heirloom in Sir J. Stuart's family. It has a centre heart-shaped stone, three stones set in an ancient crown on each side, and beyond a gold fleur-de-lis. Her signet ring is at the British Museum, and at South Kensington is another ring of hers

showing the cipher of the Queen and Darnley. The ring with the portrait of Charles I., given by him to Juxon before his execution, was among the most prized treasures in the Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery, 1889.



TOADSTONE RING. (South Kensington Museum.)

Episcopal rings are too long a subject for me to enter upon here. There is scarcely an ancient clerical tomb which does not boast of some. Many curious virtues have been from time to time ascribed to rings. The cramp rings of the middle ages, sometimes made of the handles of coffins, were blessed by the King, and originated in one given to Edward the Confessor, supposed to cure epilepsy. Gyges, King of Lydia, possessed one which, he claimed, rendered him invisible. In the fourth century a gold circlet depicting Hercules

strangling the Nemæan lion cured colic in the true believer; and others bearing the names of the three Kings of Cologne were supposed to possess innumerable virtues. Even now a sty on the eyelid is supposed to be cured by rubbing with a wedding ring. The toadstone rings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were silver, with a jewel supposed to be taken from the head of a very old toad. Their owners could detect poison by its means, for it changed colour. Shakespeare alludes to this in As You Like It, act ii., scene I:—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

In Sweden, maidens anxious to foretell the future place a ring, a coin, and a piece of black ribbon each under a separate cup. If the ring is first exposed, they marry within the year; the coin secures a rich husband; but the ribbon denotes an old maid. The Russian girls conceal their finger-rings amid the corn in the barn, and then bring in a hen to peck the grain. She whose property is first unearthed is supposed to be the first to marry. In England, a ring, a button, and a coin are often placed in the wedding cake. She who secures the ring is to be the next bride; the

button, the old maid; the coin secures a wealthy suitor. A ring put in posset "infuses magic power," and "will tell the fair if haply she will wed."

Rings did not always encircle the finger. In the fifteenth century and later they were frequently hung



KINGS OF COLOGNE RING. (South Kensington Museum.)

by a ribbon round the neck; and a ring in the bandstring in the seventeenth century was mentioned as an essential of good dressing. The dandies of an earlier period cut holes in their gloves that the gems on their fingers might be seen.

There is a comic side to the history of rings. Addison, in the *Spectator*, alludes to "a gold ring to be grinned

for by men," which the writer considers should bear the posy, "The frightful grinner be the winner."

John Heywood, in the sixteenth century, alludes to "Him that hoppeth best, at last to have the ring"; and in an old church at Bury St. Edmund's a record is kept of a certain bride who, having no arms, had the ring placed on the fourth toe of her left foot, and signed the register with her right foot.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

FOUR RECIPES FOR FRITTERS.

Beignets.—Put some lemon-peel, or a little essence of lemon, with two ounces of white sugar into a pint of water to boil. Then stir into the water by very slow degrees as much flour as will make it into a stiff paste. Keep stirring on the fire until the flour loses its raw taste and is quite done. It will not burn if well stirred. Then take it off the fire and add eight eggs, one by one, keeping it well stirred. Then have some boiling lard ready in a deep saucepan. Take about the size of a cherry of the mixture on the handle of a wooden spoon and shake it off into the boiling grease by knocking it on the side of the frying-pan. When fried a light brown, lay each on a sheet of paper before the fire to drain on a sieve.

Serve on a serviette with a little powdered sugar.

Curd Fritters.—Rub down in a mortar a quart of dried curd with the yolks of eight and the whites of four eggs well beaten.

Add two ounces of sifted sugar, half a nutmeg, and half a spoonful of flour. Drop the batter into a frying-pan with a little butter and soft, powdered sugar over them.

Potato Fritters.—Take some potatoes, boil and peel them, pass them through a sieve or colander with a spoon. Then take some good cream and mix it with the potatoes till they are a little thicker than batter.

Take three eggs, well beaten, and a little salt, and mix the ingredients all well up together. Then fry them in a pan of hot lard and send them up as you would apple fritters. Sprinkle a little salt over them before sending up.

Orange Fritters.—Take the rind of two oranges, removing all the white skin. Then cut the oranges in slices across, and take out

all the pips. Dip the slices in batter and fry them. Sprinkle powdered sugar over them when served.

POTATOES boiled in their skins should not be left in them to get cold or they become sodden. If they are to be kept they should have the skins removed after they are boiled.

MILK that is to be kept sweet in hot weather should be boiled and left to get cold and then boiled again.

ADVICE TO A COOK.

Mix your soups and your hashes and gravies with brains,

You'll be amply repaid for your trouble and pains.

pains. Neglecting this rule you will find to your grief

Your fame and renown as a cook will be brief.

THE walls of sitting-rooms and staircases should be wiped down at least once a month with a clean duster tied on to the head of a broom with a long handle. Dust settles on walls whether we see it or not—and it should not be allowed to remain there.

A TABLESPOONFUL of vinegar put in the water in which meat is boiled, will often prevent it from being tough.

WATER-CANS should not have water left to stand in them, as it helps to rust them.

In case of scarlatina or other infectious disease—anointing the skin with eucalyptus oil (oleusaban) allays irritation and helps to prevent the spread of infection. It also greatly helps the recovery of the patient. Great care should be taken to get the eucalyptus oil pure, as the inferior kinds are mixed with other oils.

THE dust-bin of a house should be the object of great solicitude on the part of the housekeeper, and no animal or vegetable refuse should ever be allowed inside it. Vegetable refuse should all be consumed on the fire at convenient times, and animal refuse (such as fat and bones) should be given away to some deserving person who can sell it.

MEAT that is not quite fresh, and of which there is doubt as to its keeping, should be roasted or fried but not boiled.

To clarify dripping or fat, break it up into a good-sized china basin and pour over it a pint or more of boiling water.

When cold the fat will have formed a cake on the top. Turn this out on to a plate and scrape off the impurities on the under side. It will then be fit for all cooking purposes, but if wanted for pastry repeat the process two or three times, when it will be extra good and fit for pastry or cakes.

FROZEN meat should be thawed in tepid water before cooking, or hung in a warm kitchen for a few hours. It cannot be properly cooked unless this is done.

BEDROOMS should never be scrubbed after midday or on a wet day, unless there is a fire to dry the room thoroughly before bedtime. But, after sweeping with damp tealeaves, the floor and woodwork can be wiped with a damp but not wet flannel. In fine weather the bedding should be removed from the bedstead and all the brass or ironwork washed and wiped.

WHEN clothes are taken off the body at night they should be turned inside out and hung up in the air—not thrown in a heap on the chair or floor. This should especially be done with what is worn next to the skin, and children should be taught this habit quite early.

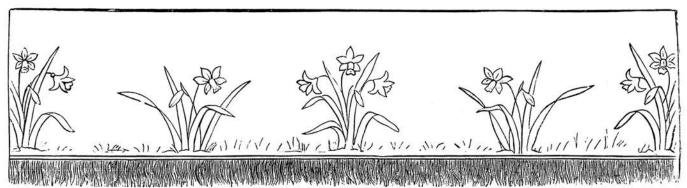


FIG. I .- MANTEL VALANCE-NATURAL DAFFODIL, TO BE REPEATED TO ANY LENGTH.

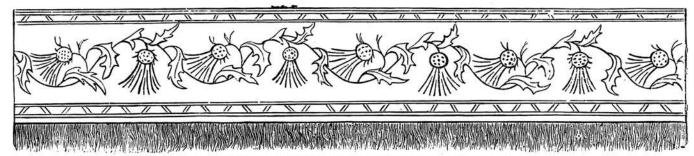


FIG. 2 .- MANTEL VALANCE - CONTINUOUS CONVENTIONAL THISTLE.



FIG. 3 .- END OF MANTEL VALANCE.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

MANTEL valances now hold a high place in decorative needlework, as they are of great importance in the furnishing of a room. It must be remembered, however, that they should not be used indiscriminately, for a heavy valance in a small room will have the effect of making it look smaller, and they must be chosen with much care, so as to harmonise with, or carry out the effect of, the wall paper, and of the furniture and ornaments of the remainder of the room. A well chosen one will show the ornaments placed upon it to great advantage, and will add greatly to the comfortable appearance of the fireplace; sometimes a pair of short curtains are added under the valance, which fall to the ground, and are looped back at the sides when a fire is lighted in the stove, and which in the summer can remain closed. These can have a narrow border all round matching the mantel valance on a small scale, or can be powdered all over with small sprays of some part of the pattrn. I do not think, however, these cur-

tains will ever become great favourites for ordinary rooms, as when drawn they must always have a rather heavy appearance, and they also tend even more than the valance to make a room look small; for this reason, I have not given you any separate designs for them.

Fig. 1. The first of my designs for valances is a very simple and easily arranged one, and will also serve as an example of how you may make designs with other flowers of the same habit of growth, such as iris, narcissus, etc. One large and one smaller group will do alternately. The daffodils should be worked on dark blue or green diagonal, or perhaps on brown velveteen. Crewels will serve very well to work the leaves with, whilst the flowers can be put in with shades of filoselle, in the same manner as the round footstool of daffodils in No. 4. It must be finished off with a fringe of crewel, with a little silk worked in, and it will be better to put the fringe on, within two or two and a half inches

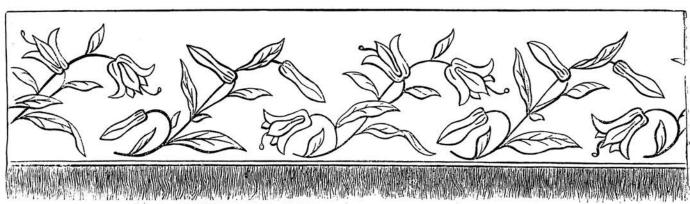


FIG. 4 -- MANTEL VALANCE-CONVENTIONAL LILY, TO BE REPEATED TO ANY LENGTH.

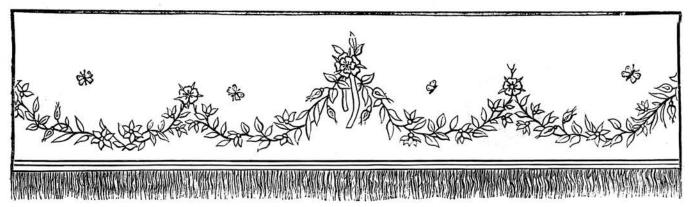


FIG. 5 .- MANTEL VALANCE-CONVENTIONAL; REPEAT FESTOONS TO DESIRED LENGTH.

of the edge of the valance, and let it lie over, as otherwise it is liable to get tumbled and out of place. The few blades of grass above the border lines at the edge of the pattern will give it lightness, and can be worked in rather pale shades.

Fig. 2 is a design which will allow of more choice in material and colour. The narrow borders at each side of the broad centre are optional; of course your valance will look much handsomer if you include them. can work this on any dark-coloured cloth or Roman satin, for instance on olive, or sage green, the leaves and stems worked with shades of brownish green crewel and filoselle, and the flowers with two shades of old gold. To make it a more important-looking design, the leaves might be worked in feather or long and short stitch, but it is a purely conventional outline pattern. It can be worked on plush or velvet, with Japanese gold thread if you like, but I think it will be prettiest on dark cloth, and with a few strands of gold-coloured silk in the fringe to finish it off; the narrow border lines and cross bars between them would also be worked with gold colours, and I think you would find it a useful valance which will light up, and also clean well, which is an important consideration with articles which are so liable to become quickly soiled by smoke.

Fig. 3 is a different style of valance altogether, which perhaps you may not have seen; it has a narrow edge of work which lies along the front of the mantelpiece, but which does not fall over, thus the principal part of the work is at each end, which falls over from I

foot or 15 A c tion over is be to the it in have much in it mus

foot to 14
or 15 inches.
A conventional "all
over" design
is best suited
to this style;
it need not
have very
much work
in it, but it
must be

effective, and I should think a good deal of Japanese gold thread, or gold-coloured silk, would for this reason be desirable; here again you could find suggestive bits amongst the specimens of old needlework in the museums. The design I give would look well on olive green or brown Roman satin, or plush worked in silk or gold thread, and finished off with a broad fringe containing gold also; this could be worked in the hand, and would be most suitable for a small room.

Fig. 4 is another strictly conventional pattern containing little work, and might therefore be done in the hand also, unless you are going to work it on plush or velvet, which almost always require a frame. It would do on cloth or velveteen, worked in crewel and silk mixed, the leaves in feather stitch, and the flowers in stem stitch, with silk if you like, the border lines just above the fringe being worked in rather light colours; or it might be worked in stem stitch throughout, if you want it to be only a simple and inexpensive outline on cloth. If on Roman satin or velveteen, the former mode will be preferable and make it look more important, but if you are going to work it on rich material, then outline it with Japanese gold and fill in with filoselle. Nothing, however, is really better than crewel work for such flowers, as it brings their grace and shape out in the shading; this would look very handsome worked in white crewel, shaded down well with greenish greys, and perhaps a few touches of silk in the high lights. You have no idea how effective such coarse crewel work is, and serge would be quite good enough to show it up.

Fig. 5. This design contains more work than you would think, as it must be closely worked, and on fine material. It is a revival of a very old style, of which you may find many specimens in old needlework; it would look best worked on something rather light in colour—old gold, pale blue on cream colour satin, or Roman satin. It would not suit an ordinary room so well as the more simple designs which can be worked on dark and less expensive materials, but it is nevertheless a very pretty

and quaint style, which can be adapted to a boudoir or small drawing-room containing choice china, brackets, shelves, ornamentals, etc., or anything to support specimens of china might be trimmed with work in the same style, the latter of course being much narrower. This pattern should be done entirely in silk, if you are going to work it in natural colours on a light ground, in the manner for which I have designed it, and, by the introduction of a few of the pinks and lilacs you see in old work, you may give it a very quaint effect, but you might also work it on a dark ground of plush or velvet, outlined with gold, and filled in with silk. You would find many carved or even painted festoons and wreaths of flowers in old rooms and on bits of work from which you might easily get sufficient designs of this sort to furnish a whole room.

Fig. 6 is a fender stool. These are now much more luxurious articles of furniture than they used to be, and can be arranged in so many different ways. You can either have a single long narrow stool, or a broader one with a small square one, which will fit in at each corner, and they may match the mantel-valance or not, as you like. An entire set, valance, curtains, and fender stools, with some effective design containing little work, would be very handsome on plush or Roman satin for a large room. The design I give will do for any sort, the sunflowers being intended to be worked on dark diagonal, in crewel alone. Remember the fender stool is likely to become quickly soiled, both by smoke and by use, and so should be made of serviceable material, and not too delicate in colour. It is

a good plan
to make the
centres of
the sunflowers in
a p p li q u 6,
which is durable; a soft
dark plush
gives the
effect very
well, worked



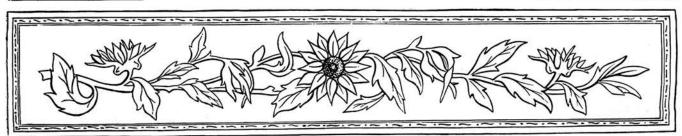


FIG. 6.—FENDER-STOOL; ARRANGEMENT OF SUNFLOWERS.

up with a few stitches in spots. If you are going to make it narrow, and to match your valance, then such a design as fig. 2 large, well-pronounced teeth, but each tooth is would be most suitable. leaves; but in them the teeth become more attenuated, almost prickly. The vine-leaf has large, well-pronounced teeth, but each tooth is cut into by smaller teeth. The modest, creep-



COLOURED LEAVES: HOW TO PRINT THEM,

Doubtless all our readers have noticed the beautiful and remarkable leaves found on plants which they meet with in their country rambles. To some the wish may have come that a method, other than that of the cumbrous herbarium, could be adopted by which the beauties or noteworthy features could be preserved. Such a way we propose in this short article to show them.

The same endless variety prevails in the shape, texture, veining, and outlines of leaves, as is manifested in all the other works of the Creator. Each plant has its own characteristic leaf. It has some peculiarity of form, of

has some peculiarity of form, of edge of surface, or of veining which is worthy of notice. Who does not know the irregularly notched and toothed leaf of the dandelion, which doubtless suggested the French name dent de lion, of which the English is a corruption, each division of the apparently ragged edge running backwards towards the crown of the root? The ivy, with its five strongly-marked lobes, and the narrow leaf of the willow, which by no forcing is compared to the shape of a lance-head, are each characteristic shapes. Indeed, the leaf of the latter tree is so well known and typical that it is used in the description of phenomena occurring in the atmosphere of the sun. The mapletree has leaves richly decorative in form, apparently made to the hand of the designer; and no less suggestive are the rounded lobes and sinuous edge of the oak-leaf. The convolvulus has leaves of the shape of an arrowhead, the nasturtium that of a shield, and so of hundreds of plants of which some peculiarity of form is worthy of preservation.

How variously the margins of leaves are toothed or cut into! Thus the nettles, dead and stinging, have obvious saw-like teeth ranging from stalk to tip. So have roseleaves; but in them the teeth become more attenuated, almost prickly. The vine-leaf has large, well-pronounced teeth, but each tooth is cut into by smaller teeth. The modest, creeping ground-ivy has leaves with rounded notches; the equally humble creeping jenny, with leaves of the same general form, has an unbroken margin. The leaves of the willow and buckthorn have the tiniest teeth possible, while the holly develops its divisions into unmistakable thorns.

It is very charming to notice the gradual changes which occur in the shape of the leaves of a given plant in the various stages of its growth. Commencing in the bud or the seedling with a very simple form, as each leaf is produced it takes a more and more pronounced shape until the special character peculiar to the plant under study is produced. Then frequently another, or the converse change takes place as the leaf approaches the flower-head or flower, until once again the scale-like form is produced.

The sacred writer tells us that "The grass" (or the leaf) "withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away," which is universally true, but it is worthy of note that they do not all wither



so soon as each other. A flower may last for a week; it oftener lasts only a day. Very few plants develop their blooms for more than a month, and yet fewer still enrich the earth with blooms the whole year round. With the greatest number the flowering season is over in a few weeks, sometimes days. A tolerably experienced botanist frequently finds that he has miscalculated the bloom-time of a plant he is searching for. An accident of the season, or of the place of growth, has hastened or retarded development by a few days, and the opportunity is lost.

This difficulty is not felt when leaves are the object of study. We watch them unfolding in the spring, and rejoice in the living green during the summer, to marvel at the glowing colours in the autumn. But there they are the greater part of the year ready to our hand. Again, many plants the Creator has endowed with mantles of green the whole year through, put on the new before they cast off the old.

A remarkable feature about leaves is the fact that while a plant bears vast masses of foliage, each member of which bears the same character, yet no two are alike in all particulars. An elm tree, for instance, when full

grown, bears about two millions of leaves. Each leaf is unequally sided, has a margin toothed, and each large tooth again notched. Each leaf leaves the stem at about the same angle; the veins of the leaf also leave the principal vein at about the same angle; all the leaves are about the same size, and yet two leaves cannot be found alike in every respect.

For some of the reasons stated above, the leaf is of considerable value in discovering the family to which the particular plant under notice belongs. Sometimes the character of the leaf is so marked as to enable the student to discover the order, or even the genus, to which it should be referred. The parts of a plant which are most frequently examined with a view to classification are the stem, the flowers, and the seed. However, sometimes the stem is undeveloped; the leaves and the flowers grow from the crown of the root; or we miss the time of blooming, and cannot secure the flowers; or, again, it is impossible to obtain the seed in its ripened state, for many plants have a habit of dispersing their seed by the breaking up of the seed-vessel with elastic force as the seed approaches ripeness.

But the leaves can almost always be obtained.

Most students of the harmless and gentle science of botany are aware that the leaves of the three principal classes of plants are distinctly different in the way in which the veins are distributed. Exogens, such as the lilac, currant, apple and pear, have the veins of the leaves distributed like the meshes of a net. Grasses, palms, lilies, and orchids, which belong to the class of endogens, have the veins running side by side. The ferns, which belong to the class of cryptogams, disclose frends in which the veins are continuously forking into two branches, a feature clearly seen in the maidenhair fern.

With a view to enable our readers to secure permanent impressions of leaves by very simple, easy, and accessible means, we offer the following description of a process of nature printing in colour or colours from the leaf itself.

The leaves to work upon may be obtained from any hedgerow, wood, field, garden, or smallest

wood, field, garden, or smallest patch of ground in which a tree or flower grows. To begin. Select a few well-grown leaves, neither large nor small. Let them be such as, when laid upon a flat surface, do not fold upon themselves or overlap in parts. To keep them fresh and firm, put them in an earthenware or tin vessel, and cover the lid or a damp cloth over all.

Next, secure a sheet of foolscap paper; also some cartridge or other white paper (it should not have a glossy face) on which to take impressions. Cut the latter into sizes conveniently to take the leaves, and yet have a margin all round. It will be found convenient to have this paper doubled upon itself, so that the upper and lower surfaces of the leaves can be taken at the same time.

Obtain one, or more, tubes of oil colours, a little sweet oil to dilute the paint, a quarter of a yard of Nainsook muslin, the finer the quality the better, a handful of cotton wool (fine), and a yard of twine—an equipment neither costly nor troublesome. Tie the cotton wool, within two folds of the muslin, into a firm, round, hard mass; you will then have the dabber. With this dabber spread the paint, diluted with oil, very thinly and

evenly indeed, upon the foolscap paper. There

must not be any obvious amount of paint upon either the paper or the dabber, or the result will be blotchy.

You are now ready to take an impression. Place a leaf upon a sheet of clean paper, and more or less forcibly, as the leaf is tender or heard exactly appears to the control of the con hard, smooth, rough, or downy, strike it with the dabber. When a sufficient quantity of paint has been evenly transferred to the face or back of the leaf (or both surfaces) put it by means of the stalk between two layers of the cartridge paper, and rub with the thumb or forefinger, when an impression, soft, beautiful, clear, sharp cut, showing every vein and other peculiarity of the leaf, according to the care with which the foregoing directions have been followed, will be the result.

The pressure used must be according to the softness and delicacy of the texture of the leaf; care should be exercised, so that all parts of the surface receive equal pressure.

The colour employed may be any the fair experimenter pleases. The particular shade of green prevailing in the leaf may be copied by blending blues and yellows in the proper proportions. To simulate the autumn tints two or more dabbers and sheets of colour must be employed, and the leaves dabbed in the proper parts with the respective colours. The colour known as burnt sienna works very

well, and has a pleasing effect.

The art thus described may be applied to a number of objects, as the making of wreaths of leaves for albums, etc., the decoration of terra cotta ware, for which latter purpose use

a more liberal quantity of colour.

However, independently of the abilities of the process, it is sufficiently valuable as a means by which to secure, with all the faith-fulness of photography, and the added charm of colour, a natural copy of a leaf giving its characteristic features with perfect clearness.



USEFUL HINTS.

COPPER utensils or brass articles may be as thoroughly cleaned and look as bright by washing them with a solution of salt and vinegar as by using oxalic acid, with the advantage of running no risk of poisoning either children or careless persons. Use as much salt as the vinegar will dissolve, and apply with a woollen rag, rubbing vigorously, then polish with pulverised chalk, and the article will look like new, with little labour, as the acid of the vinegar is very efficient in removing all stains from either copper or

VEAL BALLS.—One half-pound of cold yeal, eight tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of mixed dried herbs, one half-teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, two eggs. Put six tablespoonfuls of the bread-crumbs into a bowl, and chopping the veal finely mix it therewith. Season this with the pepper and salt, adding the nutmeg, also the parsley and herbs, after which the whole must be thoroughly mixed together. To give this consistency drop in the yolks of the two eggs, saving the whites separate upon a plate. Roll the mixture now into small balls, using an ounce of flour upon the hands to prevent sticking. Beat the whites of the eggs slightly, roll the balls therein, and placing the remaining bread-crumbs in a paper, roll them also in it. Throw them into smoking, clarified fat for four minutes, when they should be taken out and put to drain on kitchen paper, after which serve upon a hot napkin.

SAVOURVHASH .- Three quarters of a pound of cold meat, one Spanish onion, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one half teaspoonful of pepper, one dessertspoonful of catsup, one dessert-spoonful of Harvey's sauce, one half-pint of second stock, one carrot, one turnip. Clean and chop fine both the carrot and turnip, when they must be put to boil in a small saucepan with boiling water until tender, which will take about twenty minutes. While these are cooking melt the butter in a separate saucepan, brown it in the onion sliced, then cutting into slices cold roast beef, or beefsteak, roll them in the flour, and, placing these slices in the butter with the onion, brown slightly also. Pour over this the stock, the Harvey's sauce, and catsup, stir gently until the stock boils, and season with pepper and salt. When the meat is thoroughly heated through arrange them in a flat dish and pour the gravy over. Strain the water from the carrot and turnip, and pile them high on the top of the pieces of meat when ready for serving.

CUSTARD PIE.—Three eggs, three gills of milk, one ounce of sugar, one half-teaspoonful of grated nutmeg. Line a pic-tin with pic-crust, and putting the eggs and sugar into a bowl, beat them together until the eggs become very light. Add to this the milk, and pour all into the crust-lined pie-tin; place the whole in a moderate oven, and bake the pie for half an hour. When done, grate over the surface the nutmeg, and serve cold or hot, as the taste may suggest, although custard pic should be cooled at once if desired cold, as the crust soaks and becomes unpalatable with standing.

A SIMPLE SPONGE CAKE —Take five eggs, three quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, break the eggs upon the latter, beat all together for half an hour. Take the weight of two and a half eggs in their shells of flour, and after the time of beating is expired stir in the flour the grated rind of a lemon and as much of the juice as desired, and pour immediately into a tin lined with buttered paper; place at once into a rather cool oven.

CLEANING WHITE FURS. - Wash in a cold lather of soap and water, with a little soda and blue; if not sufficiently clean, draw it through several clean lathers; rinse in fresh water, and hang up to dry.

PREPARATION OF FRUIT ICES .- Take one pint of strawberries, one pint of cream, rather less than half a pound of white sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Wash the fruit through a sieve, remove the seeds, mix all together, and freeze; adding a little new milk to quicken the process. Strawberry and raspberry jam may be used in lieu of fresh fruit, or equal quantities of the two together; but in this case less

sugar will be required.

WATER ICE may be made thus. Take a large bottle of the fruit, the juice of a lemon, one pound of sugar, and half a pint of water. Rub the fruit through a sieve, mix, and freeze.

LEMON AND ORANGE WATER ICE.-Make thus. Of the juice and the water each half a pint, rasping off the rind before squeezing with lump sugar, and adding it to the juice; then mix, strain, leave to stand for an hour, and freeze. Beat up the whites of three eggs with a little sugar, and as the ice begins to set work it in with a spatula.

STRAINED INDIA-RUBBER. — Professor Tait has found that india-rubber, after having been stretched for years and become per-manently strained, or if it be stretched while warm nearly to rupture, will recover its former dimensions when it is dipped into hot water.

STOOPING AT WORK .- The Lancet says: "The dangers which the seamstress, especially the young undeveloped girl, incurs by prolonged stooping over her work have been exposed by us on more than one occasion. Every practitioner will have been able to trace cases of deviation of the spine, uterine complaints, etc., to the bending of the back, and the crossing of the legs for so many hours day after day Our object now is to record the successful attempt made by Dr. Malherbe to avoid these melancholy consequences of an industrious The new system employed is occupation. that of fixing to the edge of an ordinary table a sort of cushion on which the work can be easily fastened or spread out, and represents the scamstress's knees. A framework of the simplest description admits of the raising or lowering of this cushion, so that the work may be done either sitting or standing; but in either case the vertebral column is maintained perfectly straight, while the facility thus given to a change of position will tend to mitigate the fatigue a young person would otherwise experience. Recognising that example is more forcible than theory when waging war against common routine, Dr. Malherbe at once sought an opportunity for making some practical experiments. He therefore introduced his contrivance at the Communal School of Nantes, and no objection was raised on the part of the pupils. Two among them had a slight tendency to malformation, which has been to some extent rectified since the introduction of this reform in the attitude of sewing. Evidently the remedy to a great evil is simple and practical, and should be made the subject of more extensive experiments."

THE following is the Scotch method of washing woollen shawls:—Scrape one pound of soan, and boil it down in water. When of soap, and boil it down in water. cooling beat it with the hand; it will become a sort of jelly. Add three tablespoonfuls of spirits of turpentine and one of spirits of hartshorn. Wash the article thoroughly in it, then rinse in cold water until all the soap is taken off, then in salt and water. Fold between the cheeks taking cover not be allow two cheeks. two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to lie together. Mangle and iron with a very cool iron. Shawls done in this way look like new. Use the salt only where there are delicate colours that may

CONDUCTED BY LAURA WILLIS LATHROP.

THE BUSY DAYS OF OCTOBER.

WHILE the proverbially sunny days of October allure us to outside enjoyments and woodland rambles, its cool nights admonish us to wisely proportion (but not forego) a certain percentage of pastime, and to "do with our might" the duties awaiting us. Closets and trunks unlocked doubtless reveal clothing to be remodeled for younger members of the family, flannels awaiting our inspection, and dresses which skillful renovating will transform into "almost as nice as new." These cheery mornings will put us into full sympathy with the task before us, so that working in unison with the thrum of the sewing machine (which by some mysterious means seems to copy our moods) the seams will fairly spin along under our willing fingers. Mattresses may be cleansed and made over during this propitious season, and worn blankets coaxed, by skillful manipulation, into another term of service.

The apples, pears, and quinces, picked some weeks before, have taken on the pervading mellowness of Indian summer, and vie in their tints with the "golden-hooded silver-birches," "over-brooded by the hazy autumn day." The barberry hedge is a rival in its gorgeous coloring of foliage, of the "maples, crimson blooded," while its fruit is found luscious from the touch of early frosts, suggesting the delightful addition of barberry jelly to roast of game, and its tempting preserve, so grateful in its tartness, to the inva-Tiny green muskmelons, which have been protected from the frost, lie ready to be converted into dainty mangoes. The ripe ones preserved and dried, are an excellent substitute for citron in cake. Besides compounds already enumerated, the careful housewife will provide herself with a generous supply of catsups, pickles, etc., of her own making-managing to sandwich between her other duties the preparation of more toothsome additions to her winter store than our limited space allows us to chronicle.

Autumn Fruits.

Quince Preserves .- Pare, core, and cut into eighths, fine large apple quinces. Reserve the parings and cores, (rejecting those which are worm-eaten), for jelly, keeping them in just enough cold water to cover them, until ready to use. Put the quinces in a preserving kettle, adding one teacupful of cold water for every four pounds of fruit. mer very gently for three hours, or until tender — not soft. Drain off the juice and add to it three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar for every pound of fruit. Boil this syrup fifteen minutes, skimming carefully. Add the quinces, being careful not to break the sections. As soon as they boil, transfer them with care to self-sealing jars, pour the syrup over them, and seal boiling The parings may be used for quince jelly, or to add a delicate flavor to apple jelly.

CANNED APPLE AND QUINCE. For every half bushel of sweet apples, use half a peck of quinces, and eight pounds of sugar. Pare and core the quinces, then slice them into thin sections and put them into a preserving kettle with three quarts of water. Simmer gently until you can pierce them easily with a silver fork. In another kettle boil the parings and the cores of the quinces in four quarts of water, for one hour. Drain the water from the quinces, add to it the water from the parings, and the sugar, and simmer fifteen minutes, removing any scum that may form. Pour into a large preserving kettle one quarter of the juice at a time, and allow for it one quarter of the apples and same proportion of the quinces. Simmer slowly until the apples are tender. Fill self-sealing jars with the fruit while boiling hot and seal at once. This forms a delightful addition to the tea table. and is a very economical sweetmeat.

QUINCE JELLY.—Pare and core the quinces, then cut them into small pieces. Put the cores and parings into a preserving kettle, adding any that may be reserved from quinces

for preserves. Add cold water enough to cover them and simmer for two hours. The cores and seeds are rich in pectin, and, using them, one cannot fail to secure a firm, bright jelly. Add to the quinces, after they are cut into pieces and put into the preserving kettle, just water enough to cover them, and simmer for two hours. Strain the juice from both kettles through a jelly bag, made of cheese cloth, allowing them to drain, instead of squeezing them, if you wish a clear jelly. Now, measure the juice, and for each pint of it allow three-quarters of a pound of best granulated sugar. Do not add the sugar to the juice as you measure it, but put it into a nice clean dripping-pan or milk pan, and set it in the oven to heat, stirring it very often, and especially away from the edges of the pan, so that it may not brown and injure the delicate color of the jelly. While the sugar is heating (it should be as hot as possible without browning,) boil the juice rapidly for twenty minutes, skimming carefully but not stirring it. Now set the kettle where it will boil slowly, add the hot sugar, and stir until it is melted. Let it boil just one minute, and dip into jelly glasses that have been dipped into cold water. Let stand a day or two in a dry, cool place before sealing.

APPLE JELLY.—Select fine, juicy, tart apples, and make as above.

ECONOMICAL JELLY .- A very delightful jelly for use during cool weather, but which will not keep well during the warm spring weather, is made as follows: Cut into small sections, without either paring or coring them, fine, tart, juicy apples. Put them into the preserving kettle with water enough to cover them, and boil until the water has a thick syrup consistency, and drops slowly from the spoon when partially cool. ure it; allow one half pound of sugar to a pint of the juice. Heat the sugar as directed above, while you boil the syrup rapidly for twenty minutes. Add sugar, stir till melted, boil one minute, dip into glasses or bowls. Jelly which is made without boiling after adding the sugar, is much brighter colored and more certain to form, if care is taken in boiling the fruit sufficiently before straining it.

APPLE OR QUINCE MARMALADE. — This is made by allowing half a pound of sugar to a pint of the pulp left from jelly making, and

boiling until it is a smooth glossy mass, and the juice will not separate in cooling.

Barberry Jelly.—Strip the berries from the stems, and put them in a jar without adding any water. Place the jar in a kettle of boiling water and boil rapidly for one hour. Press out all the juice, measure, and allow a pound of sugar to every pint of it. Proceed with sugar and boiling process as directed for quince jelly.

Barberry Preserves.—Put five pounds of berries, four pounds of sugar, and a teacupful of cold water into a preserving kettle. When it boils strain through a colander, return the syrup to the kettle, and boil for fifteen minutes, skimming meanwhile. Add the fruit, and as soon as it boils up thoroughly pour into jars and seal immediately.

Grape Catsup.—To five pounds of grape, boiled and pressed through a colander, add two and a half pounds of sugar, a teacupful of vinegar, and a level tablespoonful each of ground cloves and cinnamon, add same of allspice if you prefer. Boil fifteen minutes and seal boiling hot. A delightful accompaniment to game, poultry, and cold meats.

Muskmelon as Citron.—Make a clear syrup as for preserves. Cut the melon into sections; pare and remove the soft inner portion. Put this into the boiling syrup and place on the stove where it will simmer slowly, until syrup is all boiled away. Flavor with grated nutmeg, using half a nutmeg for melon the size of a cocoanut. Dry on plates, pack in a jar, and keep in a dry, cool place. An excellent substitute for the citron of commerce.

To Preserve Grapes in Their Natural State.—Take perfect clusters, from which not a single grape has been removed. Dip the end of the stem into warm sealing wax. Lay between sheets of cotton on shelves in a dry, warm cellar.

The Breakfast Table.

RICE GRIDDLE CAKES. — Add two cups of boiled rice to two cups of sweet milk. Set in a cool place over night. Next morning add three and a half cups of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, a table-spoonful of melted butter, three well-beaten eggs and two cups of milk, with two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake on a

hot, well-greased griddle. Half water may be substituted for milk. In this case use another tablespoonful of butter. Excellent, at this season, with the addition of baked apples or pears.

Baked Pears.—Hard pears which are only fit for cooking, may be used. Put them in a deep baking dish, and for a dozen, large size, add half a cup of sugar and two cups of boiling water. Bake slowly from two hours to two hours and a half. Equally nice for tea.

Baked Apples.—Pare and core a dozen large apples. Lay them in a shallow earthen baking dish. Fill the center of each apple with sugar. Pour half a cup of boiling water in the dish, add a tablespoonful of butter, half teacupful of sugar and a little nutmeg or cinnamon if you like. If tart and mellow they should bake in half an hour. Baste three or four times with the water in the dish. Sweet apples are baked like pears, and like them are delicious served with cream.

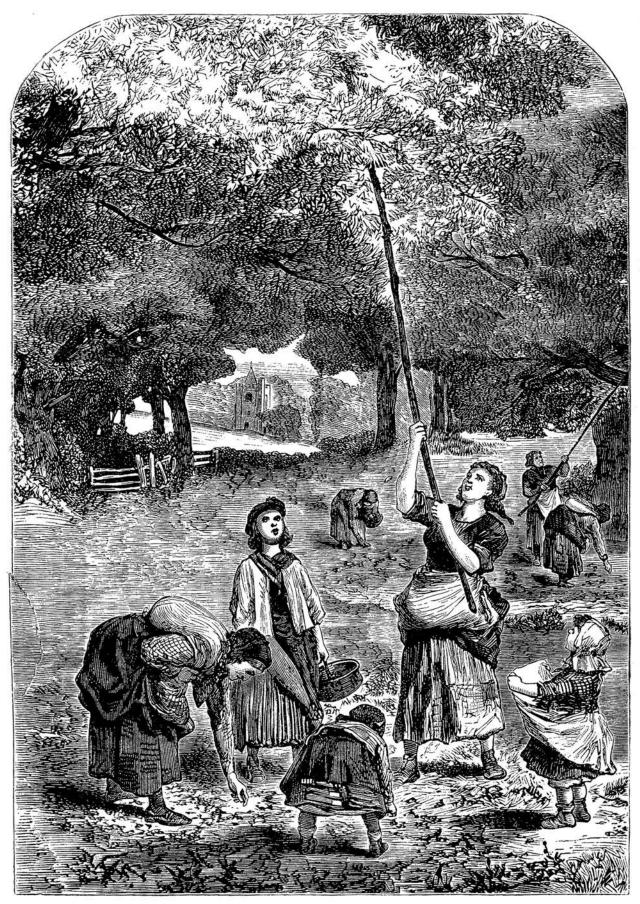
GRAHAM BREAD. - This form of graham bread has proved satisfactory for many years and is excellent, baked in a loaf or in the shape of rolls for breakfast. It is fine served with baked fruit; is most excellent with ber-Should be cut in very thin ries and cream. slices, and always served with oysters either fried or in the half shell. Mix together one quart of graham flour, one handful of Indian meal, one pint of wheat flour, one-half cup of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. half a teacupful of good yeast and mix with lukewarm sweet milk or water into a stiff batter, as stiff as can be stirred, and beaten thoroughly. Set in a warm place, well covered, to rise over night. In the morning divide into loaves, leaving half the space in the pans for rising. When light, bake in a moderate oven from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half, according to size. Cover with paper as soon as the loaf begins to brown slightly.

FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—For a nice breakfast dish, parboil sweet potatoes on the day before. When cold cut them in lengthwise slices, and fry to a nice brown in butter or beef drippings. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

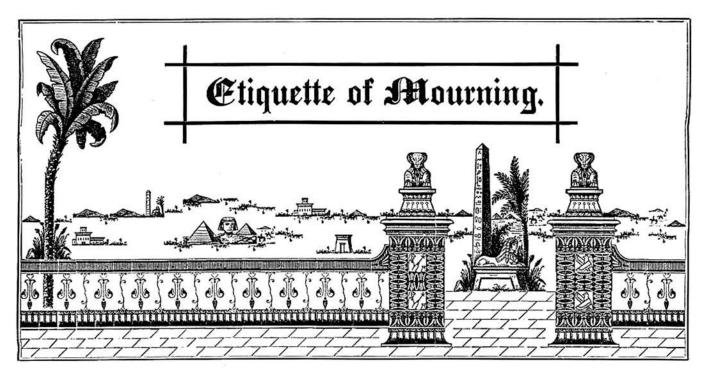
Mangoes of Muskmelons.—The white, smooth-skinned varieties of muskmelon are best for this purpose. White Japan especially, being very smooth and thin-skinned, two

essential characteristics. Choose from the size of a large egg up to that of a very large orange. Cut a square piece of rind the width of one section from the side of the melon; remove the inside, rinse in clear cold water, tuck, if possible each piece of rind into the melon from which it was cut. Pack them in a jar, set in a cold place and cover with a brine made by adding three-fourths of a cup of salt to each gallon of water required. Change this brine every day for a week. At the end of this time drain them and pour on them boiling water sufficient to cover. When cold, drain and they are ready to fill. Fill with bits of cauliflowers, or bits of the tender heart of cabbage, tiny tomatoes halved, very small onions, cucumbers an inch in length, and a little finely chopped cabbage to fill in the spaces. Scald all these vegetables separately, in weak salt water, till they look clear, but do not allow them to become soft. To the chopped cabbage add a teaspoonful of grated horse-radish for every quart measured after slightly scalded. Do not scald the horse-radish. Pack in firmly; tie the square sections in place with common wrapping twine. Pack closely together in a stone jar, with plate and weight to keep them in place. cover with cold cider vinegar, tie down with two or three thicknesses of manilla paper. Tiny melons from the size of an olive up to an egg, may be treated, whole, to the same process as the mangoes, placed in the same jar, and when quartered form a pretty garnish and a delightfully crisp and palatable addition to sliced cold meats. If the mangoes are well packed in filling, the stuffing will remain in position when cut with a sharp carving knife, and the effect is very pretty.





NUTTING IN THE WOODS.



haps rather trying to be asked to turn our thoughts into doleful channels; but sooner or later in our lives the sad time comes, for "Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn," and we have perforce to turn our minds to the inevitable and share "the common lot of man." In times of mourning it seems doubly hard to arouse ourselves, and allow the question of what to wear? to intrude itself. It is, however, necessary. Custom decrees, if even inclination does not prompt us, to show in some outward degree our respect for the dead by wearing the usual black.

We do not advise people to rush into black for every slight bereavement, nor, on the other hand, to show the utter disregard some do on the death of their relations, and only acknowledge the departure of those near and dear to them, by a band of crape round the arm. This is the mark of mourning adopted by those in the services who have to wear uniform, but hardly a fitting way of outwardly showing respect to the memory of those who have been called away from us, and whose loss we deplore. A short time since, a lady appeared in a new ruby satin dress, with a band of crape around her arm. The fact of the dress being new, showed that poverty did not cause this incongruity. It is hardly ever those who are styled "the poor," who err so against the accepted ideas of decency and respect. They always, however straitened they may be in circumstances, contrive to wear mourning for their deceased relatives. When black is fashionable, no difficulty is found in wearing it, and you meet all your friends so attired, but when it becomes a question of duty, these objections are raised as to the unnecessary expense, and the inconvenience of so dressing. The majority adhere in this respect to the customs their parents have followed; but the advanced few are those who air such sentiments, talk of the "mourning of the heart, not mere outward woe," and not wearing what is really mourning, go into society on the plea, "Oh! we know that those who are gone would not wish us to grieve for them." This may be all very well, but in the case of husbands, wives, parents, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, and the nearer-related cousins, decency

requires some outward mark of respect to their memory.

It will be as well to consider in succession the different degrees of mourning, and their duration.

The widow's is the deepest mourning of all. That old-fashioned material, bombazine, is now no longer heard of. Paramatta is in the most general use for widows. Barathea is also worn, but the first-named is the most frequently used for the first dresses; but, whatever the material, it is hidden by crape. The skirt, which is generally cut quite plain, and slightly trained, is completely covered with crape, put on quite plainly in one piece; the body and sleeves are also hidden with crape—the dress, in fact, presenting the appearance of one of crape. The body can be cut either en princesse, or have a deep jacket bodice; but whichever is preferred, crape should cover it completely.

The best and most economical crape for all wear is the rainproof crape, an improvement and development of the Albert crape, which is now brought to the greatest perfection of manufacture; it costs about half what ordinary crape does, to begin with, and is very much more durable; its imperviousness to weather being, of course, its great feature. The best make of this is quite suitable for widows' mourning. Its appearance equals that of much more expensive ordinary crape. We see no reason ourselves why, especially if economy be an object, the rainproof crape should not be worn for all degrees of mourning. We have no hesitation in advising it. For a second dress it would be a good plan to have some half-worn black dress entirely covered with crape—the rainproof crape—

this would save the better dress a little; and as widows' first mourning is worn for a year and a day, it would be advisable to start with at least two dresses; the crape on them could be renewed when necessary.

Widows' mantles are either made of silk or Paramatta, trimmed deeply with crape, or sometimes of Cyprus crape cloth, or cloth crape trimmed. The Cyprus crape cloth is a sort of crêpe material, and wears well, neither dust nor wet affecting it. In shape, the widow's mantle is a dolman, or long cape of good size; this for elderly widows. For those younger, jackets or paletôts, crape-trimmed of course, are worn for winter wear, and for summer mantles made entirely of crape. The bonnet for first mourning is all of crape, with widow's cap tacked inside it, the small, close-fitting shape, with long crape veil hanging at the back; besides this veil, a shorter one is worn over the face. Hats cannot be worn by widows, however young they might be, during the period of their deepest mourning.

The following list would be ample for a widow's outfit. We have given rather a large one because, of course, it can be curtailed as wished.

One best dress of Paramatta covered entirely with crape.

One dress, either a costume of Cyprus crape, or an old black dress covered with rainproof crape.

One Paramatta mantle lined with silk and deeply trimmed with crape.

One warmer jacket of cloth lined, trimmed with crape.

One bonnet of best silk crape, with long veil.

One bonnet of rainproof crape, with crape veil.

Twelve collars and cuffs of muslin or lawn, with deep hems. Several sets must be provided, say six of each kind.

One black stuff petticoat.

Four pairs of black hose, either silk, cashmere, or spun silk.

Twelve handkerchiefs with black borders for ordinary use, cambric.

Twelve of finer cambric for better occasions.

Caps, either of lisse, tulle, or tarlatan, shape depending very much on the age. Young widows wear chiefly the Marie Stuart shape, but all widows' caps have long streamers. They vary, of course, in price. Tarlatan are the easiest made at home, but we do not fancy home-made widows' caps are an economy, they soil so much more quickly than bought caps. It is a good plan to buy extra streamers and bows for them; these can be made at home for the morning caps, very fine thread and needles being used for the work, which should be very fine, neat, and even. If in summer a parasol should be required, it should be of silk deeply trimmed with crape, almost covered with it, but no lace or fringe for the first year. Afterward mourning fringe might be put on. A muff, if required, would be made of Paramatta, and trimmed with crape.

The first mourning is worn for twelve months. Second mourning twelve months also; the cap in second mourning is left off, and the crape no longer covers the dresses, but is put on in tucks. Elderly widows frequently remain in mourning for long periods, if not for the remainder of their lives, retaining the widow's cap, collar and cuffs, but leaving off the deep

crape the second year, and afterwards entirely discarding crape, but wearing mourning materials such as Victoria cords, Janus cords, cashmere, and so on.

No ornaments are worn in such deep mourning, except jet, for the first year. Jet is, of course, allowable. Rich silk is, of course, admissible in widows' mourning. especially for evening wear, but it must always be deeply trimmed with crape for the first year, and the quantity afterwards gradually lessened. A silk costume is a very expensive item in a widow's mourning; therefore we only allude to it—do not set it down as a necessity. The best silks for the purpose are rich, heavy silks, such as grosgrain, drap du nord, satin merveilleux. Furs are not admissible in widows' first mourning, though very dark sealskin and astrachan can be worn when the dress is changed. In other mournings, furs are now very generally worn—that is, after the first few months, but only dark furs.

Widows' lingerie, to be always nice, entails a considerable amount of expense. If collars, cuffs and caps are made at home, as we before said, they get soiled directly. As, however, it is not always possible to buy them when they require renewing, the following directions may prove of use: "Widow's cuffs, made in tarlatan, should be about nine inches long, according to the size of the wrist. They are not intended to overlap, but just to meet, fastened with two buttons and loops, placed near the upper and lower edges. The ordinary depth is five inches, with a wide hem at the top and bottom of an inch and a half depth. The material being merely a straight piece, they are easy to make. For the collar, the straight allround shape, turning down over the collar of the dress, is the most usual. If any other shape is required, cut it in paper, and make it accordingly with the wide hem of one and a half inch. If the collar is straight, it will be merely necessary to turn it down; if rounded at all, it must be cut to the shape, run to the collar at the edge, and then turned down. Fine cotton and needles and neat work are required."

If an attempt is made to make widows' caps at home, first procure a good cap for a model, and copy it as exactly as possible. It must be made on a "dolly" or wooden block of a head, or it will never sit well.

To preserve widows' caps clean, fresh-looking, and of a good color, when not in use they should be put on cap-holders on a shelf in a cupboard, the long streamers turned up over the cap, and a piece of blue paper (thin) laid over them. So treated, they will with care last a long while, that, is, if there are two or three worn in turn, and they are put away in this manner when not in actual use.

It may be as well to sum up what we have said. Duration of mourning: Widow's first mourning lasts for a year and a day. Second mourning cap left off, less crape and silk for nine months (some curtail it to six), remaining three months of second year plain black without crape, and jet ornaments. At the end of the second year the mourning can be put off entirely; but it is better taste to wear half mourning for at least six months longer; and, as we have before mentioned, many widows never wear colors any more, unless for some solitary event, such as the wedding of a child, when they would probably put it off for the day. Materials:—

Dresses and Mantles.—Paramatta, Barathea, silk trimmed with silk, Albert or rainproof crape.

Bonnets and Veils .- Crape.

Caps.—Lisse, tulle, tarlatan.

Collars and Cuffs.-Lawn and muslin.

Petticoats .- Black stuff or silk-quilted.

Pocket Handkerchiefs .- Cambric, black borders.

Hose.-Black Balbriggan, cashmere, or silk.

Gloves .- Black kid.

The mourning for parents ranks next to that of widows; for children by their parents, and for parents by their children, these being of course identical in degree. It lasts in either case twelve months-six months in crape trimmings, three in plain black, and three in half-mourning. It is, however, better taste to continue the plain black to the end of the year, and wear half-mourning for three months longer. Materials for first six months, either Paramatta, Barathea, or any of the black corded stuffs, such as Janus cord, about thirty-eight inches wide; Henrietta cord about same price and width. Such dresses would be trimmed with two deep tucks of crape, either Albert or rainproof, would be made plainly, the body trimmed with crape, and sleeves with deep crape cuffs. Collars and cuffs, to be worn during the first mourning would be made of muslin or lawn, with three or four tiny tucks in distinction to widows' with the wide, deep hem. Pocket handkerchiess would be bordered with black. Black hose, silk or Balbriggan, would be worn, and black kid gloves. For outdoor wear either a dolman mantle would be worn or a paletôt, either of silk or Paramatta, but in either case trimmed with crape. Crape bonnets or hats; if for young children, all crape for bonnets, hats, silk and crape; feathers (black) could be worn, and a jet clasp or arrow in the bonnet, but no other kind of jewelry is admissible but jet-that is, as long as crape is worn. Black furs, such as astrachan, may be worn, or very dark sealskin, or black sealskin cloth, now so fashionable, but no light furs of any sort. Silk dresses can be worn, crapetrimmed after the first three months if preferred, and if expense be no object; the lawn-tucked collars and cuffs would be worn with them. At the end of the six months crape can be put aside, and plain black, such as cashmere, worn, trimmed with silk if liked, but not satin, for that is not a mourning material, and is therefore never worn by those who strictly attend to mourning etiquette. With plain black, black gloves and hose would of course be worn, and jet, no gold or silver jewelry for at least nine months after the commencement of mourning; then, if the time expires in the twelve months, gray gloves might be worn, and gray ribbons, lace or plain linen collar and cuffs take the place of the lawn or muslin, and gray feathers might lighten the hat or bonnet, or reversible black and gray strings.

Many persons think it is in better taste not to commence half-mourning until after the expiration of a year, except in the case of young children, who are rarely kept in mourning beyond the twelve months.

A wife would wear just the same mourning for her husband's relations as for her own; thus, if her husband's mother died, she would wear mourning as deep as if for her own mother.

For Grandparents, the first mourning (crape) is worn for three

months; second mourning, black, without crape, also worn for three months; and half-mourning for three more, or nine months in all. The same materials are worn, Paramatta, Barathea, various cords with crape and cashmere, and merino when the crape is left off.

For Sisters or Brothers, six months' mourning is usually worn. Crape for three, plain black for two, and half mourning for one month; the same sort of stuffs, the crape being put on in one deep tuck and two narrow tucks; bodice, crape trimmed; mantle or dolman, crape trimmed; bonnet of crape with feathers or jet, hat of silk and crape. Veil of hat with crape tuck, hose black silk, Balbriggan or cashmere, handkerchiefs black bordered. Silks can be worn after the first month if trimmed with crape.

For Uncles, Aunts, Nephews, or Nieces, crape is not worn, but plain black, with jet for three months.

For Great Uncles or Aunts, mourning would last for two months without crape.

For Cousins (first), six weeks are considered sufficient, three of which would be in half-mourning.

For Cousins less closely related, mourning is hardly ever put on unless they have been inmates of the house.

No invitations would be accepted before the funeral of any relatives closely enough related to you to put on mourning for. In the case of brothers, sisters, parents, and grandparents, society would be given up for at least three months, if not more, and it would be very bad taste to go to a ball or large festive gathering in crape. Widows do not enter society for at least a year—that is, during the period of their deepest mourning. With regard to complimentary mourning—as worn by mothers for the mother or father-in-law of their married children, black would be worn for six weeks or so without crape; by second wives for the parents of the first wife, for about three weeks, and in a few other cases.

It is better taste to wear mourning in making the first call after a bereavement on friends, but this is not a decided rule, only a graceful method of implying sympathy with those who are suffering affliction. But calls are not made until the cards with "thanks for kind inquiries" have been sent in return for the cards left at the time of decease. Letters of condolence should always be written on slightly black-edged paper, and it would be kind to intimate in the letter that no answer to it will be expected. Few realize the effort it is to those left to sit down and write answers to inquiries and letters, however kind and sympathizing they may have been.

Scrvants' Mourning.—Servants are not usually put into mourning except for the members of the household in which they are living, not for the relatives of their masters and mistresses, and very frequently only for the heads of the house, not for the junior members.

A best dress of Victoria cord or alpaca, two cotton dresses, black for mourning wear while at work. A cloth jacket, in case of master or mistress, with a slight crape trimming, a silk and crape bonnet, pair of black kid gloves, and some yards of black cap ribbon, would be the mourning given to the servants in the house at the time of the death of one of the heads of the establishment, and their mourning would be worn for at least six months, or even a year in some cases.

The following is a list of suitable materials for mourning of those relationships we have named, all of which can be obtained at any good mourning establishment.

Silk crape, Paramatta, Albert crape, Barathea, rainproof crape, silk, Cyprus crape. Janus cord, Victoria cord, Balmoral cloth, Cashmere Français, Kashgar Cashmere; these last are wide materials from 44 to 47 inches. Crape cloth looks precisely like crape, but is much lighter and cooler.

For summer wear drap d'été, a mixture of silk and wool, is suitable; barège for dinner dresses; nun's veil cloth, etc., etc.

The best all-black washing materials are cotton, satine, foulardine; black and white for slighter mourning, black with tiny white spots or sprigs.

Children should be dressed in these black washing materials—that is, for summer wear, in preference to the thicker materials, as for young children, crape is soon dispensed with. Neither velvet, satin, nor plush can be worn in mourning—that is in strict mourning—for they are not mourning materials. Attempts have been made to bring in some colors, such as red or violet, and we consider them suitable to slight mourning; but the only color really admissible for half-mourning is gray, or the palest lavender, gray gloves sewn with black, gray and black reversible ribbons, gray and black feathers, gray flowers mixed with black, and so on.

In all cases of mourning it is the best plan to write to some well-known house for patterns; good mourning establishments can afford to sell better materials at cheaper rates than small, inferior houses. Large firms have always a good choice of materials for mourning on hand; and it is really far greater economy to buy good materials when going into mourning, than cheap flimsy stuffs, which give no wear at all; besides, such houses send out books of fashions and prices for making up mourning costumes, which give a good idea of the expense to be incurred, even if it is not found cheaper to purchase and have mourning made up by them.

Mourning has generally to be purchased hurriedly, and too often a dressmaker gets carte blanche almost to furnish the mourning. If such is the case, no wonder mourning is considered expensive; for things which are quite unnecessary, such as expensive crape in the place of rainproof kinds, more crape used than the degre of mourning requires, and many extravagancies of a like nature, naturally swell such a bill into one of large proportions, when by a little forethought the necessary black could have been purchased at a far more reasonable rate.

It is not necessary to have very expensive mourning if our means will not allow it; we should learn to suit our requirement to the state of our purses. But we sincerely trust the old custom of wearing decent mourning for those taken away from us, will never be really discontinued in America, for it is one of those proofs of our home affections which can never be done away with without a loss of national respect.



NEW MOURNING GOWNS.

CARTER'S INCANDESCENT CATS.

BY W. L. ALDEN.



the voyage home from Bombay I shared my cabin on board the Gwalior with an globe-American Of course, I trotter. began by hating him. The Anglo-Saxon is so constituted that he always hates the fellowcraveller who prevents him from monopolising a railway carriage or a steamer cabin; wherethe Frenchman, or the Italian, is in like circumstances invariably delighted at the prospect of companionship. However, I ended by liking my

room-mate; for I found him to be a simpleminded, honest fellow, who, if at times a little tiresome, was at others extremely, though unconsciously, amusing. Before we had been twenty-four hours out of port he had furnished me with his autobiography, and I knew that he was a locksmith, who had made a fortune by inventing an improvement in door-locks, and was a prey to an insatiable longing for culture. It was to cultivate his mind that he was making a journey round the world by the shortest and quickest route, and without sparing any time for visiting the various countries at whose ports he stopped. He had stopped in Japan only three hours, and had not gone ashore at Hong-Kong or

"They tell me," he remarked, "that nothing cultivates the mind like a journey round the world, and I want to do it as quick as it can be done, so as to try some other plan. I need a lot of cultivation, and I'm going to try everything that is good for it."

It was for this purpose that he persistently read a volume of Herbert Spencer's philosophy during the voyage from Bombay. He had heard two clergymen on board the steamer from Vancouver to Japan discussing philosophy, and he made up his mind that philosophy was an excellent aid to cultivation.

"So," he continued, "when I got to Calcutta I went to the book-store, and I said, 'Who do you consider the boss philosopher?' The chap behind the counter, he says,

'Herbert Spencer.' 'Then give me his book,' says I. The chap told me that Spencer had written a lot of books, and which one would I have? So I says, 'Give me one that is about an inch and a half thick, for I want something to last me between Bombay and England.' He gave me thishyer book, and I'm bound to finish it or bust, though I can't seem to make head or tail of it so far."

Parker, as my room-mate was named, was, as may be presumed from what I have said of him, a totally uneducated man. He was fully aware of his deficiencies, and there was something pathetic in his efforts to use what he imagined to be correct English. When interested in a subject he usually forgot his long words and careful phrases, and talked in the homely dialect of his native Cincinnati. The changes which he made from one method of speech to the other were sometimes extremely abrupt, and added much to the variety of his conversation. He certainly amused me, but I am glad to say that he never knew it; for only a hopeless cad would have laughed openly at the poor man's struggles after culture.

One night Parker and I had turned in early, and when the electric light was extinguished, I heard a low chuckle from his berth.

"You seem amused at being left in the dark," I remarked.

"Oh, it ain't that," he replied; "I mean, you misinterpret the cause of my amusement. I happened just then to think of Carter's incandescent cats, and it sort of made me smile."

"Tell me about the cats," I said. "I'm not a bit sleepy, and I'd like to hear a story, if you have one."

"Certainly," said he. "Always glad to oblige. There ain't very much of a story to it, but I shall regard it as equally a pleasure, and—well, anything else—to tell it to you."

When I lived in Cincinnati—which, by the bye, is the best town I've seen yet, and lays away over Calcutta and Bombay—my next-door neighbour was an odd little chap, who was forever trying to invent something. He was employed in a place where they made electricity—Edison lamps, and alarm bells, and such—and he believed that the time was coming when every blessed thing would be run by electricity; I should say, when the electric fluid would be the inspiring medium of every sort of industrial occupation. One

day he comes into my house and says, 'Tom, tell me how I can get two dozen full-grown cats, on the quiet.'

"'What's the matter with you now?' says I. 'Are you lonesome, and going in for

general cat society?'

"'I'm going to try an electrical experiment,' says he. 'My wife's away from home, and now's the time to do it. I'm going to light my house with incandescent cats.'

"'What are you giving us?' said I.
'What's an incandescent cat, anyhow?'

"'This is what I mean,' says Carter: 'Did you ever rub a cat's fur in the dark?'

"'Of course I have,' said I.

"'Well then,' says he, 'you know that a cat is just chock-full of electricity. I rubbed our cat for a full hour last night, and she gave off on an average twenty-five sparks a second. I've calculated that at that rate a cat can furnish enough electricity to run a ten candle-power Edison light for just as long as the cat's fur is rubbed. What's more, it isn't necessary to rub her fur. The electricity is there all the same, whether she is rubbed or not; and if you attach an Edison lamp to a cat, and complete the circuit, that there lamp will burn just as long as the cat lives.'

"'How are you going to complete the circuit?' said I, beginning to get interested

in the thing.

"'That's what I haven't worked out yet,' says he, 'and I want two dozen cats for experiments.'

"'Limp or stiff cats?' says I.

"'I don't know what you mean,' says

"'Why,' says I, 'there's one kind of cat that is as limp as a rag when you pick her up, and you can do pretty near anything with her. Then there's another kind that is as stiff as a poker; and when you try to handle a stiff cat, the chances are that you'll wish you had let her alone.'

"'Then give me two dozen limp cats,' says Carter, 'and I'll be eternally

obliged to you.'

"Well, I told a boy who worked in my shop to gather in some cats without attracting any attention, and in the course of a couple of days he'd gathered in the two dozen that Carter wanted. I didn't see much of Carter for about a week, but by the caterwauling that came from his house I calculated that he was working at his experiments. At last he got through with them, and called me in to see how his invention worked.

"Carter looked as if he had been having an argument with a dozen drunken Indian squaws. There wasn't an inch of his face that hadn't been scratched, and as for his hands, they were pretty near raw. However, he was about as proud and happy as they The first thing I saw when I make 'em. went into his front hall was a cat sleeping on the hall table, with an electric light on her You see, Carter had completed his circuit by fastening the end of the cat's tail in the upper part of the lamp, and running two wires from the lower part of the lamp to the cat's ears. At least, this was the way that he explained the thing to me, though I don't profess to understand it. The lamp didn't give out very much light, but, as Carter explained, that was because the cat was asleep. 'You just wait,' said he, 'till she begins to exercise her muscles, and then you'll see that I didn't make an over-estimate when I said a cat could keep a ten candle-power light

"Carter's dining-room was lit up as brilliant as the saloon of thishyer steamer. He had six cats scattered round the room, and he had a small puppy-dog, who stirred up the electrical action of the cats, and kept their lamps burning, as the hymn says. There's no denying that the cats looked mighty



"CARTER EXPLAINED"

unhappy, except when they were swearing at the puppy; and they had a way of creeping under the table and concealing their lights by squeezing between the furniture and the



CARTER'S "READING-CAT."

wall, that reminded me of the woman in Scripture who hid her light behind a bushel. On the other hand, it was clear enough that one or two cats lighted up the room better than half-a-dozen gas-jets would have done, and accordingly I congratulated Carter on the success of his invention.

"'Here's my reading-cat,' says he, picking up a mighty limp and dispirited-looking cat, and setting her on the table. 'You see, when I want to read, I just put this cat on the table where the light falls over my left shoulder, and I take a book and sit down and read, as comfortable as you please.'

"So Carter sat down with an open book in his hand, and made believe to read, and the cat sat quiet until she judged the right moment had come, and then she made a jump and lit on Carter's head, and started in to scalp him. But that's just the way with cats: you can't ever trust 'em any farther than you can see 'em.

"Carter tore the cat off his head, losing considerable hair in the process, and then went on discoursing of the merits of his invention

"'Now,' said he, 'suppose you want to go down cellar. Instead of carrying a lamp or

a candle, and setting the house on fire, you just start an incandescent cat down the cellar stairs ahead of you, and she lights up the whole place till you're ready to come up again. Or suppose you want to go out into your back yard at night, where you can't carry a light on account of the wind. If you've got an incandescent cat, all you have to do is to let her out of the back-door, and there you have the whole yard illuminated.'

"'Do you calculate to go to bed by cat-

light?' says I.

"'Of course I do,' says Carter; 'that is, provided I can get Mrs. Carter to see the advantages of it. It's going to take considerable talking, however, before she can be got to allow a cat in her room. She is everlastingly prejudiced against science.

"'Now,' continued Carter, 'we'll come into the parlour, and I'll bring in the dining-room cats, and you'll see what a brilliant effect a

dozen incandescent cats will make.'

"There were six cats in the parlour already, and when Carter had routed them out from under the sofa and from behind the chairs, and had brought in his six dining-room cats and the puppy, there is no doubt that the room was, as you might say, a blaze of light. But while Carter was lecturing on the cheapness of the new light, which cost absolutely nothing to run it except what the cats might eat, one of the brightest of the cats had a fit, and took to running round the room at about fifty miles an hour, and producing the effect of a big Catherine-wheel that had broke loose and was celebrating the Fourth of July on its own hook-I mean to say, celebrating the Fourth in a highly individualised and lawless manner. Then the other cats joined in the circus, and what with the upsetting of furniture, and the smashing of Mrs. Carter's china images, and the barking of the puppy, and the yelling and swearing of the cats, Carter's parlour was almost as lively a place as a man could wish to see.

"The circus lasted till the original cat who had started the thing with a fit fell down exhausted, and two other cats, who had engaged in a rough and tumble fight, had filled the air with black and grey fur. Then things sort of quieted down, and most of the cats got together under the sofa, and freed their minds in language that I wouldn't like to repeat. Only two of the lamps were broken, but the rest of them either went entirely out or burned mighty dim; and Carter, when he reflected on what his wife would probably say when she should come to see the state of her parlour, was a little down in the mouth—I should say, a prey to the devouring element of grief.

"However, he braced up after a little while, and said that the only discouraging feature of the affair was the fact that a cat's electricity seemed to give out after too much excitement. He maintained that the cats could be trained to behave as incandescent cats ought to behave, but that it would probably take time and patience to train them.

"'Thinking it over,' said he, 'I'm not a bit discouraged. I've demonstrated that cats can be used for lighting purposes, and that is all I set out to do. The invention is all right, and just as soon as the cats are trained properly, they will supersede all other means of lighting houses. I've got a week before Mrs. Carter comes home, and by that time I'll have those

cats in a first-class state of discipline.'

"With that he gets a broom, and starts the cats out from under the sofa, and turns off their electricity, so as not to waste it: and then I said 'Good-night,' and left him to carry his cats down cellar, one by one, and

put them to bed for the night.

"About two days later there was to be a great Democratic torchlight procession in the evening, it being pretty near election time. Now Carter was a Democrat, and when he heard that the procession was going to pass

"Just before the procession reached the house he turned on his cats, and they made a first-class illumination, which laid over anything in the line of illumination that any of the neighbours had done. The cats seemed on the whole satisfied to sit in the windows,

and I complimented Carter on the progress

around the neck, so that they couldn't jump

down and interfere with the illumination.

he had made in training them.

"By-and-by the procession came along and turned into our street, with about a dozen brass bands playing—all playing different tunes at the same time. It was more than the cats could stand; and I don't blame the beasts, and you wouldn't either, if you had ever heard the bands of a political procession. The cats sort of unanimously, as you might say, agreed to withdraw from the scene; but, of course, the strings held them so that they couldn't get off the shelves. Then they set up the most tremendous caterwauling that you ever dreamed of, and began jumping like mad. Two or three of them—I can't exactly remember how many-broke through the window-glass and hung outside by the string round their necks, kicking and screaming at the top of their lungs. That inspirited those



"So he set to work and fitted shelves in the inside of his two parlour windows and the two windows of the front room upstairs; and when night came he had six cats seated on the shelf in each window and tied by a string

that were inside to go in for a free fight, and every cat clutched the next cat, and the fur began to fly.

"Now most of the members of that procession were Irishmen, and when they saw the state of things in Carter's windows, they seemed to be considerably amused, until one man sang



"THE PROCESSION HALTED WHILE CARTER'S HOUSE WAS BEING CLEANED OUT."

out that Carter was insulting Ireland by getting up a show of Kilkenny cats. That was enough. The crowd took up with the idea at once, and the procession halted while Carter's house was being cleaned out. There wasn't a pane of glass left in the windows, and every stick of furniture in the house was smashed and thrown out of doors. Carter tried to remonstrate; but after he had been rolled in the mud, and his ribs pretty near kicked in, he thought it best to maintain a dignified silence.

"When the procession moved on again, you would have thought that there had been a fire in Carter's house, followed by a cyclone and an earthquake. Of course, I wasn't so foolish as to mix myself up in the matter, for one man can't do much in arguing with a thousand excited Irishmen. So I waited till things were quiet, and then I went out and brought him into my own house, and lent him some clothes and brown paper.

"If you'll believe it, what troubled the man most was not the wrecking of his house, or the

but the fact that his two dozen trained cats had bolted. Nobody ever saw a tail of any of them after that night.

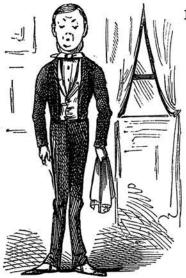
"Carter didn't have the heart to try to train a new lot, especially as Mrs. Carter was about due at the remains of the family mansion. He never made another attempt to put his invention of incandescent cats to practical use; but he always maintained that cats would some day supersede dynamos for the production of electricity, and you couldn't argue him out of that belief. I don't know what took place when Mrs. Carter came home; but according to my idea, Carter didn't have a very cheerful time—anyway, nobody saw him for about a week, and then he came out on the street wearing a wig.

"The last I heard of Carter he was turning his attention to illuminating paints, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if his next invention should be a plan for lighting houses by means of dogs painted with illuminating paint. That's an idea that might be made to work; for a dog can be made to take an interest in science, while a cat never takes any interest in anything, unless it is either wicked or good to eat. They tell me that Frenchmen are pretty much the same way; but as this ship isn't going to France, I shan't be able to make

any investigations there."



OBSERVATIONS FROM THE END OF ONE.



LIVELY sense of the dangers of misinterpretation makes me hasten to explain the title of this paper. I am the End of One, and my observations were made in the "Sans Nom" diningrooms, where I was once in the habit of getting my midday meal for a period of about three years. I used to attend at an early hour, and thus, having my choice of position, I invariably

placed myself at the end seat of the first table. Hence my title. My requirements being regular became known at last to the management, and as soon as I had taken my seat, the order for "brown bread and half of stout to the End of One" was given by the superintendent of the room to one of the waiters. Whatever my subsequent wants were, they were always ministered to as those of the End of One, and to the last occasion of my attendance I was never known by any other appellation.

My recollections of my companions at the table always amuse me. Here would come a dyspeptic man, who used to drop silently into a chair opposite me, and scan the bill of fare with an anxious and troubled countenance. He would frequently order some dish so proverbially indigestible as to send a thrill of horror through me, and make me seriously consider what my position would be in a legal point of view if he hastened his own death while I sat silent and observant only.

Then there was a gloomy, globular foreigner, with an enormous sandy moustache, and glistening spectacles which reflected two little miniatures of the whole room. His favourite dinner, which he ordered in such a bass voice as to startle strangers, was—

"Rose bif, pottitoes, turnytops, wid 'arve a poind of shdoud an' bidder."

And there were two friends who would come sometimes, and eat most prodigious dinners, never speaking a word to one another to distract attention from the all-important business of gobbling, except perhaps when one would look up and say—

"How are you getting on, old man?"

To which the other would reply-

"First-rate."

As indeed he certainly was.

Some idea of the amount of work done in these rooms may be gathered from the following facts:— Five hundred people dined here before the clock struck

one, and the daily total average was over fifteen hundred. Plates of roast beef and roast mutton and other joints, for which there was always a steady demand, were kept standing upon the hot-plate—i.e., a long metal counter heated by gas—six or eight dozen at a time! Imagine half-a-gross of plates of roast mutton! A breakage of two dozen plates a day was recognised as an unavoidable necessity, and was provided for by a standing order for a hundred dozen, always in course of manufacture at the potteries. Each diner was charged a penny for attendance, and this one item alone realised close on forty pounds a week.

The alertness and memory of the waiters were truly admirable. There was one waiter named Sam, whom I have hardly ever known to make a mistake. He used to collect half-a-dozen orders from as many tables, and after being absent four or five minutes, he would return and serve each customer with his dinner, with an unfailing correctness I marvelled at greatly. Once I recollect his giving the dyspeptic man's dinner to the foreigner, but the latter had hardly time to exclaim, "Ha! here! hullo!" when the matter was set right again.

I once was rather irritable with Sam because he kept me waiting over-long for my dinner; but on subsequently ascertaining a little more of his private affairs, I always treated him with leniency, although it must be said he very seldom stood in need of any such indulgence. What a life of labour that man led! Besides his post at the dining-rooms, he held a situation at one of the music-halls, and his daily routine of duties was as follows :- He rose at six, and was out of the house by half-past seven. He arrived at the music-hall about eight, and immediately busied himself by cleaning and dusting the hall, and clearing away the various adjuncts of the previous evening's This occupied him till eleven, when he started for his second sphere of work, the diningrooms, where he was duly reprimanded if he did not arrive before a quarter to twelve. From twelve until three was hard work without a moment's rest. At three he dined, and continued to attend to diners up to seven in the evening, when the dining-rooms closed. But the work at the music-hall was just commencing, so he had to hurry across London to commence his evening's avocation. He would then be briskly engaged until twelve midnight. Then this toiler would go home, and, needless to say, to bed, to rise again at six the next morning, and go through a similar day's programme.

Think of that, all you who are inclined to grumble at the number of hours you work, and the hardness of the labour you perform! Think of that, and be content when you hear that Sam's earnings did not exceed two pounds per week and his dinners. One would have thought, too, that among his hardships one advantage would surely have been his—viz., good eating and

drinking. A man, it would naturally be concluded, who spends his day among soups, fishes, joints, and entrées, would probably be able to pick up a satisfactory dinner on his own account. Even this, however, was denied to him, for the benevolent proprietors for whom he worked provided for the dinners of their employés by collecting together all the bits, scraps, remnants, and leavings throughout the place. These were delivered to the head cook, who, placing them in a large dish specially made for the purpose, seasoned, spiced, and sauced them with various condiments, of which I was not permitted to know the names, and then passed them over to a second cook, with instructions to "put a crust over that." This injunction being fulfilled, the composition was duly baked, and then formed the material for the "waiters' dinners."

In order to give my readers an adequate idea of the comprehensive assortment contained in this "entrée," it may be mentioned that one of the waiters had served out to him on the same plate a leg of a turkey (turkey had not been on the bill of fare for a fortnight), a piece of cod's liver, and a slice of veal, with a portion of the crust under whose protecting shadow these

incongruous morsels had been united. Mind, I don't mean to affirm that this is the universal method of "dining" waiters; I know of some dining rooms where these gentlemen have as fair a dinner catered for them as any average one served by themselves to the most regular and respected of customers. And we must acknowledge that this, after all, is only fair; for the endless smell of dinners is enough to make one squeamish.

Poor Sam! I am nervous lest the reader should imagine that I must necessarily be going to conclude with an appeal on behalf of my waiter's wife and children, an appeal supported by a baronet and the rector of the parish, to whom cheques and postage stamps may be sent. But, no. Sam's labours may not be fruitless of benefit to his kind, however, if you should be a little more tolerant of all waiters for his sake, and when your chop or your pastry does not come exact to time, should check the hasty complaint while thinking of his life and work. And this not the less, I hope, for the fact that these have long since ceased for aye, and that Sam, after waiting on other persons all his days, has at length been waited on himself by Death.



ROYAL GHOSTS IN HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

I N a slip

THE GREAT GATEWAY IN WOLSEY'S TIME.

N attempting to give a slight sketch of my ex-

perience of ghostly visitants in Hampton Court Palace, I must first assure my readers that personally I have never actually seen there. ghost Neither have I any wish to do so, as I am told the sensation it produces is a very unpleasant one, and impossible to describe. One feels completely

paralysed for the time, and the sudden shock seems to haunt one night and day.

The apartment in which I now write is situated near to the Haunted Gallery, and I have distinctly heard the loud screams at dead of night, which are supposed to be uttered by the shade of Queen Catherine Howard, whose restless spirit still haunts the Long Gallery, on the right-hand side of the Queen's Great Staircase. This gallery is kept locked, and is not

shown to the public generally, but only to the favoured few, and by special permission. The story goes that, after the disclosures made to Henry VIII. of the alleged unfaithfulness of the queen, he was one day at service in the royal closet in the chapel. Catherine Howard, who had been confined to her room, escaped and ran along the (now called) Haunted Gallery, having determined to make one last frantic effort to appeal to the king for mercy and pardon.

She had just reached the door of the royal pew when she was rudely seized by the guards, and in spite of her piercing shrieks she was carried back to her own rooms, while the king continued his devotions apparently quite unmoved.

This terrible scene is said to have been enacted over and over again in the Haunted Gallery.

A tall figure, dressed all in white, has been seen going towards the royal pew, and on approaching the door has rushed back again hastily, her garments all disordered, and a look of utter misery and despair on her face, as she utters a succession of unearthly shrieks, till she passes through the doorway which leads to the Queen's Staircase. These shrieks are constantly heard to this day, especially when there is no moon, and at the autumnal season of the year, when these Royal Shades seem to be particularly restless. They never

appear to do any actual harm beyond alarming the occupants of the Apartments, and visitors are constantly known to leave very abruptly when on a visit to the Palace. They make all sorts of transparent excuses, receive telegrams suddenly, which call for their "immediate presence" elsewhere, and leave promptly! We hear subsequently, by a side wind, that "So-and-So couldn't stand it any longer, as he or she heard such extraordinary noises: footsteps followed them, someone rapped at their doors repeatedly, but on opening it there was nothing to be seen," and so on.

One night I retired as usual about eleven o'clock, a lady staying in my Apartment having assisted me to bolt and lock the front doors very carefully (there are double doors to it). In the morning one of my servants came to my room very early in a state of alarm, and awoke me, saying: "If you please, ma'am, did you forget to shut and lock the front door last night? as, when I came down just now, I found them both wide open!"

This was not at all pleasant intelligence for one's waking moments, and I have never been able to account for it in any way. Outside these front doors is a curious old oak staircase, and my servants have to go up it to get to their own rooms. It is opposite to one of the "Queen's Gates," which has a very fine arch, beautifully carved, and with wide oak doors. Through this arch and doors Queen Catherine of Arragon is said to "walk" at certain times of the year. They lead to what were her own apartments in the olden days, and she used to come out and go down to the Great Hall, to dine with her royal husband, Henry VIII.

One night I was aroused by the sudden entrance of my cook and parlourmaid into my room, while I was fast asleep. They rushed in screaming.

"Oh! ma'am," cried the cook, "are you quite safe? We smelt fire somewhere, and came down to see where it was; but, oh! what we have seen to-night! As we was a-comin' down them oak stairs we see a tall lady, dressed all in black, with a long train, with a shining light on her face, come through the Queen's Gate, but the door never opened when she came out nor shut after her. She had a taper in her 'and, and seemed to glide downstairs, and then we couldn't see her nowhere."

The next day this old cook came to me and said: "If you please, mum, I must leave you this wery day. I came to oblige you, mum, and left a pore lady in town, who I was nussing, very bad with haricot [varicose] veins, but I can't stay no longer in such a place as this, where the partition of Anne Bullion [Boleyn] walks, and where the ghosts are so harbacious (!), and it worrits me dreadful to think of it. My only comfort is, mum, that them ghosts is all royal ones."

Other servants complain of hearing footsteps, and of someone walking about their room, and one called out to the other, "Do be quiet and go to bed at once, and leave off disturbing me so."

One night I awoke suddenly by feeling a figure

standing by my bedside, and my pillow was sharply pulled away from under my head. Then something seemed to lean over the bed, as if gazing at me, and to press the spring mattress. It was perfectly dark, and for some time I was so frightened that I could not move to light a candle. I felt conscious of a presence in the room, but saw nothing actually.

Doors here are constantly found open, when carefully shut and locked, and I have seen visitors turn pale at the sight of a door gently closing by itself before one's eyes, when the apartment was all shut up, and not a breath of wind anywhere.

One evening I was alone, sitting in the drawingroom, waiting for a young girl who was staying with me, and who had gone out into the gardens, which are closed to the public at night, with one of the maids to take a moonlight stroll-everyone else having retired. Suddenly I heard a loud knocking at the front door, the handle rattled, the key was turned, and the door violently shaken. I went very quickly and opened the door, thinking that my friend had returned and was in a hurry to get in again. To my astonishment, there was not a soul to be seen, nor any sound of retreating footsteps, which reverberate so clearly on these old oak stairs. There was positively no one there! It was a cold, frosty night, in the depth of winter, and my readers may judge for themselves if anyone would care, or be likely, to patrol an old oak staircase, up which the wind blows and whistles keenly and is very dimly lit, for the purpose of playing practical jokes, as has been suggested in many quarters is the case.

In one particular room curious noises are constantly heard. A winding staircase leads from it to the court below, leading to an underground passage to the river; this has been closed, but has not prevented the ghostly visitants from holding their midnight revels. Glasses are heard to jingle loudly at dead of night; and the spirits seem to be having a regular romp. They tap loudly at the doors, run about the room, and seem to enjoy themselves thoroughly. Two ladies, standing near this room talking, about half-past eleven one night, saw a bright light flash through, and at the same time heard a loud crash. They were much alarmed, and next morning we made all sorts of investigations to try and account for it; but all in vain.

Complaints are made that something comes and touches people on the cheek when asleep, and altogether these Royal Shades seem to be full of mischief, but perfectly harmless.

In the gardens also "The Grey Lady" is said to promenade at night. An attendant on his usual rounds sat down for a moment to wait for the midnight inspector to pass him, when he suddenly found a cold hand laid on his face, and looking up saw a tall, pale woman, dressed all in grey, standing before him. He sprang up at once, and she vanished away before his eyes; but the shock caused by the apparition was so great that he became intensely nervous, and was absolutely afraid to remain in the gardens at night, and, consequently, had to resign his post.

To many of us these harmless shadows of longdeparted days only lend a deeper interest, and throw more of a romance over this beautiful and historical old palace, and one gets quite accustomed to all these ghostly vagaries.

Before I close this sketch, I must not omit to mention the curious and gigantic Cardinal Spiders which are peculiar to this palace, and are supposed to be inhabited by the spirit of Cardinal Wolsey! They are more like land-crabs than spiders, and their bite is very poisonous. They are frequently to be found, and inhabit the old crumbling walls and odd nooks and corners. When they walk about the rooms they make quite a loud clattering, and cause much alarm to strangers who come to stay in this Palace Beautiful at "Happy Hampton."

A few nights ago these Royal Ghosts again made their appearance. The oldest inhabitants of this palace tell me that these scenes are quite a revival of the ancient times, as nothing has of late been seen of these Royal Shades. A young girl sleeping (by choice) in the "Blue" or "Haunted Room" relates that about 1.15 a.m. she was awakened by a loud noise in the adjoining room. The folding-doors between the two were violently shaken, the handles rattled, and she distinctly heard the sound of footsteps moving, and it seemed as if chairs were dancing a jig, while glasses jingled loudly. She was too much alarmed to move, and lay still in terror. There was no moon, but the room seemed filled with a pale blue ghostly light. Then a figure appeared to glide up and down past her bed, gently rustling, in a white dress; suddenly it stopped by her bed and leaned over her, she felt an icy cold breath on her cheek, which might be best described as a blast of cold wind from a lonely churchyard. Gradually the noises ceased, the blue light faded, and she was left trembling with fright, in utter darkness, as before.



WINTER SOUPS: HOW TO MAKE THEM.

BY A. G. PAYNE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "COMMON-SENSE COOKERY."

OW often during the recent severe season has the remark been heard, "I should like a good basin of hot soup!" How often, thanks to the charitable of all and of no denominations, has some poor shivering wretch been brought back almost from death to life by the timely aid of a basin of soup, the intrinsic value of which has barely been one penny!

In each of these cases a certain quality of soup is necessary, and it is this quality which we designate as "winter soup."

No one will deny that for the commencement of dinner that pale straw-coloured fluid, bright as Amontillado sherry, in which red carrots and green peas appear, is an excellent soup, well adapted for the purpose it serves, viz., a sort of polite introduction to the good things that are to follow; but when we stamp our feet, and clap our hands to circulate the blood in our fingers, and observe, "I should like a good basin of soup," it is not our pale straw-coloured friend we refer to, but something far different—un-Frenchlike, and essentially English—something sticky, hot, awkward for beards, but that does us good, and makes us feel as if we had had something when finished.

We will commence with a few words about that good old-fashioned winter beverage, pea soup. I will not now enter into exact details, as the recipe has been often given, and is generally well known, but would again remind you of the importance of patience in sending the whole of the ingredients through a sieve. Among the ignorant poor it is not an uncommon thing for them to make pea soup, and after boiling the peas for a long time, to strain them off and positively throw them away. Of course they do not know the meaning of "rub it through a tamis," nor do they possess a wire sieve. Soup has always been a stumbling-block with the English poor; the compound they make is unsatisfactory, and they fall back upon their piece of bacon boiled with the greens, if country people; or if inhabitants of large cities, to probably the best rump steak at sixteenpence a pound on Sunday, and bread-and-dripping for the remainder of the week.

The best stock for making pea soup is the water which has boiled a leg of pork. When I say the best stock. I do not mean that good strong stock made from shin of beef and knuckle of veal is not superior, but I consider pea soup as an economical soup, and that one essential point is that it should be made the means of utilising greasy liquor that would be very difficult to use in any other way.

I should be sorry to pass from the subject of pea soup without a word about those excellent institutions, soup kitchens. I fear, however, that the all-important point that these establishments are essentially charitable institutions is too often lost sight of, and that in occasional cases the object of the management seems

to be to vie with and out-do some similar establishment in excellence, rather than aiming at feeding the largest number of poor at the smallest possible cost.

Large quantities of shin of beef, &c., are often made the basis of the soup given away in soup kitchens, and there is no doubt whatever that the soup is considerably improved thereby. Were smaller quantities of fat pork substituted for the meat, a far greater quantity of soup could be made for the money; and if, as it should be, the object of these institutions is to feed the starving or semi-starving poor, and not to encourage sturdy beggars, the object is far more likely to be attained.

I was once told at a "soup kitchen" that unless some good meat was in the soup they wouldn't eat it. This argument holds good for trade, not for charity. If I open a soup kitchen to make a profit, all well and good, I must do my best to please my customers, like any other tradesman; but if a beggar stops me and says he is starving, and I give him half a quartern loaf, should he throw it away and say that is not good enough for him, it is no charity to take the man into a cook's-shop and give him a nice tender cut off a sirloin.

If a dog refuses bread, he will be improved both morally and physically by being kept without meat till he eats some. If so-called starving poor—but who probably are more often pushing beggars, or poor with next to no feelings of self-respect—cannot take pea soup unless made from gravy-beef, and with meat in it, they will be rendered none the worse by a little enforced abstinence.

A soup somewhat similar to pea soup is lentil soup. There has been much discussion lately on the subject of lentils, and there can be no doubt that they contain a great amount of nourishment. The lentils should be first thoroughly washed in several waters; the washing should be continued till the lentils settle a bright red at the bottom of the water, which keeps clear after they have been stirred up.

If possible, let the lentils soak for twenty-four hours in the water, into which a piece of soda has been put the size of a very small pea. Let them afterwards boil slowly in this water; and as I wish to speak of pure lentil soup, we will describe how to make it without any meat stock at all.

Suppose the quantity of lentils used to be one pint: to this add two large onions, one good-sized carrot, one turnip, and one head of celery. Let all boil together for leng time until thoroughly tender, filling up the saucepan as the water boils away; the longer it boils the better. Skim it a little at starting, and of course take care that the vegetables are all thoroughly clean before they are put into the saucepan.

Next rub the whole through a wire sieve with a large wooden spoon—arything strong with a flat bottom does, if you have no strong spoon, such as a small jar, the top of which can be easily grasped.

Have patience with the soup, and send it all through, and put it back to boil gently in the saucepan; add a little salt and pepper, and you will find the soup very nice and nutritious as it is.

You can, however, improve it as follows:—Boil away the soup as much as possible, and when it gets quite thick add to it a quart of milk that has been boiled separately; one bay-leaf may be boiled in the milk. Stir it all up together, and dissolve in it about an ounce of butter; send it to table very hot, and hand round small pieces of fried bread or toast cut up into small squares. Bear in mind to stir up the soup with the ladle before helping each person.

A very nice winter soup is Scotch broth. This is best made from neck of mutton, though any kind of good fresh mutton will do. Trim a neck of mutton exactly as if you were going to make small mutton cutlets, only cut off nearly all the fat, as the fat swells very much when boiled. Take the scrag end and trimmings and any mutton bones, and make some mutton broth, adding if possible some clear ordinary stock. Add to this the trimmings of a head of celery, the white or inside part of three carrots, having cut off the outer or red part, an onion, and one or two leeks, according to size.

While this is all boiling, cut up the red part of the carrots into small dice, as well as a couple of turnips; slice up two leeks, carefully cutting them thin and crossways, as well as a good-sized onion and the best part of a head of celery, and add three ounces of pearl barley, parboiled and nearly tender.

Boil these gently with the cutlets in a little of the broth in a stew-pan till the vegetables are quite tender and the cutlets are done, but not dried up or overcooked. Next add the broth, after straining it off, and shortly before sending it to table get a dessert-spoonful of finely-chopped parsley, and throw it into boiling water for a minute to blanch it, and add it to the broth.

This Scotch broth has a very delicate flavour, and a very little salt should be added, and no pepper. Pepper can easily be added afterwards, if preferred. By parboiling the pearl barley separately, the appearance of the soup is much improved. Rice will be found a good substitute for barley.

A very nice soup can be made from potatoes, and it is an excellent way of using up cold potatoes that may be left, as the potatoes should be thoroughly boiled, in order to get rid of the water in them, and also steamed, so as to get them floury, as these potatoes make the best soup.

Take a quart of good broth, and add to it a large onion or two moderate-sized ones, one carrot, and half a head of celery. Let all boil together till quite tender, and then add the boiled potatoes, and rub it all through a wire sieve. The quantity of potatoes must be sufficient to make the soup as thick as pea soup. Now boil separately some milk, about equal in quantity to the thick purée, and when the milk has boiled, add both together, and as usual serve some fried bread or some toast cut up with the soup.

A little finely-chopped parsley may be added at the

finish—only let it be a little, and do not let the parsley boil in the soup longer than can be helped. When new potatoes have just come into season, this soup can be made as directed, and a few new potatoes boiled whole added to it. Remember, however, that the new potatoes must be very small, should be boiled separately, and, if anything, should be rather under than over-done—i.e., in eating them you should feel that you have something to bite.

A very nice Scotch soup, and vastly superior to Scotch broth, is cockaleekie soup. This is simply made by first parboiling a fowl in some clear stock, and cutting it up into small joints, removing the skin and larger bones.

Let these bones simmer for some time, and then, having strained them off, cut in slices about half a dozen leeks and boil these in the soup till quite tender, then add the small joints of fowl and boil them for a few minutes longer till they are quite done, and send them to table in the soup. This soup is very nutritious and admirably adapted for luncheon.

A very good soup, which for the want of a better name I will call Common-Sense Soup, can be made as follows:—Get three-pennyworth of bones from the butcher's and put them to boil with a little salt, three beads of garlic, and a good bunch of parsley. If you have any stock, such as the water that has boiled a silverside of beef or a leg of mutton, all the better. Let this be skimmed, and if it can be boiled the day before it is wanted so that it can get cold it will be as well, as the fat can then be removed.

Next strain off this stock and put in it, sliced up small, a couple of onions, a head of celery, a couple of carrots, and about a pound of lean mutton, which can be boiled in it till tender and then shredded, only do not let it boil long after shredding, as the pieces of meat will then get hard and stringy. A good dessert-spoonful of extract of meat will make this soup very rich and good, and though extract of meat is a somewhat expensive ingredient, yet the soup is so nourishing that you save in the far lesser quantity of meat that will be eaten after the soup.

It should be remembered that fat helps to keep us warm, and that consequently a rich and greasy soup, that would be very unpalatable in summer, is very suitable in winter. One of the greasiest soups I know is made from pig's head. Get half a pig's head and thoroughly clean it and scald it, and put it in some stock and parboil it; then take it out and cut off all the best part of the meat and put it by, and put back the bones into the stock with a couple of onions, a carrot, and a head of celery, and a couple of beads of garlic, if the flavour of garlic is not objected to. Add also a table-spoonful of dried basil and another of dried marjoram, as well as a little thyme. this boil for five or six hours, and strain it off and put in the meat, and add a spoonful of extract of meat and about a quarter of a pound of brown roux-i.e., flour fried a rich brown in butter. Let this simmer gently by the fire and occasionally skim it, as there is a great deal of fat to be thrown up.

This soup will be found quite equal to mock turtle.

To Wilding, my Polo-Pony.

My Wilding, I must leave thee!
Does word of parting grieve thee
As it grieves me, thy master, fond, indulgent,
Who see the softness in thine eye refulgent
And think a thousand thoughts are dreaming there
As like my thoughts as love is like love's prayer?

How passing true thou art to me
Thy whinnyings apart to me
Make clear. Thy kissing breath upon my cheek
Is warm as June-time love, that needs not speak
To set the heart that beateth true a-bloom—
To stir the sense to quaff the day's perfume.

Thou art a pretty fellow:
Thy brilliant chestnut-yellow
Shines like a changing silk; the driven snows
Have stained thy foot and striped thy Roman nose;
A-top the neck thy bristling mane doth curve,
And every muscle shown doth seem a nerve.

And every step or motion
Gives those who see a notion
Of Pegasus. Thou needest not his wings:
Thy dainty limbs were made for flights and flings;
And if thy feet do touch the earth, 't is done
As one would quickly kiss, 'twixt fear and fun.

If some one now a stranger
Drop apples in thy manger,
And fetch thee sugar in his pocket too,
Thou 'It eat — perhaps — and yet to me be true,
Nor let the stranger learn the secret sign
That makes thee lift thy foot and bow so fine.

But when I 'm gone, who 'll ride thee, Caress, or even chide thee? Will other understand thy playful tricks, Thy curvetings and antics, bucks and kicks? Will other let thee shy on loosened rein, And let thee have thy head o'er every plain?

And who will drive thee, pony,
O'er roughish roads and stony?
Ah, Wilding, cunning rogue, I 'll not forget
The day I paid a friend a friendly debt
And loaned thee: how thou brokest trace and rein
And, leaving him, sped home to me again!

They say that I 'll forget thee
And nevermore will pet thee,
When I have learned to love some maiden fair.
I say that she with thee my love shall share!
If I must love thee less to love her more,
I 'll love thee as I love thee now thrice o'er!

I'll see thee in the spring-time,
For birds and me the wing-time
To take the northward flight. Together then
We'll seek the lanes, and run and race again.
But, Wilding-pony, I must leave thee now.
Farewell! Now whinny, lift thy foot, and bow!

John Eliot Bowen.

Practical Etiquette.

X.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.

VER since the days of good old John Gilpin—and nobody knows how long before—people have had a liking for celebrating their "wedding days," although they have differed widely as to the pleasantest and most appropriate way of doing so.

Some friends of mine, who are persons of refinement and culture, and at the same time quiet and home-loving people, think that the Gilpin family chose the best kind of celebration; and they therefore have a pleasant family excursion to some pretty rural spot, where they picnic with the children, returning, perhaps, by moonlight. They take care, of course, to select good, steady nags to draw their vehicles, and as they carry no wine, the wine is, naturally, not spilled.

Other people invite a few intimate friends to dine and pass the evening in friendly chat. A married couple of my acquaintance recently celebrated their silver wedding by repeating their wedding tour. They left their own home very quietly, old shoes hastening their departure. They then went to the bride's native place,—where they had been married,—and hiring a buggy and a pair of stout horses, spent a fortnight in driving over a beautiful, mountainous country, visiting the same spots, and staying at each the same length of time, as on the occasion of their original wedding journey.

The old-fashioned "wedding-day" of our ancestors has blossomed into an anniversary—for everything is an anniversary now with us, unless it be a centenary, or a bicentenary, or some other monster of time. I like the quaint sound of "wedding-day," however; and why should not we use this expression as well as the common one of "birth-day?" (I am glad to see that Prof. Hill, of Harvard College, has strongly pointed out to his fellow-Americans, the folly of such pompous expressions as "the anniversary of my birth.")

A few years ago, wedding anniversaries, and the celebration thereof in all sorts of materials, were very much the fashion. We heard of paper, wooden, and tin weddings, glass, china, and silver weddings, until it seemed as if some sort of wedding ceremony were taking place every day. But time corrected this excess, as it does all others, and one hears less frequently now even of tin weddings, although these were at one time very popular.

Silver weddings occasionally take place, although guests are not usually expected to make presents. In fact, it is no longer considered "good form" to issue invitations to a silver wedding in such a way as to solicit, or to appear to solicit, gifts. Some people request that no presents shall be sent, and this seems a very good way out of the difficulty. When a gift is sent, it should be accompanied by the card of the donor, the same as any wedding present.

A wooden wedding occurs, if it occur at all, after five years of matrimony; and the guests if they bring presents should select those made of wood in some form.

The tin wedding marks the completion of a decade of married life, and therefore has a plea for existence, which its younger sister cannot urge. Divisions into periods of tens have a charm for most people, and especially for a nation which uses a decimal currency.

I think it is in better style, at the present time, to have the invitations for tin, silver, and golden weddings printed in ordinary black ink, rather than in silver or gold, and to omit any special mention of the nature of the occasion, which is sufficiently indicated by the two dates, thus:

1879.

1889.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Littell, At Home, Thursday evening, June fifth, at eight o'clock. 4 Regent Street.

The above would be a correct form to use for a tin wed-

ding; but those who preferred to do so might add the words "Tin Wedding."

Occasions of this sort are usually quite merry and jolly affairs, the guests taxing their ingenuity to invent all sorts of odd gifts, useful and sham-ornamental, such as tin jewelry, etc. Sometimes the presents are adorned with bouquets of fresh flowers, thus adding a pleasant element of sentiment to the decidedly prosaic character of tin implements. These bouquets are tied to those objects which have handles or other suitable projections. A tin colander or large grater with a single blossom stuck through each hole, has a very pretty effect.

The hostess may, if she choose, wear her wedding-gown, minus the veil and orange-blossoms, or she may be in reception dress. A repetition of the marriage ceremony is sometimes gone through with, but this is in the worst possible taste, if not absolutely shocking to one's sense of propriety. Excepting for its special significance and the gifts, the affair is, indeed, like any other reception. There may be dancing, if the rooms be not too crowded to admit of it, and if the lady of the house like to have it. The refreshments should be like those at any evening party or reception. A wedding-cake with a ring in it is often placed upon the supper-table, and cut by the pseudo-bride.

After fifteen years of married life, a crystal wedding may be celebrated; and after twenty years, a china one. This merely means, in the majority of cases, that friends are at liberty to send presents of "crystal"-practically speaking, "glass"-or china ware, at these dates, if they wish to do so. I have never known anyone who had celebrated either of these very fragile weddings, although I have known several instances where friends sent pretty and suitable gifts in remembrance of the day. It would seem ostentatious and in bad taste to send very handsome gifts in this way, unless where great intimacy existed between giver and receiver, or unless under unusual circumstances. Thus a rich and kind-hearted friend who wished to make a handsome present to a married couple, might avail himself of their wedding anniversary as an excuse for his generosity.

After a quarter of a century comes the silver wedding, which is often celebrated in some way, although not so often as fifteen or twenty years ago. It was my good-fortune to be present, as a very young girl, at the silver wedding of Senator Henry Wilson, afterwards Vice-President of the United States. I remember being somewhat disappointed because the bride wore a silk dress of quiet color-gray, I believe-instead of the bridal robe which I had expected to see, and because the ceremonies did not more closely resemble those of an actual marriage-service: which shows the folly of very young people. It was a very interesting occasion, however, with plenty of speeches, handsome presents of silverware, according to the fashion of the time, and many congratulations from warm friends. I remember very clearly the bright, honest, cheerful, and manly face of Senator Wilson, with roses still in his cheeks, and it was a proud thought for all of us, as well as for him, that he had made his own way from the shoemaker's bench to the Senate of the United States, and afterwards to a yet higher office, and all without one breath of suspicion upon his sterling honesty or manly

It is always a pleasant feature of a silver wedding where the clergyman who originally performed the marriage ceremony is among the guests, also any of the bridesmaids or groomsmen.

The formula given for an invitation to a tin wedding is equally suitable for a silver or golden wedding, or the more formal style may be used: 1864.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Sampsen
request the pleasure of your company
on Wednesday evening, June fifteenth,
at eight o'clock.
Silver Wedding.

Elliott Sampsen.

Estelle Levison.

Frequently the words "silver wedding" and the names are omitted at the end, and the sentence "No gifts received" is added at the left hand.

As invitations to weddings proper are on note-sheets, it would seem to be more appropriate to follow the same fashion for wedding anniversaries, especially for silver and golden weddings, rather than to use cards, although the latter could certainly be used where the "At Home" formula was adopted. If it is not possible to attend, the invitation should be acknowledged by sending a visiting-card on the day of the anniversary, if the invitation be on an "At Home" card, or, if it be in the more formal style, by a formal "regret," in which congratulations on the happy event might be embodied.

Some people have the invitations printed in silver for a silver wedding, and in gold for a golden wedding; but, as I have said above, the simple style seems to be in better taste, and also that a line should be added requesting that no presents be sent.

Intimate friends are always at liberty to make gifts; and as antique silver is now so much in demand, it is easy to select some quaint and graceful article of ancient fashion, for which you will probably pay a good deal more than its original value if you buy it from a dealer in bric-a-brac. Old candlesticks, snuffers with tray, tall candelabra, and teapots, sugar-dishes, and cream-ewers of simple shape are much admired. One lady of my acquaintance was very much puzzled as to what she could give to a wealthy relative on the occasion of his twenty-fifth wedding-day, as he possessed silver plate "to a fabulous amount," and in very great variety. She finally selected a perforated silver ball and chain, such as the Chinese use for making tea on table, and had engraved on it the good old legend of "Polly put the kettle on, we'll all take tea." Postage-stamp boxes, of seemingly antique design, are among the pretty modern trifles which are continually being invented in order to give rich people an outlet for their superfluous wealth. Silver toilet-sets, of brush, comb, hand-glass, boot-buttoner, etc., are now very fashionable. but the use of such expensive furniture of the dressing-table seems decidedly inappropriate for people of moderate means.

Golden weddings are naturally of rare occurrence. The only one which I ever had the pleasure of attending was a delightful affair. The bride and groom, old but not aged, and still perfectly hale and hearty, took the greatest pleasure in greeting their friends, who assembled in large numbers to felicitate the happy couple. The golden wedding took the form of an afternoon reception, which seemed a very sensible arrangement. There were music and dancing, a handsome collation, and many presents. Among the latter were a poem written in honor of the occasion, in golden ink; a basket of gold-colored flowers; a set of dessert knives, silver, plated with gold; and some pretty trifles in gold or gilt to represent the precious metal.

The youngest daughter insisted upon dancing with her brother, in order that she might say that she had danced at her mother's wedding. These old people had lived a long and happy life together, much of it having been spent quietly in the country. They were sincerely attached to each other, and the sight of their happiness on that gala-day was the best possible answer to the question so often foolishly asked, "Is marriage a success?" FLORENCE HOWE HALL.

Odds and Ends.

It is not generally known that we all carry about with us in our pockets an example of the work of the present President of the Royal Academy and Director of the National Gallery. Sir Edward Poynter designed the reverse side of the new coins, and, although its merit was much questioned at the time, he had very little scope, seeing that he had to introduce the four quarterings, and all the other heraldic badges of Great Britain and Ireland. In the competition for this design Mr. Brock introduced some dolphins, and Mr. Onslow Ford an old English galleon, but Sir Edward Poynter's was accepted.







It is curious to observe how comparatively few Christian names are in use at the present time, and a statistician has discovered that fourteen out of every hundred girls are called Mary, and thirteen out of every hundred boys are called William. This fact is not due, as might naturally be supposed, to the Revolu-tion, which placed the daughter and son-inlaw of James II. upon the English throne. The number of Marys is due to the popularity of a saint of that name in the Middle Ages, whilst William is popular solely because it was the name of William the Conqueror. The constant use, however, of both these names, their origin apart, is the strong family feeling that names daughters after mothers and sons after fathers. Another interesting point, proved by the same statistician, is that more than half the children baptised are given two names, considerably less than half one name, whilst the remaining number have a varied number, some even as many as twentyfour. And not only is William popular as a Christian name, but it is the root of more surnames than any other word in the language. Williams itself is the commonest surname we have, with the exception of Smith and Jones, being much commoner than either Brown or Robinson. In addition to Williams, Williamson, and other names directly derived, there are, from the French, Guillemot, Gillet, and Gillot. Then the "Bill," into which William is so frequently turned, gives us Billson; whilst Willcox, Willy, Wilkins, and Wilkinson may all be traced to a Norman Of course fashion influences the source. choice of names, as it does the choice of clothes, and frequently after the appearance of a successful book, or the death of some eminent person, there are a large number of children baptised with the name of the heroine or hero. Speaking of girls' names a few years ago, Ethel, Mabel, and Maud were extremely fashionable; to-day, Dorothy and Doris seem to be the most popular.







The town of Luneberg, in Hanover, has been the first town in the world to achieve the distinction of erecting a monument to the memory of a pig. In the Hotel de Ville of that town there is a mausoleum, in the interior of which is a costly glass structure enclosing a ham still in a state of good preservation. Above there is a marble slab, upon which is written in golden letters in Latin this inscription: "Passers-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig, which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt-springs of Luneberg." Tradition asserts that the springs at Bath were first discovered by pigs, but the claims of these animals upon posterity have not as yet been recognised.

ONE would not imagine that spiders are affected either by music or love, but that they are extremely sensitive to both has been proved by observation. For instance, an organist in a church noticed that a spider would swing down upon a single thread and rest above the keyboard every time a tune was played, and directly the music ceased it would disappear. Either very soft or very loud music would bring him down. During a concert at Leipsic, the leader of the orchestra particularly noticed a spider which descended by the same means from a chandelier whilst a violin solo was being played, but directly the solo was ended it ran back quickly. With regard to other instincts possessed by these insects, some very interesting experiments have recently been made to test their powers of vision and sense of colour. Twenty species were selected, and were studied and observed by a naturalist for eight summers. It was found that when their prey, which consists of small insects, is motionless, they can see them at a distance of five inches, but when the insects are moving they can see them at a much greater distance. As for each other, a spider will sight another spider at least twelve inches away. Sight, it would appear, not smell, is the spider's greatest guide, and it is said that during the mating season the males will throw themselves into quite different attitudes, according as they see a male or female spider. It was by this manner of ex-pressing their feelings that the distance they could see was first ascertained.







Nuts are supposed to be very indigestible, but this prejudice most probably arises from the fact that they are very rarely properly masticated. In order to obtain the great amount of nutrition they contain they ought to be thoroughly masticated before they are swallowed. If they are baked hard and then ground into a meal, they can be eaten with much greater safety, especially by people whose teeth are not good.







WRITING of coinage calls to mind a curious case, which has for some time engaged the attention of the officials at the Mint. large number of spurious half-crowns are being circulated in this country, and the odd part of the affair is that these coins are not made of base metal, but of silver of the same quality as that of the half-crowns made by the Mint. These false half-crowns are excellently made and stamped with proper dies. A new half-crown weighs about half an ounce, the real value being 1s. 3d., whilst the cost of coining is 3d. These false half-crowns, therefore, yield a profit of is. each to their manufacturers, and being made of silver it is extremely difficult to detect them, the only difference between them and those issued by the Mint being that the false coins are a little larger in diameter, and a very little thinner. This is one of the results of the cheapness of silver.







A LAMP, said to be the largest in the world, has been invented by a Belgian. It is six feet in height, and three feet ten inches in diameter. Lard oil is burnt in it, and so strong is its light that it is possible to read at a distance of six hundred feet away from it. This "Great Eastern" of lamps is composed of three thousand pieces.

HERE is another story: A little girl, aged three and a half had been sent to a kindergarten for the first time. On her return her mother asked her how she liked it. "I didn't like it a bit," the mite replied. "The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present, and I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present."







The oyster has no greater enemy than the starfish. It appears difficult however, for a fish to open the shell of an oyster, which requires a certain amount of skill even with an oyster knife; but the starfish has a peculiar method of leverage upon the opening of the two shells which the oyster cannot resist. Biologists used to think that the starfish simply starved the oyster until it opened of its own accord; but observation has shown that by the pressure it applies the bivalve speedily becomes a victim to its ingenious enemy.







PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK stands in a very unusual relationship both to his father and mother, for he is at the same time third cousin to the Duke of York and second cousin twice removed to the Duchess of York. The Duke of Kent, and the Duches of Cambridge were sons of George III.; their respective children, Her Majesty the Queen and the Duchess of Teck are therefore first cousins, and thus the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of York are second cousins, which brings the Duke of York and his son into the relationship of third cousins. On the other hand the Duchess of York is second cousin once removed to the Duke, and therefore is second cousin twice removed to her own son.







AMERICA has long enjoyed the reputation of being the land of marvels, but the limits of the most fertile imagination seem to be passed by an experiment which has been tried, and tried successfully, by an American farmer. He has made use of electricity as a means of bringing on his crops. The electric current is applied in two ways to the plants, either through the soil by means of wires placed about two inches below the surface, and by powerful arc lights, which, being softened by amber globes, act upon the crops like strong sunlight. Directly the seed is sown an electric current is turned on, and running through the underground wires, it causes the seeds to germinate, and, as it is constantly seeds to germinate, and, as it is constantly kept up, stimulates their growth, until the crop is gathered. The whole farm is lighted by the arc lights at night, so that the plants have sunshine or its equivalent during the twenty-four hours. It has been discovered that by this use of electricity, radishes, lettuce, princels and circular regetables are matured in spinach, and similar vegetables are matured in half the usual time, and on this farm, radishes seventeen inches long and five and a half inches thick are quite common. The wheatears and the heads of all other corn are much larger than those of crops grown under ordinary conditions, whilst the amount produced is half as much again. Amongst the other marvels of this electrical production are lettuces, three feet high and two feet wide, and cabbages that measure two feet in

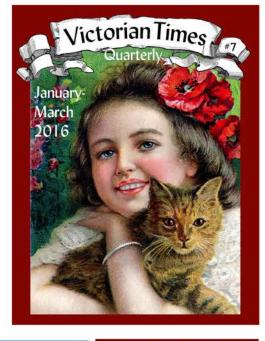


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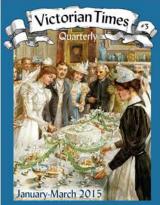
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