

Victorian Times

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*Dandy Dogs of London & Paris • Tricks of Card-Sharps • Police Apprentices
Historic Diamond Mines • A Two-Headed Turtle • Garden & Field in March
Russian Cross-Stitch • The Oxford Proctor and His "Bulldogs"
Afternoon Tea Cakes • Birthday Party Treats • Fiction: "The Laggard Letter"*

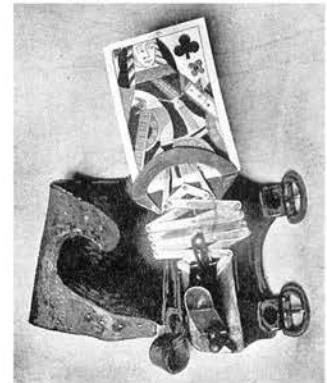
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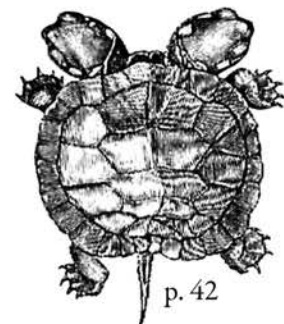
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The Girl's Own Paper* *Cassell's Family Magazine*

Sharing the Classics

Recently I was trolling the shelves of my favorite bookstore (Goodwill) and came across a copy of *Heidi*. I'm always on the lookout for good books to send to my niece and nephew (ages 7 and 5), so naturally I grabbed it. It had been a favorite of mine when I was a child—so, before sending it off, I decided to revisit this old friend.

After a few pages, I began to wonder... had *Heidi* always been this boring? I remembered *loving* this book! Now it seemed as dull as the proverbial dishwater. Was it one of those books that you can only enjoy as a child—too innocent or ignorant to know better? Surely, too, some scenes were missing... Then I reached the point where the Grandfather tells Heidi the names of his goats, which were... Daisy and Dopey.

Well, not Dopey. I don't remember *what* the second name was, as this was when I threw the book across the room. I wasn't reading *Heidi*. I was reading a dumbed-down book edited for "today's" children. The goats, I remembered distinctly, were named Schwanli and Barli ("little swan" and "little bear"). But apparently "today's" children were considered unable to grasp the concept that Swiss goats might have Swiss names. I'm surprised Heidi herself hadn't been renamed "Ashley" or "Madison" or something.

Fortunately I had my own copy of *Heidi* on the shelf, and spent a few happy hours revisiting this charming book *as it was meant to be read*. Which got me thinking about how many of my childhood favorites—books I now want to share with my niece and nephew—were Victorian, and how they've shaped our lives.

Imagine growing up without, say, *A Little Princess*, or *Treasure Island*, or *Tom Sawyer*, or *Winnie the Pooh*, or *Peter Pan*. Imagine a world without the magic of E. Nesbit, or the Victorian-era memories of Laura Ingalls Wilder. Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women* remains ever-green, though I personally preferred *Jack and Jill*. Of course, for every *Little Princess* there's a *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (having recently read this, I'm not surprised no one has bothered making a movie of it since 1936). Of course, one testament to the enduring nature of Victorian "classics" is how many have become exclusive Disney properties!

That doesn't mean that all the best children's books were written in Victorian days. Far from it! Today one can choose from thousands of options—and there are hundreds that have achieved the status of "classics," from C.S. Lewis to J.K. Rowling. But today's classics owe more than, perhaps, their authors realize to the treasures of Victorian times. They owe their very existence to the Victorian era.

Because... it was in the Victorian era that the concept of *writing books for children* emerged. Stories existed, certainly, but many of the stories that we think of today as "children's fairy tales" were not, in fact, originally aimed at children. But think about what is required for a society to evolve the notion of developing an entire industry—writing, publishing, and selling—around *books for children*.

At least three things had to come together for this to happen. First, book publishing had to become sufficiently inexpensive to make it possible to even *conceive* of publishing a book *just for a child*. Before the mid- to late Victorian era, books were expensive. You don't put something costly and precious in the hands of a child; you put it high on the shelf out of a child's reach. But thanks to Victorian printing advances, the idea came about that you could, indeed, create books specifically designed to be in the hands of children. Second, you had to have *widespread education*. Enough children had to be able to read to make the whole process of writing, publishing and selling children's books economically viable. (And read they did; most Victorian children's books feature Victorian children who *love* to read!) Third, you have to have developed a cultural concept of children as being distinct entities and individuals with their own interests, needs and personalities—not just small adults. You have to think of children as having imaginations, of having minds that can be shaped through stories. And this all comes together in the Victorian age.

What you don't have, then or in today's classics, is the assumption that children are too stupid to understand a complex concept or a difficult word. Many, many "dumbed down" versions of classics are available today, often with no indication that they are edited or abridged from the originals. But oddly enough, today's great children's writers don't seem to feel that they have to write stupid books for stupid kids. Like their Victorian predecessors, they believe that children have imaginations and minds that can benefit from interesting, challenging tales.

Let's make sure that our children have access to the classics of every era—and let's make sure that we never start assuming our children are too dumb to understand great stories and great writing. Otherwise it could become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

—Maira Allen, Editor
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Dandy Dogs.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



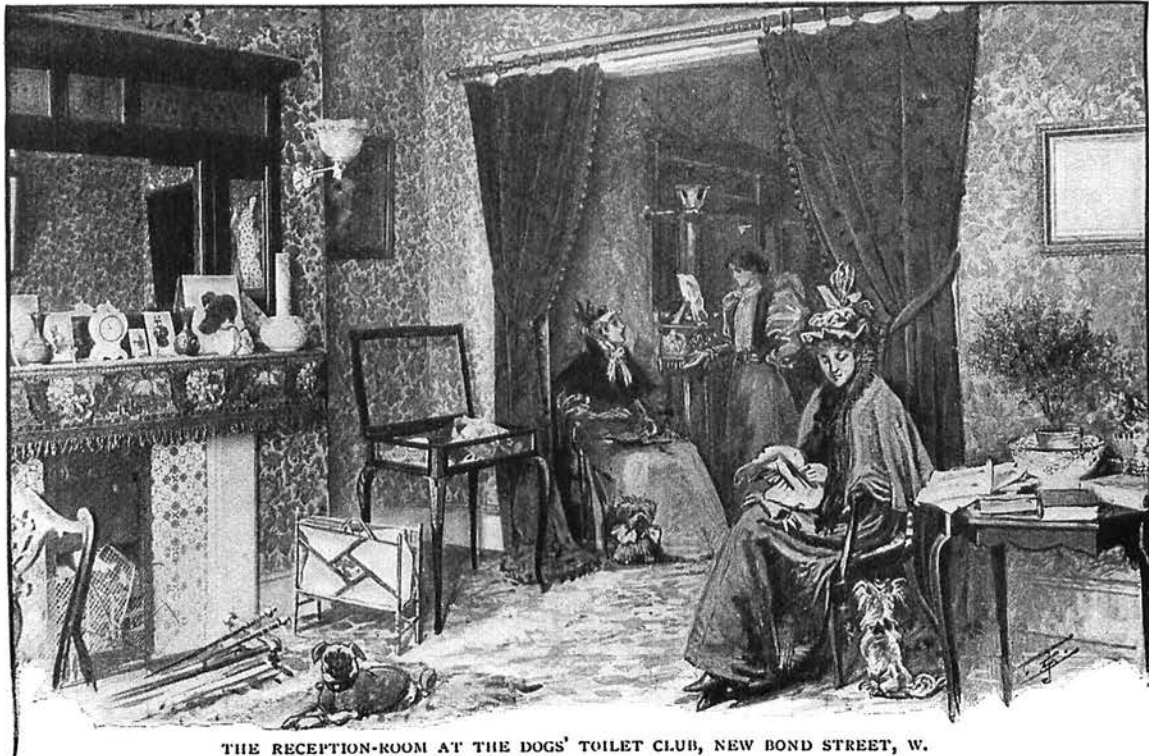
WHEN you hear a man say he has "led the life of a dog," it is pretty safe to assume he has not been dandled in the lap of luxury for some time anterior to his plaint. But surely, after the publication of this article, the popular significance of the metaphor will lose its force—if, indeed, the meaning be not completely reversed, so that inclusion in Dandy Dog-dom will represent the Alpha and Omega of epicurean splendour.

The fact is, mere ordinary folk have not the remotest notion of the extravagant extent to which canine pets are pampered nowadays by their highly-placed mistresses; and so utterly astounding and fantastic are the details, that I propose giving chapter and verse, so to speak, for every statement made.

The first photograph reproduced shows the reception-room of the Dogs' Toilet Club,

may judge from the illustration—is quite a sumptuous apartment; and the ordinary man on entering it may stumble over a costly occasional table, or occasional dog, as the case may be. For many ladies leave their pets here while shopping; others bring the little creatures to be shampooed, brushed, combed, clipped, and attended to by a professional chiropodist. Expensive sweetmeats are provided as a temporary solatium for the absence of the mistresses.

The pictorial art of this handsome apartment is distinctly canine; so, too, are the contents of the glass-topped table seen on the left. This contains an interesting—not to say surprising—collection of requisites for fashionable dogs. There are morning, afternoon, and evening coats; mourning outfits, travelling costumes, and bridal dresses—for woe unto the canine aristocrat that hath not on a wedding garment when occasion



THE RECEPTION-ROOM AT THE DOGS' TOILET CLUB, NEW BOND STREET, W.

in New Bond Street—an institution certainly beyond the wildest dreams of the Battersea pariahs. It was started by an enterprising and cultured lady, who had noticed the righteous wrath of the average domestic on being asked to give a pampered pet its daily bath. Everything about this club is of the daintiest; the very prospectus is in blue and gold, with a delicate bow of green ribbon at one corner. The reception-room—as one

demand. But more of this hereafter. The lady on the right has taken up the very latest sweet thing in dogs' driving coats—the "Lonsdale"—made to measure, in fawn cloth, lined with dark red silk; it has a cape of the same that falls upon the pet's shoulders, and a frill round the neck. This ornate garment is finished off with two gold bells; and the full collar is edged with fur to match that on the dress of the mistress.



MADAME LEDOUBLE'S BUSINESS CARD.

Where did all this originate? In Paris, the city of eccentric, extravagant *modes*. Perhaps I cannot do better than reproduce the business card of Madame Ledouble, whose sumptuous establishment in the Palais Royal (Galerie d'Orléans) may be described as the Eldorado of Dandy Dog-dom. Not only does madame make dogs' coats and fripperies generally, but she also publishes a canine fashion-book, of which an excellent notion may be gathered from the illustrations on this and the next page. These animals are stuffed specimens; all the others portrayed in this article are "from life."

But let us consider for a moment these *chic* canine fashions—which, by the way,



NO. 1.—WEDDING COSTUME.

tent" in the French capital, and I must number the "models" in order that each may be briefly described.

No. 1 is a splendid wedding toilet of white broché silk, trimmed with satin ribbons and orange blossom. No. 2 shows an imposing winter visiting

were photographed in Paris specially for THE STRAND MAGAZINE, thanks to the courtesy of M. Henri Durand, the agent for "Spratt's Pa-



NO. 2.—WINTER VISITING DRESS.

costume with a Medici collar of chinchilla. Other furs can be had,



NO. 3.—THEATRE COSTUME.

such as sable and ermine. A gorgeous theatre dress is No. 3; it is made in rich broché velvet, with a collar trimmed with sable. Next comes the array of dainty *lingerie* (No. 4). The dog on the left, with the "mutton-chop whisker" appearance



NO. 4.—LINGERIE: HANDKERCHIEFS AND BOOTS.

(reminding one of the club waiter), is clothed in a dressing gown of thick silk, which protects him from the matutinal draughts; and his fellow-dandy is seen in a spotless *chemise de nuit*, which leaves uncovered the paws and tail. In the same group are seen



NO. 5.—MOURNING TOILET.

a few other assorted night-shirts in silk, gauze, and flannel, together with dogs' handkerchiefs suitable for various occasions, and india-rubber boots, laced and buttoned.

An appropriately lugubrious mourning toilet is depicted in No. 5. This is made in black cloth, velvet, or *mousseline de soie*, with a nice full collar. Of course, the handkerchief is *en suite*. No. 6 shows a lovely yachting "gown" of navy blue cloth, with an anchor embroidered in white, red, or blue silk, matching the uniform



NO. 6.—YACHTING COSTUME.

of the crew. The name of the yacht always figures on these coats.

No. 7 is a distinctly striking group. The dog behind on the left is wearing a visiting costume of green cloth trimmed with fine astrakhan. Next is seen a white flannel coat with hood, for travelling in Switzerland; then come the two dogs on the right, one of which



NO. 7.—VISITING AND TRAVELLING DRESSES, ETC.

is clad in a spring coat of light cloth, and the other in a bright red and white garment, from whose pocket peeps a silken *mouchoir*.

No. 8 is a substantial travelling costume in Scotch tweed, with a pull-over collar, and pocket for railway-ticket, which latter is also shown.

Of course there are also bathing-dresses for Brighton, Dieppe, and Trouville. And it is



NO. 8.—TWEED TRAVELLING COAT, WITH POCKET FOR RAILWAY TICKET.

not necessary for Madame Ledouble to measure the dog herself. You just write for patterns and fashion plates, and on choosing the outfit you receive careful instructions as to the measurement of your own pet, which instructions are carried out with surprising alacrity and splendour.

But I am running along too quickly. Let us get back to the Bond Street Toilet Club. In the photograph here shown we see a nice mild man shampooing a toy dog by means of a warm water-spray; and for this he receives his two guineas a week. The big bath seen in the background, on the right, is for more unwieldy animals, who are unfortunately apt to give a bit of trouble. It is idle to say the dogs like this kind of thing; they do not, although yolks of eggs are used instead of soap, which irritates the skin of these pampered little creatures.



SHAMPOOING AT THE DOGS' TOILET CLUB.

Occasionally an aristocratic mistress is dreadfully afraid her doggie will catch cold, leading to lung troubles and other dreadful things. Sometimes, too, the pet's owner will express a wish to "see it done"—much to the disgust of the operator, be he clipper or shampooer. For the lady will often throw herself on the dirty floor near the bath (unmindful of her own eighty-guinea dress) and keep up a running fire of oral consolation. "Now, it won't last long, Birdie." "Ah! 'oo's all dripping-wet, little darling; but 'oo'll soon be d'y." "Don't pull Birdie so, naughty man." If only the "naughty man" dared speak his mind!

Dentistry, of course, forms an important item in canine toilet clubs, both in London and Paris. Many a pet dog is to be seen in the Bois whose teeth are as false as its complexion—or rather colour; for fashionable dogs in the gay capital are frequently dyed to meet the exigencies of a passing *mode*.

During one of my visits to the interesting Bond Street institution, a Skye terrier was brought in to have two teeth extracted; the fee was half a guinea. And there is a special assistant retained for cleaning dogs' teeth—obviously as perilous a pastime as big game shooting; it is done with an ordinary tooth-brush and some table salt. I should mention, though, that some toy dogs *will* have a perfumed dentifrice used; they do not like salt.

We now come to an exceedingly interesting part of the toilet club—the clipping of pet poodles. In the photograph is seen the

premier dog-clipper, Mr. W. R. Brown, of Regent Street, whose dexterity and skill are such that he is justly entitled to lay claim (as he does) to the designation of "artist."

It is not high art, but it is wonderful in its way; notice the design cut in the poodle's hair. Poor peaceful "Mouton" can never know the true inwardness of the desperate struggle going on above him. It depicts the Corbett-Mitchell prize-fight that took place in New Orleans; and the English champion has apparently just received the knock-out

blow. In the ordinary course of Nature, both pugilists gradually vanish—I mean the dog's hair grows; and at the end of every month (when Mouton is clipped) they either make their appearance in a fresh round, or they give place to another pattern—something pastoral, perhaps, with trees and things in it.

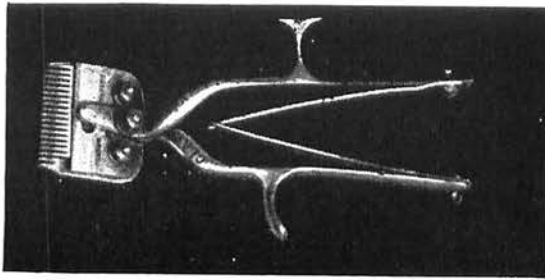
Brown is a smart man—quite a character in his way. On the morning of a certain Derby Day he cut in the hair of his own poodle an inelegant race-horse, with a suggestion of the course and crowd, leaving underneath a fine patch of woolly hair in

which the winner's name might be clipped in a few minutes. This last detail Brown procured direct from the course by special telegram; the name was instantly filled in—or cut out; and then the clever clipper, dog and all, went round the town in search of the lucky owner of the winning horse, the result being that the "pictorial" poodle—in a truly interesting condition—changed hands for £100.

The clipper, Brown, assures me he



MR. BROWN AT WORK.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Regent Street, W.



DOG-CLIPPERS.

frequently has great difficulty in persuading people that these designs are actually worked in the dog's hair, or coat. Now, I have seen him at work with his battery of machine-clippers (see illustration), razors, and scissors of every shape and size. I say "shape" advisedly, because some of this "artist's" scissors are curved in queer ways, so as to get into small corners when reproducing fine lace on the poodle's back. The man will cut anything on your dog—even elaborate crests.

Let me show you "Zulu," a fine poodle belonging to Mrs. Beer, of Chesterfield Gardens—to whose courtesy I am indebted for the photograph. "Zulu" bears the crest of his master and mistress—a pelican feeding its nest of young ones with blood from its own breast. The motto is *Rien sans Peine*—probably a hint to the poodle to remain passive in the clipper's hands. By the way, the difficulty experienced in clipping a dog greatly depends on the animal's disposition.

Mr. Brown and his wife have done five in a single day, but three is about the average. Like ourselves, the pet poodle is cursed with a sensitive cuticle, and its least movement has to be watched during the clipping lest it should be cut—a misfortune which would also damage the operator's artistic reputation.

Some of the more intricate lace patterns take two sittings to complete, and after the design is once traced, the dog has to be clipped and shaved about once a month. The charge for working out a difficult pattern or "set scene" is £2 2s.; the clipping of an involved monogram or coronet costs from 25s. to 30s.; and a sovereign is asked for "plain treatment." Brown has one canine client on his books whose owners, being Irish and rabid Home Rulers, will have nothing depicted on his back but a big shamrock; yet another poodle bears testimony to his master's patriotism by carrying about a quaint-looking thistle, the prickly part being cunningly fashioned from the animal's own stubbly bristles.

Here is a third example of Mr. Brown's peculiar art; this poodle is marked with a lion rampant—presumably representing its owner's crest. As a rule, an article from a toilet case—hair-brush or scent-bottle stopper—is sent to the clipper, and from this he copies the monogram. Mr. Brown likewise trains dogs of all breeds to perform, it being quite fashionable for these little canine swells to possess such accomplishments as

skirt dancing, tight-rope walking, and piano playing. I need scarcely tell you that the slightest attempt at these feats suffices. And it is curious to note that the value of pet dogs is in an inverse ratio to their size. Mr. Brown recently sold a black-and-tan terrier, weigh-



THE POODLE "ZULU"—WITH CREST.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Regent Street, W.



From a Photo. by]

POODLE—WITH LION RAMPANT.

[Robinson, Regent Street, W.

ing exactly 200z., for £40; so let no one say that the lap-dog's outfit is more costly than the lap-dog himself.

In the next photograph is seen an expert lady tailoress at work upon some stylish dog-coats. She is putting the finishing touches to the "Warwick." This is a promenade costume in fine brown cloth, shot with pink, lined with rose-coloured silk, fastened with a 15-carat gold clasp, and further ornamented with a double ruching at the neck like a lady's cape. The coat on the machine is in dull red velvet, lined with white moiré. Observe the large scent-bottles near the seamstress; for these dainty garments *must* be perfumed, otherwise the captious canines might (and do) evince a sudden dislike to the expensive garment selected.

But the aristocratic dog's wardrobe also contains outfits for special occasions. I have seen a yellow satin coat trimmed with Honiton, and priced at ten guineas. An old favourite, seventeen years of age, was shown to me, and on being requested to examine his coat (of fine cloth lined with costly sable) I found a small electro-magnetic appliance sewn between the cloth and the fur lining. This dog was a bit of a hypochondriac—always fancying he was ill; he did, however, occasionally suffer from pneumonia and backache.

It is absurd to suppose that all kinds of dogs wear these garments; for example, no one would think of putting a coat on a Chow-Chow. On the other hand, dachshunds are sometimes provided with warm coats, and *sealskin waistcoats also*, mainly because they are apt to run through pretty long grass, and in this way, being short-legged, get their precious little stomachs wet, thus inducing various parlous canine ills. Wedding garments are always

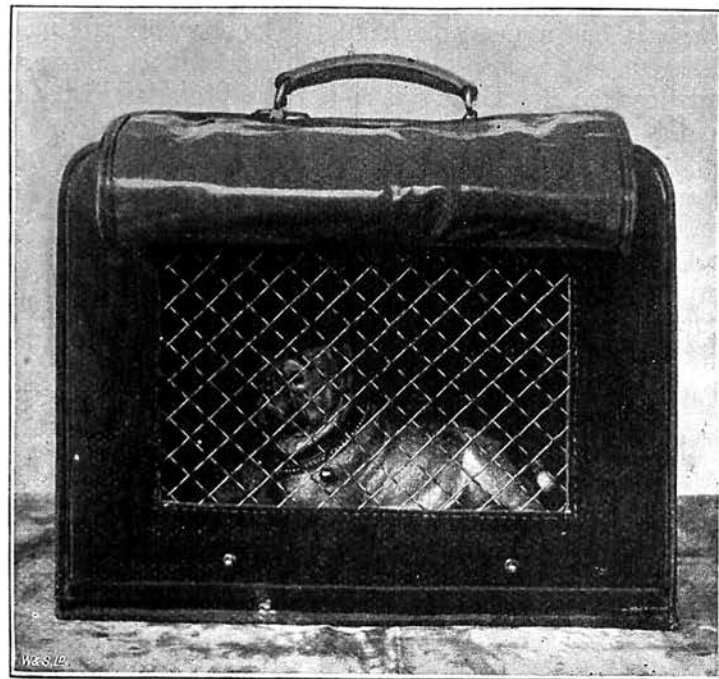
attractive; and of course, on such festive occasions, her ladyship's pet is very much *en suite*. The little animal's interest in the function may be infinitesimal—he may even regard the whole business with fierce loathing; still, he is dressed. The Maison Ledouble turns out wedding coats in white, yellow, and crimson satins trimmed with orange blossom at the neck, and with white satin leaders; these coats cost about £5 each.

Should the newly-made bride wish to take her darling with her on the honeymoon trip, the dog-maid (no sinecure, this) swiftly changes Fido's garments, replacing the gorgeous wedding outfit with a neat

travelling suit of box-cloth, complete with hood and pockets for handkerchief, railway ticket, and biscuit—the latter by way of refreshment *en route*. If you think the toy dog is hustled into the guard's van, you are grievously mistaken. He is carefully placed in a travelling kennel, such as is seen in the photograph. This is really a beautiful hand-bag of cow-hide



DOG'S TAILORESS AT WORK.



A TRAVELLING DOG KENNEL.

or crocodile, silver-mounted, and costing from four to ten guineas. It is well ventilated, and supplied with lambs' wool mats. The wire grating is heavily gilt, or plated; and there is a leather flap which may be let down at the dog's bed-time, or when the sun is too powerful for his eyes. Now, consider for a moment the group of costly canine trifles seen in the accompanying illustration.

£60, some being of 18-carat gold fastened with a diamond brooch. Dogs with small heads and fat necks wear "harness." This is an elaborate arrangement of straps with gold and silver mounts, whereby the pet is led from a ring on its back. Messrs. Barrett recently carried out an order for a certain noble lady, who wanted a gold-mounted tandem and four-in-hand harness—technically perfect—so that she might "drive her (canine) team afield" down Bond Street and in the park.

The mistress does *not* carry her pet's handkerchief; this would be an unpardonable breach of canine etiquette. The perfumed cambric or silken square is coquettishly stuck in Fido's own coat-pocket, so that it may be available for use on wet days, when those low omnibuses, carts, and cabs splash so horribly.

The little Maltese here shown is called "Dandy"—appropriately enough; and he is dressed quietly and neatly, but in the best of taste—as these things go. His coat—colour photography is still a thing of the future—is of crimson velvet lined with white silk; and he has a nice curb-chain bracelet,



SOME PARIS NOVELTIES FOR DANDY DOGS.

I will describe each briefly, commencing with the top left-hand corner: (1) dress collar of pure white ivory, in imitation of that affected by the human genus dude, it has a neat, black tie; (2) collar of different shape, with tie, gold bell, and white silk leader; (3) dainty lace-bordered dog's handkerchief of soft white silk; (4) three gold collars; (5) packet of 24 tiny hairpins, specially made for the toilet of lady poodles; (6) neat gold bracelet or bangle; (7) gold collar; (8) ditto; (9) collar of golden rings, price £15; (10) dress bracelet for lady poodle, consisting of purple satin bow with diamond buckle, valued at £45; lastly, we have a fine cambric handkerchief, and a silver collar.

These were photographed by our own artist at Barrett's, in Piccadilly—a gorgeous establishment, whose proprietors make a special feature of catering for dandy dogs. It takes a lot to surprise Mr. Henry Barrett—to whom I am indebted for several photographs.

Dogs' coats range in price from one to three guineas; collars from a sovereign to



A MALTESE DANDY.

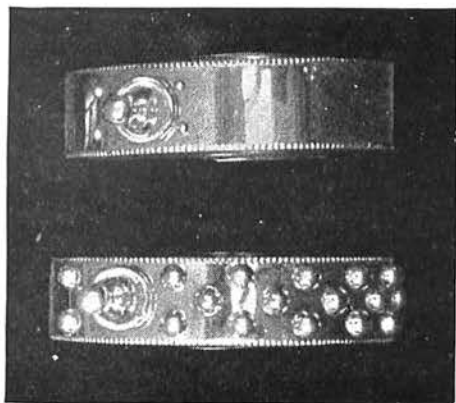
worth five guineas, on his left paw. In winter Dandy wears a fur coat; and I may say that these garments are usually lined with seal and sable, their cost ranging up to ten or fifteen guineas.

Dogs' bracelets or bangles cost, in gold, from two to ten guineas each; and in silver from 15s. to 30s. In Paris, these ornaments are frequently seen studded with precious stones, rendering the pet a most desirable piece of portable property. And the gems used vary according to the breed of dog.

Why, the very combs and brushes used on canine toilet-tables are as costly as choice of materials can make them. The hair-brushes are specially designed so that the hairs stand at a certain angle, thus facilitating the treatment of tangled (natural) coats. Three or four large brushes are first used; then come the finer kinds, and lastly the combs, which are made in steel, silver, buffalo-horn, and tortoise-shell. The brushes cost from 5s. to 10s. 6d. each (dog's name in gold or silver extra, of course); and the cheaper kind of combs are sold at Barrett's for 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.

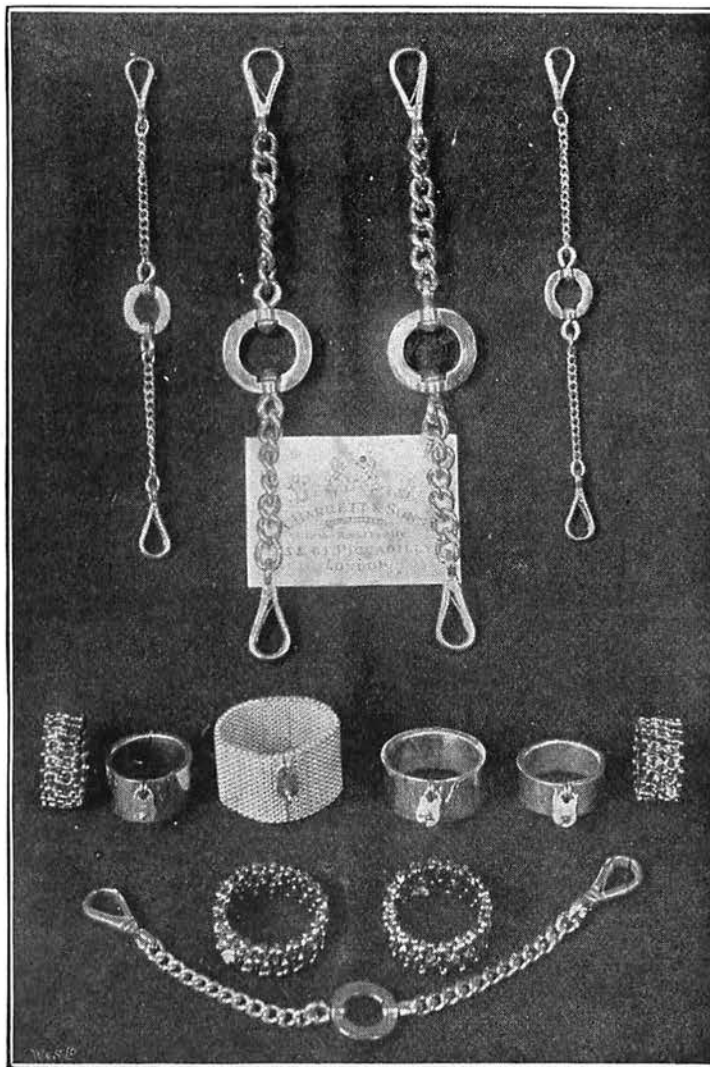
Fastidious folk sometimes design collars in silver or gold for their own dogs; and big dogs often have solid silver collars made for them; notice two of these in the next picture.

The fact is, money is literally no object where aristocratic pet dogs are concerned.



SILVER COLLARS FOR BIG DOGS.

Mr. Barrett tells me he has often made *muzzles* in gold and silver—as though such would be more tolerable than the “regulation pattern”; also leaders consisting of long chains of fine gold, and golden couples for promenading



GOLD AND SILVER COUPLES AND BRACELETS.

with pairs of dogs. A number of gold and silver couples and pretty bracelets are shown in the above illustration; it will be seen that the last-named ornaments lock on the dogs' paws, thus obviating to certain extent the annoyance of periodical loss of valuable jewellery. By the way, anyone who has seen a lady trying to lead two playful pet dogs in the West-end will at once appreciate the use of the couples.

There are fashions in ladies' dogs just as there are in dresses and millinery. The King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, once so popular, have quite lost caste in the “hupper suckles.” On the other hand, a Yorkshire terrier, weighing only 2¼lb., was recently sold for eighty guineas, and was considered cheap at that.

I asked how the changes in fashionable dogs came about, and was told that in this, as in other matters, Royalty leads the way. Suppose the Princess of Wales's favourite dog, for the time being, is a Chow-Chow, and in due time that exalted animal dies. Then

Her Royal Highness will probably visit some big dog show and choose a new pet—perhaps a Japanese pug (a well-bred specimen will now fetch from fifty to 100 guineas); a small white Pomeranian (Princess Beatrice's favourite); a Spitz, or a small French bull-terrier. In any case, the Princess's choice decides the fashion in pet dogs; though, of course, other considerations also operate to work the change. Yorkshire terriers are very popular just now. The funny little dog seen in this photograph is a Yorkshire; and apart



"A MORNING CALL."



A "YORKSHIRE."

studied to a truly amazing degree. What could possibly be more comical than the fully-equipped canine dandy here shown? This black-and-tan terrier is dressed for a morning call with his mistress, who will *leave her pet's card* as well as her own, this extraordinary custom being considered necessary if there happens to be a toy dog at the house about to be visited. Look at the little animal's quaint tie and collar; and his card-case, sticking out of the front of his coat. The fair Parisienne, on hearing of ordinary sober English customs, is contemptuously amused, and probably exclaims: "*Mais! c'est drôle!*" But the leaving of her dog's card on a fellow-pet during the morning drive—this she considers in no wise funny.

from his gorgeous velvet coat, bracelets, and brooch he is worth eighty guineas.

In the accompanying photograph is depicted a dog-basket or drawing-room lounge. It is lined with seal-skin and trimmed with bright red satin to match the decorations of the apartment. These baskets are also made by Barrett's, lined with satin, plush, and brocade. Baskets are now being ordered which can be attached to cycles, so that the mistress can take her own daily exercise and give her beloved pet an airing at one and the same time.

The well-being of these toy dogs is



DRAWING-ROOM BASKET

And yet this fashion is now fairly with us; and, absurd as it is, there are still more outrageous canine *modes* to follow. Here you have a good view of wet weather dogs' boots: pretty little rubber goshes, with black studs or buttons. Our artist photo-

graphed the set at Messrs. Atloff and Norman's, in Bond Street. The boot for big occasions, however, is that shown in the next illustration; you may see the original for yourself at Barrett's, in Piccadilly.

This boot is of soft brown Russia, with a nice silk lace to match; the set of four is made to measure for two guineas. The rubber goshes are sometimes worn by rheumatic dogs; others wear

them because, while in London, they suffer from a foot complaint caused by the metallic grit on the roads.

Now, as to diet; but in regard to this part of the article I must acknowledge my indebtedness to the well-known canine "vet.," Mr. C. Rotherham, of South Molton Street. Here is an astounding fact vouched for by my informant. There is in the West-end of London a poodle for whose consumption a prime leg of mutton is cooked regularly every day, and the dog demolishes the joint. A little less startling is the case of the greyhound, who has the first and choicest cuts off the joint below stairs!

But it is when their pets are sick that ladies of high degree cast common-sense completely overboard. The fashionable canine surgeons are not easily astonished—as you may imagine. At the same time, ladies give them infinite trouble by their innumerable questions, not to mention the demonstrative agony they suffer over the ailments of their darlings. The Earl and Countess of — burst into the very dingy surgery of an eminent "vet." one day and asked after the health of a sick pug, who lay there in a basket; the little brute was a monument of ugliness. "He is dying, my lord; dying, my lady," replied the "vet." (a most correct man), with a sympathetic catch in his voice.

Lady — at once became hysterical; she threw herself prostrate on the dusty floor in her superb dress and sobbed aloud, commanding the dignified surgeon to kneel down

and pray for the departing pug. The noble earl, too, was deeply moved, but he controlled his emotion, merely glaring at the bottles on the shelves and sniffing audibly.

It is amusing to learn that Mr. Rotherham

occasionally receives letters direct from his patients; that is to say, requests for his services which purport to come from the dogs themselves. The following is a very droll example:—

—, Belgrave Square, W.,

22nd January, 1896.

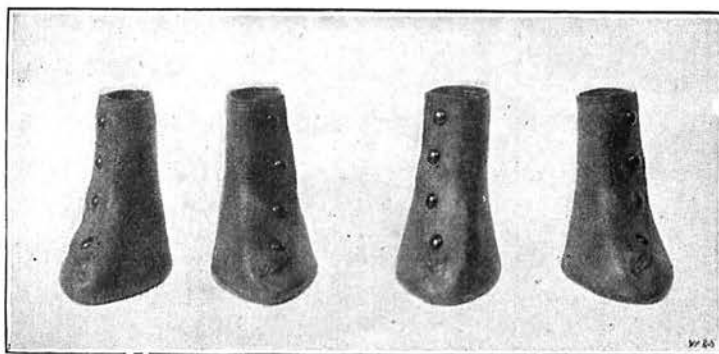
DEAR DR. ROTHERHAM,—As they say in America, I feel "real sick" this morning; so mother tells me to write and ask you to call here as early as possible after receiving this. I am not at all nervous as to my not feeling well; but as poor mother is mourning the loss of my uncle "Puck," she naturally feels anxious about me. I will tell you how I feel, so that you may in some measure be guided in your treatment of my indisposition. You must promise not to tell mother, but she gave a dinner last evening, and I *did* enjoy myself. I had *such* a lot of nice things! Do you think it is possible for them to have made me feel as I do? I was in great pain during the night, so that poor mother and myself did not have a wink of sleep. At eight o'clock this morning I was dreadfully sick, and my poor head is terribly hot, and difficult to hold up. My eyes will not keep open; and my lovely tail, which you have admired so often, is a disgrace to me; it hangs straight down, and will not curl a wee bit. I am quite ashamed of it. Do come soon, and be the good doctor you have always been.

Your grateful patient,

NIGGY.

When sick dogs "lie up" at home, they are constantly fed with the breasts of pheasants, served on silver. Old "Noble," the Queen's collie, was once found suffering from indigestion, brought on by a too plentiful supply of the above-named delicacy. Canine invalids in hospital are usually visited at least once a day by their mistresses, who will probably produce from the carriage whole roast partridges, hares' tongues, or sweetbreads; and Mr. Rotherham knows of one little pampered brute whose jaded palate would reject everything save ptarmigan.

But could anything be more ludicrous than this coated, booted, and generally weather-



A SET OF INDIA-RUBBER DOG-BOOTS.



LACED DOG BOOT.

protected pug? The umbrella was actually made by Messrs. Barrett in such a way that it could not be dislodged, no matter how obnoxious it became to the wearer. It opened the moment it was pressed down on to the pug's back; and it cost five guineas.

But to return to the sick pets. Some dotting mistresses send their suffering dogs to the "vet.'s" house to be boarded there under the surgeon's constant care. Now

and then the latter is obliged to intercept the extravagant dainties brought for his patient, and substitute plain, wholesome food.

Here is a funny story in this connection. One of the leading canine specialists was sent for by a titled lady to see her poodle, who was in a bad way. The moment the animal came into the drawing-room, the dog-doctor knew it was a case of over-feeding; so "Jacko" was sent with tremendous pomp to the surgeon's house to be treated. His anxious mistress did not neglect him, though. Twice a day, a splendid carriage drove up, and a footman brought round to the surgeon's man a massive silver dish, whereon reposed some succulent bird. "How is Jacko to-day?" the footman would ask, according to instructions. "Well, a little better, James; but still poorly," the other would reply. The surgeon's man would then take the tempting meal round to the stables, eat it with immense relish, and then clean and polish the silver ready for the exchange dish, which he knew would be brought along in a few hours. For many days this went on, till at last the surgeon remarked to his man: "I shall have to be sending Jacko home soon." "Don't do it yet, sir," was the earnest and unexpected reply; "I never lived so well in my life."

Another really clever canine "vet." with a lucrative practice told me he had a simple way of treating ladies' pampered pets. On receiving an over-fed toy dog, he would put



"BEASTLY WEATHER."

him into a disused brick oven with a crust of bread, an onion, and an old boot. When the dog gnawed the bread, the surgeon wrote to the mistress that the dear little thing was "doing nicely." When it commenced operations on the onion, word was sent that the pet was "decidedly better"; but when the animal tackled the boot, the lady was respectfully informed that her darling was "ready to be removed" — a rational, if drastic,

cure. Beyond question, the finest canine hospital in Europe is Spratt's Sanatorium at Beddington, which is under the supervision of Mr. Alfred Sewell, the famous canine surgeon. This institution has numbered among its in-patients the *crème de la crème* of Dandy Dog-dom; and the perfection of the scientific arrangements must be seen to be believed.

It is not unusual for dogs to be ordered to Brighton, Bournemouth, and other resorts on the south coast, for a change of air—especially if the complaint is a troublesome cough. Many a canine invalid, too, has been specially taken all the way to the Riviera—Nice, Mentone, Hyères, Biarritz, Monte Carlo—solely for the benefit of its health. And, of course, it would be wrapped in swansdown *en route*, and not left out of sight, lest those horrid railway porters should treat the precious darling harshly. Mr. Alfred Sewell, the eminent canine specialist, living in the vicinity of Eaton Square, was once telegraphed for from Oxford, a pet dog having broken its leg through a fall downstairs. It was, however, so late at night that Mr. Sewell wired back, "Last train gone." The next message from the dog's mistress read, "Take special." He did, and it cost £20.

In large and fashionable houses the dogs (two or three is the usual number kept) have a special servant to minister unto their countless wants; and the position of dog-

maid, as I have hinted elsewhere, is one of grave responsibility. Her charges must be laid to rest in their sumptuous little beds at a certain hour; they must be up early for their bath, and then taken out for a walk or a drive. Or perhaps a manservant is retained at £60 a year to perform these offices. In that case a specially fitted bath would be installed in the house, together with a complete outfit of expensive toilet articles. Thus the actual cost of the canine *ménage*—having in mind the extensive wardrobe necessary, not to speak of the jewellery—can safely be computed at hundreds of pounds a year.

And yet, with all this, dandy dogs die like their humbler brethren—probably much sooner. Then comes the funeral, with its flowers, carriages, and marble monuments. I am not jesting. An illustrated article has already appeared in *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* on the Dogs' Cemetery, situated, appropriately, in Hyde Park. Mr. Rotherham, the canine specialist, has an extensive burying-ground of the same kind on his property at Neasden.

Mr. Kenyon, the gentle, sympathetic undertaker of Edgware Road, tells me he was sent for in hot haste one Saturday afternoon. He was out at the time, but he called on the Sunday—thinking, of course, that he was required to take an order for the burial of an ordinary Christian. It was not so. The deceased was a pet dog that had met with a tragic death in the street beneath a coal cart. The lady tearfully explained that she wanted the body embalmed, and then placed in a glass coffin, so that she could have poor dear "Friskie" with her all days—even to the consummation of her own; the two would then be interred together. Mr. Kenyon thought

this might be magnificent, but it was not business; so he declined the commission.

Mr. Rotherham knows of dozens of cases in which toy dogs have had costly funerals. Pets that die in town are usually buried at the country seat of the family. In this surgeon's canine cemetery lies one dog that was brought from France. But here is a poetic funeral card that speaks for itself; note that it contains hopeful hints of a canine hereafter—"another place," as they say in Parliament.

But listen to Mr. Rotherham's record case. "A year or two ago I was called to the Grosvenor Hotel to see a dog. When I entered the room I saw a young man stretched on the hearth-rug. I thought

I had been called to see *him*; but I found I was mistaken. The dog was dead, the circumstances being these: The gentleman had occasion to go out, so he shut his dog in the sitting-room. The dog protested strongly in his absence—mainly by disfiguring the door, and driving several other visitors nearly crazy with continuous howls. When the master returned, the hotel people complained, whereupon the young gentleman proceeded to chastise his demonstrative pet—which chastisement took the form of a running kick that ended the dog's days.

"The remorseful man's reparation resolved itself into a gorgeous funeral. There was a purple velvet pall, two broughams (one for the coffin and one for the mourners), and three guineas' worth of flowers—chiefly lilies of the valley. A leaden shell was made and inclosed in a polished mahogany coffin, with silver fittings and name-plate. A touch of romance was given to this unique function

IN MEMORY OF DON CARLO,
 Born in Guernsey, September, 1875,
 Died in London, 19th May, 1888.

My trusty friend in lonely years
 Thy little life is o'er,
 And thou art laid in mother earth
 Amid the City's roar
 I watched thee weak and weaker grow,
 And dim and glazed thine eye,
 And though thou only wert a dog,
 I wept to see thee die.

While tending thee with loving hand
 Thy latest glance was mine,
 I have found love in human hearts,
 But not such love as thine.
 And oft at evenings social hour
 I sit in solitude,
 And think on all thy blameless life,
 So gentle and so good.

Another Dog they brought to me,
 Of birth and lineage true,
 But in my grief I failed to trace
 The virtues found in you.
 Companion of my merry noods
 And soother of my woes,
 The only grief thy life did cause
 Was when that life did close.

And mankind's cold and selfish creed
 Denies when life shall end,
 A compensating future state
 For you my faithful friend
 But when I reach the other shore,
 And walk the golden street,
 May I 'mongst loved and lost ones find
 You sitting at their feet.

E. MacKay.

A CANINE OBITUARY.

when, just as the leaden shell was about to be sealed up, the impetuous young fellow was seen to put in with the dog's remains a packet of letters and a gold locket containing hair. I imagine the dog must have belonged to the chief mourner's deceased lady-love."

This funeral, Mr. Rotherham assures me, cost £30 or £40; and the funniest thing about it was that the surgeon himself was requested to "follow." He consented to do this, and was forthwith provided with a white silk sash and a satin rosette. Another very interesting dog's funeral was one carried out by a London undertaker, although the remains were to be interred in the tomb of the sorrowing master's ancestors in Sicily. The dog's body was, of course, embalmed; and the headstone was sent with it.

A typical dog's funeral-card is reproduced here. "Monkey" was a quaint little Yorkshire; and his mistress — an enormously rich woman, and a great believer in Sir Henry Thompson — had his remains cremated. "Monkey's" cinerary urn, shown in the accompanying photograph, probably represents the very highest pinnacle of (deceased) Dandy Dog-dom. It cost *six hundred*



DOG'S FUNERAL CARD.

guineas, being in the form of a solid tortoise-shell sedan chair, enamelled all over the front and sides in the most costly manner, and inlaid with brilliants, rubies, emeralds, and pearls; the extremities of the handles are simply incrustated with jewels.

Inside is a gold-mounted crystal jar, with a monogram in diamonds; this contains the ashes. It is surmounted by a skull. The name of the departed pet is perpetuated by the monkey seen on top of the casket; and in his paw he holds a fine pearl. This casket was made by Messrs. A. Barrett and Sons, of 63 and 64, Piccadilly; of course, it was an exceptional order, but Mr. H. Barrett tells me that the firm ordinarily make cinerary urns, ranging in price from £10 to £250, for holding the ashes of cremated pet dogs.

In conclusion it may be said that pet dogs are treated by their mistresses almost precisely as though they were human members of the family; the only discrepancy in the analogy being that it is horribly bad form for a lady to drive in the park with her baby by her side, while the presence of a pompous pug or a toy terrier is irreproachably correct.



"MONKEY'S" CINERARY URN, WHICH COST 600 GUINEAS.



The Leisure Hour, 1860

SPRING,

"HOW JOUCND DID THEY DRIVE THEIR TEAM A-FIELD!"—Troy's "Elegy."

GARDEN AND FIELD IN MARCH.



MARCH is the busiest month of the year in gardens. The rose-grower must seize the first fine week to prune his standards. Thin out the centre of each bush as much as possible, and cut back to two or three eyes on each spray. The fewer the buds left, the better will be

the roses ; but many buds mean many though slightly inferior flowers. It is well to cut off a good deal from the head of each bush before winter, to prevent high winds damaging the standards. During winter, too, some manure should have been dug in round them; and directly the buds appear, give manure-water as strong and as often as you can. This is after all the great secret of winning cups, always supposing your roses grow in strong clay, which is a necessary preliminary for success. Taste has of late years set in strongly towards roses. When the season for planting arrives, we hope to give a list of a few which are strong, beautiful, varied, and always satisfactory. Annuals may be sown towards the end of March ; stocks and asters especially must be put in now, if the garden is to be gay in autumn. Carnations may now be planted out. In the kitchen-garden the only difficulty is to find time wherein to do all that must be done. Force rhubarb by laying over the crowns of the roots old boxes, flower-pots, &c. When the ground is dry, main crops of all kinds must be sown—cabbages, carrots, onions, lettuces, peas, and beans. Early potatoes should be put in at once, if before neglected ; and we have found that the earlier the main crop of potatoes be planted, the less likely is it to suffer from disease, being ripe before the heavy rains of early autumn set in. In the orchard, worthless apple-trees should be sawn off, and superior kinds grafted on the stocks. None are better than the Blenheim orange, winter pearmain, and Cox's orange pippin. The much-vaunted Ribston pippin seems gradually deteriorating ; some go the length of affirming that it is dying out. The above three apples will disappoint no one.

On the outskirts of woods, as the sparrow-hawk dashes out into the sunshine, it is impossible to avoid remembering that in Egyptian mythology the hawk symbolised the sun. In the centre of the temple at Heliopolis, the sacred hawk was kept in his gilded cage, while the hawk-headed god was emblazoned everywhere on the walls. How changed has been the hawk's fortune since that far-off time ! He disappears from men's thoughts till our word "havoc" shows what just ideas the Saxon conquerors of England entertained respecting the bloodthirsty fierceness of the hawk. Through several centuries of English history he is the favourite of kings and nobles, perches on the wrist of beauty, and creates a whole science, with terms which colour Shakespeare and the succeeding stream of national poetry, and which may be read at large in a whole library of black-lettered volumes. Once more Fortune

turns her wheel. Gunpowder is invented, and now the hawks, whether long or short-winged, falcon or tiercel, peregrine or buzzard, are ruthlessly shot down as vermin, and ignominiously nailed up on the keeper's gibbet with crows and weasels. When Becqua, a large native town, was destroyed by the English invading force during the Ashantee war in February, 1874, the hawks—which in Africa frequent the towns, and are almost as numerous as vultures—darted and swooped round the burning houses, all but touching the flames with their wings. They knew by some instinct that fire would drive out the rats, just as in South Africa they follow the course of a fire on the plains, and feed off the lizards, &c., driven out of their retreats by the flames.

The country is strongly characterised in March. During the first fortnight sunshine is cold and fitful, the rivers are dark and swollen, with here and there a celandine in flower. Willow-trees are noticeable for their silvery-grey and yellow catkins, and the trout-fisher knows well that he can find no more deadly cast than just under these trees during this season. The water-ousel flits up and down the streams, rooks stalk proudly (is it not nesting-time?) among the lambs ; the grey wagtail (*M. boarula*), much more like a yellow one to the uninitiated, sits by the edge of the Devon and Cornish streams, being there a winter visitor from Scotland and the north of England ; and furze-bushes glow with their golden blooms against the dark hedges. During the second half of the month, Nature advances to meet Spring with wonderful strides. Wood-pigeons and rooks are very busy. Amongst the fir-woods our four kinds of tit-mice may be seen (the great, the cole, the long-tailed, and the blue) diligently fitting from tree to tree, and twittering as they find the little insects on which they live, in a manner which irresistibly reminds us of sunshine and long days. The "wood-wall's" cry (green woodpecker) is frequently heard in the woods. The Devon rustics will tell a stranger, "Us zays it means rain ; it zims to cry, 'Wut ! wut ! wut ! wut !'" Another of our three resident species of woodpeckers, the lesser spotted woodpecker (*Picus minor*), may also be detected in the West of England, if not by the eye, at least by the ear, for its curious and loud drum-like tapping on a decayed tree is unlike any other sound in the woods. We noticed a pair of them in March, 1873, working their way up a large Spanish chestnut-tree from the base. Their legs are placed very far back, and every now and then these little fellows (they are six inches in length) stopped with their heads upwards or downwards on the bark—neither position made the least difference—rested on their stump of a tail as a pivot, and worked their pick-axe-like bill up and down with great vigour to test the soundness of the tree or expel insects. Their larger congener (*Picus major*), with his sooty plumage, is seldom found save in the lonely northern pine-woods. The cuckoo is occasionally heard at the end of the

month, if it be genial weather. Thus its cry was noticed at Stoke Canon near Exeter on March 28th, 1873.

Flowers are now putting forth their buds in profusion. The ivy-leaved crowfoot, with its white flowers, stars pools, and sends forth the long rootlets by which it so abundantly increases. The celandine matches it in brilliancy on the banks. Though the normal number of this flower's petals is nine, very little observation will show how irregular it is, eight or eleven petals often appearing, and the three sepals being occasionally absent altogether. The purple-red of the dead-nettle contrasts finely with the deeper blue of ground-ivy, the green cups of *Hydrocotyle vulgaris*, and the white blossoms of the stitchwort. Together with primroses, wild strawberry blooms, a white violet or two, and the golden saxifrage, this group of flowers would exactly represent a square yard of any bank taken at random throughout the West of England, at the end of March. Add ferns just uncoiling their circinate fronds, and the opening hedgerows running up high into the fleecy sky, while a thrush sings from the elm high again over the hedges, and a glimpse of spring will be obtained which might fill in the picture the Laureate paints in general terms—

"Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.
Now rings the woodland loud and long ;
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And, drown'd in yonder living blue,
The lark becomes a sightless song."

The tameness of game in the country at this season when shooting has ended, and the cares of love have commenced, is very striking. Partridges, which six weeks ago would have risen from a field if one only looked over the gate, now run merrily on through the meadow-grass before the pedestrian, and scarcely deign to take wing. Hares will gambol close to the passing train, rabbits scorn to dart into their holes, and pheasants care not to rise as an express rushes past them. So powerful is habit, and so speedily is a sense of safety engendered among the lower creatures as soon as persecution ceases. Independently of this, the cares of a family tame many of our wilder birds and beasts at this time. Virgil has a pretty conceit about the world being created in spring, and these confiding approaches of bird and beast at this season may be regarded as their half-unconscious attempts to restore Paradise and its happy peacefulness annually before our eyes. It is a great comfort to those fond of our native birds, to know that the Sea Birds' Protection Act now casts its ægis over the gulls, divers, &c., which breed along the coasts. Perhaps it is not altogether fancy which prompts us to think that these birds, that so greatly beautify rock scenery and charm the sea-side visitors, have also become sensibly tamer since this humane legislation by which they are now protected from the wanton cruelty of man.

The birds of the shore during this month collect in enormous flocks, and disappear for the breeding season, or—as in the case of the dunlin (*Tringa variabilis*)—for some unaccountable reason, which

may however be connected with the supply of food. In 1869 a friend saw at least ten thousand of these little birds thus collected together on the Lincolnshire shore one March day.

The rage for ornamental planting, which has of late years fortunately set in, together with the Wild Birds' Protection Act, provides safety and seclusion for most of these immigrants, at all events in suburban districts. The taste for high farming, however, which prevails in some counties, and which necessitates the clearing away of hedges and trees, has greatly modified the species, and also the numbers, of many birds which formerly resorted thither. The goldfinch is driven away from such localities, as it cannot find the thistle-down on which it loves to feed. Even thrushes and blackbirds cease to frequent them, in consequence of the few suitable situations left for their nests. What the modern style of preserving game effects in exterminating the larger birds of a district is patent to all. The old forests of England have been much thinned in the last century, and this has caused a proportionate diminution among the owls, hawks, &c. But in connection with the wide-spread system of drainage which during the same period has prevailed, it has much lessened the rainfall of the country, and ameliorated the climate, and everything must yield to the interests of man.

Unmistakable sights and sounds of spring during this month greet the wanderer in the fields ; while in the garden, such is the joy at the return of Freyja with warmth and sunshine—

"That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of her feet
In violets blue as her eyes "

Amidst this universal awakening of life, even the most careless must be first struck with the coming back of our summer birds to their usual haunts. The immigration begins this month with the wryneck, the willow-wrens and the sand-martin, to end with the swift, which arrives about the beginning of the second week in May ; or perhaps the fly-catcher, which, as it is dependent on an abundance of flies, is if anything a trifle later in its arrival. Between these lie some seventeen or eighteen of the birds most familiar to us in summer by their cry or song—

"The low love-language of the bird
In native hazels tassel-hung."

The Laureate connects the wheat-ear with the coming of spring—"the sea-blue bird of spring," as he terms it ; but most people refuse to trust the delusive preludes of sunshine until they see the sand-martin joyously twittering round the old grey bridge, just as if it had never left the river for the last five months of cold and snow. English poetry and prose do not dwell upon the coming of these spring friends with the same delightful enthusiasm as do American writers, but the reason is not far to seek. Even in the depths of our winter, country life is cheered by the presence of several well-known soft-billed birds—the red-breast, wren, hedge-sparrow, the wagtails, &c.—so that blank desolation never surrounds our houses.

Card-Sharpers and their Work.

BY HARRY HOW.



THE series of articles which I recently contributed to this Magazine, under the title of "Crimes and Criminals," induced me to spend many interesting and instructive hours at New Scotland Yard. As with the dynamiters and the burglars, the pick-pockets, and sundry other pilferers who are somewhat partial to helping themselves, so it is with that particular class of folk of which I now propose to say something—you never know when you may expect them.

There are degrees of card-sharpers. There is the little trio of enterprising fellows who are to be found in the railway carriages on their way to the racecourse—and they are at times even to be found on the racecourse itself. One of them, at least, is always the most innocent-looking of bucolic countrymen, the typical modernized John Bull, who invariably wins the stakes, and so induces the "outsider" to try his luck also; and I have heard that before now an individual has been clothed in all the habiliments of a clergyman and staked his shilling or two on the picture, and, what is more, has won. What more natural to the passenger? Here is a benevolent-looking parson joining in the game—surely he does not know much about cards?—he wins. Why should not the passenger have a little flutter with the pictures? He does; and is sorry for it.

All this is the common side of card-sharpping, and is popularly known as the three-card trick. It is worked in many ways, one favourite method being to turn up the corner of the picture card, which the victim-to-be endeavours not to lose sight of. Then the clever hands of the manipulator of "the leaves from the devil's prayer-book," with marvellous dexterity, straighten the

turned-up corner of the merry little queen of hearts, and turn up the corner of the two of clubs. Most sensible people would think that this would be sufficient to warn the poor player, who is to be poorer still before he has finished. When the turned-up corner has been played sufficiently, a little bit of mud or dirt is substituted as a blind before the cards are dealt. There is no getting away from it. But there is no mud on the picture card when you make your choice, and you will find that somehow the mud has disappeared from the court card to one of very insignificant value. This is very simply done. One gentleman working the trick will shuffle the cards, show the one with the mud on, and hand the cards to a confederate, who removes the dirt, and puts it on another member of the pack, when they are displayed to entrap the speculative, though innocent, player.

It is satisfactory to chronicle the fact that, in the opinion of detectives, the three-card trick, as we all know it, is disappearing. As one smart detective suggestively puts it, "There are not so many mugs about as there used to be." This will, probably, be consoling to the public!

But there is the artistic side of card-sharpping, and during my recent visits to Scotland Yard, previously referred to, perhaps one of the most interesting of the exhibits there was a complete set of card-sharper's apparatus, which used to be frequently in use by astute Yankees on the American liners.

These most ingenious contrivances are the first of the kind ever seen in this country, and it is believed that a similar set has not reached these shores since. It is well to know that they will not be used again, at least, by the individual who possessed them, for he is now enjoying the hospitality of Her

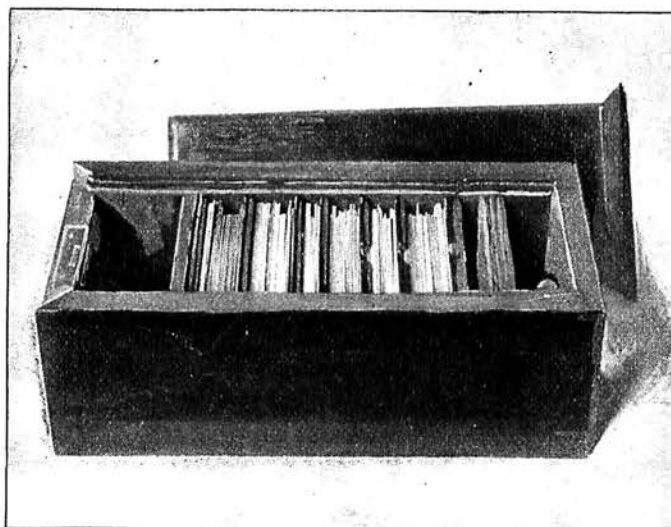


FIG. 1.—THE BOX.

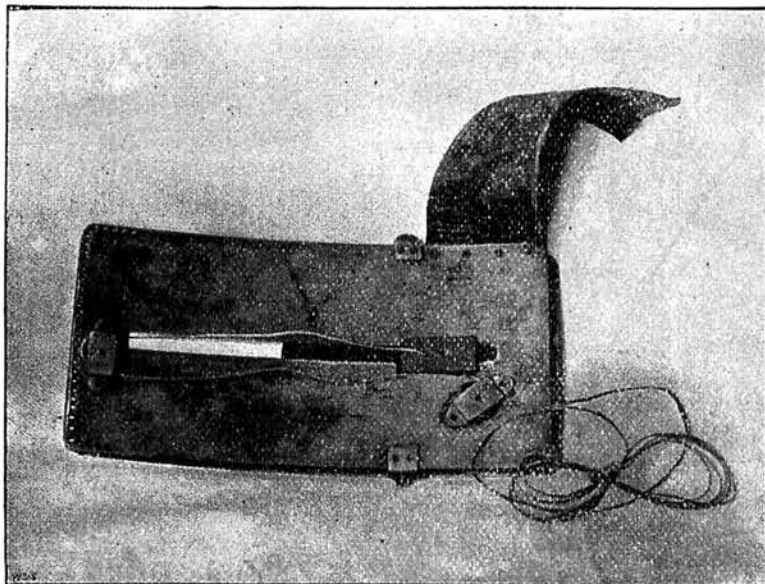


FIG. 2.—FOR THE WAISTCOAT—THE CARD IN.

Majesty, at a residence especially erected for such persons, for the very comfortable period of twenty years.

Before proceeding to diagnose the various items which go to make up this truly fearfully and wonderfully made set of apparatus, it may be said that there evidently exists in America a recognised trade for turning out this particular class of work. We are ready to admit that our friends across the "herring pond" are exceedingly well gifted in the art of originating ideas, and it seems a pity that they should permit such contrivances as are about to be described to be made with impunity in their country. This is a somewhat sweeping assertion, but I have had an opportunity of examining closely and minutely the apparatus, and the discovery was made of the name and address of the firm who made them, with a strong recommendation to all card-players to have them in their possession, and so be like Tommy Dodd—sure to win.

First, examine the packs of cards to be used by this particular card-sharper, and in ex-

amining them kindly remember that you are dealing with a man who is an artist himself at dealing a hand of cards. There are five or six packs of them, and they are contained in a nice-looking mahogany box, and kept intact with a lid (Fig. 1). The packs of cards have partitions between them. There is a small brass knob at the left hand end of the box, with a screw attached, which is connected with the first partition of the first pack of cards. The proud possessor of this box knows that, by turning the knob, he screws the cards together. Now, there is method in his screwing. Every alternate card has been previously rubbed with a little sandpaper; hence

two cards stick together. Now comes the dealing. It is very easy for a smart dealer, such as we are treating with now, to either deal one or two cards. When he is dealing to a man he is desirous of swindling, he gives him one card and deals himself two. This gives him a choice of two cards, as they are very easily separated by the person working the oracle.

A further examination of these cards heightens the mystery considerably. The back of each card has some secret hieroglyphic on it, which tells the card-sharper its exact value. These hieroglyphics lie hidden away in some part of the design on the back of the card, and the secret of the same is possessed alone by the owner of

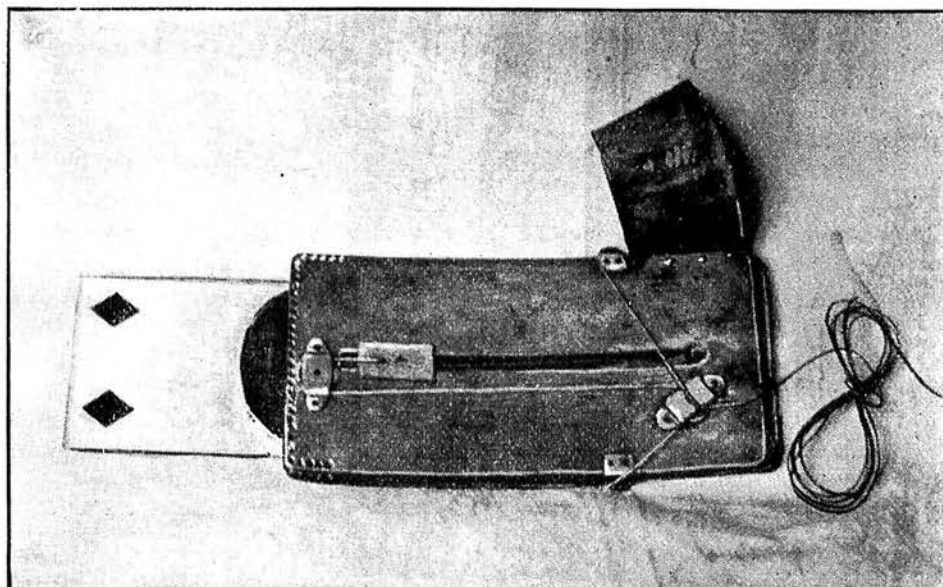


FIG. 3.—FOR THE WAISTCOAT—THE CARD OUT.

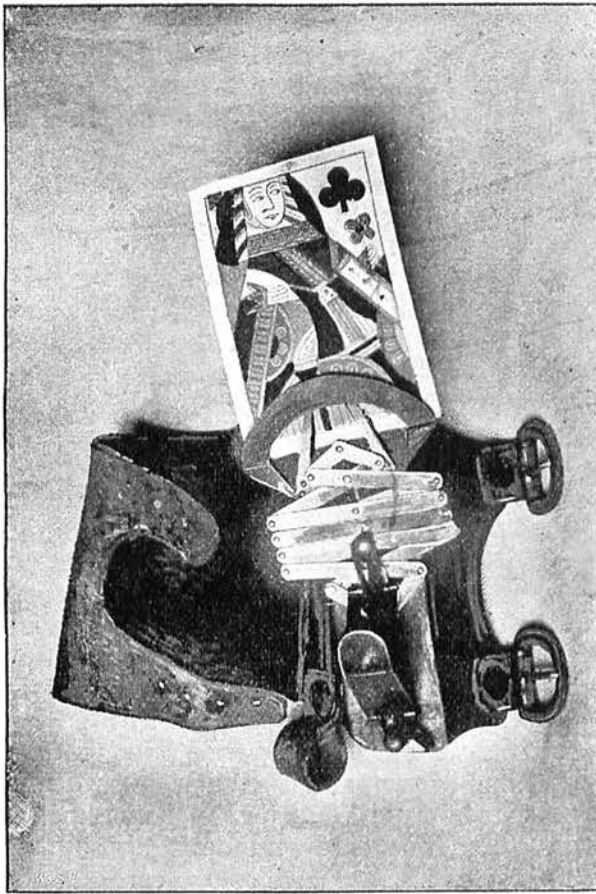


FIG. 4.—THE QUEEN OF CLUBS—WAITING.

them. Hence, there is a card-sharper's alphabet of fifty-two designs—to say nothing of the designs he has upon the person he is playing with—so that, apart from the sharper having an exceptionally quick hand, he needs also to possess a very retentive memory.

Seeing that the sharper will frequently have two cards, one of which he will use,

while the other may possibly be useless, the question arises as to how he is to dispose of the surplus card. The sleeves of his coat may probably form a refuge for the non-usable card, and there is no doubt that even your sharper who sharpens from the most artistic point of view by no means despises the coat-sleeve as a convenient "stow-away." But he has a far better and prettier method of getting rid of the superfluous card. Close beside the box containing the packs is a piece of machinery, consisting of two steel plates, very slightly curved. This is placed in the waistcoat pocket. It also has a strap, in case it may be needed to fasten it anywhere about the person. The interior of the plates contains a pair of what might be described as tongues, which will either snap up a card or give one out, as may be required.

If the player desires to take a card from the table, all he has to do is to work a pair of small pulleys, by means of a piece of catgut, which runs down the leg of his trousers, and is fastened inside his boot. By moving his foot he manipulates the pulleys, the tongues slip out and receive the card, and so dispose of it. It is a very easy matter, in the excitement of the play, to remove the card from the tongue of the machine, and place it amongst the pack again (Figs. 2 and 3).

Although this particular apparatus is more often than not used for getting a card out of the way, it may, of course, be utilized for holding an ace, or a king, or a queen, or even a useful little jack within its grip,

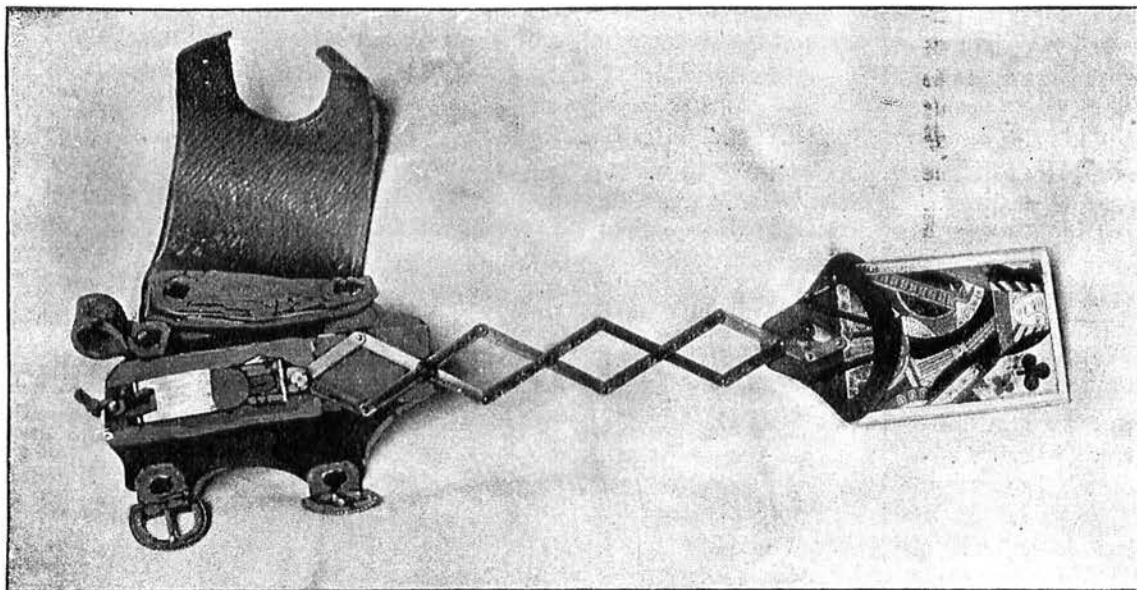


FIG. 5.—HOW TO PRODUCE A QUEEN,

which will bob up serenely when the catgut is pulled. But it is more often than not used to cause cards to disappear mysteriously. A glance at the illustration will at once show how this very ingenious dodge is carried into effect. One cannot help regretting that such ingenuity as this should not be applied to some better purpose, and one's

regrets are all the greater when an examination is made of the little apparatus which is used to cap the trick of the unfortunate individual who may be pitted against its unscrupulous possessor.

Possibly the reader may remember that, some fifteen or twenty years ago, a very favourite toy for the little ones was a number of soldiers stuck on a series of workable pieces of wood, which could be pressed into a small space, or shot out into a lengthy column. Here we have the exact principle on which this latter apparatus works. Whether its inventor founded it on the toy or not it is impossible to tell, but the operations of working are exactly identical. In this case the instrument is constructed of brass, to which a strap with buckles is attached. This is worn just below the elbow of the left arm, and is usually called into play when a player wishes to hide a card, or to call one into action. More often than not, it is used for a reserve force of aces, kings, queens, and jacks. The pictures are placed in a clip, and, when the apparatus is not in action, are completely hidden by the swindler's sleeve. He is just in the midst of a game. For once his unlucky partner has got the best of it; it all depends on the value of the last card played, and fortunately —

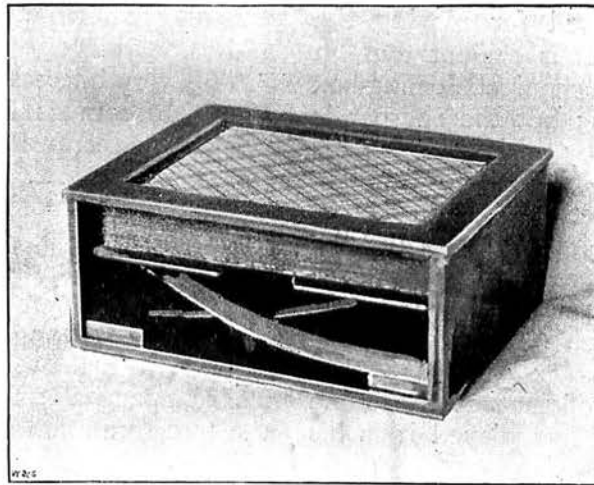


FIG. 6.—"FARO" BOX.

or unfortunately—it is the sharper's turn to play. He knows the value of the card he has in his hand, he is fully aware of the fact that it is only a wretched four of diamonds, and he stands to win or lose £50.

Possibly he has not been able, for once, owing to the shrewdness of his opponent at this exciting moment, to tell

the value of the card from the hieroglyphics amongst the flowers on the back, but he knows it all the same, for he has a little glass disc, which is resting on his knee—a precious little disc, a trifle bigger than a sixpence, and into this mirror he reflects the value of the card, which is instantly revealed to him—(Fig. 8.)

His innocent opponent has played the jack of clubs; but, bless you! the sharper has a queen of clubs up his sleeve, in more ways than one. By a clever little piece of legerdemain the four of diamonds disappears into the waistcoat piece of mechanism. He presses his left arm on the table, the spring of the apparatus just described is released, the crossed steel bands, à la the soldier toy, spring out, and in less time than it takes to tell, the queen of clubs is in the hand of the player. Quickly raising his arm from the table, back go the steel springs, and her majesty of clubs caps the jack (Figs. 4 and 5).

A word regarding a highly-polished nickel-

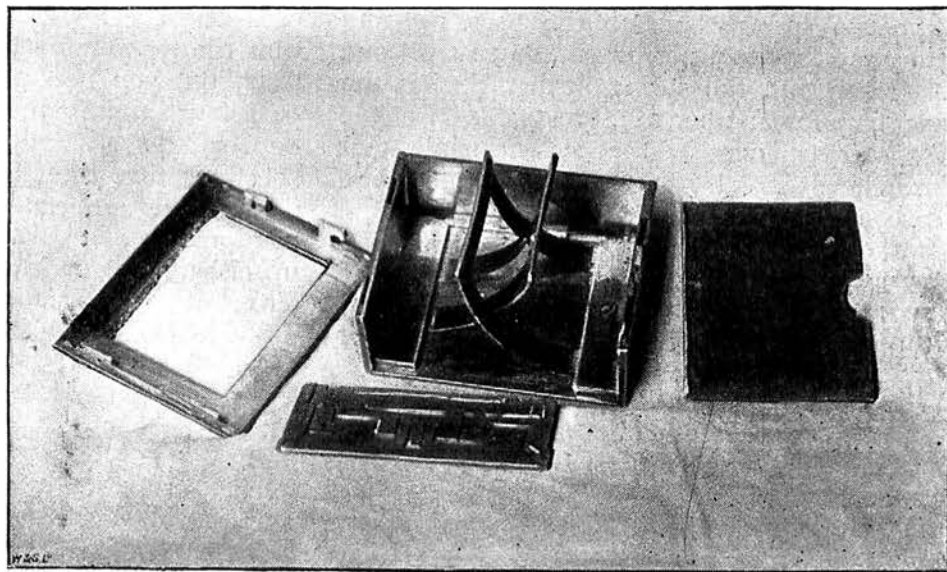


FIG. 7.—"FARO" BOX TAKEN TO PIECES,

plated box, which is used for playing the game called "Faro." It is evident that, in playing this game, a mechanical dealing-box is called into requisition; but the sharper is not going to be beaten by this. He has his own Faro box made, which, to all outward appearance, is exactly the same as that used by an honest player. It contains the usual pack of cards—there is not a suspicious sign about it. Quietly pick it to pieces, and the ingenuity of the whole thing is at once made apparent.

The writer is not proficient at the game of Faro—indeed, has never played it in his

are allowed to pass through (Figs. 6 and 7).

This very interesting item in New Scotland Yard Museum is further supplemented by what at first appears to be a most valuable roll of bank-notes. Not so, however; it is simply an old pocket-book with the leaves frayed, to give it the appearance of a roll of notes which had been well used and their value proved by passing through many hands, and covered over with what proves to be, on close inspection, a very Parisian pamphlet (Fig. 8). Still, the effect, like the transformation scene, is capital from the

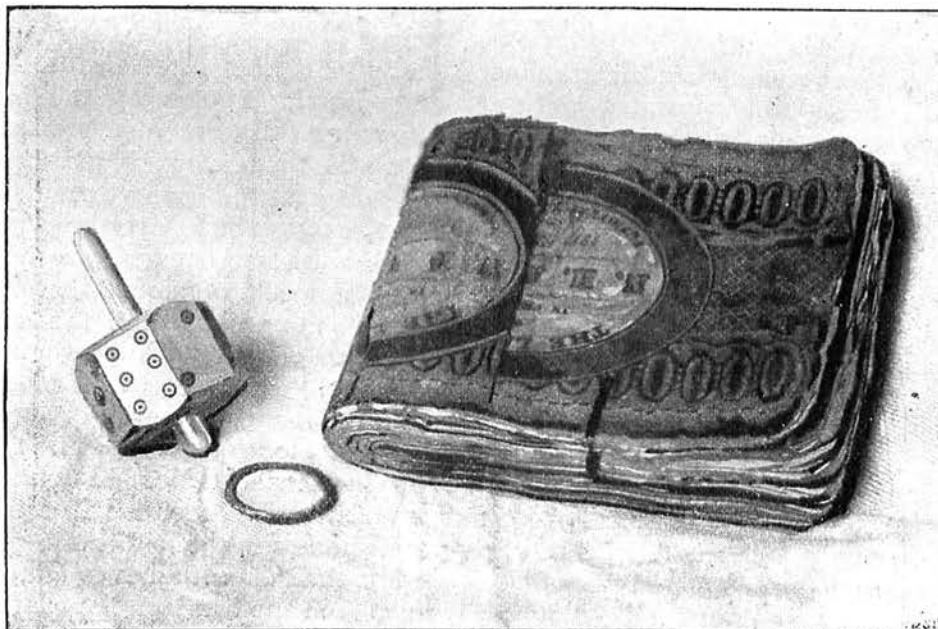
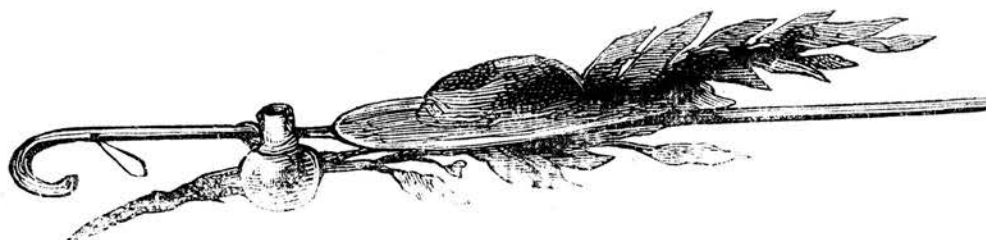


FIG. 8.—TEE-TO-TUM, LOOKING-GLASS DISC, AND SIAM NOTES.

life, or even seen it played; but it would appear that a proper Faro dealing-box allows one card to be dealt at a time, which is done by the two springs beneath the pack pressing up the cards to a narrow slit, so that, as one is taken out, the spring further pushes the pack up for another to be released. But the sharper believes in the old principle that two heads are better than one—and so are two cards; and by working a small lever in his own particular apparatus, which communicates with a very minute spring, the space for the outlet of a card is increased to exactly double its width, and so a pair

front. The card-sharper places these by his side, so that confidence is at once inspired.

Before leaving this very elaborate set of card-sharpers' apparatus, play for a moment with the tee-to-tum (Fig. 8). You give it a twist, but you never get more than a three or a four, and frequently not more than a one or a two. You will find, on close inspection, that the pivot on which it spins is movable, and can be so adapted by the manipulator as to make the tee-to-tum turn up either high or low numbers, as desired. This, of course, is operated upon by the individual who is seeking to swindle you.



FRUIT SALADS.

By LUCY HELEN YATES, Lecturer on The Cookery of Vegetables and Fruits to the Horticultural Exhibition Committee.

WITH the hot days before us, and the promise of a plentiful supply of fruits, we are generally on the look-out for new and dainty ways of serving these most acceptable gifts of our generous Mother Earth.

Fruit tarts, fruit puddings, stewed fruit, even fruit compôtes, we are all well acquainted with; but I wonder how many of our girls know how to make a fruit salad?

Perhaps the favoured few, who have had the good fortune to make acquaintance with Parisian and Viennese restaurants, may have tasted with wondering admiration the strange compound set before them; but I doubt whether they dared to attempt an imitation of it at home, although we may meet with occasional recipes for it in some few cookery books—none too reliable, I must confess.

Now, give me your attention, dear girls, while I tell you exactly how to make and serve this most delicious of delicacies.

First, I must tell you, you cannot make it of any fruit, or of fruit in any condition. It must be good and sound, perfectly ripe, and very dry. This last requisite, you will remember, is needful for the success of any salad, fruit or vegetable.

Gooseberries will not make a salad; nor will plums, apples, or pears.

Too much soft fruit, like ripe currants, may mar its success.

Now let us see what will do best.

Strawberries and raspberries, with a few stoned cherries, and a small proportion of very fine red or white currants, will make a splendid salad, as they accord well together.

Then pineapples, bananas, apricots, peaches, nectarines, all combine perfectly; while oranges, lemons, melons, with a small admixture of candied cherries, greengages, and chestnuts, make an excellent fruit salad about Christmas-time.

Take first the strawberries and other soft fruits, as these most nearly concern us at the present moment.

Let the fruit be very much "morning gathered," if you have not the good luck to be able to gather it yourself. Strawberries and raspberries must be very dry and free from dust. To ensure this, when you pick off the hulls, brush each one over lightly with a camel's-hair brush. The cherries should be stoned; you will easily do this with practice. Black cherries are preferable to "white hearts" for use in a salad. They are more tender.

Choose the finest bunches of currants, and pick them off the stems without bruising them.

A deep crystal dish, round or oval in shape, is to be preferred to the salad-bowl for a fruit salad, even though the latter may be a crystal one.

Arrange the fruit, not in layers of each kind, but in mixed layers, and keep it in pyramid shape. When you have sufficient fruit make your "dressing."

For this you will need a tumblerful of some sweet red wine—Rousillon or a sweet port. First take a tumblerful of water and about a dozen lumps of sugar. Set these over the fire in an enamelled saucepan. Let this boil for five minutes, then set aside to cool. Stir in the wine and a tablespoonful of some good liqueur, like Prunelle, which has the flavour of nuts. Let this mixture be quite cold before pouring it over the fruit; indeed, you had better make it early in the morning if intending to use the salad for lunch.

Pour it very gently over all, being careful to cover all the fruit, and let it slowly filter through.

If you want to make this dish very handsome, beat up the white of one egg with its equal in powdered sugar, till a stiff froth. Take small portions of this with a teaspoon, and place about the pyramid of fruit, like

snow. Arrange a bed of cool ivy leaves on another dish, and set your crystal dish on this. Serve with a silver spoon and fork, taking care to give a little of the "dressing" with each helping.

Pare the pincapple and the bananas, and slice them evenly, but not too thinly. The apricots and peaches must be skinned, and the stones cracked to get at the kernels. Pound these latter in a mortar with a little sugar, and sprinkle the powder amongst the other fruit. Arrange it also in pyramidal form. The dressing for this salad would be made in the same way, only as the colour of the fruit is yellow, so the wine must be the same—a sweet white wine, sherry, or Frontignan, and a glass of Maraschino. You may put "snow" about this salad too if you wish.

In making the winter salad, you will need to pare both oranges and lemons. One lemon to half a dozen oranges is about the right proportion. Grate a little of the rind of both fruits, as the flavour of the peel is very choice. The late melons have a very fine scent. Pare a quarter of one small melon, scrape away all the seedy part, and slice it very thinly. The candied fruit should be split in half, and arranged among the other with regard to its colouring. For this salad you would make the same syrup; but a raisin or ginger wine would be most suitable.

Perhaps some of my readers who are teetotallers will take objection to the wine. I am sorry to say you cannot produce the same effect without it. I have never tried whether the "champagne cider" and other teetotal beverages could be made to answer the purpose; but I am afraid they would not. Better far would it be to use cream and sugar, as do those good people who object to oil in a lettuce salad.



CAKES FOR AFTERNOON TEA.

THE accompanying article has been written in accordance with a request sent to the author by a reader of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER. It is hoped that the information given will be useful.

Probably there is no kind of cookery which is so interesting as is cake making to individuals who take up the business from a natural liking for it rather than from necessity. Of course we all know that very excellent cakes can be bought at the confectioner's at a very reasonable price, but bought cake stands on quite a different footing from home-made cake. Again and again it occurs that cake offered to visitors in a house is refused as a matter of course; but if a hostess says to a guest, "Will you not taste this cake; it was made at home by my daughter?" the cake disappears at once. Not long ago a lady, who had the reputation of being quite a philosopher in a small way, was heard to remark, "I make it one of the principles of my life never to refuse home-made cake when I have the chance of getting it," and she helped herself as she spoke to a good slice of the product. There are a good many people who follow the same principle; and this being the case, there is little fear that cakes made at home will fall into disfavour.

Cakes are of many sorts; and one reason why so many people fail in making cakes is, that they think that the rule, dear to their

hearts, which holds good for one sort, applies to all sorts; and the probability is that it does nothing of the kind. Thus, some people will say, "The way to make a cake properly is to beat it thoroughly." This is the case undoubtedly with cakes raised with eggs, but it is not invariably true. Others will say, "When cakes are heavy we may be sure that they have been mixed too moist." Certainly plain cakes are very frequently made heavy by being too moist; but it is not the invariable rule; for according to the difference of method is the degree of consistency required. Others, again, will say, "You can never use too many eggs for cakes; the more eggs there are, the lighter the cake." It does not follow at all. The eggs used must be in due proportion to the butter used. "Eggs bind as well as lighten."

Taking these variations into consideration, can we wonder that individuals who make one kind of cake very well indeed, do not always succeed with another kind? The fact is, that there is no direction in which it is so necessary that the operator should exercise judgment and discretion as in the making of cakes. Also, there is no direction in which the experience which comes from practice tells more powerfully. This experience enables the operator to tell at once when anything is wrong, and how it is wrong; and the best recipe that ever was

written cannot do that for us. Thus we come back to the old rule—those who wish to learn how to make cakes must make them.

Another point of importance is, that the materials used must be of the best quality, and carefully prepared. This goes so much without saying, that perhaps it is scarcely necessary to say it; and readers of the GIRL'S OWN PAPER know quite well that the best and finest sifted flour and white sugar should be used for cakes, that butter should be fresh and sweet, currants and raisins and all ingredients perfectly dry, and eggs quite fresh. Nevertheless, cakes are so constantly spoiled for want of attention to these details, that one must mention them.

With regard, then, to the different sorts of cake. These may be divided broadly into three classes:—Class 1. Those that are raised with yeast. Class 2. Those which are raised with chemicals—that is, baking-powder and its equivalents, soda and cream of tartar, egg powders, and similar compounds. Class 3. Those which are raised with eggs, which eggs may be either beaten when cold, or beaten over the fire.

With regard to the 1st Class. It is probable that all girls who have experimented in cookery at all know how to make cake with yeast. Of this sort of cake, therefore, nothing will be

said here, especially as there is so much to be said of the other kinds of cakes.

Class 2.—Cakes raised with Chemicals.—A good many people have a great scorn for cakes made with baking-powder, etc. Some of these cakes are, however, very good, and they are said to be wholesome and digestible. An advantage belonging to them is, that they are not so likely to be spoilt if made by inexperienced cooks, as are cakes raised either with yeast or eggs. In all cakes made with chemicals the idea is the same—an alkali is mixed with an acid; thus an effervescence is produced, and the bubbles raise the cake. Understanding this idea, we see how necessary it is that cakes raised with chemicals should be put into the oven immediately after the chemicals are set to work. If they are not, the air bubbles go down, and their power is gone. By all means, therefore, when we are making a cake with chemicals, we should be most particular not to mix the same until the oven is ready, and until we know that the cake can be baked at once. When cakes made thus are a failure, the reason almost invariably is, either that the cake has not been baked instantly, or that the oven has not been hot enough. The easiest way of introducing baking-powder is to mix it with the flour in the first instance. If, however, the cake cannot be made at once, the powder should be left till last.

The various chemicals used in raising cakes amount on the whole to very much the same thing, and it is generally safe to substitute one for the other, so long as we know the strength. Thus, with good baking-powders we generally calculate that a teaspoonful of powder is needed for each pound of material, and that half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda are equivalent to a teaspoonful of baking-powder. The danger associated with the use of soda, however, is, that it varies so much in purity, and if one gets even a little too much of it, the taste is at once evident. Too much baking-powder also makes cakes coarse, open, and crumbly.

In making cakes, the employment of sour—not rancid—milk helps to make cakes light. It is to be remembered, however, that sour milk and fresh milk should not be used together. Also, if sour milk is used, soda also should be used, instead of baking-powder.

In the majority of cakes raised with baking-powder, eggs are also used; but not in numbers sufficient to dispense with powder. Sometimes the butter is creamed—that is, beaten with a spoon or with the hand until it looks like cream; sometimes it is rubbed into the flour. When rubbed in, the cake is firmer and more solid; when creamed, the cake is light and somewhat spongy. The difference in method produces a difference of result.

Here are recipes for cakes raised with baking-powder and its equivalents, and eggs.

Sultana Cake.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter (or two ounces of butter and two ounces of clarified dripping) into ten ounces of flour. Add two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, two ounces of castor sugar, one ounce of finely-shred candied peel, four ounces of sultana raisins, and the grated rind of a lemon. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly. Beat the yolks of two eggs with half a gill of milk, and stir into the flour, etc. Have the whites ready whisked to a stiff froth, add them lightly, turn into a well-greased mould, and bake for about an hour and a half in a good oven.

Seed Cake.—Follow the same recipe, but use a teaspoonful of caraway seeds instead of the raisins and the candied peel.

Walnut Cake.—Use a gill measure for a cup. Put a cupful of white sugar and half a cup of butter into a basin, and beat them together till they look like cream. Add gradually two cup-

fuls of flour which have been mixed with two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, twenty-five drops of essence of vanilla, and half a pint of peeled walnuts or hazel nuts cut small. Have ready whisked, and introduce last of all, the whites of four eggs which have been whisked till firm. Bake in a shallow tin. This cake can be covered with fondant icing, and half the nuts can be sprinkled over the icing before it hardens.

Lemon Cake.—Follow the same recipe, but flavour with grated lemon rind and an ounce of finely-shred citron.

Cocoa-Nut Cake.—Follow the same recipe, but use three teaspoonfuls of desiccated cocoa-nut instead of the chopped nuts.

One, Two, Three, Four Cake.—The Americans are very fond of a cake called sometimes by this name and sometimes Cup Cake. In American books we are always coming upon it, and it is much approved in this country also. Like the two recipes already given, it can be followed for a number of cakes by simply varying the flavour. The formula is—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and a cupful and a half of milk. The method is—Beat the sugar and butter to cream; add the yolks of the eggs and the milk; then the flour mixed with the baking-powder, and last, the whites of the eggs whisked till firm. The flavours (chopped nuts, dried or candied fruits, spices, etc.), should be put in after the cake is made. Made plain, and baked in shallow tins, this cake can have fruit jelly put between two layers, and then it becomes Jelly Cake.

Feather Cake is another cake well-known in American homes, and there are individuals who declare that it went over from England with the *Mayflower*. The formula is—One tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sugar, one cupful and a half of flour, half a cupful of milk, two eggs, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat butter and sugar together and a little milk; add flour and baking-powder a little at a time; lastly, the eggs, beaten very well. Bake in a hot oven.

Lemon Feather Cake.—Follow the above recipe, and flavour with the grated rind of a lemon. Cakes flavoured with lemon rind keep well.

Orange Feather Cake.—Flavour with the grated rind of an orange instead of a lemon, and introduce orange juice in place of part of the milk.

Family Cake is very similar. Cream together three ounces of butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Add two eggs, three quarters of a pint of flour mixed with a small teaspoonful of baking-powder, and six tablespoonfuls of milk. Flavour with nutmeg, currants, raisins, or almonds.

Chocolate Cake.—Beat half a pound of butter and four ounces of castor sugar to cream. Add two ounces of ground rice, four ounces of flour mixed with two ounces of baking-powder, the yolks of six eggs well beaten, and half a pound of chocolate, grated and dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of water. Last of all introduce the whites of the eggs beaten till stiff. Pour into a greased tin, and bake in a moderate oven about an hour and a half.

Ginger-bread.—Put half a pound of treacle, six ounces of brown sugar, and six ounces of butter into a saucepan to get hot. Add *off the fire* (because the soda will make the liquid rise) half an ounce of soda. Have ready, thoroughly mixed, a pound and a quarter of sifted flour, two ounces of blanched and chopped almonds, three quarters of an ounce of grated ginger. Beat the two mixtures well together, and squeeze in last of all the juice of a lemon. Bake in a shallow tin (never in an ordinary cake tin) in a slow oven. When half done, brush over with milk and sugar.

Class 3.—The third class of cake is raised with eggs only, and here success depends chiefly upon correct beating, mixing, and baking. A great many people think cakes of this sort are exceedingly extravagant. They are less so, however, than at first sight appears. For one thing, a cake made without yeast or baking-powder keeps well. A first class pound cake, for instance, if left with the greased paper used in baking still round it to keep in the flavour, and if stored in a dry tin with a well fitting lid, will keep good for weeks. For another thing, good cake is much more satisfying than plain cake—no one could possibly eat very much at once. Besides, we have to remember, that after all cake is an extra; and having decided to make it, we might as well take a little pains with it, and make it worth having. The difference in money cost between plain cake and “better” cake is not very much; the chief difference is in the time and labour bestowed upon the making. Of the superiority of the one over the other there is no question.

Fine cake is of two sorts—the cake that is good because it is rich, and the cake that is good because it is light. Of the first, Pound Cake, of the second, Sponge Cake, may be taken as the type.

The *Pound Cake*, as its name implies, is made with a pound weight of each of the chief ingredients; that is, a pound of white sugar, a pound of flour, a pound of butter, eight eggs, a pinch of salt, and some flavouring. The flavouring may consist of either the rind of two oranges or two lemons, or half a pound of currants or sultanas (with either of which may be used a little chopped candied peel and grated nutmeg), or three quarters of a pound of almonds blanched and chopped, dried, warmed, and floured. Eight eggs, it should be understood, when they are large, are equivalent to a pound of flour; if small, ten eggs would be needed. It is, however, most important that the eggs should be fresh; no amount of beating will make stale eggs satisfactory. In warm weather the eggs may be laid in cold water for a few minutes before beating, and the addition of a pinch of salt will help the whites to froth. All the ingredients must be brought together, weighed, and made ready before the mixing commences. The eggs must have the yolks separated from the whites, and the latter must be whisked with a pinch of salt till firm. The butter must be put into a cloth and have the water squeezed from it. The cake is best mixed in an earthenware bowl. Beat the butter till it looks like cream. (If the cake is made in winter, when butter is hard, it may be warmed a little to soften it, but never so much so as to oil it.) Add the sugar gradually, and beat between every addition. Next add the yolks of eggs one at a time, and a tablespoonful of brandy or a little sherry, and a few drops of rose-water if approved. Beat again, and be sure that every egg yolk is thoroughly incorporated before another is added. Now put in the flour and, last of all, the whites of eggs. If the batter should become too stiff, a little of the whisked whites must be put in between, and the mixture must be well beaten. For pound cake, however, the batter should be stiff. The bulk of the whites, however, should for a plain pound cake be thrown in last of all, and they should be mixed in thoroughly and no more. When fruit or almonds are used these ingredients should be introduced after the whites, and lightly stirred in just enough to mix—no more.

One word should be said about the movement in beating a cake. Not *stirring* but *beating* is required; therefore the hand or spoon should go, not round and round the bowl, but the batter should be brought up from the bowl with every stroke, the aim being to drive air into the cells. The air thus introduced will expand as it gets hot, and the cake will be made light thereby. Towards the last the

motion may be slower, but it should be always upward.

Thus far a pound cake, though requiring care, is not difficult to make. The majority of cakes of this sort that are spoilt, are spoilt in the baking. The oven, then, must be very moderate and very steady. Nearly or quite two hours will be required for baking a pound cake; if it has to be turned in the oven, it must be touched gently, and not shaken; when a straw or knitting-needle put into it can be drawn out quite clean it is done. It should be left in the tin for awhile after being taken from the oven, otherwise it may break. When turned out it should be put sideways on a sieve till cold, so that the steam may thoroughly escape. The hoop or tin in which it is baked should be thoroughly greased in every part, and well lined with greased paper. When the cake is first put in the oven it is a good plan to put a cap of brown paper on the top, to prevent its becoming over brown. A crack at the top or an uneven surface is a sign of imperfect baking.

Sponge Cake is generally considered very difficult to make, but individuals who have had practice in making it generally think it quite easy. It is true that it requires well beating, and consequently it needs a strong arm. For my own part, I may as well confess, that where arm ache is likely to ensue, I do not think it is worth while to make sponge cakes at home. They are very useful cakes because they enter into the composition of so many sweet dishes; but they can be bought at the confectioners for very little more than the cost of the material; and the cakes thus bought have not cost an arm ache, for they have been beaten by machinery. Nevertheless, though we may not desire to make them regularly, it is just as well to be able to make them, and therefore girls may be glad of the following directions:—

Prepare the cake mould and have the oven ready before beginning to mix. A sponge cake requires a moderate, steady oven, and the heat must not be increased after the cake is put in. M. Gouffé, who is a great authority on matters of this kind, says that the oven for sponge cake should be a "dark yellow paper temperature," which means, that when a piece of white paper is put in a baking tin in the oven it very soon becomes dark yellow. If it were to be black or nearly so the oven would be too hot.

The condition of the tins or moulds also is a point of very great importance for all cakes, but especially for sponge cakes. Many a cake, excellent in everything else, has been spoilt because the part that touched the tin has been unpleasant in taste. Girls should be more particular about the material they use for greasing the tins even than they are about the material used for shortening. In making plain cakes it is sometimes allowable to use dripping in the place of butter; but dripping alone should never be used for greasing the tins; the sweetest butter is needed for this purpose, and preferable even to butter is clarified butter and fat. This is M. Gouffé's way of preparing the same for greasing moulds.

Pick one pound of veal suet, chop it very fine, and put it to melt in a large stewpan over a slow fire. Stir the fat occasionally with a wooden spoon, and when it is quite clear take the stewpan off the fire; add one pound of butter, cut into pieces, and stir with a skimmer until it is melted. Be careful that the fat does not boil over. When the butter and fat have become quite clear, and attained a slight yellow tinge, strain, and put by for use.

If butter is used for greasing moulds it should have the water squeezed from it before being applied to this purpose. When the moulds are to be used for sponge cakes and light cakes, make them hot, pour a little melted fat into them, and turn them round and about so that the fat shall run over every part of the inside

surface; then drain. When the butter has drained off, and before it is cold, strew fine sugar over the inside of the moulds, and knock them about so that the sugar shall cover all the butter. This sugaring must be quickly done. The moulds for rich cakes should be lined with paper, two or three thicknesses of paper being put in the bottom.

There is a general rule for making sponge cakes, which can be easily remembered. To make them we want any number of eggs, their weight in sugar, and half their weight in flour, with any flavourings that may be liked. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the flavouring essences together; add the sugar and flour, and lastly the whites of the eggs whisked till firm. The cakes may be flavoured with rose or vanilla extracts, with a little nutmeg or a little brandy, with grated lemon or grated orange rind. The addition of a little lemon juice makes them not quite so dry. They may be baked in moulds of any size, which moulds should not be more than half filled, and finely sifted sugar should be dredged thinly but evenly over the top of the batter. A band of kitchen paper two inches broad should be fastened round the top of the mould to allow for rising, and the oven door should not be opened until the cake has had time to rise and set firm. When baked, the cake should be the colour of ripe corn; and if there is any fear that it will become too dark, it should be placed when half baked in a tin containing salt or sand. It is enough when the blade of a small knife comes out free from dampness, and should be left in the tin for a short time before being turned out.

There are two methods of operations in making cake with egg: in one the ingredients are beaten cold, as already described; in the other, they are beaten over hot water. The process is more difficult than the ordinary one, but the result is excellent. Cakes thus made are very light and good. We talk, however, of a strong arm being needed for beating sponge cakes; decidedly a strong arm is needed for this process. The finest sponge cakes are made in this way.

Sponge cakes are, however, well known, and they can be made according to the old method. It will therefore, perhaps, be most useful if a recipe for *Mocha Cake* be given, Mocha cake being a very superior product, highly approved by those who know it. Get a good sized basin large enough to afford room for thorough beating—a basin which will hold three quarts will be about right. Procure also a stewpan in which this basin can stand. Put water into the stewpan and bring it to the boil. Put two ounces of castor sugar into the basin, break four eggs therein one at a time, stand the basin over the boiling water, draw the pan back, and whisk lightly and steadily till the batter froths up and is light and thick. While the batter is being beaten the water should be kept just below boiling point, and the beating will have to be kept up for twenty minutes. Take the basin off the fire and stir in four ounces of fine flour. Mix thoroughly, pour into a cake tin, and bake in a good oven.

To make Coffee Icing for this Cake.—Beat to a cream four ounces of sugar and two ounces of butter. Strain in, a drop at a time beating well between every addition—as much strong clear coffee as will make a stiff paste. Put this on the cake when it is quite cold with an icing tube, and dry in a cool oven.

Chou Paste, for making Duchesse Loaves, Éclairs, etc.—Put half a pint of water, two ounces of butter, and two ounces of castor sugar into a stewpan. When it boils draw the pan back, and mix in thoroughly five ounces of fine flour. Beat the whole well over the fire for some minutes (here the strength of arm comes in), until the ingredients form a smooth, compact paste, leaving the sides of the saucepan easily. If it has caught at the bottom of the

pan at all it must be put into another pan before the eggs are introduced. Let the mixture cool a little, add any flavouring essence that may be preferred, and three whole eggs, one at a time, and let one be thoroughly incorporated before another is added. The paste should be of such a consistency that it will fall of its own weight out of a spoon, but not so soft that it will spread. If the paste is too stiff, another yolk may be added.

Petits Choux.—Make paste as above. Put the mixture into a forcing bag with a plain tin pipe in the end, rather large in the opening. Butter a baking tin, and press the mixture on it in small pieces about the size of a pigeon's egg, and cut off each piece with a knife. Leave room between the pieces, because the cakes swell very much. Smooth them, then dust them with castor sugar, and bake in a slow, steady oven. They ought to be crisp and hard when baked, and of a light brown colour. They may be served plain, or they may be filled inside with whipped cream, fruit cream, or with delicate jam. If liked, they can be brushed over with beaten egg before baking, and just before they are done fine sugar can be sifted over them, and they can be put back in the oven till this is melted. Sometimes the choux after baking are dipped in caramel, then gently rolled in roughly chopped pistachios mixed with an equal proportion of lump sugar chopped small. The caramel is made by boiling a quarter of a pound of sugar in a gill of water for five minutes till it is stringy. It is to be noted that the choux should not be dipped in caramel till they are cold, and that they should not be filled with cream till they are cold. The incision is usually made in the side.

Éclairs are made by forcing choux paste out of the bag in lengths three inches long and three quarters of an inch wide. They should be brushed over with egg, and baked of a bright yellow colour. When cold they should be filled with whipped cream flavoured with vanilla, and glazed with coffee icing. To make the icing for this purpose, make half a gill of very strong coffee, mix it with about half a pound of icing sugar to a stiffish paste, and stir over the fire till warm. Have the éclairs by the side of the pan, pour the icing over them one by one, covering them evenly, and let them dry. If the icing should get cold before they are all done, add a few drops of water and warm again. Cakes of this description are excellent when they are a success. They are, however, difficult to make, and skilled cooks occasionally fail with them—a too hot oven soon ruins them.

It will perhaps be well if we conclude with a few general hints about cakes, which are useful to be remembered.

1. All cakes made without baking-powder or its equivalents, soda and cream of tartar, require a much slower oven than those made with them.
2. Cakes made with chemicals or with yeast dry quickly.
3. Cakes made with much butter need careful and long baking.
4. Cakes made with chemicals should be baked as soon as mixed.
5. To warm butter before beating gives cakes a "short" taste.
6. Cakes should never be moved or shaken in the oven after they have risen before they are firm. Very rich cakes especially need to be very gently handled when taken from the oven.
7. Cakes need to soak a few minutes even after a skewer comes from them dry.
8. When taken from the tin, cakes should be stood wrong way up on a sieve, to let the steam escape.
9. Cakes keep best if left with the paper in which they were baked still round them.

PHYLLIS BROWNE.

THINGS IN SEASON, IN MARKET AND KITCHEN.

MARCH.

By LA MÉNAGÈRE.



17TH March we are in Lent. Now although we may not approve of any restriction being placed on our dietary with regard to Lent, all the same as spring is approaching we shall find that those restrictions have their foundation laid in sound common sense. We do not now need such substantial faring as we did a month or two earlier; we shall be all the better for occasionally substituting fish for meat, for more eggs, and for fewer cakes and puddings.

March does not bring us much that is new in the way of provisions, but imported fruits and vegetables are not quite so dear as they were, and in our gardens we should be beginning to have mustard and cress and radishes. The first shoots of young sorrel—and how good they are—will be coming above ground, and forced rhubarb is plentiful and cheap.

We are now the worst off for the wherewithal to make our tables pretty, just before the spring flowers come in. We can supply the deficit by having some of the pretty little green ferns in fancy pottery—pteris, ivy, hart's tongues, and so forth, and few things look nicer. Try, too, for special occasions, the effect of crossed ribbons on the white tablecloth. A table that is well-set with regard to its minor points, namely, salt-cellars, mustard pots, bright knives and forks, clear sparkling glass, and a clean tablecloth, can hardly ever fail to look attractive, even if it has to go without other decoration; just as the most elaborate decoration will never make up for deficiencies in these respects.

At this time of the year we may make plentiful use of such things as rice, macaroni, polenta, and other farinaceous foods; remembering, too, that eggs are at their best as well and fairly reasonable in price.

MENU FOR MARCH.

Julienne Soup.
Boiled Cod; Sauce Maître d'Hôtel, and Potatoes.
Roast Guinea-fowl; Chicory Salad.
Savoury Omelette.
Stewed Pears and Rice.

Julienne Soup.—The foundation of this must be strong clear stock, and preferably that which is made from a knuckle of veal, using a little Liebig's Essence to make it a deeper colour at the last. This should be strained and left to keep hot in a lined saucepan, while the vegetables are stewing in a separate pan. There is an art in shredding the vegetables for julienne soup, and they are best done with one of the little tools sold for the purpose, as the beauty of the soup depends on their being cut exactly alike. A fair quantity of vegetables will be required, enough to give the soup a pronounced character. When quite tender, these may be put into the tureen with the seasoning and flavouring, and the hot stock poured over.

Maître d'Hôtel Butter is made by melting about a quarter of a pound of salt butter in a saucepan and adding to it two tablespoonfuls of minced parsley, chervil and tarragon, with a shallot to give flavour. Simmer these well together, and before using add a few drops of vinegar, and some pepper and more salt if required.

Steam the potatoes if possible and garnish the cod with them.

When we speak of boiled fish by the way, we mean simmered fish, for it should never be allowed to actually boil, or it will be tough and flavourless. Very great care is needed in cooking all boiled articles of food.

Chicory Salad, which is, of course, made from the chicory that comes to us from abroad, requires a cream dressing. This should be made by mixing the yolk of an egg with oil and cream, a spoonful of made mustard, and a few drops of tarragon vinegar. Beat these ingredients together until they resemble a thick cream, and pour over the

chicory (which should be cut into convenient lengths) at the last moment.

A guinea-fowl takes about the same time to roast as an ordinary fowl, and requires to be well basted. Serve fried crumbs with it.

Savoury Omelette.—When the art of making a plain omelette has been acquired, it is easy to ring the changes of variety. The additions that transform it into a savoury are, minced chives (or shallots), chervil, tarragon and parsley; in France this is called an *omelette aux fines herbes*. Four eggs would be needed to make one of a sufficient size for a dinner. Beat these on a plate with a knife and add the salt and pepper to them, also a very little milk. Pour into the omelette pan when the butter is beginning to turn colour, as the right point of heat has much to do with the ultimate success. Slip the knife under it a time or two, but as soon as the mixture shows signs of "setting," it should be left alone for a minute longer, then the pan should be put into a very hot oven for another minute, to raise the surface, then folded over and slipped out of the pan on to a very hot dish. The savoury herbs should be added to the eggs at the beginning. Lose not a moment of time in bringing an omelette to table once it is cooked.

To boil rice successfully is not the easiest thing in the world. The water, of which there should be a large pan three parts full, must be boiling to begin with; then, while this is getting ready, the rice, after washing, should be soaking in cold water. Put plenty of salt in the pan. Boil the rice until it is tender enough to crush the grains between the thumb and finger, then pour off into a colander; pour more water through this until every grain is well separated, then return the rice to the saucepan, cover it tightly, and let it steam gently for half an hour. It ought then to be perfectly soft, yet every grain free from the other.

All rice, macaroni, and foods of this kind need to be extremely well cooked, otherwise they are anything but digestible.

PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES, AND INFLUENCE.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER III.

THE rich diamond district of Bahia, which was the old capital of Brazil, was discovered in a very strange manner. At the time of the discovery it was a densely populated and fruitful province, and its agriculture proved its blessing and health. A slave from Minas Gerães, keeping his master's flocks in Bahia, thought he observed a similarity of soil to that of his native place. He sought therefore in the sand, and in a short time found seven hundred carats of diamonds. With these he fled and offered them for sale in a distant city. Such wealth in the hands of a slave raised suspicion and he was arrested, but would not betray the secret of how they had come into his possession. At length he was given over to his master, who also failed in obtaining the confidence of the man, and therefore resorted to cunning; he restored the slave to his former occupation in Bahia, without penalty or punishment, and had him strictly watched, and readily found the solution.

As soon as the secret became known, numbers of people came flocking in from Minas

Gerães and other parts of Brazil, so that the following year as many as 25,000 people were occupied there in searching for diamonds.

In 1846 and 1847 Brazil was obliged to pay her debt in diamonds, which caused a depreciation of this precious stone, reducing it from £10 to £4 or £5 a carat. The rich field of Bahia diamonds was about eighty miles long and forty miles broad. Efforts were made to ensure honesty among the slave-miners by rewards for it. If a slave found a diamond of 18 carats, he was crowned with flowers and led in a triumphal procession amid the rejoicings of his friends to the manager, from whom he received his freedom, a suit of clothes, and permission to work for wages; but, notwithstanding, one-third of the produce is supposed to be secretly disposed of by the workers. In the very presence of the overseers they manage to conceal them in their hair, their mouths, their ears, and between their fingers. One of the celebrated diamonds of the world, the "Star of the South," was found by a negress engaged in the works at Minas Gerães in 1853; it weighed before it was cut 254 carats. She received her freedom

and a pension for life in recognition of her exceptional find. The owner sold it for £3,000, so little did he know of its real value. Its fame reached the remotest corners of the globe. It was forwarded to India, and a bid made first of £110,000. This fell through, and eventually it was purchased in 1881 for £80,000, exclusive of the mountings, which were very costly, by the ex-Gaikwar of Baroda. "But," says Streeter, in his *Great Diamonds of the World*, "the ill-luck which seems to follow the possessors of great diamonds, overtook the new owner of the 'Star of the South.' He fell into trouble for the murderous practice of destroying his refractory subjects with diamond-dust, and, having tried the same to get rid of the British resident in Baroda, Colonel Playre, whose presence acted as an inconvenient check, the Gaikwar was arraigned and found guilty, and deposed henceforth from the throne of his ancestors."

The discovery of the Brazil diamond-districts created, as we have seen, an excitement in the world; but the opening up of the diamond-fields in South Africa, considerably more than

a century later, created a panic and excitement no less striking.

The discovery of these vast riches was brought about in as simple and unpremeditated a manner as in the case of Golconda and Brazil.

Somewhat more than a quarter of a century ago a child of Jacobs, a Dutch farmer, settled at the Cape, amused himself by collecting pebbles from the neighbourhood of the farm, which was near to Hope Town. One of the stones he picked up was sufficiently bright to attract his mother's notice, and she put it on one side; but in the midst of household cares it was forgotten, until a neighbouring farmer came to see them, who was curious in the matter of stones. He was puzzled with its appearance, and offered to buy it of Mrs. Jacobs; but she laughed at the idea of selling a common pebble, and willingly gave it to him. Subsequently it was submitted to Dr. Atherstone of Graham's Town, who was an excellent mineralogist; but even he had some difficulty in deciding what it could be. After careful examination, however, he pronounced it to be a genuine diamond. It was sent to the Paris Exhibition as the greatest novelty the Colony could exhibit. Here it remained during the whole of the summer, examined by learned men of all nations; and, at the close of the exhibition, Sir Philip Wodehouse, the Governor of the Colony, purchased it for £500, and it was sold by him to Garrards, who cut it as a brilliant. Its weight was 21 $\frac{1}{8}$ carats.

This is the simple history of the first Cape diamond.

In the autumn of 1868 news reached us from Cape Town that diamonds had been found in the gold districts on the Orange River, midway between the east and west coasts of South Africa, and if any doubts existed as to the truth of the statement, they were utterly put to flight by the discovery in the following spring of the African Koh-i-nor or Star of South Africa, valued at about £30,000.

It was purchased by the late firm of Hunt and Roskell, by whom it was cut and sold to Lord Dudley. It is now known as the Dudley Diamond. It is of a light yellow colour beautifully crystallised, and in the rough the size of a small walnut. This stone was found by a poor herdsman who disposed of it for five hundred sheep, ten head of cattle and a horse, and was made very happy by the exchange. The origin of the Kimberley and Du Toits pans was, that a Dutch Boer named Van Wyk, who occupied a farm-house in this locality, was surprised to find diamonds actually embedded in the walls of his house, which had been built of mud from a neighbouring pond. This led to an examination of the surrounding soil, and the diggings thus commenced formed the celebrated Du Toits pan. The habitat of the diamond is not the same in Africa as in other diamond localities. Instead of being in the rock itself, the home is beneath it in a soft soapy mineral soil known by the name of blue earth, which in some parts has a depth of 450 feet and is reached by shafts. While I write I have before me, by favour of Mr. Streeter, one of the very few African diamonds embedded in a rock, and beside it a ruby, the rock being about the size of half a walnut. I have also before me a diamond about the

size of a large pea, which from continual washings of thousands of years, has become perfectly round; this is rare indeed.

By 1870 public attention had become thoroughly roused; every town of South Africa emptied itself of men for the diggings, and diamond hunters poured in from every quarter of the world.

The South African diamonds are found over many square miles of territory. The area reaches as far as Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, on the north, and south of the Orange River to the north-west of Hope Town.

Jagerfontein and Mamusa are well-known localities for diamonds.

The diamonds are found also in the beds of rivers and what are called pans or dry diggings, such as Du Toits pan and Kimberley. A pan is a local depression in the flat basin-like hollows which extend often to a length of two or three miles. They receive the drainage of the surrounding districts, but having no outlet, the water, as it evaporates, acquires a brackish taste, and in dry seasons the pans exhibit a whitish saline incrustation.

It is supposed that in 1871 the diamonds ex-

ported from the Cape were of the value of £1,500,000, and there have been more large diamonds found here in a short time than in centuries in other parts of the world. Up to the spring of this year, 1893, the three great diamonds of the Cape were the Dudley, the Stewart, and Du Toit I.; but in June last the largest ever known was found in the New Jagerfontein Company's mine in the Orange Free State, and is known as the Excelsior. Its weight is 970 carats and its colour is blue-white and almost perfect. It has some black spots in it which it is said can be cut out; it is supposed by some to be worth half a million. It was found by a Kaffir working in the mine shortly after blasting, in company of a red diamond; he received for his find £150, a horse, saddle, and bridle. The extraordinary thing about it is that some gentlemen were under contract to buy all stones good, bad, and indifferent at so much a carat within a certain time from this mine. The contract terminated on June 30th, and the Excelsior was about the last stone found on that day. It is about 3 inches high and 2 wide, while the flat base measures nearly 2 inches by 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. It is now I believe in London.

Mr. Streeter, who has had great experience in the South African mines, tells us that "20 per cent. of the Cape diamonds are of the purest

water; 15 per cent. of second quality, and 20 per cent. of third quality; the remainder, being too impure for cutting, is known as bort, which when crushed is used for grinding diamonds and engraving gems." Strange to say, that the black impure variety of the diamond known as carbonado, so common in Brazil, has not yet been discovered here.

I read in the *Times* on September 14th just passed, "Cape Town, September 13th." "The De Beers Company have sold the whole of their remaining stock of diamonds for cash to Messrs. Barnato Brothers, who lately bought £1,000,000 worth of diamonds."

The De Beers Company represent the interests of the De Beers, the Kimberley, the Bultfontein, the Du Toits pan and other smaller mines which are close together and all discovered within a space of half a year, an amalgamation brought about by Messrs. Rothschild and Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

It was formed in 1888. It has a capital of £8,000,000, and in two years gave out some 2,500,000 carats of diamonds, realising by sale more than £3,500,000 produced by washing some 2,000,700 loads of blue earth, each load representing three quarters of a ton.

In working the mines, 1300 Europeans and 5700 natives are employed.

Lord Randolph Churchill, who has lately been to the Cape, says that the De Beers and the Kimberley mines are probably the two biggest holes which greedy man has ever dug into the earth; the area of the former at the surface being thirteen acres with a depth of 450 feet, while the latter is larger and deeper, the daily produce of the consolidated mines being about 5500 carats. There is one thing about the Cape diamonds which would to my mind make them preferable to those of India, they are free of the terrible histories which cling to these last.

"Could the many jewels that have found their way to England since the Indian Mutiny bear witness to the circumstances under which they have passed from the possession of their Indian owners, we question," says one, "if the European fair one could dare to deck her brow with those dearly-bought gems."

The letter of the *Times* correspondent with the army at Lucknow had the following passage in it. "Ere this letter reaches England, many a diamond, emerald, and delicate pearl will have told its tale in quite a pleasant way of the storm and sack of the Kaiserbagh. It is just as well that the fair wearer—though jewelry after all has a deadening effect on the sensitiveness of the female conscience—saw not how the glittering bauble was worn or the scene in which the treasure was trove."

It seems as though the diamond needed even in history a background to show up its dazzling brightness.

Australian diamonds have not yet made any great excitement, for the reason that they are so difficult to cut; they hang on the wheel, and the lapidary who works by the carat prefers those which are most quickly manipulated. A great authority told me two days ago, that if the time should come when the lapidary can work them easily, they will make a great stir in the world, for there are plenty of them and of good quality.

(To be continued.)



DIAMOND-POLISHING.

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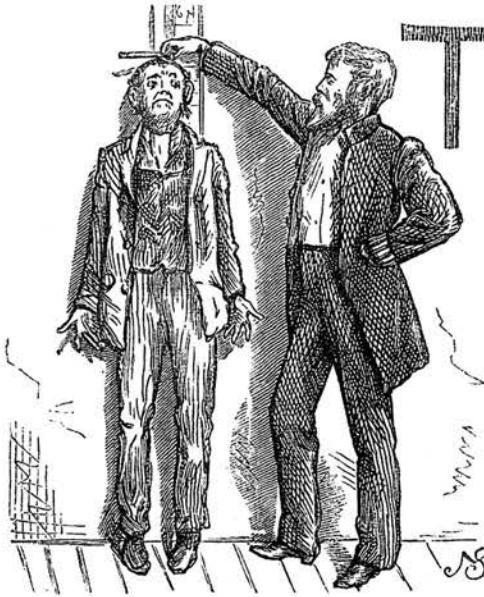
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(To be continued.)

POLICE 'PRENTICES.



THE gathering of candidates for employment in the Metropolitan Police Force, to be found in an obscure little apartment at Scotland Yard every Tuesday morning, is a particularly motley one.

Amongst three hundred men

enlisted during four months recently, there were no less than about eighty trades and occupations represented. There were tailors and greengrocers, painters and poulterers, bricklayers and barmen, clerks and cooks, servants and sawyers, bakers and butchers, farmers, footmen, gamekeepers, grooms, coopers, carpenters, waiters, woodmen, warehousemen, and some score of others. These were the accepted candidates; it may easily be imagined, therefore, that the weekly gatherings from which they were selected are usually of a very heterogeneous character.

The number varies materially with the season of the year, the state of the labour market, and so on; but whatever it may be, the first test to which all are subjected—the simple measurement of height—invariably weeds out a considerable proportion of them. No man is admitted to the Metropolitan Police who stands less than five feet seven inches without shoes or stockings, and it is rather amusing to sit by and quietly watch, as one after another they come up to the standard. One is conscious of a good couple of inches to spare, and stalks up with a dignified self-complacency; the next evidently has his doubts about it, and comes forward with a face full of anxious concern. He stretches up his eyebrows, purses his under lip, sticks out his thumbs with painful rigidity, and finally endeavours to make a little use of his toes. This won't do, however. "Turn up your toes," is the stern mandate, and down he drops, perhaps a quarter of an inch below regulation height. If with the toes turned up there seems to be any doubt about the heels being fairly on the ground, a slip of paper is put underneath, and lightly pulled. The raising of the heels will of course liberate the paper.

It is evident that many of the candidates regard this punctilious adherence to rule with supreme dissatisfaction, and, well knowing their own shortcomings, place themselves under the standard with an air of sullen indifference. Five-and-twenty per cent. are often

rejected in this preliminary test, and notwithstanding that the requirements of the force as to height are most explicitly stated in a printed sheet sent to every applicant for employment, it is not an unusual thing for a man to come from a distance of fifty or a hundred miles, to be measured and found wanting.

The educational test comes next. Every policeman must be able to read and write, and those who have failed in the first stage of the proceedings having been dismissed, the others are requested to seat themselves and fill up a printed form. This is manifestly a particularly tough piece of business with many of them. There is a deal of tongue-rolling and elbow-squaring, and one or two of the biggest and burliest are evidently cudgelling their brains most cruelly in their efforts to keep pace with their more practised fellows. The slowest man beyond all comparison is the biggest, and there is a little quiet merriment at his expense, as he plods desperately on long after the others have finished. The standard here is not a very exalted one, and failure is comparatively rare. Every man, however, who joins the force is required to attend the divisional education classes until he receives from the instructor a certificate of proficiency. For this schooling the regulations of the force require him to pay twopence a month.

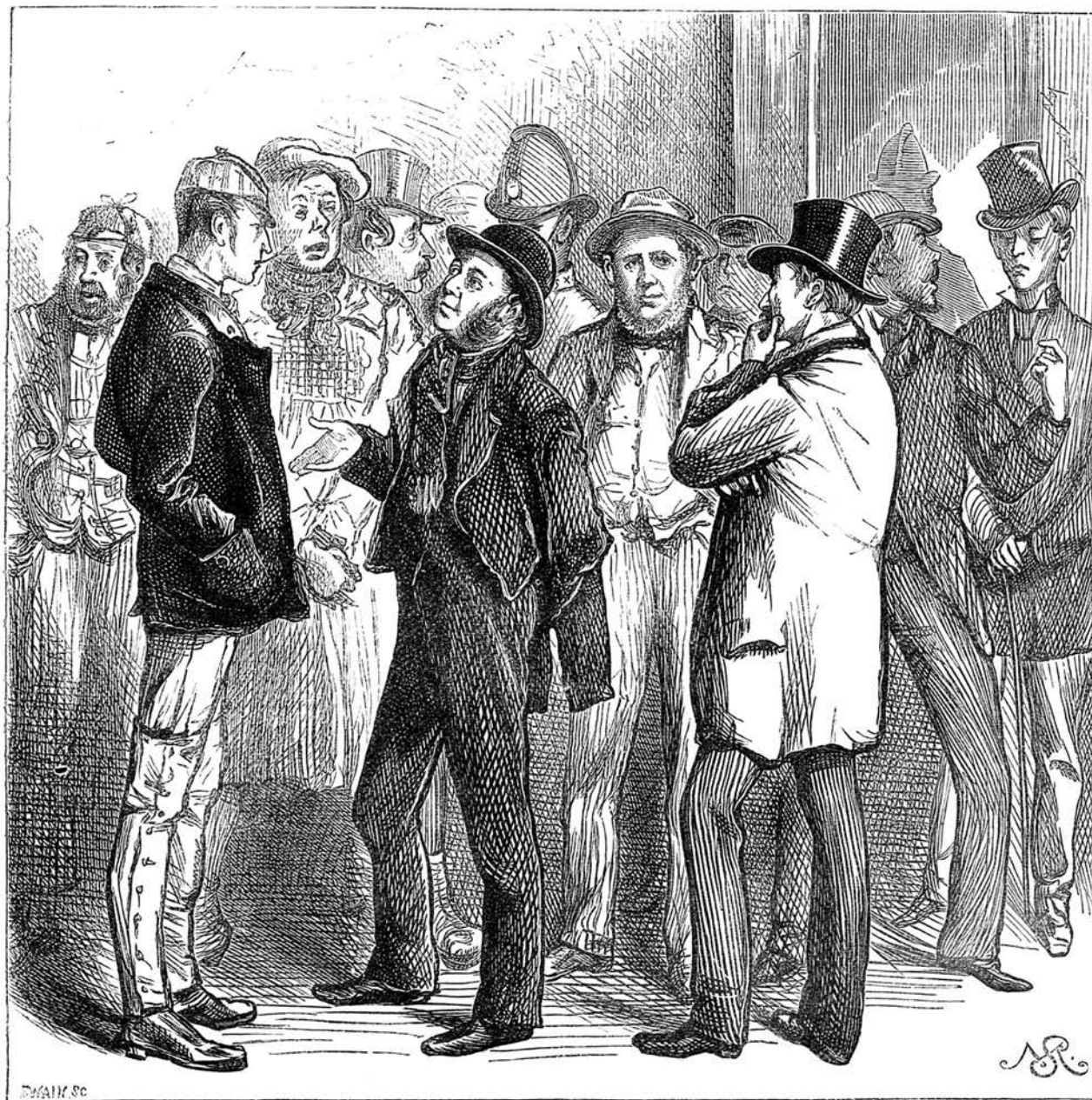
The next part of the business is far more serious. Every man is subjected to a rigid surgical examination, which includes rather a severe test of eyesight: a printed slip is pasted up on the wall of the surgeon's room, and the candidate is required to stand at a given distance and read from it. Many fail here—indeed, this medical ordeal altogether is often very disastrous to candidates. On a recent occasion no less than twenty-six out of thirty-seven were rejected by the Chief Surgeon.

Of those found eligible, a minute personal description is taken, for any future purposes of identification; and—assuming that matters of character bear close investigation—they are formally inspected by one of the Assistant Commissioners, and forthwith enrolled members of the "preparatory class," with an income of fifteen shillings a week.

Training for active service commences next morning, at the Wellington Barracks. The inquisitive stranger who follows on to the drill-ground here may perhaps do so in the expectation of witnessing some rather diverting rehearsals of policemen'ship. To "run in" a malefactor in a business-like and dignified manner, is an accomplishment which it is only reasonable to suppose would be a matter of special instruction; and for obstreperous offenders who decline to run, the "frog-trot"—the plan of carrying a man on all-fours as it were—is a still more complicated feat of constabulary art. One might almost expect to find some frisky and muscular member of the force specially devoted to the duty of enacting the part of the prisoner who, as the newspapers say, "was very violent on his

way to the station," while the recruits struggled with him under the experienced tuition of an inspector. Rehearsals of actual duty in this way, if somewhat arduous, might at times prove at least very entertaining. Nothing, for instance, could be more thoroughly enjoyable than the enactment of a little manœuvre practised some time ago upon an active and intelligent

cises differing only very slightly from ordinary military drill. The object of it is, perhaps, in some degree to impart to them a little smartness of deportment, but more particularly that they may be able to manœuvre with ease and rapidity when, as often happens, they are required to move through the streets in masses or to control a crowd by concerted action. They are



CANDIDATES FOR "THE FORCE"

officer, while engaged in belabouring a mob with his truncheon. The leather case of his weapon hung at his belt behind him, and observing this, some facetious Hercules seized hold of it, slipped it over his shoulder, and, amidst roars of laughter, actually ran away with the indignant officer on his back. Unfortunately for the interest of our article, the preparatory training of the police does not include any kind of practice for an emergency of this description.

The men parade at a quarter before nine in the morning, and forthwith commence a course of exer-

taught to march in single files, in fours, in subdivisions, sections, and so on ; and as they are, as a rule, undeniably superior to army recruits, both in intelligence and respectability of character, the precision they usually attain in a few days compares very favourably with the result of a similar length of training with the military. They are drilled steadily for about ten days, during which time every man has the use of an instruction book, which he is expected to study at his leisure. In this he will find general rules for his guidance when actually on duty. Thus : " If an

accident occurs, and any person is injured or insensible, he must send some one, or go himself, for the nearest medical man, get assistance and a stretcher from the station, and convey the person to an hospital or station, as may be directed by the medical man," &c. And again: "A constable who has apprehended a person must attend the police court the next morning, clean and properly dressed, with his prisoner, and be quite ready when the case is called on. On entering the witness-box he is to stand 'at attention,' and pay all possible respect to the magistrate."

To the contents of this instruction book the inspector in charge of the recruits takes occasional opportunities of adding such advice, or such explanations, as he may deem necessary; and at one time it was the practice for the Superintendent of the A Division to hold a kind of class for testing their knowledge of this elementary manual by questions, and by requiring them to state what would be their course under certain fictitious but probable circumstances. This, however, has been discontinued. Practically, it is found that the only teaching of any great value is that which is enforced by the responsibility of actual duty, and that men who are too minutely instructed are apt to rely upon their instructions to the exclusion of their judgment and common sense.

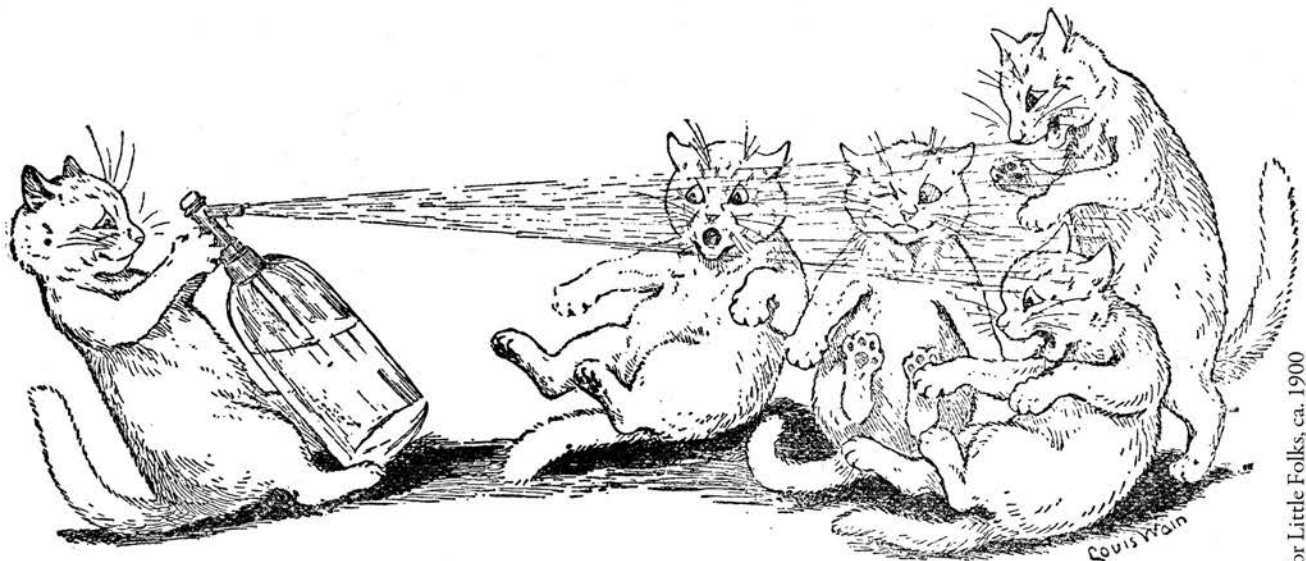
During the period of their drill and instruction, recruits are considered to be on approbation only. Those who prove inefficient at the end of it may be dismissed, or may be relegated to the drill yard for further training. All going well, however, at the end of a fortnight the whole company will appear before the Chief Commissioner, or one of the Assistant Commissioners, and will be sworn in as constables, and required to sign the "Oath Book." These clerks, and cooks, and bakers, and butchers have now become officers of the Crown, and will be forthwith decorated with belt and buttons, and "posted" to any of the nineteen land divisions that may happen to require reinforcement.

As regards pay, these nineteen divisions stand on an

equal footing. Every man begins with twenty-four shillings a week. The duty, however, varies very materially, and the distribution of the recruits depends mainly on their individual fitness for different districts. Thus, a young and slightly-built man will probably be appointed to one of the outer police divisions, where work is comparatively light; while a man of mature years and firmer frame will be dispatched to a central part of London. As this "posting" is a matter entrusted entirely to the judgment of the superintendent of the A, or Whitehall, Division, it would be reasonable to assume that any specially eligible recruit would be retained for that division. This, indeed, appears to be the case, and hence probably the A's are regarded as the "crack regiment" of the force.

Before permanently taking up his quarters, a policeman used at one time to go as it were in leading-strings for a week. He was required to do five hours' duty a day in company with some experienced officer on one of the busiest divisions. This, however, has been discontinued. On being made a constable he now proceeds at once to the scene of his regular duty, though he is not immediately appointed to a beat. For a week he is retained at the police-station, where of course he has many opportunities of becoming familiar with the practical details of the work that lies before him. Occasionally, perhaps, during this period he goes out for an hour or two on beat duty, or it may be that he is required for some reason or other to attend at one of the police courts.

Thus, by degrees, does a man cease to be a cook or a cobbler, and develop into a law officer of the Crown. Once on his beat, he has only to be strictly attentive to duty, to resist temptations to drink and everything else that is wrong, to be civil and respectful to the public and obedient to his superiors, to command his temper, speak the truth, be prudent, valiant, vigilant, intelligent—and he may hope in course of time to rise to the higher ranks of the service: so, at least, says the little book. G. F. MILLIN.



Fun for Little Folks, ca. 1900



WAITING FOR THE PROCTOR.

THE PROCTOR AND HIS "BULLDOGS."

BY AN OXFORD GRADUATE.



PICTURE to yourself a gentleman between thirty and fifty years of age, dressed in a black gown, with ample velvet sleeves edged with wasp-colour, and white bands (such as clergymen were wont to wear) depending from his throat, and you will have some idea of the external appearance of an Oxford Proctor.

His dress is symbolic. The black gown represents the public ceremonies in which he takes part; the white bands denote the solemnity of his office; while the velvet sleeves express the softness of his manners, and the wasp-coloured border suggests the sting that lurks beneath.

In dignity he ranks next only to the Vice-Chancellor; he walks second in the procession of magnates which files into St. Mary's Church every Sunday to hear the University sermon; he receives the names and fees of candidates for the public examinations, and plays a conspicuous and highly amusing part in the ceremony of conferring degrees. After each batch of new made graduates have had a Latin incantation mumbled over them by the Vice-Chancellor, two Proctors—in the presence not only of University officials and students, but also of any outsider who chooses to look on—sheepishly stride up the long room and back again without saying or doing anything. At first there is an attempt at solemnity in their gait, but after the senseless exercise has been repeated two or three times they look, as they doubtless feel, thoroughly wretched; the effort to appear dignified, and the desire to get it over as soon as possible, combine to produce one of the most comical effects ever seen.

The reason for this absurd performance is not far to seek. In ancient days any tradesman who had money owing him from an undergraduate might arrest the Proctor's course by plucking his sleeve, and so prevent the defaulter from taking his degree till his debt had been discharged. Few people know that this is the real origin of the term "plucked" as applied to failure in examination.

But this is by no means the only occasion on which the Proctor has to go on duty. It is a sad fact that this splendid dignitary, with his velvet sleeves and snow-white bands, is compelled to prowl about the streets by night, fulfilling the functions of a policeman. He is supported by three stalwart fellows in plain clothes, whose official title is "Proctor's men," but who are popularly known as "bulldogs."

At about eight o'clock every night one of the Proctors, with his attendant "bulldogs," sallies forth into the streets, hotels, and billiard-rooms of Oxford, collecting fines for the University chest. As the penalty for being out after dusk without cap and gown is five shillings, and the practice is almost universal, a rich

harvest is reaped from this field of labour. An additional five shillings is charged if the offence is aggravated by smoking.

There are occasions of course when it is impossible to avoid being "Proctorised," but the student soon becomes accustomed to certain signs which infallibly denote a Proctor's approach, and takes steps to elude him. The following are the ordinary symptoms. The street is abnormally empty; a quick and steady tramp is heard in the distance (this is most suspicious, as it is the fashion for undergraduates to lounge very slowly); three men appear marching close together, and at some distance behind them a cap and gown are discernible. Then it is time to be off.

When a capture is made the victim is treated with elaborate politeness. It takes place somewhat after this fashion. Jones is returning from a concert, and has nearly reached his College-gates, when suddenly, turning a sharp corner, he runs straight into the arms of a "bulldog."

The man touches his hat. "If you please, sir, the Proctor wishes to speak to you."

Before Jones has recovered from the shock, that functionary advances, raises his cap with a bow, and inquires:—

"Are you a member of this University, sir?"

"Yes," says Jones.

"What is your name and College, sir?"

"Jones of St. Boniface."

"Will you please call on Mr. Hunter of All Saints at nine o'clock to-morrow morning? Good night, sir." And again raising his cap he sails away, leaving Jones sick at the thought of having been caught within twenty yards of his own rooms.

But he rises next morning determined not to yield without a struggle, and presents himself at All Saints with all the courage of conscious innocence. He is shown into an ante-room now occupied by at least a dozen other men bent on the same errand, all looking excessively bored, and one decidedly wretched; for the Proctor takes cognisance of graver questions than that of dress.

With just that degree of nervous excitement which a brave man feels on the eve of a great crisis, Jones watches his fellow-victims pass in and out in order of capture, and at last hears his own name called by the attendant "bulldog."

He is ushered into the Proctorial presence, and is amazed to see no longer the solemn functionary of last night, but a good-natured man in slippers and shooting-coat, standing with his back to the fire and his hands crossed under his coat-tails.

"Well, Mr. Jones, have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Well, sir, I was just coming home from the concert at the Town Hall, and I couldn't have gone with a gown over my dress-clothes."

"Why not?"

"Well, sir, it wouldn't have been quite the thing. No one ever does."

"Pardon me, the Vice-Chancellor always appears in his academics."

"Ah! sir, but it's a very different thing for the Vice-Chancellor. His robes mark him out for honour, mine would have had just the reverse effect."

The Proctor smiles as he glances at the miserable rag which does duty for an Oxford undergraduate's gown, and says—

"Very well, Mr. Jones, I will not dispute that point. However, as you have enjoyed the privilege of escaping ridicule you must be content to pay for it; I must trouble you for five shillings."

One term Jones's father came up to Oxford to see him, and invited him to dine at the Roderick Hotel, bringing a few of his friends. They had finished dinner, lit their cigars, and had just begun a game of pool, when the door softly opened, and a Proctor entered. After the customary civilities, he took down their names, and requested them to call upon him at nine o'clock next morning, Jones senior staring all the time in blank astonishment. When the official had disappeared, and he was informed that this visit meant a fine of ten shillings apiece, his amazement turned to hot indignation.

"Do you mean to tell me that—that—that fellow is at liberty to invade a private billiard-room in which I am entertaining my friends, and insult me by fining them all round?"

"Yes; it's a shame, isn't it?"

"Shame!—it's abominable! it's monstrous! I shall write to the Commissioners as soon as I get back to town."

Whether the old gentleman fulfilled his threat is uncertain; presumably not, for things remain unaltered to this day.

As might be expected, countless legends have gathered round the portly figure of the Proctor. The two following rest on more than usually good authority.

A certain undergraduate, who held an open scholarship at a hard-working College, and for whom a brilliant career was predicted, had the misfortune to be detected in a billiard-room after nine o'clock at night. Now it happened that the Proctor knew his captive as a student of great promise, and was unwilling to subject him to the degradation of a fine; on the other hand, he could not consent to defraud the University. After a few minutes' reflection a delicate compromise suggested itself. He conversed affably for some time, and then inquired, with much apparent interest—

"By the way, Mr. Princeps, have you subscribed to the Charity Organisation Society?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, let me recommend you to do so. I am a member of the Committee, and shall be happy to receive your subscription at once, if it is convenient to you."

"May I ask what is the usual donation?"

"Ten shillings—I am much obliged to you. Good morning, Mr. Princeps."

The other legend runs as follows:—

A famous young orator was returning one night from the Union Debating Society, and solacing himself with a pipe on his way home. Meeting a Proctor within a few yards of the Union, and suspecting that uncompromising zeal had led his foe to lie in ambush till the close of the debate—an unpardonable atrocity in the eyes of undergraduates—he determined to be even with him. So having given up his name and College, and made the usual morning appointment, he spent the rest of the evening in making a round of the public-houses, and returned to his rooms with his pockets nearly bursting, and a smile of triumph on his brow.

Next morning he called upon his captor, bearing in his hand a fat calico bag tied up with red tape.

"Mr. Spouter, I think?"

Spouter bows assent.

"Ah! you were smoking in the Corn Market last night, Mr. Spouter. I must trouble you for ten shillings."

Spouter unties his bag, and out rushes a torrent of halfpence.

"Will you oblige me by counting them, sir? I can only make two hundred and thirty-nine."

Spouter left Oxford next morning, and did not return till the following term.

But the serious question arises: Are the Proctors worth their salt?—Most decidedly, yes! Granted that the fine of five shillings for neglecting to wear cap and gown after dusk is an undignified extortion since the authorities could enforce their being worn, without the least trouble if they pleased; granted that there is a lot of solemn absurdity mixed up with the Proctorial office, as there is with offices far more important; it yet remains that these censors are of very real service.

It must be borne in mind that the so-called University "men" are mere lads just loosed from the bonds of school, overflowing with animal spirits, and having often excessive sums of money at their disposal; men in their notions, boys in their rashness, self-indulgence, and ignorance of the world. It is certain that were it not for some such restraint as the Proctors exercise, Oxford would be a bear-garden.



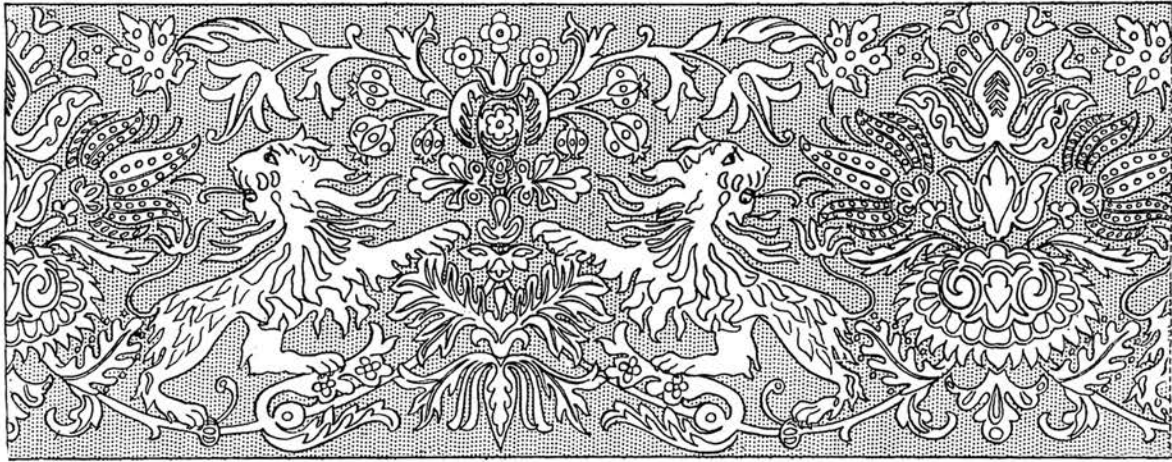


FIG. I.

RUSSIAN CROSS-STITCH EMBROIDERY.

THE subject of national embroideries is a very interesting one, and as an index to national character it is by no means to be despised. Unfortunately, as nations advance in civilisation these national embroideries—many of which are very beautiful—are too often lost. Here in England we have no special national embroidery of our own, but, like the French, we do all sorts and kinds of needle-work, ancient and modern.

In these days, too, Russian ladies do not restrict themselves to their national embroidery any more than Bulgarian and Hungarian ladies do to their own beautiful national embroideries. Russian cross-stitch embroidery, however, suits the Russian woman exceedingly well, though at first sight one would think just the reverse, for it would seem to require almost as much perseverance and industry as the tapestry of our ancestresses to cover entirely a large piece of linen like the sofa-back we are able to reproduce (Fig. 1.) with cross-stitch.

A second glance, however, will show the background only is in cross-stitch; the design is simply worked in outline-stitch. And we may be quite sure very few and far between are the Russian ladies who will trouble to work the background themselves; they will either buy

it worked or hand it over to some one else to do it for them.

The material on which this work is done is a coarse linen, unbleached; it can be obtained with designs traced on it, and the proper cotton, at Messrs. Friedberger's, 150, Brompton Road, who have some very handsome pieces of finished work. The cotton is very soft and not very coarse, and is sold in balls, which do not go very far, for it takes a good deal to ground a large piece of work; it is called simply Russian cotton, and can be had in black, yellow, and any shades of red and blue.

The design itself is, in most of Messrs. Friedberger's work, outlined in a rich thick silk, which has a very handsome effect; but flax thread can be used instead of the silk if preferred, and looks exceedingly well too. Outline-stitch is to be used for the design: the flowers, leaves, or animals are not filled in, they are, as it were, sketched in; just the principal veins of the leaves and flowers and markings of the animals are put in, all in outline-stitch, leaving the bare linen to represent the body of the design. The general effect, when finished, is of a *bas-relief* on a coloured background.

The background can be of any colour: black, yellow, red, or blue are the most effective, but



FIG. II.

there is really no hard and fast rule about it. The Russian national colours can be used ; but this is not *de rigueur*, as it is in some national embroideries. Very much depends, too, on the use to which the work is to be put : red makes a warm background for cushions ; yellow is very effective for sofa- or chair-backs, and black for mantel borders.

The cross-stitch does not look so even as the cross-stitch of Berlin wool work done on canvas, or as German cross-stitch done in

colours were employed. Great care must be taken to keep exactly to the outline and to fill in all the markings accurately, as on this the artistic character of the work depends.

The subjects of the designs are all conventional : flowers and leaves when used are conventionalised ; the work would not lend itself to natural flowers well. Among the principal features of the designs are the animals which are introduced into almost every piece of embroidery ; of these, lions, griffins, and

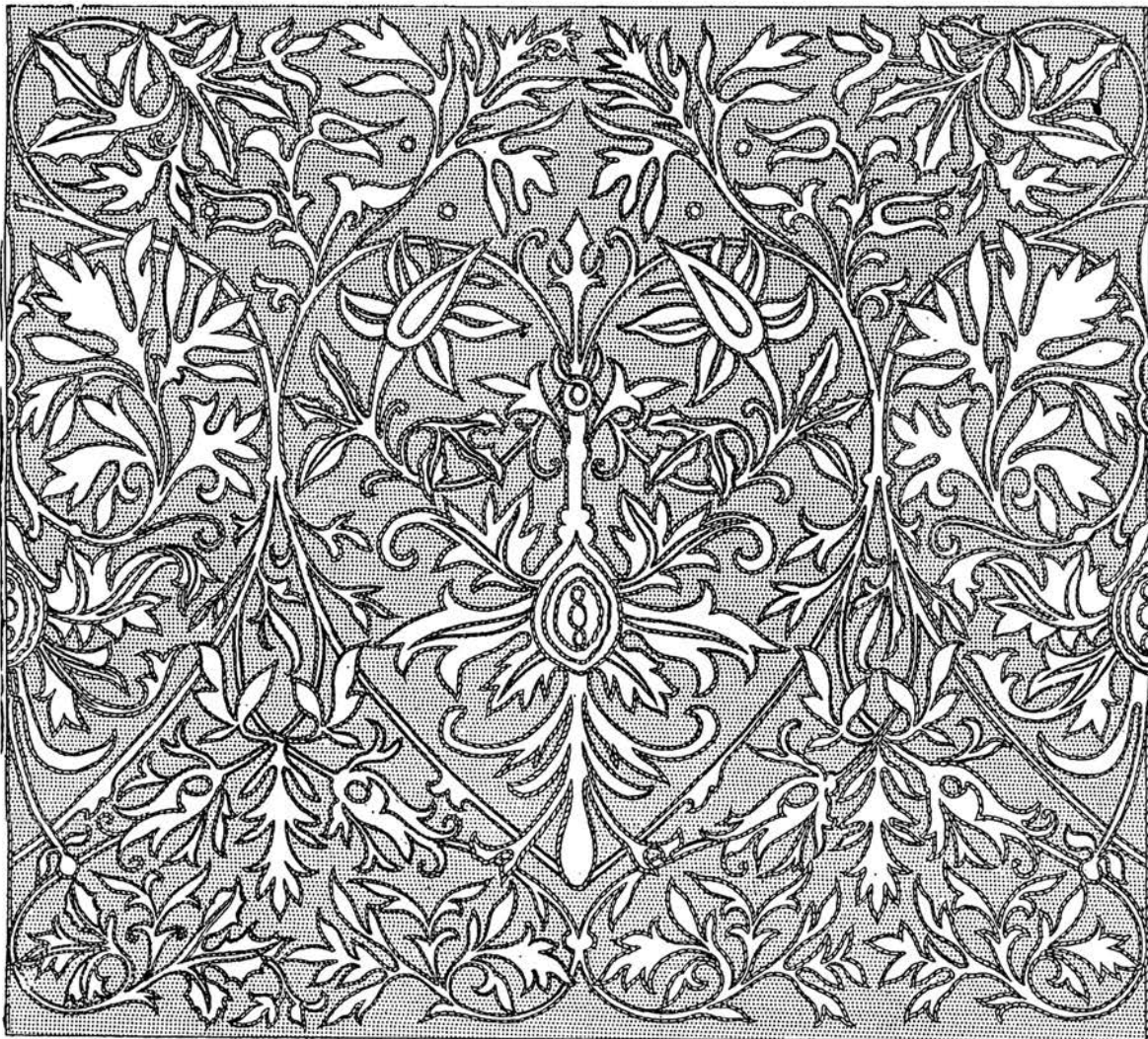


FIG. III.

coloured cottons on canvas cloth ; but this is one of the features of this work. All Messrs. Friedberger's designs are marked out in cross-bars, each square of which represents a stitch, so there is no counting of threads ; all that has to be done is to work a cross-stitch in each little square marked out for that purpose.

For the designs one or two colours are generally sufficient, simplicity being one of the characteristics of the work ; and, indeed, the general effect would be destroyed if too many

dragons are the most popular, and they are all highly conventional.

One of the handsomest pieces of finished work at Messrs. Friedberger's was a sofa-back (Fig. I.). This is a very handsome design and contains the characteristic lions, which are produced in a conventional scroll reaching to the end of the design, which, as will be seen, is all highly conventional. The background is worked in cross-stitch in red Russian cotton, the design and the somewhat



FIG. IV.

elaborate markings in rather pale green silk. The general effect of this beautiful piece of work is excellent.

Another sofa-back (Fig. II.) was quite as effective, but had not quite so rich an effect. In this piece griffins are the creatures which make the principal feature of the design. They and the conventional scroll of leaves which proceeds from their wings—the emblem of their swiftness, as their lion-like bodies are emblems of their strength—are worked in red silk; the very conventional vine, the leaves and grapes, and the conventional flower intertwined with it, are all worked in black silk, while the background is done in cross-stitch in gold-coloured Russian cotton.

The third design which we are able to reproduce is of a sofa-cushion, and is entirely

conventional; the design is worked in outline-stitch in green silk, the background in cross-stitch in red Russian cotton.

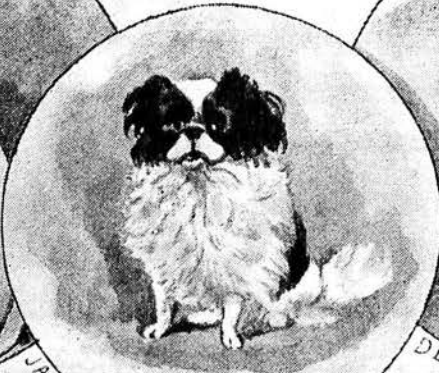
Squares which can be joined together for counterpanes and bedspreads can be had, and make very handsome objects. Tablecloths of various sizes are also to be had at Messrs. Friedberger's: these and the articles we have mentioned above are subjects for which this work is best suited; it is less easily adapted to smaller objects. If preferred, designs for counterpanes can be traced on a large piece of linen, as it is made sufficiently wide for the purpose; the squares, however, are much less fatiguing, as they are so much less cumbersome.

The square (Fig. IV.) is a very good size, as it just takes a good lion; it shows clearly how the work is traced and done.

ARISTOCRACY OF THE



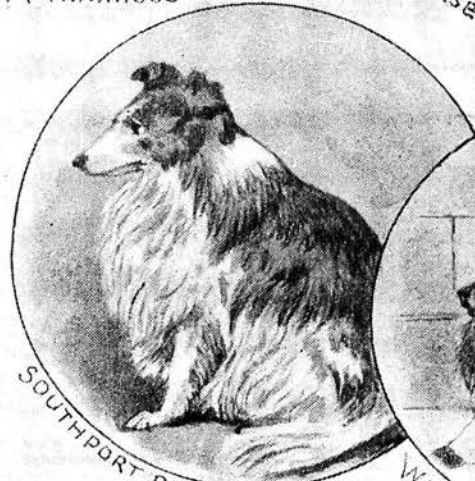
MASTIFF LADY FLORIDA
M^{rs} W. N. HIGGS



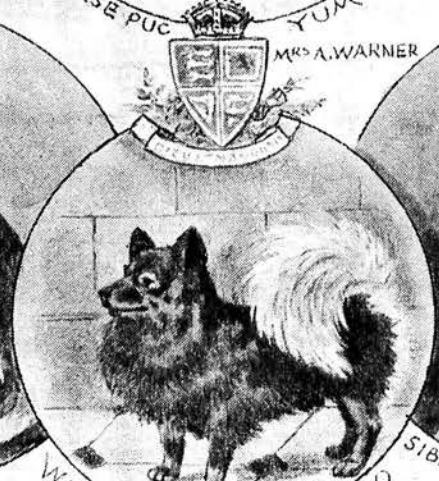
JAPANESE PUG YUM
M^{rs} A. WARNER



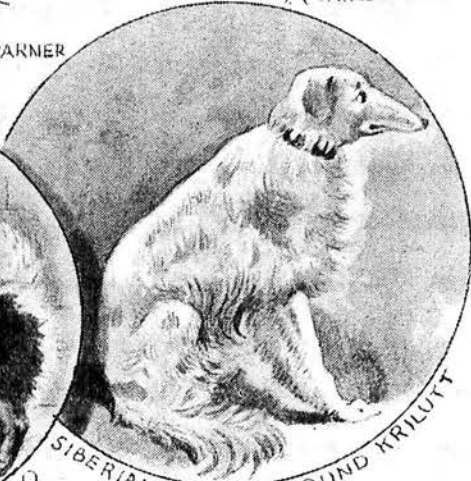
DEERHOUND STRATHMORE
M^{rs} H. EDWARDS



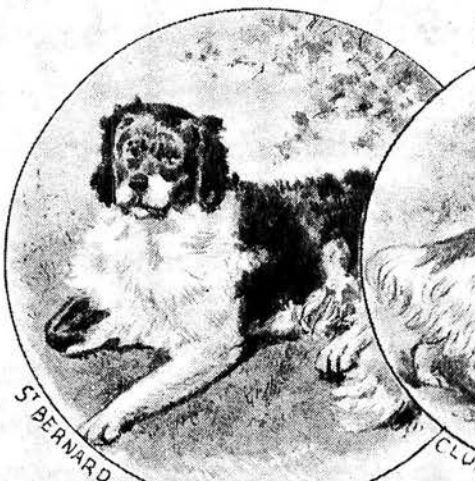
SOUTHPORT PILOT
M^{rs} W. E. MASON



WINDSOR MARGO
H. M. THE QUEEN



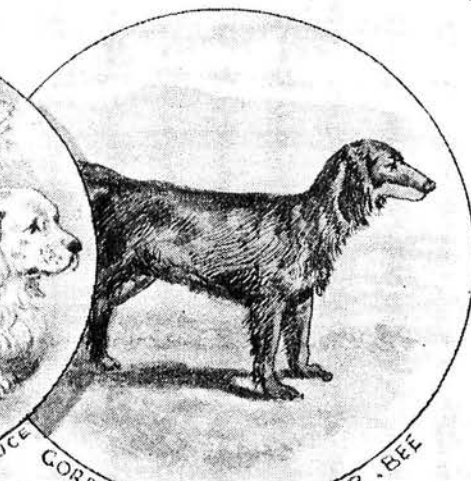
SIBERIAN WOLFHOUND KRILUTT
H^{on} M^{rs} WELLESLEY



ST BERNARD LORD BUTE
M^r T. SHILLCOCK

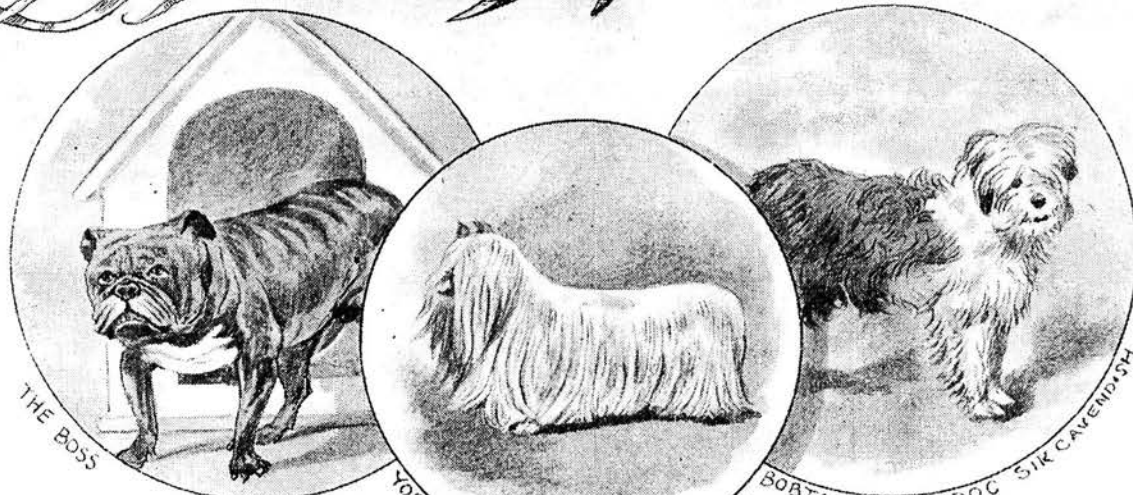


CLUMBER LIGHTWOOD BRUCE
M^{rs} J. H. MACKENNA



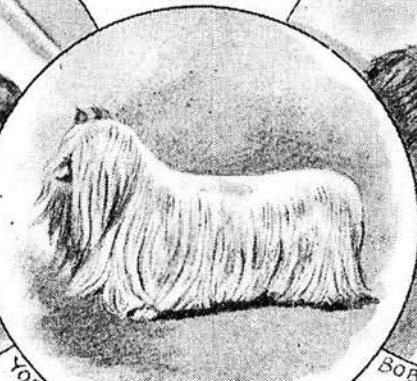
GORDON SETTER HEATHER BEE
M^r R. CHAPMAN

Doggy World

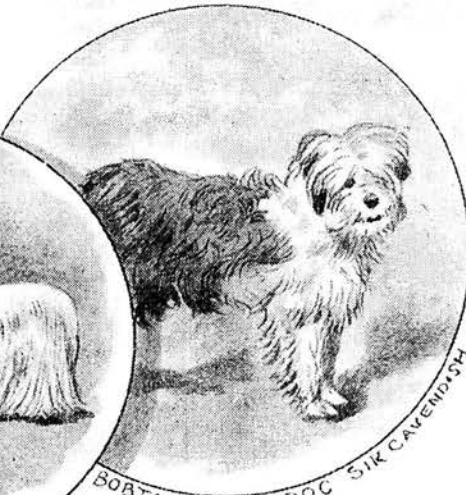


THE BOSS

MRS. S. WOODIWISS



YORKSHIRE TERRIER CHAMPION TED
MRS. M. A. FOSTER



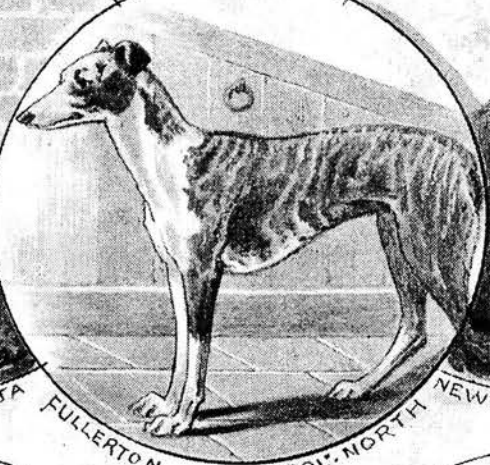
BOBTAIL SHEEPDOG SIR CAVENTISH

DR. J. G. LOCK



GREAT DANE CHAMPION VENDETTA

MRS. REG. HERBERT



FULLERTON



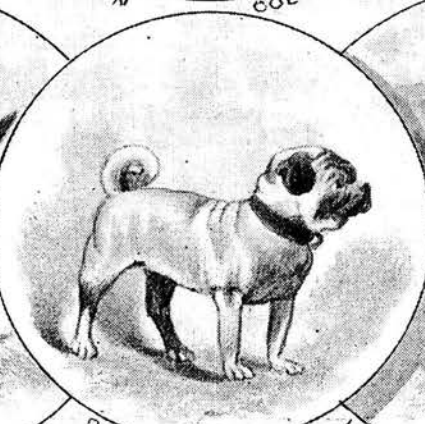
COL. NORTH NEWFOUNDLAND HORATIUS

MRS. C. J. SPARROW



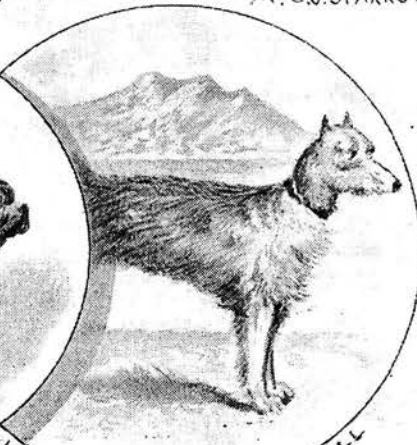
TIREDALE TERRIER CHOLMONDLEY

W & S L. MRS. H. M. BRYANS



PUG CHAMPION LORIS

M. C. HOULKER



IRISH TERRIER BREADENHILL

M. J. W. TAYLOR

ERIC'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

BY LIZZIE HERITAGE.



ERIC having been promised, by Dorrit and me, that we would do our best to provide an evening's recreation and refreshment on the occasion of his birthday, it will readily be believed that, for once at least, his memory did not fail him, and that for us to forget *the day*—so long as he was near—was an impossibility.

The question whether he preferred a party of the youthful "lords of creation" only, or a few of the fair sex as well, was jokingly put by Dorrit, who once heard him vote "all girls a bore." The answer that it would look odd not to have "a few of the fellows' sisters," was sufficiently affirmative to justify us in sending invitations to the favoured few. A discussion then followed on the relative merits of a sit-down supper, and the arranging of the refreshments on a long table, so that all might help themselves in the intervals between the performances—but I am premature in mentioning performances just yet. The result was, all the gentlemen present at the discussion promised to do their duty in ministering to the creature comforts of the fair sex, so the "refreshment table" proposal was carried unanimously.

"Don't spare the drinks, girls," was the boys' request; "we shall be thirsty after all the work mapped out for us;" so I purchased a supply of "fruit syrups," clove, pineapple, ginger, lemon, orange, raspberry, lime, and currant, all being included in the assorted dozen, the remains of which would be consumed by us during the warm weather. I also laid in a stock of aerated waters—soda, seltzer, &c.—for mixing with the syrups; but my particular little luxury was a block of ice, which I knew would render the afore-mentioned beverages still more refreshing; tea and coffee, and some home-made wines, making up the drinkables.

The savoury edibles consisted of *Lamb-Sandwiches*—a change from the cold lamb one so often meets with—*Lobster Salads*, and *Marbled Chickens*.

For the first-named, thin slices of meat were cut from a leg which had been roasted and left until cold; the slices divided into dice before being laid on the bread and butter. A little *thick* mint sauce was spread on the fellow-slice, and the sandwiches were completed.

The *Lobster Salads* were made very small, in tiny glass dishes the size of the top of a tea-cup, and plentifully dotted about the table. Lettuces, radishes, cucumber, and beet-root, cut small, were dressed with oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper, then mixed with the flesh of the lobster, also finely cut; this three-parts filled the little dishes. Some mayonnaise sauce was then poured over, and sprinkled with lobster coral, run

through a sieve; the whites of the eggs—left from those boiled for the dressing—were cut into rings and laid in the centre of each, and very pretty they looked.

For *Marbled Chickens*, two were boned, laid upon the table, and spread first with a layer of boiled tongue in slices, then with nicely-seasoned veal forcement, and lastly with slices of boiled ham. Each was rolled up, tied with tape, and simmered—with the bones, herbs and vegetables to flavour nicely, and sufficient water to cover—until tender. The gravy was well seasoned, and reduced to a pint by longer simmering; it then received the addition of an ounce of dissolved gelatine, and, when *nearly* set, was poured over the chickens, which had been unbound and cut into slices ready for serving, though they were placed together as if uncut, so as to present a nice appearance. The dishes were garnished with parsley, sliced lemon, and beet-root.

I took care that there should be various kinds of cheese, besides salad, and brown and white bread and butter.

The sweets were fresh fruits in season, as many as my purse would allow, and that old-fashioned, delicious dish, *Gooseberry Fool*; but instead of all cream for mixing with the fruit after cooking, and rubbing it through a sieve, I used half cream and half milk, sweetening with condensed milk, which gave it a very rich taste.

The indispensable *Birthday Cake* was a moderately rich one, with citron, cherries, and chopped almonds, instead of raisins or currants. The top, too, was coated with rough sugar and chopped almonds, prior to baking in a shallow square tin, so that the cake could be cut into fingers.

Would a birthday be a birthday without a *pudding*? I thought not; so, as the weather was too warm for the rich plum-pudding generally served on such occasions, I made two *Festive Puddings* from a recipe given to me by Nora Graham, that young lady being unable to help me to prepare the supper, though she and Hugh promised to join us in the evening. And in my heart I felt I had profited by her previous instruction sufficiently to enable me to manage on this occasion with Dorrit's help only. The mode was as follows:—Two moulds, holding a pint and a half each, were lined with sliced sponge-cake, next a layer of fresh ripe strawberries, and a layer of hot custard, and so on, cake, fruit, and custard, until the moulds were full. The ingredients for the custard were a pint of milk, an ounce and a half of gelatine, the yolks of four eggs, and four ounces of sugar; half a pint of cream, and the juice of a lemon, being stirred in *off* the fire. These, when set firm and turned out, resembled moulded creams in appearance, and were much appreciated, as, for this occasion, sugar and cream were served with them.

Small dishes of pastry, some "fingers" with a layer of jam, and tartlets filled with stewed fruit, together with biscuits, sweet and plain, interspersed among the larger dishes completed the *menu*.

I must mention my plan for keeping the ice from melting, as it created no little amusement. I knew that *the* thing was to exclude the warm air, so, as we possessed a large eider-down tea-cosy, I used it for covering the ice, which was divided into small pieces and put into an oval dish. "The idea of keeping ice warm!" said one, and a general laugh followed; but when I explained that in some hospitals it is customary to set the vessel containing ice on a feather pillow and lay a second pillow over the top, my little device was praised rather than ridiculed.

As we knew we could not accommodate more than eighteen, we had decided to send invitations to fourteen outsiders, there being four of ourselves (Rupert, Eric, Dorrit, and myself) to make up the number. At a family conclave held three weeks previous to the all-important event, we voted that we would try to strike out in a new direction for providing entertainment for the evening. Eric was inclined to have nothing but games, but Rupert protested that it would not answer unless we had "singing or something of that." However, on one point we were determined, we would *not* have the usual excuses from guests who, when asked to sing or play, invariably say that they are unprepared, that they have not brought their music, that they have colds, &c. &c., all of which may or may not be true.

We thought it would do if we arranged a programme, and let each guest know beforehand what he or she was expected to do towards the general entertainment. We knew that this could be done very easily, as all whom we intended to invite were intimate friends of ours, and would be perfectly willing to fall in with our scheme; the songs, recitations, &c., would be far more appreciated in the intervals between the round games than they would be if listened to in monotonous succession, as is so often the case; and, by winding up with a charade, we felt sure the evening would not want in "go."

Having ascertained from our friends that they were willing to take part, Nora, Dorrit, and I, after much deliberation, drew up the programme, which consisted of music and popular readings and recitations.

For a charade, Dorrit had suggested that we should use a composition of her own, which some unappreciative editor had returned some years before. Eric

grumbled at first, saying that it was too easy, and "he wasn't going to learn that stuff" (poor Dorrit's effusion being written in a kind of doggerel rhyme), but when it was pointed out that our object was to amuse rather than puzzle our guests, and that the characters could easily introduce impromptu scraps of conversation throughout the charade, he graciously fell in with the idea.

So at twelve precisely the curtain rose on the first act, which was easily guessed by our audience to represent "Arm." We had altered this slightly from my sister's original effort, as we brought in the word in every conceivable way, not forgetting to put the "h" before it in one instance. *The* hit was when Hugh, Rupert, and Eric posed as three raw rifle volunteers, endeavouring to shoulder arms. The second act represented "Chair," and we did it as follows:—Hugh, got up as a pompous elderly gentleman, was discovered seated with his family around him; said family being represented by Nora (who made a splendid matron), Rupert, Dorrit, and myself. Our supposed father then informed us, as he flourished a roll of paper, that he would rehearse the speech which he intended to deliver at the next local Science Meeting, where he was to take the chair; so he began, "Ladies and Gentlemen," when he was interrupted by Eric, dressed as a regular Sairy Gamp, who entered in a truly inconsistent stage-fashion, and, with a bob, introduced herself—

"Please, sir, my name is Betsy Gam,
And I goes out a charing;
A poor hard-working soul I am,
As seldom gets a airing"—

and went on to vociferously demand employment. We had hard work to get rid of Betsy, who stated her wants in a very spirited fashion, and, as Eric was very good in putting in bits of his own, the curtain was drawn amid much laughter. Space forbids me to give the third act, "Arm-chair," in detail; suffice it that a young couple are surprised by the damsel's outraged father, who, on hearing that the young man has come into a fortune, bestows his blessing on them, and his arm-chair! Nora singing Eliza Cook's well-known song completed the scene.

After a slight repast, our friends departed—thoroughly satisfied with their evening; and if any doubts as to the success of our party *aid* remain, they were dispelled when Eric announced, with a gratified sigh, that "he didn't care how soon he had another birthday."



A QUEER PET.

BY E. H. BARBOUR.

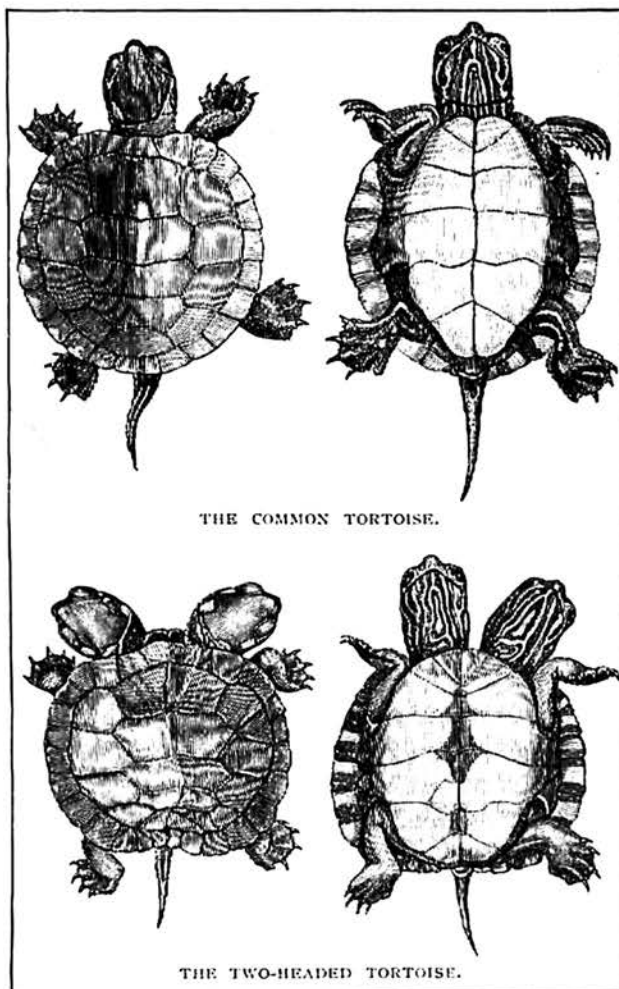
THE prettiest little "monster" that I have ever seen was a young two-headed painted tortoise (*Chrysemys picta*), caught last June by Master Leighton Foster, while hunting for Natural History specimens in the marshes bordering West River, in New Haven, Connecticut.

This pretty little pet, the shell of which was quite normal save that it was a little broader than long, had the usual four legs and a tail, but was furnished with two perfectly formed heads and necks, which acted independently of one another—so independently, in fact, that the right and left heads fought like little Trojans, whenever there was occasion for jealousy or spite.

Now, the tortoise is generally thought a dull and stupid creature, but this little fellow knew the hand that fed him and refused to eat anything, however tempting, from strangers. The favorite morsel of these twin heads was a cricket or grasshopper. But the head lucky enough to seize it first, found its right to sole possession stoutly contested by the other. Since they were equals in age and strength, and had fair and equal advantages in every way, these spirited little tugs-of-war ended only when the morsel separated. Then each, thinking itself the hero, gulped its portion with great satisfaction. They seemed healthy and ate with evident relish, and consumed equal amounts; but often their appetites were not the same, for at feeding-time the greed of one and abstinence of the other showed they were not equally hungry. Repeatedly I have seen one little head turn slyly around and snap at the bright eye of the other, plainly mistaking it for something to eat, and causing that head to withdraw hastily into the shell. And thereby there is suggested a point of continual discussion between these two heads which I fear was never settled amicably. For it often happened that both heads were inclined to withdraw into their common shell or house at the same time, which they could do, it is true; but when both were in it was plainly very crowded.

Now, if there is any one privilege peculiarly that of the tortoise, it is the privilege of withdrawing at its own sweet will into its own private shell, without any considerations for outsiders. Certainly, it would be a very lax and easy-going tortoise that would yield its long-established right to seclusion,

and submit peaceably to the encroachment of another; so these heads quarreled daily. Sometimes one head wished to look around, and then the other enjoyed the luxury of the shell in peace, but in course of time the twin was sure to withdraw, too. Then the two heads would fidget irritably; only for a brief moment, however, for they came out almost at once, as indignant and angry as their tender years would allow, and, closing their eyes, beat their heads together and fought with all their



might, till some compromise was effected. These were the most amusing and absurd little scrimmages imaginable. Just think of one *itself* engaged in deadly combat with another *itself*; what an absurdity!—but so it was. And neither one could go away to leave the other and sulk and pout

about it, so they generally gave up when tired out and wisely agreed to disagree.

When sleep overcame one head, it withdrew, together with its two feet, into the shell. But the companion head, wide-awake and looking about in all directions, might simultaneously decide to be up and doing, and then it would start off vigorously with the two feet belonging to its side of the house; but its efforts were vain: it only went round and round in a circle, the sleeping side acting as a dead-weight. It did n't seem to mind it much, however, but continued on its journey uninterruptedly till the sleeper awoke, whereupon the two sides started off in unison, but with the most awkward gait possible. For, instead of putting a fore foot forward, like the normal tortoise, following immediately with a diagonally opposite hind foot, this little monster stepped out with its front feet at once, so that its fore parts were left without support, and dropped; then the hind feet stepped forward, leaving the hind parts without support, and they dropped in turn; and thus, bobbing up and down, it advanced by an awkward, rocking gait.

But the sleeper, roused abruptly, was not always disposed to start off at once with its companion, so the other scurried around as best it could till convinced that a circle is endless, and that it must have recourse to other expedients than those provided by nature. Out of its necessity, surprising as it may appear, this little monster had invented a way of getting about. Extending its two feet, it clutched at grass and weeds, and so dragged itself sideways, and went when it would, or where it chose, whether the other side slept, or, being awake, took its ease, refusing to budge. I have seen them walk thus, repeatedly; but it was the invention of the right head, and the left never resorted to it so far as I could observe. Thus it will be seen that there was no concerted action between the right side and the left, and yet they started together, with surprising frequency, to do precisely the same things: to eat, to swim, or to walk.

A smooth concrete walk was a favorite place for giving this pet an occasional sun-bath. When placed on this, or on a smooth piece of ground, it went through some queer antics before starting. First, the left head turned to the left, the right to the right, after gazing vacantly about for a time, they at length started off with a will in these two opposite directions at once. The result is, of course, that opposing one another as they did, they went backward, sometimes two or three feet, before they found how useless were their efforts to go each his own way. But when they ascertained this, they stopped short, and, after a moment's rest, started off together, teetering up and down, but traveling straight along till a stalk of grass or a weed was

encountered. This was sure to bring them to a standstill, for one insisted upon turning to the left of it, the other to the right, which brought them astride the weed, where they stood, tugging away obstinately till strength failed them.

A ledge along the concrete walk, not over three-quarters of an inch high, easily scaled by other pet tortoises of the same age, proved an insurmountable barrier for a long time. But, finally, the two-headed tortoise, with its two wills and two walking systems, learned to stand up on tiptoe by the ledge, and, giving a sudden kick, to throw itself over, but so violently at first that it invariably landed on its back, a most unfortunate predicament in its case, from which, unlike the normal tortoise, it could not extricate itself without help. But it soon learned to clear the ledge and alight right side up on the other side.

Every one who saw these queer maneuvers and the intelligence displayed in the adapting of means to ends for which it was so poorly fitted by nature, was charmed with the little pet.

In the water of its aquarium it paddled about slowly, sometimes diving to the bottom, at other times resting on the surface, with one head, perhaps, under the water, the other above; showing that the heads breathed independently, a fact easily verified by watching the two throats as they expanded and contracted. At the same time, it was noticed that the two heads opened their mouths and gaped occasionally, as if to breathe more air. This was the only sign of weakness. It may seem strange that any two so completely one should have differed in temperament, for they were certainly brought up under identically the same treatment; yet the right head, on many occasions, was the more irritable and timid,—ready to pick a quarrel with its other self, or to dodge a fly or strange animal, while the other head seemed stolid and self-confident at all times.

But I had not reached this point in its simple history, nor had I satisfied my desire to study all its ways, when the little prize met with a serious accident. Its aquarium was carefully provided with clean, fresh water and a liberal supply of water plants. Now, while they were renewing the water and supplies, one day, this little curiosity was put out on the smooth grass almost within easy reach. Suddenly there was a rush and spring, and before even the most watchful could interfere, a prowling, stray cat had pounced upon the favorite inmate of the aquarium. Of course it was rescued at once, but it was thought that the ruthless cat had killed the pet outright. To their great satisfaction, it seemed to be unhurt. There was no trace of blood, not even a scratch visible.

The right head ventured at once to peer out

cautiously, but the left was too frightened to leave its protecting shell for fully half an hour. But finding itself in familiar hands the pet was soon itself again, and was restored to its aquarium.

The next morning it walked, swam, and ate as it was wont to do, although the left head was not hungry, and refused to eat at all, which was not uncommon. The next day, also, the left head ate nothing, and on the third it drooped. It was evidently very weak and sick, yet courageous and bound to hold out as long as possible, for, when petted, it straightened up resolutely and tried to make off with its companion, as it had done for so many weeks, to the wonder and delight of all who saw it. But in less than an hour it was dead, and the left legs also; leaving its companion apparently in great distress, for it was exceedingly uneasy. Undoubtedly the living head had some intimation of its approaching end and restlessly walked

about as if to escape. But in two hours and a half the right head was dead also. The cat's claw had pierced the neck of the left head. Careful examination showed, close to the shell, a small but fatal wound in the neck. But for this tragic end, it might have lived on through the winter, or possibly even longer.

During its short life, from the 1st of June to the middle of September, many people from many cities visited it, and enjoyed its queer pranks, its quarrels for more room, its tugs-of-war for food, its many misunderstandings of itself, its awkward gait and wise look.

Large sums of money were offered for it, but this rare pet had so endeared itself to its owners that they were not tempted to part company with it. Now that it is dead, they keep the body carefully preserved, and feel that its memory deserves to be perpetuated.



PRACTICAL POINTS OF LAW.

BY A LAWYER.

TENANTS.

THERE are three kinds of tenancies: for a term of years, from year to year, or at will.

A term of years is for a certain and definite period, for a year or less, or for a given number of years, if a person shall so long live.

A tenancy from year to year is a tenancy ending at the end of the first or any subsequent year by half a year's notice to quit and continuing from year to year until thus determined.

A tenancy at will is where either party may put an end to it whenever it pleases them to do so.

Every agreement for a lease should be in writing, and all leases for more than three years must be by deed.

The tenant who holds over after the expiration of his lease and pays rent, becomes a tenant from year to year.

The ordinary consideration for a lease is rent.

Under the usual covenants that are generally inserted in leases six years arrears of rent are recoverable by action.

Rent in arrear is also recoverable by distress.

The tenant who covenants to pay all rates and taxes without any exception does not render himself liable for the landlord's property tax.

Every tenant is liable for actual waste.

Actual waste is pulling down houses and walls, destroying fruit trees, cutting timber, etc.

Permissive waste is allowing the property to fall into decay for want of necessary repairs.

A lessee for a term of years is liable for permissive waste, a tenant at will is not.

A tenant from year to year is bound to keep the premises wind and water-tight, but not to do such substantial repairs as roofing.

There is no warranty by a landlord as to the condition of an unfurnished house.

Therefore if the house is uninhabitable the tenant is liable to pay his rent just the same.

Moreover, a tenant who is under no obligation to do repairs cannot require his landlord to do them.

If a house is let furnished it must be in a condition fit for occupation.

In the absence of any express stipulation the lessor is not bound to re-build a house accidentally burnt down.

A fire caused by the tenant's negligence is not accidental.

Under a general covenant to repair, the tenant is liable to restore any house or building which may be destroyed by fire, lightning, or other accident.

A lessee should expressly provide for insurance.

When the lessee does not desire to insure, damage by fire should be expressly excepted from the general covenant to repair.

A lease frequently contains a covenant that the lessee shall not carry on particular trades on the premises.

When the covenant is to the effect that the premises shall be used as a private dwelling-house only, it is broken by permitting the house to be used as a school;

Or as a charitable institution for the board and education of children.

A covenant not to assign or underlet without the lessor's consent, does not prevent a bequest by will.

An underlease is not a breach of a covenant not to assign.

A covenant not to assign without consent cannot be insisted on under an open contract.

A tenant holding over after the expiration of his notice to quit, is liable to pay his landlord double the rent of the premises.

To enable the landlord to recover double the value of his premises such holding over by the tenant must be contumacious.

The lessee has an implied covenant for quiet enjoyment.

It is a breach of a covenant for quiet enjoyment for a lessor to give notice to a sub-tenant of the lessee to pay his rent to him.

It is usual for the lessor's solicitor to prepare the lease, and for the lessee to pay his own expenses and those of the lessor as well.

THE LAGGARD LETTERS LUCK

BY
Wm Phillips Hoops

“HO could resist adoring him!” Beatrice thought, as she gazed on his far-away-looking eyes, his poetically long, wavy hair, and his, as she called it, “Raphael-like” face. Then, too, his name was so full of romantic suggestion.—Francisco Wolfe-Browne.

But frequent letters kept up the interest in Beatrice’s sentimental mind.

To be sure, Bob was always around, wearing her out with his practical ideas and prosaic views; but then he was so convenient as an escort to social festivities that he had to



To be sure, her brother, who was always teasing, insisted upon it that formerly the name was Frank W. Brown, and that the hyphen and other accessories, the long hair and imitation-of-Irving expression first appeared on his return from abroad.

Beatrice, or, as her brother would insist upon calling her, Bet, notwithstanding that she possessed a remarkably good constitution and the attractiveness which generally accompanies it, had an uncontrollable thirst for romance; and this æsthetic-poetical youth impressed her like an unopened volume of ancient legends in a most fascinating binding.

She was well content to play lawn tennis, and row and ride with her brother and his friend Bob in the mornings, but what a rest in the afternoons when Francisco called, to wander with him through the spring garden, discussing ancient chivalry, reading modern poets, and looking for roses without thorns! And then his singing of old love-songs!

To be sure his voice was not strong, but such feeling!—“Yes, always feeling for the high notes which are beyond his grasp,” her brother said; he also added a criticism on the singer, to the effect that it was a good voice for calling chickens! Beatrice’s only regret was, that he accompanied himself on the banjo; it would have been so much more æsthetic to have played the light guitar or the Spanish mandolin.

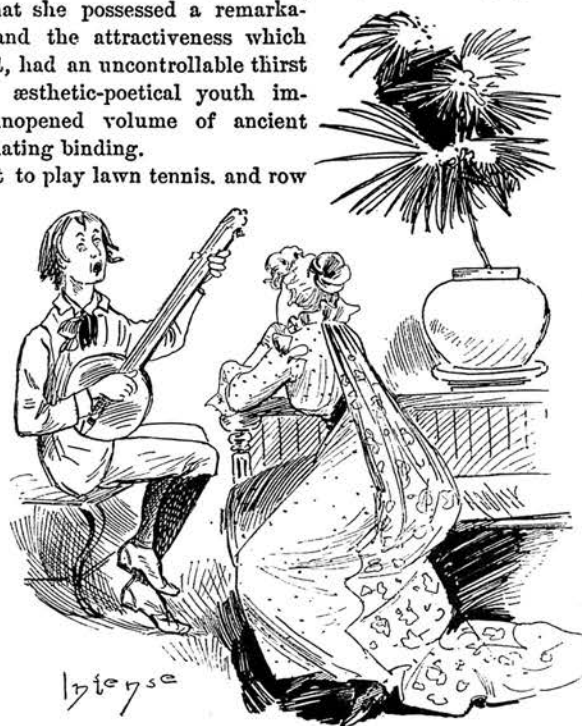
During the summer, Francisco sailed for foreign shores to seek inspiration among the artistic ruins for his idyllic poem.

be tolerated, and, after all, admiration is enjoyable even from an “every-day young man.”

Mr. Francisco Wolfe-Browne returned with the birds in the spring, and Beatrice’s afternoons were again the bright spots in her romantic calendar.

One day, just as the setting sun was concealing itself in a varied vestment of vermilion vapor, and from the silvery stream came stealthily creeping up the malaria-laden mist, Francisco gently took Beatrice’s pink fingers in his fervid grasp, and in sublime language poured out his tale of unquenchable love.

Now Beatrice might then and there have settled his fate, but her romantic nature could not be curbed. To have



murmured “yes” right on the spot, would have been entirely too prosaic; so, gracefully, half-reluctantly gathering herself to-



gether, she whispered that in the morning his answer he should find in the hollow tree.

Now it so happened there was no hollow tree on the place, and Beatrice knew it perfectly well, but she hoped against hope that she might discover one; and that night, after inditing a favorable reply bubbling with poetical effusions, she vainly sought for some

gnarled and knotty oak. But their modern three-acres contained nothing but painfully young and upright trees, and at last, in a fit of despair, she resolved to utilize an old tin watering-can which hung on a branch of a convenient sapling; so after some manipulation and manœuvring, with the aid of a garden-bench and a box, her love-letter was deposited.

How endless the night seemed! How eagerly she longed to hear the music of a light guitar and a silvery voice singing a touching melody under her latticed window!

As for Francisco, he was otherwise engaged, keeping an appointment with a chill, and in the quiet seclusion of his cheerful chamber he was busily shaking.

It rather detracted from the romance of the affair, to be compelled, the next morning, to go herself and point out the location of the concealed missive.

All, however, would have doubtless passed off serenely, but for the fact that she had been espied by her brother while depositing the letter, and he afterward, in a quiet, unostentatious way, innocently arranged things, so that when Francisco, after climbing upon the boxes, proceeded to reach for the can, his crane-like neck received a large gallon of the wettest kind of water.

Unfortunately, Beatrice, being human, could not entirely repress a slight smile at the peculiar appearance Mr. Wolfe-Browne presented on gathering himself up out of the mud.

This might have passed unnoticed in the excitement; but when her horrid brother put in an appearance, and commented on the fact that it was April First, this was too much for Francisco, and with a look of concentrated wetness he stalked into the dim future.



* * * *

Weeks passed. Mr. Francisco Wolfe-Browne no more appeared, while Beatrice's misery made her supremely happy. Here was real romance! She knew they loved each other devotedly, but true love always did run roughly, and this estrangement was simply a proof

of their affection. To be sure, she was not deserted: her brother's friend Bob was always at hand for tennis, riding, or to take her canoeing in search of sketchable spots, while rumor reached her ears that Francisco was touching the light banjo at the feet of another shrine; and the summer birds and the new-mown hay filled the air with song and perfume.

She had no doubt that Francisco's misery was equal to her own, and that simply out of sheer pique he was



A cool reception -

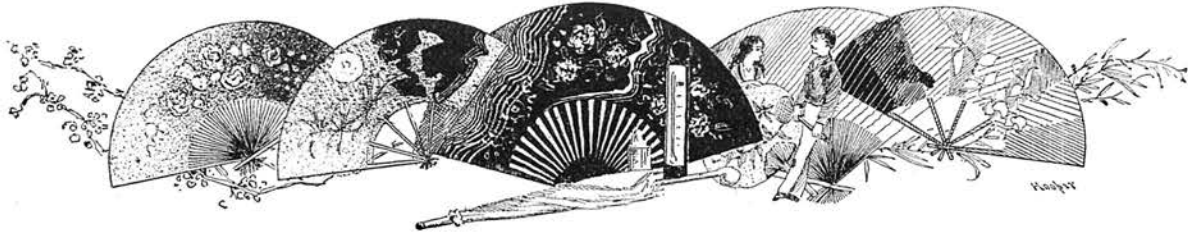
pretending to interest himself in another divinity.

But what a contrast to his finely strung, poetical temperament was the matter-of-fact, almost jarring, practical mind of Bob! And how she disliked that name of Bob! (His real name was Roberto, but he obstinately refused to answer to it.)



April Fool!





While canoeing one day, a common Japanese fan that she carried was blown into the water. Now any man, she thought, of a chivalrous nature, any man but a practical, nineteenth-century creature, would have regained his lady's fan at all cost. To be sure, the canoe might have been upset; but then, what a romantic opportunity to save her life!

Instead of taking any of these chances, Roberto calmly watched the fan disappear, asked one or two questions about its value and history, and, as it vanished, quietly expressed his regrets.

The rest of the trip was marked by distinct coolness on her part.

How she longed for Francisco, with his chivalrous poetical instincts!

To be sure, the next day she received a box containing five beautiful fans; but that was small balm to her sentimental nature.

As they were going to the tennis-ground one morning, Bob picked up, among the rose-bushes, what seemed to be a letter. Yes, she saw at a glance, it was her unfortunately placed letter, intended for Francisco; and seizing it she was prompted by her romantic soul to save it, with the feeling that it would yet make Mr. Wolfe-Browne the happiest of men. (Luckily no personal names were mentioned in it, so if it had been perused by strange eyes, no one would have been the wiser in regard to the writer.)

Sure enough, Beatrice and Francisco soon met again, at a rehearsal for private theatricals, and, after some explanations, she pressed—as she thought—the battered, weather-stained letter into his hands, and, giving him a glance full of tenderest love, she fled.



But she failed to find one of the slips of paper on which was copied the speech she was to deliver in the play, when politely rejecting an unworthy suitor in these well-chosen words:

“Thou drivelling knave, marry thee? Of a truth, if thou wast the only knight in the kingdom, never would I thee marry!”

There were other lines, all tending to prove that the knight's proposal did not entirely meet the lady's approval.

A dozen times she began an explanatory letter to him, and twelve times she abandoned the idea.

Finally the date for the next rehearsal arrived, and with a palpitating heart Beatrice hastened to the meet.

The usual restfulness, quietness, and peaceful order

prevailed which characterize amateur theatricals on the first dress-rehearsal, and the costumes gave the customary satisfaction.

At last Beatrice espied the wavy locks of Francisco in a dim corner; evidently he was buried in reverie.

In the din and confusion she stole quietly up behind him, and laying her pink fingers over his eyes, whispered, “Guess.”

In a second, her little hands were seized and covered with kisses, intermixed with a declaration of love in a torrent of eloquence. She suddenly realized it was not Francisco!

No, it was Bob! in his stage wig and costume. Without one word she took to flight; her head whirled; her surprise at the proposal was even exceeded by her amazement at such sentimental eloquence from the matter-of-fact Roberto.

As for Francisco, that evening he pointedly avoided her; evidently the note he had received by mistake gave mortal offence.

There was one part in the play they were rehearsing, where she, as the beautiful Princess in the tower, passed a missive through her prison bars to a noble knight, for which rôle Francisco was cast.

This time her romantic mind again came to the front, and she conceived the idea of handing him the old, weather-stained, non-delivered letter of watering-pot fame. It was still legible, and how romantic it would be to have the faded epistle finally bring her love to her! And it did. She added a postscript, “I shall be in the conservatory after the rehearsal.”

The scenes and accessories were as complete as is usual in amateur theatricals, but in trying the prison scene she found the barred window was so high she could only see the waving plumes of her trusty knight, who was supposed to steal silently by the casement, seize the note, and fly. But with it all, he found time to give her delicate finger-tips a warm, thrilling pressure, and though she could not see



What was her horror that night on discovering the letter still in her possession!

What could she have given him? A terrible suspicion came across her tender soul. Could it have been that bill from the hair-store, for her new bangs? No! that missing memorandum re-appeared.



series of eccentric flashes; and as she entered, snap!—and with a dull, heavy thud, total darkness fell. She had time to simply catch one glimpse of a stalwart knight crowned with waving plumes, and the next moment she was comfortably



"SHE HASTENED TO THE CONSERVATORY."

and the protecting arms by which she was surrounded, belonged to Roberto!

She was glad darkness followed; it gave an opportunity to conceal, to a certain extent, her conflicting emotions.

She felt mortified at herself for not fainting, but instead of that it seemed as if she did a year's thinking in one moment; and she resolved that Roberto, for it was his ring that she

his face, she felt that Francisco had relented, and love had triumphed.

In her picturesque garb of the imprisoned Princess, as soon as the scene was over, she hastened to the conservatory.

It so happened that the electric light, by which the rendezvous was illuminated, was that evening going through a series of eccentric flashes; and as she entered, snap!—and with a dull, heavy thud, total darkness fell. She had time to simply catch one glimpse of a stalwart knight crowned with waving plumes, and the next moment she was comfortably nestled in his protecting arms, and almost before a word was spoken, a ring was slipped on the third finger of her left hand. Then, snap!—and up flashed the electric light, for one instant only; but what a revelation it was! In that one second she saw in a palm-sheltered nook, a "knight of ye olden time" on his bended knee, pressing the lily-white hand of a "ladye faire" to his lips, and the light shone full on his imitation-Irving features. It was Francisco! She then also recognized that the

shoulder on which she had nestled,

was now wearing, should never be undeceived.—And after all, the consoling thought came, it was awfully romantic!

She afterward learned that all this "Comedy of Errors" had arisen from the fact that a sudden change had been made in the cast, and Roberto had been assigned Mr. Wolfe-Browne's part in the prison scene, thereby receiving the weather-stained letter of acceptance.

Beatrice planned an exquisitely æsthetic wedding, and it must be confessed that, for a matter-of-fact young man, Roberto submitted to the rehearsing and costuming angelically. For once the imitation-Irving Francisco was outdone. The fair damsel who had undertaken to rekindle his dampened affections was most unromantically stout. That much was triumph!

But, alas! having at last secured his sentimental darling, Roberto became recalcitrant, and, so to speak, kicked over



the æsthetic traces. In spite of all his bride's efforts to induce him to give the Italian pronunciation to her name,—*Ba-a-tree-cha*,—he would persist in calling her "Betty dear!"



Odds and Ends.

It has often been asked "What becomes of all the pins that are lost?" But a satisfactory answer has never yet been given, and seeing that in Europe about 86,000,000 pins are made every day, there must be a large pile somewhere. Ingenious scientists have said that all lost pins are attracted to the centre of the earth, but whether this be true or not, it is certain that at one factory in Birmingham alone 37,000,000 pins are made upon every working day, and that 19,000,000 are turned out by all the other factories in England. France provides over 20,000,000 pins every day, and Germany and other countries, about 10,000,000 each. A statistician declares that only an infinitesimal proportion of all this large number are broken, spoilt by bending, or worn out, and that almost ninety-nine per cent. are lost. Taking the population of Europe at 250,000,000 every third person must lose a pin every day to use up the 86,000,000 produced.

THE Sultan of Turkey is said to possess one of the finest collections of jewels in the world. They are kept in the Seraglio at Constantinople in one particular room. A striking feature of this treasure house is the many gilded bird cages which, studded with jewels, hang from the frescoed ceiling. And odd as it may seem a jewelled clock lies face downward in each cage. The finest and rarest gems in the Sultan's collection are woven into embroidered texts from the Koran on deep red velvet, whilst the necklaces too are particularly fine. One of them, of most exquisite workmanship and containing diamonds of the first water was once worn by a Royal lady when she was attending a Court reception in Constantinople. It was presented to her with the most elaborate pomp and ceremony, but it was only a loan, as she had to return the magnificent gift later. The curiosity of the collection is a parasol said to be the most valuable in the world. It is made of white silk embroidered with gold thread and richly besprinkled with precious stones, whilst the stick is made of one long solid piece of coral.

A FACT that is little observed because it is so common is that the majority of English dolls' eyes are blue. Like everything else they are ruled by fashion, and the reason of this preponderance is that when the Queen ascended the throne she was very fair and had blue eyes. Consequently every doll-maker in the country began to send blue-eyed dolls from their factories, and during the reign have continued to do so. Every nation has its own standard of doll beauty. For instance, in Italy and Spain, where all the celebrated beauties have dark eyes and olive skins, a fair-haired, blue-eyed doll of native manufacture is practically unknown. In Japan the eyes of the dolls are small and are set aslant like the natives.

"THERE are two traits of character I should do my utmost to develop if I had children to bring up," says a woman whose daily work brings her into contact with many different people. "Those are the traits of generosity and unselfishness. If they were born in the children I should encourage them, and if they were lacking I should do my utmost to plant and nourish them."

THERE is a race of cats in Naples which live entirely in the churches, and which are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to catch the mice which literally infest all the old buildings in that city. The cats are always in evidence, and may often be seen calmly walking about amongst the congregation during service.

AN extraordinary scene happened at Jerusalem not long ago. From sunrise until nine o'clock a swarm of flying ants settled on the holy city, filling the entire air and blotting out the sun. Visitors to the Holy Sepulchre were obliged to use their handkerchiefs constantly to keep the insects out of their eyes and nostrils. The natives declared that this flight of ants was the precursor of an earthquake, and whether there was any real connection between the two phenomena or not two slight shocks of earthquake were certainly felt in Jerusalem on the evening of the same day.

THERE are two interesting instances of the effect of water upon the human system. In the Alps and the Pyrenees there is a race of people who are old men at fifteen years of age and who die at thirty; this being entirely due to their drinking lime-water. The Chinese, on the other hand, never drink anything but rain-water, and, as a nation, their longevity is proverbial. Scientists explain that ordinary old age is merely the effect of the gradual deposit of limy matter in the tissues of the body, and that by the use of lime-water the particular race mentioned above cut off years of their life every time they drink.

STATISTICS have proved that when women start in business for themselves they more often than not are successful. Out of all the large numbers of dressmakers and milliners only forty-five failed last year, and only thirty-five women-draperies went through the bankruptcy courts. The reason perhaps is that women are not so speculative as men and are more timid in soliciting credit. Consequently their businesses are, for the most part, relatively small and insignificant; but it is better to prosper in a small way than to bring ruin upon oneself by incurring debts in the hope that an increase of business will enable them to be paid. These statistics speak strongly for the carefulness of the sex.

THE use of quicksilver for looking-glasses was unknown to the ancients, and consequently the Greek and Roman ladies had to content themselves with highly polished thin disks of bronze to which handles and stands were attached. Later on silver was used, and the first mirror of solid silver is said to have been made by Praxiteles, the famous Greek sculptor, about the time of Julius Cæsar.

THE oldest love-letter in the world is at the British Museum. It is a proposal for the hand of an Egyptian Princess written three thousand five hundred years ago upon a brick. It is therefore the most substantial as well as the oldest love-letter in existence.

THE use of aluminium is gradually spreading, and has now been applied to the making of violins. Violins made entirely of aluminium are said to have a richer tone than those made of wood, and the inventor declares that he has found a property in the metal which consists of a tendency of the fundamental tones to outweigh the upper partial tones. For this reason means are employed by which the player can regulate or introduce the partial tones to suit his individual taste. Naturally the feeling for wooden violins is still very strong, but the aluminium instruments are having a steady sale, especially since Ysaze, the great violinist, warmly praised them.

AN old woman, called Hannah Brewer, has been a post woman in Gloucestershire for the whole of the Queen's reign. She has just retired upon a superannuation pension, having begun her work when twelve years old. Her father was sub-postmaster of the district lying between the villages of Wick and Bitton, which included many scattered hamlets. Almost daily for sixty years Hannah Brewer trudged eleven miles delivering letters, in all weathers, and it is computed that she has walked a quarter of a million miles in that time. She has never left her native district except to go to Bath or to Bristol. Her health has been good, and in consequence her abstentions from duty have been very few indeed.

SOME recent experiments have led those who carried them out to declare that ordinary plate-glass will make more durable monuments than either the hardest granite or marble. Glass, they say, is practically indestructible; whilst the hardest rock will eventually crumble away under the influence of rain, wind, heat and cold. One can very rarely read the inscriptions upon a tombstone fifty years old, add these glass-workers, whilst a glass monument will look as fresh after the lapse of centuries as upon the day it was made, and any inscription would be ineffaceable. As an example of the resisting power of glass, they quote the port-holes of steamers which resist the force of the heaviest seas; but whether the effect would be so decorative or so dignified as marble or granite is a matter of much doubt.

CHARACTER may be told by the texture and colour of the hair. Thus, men with fine, light hair are said to be conceited, and if they do not marry until late in life are apt to grow cross and selfish. Men with fine brown hair, light or dark, are quick and thoughtful and are less apt to be selfish than those with light or very dark hair. Men whose hair turns grey early in life are a little nervous, but are intelligent, sympathetic, and most honourable. Red hair is a sign of keen intelligence. With women, pale blonde hair is a sign of an impulsive, loving but fickle nature; on the other hand those with dark hair are loyal, are full of sentiment and easily affected. They enjoy and suffer keenly. Women who have fine black hair are highly-strung, but those with coarse dark hair are very often small-spirited and near. Dark hair may be taken as a sign of the possession of stronger feelings than light hair, and dark-haired women as a rule are much more loyal than those whose hair is of a light colour.



Belford's Chatterbox, 1885

MARCH.

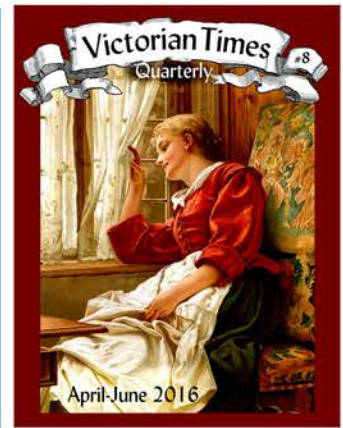
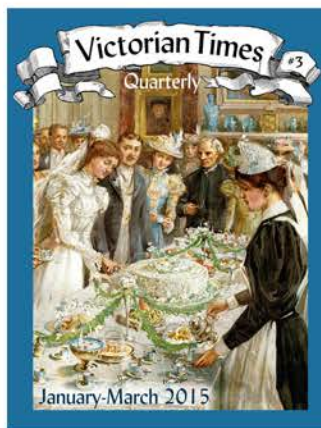
A H, March! we know thou art
 Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
 And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets. *Mrs. H. H. Jackson.*

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