

Victorian Times

Vol. IV, No. 5

May 2017



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Camping on the Thames • Amazing Match-Box Creations • American Dishes
How to Host a Musical Party • The Lore and History of the Emerald
Europe on a Shoestring • Flannel Tapestry Embroidery • "The Wrong Baby"*

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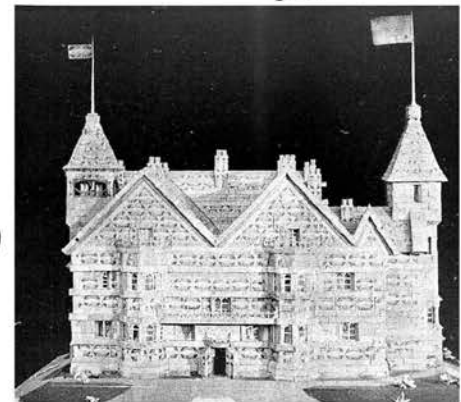
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A publication of VictorianVoices.net
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The Girl's Own Paper* *Cassell's Family Magazine*

A Changing Language

Perhaps the last thing one would ever think of accusing the Victorians of is “political correctness.” Our view of Victorians, as a society or culture, is of folks who are far from being politically correct or gender-sensitive. And indeed, many of the articles I’ve come across demonstrate that “sensitivity” to women or minorities, or concern about using terms and notions that might be offensive to same, was far from many writers’ minds.

And yet... not so far as I might have thought. Today, I’m one of those old-fashioned folks who struggles to remember that the “correct” term is no longer “stewardess,” but “flight attendant.” I wonder if the person serving my meal at a restaurant prefers to be called a “waiter” or “wait-person”—but heaven forbid that I call her a “waitress.” I refuse to use the “s/he” or “he or she” construction, and as an avowed defender of grammar, I refuse to use the pronoun “they” when only a single individual (of any gender) is involved. Admittedly, I’ve always thought of myself as an “author” rather than an “authoress,” but I suspect that is simply because the latter term didn’t really survive in the 20th century.

However, I never took a close look at the reasoning behind today’s PC changes to our vocabulary. Gender-neutral terminology, we’re told by Wikipedia, is “language that avoids bias toward a particular sex or social gender. In English, this includes use of nouns that are not gender-specific to refer to roles or professions, as well as avoidance of the pronoun *he* (including the forms *him* and *his*) to refer to people of unknown or indeterminate gender. For example, the words *policeman* and *stewardess* are gender-specific; the corresponding gender-neutral terms are *police officer* and *flight attendant*. Other gender-specific terms, such as *actor* and *actress*, may be replaced by the originally male term; for example, *actor* used regardless of gender.”

To sum up more of the arguments a bit more succinctly, we are advised that the old, non-neutral terms are biased, potentially offensive, and arose from a male-dominated society with a distinctly anti-feminine bias. Those nasty words like “waitress” and “stewardess” and “authoress” were just another way for men to keep women in their place, put them down, keep them downtrodden, or what-have-you.

Except... um... as it happens, they weren’t. In a way, the re-establishment of the feminine “-ess” ending (which apparently dates back to the days of Chaucer) was the Victorian era’s own version of political correctness. It was the direct result of the Victorian society’s recognition of the changing roles of women, and the *inclusion* of women in roles and trades formerly associated with men. Terms like “actress” acknowledged that there were, indeed, female “actors.” (Ironically, “actor,” a term originally implying a male, is now supposed to be used for both genders.) The word “authoress” acknowledges the rising number of female “authors.” The manager of a Post Office might, indeed, be a “postmistress”—and the Victorian was also forced to admit, reluctantly, that one might come across a “murderess.” (This actually was not an insignificant development in itself, for many Victorians were reluctant to accept that women could go so radically against their kind, gentle, motherly “nature” to commit a crime like murder!) Happily, “doctress” never did catch on...

Victorians recognized the same truth as modern proponents of gender-neutral language: that “...a vital connection exists between the language of a nation and its modes of thought; that change in the latter results from and reacts upon change in the former...” In short, the *non*-neutral language of the Victorians, so reviled today, was a direct attempt to recognize that women were no longer confined to the kitchen and the parlour, but held jobs, wrote books, and operated on patients just like men.

Now, I am not suggesting that we return to the days of calling a flight attendant a stewardess, or an “airline hostess.” Every generation surely has the right to decide what it wants to be called, and if that person bringing me my check prefers “waitperson,” that’s his—er—her—their—prerogative.

My quibble lies in assuming that the origins of the words we’re replacing are founded in a commonly accepted, dastardly male conspiracy that has deliberately chosen language to keep women oppressed. For many, all that one needs to say is “well, those terms arose in the *Victorian* era, you know!” and you’ll get knowing nods... for we all know what those *Victorians* were like, don’t we?

I keep thinking I do. And I keep finding out that I’m wrong. But don’t take my word for it; read this issue’s article “The Importance of Words,” from *Godey’s Lady’s Book*, 1867.

Meanwhile, perhaps I’ll start thinking of myself as an authoress after all!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

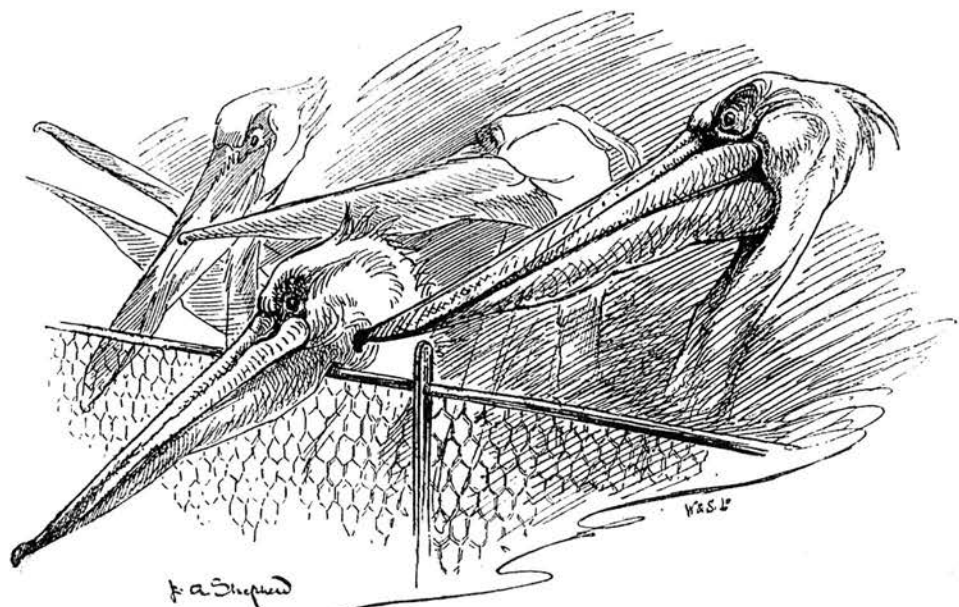
Dinner at the Zoo.



HE place, the Zoological Gardens. Time, nearly half-past two. The visitors, having been deprived of their shillings by the man at the gate, make a bold push for the pelicans' enclosure, for 2.30 is the pelican dinner-hour. A pelican who is not eating is commonly a melancholy sort of bird,

with a conviction that too much of his leg material has been used up to construct a beak, and a disposition to brood over the inequitable distribution of things. But dinner-time works a marvellous change in the pelican. His beak isn't half big enough then, and he would gladly, if he could, add a yard of material to the floppy pouch hanging beneath it. When the keeper arrives with a basket of fish, the casual observer sees little in the enclosure but a complication of very large beaks, like snapping shears, which bite, snap, flop, grunt, and become entangled together generally. But the budding Progognomist observes the varying actions of those beaks. He views the floppy pouches with discretion and the stumpy legs with judgment. Consider the corner enclosure, now. Here there are white pelicans (it is more majestic to call the white pelican *Pelecanus onocrotalus*) with one specimen of the crested pelican, whose Latin name is not so many feet long. As the keeper opens his basket, and when most of the beaks snap wildly in the air, our crested friend uses his own beak

to belabour the heads and snatch at the eyes of those about him. The worthy old fellow objects, and very naturally, to anybody getting anything to eat but himself; so he wastes his time and loses his opportunities in attempts to chevy his relatives away from the fence, one at a time. Then, when herrings fall in a silvery shower his time is so much occupied in punishing those who catch them that his own score must average rather low. Progognomically, it is reasonable to say that if that crested pelican had been born human he would have been a reviewer—a superfine reviewer. Among the other common, scrambling, uncrested pelicans, most, in waiting for the herrings, reach away over the fence, snapping and gobbling madly at nothing. One, however—sly old fellow, with one eye shut—stands quietly behind with his other eye on the keeper and waits. He knows that the keeper will throw the bloaters *into* the enclosure, not a yard or two on the other side of the fence, where the row of straining necks puts forth the bill-file—or rank, as you look at it. He is right, and, in consequence, comes out several bloaters ahead. This pelican need never fear transmigration into human shape. He will do well anywhere. The herrings having all disappeared, gloomy



"THE BEAKS SNAP WILDLY."

meditations are renewed, and the crested superfine reviewer, with a parting snap or two, approaches a stump about a foot high. This he solemnly regards for five minutes, stretching his wings the while, and preparing, apparently, for a flight many miles high. Then, with a great effort and an excited grunt, he flies—on to the stump, where he sits in solemn elevation, and gobbles savagely at such of the vulgar rabble as come within reach.

From up on the terrace one may look over into the bear-pit, and drop whatever one pleases to the two most respectably fat bears below. Sometimes people drop what they don't please; I saw a tall hat go once, on a windy day. One bear sniffed it over rather contemptuously, turned it with his paw, and picked it up doubtfully by the brim. It was quite a new sort of present. Biscuits and buns were common, a cigar-end came sometimes, and now and again a pebble or a piece of slate-pencil; these he was used to, and managed to digest pretty well, one with another. But this new-fangled, shiny thing—perhaps a dark design to poison him, or even dynamite—who knew? And then, again—what! no, it couldn't be—sniff—yes, without a doubt, it actually smelt of bear's grease inside! All that bear's nobler feelings were aroused; he was no cannibal, nor would he accept a meal—particularly one he didn't understand—from the slayer of an ursine brother. He dropped the hat in disgust, while the owner started off to find a keeper. Before he came back, however, the other bear, expecting a bun, got up on his hind legs and sat on that hat. There are few hatters who will undertake

to iron a hat which a bear has been sitting on, for sixpence.

These two bears, being chiefly supported by voluntary contributions, exhibit all the fine artistic laziness of the professional tramp. If you begin throwing biscuits, one will, indeed, sit up to catch them; but that is really only to save trouble and get the morsels sooner, for you are expected to pitch them into his mouth. Throw one two or three feet away, and observe the expression

of reproach which creeps over that bear's face. You are either a shocking duffer, he thinks, or a most malicious person, and he slowly rolls over on all fours and finds the biscuit. Starvation will compel him to ascend the pole; that is to say, if the brutal callousness of visitors has kept him without the necessaries of life for about ten minutes, he may, with persuasion, be induced to climb for a bun. But it must be made perfectly clear that without the climb starvation will continue; and the bun must be plainly and temptingly exhibited in all its sticky gloriousness, on the end of a stick. Then *Ursus arctos*, resigning himself to the inevitable, looks first for commiseration to the other bear. "Here's a nice state o' things," he seems to say, "for a pore workin' bear as has to pick up his livin' permiskus. I'd strike if I wasn't famishing. They ought to be obliged to chuck 'em down into our mouths by Act of Parlyment."



"SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

And then he reluctantly starts up the pole.

Arrived at the top, and having devoured the bun, he looks about, as though to say, "Well, where's the rest? I want something for my climbing, I do. You're the sort as

wants people to work for nothin', you are. I want my rights as a workin' bear"; and he opens his contribution box to its fullest extent. Biscuits and another bun follow the first, and still the collecting-box is offered, till the crowd melts away. Then the bear looks round for more commiseration. Nobody being there to commiserate him, he commiserates himself. "Got to climb down again for nothin', I s'pose. Who's goin' to pay me for that, I'd like to know? Nice sort o' world this." If we had to compare this bear to a human being, who would the human being be? Let us think. There's the threat of a strike; the demand of his rights as a working bear; the peculiar English dialect he thinks in—I know he thinks in that dialect; such a bear couldn't think in any other—and there is the contribution box. Why, can it be a peculiar section of—but no, comparisons are odious.

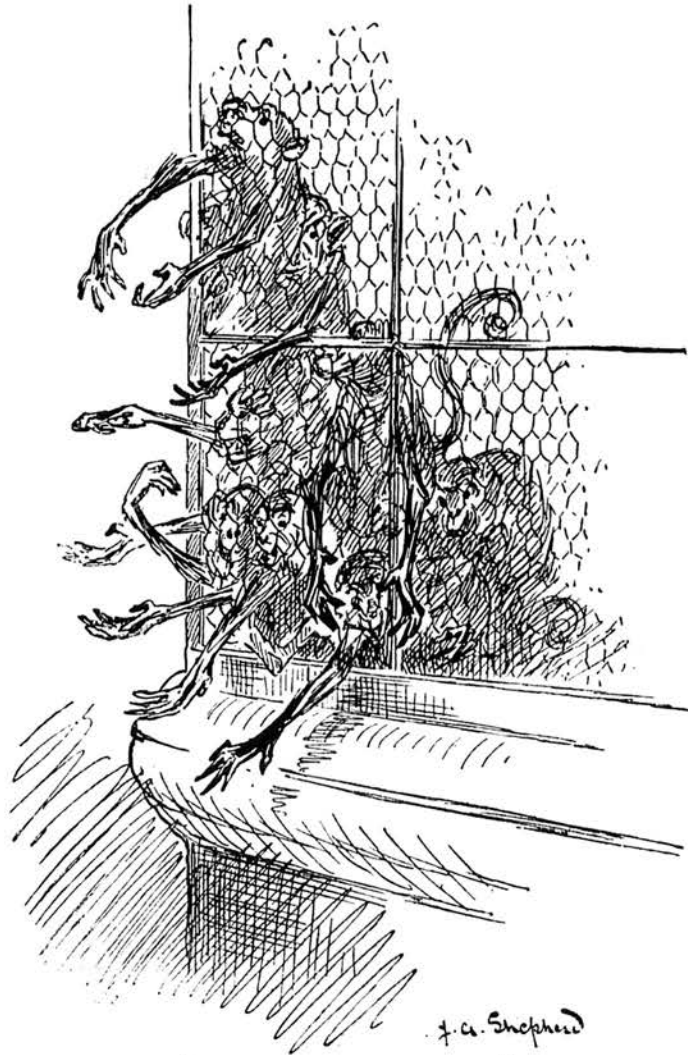
Arriving at the monkey-house, the animal Prognomist is apt to be nonplussed. It is scarcely fair to a beginner to set him to deal with an advanced genus like the monkeys—only one remove in the class below the human family. And, besides, what sort of individual study can he make opposite a large cage, when the exhibition of a single crumb will produce the sort of demonstration which the artist here gives us? A crowd of clutching paws and chattering teeth can scarcely give grounds for any definite scientific conclusion, except that all the monkeys want the same morsel. Careful watching,

however, will tell many things. How one monkey would prefer, beyond all things, the glasses off the nose of an interested bystander; but, through difficulties with the mesh of the wires, has never been able to achieve more than a single eyeglass. How even the offer of a nut will not seduce others from mutual cuticular investigations. How the Diana monkey, pretty as it is, is clearly misnamed, since it is disrespectful to suggest the possibility of the chaste goddess turning rapid summersaults by way of earning a biscuit. Many more things

than these will be learned, and instructive theories based thereupon; but for our present purposes monkeys are too large a study.

A stork is a bird of a very different mental mould from the pelican. The pelican broods, the stork meditates; the pelican is a Jeremiah, the stork is a Solomon. This, of course, in the monumental or non-eating condition. A much respected if not very numerous class of Hindoo pundit achieves immortality and avoids the transmigration of his soul into an inferior body by sitting in strict seclusion, and concentrating his whole mental faculties on no-

thing whatever for many years, or, perhaps, by fixing his eyes upon his outstretched little finger and his thumb against his nose for as long a period. Now, if during all this time this sacred personage were to make a mistake—allow his attention to wander, for instance, in the direction of cutlets for dinner, or the Home Rule question, or his fingers, in a moment of forgetfulness, to leave his nose



"A CROWD OF CLUTCHING PAWS."

and scratch his ear—if he were to do something of this sort, and thus incur transmigration in the regular Buddhist course, I believe he would become a stork. Indeed, I have no doubt that the storks whose profundity of meditation we all so much admire in the Zoological Society's Gardens are incarnations of most respectable and influential Mahatmas who have had an accident in training, and so become scratched from the race of immortals. Observe their attempts to renew training. Did ever Mahatma in this world so solemnly, so intensely, so severely bring his whole mental faculties to bear on nothing for hours together as one of these? The stork is endeavouring to make up for lost time. There he stands, with his shoulders humped, his eyes half open, looking at nothing; all the brains under his almost bald pate are set to work upon the same object. But he



J. C. Sheppard

"WHITEBAIT OR SOLES?"

bait, perhaps, or soles—glorious! Something worth being a stork for! Even a whiting wouldn't be so bad, while, as for a

will never complete his allotted term of meditation—never, that is to say, so long as it is the custom to feed him regularly. Look! the time for dinner approaches. Most would observe no change in the demeanour of the stork; but the close examiner will detect a slight quiver of the eye: the temptation is too strong, and his glance almost imperceptibly wanders to where the keeper usually appears with the fish. Alas! the flesh is weak. His eyes have strayed from their contemplation of nothing, and his mind follows.

"Wonder what's for dinner today?" thinks the stork. "White-

nice trout with—well, there!" Soon the keeper appears. The stork doesn't run after him—that would not be becoming in a Mahatma; he waits with pretended indifference. And the keeper throws toward him—herrings, actually and literally herrings! It is too bad. Bloaters again! But he doesn't fly into an undignified and unphilosophic rage; without moving otherwise, he simply elevates his eyelids to their furthest extent, and turns from under them a sadly, resignedly reproachful gaze on the keeper. Oh the sorrow of it! All his noble resolves, his heroic concentration, his immortal training, thrown to the winds for two penn'orth of bloaters! Bitterness and woe! Notwithstanding which he swallows the bloaters.

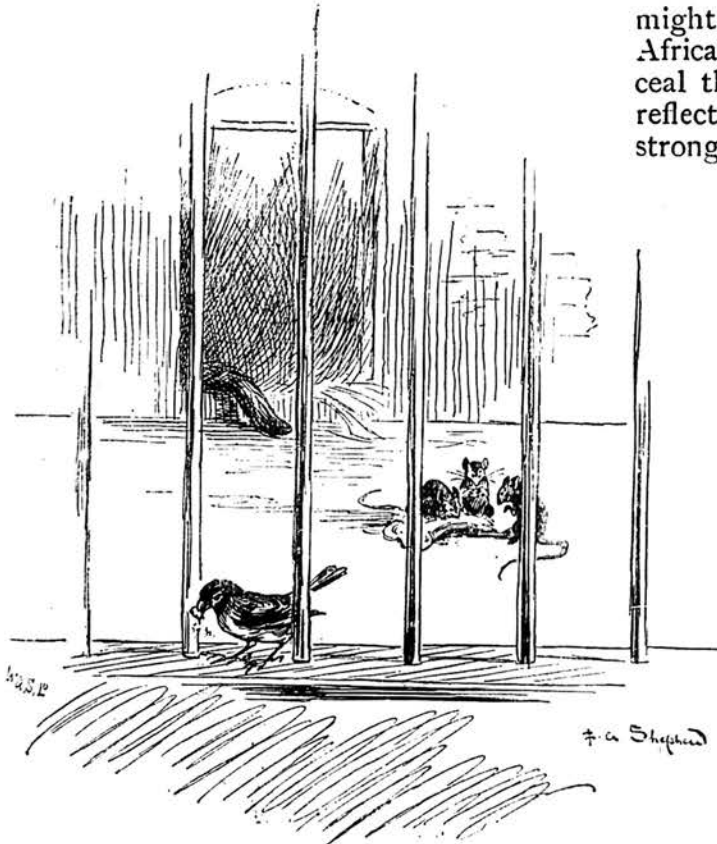
Walk quietly away round beyond the southern ponds. Here is a cage from which some well-satisfied carnivore has retired into his den, leaving the end of his tail over the threshold as an intimation to visitors. He has also left a fairly well picked bone, and a scrap or two of biscuit thrown in by human admirers. Step softly. A syndicate of three mice has gone into business with the bone, and a saucy sparrow is levying a distress on the biscuit. The sparrow flies away without affording an opportunity for study; but from what can be seen of the mice their principles seem to be dishonest. The morals of the mouse are hopeless.

Along past here are the wolves' and foxes' cages. The fox is a sharp feeder, but a well-behaved one; the wolf isn't. A pair of animals that fight and yelp and make a swirl of unholy confusion over food which is quite enough for two are unimproving examples of domestic concord. Leave them alone.



J. C. Sheppard

"BLOATERS AGAIN!"

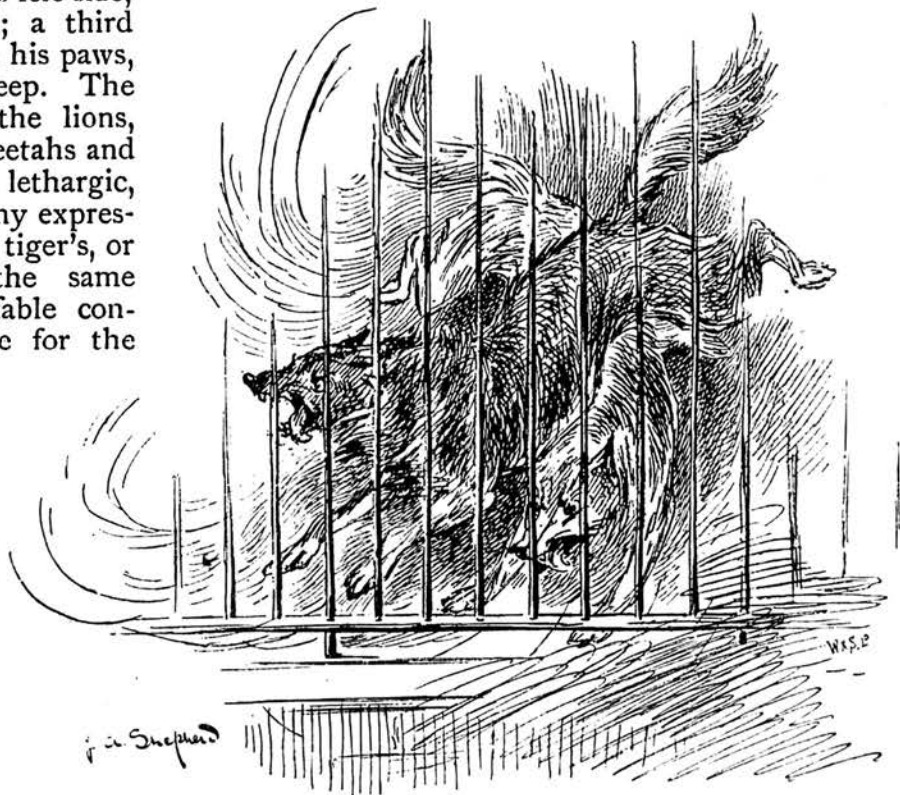


"UNINVITED."

Here is a gravel walk leading to a handsome red building—the lion house. Feeding time is still in the future, consequently one lion is lying on his left side, another on his right; a third with his nose between his paws, and most of them asleep. The tigers are as lazy as the lions, only more so. The cheetahs and panthers are a little less lethargic, but every face with any expression at all in it—lion's, tiger's, or leopard's—expresses the same thing—an utter, ineffable contempt and indifference for the whole human race and all its works. If the Emperor of Russia, Mr. John L. Sullivan, "General" Booth, and Mr. Tracy Turnerelli were to walk past arm in arm, no eye would turn, nor tail wag, and not a symptom of interest would these lions show. If Lord Randolph Churchill were in the group, they

might tremble a little (at any rate, the African ones would)* but they would conceal their terror, even then. They would reflect that Lord Randolph was safe beyond strong bars, and this would have a large effect in calming their agitation. Which leads me to mention a little theory of my own in regard to the listlessness and boredom of these lions and tigers. Seeing the bars before them, it is, I believe, their firm conviction that all the human sight-seers are caged off, and are passed before them in review as interesting curiosities, being kept from annoying the august spectators, the lions and tigers, by strong bars, a low railing, and the notices which are stuck on the wall. They have become bored and listless because the show is so long and so monotonous. A continual procession of lions and tigers, miles long, day after day, for several years, would bore *us*. Being just such a show ourselves, we bore the lions and tigers. Some-

times a little variety is introduced by a mischievous boy, in spite of the printed notice, throwing a biscuit with great accu-



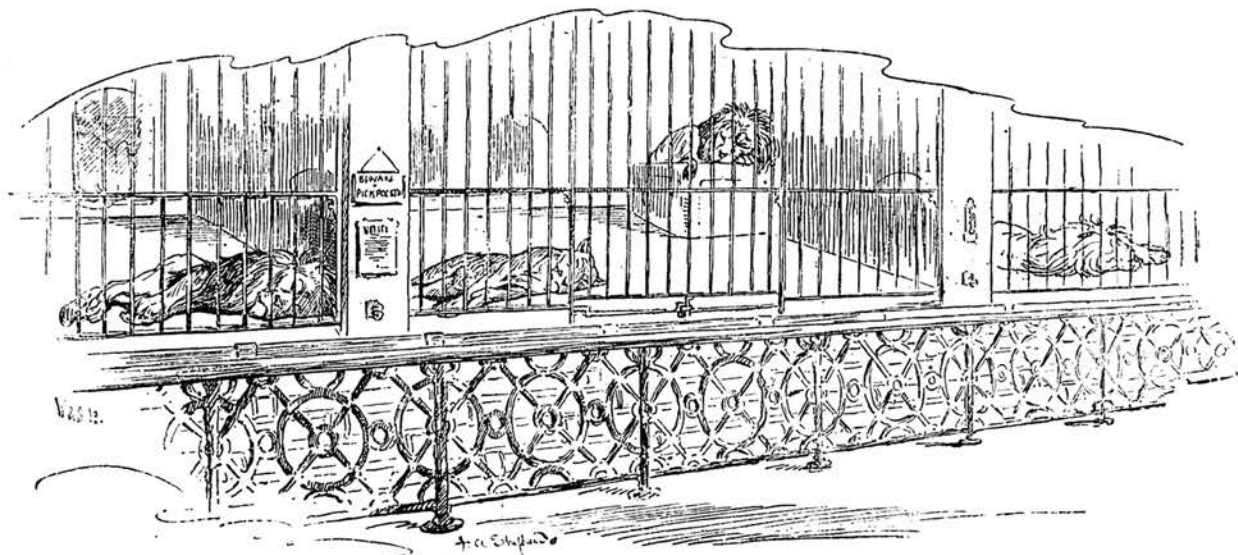
"IMPATIENT."

*One of Lord Randolph's favorite sports was shooting lions in Africa - Editor's Note

racy into a tiger's eye, or pitching a small paper of snuff under a lion's nose ; then they growl aloud or roar to the keepers, their body servants, to let those faithful men know that someone is hurting their felines. I once saw the notice about irritating the animals set at naught by a bold, bad artist who was trying to sketch a rampant lion. The lion wouldn't ramp a bit, but lay in the most maddeningly supine attitude possible, on his side, with his nose on his paws against the bars and his eyes shut. He had observed that one of the strange two-legged creatures before him had been provided with a sketch-book and pencil—probably in order to interest him by a little change in the usual programme—but he wasn't interested ; so he lay as I have said. The artist whistled, hissed, and growled at him ; but he was sublimely indifferent. Then a bright thought struck that artist. Observing the keeper looking out of window at the other end of the house, he leant well over the barrier and took a good hold of one of Leo's whiskers, protruding through the bars ; this he tugged vigorously, and immediately produced a rampant lion, ready-made, on the spot, with tail, claws, teeth, and rear complete. The sketch was a great success, but I do not recommend the process for general use, for several reasons. Even in this case retribution fell on the artist some time afterwards ; for he became a lion-tamer himself, and while at a show in Germany gave another lion an opportunity of biting a piece off his head, which the sagacious animal availed itself of. But—as a distin-

guished author would say—that is another story, I mean.

But four o'clock slowly approaches, and the animals soon become conscious of this. The lionesses give the first indications of the approach of dinner time by walking along inside the bars and doing all possible to look sidelong toward the keeper and round the corner, whence, at the blissful hour, emerges the trolley of beef. Thus the wives. The faithful husbands still lie indifferent, merely turning an eye from time to time in the direction of their helpmeets, as who would say, "The old woman's unnecessarily excited—just like the sex. All that anxiety won't bring the dinner sooner ; and it's very undignified." But soon, as the lioness grows more restless, the master of the house rises to his feet, which is sensible. If a healthy, full-sized lioness were running about near me, and treading on my stomach occasionally, I should want to get up myself. Once upon his feet he becomes to some extent infected by the agitation of the lady, and, although he never allows it quite so far to overcome his dignity, he can't conceal his interest in the forthcoming business. Soon rumours begin to pass up and down among the cages, by the medium of growl and roar. The third tiger from the end, counting from the west door, can just get a glimpse of the clock by standing on his hind legs and squeezing his left eye into the corner against the bars. He reports that it is already two minutes to four, albeit there is no sign yet of the appearance of the usual refreshments. The news is passed along amid general indigna-



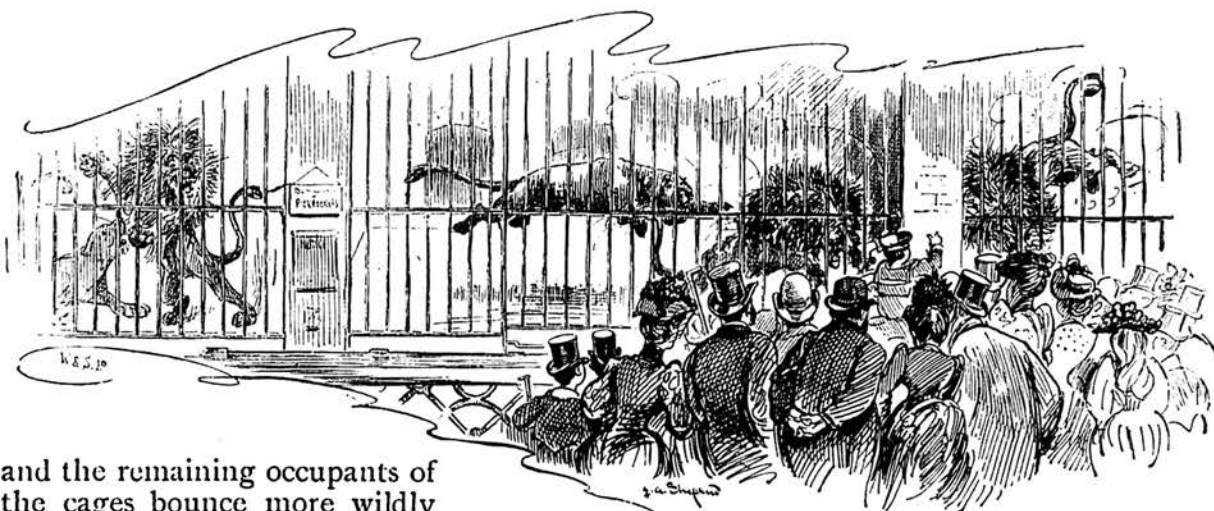
THE LION HOUSE : BEFORE 4 P.M.

tion, and there are hints of an organised strike. Then a second keeper is reported to have appeared, and the crowd of visitors has become visibly larger. At these hopeful indications great enthusiasm is displayed and prime beef stock regains its premium. Just now a slight diversion is created by a domestic tiff between two leopards who both want to trot up and down against the bars at once, and object to being run against. They bare their teeth with a mutual yell, and the lady goes for the countenance of her lord and master with her nails. Said lord and master promptly rolls on his back, and elevating his own finger nails and opening his mouth in an uninviting grin, awaits the attack. Lady surveys the situation generally, and changes her mind.

The third tiger from the end is reported to have expressed his opinion that the clock is slow. Immense sensation. One of the keepers being seen to retire toward the back of the building, lion and lioness rise to equal excitement and join in a general roar and dance.

The human crowd has largely increased,

nose through the bars, and reaches madly with both paws for all the beef and the trolley and keepers complete. He seizes the piece of beef offered him on the end of a pole, and promptly subsides into low grunts, growls, and purrs, as he tears it apart. Others perform in the same way, and soon a row of lions is busy in the matter of refreshments—much too absorbed to be grateful, and never remembering the waiter. Such married couples as may feed together manœuvre deftly before the keeper as he selects the “portions,” each intent on getting opposite the first piece, to which end they maintain a continual game of leap-frog, taking each other’s backs in pauseless succession. The third tiger from the end, as he turns his regular circle, never stops when the trolley arrives opposite his cage, although he steadfastly regards it from the corner of his eye. He is a careful tiger, and means to measure up to the very second he is served. So he continues his trot after his tail, although it becomes visibly a quicker trot in a smaller circle, until the beef is thrust under the bars, when he promptly exchanges his gyratory attitude for that here depicted.

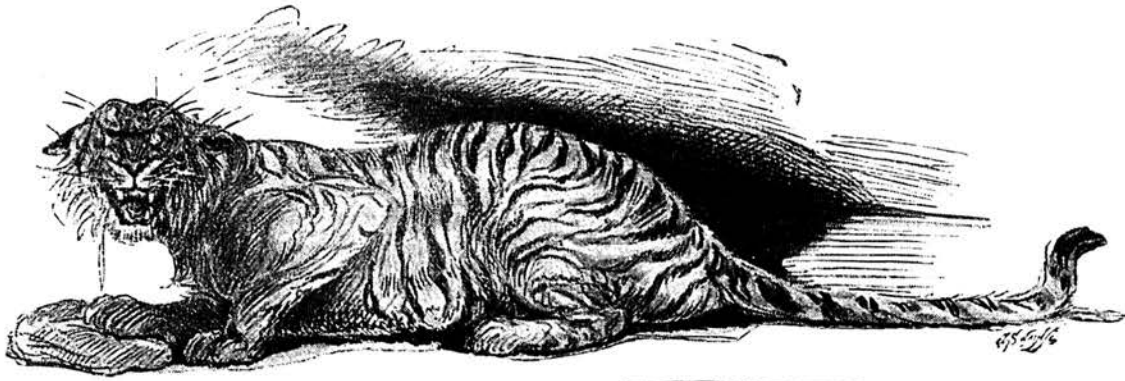


THE LION HOUSE: 4 P.M.

and the remaining occupants of the cages bounce more wildly than ever. The third tiger from the end, who is quite a horological character in his way, abandons contemplation of the clock, and begins measuring the remaining seconds, and working off his excitement by running round after his tail in a small circle. And now, with a grateful, gurgling roll in the tram lines provided for its reception, the trolley appears. Multiply all the previous bouncing, jumping, dancing, and roaring by five, and realise the effect of this apparition. Accompanied by two keepers it proceeds to the end cage, where a wickedly handsome ruffian of a Nubian lion attempts to cram his

All are fed, and grunting content possesses the lion house. It will be perceived, however, that married couples who feed together do it in opposite corners, keeping each an eye on the other, and taking care to finish the repast at least as soon, lest any part of that juicy beef remain to be disputed, and possibly lost.

A more docile sort of lion is fed half an hour later—the sea-lion, who is really only a very big kind of seal, badly wanting a shave. He possesses also the distinction above other seals of a pair of ears, and the



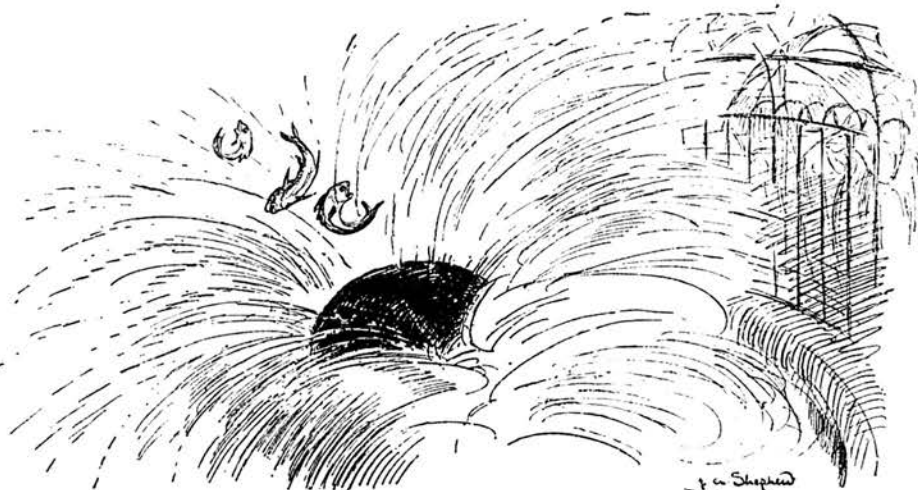
F. C. Shepherd

"A JUICY MORSEL."

tenancy of an unusually eligible and commodious pond, with a platform to crawl upon and a chair if he wants to sit. He is a good swimmer, but his walk is not captivating. He can't help it; it is not easy to cultivate a military stride on flappers. He is as impatient for his dinner in his way as the big cats, but he is quieter and better behaved. He climbs out of his pond, ambles up the gravel path to the gate, and receives the condolences of the visitors through the bars. The keeper is a good friend of his, so he does not blame him for not bringing those fish half an hour before the proper time, but he feels grieved, nevertheless. When the keeper does come, he has no more loyal and obedient friend than the sea-lion. He will do anything for him—or for a herring. He will climb up on the chair and catch the fish unerringly in his mouth. He will run (or as near it as possible) up an inclined plane for one. He will rear up most affectionately and kiss the keeper—keeping one eye on the basket all the time. But readiest of all he will plunge into the water with a mighty splash for any number of them, while the surrounding spectators turn tail or open umbrellas to avert the consequent drenching. Altogether the sea-lion is a pleasant beast, but he drops into his pond with all the weight of a large bull-calf, which is inconsiderate to a radius of a good many yards.

Reporters at a fire continually speak of

the "all-devouring element." This is a perversion of a stock term which, I am convinced, should read "all-devouring elephant." For an elephant devours things which no fire will consume. He will curl up his trunk before a small crowd, and receive good-humouredly a miscellaneous shower, in which biscuits, buns, apples, cigar-ends, pebbles, and fragments of lead-pencil mingle in a riot of miscellaneousness. He has been known, certainly, to shy at snuff, but that was probably in the case of some ignorant elephant not properly educated to its use. Most of the elephants here are quite up to snuff. If you have stuffed a prominent pocket full of sandwiches or apples, it is inadvisable to turn your back to Jingo. He is a very respectable elephant, but that is no reason for unnecessarily exposing him to temptation, and placing his honourable reputation in danger. I have observed of late, I regret to say, a disposition on the part of the Zoological Society's elephants, after leaving their daily work, to frequent Messrs. Spiers & Pond's bar—the small one, just under



"A MIGHTY SPLASH."



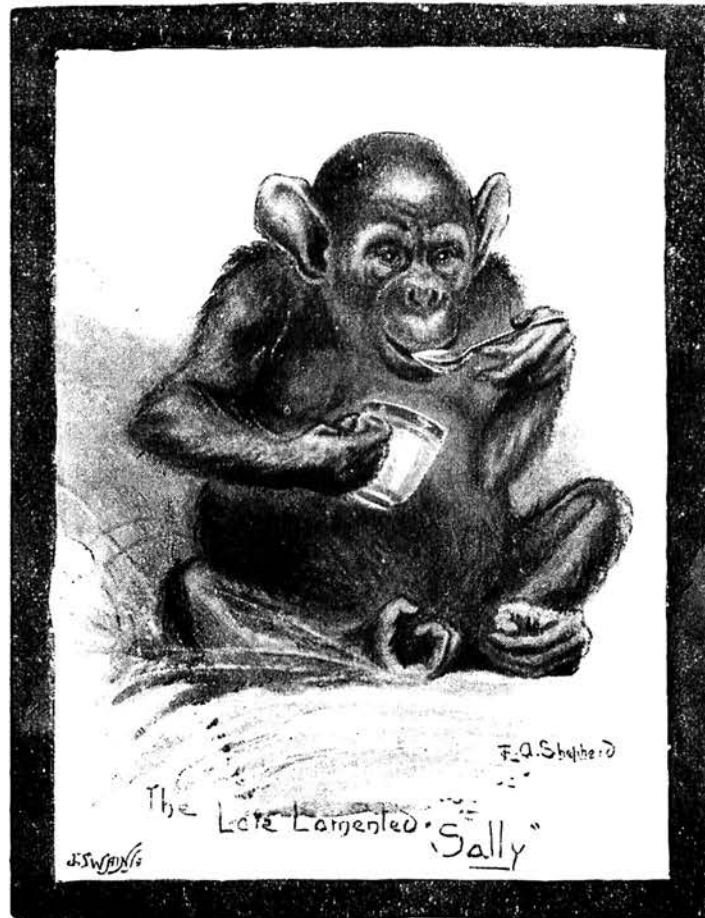
"ALL-DEVOURING."

more study the ways of Sally, the famous chimpanzee; for Sally is dead, and hath not left her peer, wherein she resembles our old acquaintance Lycidas. The immortal Sally no more counts up to five and takes her afternoon tea with a cup and spoon, like a Christian soul. She has a successor, it is true, in Paddy, who may become as great a genius in his time, but who hasn't had time yet, and very often has a bad cold.

the arch. This is very sad. Of course, there are buns there, and people to buy them, but I fear the effect of the habit. Jung Perchad, as a very large and sober animal, ought to set a better example.

Let us hope, however, for Paddy, and wish him well of all his colds. For Paddy is certainly a gentleman, since he wipes his mouth after drinking, and would be a master of polite manners could he overcome his shyness.

Sad, sad, that the Progognomist can no







THE IMPORTANCE OF WORDS.

THE importance of the study of words is now universally conceded. Their double power to instruct those who know their history and transformations, and to mislead those who do not know them, is dwelt upon by many contemporary philosophers. We have learned that a vital connection exists between the language of a nation and its modes of thought; that change in the latter results from and reacts upon change in the former; that when a thing becomes obsolete the corresponding term, unless saved by a change of meaning, must share its fate; and that when a new thing or new combination of things emerges from the tumult of affairs, it cannot long remain without a fitting appellation.

Associated with this general conviction is a special impulse to recur to the earliest forms of national speech; to trace back each word to its origin; to learn the time of its appearance, its primitive meaning, the difference between that and its present significance, and the reasons for it; to discover what terms and what meanings have dropped from the current speech; to take an inventory, in a word, of national loss and gain in the matter of language.

In these pursuits the publications of "The Early English Text Society" and similar associations have made it easy for educated men—and women too, if they will take the trouble—to compare and examine for themselves; and one most important result is a determination that, so far as possible, all future introductions into a language shall be drawn from itself, and formed upon its peculiar laws of development; in English, for instance, that new words shall, by preference, be made from a Saxon root by adding a Saxon termination.

In pleading for an ending to mark the sex, in words that denote employments or functions common to men and women, we thus appeal to a double motive. We declare that from the necessary participation of women in pursuits and activities hitherto closed to them, such terms are becoming more and more necessary; and we show that no innovation is intended, but a restoration of words familiar to great writers in the early times of English literature.

The history of the feminine termination is singular. Chaucer and Spenser used it constantly; Shakspeare and the writers of his time employed it, but less frequently; and thus it continued to fall out of the language till within the last fifteen or twenty years. But with the modern movement for the enlargement of the sphere of women came a necessity for distinction before unmet. Professions and pursuits, heretofore monopolized by men, are now open also to women; while yet the fact of sex, from its effect on methods of acting, is of predominant importance. In such cases the word *female* has been prefixed; but such a collocation is both cumbrous and weak, and savors often of vulgarity. The unpleasant effect of calling a lioness a *female* lion, or an actress a *female* actor is obvious. The reaction for some years in favor of the old terminations has been too strong to be overlooked, and too desirable to be checked. Wherever it is now necessary to use an awkward phrase beginning with *female*, as *female physician* or *female doctor*, we think the substitution of a single word, with the ending of sex—as *doctress*, will be a wonderful gain to our language alike in strength and sweetness.

If it be asked why this termination was so long disused, the answer, as we should give it, would be too long for this paper; but, one reason was such terminations lacked euphony. This objection has some weight when applied to the plurals, and yet we think its effect has been greatly

exaggerated. And the limits within which the new endings are confined in the list subjoined will show there is little or no inconvenience.

Where a word, if coined, would from the nature of things be very rarely used, or where the sex has little effect upon the method of discharging the duty, then, we think, it should not be used. Such words as *soldieresses* and *builderesses*, or *childresses* have very properly fallen out of our language. But where the new terminations—or rather the old revived—would be in frequent use, driving out the inferior word *female*, detestable as a duplicate, and where the sex is a fact of importance, there the *ess* and *esses* are eminently appropriate. Such words as *actress*, *poetess*, *teacheress*, *doctress*, are doubtless required for precision of speech and elegance of style. The poetry of women is distinctive and peculiar; their acting is of wholly different parts; their manner of teaching has influences which men cannot reach; their medical practice is required for human preservation; and the language gains greatly in beauty, force, propriety, and power by conveying these differences in a single word.

LIST OF FEMININE TITLES OR PROFESSIONS ENDING IN *ESS*.

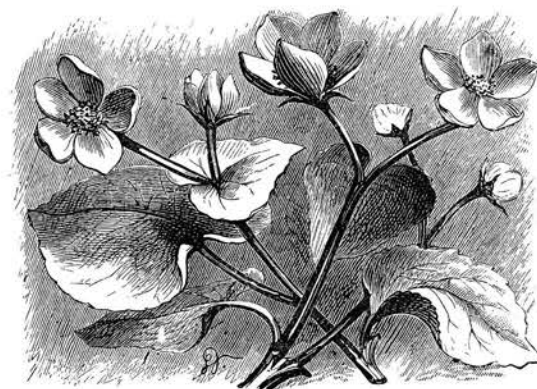
Professions, Pursuits, Epithets.

Actor,	Actress.	Preceptor,	Preceptress.
Adventurer,	Adventress.	Professor,	Professoress.
Arbiter,	Arbitress.	Sculptor,	Sculptress.
Author,	Authoress.	Shepherd,	Shepherdess.
Citizen,	Citizeness.	Songster,	Songstress.
Doctor,	Doctress.	Sorcerer,	Sorceress.
Hunter,	Huntress.	Steward,	Stewardess.
Instructor,	Instructress.	Tailor,	Tailoress.
Monitor,	Monitress.	Teacher,	Teacheress.
Murderer,	Murderess.	Tormentor,	Tormentress.
Negro,	Negress.	Traitor,	Traitress.
Painter,	Paintress.	Tutor,	Governess.
Poet,	Poetess.	Victor,	Victress.
Postmaster,	Postmistress.	Waiter,	Waitress.
Porter,	Portress.		

Titles of Office, Rank, Respect.

Abbot,	Abbess.	Jew,	Jewess.
Ambassador,	Amba- dress.	Manager,	Managress.
Ancestor,	Ancestress.	Marquis,	Marchioness.
Baron,	Baroness.	Mayor,	Mayoress.
Benefactor,	Benefactress.	Mediator,	Mediatress.
Briton,	Britoness.	Mr.,	Mistress or Mrs.
Canon,	Canoness.	Patron,	Patroness.
Chieftain,	Chieftainess.	Protector,	Protectress.
Deacon,	Deaconess.	Priest,	Priestess.
Director,	Directress.	Prince,	Princess.
Earl,	Countess.	Prior,	Prioress.
Educator,	Educatress.	Prophet,	Prophetess.
Enchanter,	Enchantress.	Python,	Pythoness.
Emperor,	Empress.	Scer,	Sceress.
Giant,	Giantess.	Sultan,	Sultana.
God (Heathen),	Goddess.	Viscount,	Viscountess.
Inheritor,	Inheritress.		

The above words are now used by the best English writers.





HE who can "gild refined gold or paint the lily" might also attempt to describe the wealth of English wild flowers, and the prodigality of joy heard in the notes of its singing-birds during May. Love and beauty now abound wherever we turn our eyes, and lengthening days and warmer sunshine invite all to seek the peace which Nature bestows on

those who delight in her many attractions. Mr. Browning, by one or two delicate touches, places his reader as it were at any open window in any country house during a morning of this month:—

— "After April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows;
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture."

Nesting cares and incubation mainly occupy the birds during this month. The diversity of architecture and situation which British birds adopt is very remarkable. Probably every one who has lived in the country must have observed curious instances of variation on both these points. Thus the chaffinch ordinarily decorates the outside of its nest (one of the most beautiful, by the way, of British nests) with lichens from the bark of trees, old palings, &c. We once tore into small scraps a letter written in light blue ink, not dissimilar in hue to many lichens, and scattered them in a woody lane. Some little time afterwards we lighted on a chaffinch's nest in the hedge hard by, which the birds had hung with these scraps. They had been industriously brought together, and added instead of lichens for the usual ornament of the exterior.

Again, we have known lace abstracted from a drying ground, and woven into a blackbird's nest; and once saw a pair of swifts choose a singular place for their nest. This was built in one of the closed pipes which carry the rain from the roof of the clerestory of Southwell Collegiate Church. The birds could not fly up the pipe, so were compelled always to enter at the top, and drop down the whole extent of the pipe, some fifteen or twenty feet, to emerge again at the bottom. This tumbling feat seemed greatly

to their taste, as they never left the nest by the entrance.

It is a pleasant thing in mature life to resume some of the activities of boyhood, when we are separated from them by an interval of many years, especially if these studies are prosecuted in the company of light-hearted boys. Let any one, for instance, who has been fond in past days of birds'-nesting, accompany a youthful party of eager searchers during May, and he will be surprised to find how little the old habits of quick observation have departed from him by disuse. The sight of a hole in the trunk of a tree on the other side of a stream prompts him to watch it quietly for three or four minutes, when the departure or arrival of a bird at once betrays whether there is a nest in it. If a yellow-hammer flies quietly up from a grassy bank, within a few yards there is certain to be a horsehair-lined nest, with the curiously-marked eggs in it which have given the bird in some parts of the country the appellation of the "writing-lark." A mossy bank, with ivy trailing over it, prompts him to look for the wren's domed abode, while the presence of a bunch of lichens overhead in the hedge at once suggests the probability of its being the most beautiful of British nests, that of the long-tailed tit-mouse. Further on, the brilliant plumage of the bullfinch amongst some tall briars will betray its nest, while by a pond the nest-hunter will immediately scan every tuft of rushes for the water-hen's pile of sticks and sedges, supporting six or eight red-spotted eggs.

During such a walk the observer will probably light upon one or two of our few species of reptiles, enjoying sunshine and activity after their winter slumbers. Mr. Bell, their historian, puts their number down at fifteen, and even these are made up by two kinds of turtle which have on three or four occasions been driven to our coasts. A third species of snake, which has been found of late years sparingly in the south of England, has however to be added to this total. It is not likely that the student will all at once stumble on this rarity, nor on the edible frog, or natterjack toad, but he may easily find the common snake sunning himself on a dry and warm bank. It is common in most parts of the country. A rustic lately told us, "There's a part snakes in Norfolk!" meaning that they abounded in that county. Another, with that astonishing ignorance of natural history so common amongst day-labourers, added, "They do say, when they lie to sun themselves on a bank, that the biggest lies highest up on the bank, under it the next in size, and so on, five or six of them together, but each decreasing in size"—which at all events forms an eminently symmetrical theory.

It was firmly believed among them that if a snake were cut in half with a spade, it would snap at it, and turn the spade blue with its venom (the snake is innocuous!), while the sundered halves would soon come together again and unite.

"The last I cut in 'alf," said one, "wriggled together certainly, but I don't believe as how *he* would ever have joined himself again."

It is matter of great doubt whether the adder ever swallows her young in times of danger, but we were lately informed by one who has lived his life in the country, and has been in the habit of observing its denizens, that he has seen a snake, sunning itself on a dry bank with its little ones around it, open its mouth on his approach, into which the young immediately glided, and then it too made off. Mr. Bell is somewhat sceptical as to the fact with regard to the adder, but there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of our informer.

The toad, emerging from his hole under the bank where he has dozed away the winter, is another reptile which a rambler at this time will be almost certain to find. The same observer told us what at first sounds an incredible story respecting a toad, but a similar encounter is vouched for by the historian of our reptiles as having happened between a toad and an adder, so that there is no need to distrust this narrative.

A characteristic sight of May is sheep-washing. Few memories of childhood spent in the country remain longer with us than the idyllic pictures of the shouting men, plunging white-fleeced sheep, the eddying stream with its green masses of submerged weed, and the delighted group of children watching it all, which so often in after-life recur to the mind in May. Fishermen do not love the scene, as the loose scraps of wool wrap round their flies, and are very difficult to be unrolled; besides which, trout will not at such times pay much attention to their lures, while the baneful modern practice of dipping the sheep in poisonous compositions, and then pouring off the water, proves the death of many fish.

How beautiful are May evenings! The grateful dew falls as the sharp outlines of hedges and trees commingle. Rustic sounds are stilled, and the wayfarer hurries on through the woodlands with his—

"store

Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd white anemony,
Dark blue-bells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves."

A little later, and he nears the garden-gate, turning to survey the quiet solitudes of the meadows where—

"only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanched green."

Ancient as sheep-washing must be, it is curious that Shakespeare, who so seldom misses any picturesque rustic employments, has no allusion to it, though he celebrates sheep-shearing and its feasts.

In the garden so much depends on the weather during May, that it is difficult to lay down general rules.

It is theoretically the month for planting out bedding plants, but in the northern parts of the kingdom, and even the north-eastern English counties, they certainly ought not to be trusted to the beds till the last week, or perhaps, in some seasons, the first week of June. It is better to be in no hurry about it until the

weather has quite settled. So, too, dahlias may be planted out, if warm days and nights have set in.

Manure-water should be administered towards the end of the month to such roses as are in bud. It will have to be continued vigorously during June, if really good roses are desired. Do not leave too many buds on the standards in such a case, and where three arise from one stalk, mercilessly nip off the centre one.

Late autumn-flowering annuals should be sown at once, and heartsease may now be propagated by cuttings to flower at that season.

Precepts about nailing up and training creepers, &c., seem superfluous, as a garden is twice as enjoyable when it is neatly kept, and such precepts are always seasonable.

French beans and scarlet runners must be sown in the kitchen-garden. Early celery can be pricked out.

Watering must be carefully attended to amongst the growing crops, and especially in the strawberry-beds. This often makes the difference between a good and a bad crop of this fruit, while all vegetables which are quickly grown are more succulent and tender.

Turnips must be watered in dry weather, or they will all be lost.

Potatoes should be carefully freed from weeds, and earthed up as they advance. Last year it was found that the earliest crops were best able to stand against disease; and besides planting early, let them be gathered in as soon as ripe. They only deteriorate by being left in the wet.

It is well to keep an eye on trained apple and pear-trees, in order to kill insects, and nip off any cross-growing branches, which withdraw much nourishment from the stock, and prevent light and heat from penetrating to the heart of the tree. Standards had better never be pruned, but a little manure does them good. In Devonshire the mud of an old "cob" wall is frequently broken up and laid over their roots, while the stems are whitewashed, in order to kill insects; but it is probably owing to the damp warm climate, rather than to these secrets of husbandry, that the natives are indebted for their splendid crops.

The Spanish proverb says, "It is not always May," and lovers of the country may be reminded in conclusion that they should make the most of this, which, in the southern and western counties of England, is perhaps the finest and most enjoyable month of the year. More northwards we own to a preference for autumn; but a thorough May day is a day of dreamy beauty, ushered in by tender gleaming mists, and songs of waking birds; ringing throughout with the whistle of the blackbird and the carol of the thrush; and gently laid in its grave with falling mists, and amber spaces where the moonlight lies between the laden horse-chestnut-trees. What has the year to offer beyond this? Luckily each month possesses its own beauties, each month pours out its own gifts. Nature, ever gracious, sprinkles each fleeting month with Lethæan waters, in order that no one may regret the past, but find new delight in whatever season may be present, and be led onwards to the future with the alluring whispers of hope.

M. G. WATKINS.

CAMPING OUT ON THE THAMES.



A WEEK on the Thames is a very healthy and very pleasant way of spending a holiday, but two things are necessary — you must have fine weather, and you and your companions must have good tempers. A shower of

rain may easily be forgotten, and if the weather is fine on the whole, it is enough ; but not a cloud must pass over your moral weather, not a cross word must be uttered where several people are crowded in one small boat ; for remember you are travelling in a vehicle that, if it were not for the charm of the scene and the pleasure of the companionship of good fellows, you would vote a monstrously inconvenient and uncomfortable machine. Indeed, boating is another proof that the enjoyments of life depend much less on what we enjoy than the spirit in which we enjoy them. Do you remember how Goldsmith's dear old vicar says, "What we lacked in wit we made up in laughter"? And surely indifferent jests, when we are in a merry mood, are better than brilliant sarcasms, that, however politely they may make their bow, are sure to tread on some one's corns in making it. What you lack in comfort, then, you must make up in good temper, especially if you are camping out. Let me, however, frankly own that change of scene, freedom from everyday cares, will often make a man who usually appears morose and dull, good-natured, and even gay. But such men are like tamed rattlesnakes ; I am glad to know they can be tamed, but I prefer some one else taming them. I know good fellows that I would like well enough to be a day with on the river, whose companionship I should fear very much for a week, even with their daily bread provided for them at pleasant hotels. Others I should be delighted to join in a trip from Oxford to Hampton, that I should fear camping out with very much. "With fine weather and good tempers, then, we can start," you say? Wait a minute—wait two—for I am not a quick speaker. In what I have said about weather and temper, like most wisecracks, I have been speaking selfishly ; for, you see, your good temper is as important to me as it is that

my best friends should have amiable wives (always take care your friend marries an amiable woman, or you may lose him). Now, I will speak of something that only affects yourself. Can you stand camping out? Pleasure, like borrowed money, may be dearly paid for. Twenty years of odd twinges and pains is a long price for a week's enjoyment. The proverb goes, "A short life and a merry one." Don't be misled by a well-turned phrase. You may try to cut your life short with merriment, but though you may kill all of life that is worth the name, what isn't has to wait its hour. If you will not go at the pace you are fitted for, but must go hop, skip, and a jump, you may come up to the grave with a hop, and remain with one leg there for many a weary year. So, my young friend, I would say to you—are you a fellow who can sleep in damp sheets and sit in draughts without taking cold? Don't answer me that you are strong as a house and hard as nails ; houses often fail, and nails break like banks if they are not properly directed. Don't think I want to detract from the pleasures of camping out. There is no writing or telegraphing for beds and dinner. Happy Arabs of the silver highway, you carry your house with you—a pleasant little white castle, delightfully situated, or rather to be situated, on any one's eligible site ; a free holding, for you make free ; and there is no rent but what you can stitch up. Your pantry and kitchen are packed at the stem of your little vessel, and every one has as many servants as there are men in the boat. This brings us to another point—are you a willing servant? I would like to see you wash out a pot. If you are one of those fellows who put on an expression as who should say, "Really, you know I am not used to this sort of thing. I'm a gentleman, you know. I never saw a thing of this kind before ; but I do it because it's the thing—because other fellows of my set do it, you know, so it must be the thing"—if that is your style of washing a pot, go on a steam-launch, and carry a cook. You're a fit companion for a gentleman I am slightly acquainted with (very slightly, thank goodness), who can't walk to his stable in the boots he rides in for fear of cracking the varnish. Nor do I care for you if you giggle over your work, and think it such fun to play kitchen-maid. That kind of thing is well enough on an occasion when kitchen-maid is being played.

Have you ever returned from a fancy dress ball with, say, Queen Elizabeth, Joan of Arc, Charles the First? (You, of course, are Romeo, and papa a friar.) Well, the servants have been told not to sit up. The friar opens the door with a latch-key, and Joan of Arc asks you to step in. Presently her majesty thinks she would like a cup of tea, and Joan thinks it would be such fun to make one. Then you all go into the kitchen ; the martyr blacks himself, and is laughed at, getting the fire lighted ; Joan gets wet, and is laughed at, fetching a kettle of water ; and the friar is laughed

at for his awkwardness in trying to make a bit of dry toast. In fact, every one is laughing and being laughed at. This is all right. You are all playing at servants for the fun of the thing, made funnier by your assumed characters. But when a good camper-out is washing a pot, he does it in earnest. He does not do it because it's the thing, you know, nor does he do it because it's such fun; he washes the pot because it wants washing. He works like an artist, he gives his whole mind up to what he is engaged on, and the consequence is, the pot is washed well—it is artistically washed. I would not be too severe. I do not wish the washer to quite overlook the delights around him. My pot-washer would be a dullard fit only to wash pots, if his ear was deaf to another little camper-out, the lark singing high up above his tiny topsy-turvy green tent, that the one-eyed daisies peep into; if the jolly, sombre, hypocritical rooks, as they caw and flap over the bright river, were unheard; if the leaping fish were unseen, or the cheery welcome from an early passing boat were unanswered; but for all that, the active principle of the man for the time being must be fixed on the washing of his pot. Well, I have done with warnings. You can stand any amount of damp, your temper defies all annoyances, and you do your share of the work simply because it has to be done. The thing is settled; we will camp out on the Thames. Away with stiff and formal attire; feather beds we never use, but now bedstead and mattress alike must go. A waterproof on the grass, a couple of rugs, and a carpet bag for a pillow; exercise and fresh air are your only bed-makers, and drowsiness, not sleep, lolls on a pillow of down. Let those who never tried it laugh at your little canvas bed-chamber. Wait till we wake in the morning—and mind, we do wake! we don't simply recover from sloth; we don't just shake off drowsiness; we don't rub our eyes and say it's time to rise—we wake! we get up because we've done sleeping. And when we go into our bath-room what a difference—no japanned tubs or marble coffins,

with but a sample of water in them. Our bath-room is the wide world, just fringed with greenery where we are; our bath is the river, that's turned on miles away, and comes tumbling over and spurting through the weirs. One good fellow has delayed his swim, and almost before we can shake off what little of the river we can take on to dry land, the bacon is chirping in the pan.

You must never be in a hurry when you are camping out. You must never have a certain journey to perform in three or four days. Hurry makes camping a labour, and instead of being so much of the day's amusement, it is a morning trouble, like shaving. No; have plenty of time, or shorten your journey. Besides, you require time to study each other's peculiarities. One of four may take into his head to bring a fishing-line. He would, if he were with us, be too good a fellow to delay us against our will; so we chaff him, and ask where that fine pike is we expected for supper, and out comes the rod.

Here where I write I have a pleasant fellow, an actor, staying with me. Going down to the pool to bathe this morning, I saw round his hat a perfect decoration of flies; so I knew I was in for a slow paddle, with my friend at the bows. I managed to spend an hour paddling half a mile, while he whipped the sluggish river by the bushes. He caught nothing, but I could see he took as much delight in changing his flies as a certain money-lender's wife I saw at Brighton did her dresses; yea, he varied the colours with equal pleasure. Now, on the other hand, I am sure if I wanted to hurry to a certain spot he would help me, and never think of his angle, though the fish were rising all round us.

Indeed, as in camping out one of the principal pleasures is in having no fixed abode, so in boating a great source of delight is in no one, as it were, having an independent will—each tries to please the others; and the result is, you will hardly find a man who has been long on the river who is not a good fellow. Of course, I don't include *all* bargemen. JAMES ALBERY.



ON MUSICAL PARTIES AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM.



are not supposed to be a musical nation, and yet the love of music seems inherent in us, and nearly every family boasts of at least one member who can contribute, more or less, to its musical pleasures. The results are,

no doubt, that we are now and then called upon to endure some very feeble performances in the course of our lives. But if we abstained from many enjoyments on account of the drawbacks, our pleasures would be few; it is therefore worth while to consider how our musical talents can be best turned to advantage as far as society is concerned.

Of musical parties there are various kinds. In fashionable life, the *prima-donnas* and operatic stars are engaged at fabulous prices, their performances conducted by one of the best musicians of the day, and together they carry out a printed programme either in the afternoon or evening to delighted audiences, who are seated the while on rows of chairs, arranged as they might be in any concert-room; refreshments being offered down-stairs on their arrival, and again at the conclusion of the music. But once ensconced, they remain in their seats from beginning to end.

Something of the same plan is pursued when only amateurs perform; but, as a rule, on these occasions no programme is given to the guests, a few seats are scattered about the room, and the company come and go—if it is in the afternoon, more especially.

During the London season there have been a great many afternoon and evening musical parties given on the following plan:—For afternoon parties, on their arrival the guests are ushered into the dining-room; where are laid out, on a long table specially arranged with flowers, tea and coffee, iced coffee, claret, cider, champagne, moselle, or chablis cup, milk punch, ices, fruits of various kinds, and a variety of cakes, and brown and white bread and butter. Sometimes also there are very small sandwiches cut in the form of a diamond, and made of bread and butter and cheese, with watercress or lettuce chopped up with it, or of potted meats or *pâté de foie gras*, but this is not necessary. I have made a long list of drinkables because all these have been given at different parties; but two kinds or

even one kind of cup is quite enough, and my readers can make their selection. Sherry and plain claret are generally served also. Iced coffee, which is always approved of, is concocted as follows:—Make the coffee as usual, and let it get cold, then add milk and sugar and Wenham Lake ice. For excellent receipts under this head, I would refer my readers to an article on the subject in *CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE*, Vol. I., p. 440.* The fruit should be nicely arranged, and I find it a good plan to have the strawberries stalked, so that they can be eaten without spoiling delicate gloves. There should be several basins of powdered sugar, and several dishes of cream, which is far nicer frozen. It is prepared thus:—Pound the sugar fine, put it in a basin, and pour the cream on it, whisk the mixture well, and then put the dish in ice.

In the winter, tea and coffee, and cakes, and bread and butter, with some wine cup, is considered sufficient; ornamented cakes and sweetmeats being added, to make the table pretty.

At evening parties, a light supper is served after the music. And where the guests are seated during the music, ices, &c., are handed round between the parts; but this is to be avoided, if possible, as it tends to confusion and noisy interruptions. One of the advantages of afternoon musical parties is, that they carry out a universally felt want, viz., the power of seeing friends without the strain on the purse which English entertaining generally entails.

A mistress of a house does well to remember that much of the success of all party-giving depends on the perfection of the several details, which can only be brought about by forethought and pre-arrangement on her part. She must see that her servants are well trained to their several parts, and the extraneous help too; for one, two, three, or even more waiters will possibly be required, and they should be each told off to separate duties—answering the door, giving the names of the guests, attending to the wine, &c.; women-servants being more generally employed to serve tea, coffee, &c., behind the table.

Where the meeting is less ceremonious, tea and coffee are served in the drawing-room on a small table covered with a white or coloured damask embroidered cloth, these beverages being poured out by the mistress or her daughter.

In the country, for afternoon musical gatherings, refreshments are often served in a tent or at small tables out of doors, which makes a pretty *al fresco* meal of it—peculiarly enjoyable if it be warm weather indoors.

Now with regard to the music. However small your party—if it be a party at all—do not trust to chance, but make out some sort of rough programme beforehand, and be quite sure of a good accompanist. The services of a thoroughly efficient one can be secured for £2 2s. in London, and they are to be had for £1 1s.; but amateur talent ought to be available

*Read this article at <http://www.victorianvoices.net/ARTICLES/CFM/CFM1875/CFM1875-CoolDrinks.pdf>

where there is only a pleasant sociable gathering; and young ladies should study that very useful art of reading at sight, and accompanying in a sympathetic manner, so as to aid rather than hinder the singer.

It is advisable not to begin the music for half-an-hour, or even an hour, after the time the guests have arrived; this gives them an opportunity of seeing each

they should be printed; otherwise, it is quite enough for the performers each to have one, in order that they may see when their turn comes, and be ready; for long pauses between the music are not advisable, and towards the end they are apt to break up the party; for people construe such pauses into the termination of the performance.



(Drawn by J. M'L. RALSTON.)

A VOCAL DUET.

other and talking, which, by-the-by, should not be allowed while the music is going on: it is disheartening to the singers and players, and a very bad compliment—more particularly where singing is concerned. We all know that a great deal of amateur playing is so indifferent, that it is an incentive rather than otherwise to conversation; but when the music is really good, it deserves a patient hearing. Therefore, where it is possible, it is certainly an advantage to have a garden or adjoining room for such of the guests as really prefer conversation to the music.

If there are programmes given among the company

In making out the programme, alternate as much as you can male and female singers, and instrumental and vocal music; duets and part-songs give a good deal of desirable light and shade. As a rule, reckoning roughly, each song or piece takes seven minutes, and eight items in an hour are about what can be easily accomplished. The more variety you can have the better. Instrumental music always pleases; and some clever amateurs have so mastered the art of whistling to an accompaniment, that it is like a flute, and is always listened to with pleasure.

The programme should begin and end with instru-

mental music, and foreign and English songs should come in with the rest.

For village musical entertainments, remember that songs in a foreign language are a mistake. Nothing takes so well as old ballads and melodies (the words clearly enunciated) from the ladies, and patriotic and naval ditties from the gentlemen.

A great deal of tact is always required in the arrangement of a musical programme. There seems to be more jealousy among musical performers—both amateur and professional—than in any other art, and feelings are more easily hurt. All the personal wishes and idiosyncrasies must be studied, and the talents of each shown to the best advantage.

I have found the giving of musical parties an excuse for a great many sociable gatherings during the dull time of the year, by organising a number of previous meetings for the practice of part-singing.

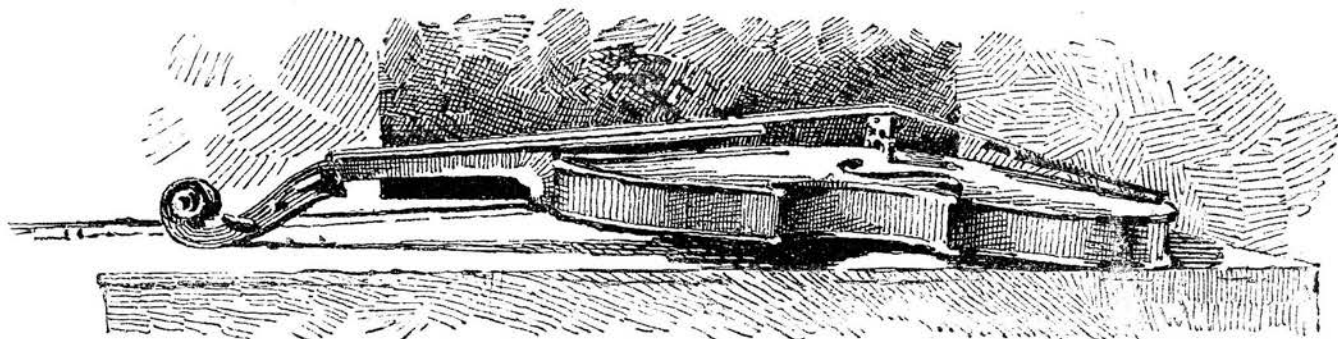
In the country this is an admirable plan. In our village, we always have an annual concert for a local charity, in the early spring, in which the villagers as well as the gentry take part; and for this we have practising every Wednesday night during the winter.

There are always two performances: the first at the rectory, the second at the schoolroom, which is gaily decorated with evergreens; semicircles of wood being hung up against the wall and covered with scarlet cloth, these holding any number of candles, and producing a brilliant illumination.

Many of the failings of the poor arise from a want of healthy relaxation; and the rustic mind, however untrained, seldom tires of sweet sounds. So music does them a great deal more good than we are, perhaps, able to see and understand at a cursory glance.

In music, as in most things, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and I would remind amateurs that, in selecting songs, they should be careful to choose those which fall within the compass of their voices, and to articulate every word clearly. A simple ballad sung in tune and with feeling is better, a thousand times, than any operatic *morceau* only tolerably well sung. Many of the audience—in London, at all events—have an opportunity of hearing such ambitious performances much better rendered by professionals.

ARDERN HOLT.



SOME FAVOURITE AMERICAN DISHES.

BY A LADY RESIDENT.



“What goes with what?” seems a question that rarely disturbs the intelligence of the American provider. They certainly

PEOPLE who pay only a short visit to America carry a way with them, usually, a contempt for American cookery, only equalled by their amazement at the heterogeneous mass of food that appears at one meal.

They have as little idea of harmony in food as we English are said to have in colour. Yet it is quite as unjust to form an estimate of American fare from knowledge gained during a three months' scamper through the country, as it is to believe, as many do, that English people live on such fare as hasty travellers may pick up at a railway station. Thus the idea has occurred to me, since my residence in America, that there are many good things made on this side of the ocean which would be appreciated by lovers of good living in England.

Especially now that the importation of the large American oysters into the old country is so great, does it behove Englishwomen to know how to have them cooked—that is to say, cooked in the way special to America, and which seems peculiarly adapted to the American bivalve.

Perhaps one of the first things that will attract the eye of the newly-arrived European, after it has become accustomed to the general confusion of gay sign-boards,

is the one so prevalent in all parts of the city, bearing the legend, "OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE—ROAST, FRIED, BROILED, STEWED, OR ON THE HALF-SHELL." Every few shops there is a lunch-room, eating-house, oyster-saloon, or restaurant which has the announcement in largest capitals : it is more frequent even than the all-pervading "ICE-CREAM."

Oysters fried, roast, and broiled are, I think, peculiarly American modes of cooking. Stewed, in soup, or scolloped, they are familiar enough to English people.

A fried oyster is one of the most delicious morsels that ever tickled the palate of an epicure. To have them in perfection, take large fat oysters and lay them on a cloth to drain. Roll some plain unsweetened biscuits, such as cabin biscuit, or the common square biscuit, until they are in fine powder ; if any small lumps or crumbs remain, sift it ; any unevenness will destroy the appearance, as large crumbs drop off in frying. Have ready a stew-pan or saucepan, with at least half a pound of lard, nice dripping, or oil, which must have become very hot—and remember, boiling fat is *not hot enough*—it must boil, get still, and then be about to smoke. Roll each oyster in the biscuit-powder until it is well covered. See if the fat is hot enough by dropping in a crumb of bread ; if it browns at once, drop in the oysters, only so many as can be easily turned. If the fat has been sufficiently hot, they will be crisp, plump, and brown in a minute or two ; turn them, and when all over of a golden hue, take them up, serve on a hot dish, garnish with pickled gherkins, eat with Worcestershire or tomato sauce.

Remember, the only requisites in frying these (or, for that matter, anything else) are a clear hot fire and *plenty of very hot fat*—this is the secret of French fried potatoes.

Broiled oysters are simply large oysters wiped dry and broiled on a close-barred gridiron over a quick, clear fire. Before putting them on, rub the gridiron with a little butter or vinegar to prevent sticking ; when hot through, they are done. Have a hot dish with a piece of butter melted in it, lay them on it, pepper and salt to taste.

Roast oysters are laid on a clear fire in their shells, deep shell downwards ; when they open they are done. They must be eaten, with butter, pepper, and salt, from the shell while very hot.

Every one who has read American novels will be familiar with the names of many toothsome breakfast-cakes unknown to us. There is always an Aunt Chloe or Dinah mentioned, who makes corn-muffins, hoe-cake, Johnny-cake, and buckwheat-cakes. For some of these we have no materials, but there are many kinds of rolls made with wheaten flour that housewives may be glad to know of, especially those in the country, who are out of reach of the early baker, and have plenty of sour milk or butter-milk on hand, of which so little use is made with us, yet which is one of the American housekeeper's greatest treasures ; with it she makes an endless variety of hot breakfast-cakes and rolls, by the addition of a little bicarbonate of soda.

Apropos of soda, and before saying how many good things may be made with it, let me state to my countrywomen, who I know are full of prejudice so soon as they see the word, and expect no good of me or my cakes if I advocate its use, that I had as great a prejudice against it as any one could have, simply because I did not understand the use of it, nor did I ever meet with proper directions in any English recipe for using it.

In the few recipes we have in which soda is used, it is usually without any acid to cause effervescence ; hence, it neither makes sweet nor light the article in which it is employed. In America it is never used without acid of some kind ; this is most readily found in sour milk or butter-milk in the country ; but in cities, where sour milk is not plentiful, cream of tartar is substituted—always *double* the quantity of cream of tartar to the soda.

A kind of roll, called here "biscuit," is seen on almost every breakfast-table. If it is well made, it is light, flaky, crisp, and white, has no suggestion of soda either in taste or smell, and can be made and baked in fifteen minutes. Of this "biscuit" there are several kinds ; one of the nicest is what is called "butter-milk biscuit," and is made as follows :—Take a pound of flour, rub into it a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg, and a pinch of salt ; then dissolve a small tea-spoonful of soda in a little boiling water (only enough to dissolve it), and put it into a pint of *sharp* butter-milk ; add these to the flour ; it should make a very thick batter, that you can just stir, and that will drop in mounds from the spoon ; if too thick, add more butter-milk. Drop it into small cakes on a buttered tin, and bake in a *very hot oven* ; a few minutes will do them ; they should be puffy and crisp. Eat with butter like any other roll.

Another recipe, to be used when butter-milk is unattainable, is the following :—One quart of flour, two heaping table-spoonfuls of lard or butter, two cups of sweet milk, one small tea-spoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, one salt-spoonful of salt. Rub the soda and cream of tartar into the flour, and sift all together before they are wet ; then put in the salt ; the lard must be rubbed in quickly and lightly ; lastly pour in the milk ; make into dough as quickly as possible, since handling injures the rolls. The dough must be *very* soft ; if stiff, add more milk. Roll out lightly and quickly on a well-floured board, and cut into cakes at least half an inch thick, with a round paste-cutter. Bake in a quick oven. Instead of rolling these, you may take a table-spoon dipped in flour, and cut pieces from the dough and drop them on to a tin, putting them quite close together like bakers' square rolls. Butter-milk may be used for these instead of cream of tartar, if handy.

Waffles are a very popular breakfast dainty. I am not sure whether waffle-irons are easily obtained in England ; but I give the recipe on the chance that so good and pretty an article of food may find favour in some families.

Take two cups of milk, two eggs, three cups of flour, one tea-spoonful of cream of tartar, half the quantity

of soda, one salt-spoonful of salt, one table-spoonful of butter melted. Sift the cream of tartar into the flour with the salt; dissolve the soda in a little hot water; beat the eggs very well; add the flour the last thing. Grease the waffle-iron well when it is very hot, then fill and bake.

If you have no iron, grease a large frying-pan, make it *hot*, and pour the batter from a jug on it, to form small cakes about the size of crumpets, which they resemble, only that they should be no thicker than a pan-cake. Serve hot and with plenty of butter.

Scones are well known in Scotland, but easy as they are to make, I do not remember that they were made in the house in England; but, like the butter-milk rolls, they are so quickly made that they are especially useful for breakfast, and will be much liked. Flour, one pound; carbonate of soda, a *small* tea-spoonful; a pint of sharp butter-milk, or sour milk, and a little salt. Mix into slack dough; if stiff, add more butter-milk, as the more nearly the dough approaches to thick batter, the better the scones will be. Put a quantity of flour on the board, or, being so wet, the dough may stick; flour the rolling-pin well, and roll out part of the dough at a time, half an inch thick; cut into three-cornered pieces or squares, and put immediately on to the frying-pan, which you must have ready hot and floured, not greased; raise it from the fire so that they may not burn before being cooked through; when brown on one side, turn them. These take about ten or fifteen minutes to cook. They are good hot or cold, with butter or cheese.

I have to repeat that everything of which soda forms a part must be put into the oven, or otherwise cooked, as quickly as possible after that ingredient is added, and the oven must be *very hot*. Although sour milk or butter-milk is by far the best thing to use for such articles as I have given, yet their place may be taken by cream of tartar and sweet milk in all cases.

Before quitting the subject of butter-milk, I will give another use to which it is put, that is in the making of a cheese which is much liked by many, and will be by all who like cream-cheese, which it much resembles.

Set a pan of butter-milk, or sour milk, or both together, where it will get hot enough for the whey to rise, but don't let it boil. Pour off the whey and hang it in a coarse calico bag to drip for some hours without squeezing. When dry, salt the curd to taste, and with the hand work in enough butter or cream to mould it into small round cheeses or balls. To be eaten in the same way as cream-cheese.

American ladies excel in sweet dishes, confectionery, preserves, and cakes, which they usually make themselves.

Of cakes there is an almost endless variety. I mention only a few of those made with soda and cream of tartar, such as may be easily bought in London under the names of "Victoria cake," "Queen cake," "sandwich cake," but which no one without a professed cook seems to dream they could make for themselves. To those who like a dainty cake the

following recipes will be found acceptable; they are inexpensive, easy to make, and excellent to eat.

Every one who reads this perhaps has eaten, or tried from politeness to eat, "soda cake," and remembers with a quailm the soapy mouthful. Even at its best it is strongly alkaline, crumbly, and suggestive of an overstrained economy.

Soda and fat of any kind make soap, and the soda, introduced as we do it in England, has nothing better to do when near its affinity than to fall into the natural course of things and become soap—to the utter ruin of the cake.

"Jelly cake," for which I am about to give the recipe, is familiar to Londoners under the name of "German cake" or "sandwich cake." But as it seems made only by confectioners, I am not sure that the tins for it could be easily got unless they were made to order. The cake is baked in two, or more often in America three, layers, and as all must bake at once, three round "jelly cake tins" are necessary; they are flat, round pans, only half an inch deep, and about the size of a pudding plate. It is made thus:

Materials required:—One scant breakfast-cup of sugar, a full breakfast-cup of flour, three eggs, *half* a tea-spoonful of soda, a tea-spoonful of cream of tartar.

Beat the eggs and sugar together for ten minutes. Mix the cream of tartar with the flour thoroughly, and sift them to the beaten eggs and sugar; stir just enough to mix well; then dissolve the half-tea-spoonful of soda in a table-spoonful or less of boiling water, add it to the rest and mix it quickly in.

If you have the proper tins to bake in layers, put equal parts on each of the three, spreading it over very *thinly* and evenly, and put into a *hot* oven quickly. If the oven is hot enough it will not take more than five minutes to bake; directly it takes a pale brown tinge it is done; take it out, spread two layers, about a quarter of an inch thick, with currant jelly or any jam you have—strawberry or raspberry is best—place one layer on the other, then put the unspread layer on the top, and sift white sugar over it. Any batter left may be used for drop-cakes. Or two two-layer cakes can be made, requiring four tins. If the layer tins are not to be had, bake in a large, shallow, tin baking-pan, spread the jam thinly over it when done, and roll up like a roly-poly pudding.

As regards the rolled cake, it must not remain in the oven one instant after it is done, or it will get crisp at the edges and not roll well.

I may add that whenever sour milk or butter-milk is given in recipes, sweet milk may take its place if more convenient, but in that case cream of tartar must always be added, and always just *twice* the quantity that there is of soda, and in measuring the latter be careful to use *less* rather than more than the given quantity; of cream of tartar more rather than less.

A cup is to be understood as a moderate breakfast-cup, about half a pint; sugar must always be white, crushed loaf or granulated.

I have said nothing about flavouring, which may be left to individual taste.

Marvels in Match-boxes.

By S. L. NEVILLE-DIXON.



THESE pages are an eloquent testimony to the extraordinary skill and ingenuity of artisans and others in the Midland districts. Two or three years ago a particularly enterprising firm of match-manufacturers, Messrs. S. I. Moreland and Sons, of Gloucester and Birmingham, hit upon the excellent idea of getting up public competitions on entirely original lines. Of course, the firm's primary motive was the sale and general advertisement of their wares; but they also considered how they should best tap the wonderful fund of originality which they knew the average British workman *does* possess, no matter what his traducers say.

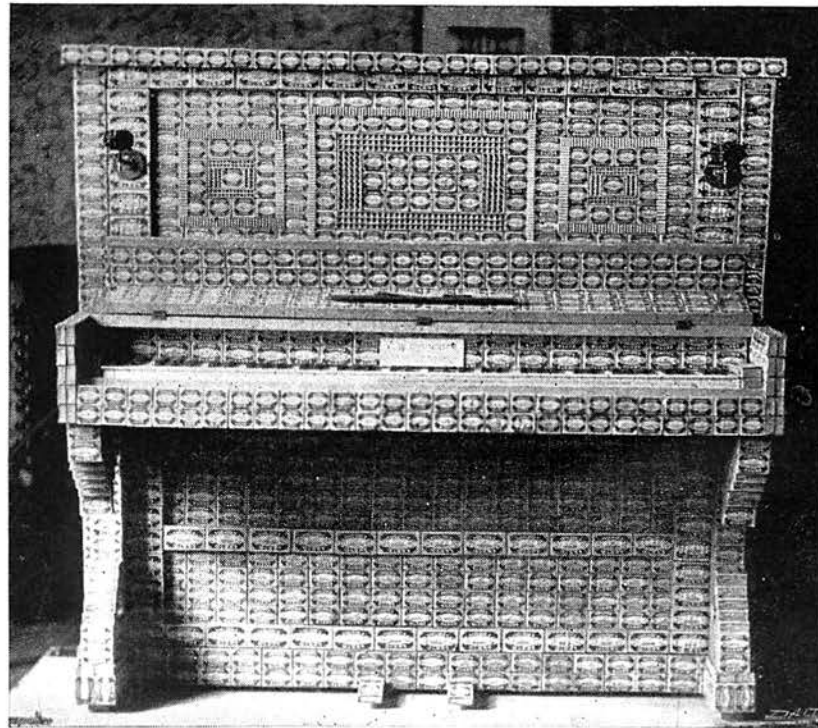
It was at length resolved that the competition should take the form of model-making—"the greatest novelty of any sort that can be made with not less than 1,000 of our match-boxes." The conditions were widely advertised in Birmingham and its environs. Competent judges—architects, chiefly—were appointed. The first prize was £50, the second £25, third £10, and then came three other prizes of £5 each. In subsequent competitions, however, the amounts were slightly varied, but in all cases the prize-money aggregated £100. Models were to be sent carriage paid to Messrs. Moreland and Sons' Birmingham dépôt, 155, Great Charles Street, and those winning a prize became the absolute property of the firm. Later on Messrs. Moreland hired a shop in Birmingham for the express purpose of exhibiting to the public the prize-winning models.

In this article, then, will be found a representative collection of photographs of these "marvels in match-boxes." In some cases the model occupied the spare time of

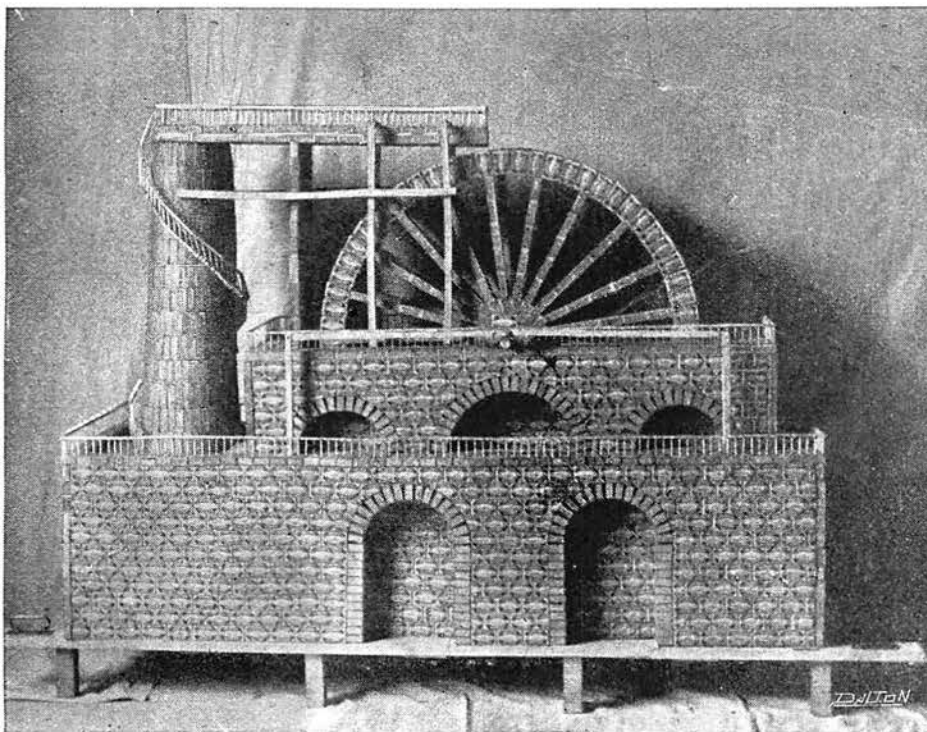
its creator for six months or more; and the effect of the whole was heightened by clock-work arrangements and similar contrivances.

It is to Messrs. Morelands' Birmingham manager, Mr. George Blakely, that we are indebted for most of the photographs.

The wonderful piano seen in the first photograph is actually full size, being 5ft. in height, and constructed entirely of match-boxes, which, according to the rules of the competition, must have contained Messrs. Morelands' wares. The instrument was awarded first prize in the third competition, so that it may be said to have fetched the price of a real cottage piano. The judges were Messrs. Gately and Parsons, well-known architects in Birmingham. The maker of the piano was Mr. G. W. Roberts, of 2 Wenman Street, Birmingham. Mr. Roberts served as tuner for many years with the well-known house of Broadwood, so that a piano suggested itself naturally to him. He tells me that he used upwards of 3,200 ordinary match-boxes, and 576 boxes that had contained small wax-vestas. The only other thing he used was 5lb. of glue.



MODEL OF A FULL-SIZE PIANO.



THE LAXEY WHEEL, ISLE OF MAN.

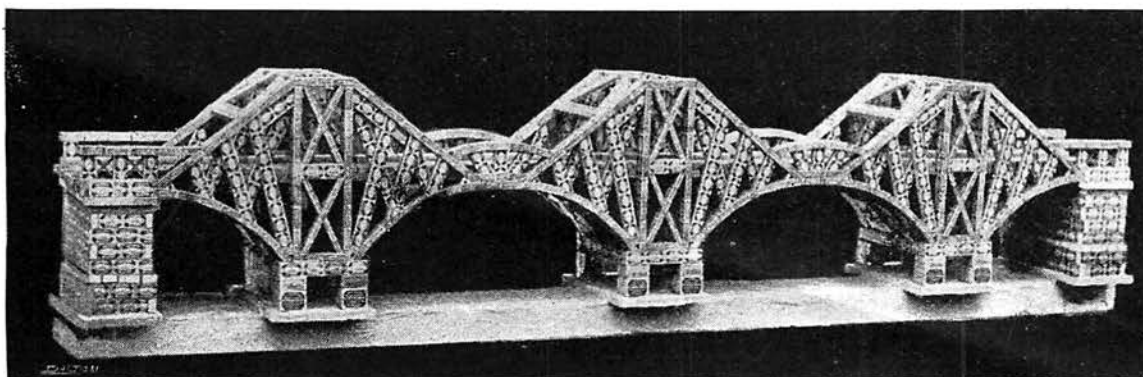
Originality seems to run in the Roberts family, for we next show a marvellous model of the great Laxey Wheel, in the Isle of Man, made by Miss L. W. Roberts, sister to the designer of the piano. "The Laxey Wheel," writes Mr. Roberts, "was 6ft. in length and 4ft. high. It took a little less than six months to make, and used up about 3,000 match-boxes."

In some cases more than one competitor took the same original for his model. For instance, the Laxey Wheel was also adopted by Mr. James Shaw, of 56, Dickinson Street, Nottingham. Mr. Shaw's model, which won the first prize, was no less than 6ft. 7½in. in height, 2ft. in depth, and 8ft. in length. It contained 4,500 boxes, and took five months to complete. The wheel itself was 5ft. 6in. in diameter, and went by clockwork. Another competitor, Mr. Lewis Sheldon, of 49,

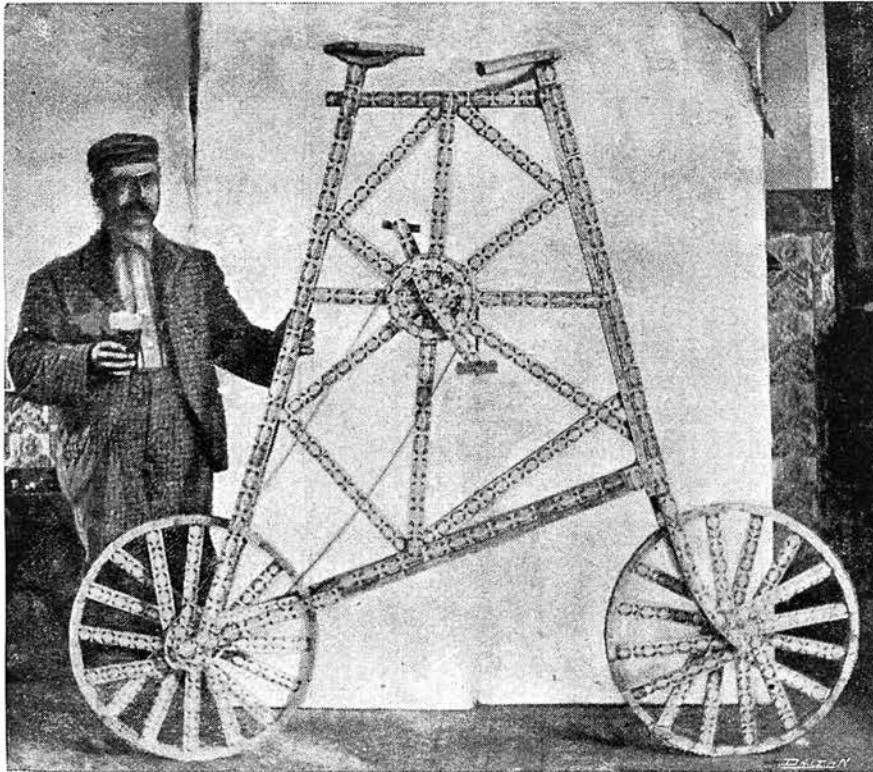
Foundry Road, Winson Green, Birmingham, constructed a double-masted turret ship-of-war, 8ft. 3in. long. The completeness of this model was astonishing; the ship carried fifteen guns (all made out of match-boxes), and there were six life-boats.

The next two models shown are the work of Mr. F. Marshall, of 13, Manor Avenue, Sneinton, Nottingham. The first of Mr. Marshall's models depicted gained the third

prize in the second competition. It is a very faithful reproduction of the Forth Bridge, and is, of course, made entirely out of match-boxes. The height of the model is 1ft. 10in., the width 12in., and the length no less than 10ft. 6in. The model contained about 3,000 boxes. I may here repeat the statement, that according to the rules governing the competitions models were to contain *at least* 1,000 boxes. "Other than match-boxes," writes Mr. Marshall, "no material whatever is used in the construction of the bridge—not even in the stays. When completed it stood the test of 42lb. weight in the centre of either arch. I never saw the original bridge, but got an idea of it from a lithograph in a railway guide. The model contains 241 stays and twelve principal pillars. Seven rows of match-boxes form the roadway over the bridge, and on this roadway are laid the sleepers and rails."



THE FORTH BRIDGE.



THE "EIFFEL BICYCLE."

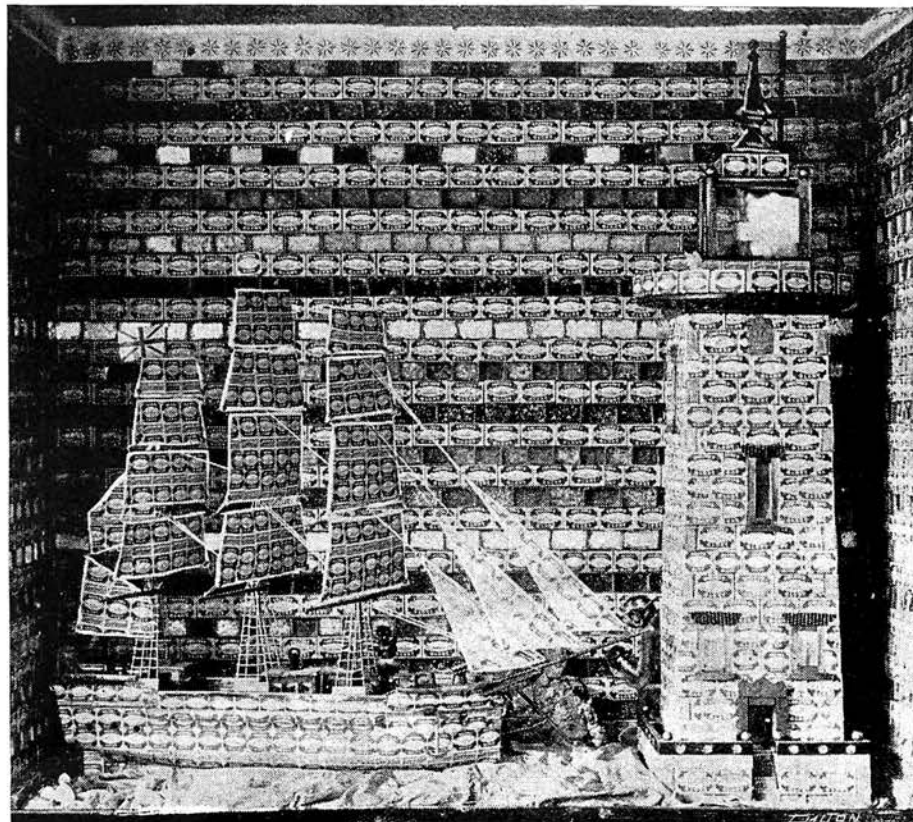
Mr. Marshall's second model is what is known as an Eiffel bicycle. When complete, this model was in full working order. It contains 1,100 match-boxes, and stands a little more than 6ft. in height. The diamond stays are two boxes thick. The driving chain is 9ft. long, and was made from the sides of the match-box-drawers glued on to tape. The wheels are 24in. in diameter. Another model of Mr. Marshall's was a reproduction of the lighthouse near New Brighton. This model was fitted with a revolving lantern, and the whole contained 2,900 match-boxes.

The next model reproduced is a highly elaborate affair, made by Mr. Grubb, of Grendon Terrace, Atherstone. This is supposed to represent Nelson's famous ship *Victory* passing a large lighthouse. As will

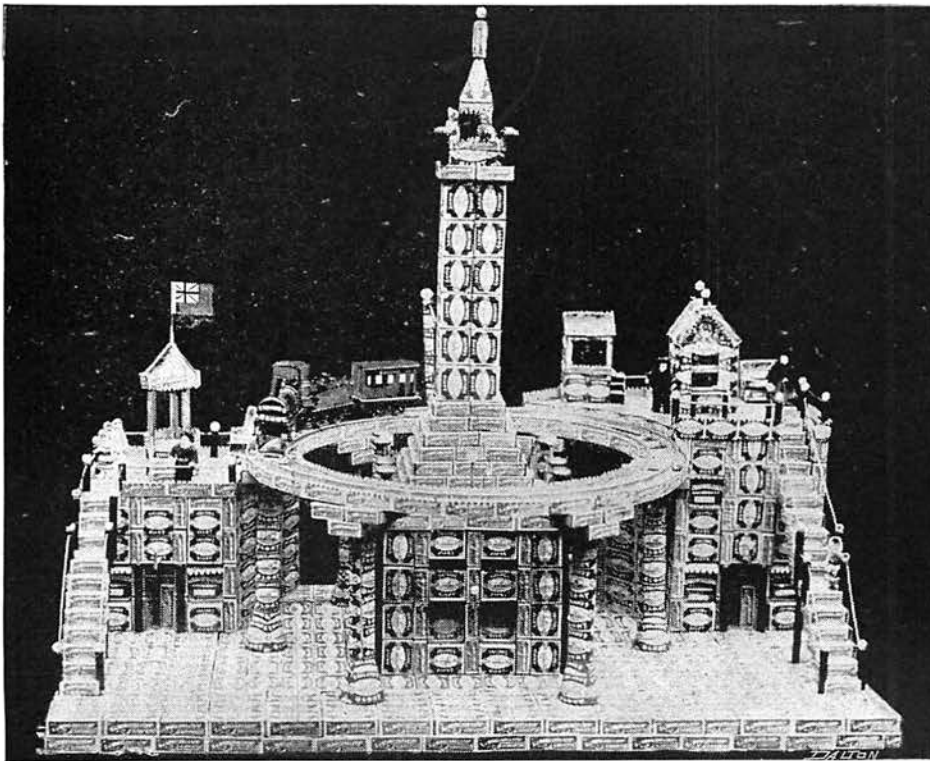
be seen, the ship, the lighthouse, and the entire background, with its wings, are all composed of match-boxes. Working three hours a night, Mr. Grubb finished his model in five months. The ship is 3ft. 6in. long; and the lighthouse, 5ft. 2in. high, and nearly 2ft. square. To build a circular lighthouse, with the awkward material at his disposal, was a little beyond Mr. Grubb. The designer, it should be said, is very well acquainted with nautical matters, having served as steward for some years on board a little vessel of 400 tons. Thus it will be seen that each competitor

prudently followed his own bent.

The next match-box model shown is an even more elaborate and ambitious original design, worked out by Mr. Joseph Bray, of Coleshill Street, Atherstone. Mr. Bray



NELSON'S SHIP "VICTORY" PASSING A LIGHTHOUSE.



TOWER WITH ELEVATED CIRCULAR RAILWAY.

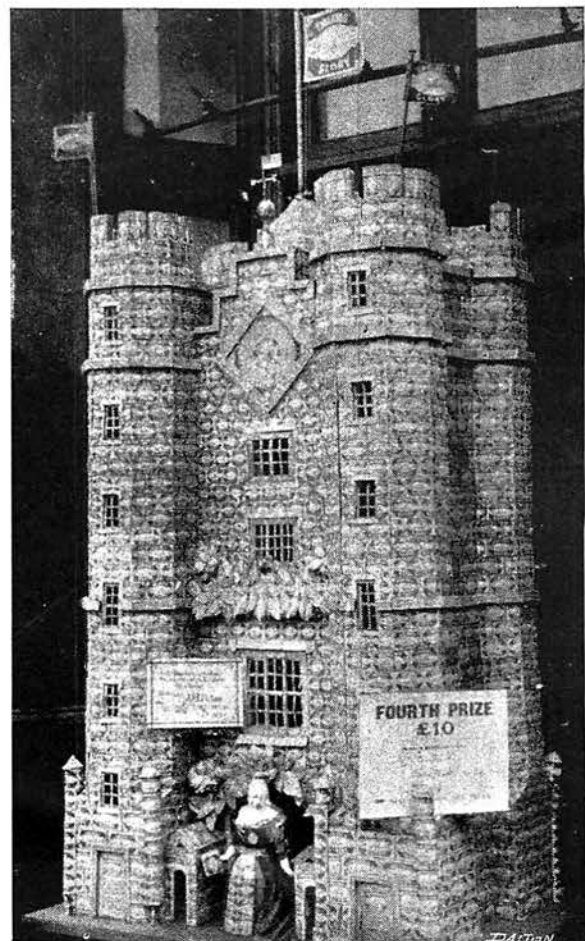
writes as follows: "I am sending you a photograph of my model of a tower with elevated circular railway, made with 1,120 empty match-boxes. This was entered in Messrs. Morelands' competition held last January, and gained the fourth prize of £10. The model was 36in. long, 39in. high, and 24in. wide. The boxes were put together with glue, and the model was very firm and substantial. I worked upon it at night after I had finished my day's work. You will see that even the foundation of the platform is made of match-boxes. The bottom of the tower is supposed to contain shops; and it has four entrances and sixteen windows. The railway track around the tower was laid with rails and sleepers, and a clockwork train was run upon it at intervals. The platform for the station is on the right-hand side of the model, where I also built a booking-office and signal-box with levers. On the left-hand side are a promenade, a bandstand, and a refreshment-room. Railway-station, promenade, etc., were all worked round with brass wire, so as to represent railings, and the whole model had small lamps for electric lights."

The next match-box model to be shown is one representing the stately old red-brick gateway of St. James's Palace, as viewed from St. James's Street. You will see from the label that it gained the fourth prize of £10. It is the work of Mr. J. H.

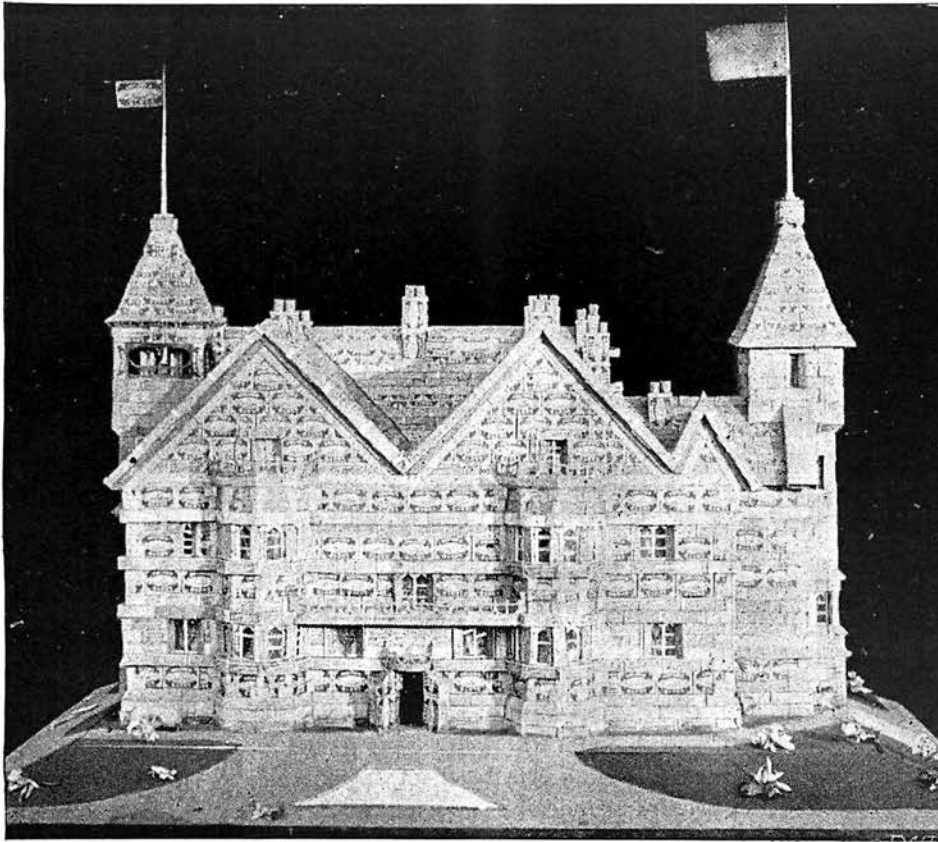
Round, of Holly Hall, Dudley.

Mr. Round writes to say that his model contains 2,380 common match-boxes and 620 wax-vesta boxes. He took particular note of the time occupied in its construction—106 hours. From the ground to the top of the flag on the tower measured no less than 6ft. 4in. The clock was a very real one, working twenty-four hours with one winding. The dial was 8in. in diameter. The very dial figures and hands were made of parts

of the inevitable match-box. There was a motto surrounded by flowers, "Long live the



THE OLD TOWER OF ST JAMES'S PALACE,



"HOME FOR OLD SOLDIERS AND SAILORS."

Queen." It only remains to be said that both the letters and flowers were made from bits of match-box or the paper covering thereon.

Yet another of these wonderful little models. This design is an ideal one, and is supposed to represent a desirable "Home for Old Soldiers and Sailors." Upwards of 3,000 match-boxes were used in the construction of this model, and it was made in its designer's spare time after he had worked ten hours a day at his own occupation. This model is the work of Mr. Evan H. Jordan, of Oakamoor Mills, near Cheadle, Staffs. Mr. Jordan says, "It took me about a thousand hours; the only things I used were an old razor and a pot of glue."

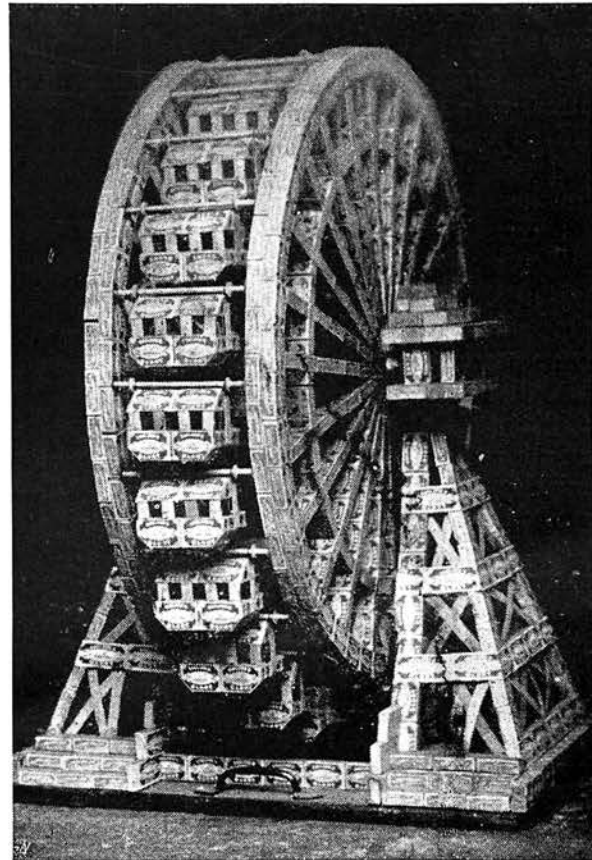
Another fancy design was sent in by Mr. J. Leavesley, of Nottingham, and it gained the second prize of £20. This was supposed to represent, on a small but perfectly accurate scale, Messrs. Morelands' new premises. The model contained 6,000 empty match-boxes, the sand-papered edges of the boxes themselves forming the stone dressings of the building. Other striking instances of ingenuity were that the front of the boxes went to make the red brick façade; whilst the tiling on the roof was composed of the blue and amber of the insides of the boxes. This model was nearly 6ft. square.

A particularly good and accurate repre-

sentation of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court is next reproduced. This model gained a first prize of £50.

Mr. S. Jennings, of 32, Richmond Street, Walsall, was the designer. The wheel contains 2,110 match-boxes, every one of which had to be cut, carved, and dovetailed into shape. The wheel has twenty-four cars, and each car has eight windows made out of mica. By a clockwork arrangement the wheel will work for fifteen minutes after being wound up. The model is 4ft. high; and Mr.

Jennings tells me that no fewer than 500 of his neighbours came to see it at his house.



THE GREAT WHEEL, EARL'S COURT—FIRST PRIZE, £50.

ALL ABOUT THE EMERALD.

By EMMA BREWER.

"The emerald burns intensely bright,
With radiance of an olive light;
This is the faith that highest shines,
No need of charity declines,
And seeks no rest and shuns no strife
In working out a holy life."



STRANGELY curious are the traditions concerning emeralds, and the way they have been guarded from falling into the hands of man. It seems as though the spirit of evil recognised the purifying influence of these

stones upon the human race, and therefore put every possible obstacle in the way of those who sought them. And oddly enough the belief that demons, griffins and wicked spirits guard the emerald mines, wherever they may be, is as potent in this nineteenth century as in times gone by. A miraculous solution of the origin of emeralds is given in Forbes' *Oriental Memoirs*. "A person was watching a swarm of fire-flies in an Indian grove one moonlight night. After hovering for a time in the moonbeams one particular fire-fly more brilliant than the rest alighted on the grass and there remained. The spectator struck by its fixity, and approaching to ascertain the cause, found not an insect but an emerald, which he appropriated and wore in a ring."

We have not yet discovered those African mines whence the ancients drew their splendid stones, and the first we have any account of are those in Scythia, where the finest Oriental emeralds were said to have their home in gold mines. But they might almost as well not have existed so impossible was it for man to force an entrance. Access to them was strictly guarded, so goes the account, by ferocious griffins who built their nests there, and who were constantly at work in the bowels of the earth searching for gold and emeralds, which having found they would hide and never give up to ordinary mortals. So the only thing to be done was to apply for help to a nation of pigmy Cyclops, a people with only one eye, and that in their forehead, whose home was in Scythia, near the river with golden sands, and whose occupation was to wage war against their natural enemies the griffins, monstrous animals that robbed them of the gold of their river and the emeralds of their mines.

These fictions were testified to as facts by Pliny and Strabo and other well known authorities; it is therefore no wonder that the mystery which enveloped the finding of the emerald should so long have remained undisputed.

Only a little more than seventy years ago when Monsieur Caillard was working the Mount Zebarah emerald mines in Egypt, he discovered that the superstitious fears and fancies which had ruled the people of long ago were now fully possessed by the Arabs, a deputation of whom waited upon him in order to caution him against sleeping near the emerald caves, as they were the refuge of snakes, wolves, and other beasts of prey, and more especially the abode of demons who would resent his intrusion.

Stevenson, in his *Residence in South America*, vol. ii., also bears witness to this feeling. Speaking of the emerald mine in the neighbourhood of "Las Esmeraldas," he says, "I never visited it owing to the superstitious

dread of the natives, who assured me that it was enchanted and guarded by a dragon which poured forth thunder and lightning on those who dared ascend the river."

There can be no doubt that emeralds were known in remote ages, for necklaces of these beautiful stones have been discovered in Etruscan tombs, at Herculaneum and at Pompeii, as well as in the excavations of old Rome.

Evidently the ancient Egyptians used the emerald largely, for M. Caillard discovered the caves and mines in which they worked; and some of them were so large that four hundred men could work side by side; he found ropes, lamps, levers and tools of many kinds which they had evidently employed. Many fine emeralds have come from Siberia; the first of them was found accidentally in 1830 by a charcoal burner at the root of a tree on the east side of the Ural.

The Tyrolean Alps are rich in emeralds although there is no systematic working of them. Near Salzburg, for example, they are found embedded in mica slate in the sides of two tall perpendicular rocks, which are so steep as to be inaccessible except to the very few, who, willing to risk their lives, choose to let themselves down by means of ropes or *seilen* and remain suspended over the frightful chasm while they detach the emeralds with their tools. Among those who have thus ventured is a woman, who had her reward in the number of fine emeralds she secured.

For the last two centuries and more our finest emeralds have come from Peru. They are superior in colour to the African; their tints are purer, and they have less of foreign matter, which is apt to render the reflection variable. Those taken from Mount Zebarah by M. Caillard were of a pale green colour, cloudy and full of flaws. They are well-known in Cairo and Constantinople, where they are perforated for earrings. The harness of the Sultan's horses is covered with emeralds of this kind taken from Egyptian mines. The finest emeralds are of a very fine dark velvety green, and these are more frequently found in the Muzo mines north-west of Santa Fé. They are worked by a company who pay an annual rent of 24,000 dollars to the Republic of Columbia.

The great Muzo mine is a sort of tunnel of about one hundred yards deep, with very inclined walls. Mr. Streeter says that on the summit of the mountains and quite near to the mouth of the mine are large lakes shut off by means of water-gates, which can be easily shifted when the miners require water. The matrix of the emerald is here a sort of pitchy limestone rich in carbon and embedded in red sandstone and clay slate. "To obtain the emeralds," Mr. Streeter continues, "the workmen begin by cutting steps on the inclined walls of the mine in order to get firm resting-places for their feet. The overseer places the men at certain distances from each other to cut a wide step with the help of pickaxes. The loosened stones fall by their own weight to the bottom of the mine. When this begins to fill, a sign is given to let the waters loose. These rush down with great vehemence, carrying the fragments of rock with them through the mountain into the basin. This operation is repeated until the beds are exposed in which the emeralds lie. The stones are sometimes accompanied by beautiful crystals of iron pyrites. Sometimes an emerald is found in fragments, which when placed together form one beautiful crystal. Again it is not an unusual thing for the

emerald to break after its separation from the matrix or home, but this can be prevented by placing the stones in a vessel for some days, and protecting them from the rays of the sun."

The emeralds occur in pockets, therefore the mining may for some time be unprofitable and disheartening, when suddenly the reward comes in a discovery of good stones.

It may be a matter of surprise that India, to which we naturally turn as the home of all things rare and beautiful, was not entrusted by mother nature with the housing and care of the emerald, which is a gem of high personal character, subtle and exquisite colour, and possessing ennobling and healing virtues. India loves it and imports it, but has not the honour of producing it. It has, however the credit of naming it—the origin of emerald being a Sanskrit word signifying green—the root of the word in Eastern tongues means a something that waves about like a bright green seaweed.

How the emerald came by its beautiful colour is far from being perfectly understood, notwithstanding all that science has taught us.

There is nothing for it but to take M. Babinet's advice, which is "to admire without penetrating the secret of the unparalleled red of the ruby, the pure yellow of the topaz, the unmingled greenness of the emerald, the soft blue of the sapphire, and the rich violet of the amethyst, and be content to leave the unravelling of the mystery to posterity."

Of course the age in which we live is not barren of suggestions or lacking in opinions as to the colouring of the emerald. According to some scientific men it is derived from the decomposition of animals which have lived in a bygone age and whose remains are now found fossilised in the rock which forms the home of this precious stone, while others are of opinion that the colour is due to oxide of chromium.

When an emerald is possessed of a tint of beautiful quality it is one of the rarest and most precious of stones and valued at a quarter above that of the diamond of like size. It is so rare that few have ever seen a full-sized perfect emerald. The following anecdote will show the value set upon it and why.

It is related by a physician that his brother, a jeweller, received of Francesco Maria Prince of Urbine a very large sum of money to buy him an emerald, of the weight of eight grains of wheat, most pure and Oriental, that by it he might receive alleviation in an infirmity with which he was troubled withal.

A bishop writing A.D. 640, says, "The emerald surpasses in its greenness all green stones and even the leaves of plants, and imparts to the air around it a green shimmer, and its colour is most soothing to the eyes of those engaged in cutting and polishing the stone."

Pliny recognised it as being refreshing to weak eyes. "If," he says, "the sight hath been wearied and dimmed by intemperate poring upon anything else, beholding of this stone doth refresh and restore it again."

Before we go into the interesting subject of the mysterious properties of the emerald, which have endeared it to the rich and wise in all ages, we must look into the matter of its composition and observe of what materials mother nature has formed it. For seeing how many and great powers were appointed to guard its exit from home, it must surely be made of superior materials to those with which she formed the pearl, the diamond, and the ruby. And yet we are not surprised on the

whole to find that if she could make pearls of lime, diamonds of carbon, and rubies of clay, she could have no difficulty in forming emeralds out of sand or silica, and this is exactly what she has done with the help of a little alumina and glucina. This last is a rare substance, and up to this time has only been found in the emerald and two other stones; it is distinguished from other earths by its sweetness. Chemists say that the greater the quantity of glucina in an emerald the deeper is its green tint.

Silica, or sand, which forms the basis of the emerald, is used in many other ways; it is a chief ingredient in all kinds of glass, from the "green bottle" to the plate and flint glass. It is the peculiar treatment that these common materials receive which raises them to the aristocracy of precious stones. It seems to us scarcely possible that the silver sand used in our kitchens and sculleries can have anything in common with the exquisite and valuable emerald.

Just as the precious stones we have already noticed have their doubles in an inferior variety, so the emerald has close relationship with the beryl and aquamarine, which are practically the same mineral, though with certain differences. To the chemist, these may be trivial, but to the jeweller they are most important, as the one is almost priceless, while the others, although most attractive, can scarcely be reckoned as valuable. One great distinguishing mark is the colour, which in the emerald is a perfect green that seems to flash upon the surrounding objects and is unsurpassed by any other gem, whilst that of the beryl is yellow, and that of the aquamarine, a light-blue or sea-green, probably due to the presence of a small quantity of oxide of iron.

The system of crystallisation is the same in all three, viz., hexagonal or six-sided prisms.

An emerald of a deep rich grass-green, clear and free from flaws, is worth from £20 to £40 a carat, while that of a lighter shade is worth much less, varying from 5s. to £15 a carat.

No other gem has been counterfeited with such perfection as the emerald, and it is sometimes almost impossible to distinguish the artificial from the real by the aid of the eye alone. One of the treasures forming part of Alaric's spoils in the 6th century was what is known in history as King Solomon's emerald table. It is described by enthusiastic Arab writers as a marvel of beauty, being formed of a single slab of solid emerald encircled with three rows of fine pearls, and supported on 365 feet of gold and gems. It is probably a specimen of the ingenuity of the glass workers of Tyre or Alexandria, and not a true emerald as it was believed to be. No doubt a great ignorance prevails about precious stones among the wearers and owners; as a proof the following is related by A. H. Church, Esq.

"A jeweller was showing a customer a bracelet beautifully set with green garnets of Bobrowska. The lady admired the stones and workmanship immensely, but spoke of the stones as emeralds. The jeweller, who was honest, said 'they are not emeralds, but a rare sort of garnet from the Ural mountains.' 'Well, after all,' said the lady, 'I don't very much care for this bracelet; show me another.' Not that she knew of any real objection to these garnets, which is that they are not quite hard enough to stand wear and tear."

The true emerald became much less rare in Europe after the conquest of Peru. The Spaniards possessed themselves of the hoards which had been increasing for centuries in the hands of the priests of the goddess Esmeralda,

who was supposed to dwell in an emerald of the shape and size of an ostrich egg. These priests persuaded the people that the goddess esteemed the offering of emeralds higher than any other, and so on fêtes and holy days immense numbers were brought by the worshippers as devotional offerings.

Although a great many of these were ignorantly broken by the conquerors, Cortez was able to present a hundredweight of emeralds to the King of Spain, besides several of exquisite and rare beauty which he gave to his bride on her marriage with him, and which created envy in the heart of the Queen of Spain and his loss of favour at court.

There can be no doubt that emeralds were known and venerated in remote ages. It was the fourth of the gems mentioned in the Bible as worn in the breastplate of the high priest. They are mentioned in the 27th Chapter of Ezekiel: "Syria was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of wares of thy making; they occupied thy fairs with emerald, purple and brodered work, fine linen, agate and coral." The emerald is mentioned also in Rev. xxi. 19, as the fourth foundation of the New Jerusalem, and again in the 4th chapter and 3rd verse, where the rainbow of the New Covenant is spoken of as like unto an emerald, ever precious, beautiful, and refreshing.

The emerald held a very high place in the esteem of the ancients; it represented to them hope in immortality, exalted faith and victory over sin, and was endowed by them with very high attributes. It was an old Hebrew tradition that if a snake or serpent fixed its eye upon the lustre of the emerald, it immediately became blind. Thus Moore in "Lalla Rookh" says,

"Blinded like serpents, when they gaze
Upon the emerald's virgin blaze."

It was supposed to possess powerful medicinal qualities. Taken internally, it was considered a cure for venomous bites, fever and leprosy; if powerless to cure the evil, it shivered into atoms; applied to the lips it was declared to stop hemorrhage; worn round the neck, it dispelled vain terrors, was a restorer of sight and memory, and brought victory to the wearer. It was a firm belief that it taught the knowledge of secrets and future events. It is wonderful how these little bits of stones became endowed with such extraordinary virtues!

Objects were supposed to appear in a more favourable light when seen through an emerald, which explains why Nero used one when looking at the combats of the gladiators. It was an old belief that he who dreamed of green gems would become renowned and meet with truth and fidelity, while on the other hand, the falling of an emerald from its setting was regarded as an ill-omen to the wearer, and this last superstition obtains even in our day.

When George III. was crowned, a large emerald fell from his crown. America was lost in his reign, and was considered by many to have been thus foreshadowed.

When the tomb of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle was opened his bones were enveloped in Roman vestments, and round his neck, attached to a large chain of gold links, there hung a talisman consisting of a piece of the true cross and a beautiful emerald. The burghers of Aix-la-Chapelle presented it to Napoleon when he entered that town in 1811. One day in playful mood he threw it over the neck of Queen Hortense, declaring that he had worn it on his breast at battles as he

supposed Charlemagne had done before him. From that day she never laid aside the precious relic.

Queen Elizabeth sent to Henry IV., the champion of the reformed faith, a beautiful emerald which she herself had worn. She gave it as a token of esteem, and reminded him that the gem possessed the virtue of not breaking so long as faith remained firm and entire.

The superstitious beliefs concerning the emerald suggested to Miss Landon the following beautiful lines—

"It is the gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no;
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring,
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.

Take back again your emerald gem,
There is no colour in the stone;
It might have graced a diadem,
But now its hue and light are gone.

Take back your gift and give me mine,
The kiss that sealed our last love vow;
Ah, other lips have been on thine,
My kiss is lost and sullied now!

The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
And more than either you are changed;
But my true love has altered not,
My heart is broken, not estranged."

Very few engraved emeralds have descended to us from ancient times. This is not due to the hardness of the stone, but that it was evidently exempted on account of its beauty and great value. There is one, however, in the Devonshire gems of great antiquity and of great value, a large emerald cut into a gorgon's head in high relief.

Another with a history was the ring belonging to Polycrates, B.C. 530, which he was induced to throw into the sea as an offering to the gods for forty years of prosperity. It was an exquisite emerald, and he grieved over the loss of it; but a few days later he received a present of a large fish in which his ring was found.

The Shah of Persia has a little casket of gold studded with emeralds which is said to have been blessed by Mahomet, and has the property of rendering the royal wearer invisible as long as he remains unmarried.

The emerald was formerly much used for ornaments of dress and carriages. At the famous marriage-feast of Alexander and his eighty companions with their beautiful Persian brides, emeralds seem to have been the favourite gem worn, and to have been esteemed above all other ornaments except the beautiful pearls of the Persian Gulf.

Pliny says that Paulina at the banquet was literally covered with emeralds and pearls in alternate rows.

Queen Elizabeth used precious stones almost recklessly. On the occasion of her visit to Tilbury a contemporary poet wrote—

"He happy was that could but see her coach,
The sides whereof beset with emeralds
And diamonds, with sparkling rubies red
In checkerwise by strange invention
With curious knots embroidered with gold."

In the fabulous life of Alexander the Great, printed towards the close of the 15th century, the hero found in the palace of the vanquished monarch many and great treasures, among which was a vine having its branches of gold, its leaves of emeralds, and its fruit of other precious stones.



USEFUL HINTS.

KEEP a little note-book on your book-shelf, and enter the date and name of any person who borrows a book. Many books are lost and libraries spoiled by forgetfulness on the part of borrower and lender.

WHEN travelling in a railway-carriage it is dangerous to sit facing the engine with the window open. Pieces of metal from the permanent way have become embedded in the eyes of passengers and caused great pain and distress.

It is not healthy to allow damp dead leaves from the trees to decay on the ground immediately under the windows of a house. They should be swept up and put on the flower-beds, where, if they are left, they will make excellent mould and protect young growing plants.

GLASS bottles should never be thrown out of railway-carriage windows. In some cases where it was done serious injuries have resulted to men working on the line.

THE legs of stockings cut off at the ankle, when the feet are worn out, make capital warm sleeve linings, tacked in at the top of the sleeve seam inside; or, new feet can be cut out and applied to worn-out stockings.

LADIES' kid boots and shoes should never have any blacking or polish put on them until it is absolutely necessary, as these all injure the kid more or less and wear them out sooner than they should. The mud only should be brushed off them after a walk, and, if wet, should be placed soles uppermost in a warm

room or in the sun to dry, but not near a fire. When taken off, and while still warm, they should be filled with rags or soft paper to preserve the shape (of course, a boot-tree is best if you have one, and they are not expensive), and the top button fastened to keep the boot upright and the linings clean.

CATS with long fur should have it regularly brushed or else the long hairs get into their mouth and are swallowed when they are licking themselves, and this is very bad for them.

CLOTHS that have been used for cleaning oil-lamps should never be left about with any others, but kept in a metal-box (a biscuit-box would do) away from any risk of fire.



FLANNEL TAPESTRY.



DESIGN FOR CUSHION.

To many people the very word tapestry has a dismal sound, suggestive of close work done in cross-stitch, all very wonderful, but often undeniably ugly. It is of very ancient origin, and in the records of the past many histories of old tapestries can be found. In a contemporary we read of the great pieces that are preserved in the different country seats of many of our nobility and gentry. "Not a few of the touches that give so much enchantment to Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, for instance, are imparted by the solemn 'hangings,' the superb pieces of tapestry, that were there when the bewitching Dorothy Vernon lived in it, and its grey courts and green terraces were enlivened by the passing to and fro of much goodly company and many retainers. Hardwick Hall, too, in the same county, owes much of its Elizabethan air to the needlework of the Countess of Shrewsbury, and a great deal of its romance to that of Mary Queen of Scots, who languished there for a time as a prisoner. The lightness of this fabric, owing to the fact that there is 'more glass than wall' in it, its palatial extent, the trimness, the general old-world aspect, impart impressions of their own; but without the needlework, the arras on the wall, the hangings and counterpanes on the state beds, and the cushions and other adornments of the chairs, we could not realise so completely the features of Elizabethan home-life. We know that a correspondent of Sir William Cecil reported to him that Mary Queen of Scots mentioned that 'all day she wrought with her nydill, and that diversity of the colours made the work less tedious, and she continued so long at it till very payn made her to give over.' And we feel that even Holyrood Palace would not be quite so weird, so haunted-looking, and so full of fancies, without its faded tapestry and time-worn bed-hangings. The subtle and indescribable charm of Wolsey's great palace at Hampton Court also owes much to its tapestry. In fact, whenever we come into the presence of ancient needlework on a grand scale, those who have eyes to see are brought under an impressive influence that is hard to put into words."

In spite of all this, and much more that might be said in praise of the work of our ancestors, I think there are very few people nowadays who would contemplate for one moment imitation of this old tapestry. Everything is too quick nowadays, and people want to work as well as to travel as fast as they can. Now flannel tapestry comes in to meet this want very well.

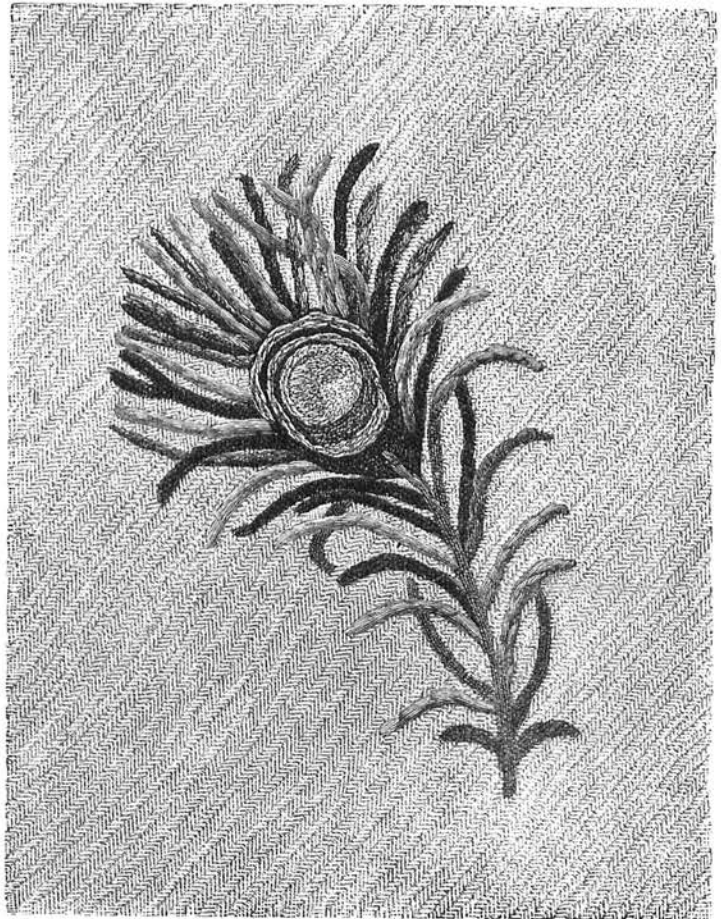


FIG. 2.

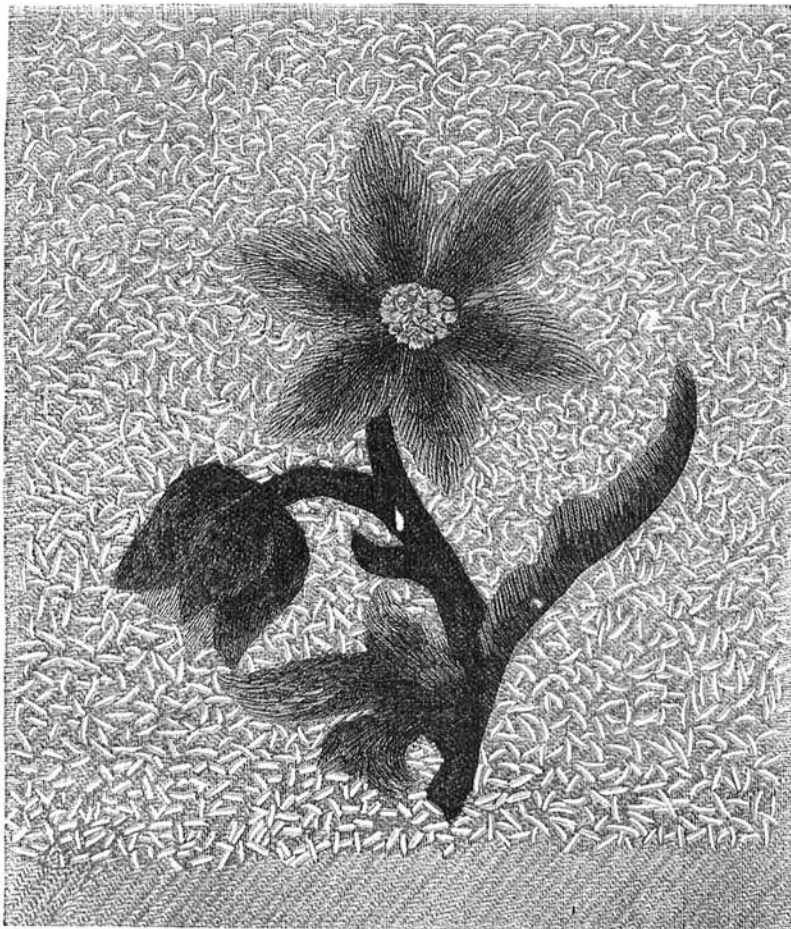


FIG. 1.

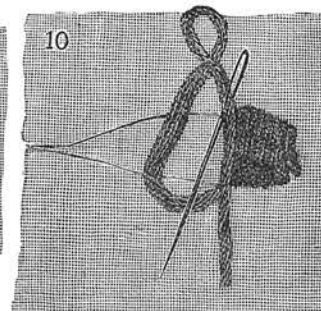
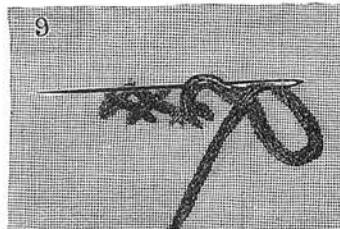
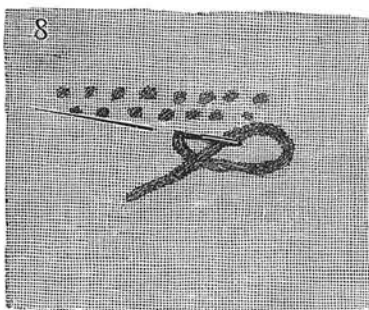
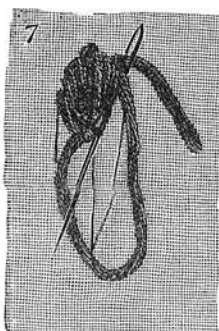
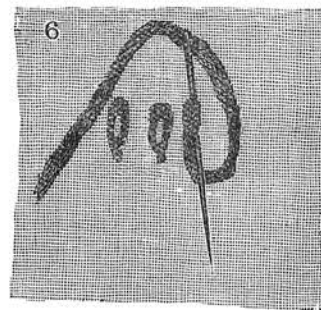
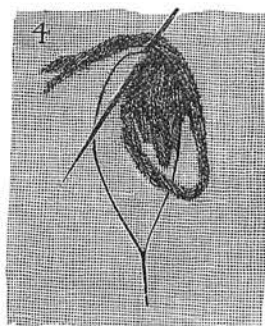
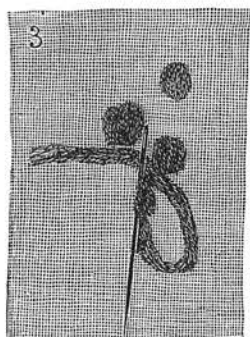
It is most durable, for it is executed upon house-flannel, which is of a yellowy cream-colour, in tapestry wools. The designs are all bold and large, and they are very quickly worked. There is no monotony in it, for you can use any number of stitches that you please, and the work is very inexpensive. It also is very handsome, quite novel, and having said all this, what more remains than to advise my readers to try it for themselves?

The uses to which flannel tapestry can be put are very many. You can make charming bed-spreads, either in sections joined together or in one piece; curtain-borders mounted on plush are very handsome; fire-screens framed in wood, cushion-covers, *portières*, covers for hot-water cans—in shape like cosies and very convenient—table-covers, and many other things.

Many of my readers will remark that house or scrubbing flannel is very narrow, and they will wonder how it can be turned to use in large articles. The difficulty is met here. Mrs. Brackett, No. 150, The Parade, Leamington Spa, who makes a *specialité* of this work, has a flannel made expressly for her, forty-eight inches wide and somewhat softer in texture, though like in appearance to the common house-flannel so well known in all houses. If you write to her, she will, if you enclose a stamped envelope, send you a price-list of articles in flannel tapestry, either simply designed or begun, and with materials to finish it at very moderate charges. Her designs are excellent, and if you have not got a good eye for colour, and cannot depend upon your own taste, you had better leave the choice of colour to her.

The cushion in our illustration is one of her designs, and you will see that, bold and conventional as it is, it has a character of its own, and that ordinary patterns, which are nice for crewel work, etc., would not so well answer here.

This cushion is worked in two shades of peacock-blue, three shades of yellow, several greens, and a great many different stitches are used. There is no rule about what stitches can be employed, the worker must please herself; only be careful in working to have good, bold



outlines, and not to mix your stitches or your colours too much as a general rule. The ground, as you will see, is left quite clear, and upon the rough flannel the shades of the wool come out very well indeed. Of course, the selection of colours is a matter of taste, and one cushion I saw of Mrs. Brackett's was done in a great many colours. This was really done out of odds and ends, and it varied from the cushion you see before you, as the entire ground was worked in what is called *point de riz*, and in that a great many colours were used. This background obtains very much in flannel tapestry, but whether it is to be used or not is simply a matter of taste and individual fancy. I shall describe *point de riz* further on, as well as many other stitches which have been used in the cushions, besides a few not used, but which my readers may like to know how to do.

In the spray of Fig. 1 you see this tapestry done in quite another way from the cushion. This is executed simply in what is called long and short stitch and stem-stitch. When finished the background is covered with *point de riz* in light yellow, the actual flower being entirely done in three shades of art red, almost resembling terra-cotta.

Fig. 2 is a peacock's feather, and a design only of peacock's feathers is very handsome indeed. Those who live in or near London can see the work in many varieties at the Studio Tea Rooms, worked by ladies at 85, New Bond Street, near Oxford Street, Mrs. Brackett's London address.

In working this peacock's feather I used a little silk to brighten it, but this is merely a matter of taste. I only did this in the centre so as to make the eye of the feather brighter. I used a little peacock blue and brown. Now for the stitches.

Fig. 3 shows you small balls which are useful for filling up spaces. No outline is needed, the ball being sewn over about four times, for as the wool is very thick you can get a good effect in surprisingly little time.

Fig. 4 is the long and short stitch. In working always begin near the top of the petal and make your stitches of uneven length,

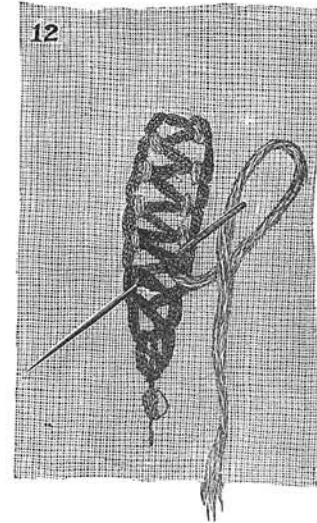
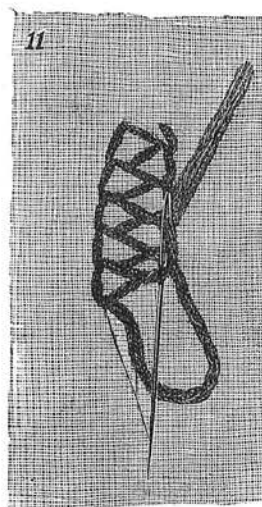
so that when you use another shade there may not be a bar across, but the shades dovetailing one into another. Let very little of the wool lie under the material, but as much as possible on the top.

Fig. 5 is stem-stitch. Make your stitch always like the one before, and exactly opposite to it.

Fig. 6 is picot-stitch. Make a loop as if for chain-stitch, and then fasten down the loop with one stitch much shorter than the loop. When used for filling up spaces always place the picots between the last row of them, not one exactly under the last. Be careful to have your loops all the same length.

Fig. 7 is feather-stitch done closely together to form a thick stitch. Always have a middle vein on the leaf you are going to work in this way. Bring up your needle and wool on the right side of the flannel, going into the middle vein near the tip of the leaf. Next put the needle in the tip of the leaf, and bring it out where you already have the wool. Then draw it through and hold your cotton under your left-hand thumb, inserting your needle in the outline on the right side of the leaf close by the last stitch. Bring it out in the middle vein over the wool which you are holding by your thumb and draw it through. Hold your wool again under your thumb and put your needle in the outline on the left side of the leaf. Bring it out in the middle vein over the wool held by the thumb, and after drawing it through proceed doing the same, always alternating one stitch to left and another to the right.

Fig. 8 is *point sablé*. Take up only about a thread or two of the flannel as if you were going to make a back-stitch. Place each



stitch at regular intervals and observe that the stitches in the alternating rows lie in between those before and never exactly under them.

Fig. 9 is herring-bone. This is very easy and is often used as a filling for a leaf. Always do it from left to right, and make your stitches evenly and neatly.

Fig. 10 is what is called Indian filling. Keep your wool under the needle as in illustration, but when you have withdrawn that stitch then take up the same amount of stuff, keeping your wool to the right, then throw it to the left as in the illustration. It is a very pretty stitch, and useful for forming entire leaves or petals.

Fig. 11 is trellis-stitch. Work as if for coral-stitch, only placing your needle into the former stitch, keeping your wool always under the needle.

In Fig. 12 you see the trellis fastened down with two rows of back-stitches in another colour. One entire flower in the cushion is worked in this way, each leaf being outlined in rope-stitch.

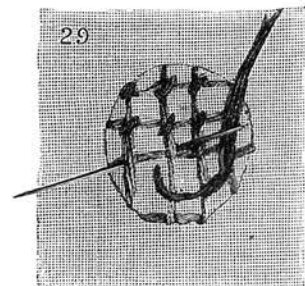
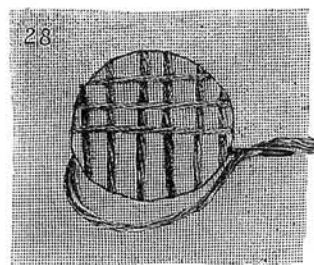
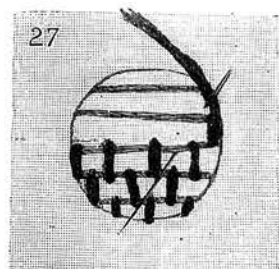
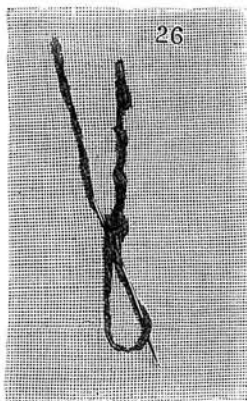
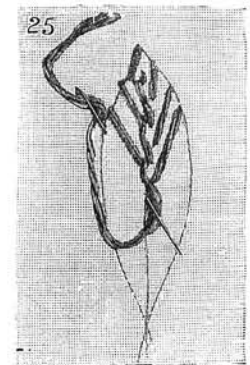
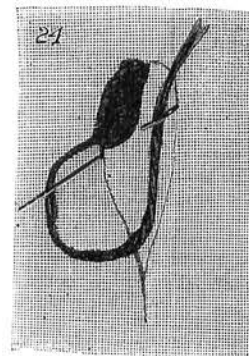
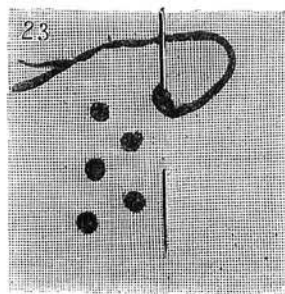
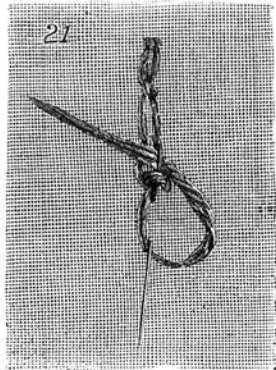
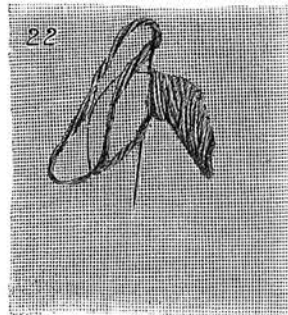
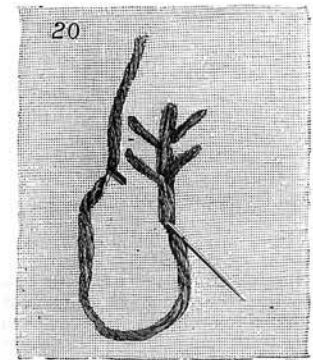
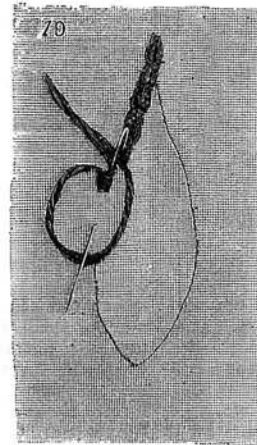
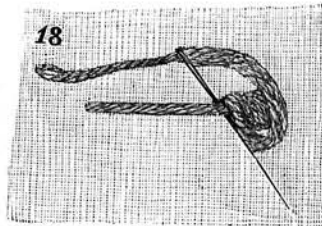
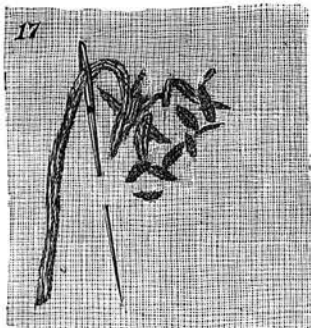
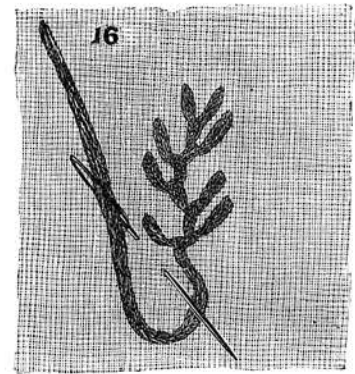
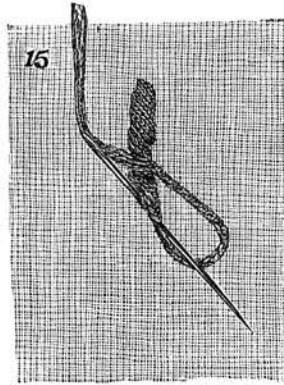
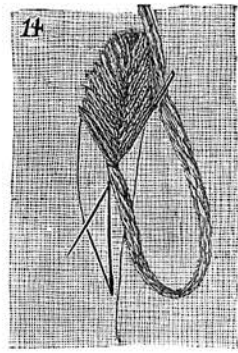
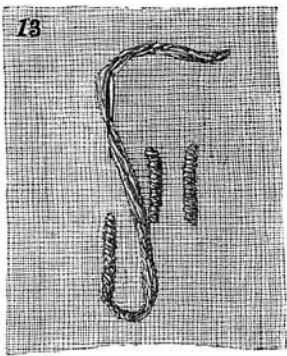


Fig. 13 is done in post-stitch. Bring your needle up from the back and twist the wool round it as many times as the length of the stitch needs. Hold your left thumb firmly on the twists round the needle which are thus formed, and pass your needle and wool through it. Then insert it at the end where it first came out, and drawing it out at the right place go on to the next stitch.

Fig. 14 is plait-stitch. This is done much like feather-stitch, only that the wool is held above and not below the needle, and you do not go into the middle of the centre vein but a little to one side of it. This makes the wool cross in the centre, and gives the stitch the appearance of a plait. This is a capital stitch, and will be a favourite with those who like what goes fast, but you must be careful to have the outline quite clear.

Fig. 15 is rope-stitch, and this is used for the thick outline you see so much in the cushion. Form a loop as if for a chain, and then, instead of placing your needle in the loop just formed, put it behind it. Examine the illustration and that will show you more how to do it than many explanations.

Fig. 16 is coral-stitch worked by holding your wool under the needle and going from one side to the other.

Fig. 17 is the *point de riz*. The stitches are taken at all angles and are about the size of a grain of rice.

Fig. 18 is raised stem-stitch. Take a thread or two of the tapestry-wool and lay it as a foundation along the line you wish to work, then sew over it in wide stem-stitches, which, as a matter-of-fact, are more like satin-stitch taken slantwise.

Fig. 19 is simple chain-stitch.

Fig. 20 is wheat-ear-stitch, and I shall here copy the very best directions I have ever seen for working it. "To work, draw three perpendicular lines a quarter of an inch apart from each other, the centre line as a guide for the chain-stitch and the outer lines to regulate the size of the spikes. Bring up the needle on the centre line, hold the wool under the left-hand thumb, insert the needle nearly in the same place as the wool emerges from, only a quarter of a thread or two to the right, and bring it up on the same line a quarter of an inch lower down and over the wool held by the thumb; draw through. This forms a chain-stitch; insert the needle on the left-hand guiding line at the same level as you commenced the chain-stitch and bring it out in the lower part of the chain-stitch. Draw through, insert the needle on the right-hand guiding-line at the same level and bring it out again in the lower part of the chain-stitch; next work another chain-stitch, followed up by a spike stitch on each side and continue."

From the same work I must quote the way to work Fig. 21, which is called cable-stitch.

"This is a peculiar stitch rather difficult to explain, but simple enough when understood . . . Bring up the needle and wool on the right side of the material, hold the wool straight down under the thumb of the left hand, pass the needle from right to left under the wool so held down, and draw it up till the cotton held under the thumb is brought to a small loop, then keeping the thumb in the same position insert the point of the needle in the material below the wool and just underneath where you before brought it out; bring the point of the needle up in a straight line a quarter of an inch below, but not to pass

through the loop of wool that is still held under the thumb, and draw the loop of wool closely round the top of the needle and pass the wool from left to right under the point of the needle, and draw the needle at once through the little circular loop at top of the needle or through this present loop which resembles a chain-stitch loop, and the stitch is accomplished; all the stitches are worked in the same manner, and the effect is as of a small knot of wool linking one chain-stitch to another. Be careful always to pull the wool closely round the top of the needle and to loop it under the point of the needle, as represented in the engraving, before drawing the needle out, as if this is forgotten the stitch cannot be rightly formed, and it being a tiresome stitch to undo, great pains must be taken to work it correctly."

Fig. 22 is simply over-casting, and is useful where only a border of a petal and not the entire petal is wished to be worked.

Fig. 23 are French knots. Twist the wool two or more times round the needle before withdrawing it, and place it where you withdrew it.

In Fig. 24 button-holing is taken slanting.

In Fig. 25 feather-stitch is done but not closely together.

Snail-trail is the name of Fig. 26. Form one stitch as for rope-stitch, and then do the next a short distance from it.

Figs. 27, 28, and 29, explain themselves if they are carefully studied, as in Fig. 29 it is seen how the one before it is fastened where the wool crosses.

I have said enough to show you how much variety you can get in flannel tapestry, and I am sure if you once do any you will find it very fascinating.



A DRAWING LESSON.

HERE were three young people learning to draw,
 And they drew such things as you never saw.
 They drew the master's attention first,
 And drew him out, as much as they durst.
 They drew lots for the prize, and drew a blank;
 And drew a deposit out of the bank.
 They drew the blinds up and drew them down;
 And drew the people out of the town.
 And then they drew rein, and drew breath as well,
 And drew more corks than I can tell.
 They drew beer from a barrel, a charge from a gun,
 And then they tried drawing one by one.
 They knew they must draw a line somewhere,

So they crossed the equator, and drew it there.
 They drew their boots off and drew their gloves on.
 (By-the-by they had queer things to draw upon:
 They drew on their funds, their imagination,
 And drew on account without hesitation.)
 They drew an audience, drew applause,
 And drew their swords in a worthy cause.
 They drew an inference, drew a bill,
 And drew the long-bow, which they're drawing still.
 They drew a badger, and, to their surprise,
 Drew blood from their hands and tears from their eyes.
 They tried to draw back, but he held them fast;
 And they drew a veil over their feelings at last.

CLARA J. BROOKE.

GODEY'S ARM-CHAIR.
PARIS ITEMS.

A GOOD story is told of an American lady who besieged the Duke of Bassano (the grand chamberlain) for an invitation to Eugenie's Monday night reception—the invitations to which are very difficult to procure, as they are very select. The Duke resisted some time; the lady persisted. "Oh!" said she, "I will put on all my diamonds, and I am sure the Empress will be glad to see them." She was successful; and made her appearance—and such a display of diamonds had never been seen upon one lady—whether it was the diamonds or the good nature of the Empress, she is a constant attendant on the Monday night receptions.

Now, we should like to know who was the American lady who could thus surprise an Empress with diamonds.

A GOOD JOKE.—A comical quarrel, says a Paris contemporary, took place the other day on a boulevard. A gentleman roughly accosted a working man, and accused him of swindling. "You sold me," he said, "a pomade to make my hair grow; see, my head is as smooth as a piece of leather." "Sir," answered the vendor of the ointment, "you wrong me. There are lands where the best seed won't grow. It is not the fault of the seed; it is the soil." The gentleman did not continue the discussion.

THE manager of one of the Paris theatres recently required an ass for a fairy piece. The animal performed his part with brilliant success for a fortnight. The thirteenth night the milkman failed to bring him. Messengers were sent; he refused to come. At last the manager and the authors of the piece went to the milkman to press him to bring the ass to the theatre. "No gentlemen," replied the milkman, "I'm not going to let my jackass go on the stage again. I did not let father and mother know that I had introduced our jackass to public life; but, Lord a' mercy, if everybody in Paris ain't talking about our jackass, and all my kinsfolk, even my father-in-law and mother-in-law, are reproaching me for what I have done; because, gentlemen, I belong to a respectable family, and we have never before had artists in our family."

IN Paris a widow of forty-five summers married a young man aged eighteen. By her first husband she had a son whose age at the time of her second marriage was twenty-one. She recently died, and by her will left her fortune to her son and husband. As her husband was not of age, her son was appointed his guardian.

A NEW whim of the ladies is reported from Paris. The alabaster brow and snowy neck are going out of fashion, and instead of cosmetics to produce whiteness, ladies are now dyeing their skin an olive brown tint, in emulation of the beauties of Spain and Mexico.

Who but a Frenchman could ever get off the following? Here are a couple of items of gossip:—

The first is from the Court of Assizes. "A young man was put on trial for killing his father. The President asked him what was his motive for so atrocious a crime? 'I will tell you, Mr. President: I draw this year in the conscription, and fearing an unlucky number I wanted to be the son of a widow.'"

The next is from the Police Court. "The charge was that the prisoner had appropriated his brother's share in an estate. 'But, Mr. President, my brother was in California.' 'What has that to do with it?' 'Ma foi! I was perfectly justified in regarding him as a distant relative.'"

The third is from the house of no less a person than M. Prudhomme. "He surprised one of his servants not long ago in the act of reading a letter which was not directed to him, and exclaimed, indignantly: 'Mais! you are committing an act of Vandalism, Jean, if I may venture to use the expression.'"

"NAPOLEON has requested the artists of Paris not to work for the present in the galleries of the Louvre during the hours when visitors are admitted. To compensate them he has given them permission to enter the galleries at six in the morning, and to remain until six at night."

The above is from one of our exchanges. We presume that the visitors are allowed to visit from six at night until six in the morning. As there is no artificial light in the Louvre, it seems to us that it will be difficult to see the pictures.

AN INSECT THAT IS "NOT PARTICULAR."—While roaches partake largely of the common articles of diet in the ship's stores, they also rather like books, clothes, boots, soap, and corks. They are also partial to lucifer-matches, and consider the edges of razors and amputating-knives delicate eating. As to drink, these animals exhibit the same impartiality. Probably they do prefer wines and spirits, but they can nevertheless drink beer with relish, and even suit themselves to circumstances and imbibe water, either pure or mixed with soap; and if they cannot obtain wine, they find in ink a very good substitute. Roaches, I should think, were by no means exempt from the numerous ills that flesh is heir to, and must at times, like human epicures and gourmands, suffer dreadfully from rheums and dyspepsia; for to what else can I attribute their extreme partiality for medicine? "Every man his own doctor" seems to be their motto; and they appear to attach no other meaning to the word "surgeon" than simply something to eat. I speak by experience. As to physic, nothing seems to come wrong to them. If patients on shore were only half as fond of pills and draughts, I, for one, should never go to sea. As to powders, they invariably roll themselves bodily in them; and tinctures they sip all day long. Blistering plaster seems a patent nostrum, which they take internally; for they managed to use up two ounces of mine in as many weeks, and I have no doubt it warmed their insides. I one night left a dozen blue pills carelessly exposed on my little table; soon after I had turned in, I observed the box surrounded by them, and, being too lazy to get up, I had to submit to see my pills walked off within a very few minutes by a dozen roaches, each one carrying a pill. I politely informed them that there was more than a dose for an adult roach in each of these pills; but I rather think they did not heed the caution; for the next morning the deck of my little cabin was strewed with the dead and dying, some exhibiting all the symptoms of an advanced stage of mercurial salivation, and some still swallowing little morsels of pill, no doubt on the principle of *similia similibus curantur*, from which I argue that roaches are homœopaths, although, had they adopted the other homœopathic theory first, and taken infinitesimal doses, they would then have experienced the full benefit of that noble doctrine, and the medicine, while doing them no good, would have done them just as little harm.

THE REASON WHY.

SOME go to church because they're made to,
And some go there because they're paid to;
Some go to flirt with frivolous girls,
And some to show their ribbons and curls.

Some go to gossip with their neighbors,
And some as a respite from their labors;
Some go from an inward sense of duty,
And some from an outward sense of beauty.

Some go to show new bonnets and clothes,
And some to see their friends and beaux;
Some go to sing, some go to sleep,
Some go to gaze, and some to weep.

But of all this mixed and thronging crowd,
Who join in the response long and loud—
How many of their number on a Sabbath day,
Go there to hear, to heed, and pray?

MARION V. BOND.

EXTRACT from a foreign correspondence touching the Grand Exposition:—

"The German jewelry looks well, even when compared with the French, and has the reputation of being of purer quality, as it is certainly cheaper in price by ten or fifteen per cent. The two chief novelties I remarked were some beautiful specimens of brooches made of natural butterflies, exquisitely preserved, without the slightest blemish, the body of course being artificial, but the wings being inclosed so admirably *entre deux glaces*, as to make the casing quite imperceptible at a short distance. The effect of these ornaments would be very beautiful if worn in the hair, as was very fashionable here a year or two since. They are made chiefly at Lugano, by Artaria. Another pretty novelty in Swiss jewelry is the *mouche-montre*, the smallest watch ever yet manufactured, and placed under the wings of a beetle, which lift up by a spring to disclose the face."

A WOMAN named Virtue Innocent has been fined in London for using unjust weights.

EUROPE ON NOTHING-CERTAIN A YEAR.

I ALWAYS thought I was born to see Europe. Nevertheless my prospects of ever doing so were for years less than infinitesimal. I was that most useless and unhappy of all created beings, an uneducated and penniless girl, with ambitions and yearnings — living amid the most mean and sordid intellectual circumstances, and as entirely without sympathy in my ambitions as if those about me were stones. Nothing but derision ever met my most earnest yearning. That yearning was to see what seemed to me the sole world of romance, poetry, art, and song — Europe! — born with my first geography lessons, I believe, and nourished by my juvenile readings in “Merry’s Museum,” the “Saint Nicholas” of my childhood.

But, if my memory serves me well, it was the reading of Bayard Taylor’s “Views Afoot” that first gave a method to my European madness. I remember that it was in those days, and after that acquaintance with Bayard Taylor’s fascinating experiences, that I began emphatically to assure myself that what *that* man had done *this* woman certainly would do. For fifteen years I repeated this assurance to an always hopeful and sympathetic listener. At the end of those fifteen years I was older, more tired, perhaps less wildly enthusiastic, than at their beginning; but my heart was still fixed, and I had saved three hundred dollars and twenty-nine cents!

I knew that I could always earn at least \$300 every year, possibly more, as by that time I had reached such a dizzy height of literary success as to be able to dispose of at least three manuscripts every year to first-class magazines in addition to my usual story market. On \$300 a year I knew I need not absolutely starve in any part of the world.

For years I had studied with zeal the scientific as well as the ideal side of my scheme. I had come to know the exact amount of nutriment bound up in the skin of a potato, and to calculate the difference in life-sustaining power between a handful of wheat and one of beans. I watched the crops of Europe with intense interest, and I, alas, confess without shame that in this matter of yearly harvests I would almost have sacrificed the financial prosperity of my own country to my desire that bread might be cheap in that famous land beyond the sea. For years I read delightedly all such vagabond adventures as those of young Ralph Keeler, of all the strug-

gling authors and artists who, like myself, had counted privation and discomfort light in the balance against their desire to reach their Mecca. I knew that poverty equal to mine had taken “Views Afoot” which all my fibers tingled to think of. I knew that a beggar’s lot in Europe would be in some respects happier than mine at home, and I would almost have chosen to be a leper in the streets of some palaced and cathedraled city, rather than the fussy little old maid I was, daily reeling off my measure of cheap fiction in a dismal prairie village.

Of course I was crack-brained, for so everybody said, when — with only the assurance of three hundred dollars a year, and that assurance subject to every hazard of sickness and accident, the hospital if I should sicken, the *fosse commune* if I should die — I finally crossed the sea.

My voyage over was marked by no unusual incident, and my experience was not different from the seasick average, save in the one particular that nobody could ever have mourned as I did the food paid for with my fifty-dollar ticket, which I could neither eat nor take away in preparation for the poorly rationed days with which my prophetic soul already concerned itself.

Looking back upon my earlier European experience, my economical heart is often wrung by memory of the mistakes I then made. It was a colossal, almost a fatal error to make my London debut in one of the innumerable boarding-houses of the Bloomsbury district, almost exclusively patronized by Americans. It was a mistake soon corrected, however, and bearing compensation in the speedier acquaintance I made, not only with London topography, but London ways, than I could otherwise have hoped to do. I well needed that knowledge, fresh as I was from a prairie town.

“What are those things?” I asked one day of a fish-vendor, pointing to a heap of dingy, wet objects upon his stall.

“Periwinkle, mum,” answered the man.

“What extraordinary things are eaten in England,” I remarked, upon my return to Bloomsbury. “I don’t believe famine itself could make *me* swallow a periwinklemum.”

Unsound as I was on periwinkles, my ideas of London were nevertheless precëminently Dickensy, and my anxiety constant lest my American phraseology fail to convey

its intention. When I wanted a bun or a cake, I invariably inquired my way to the nearest cook-shop, because cook-shops are more numerous on the pages of the famous novelist than confectioners are, and the Dickensian world is more addicted to sausages and boiled beef than to pound-cakes and Bath buns. One hot day I decided to refresh myself in American fashion. I could not remember the Dickens for "ice-cream," and so was driven to ask for it in my native American. "Ice-cream?" repeated the confectioner's young woman; "you'll find it at a chemist's." I ought to have said "an ice"; Mademoiselle thought I meant *cold cream*!

I was not long in learning that my humble means could not support Bloomsbury prices. So I found a bedroom in a plebeian but cleanly neighborhood, where our nearest omnibus focus was the Angel at Islington, and my weekly rent but six shillings.

How astonished my Bloomsbury acquaintances would have been had clairvoyant vision betrayed me translated from a "third-story back" and full-dress dinners to cooking a threepenny bit of beefsteak upon a toasting fork over the coals in my bedroom grate! I brought my provisions home in a fancy basket which might contain floss silk and ecclesiastical embroidery for all the tales it told; there were often hot potatoes in my pocket bought scorching at some street furnace; Liebig extract, with a dash of Worcestershire sauce added to a basin of boiling water from my landlady's teakettle, was my constant friend; my petroleum lamp burned brightly; my little round table, white-draped, was cosy. I had a subscription to Mudie's, and my weekly expenses for food and lodging were fourteen shillings. Then fourteen shillings a week represented comfort and plenty. Of the many, many weeks when the outgoing shillings were less I will not speak.

Two establishments received my constant patronage. At one, uncooked fish adorned the sidewalk-shelf, the odor of frying pervaded the air. Here, for five cents ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$), I could buy a very fair dinner — a three-ha'penny "middle," or headless and tailless bit of hot fish in crisp batter, with a pennyworth of fried potatoes. The other establishment was the Widow Hardwick's, "a cook-shop," where a penny would buy a huge "faggot," another as much pease-pudding as one could eat. The latter is simply a *purée* of dried pease. What the former is we can only leave to the imagination! It was in appearance a large round ball of hashed meat, wholesome enough in flavor; but, with beef at a shilling a pound, how *could* so much "faggot" be given for a penny?

Experience and dinners of crusts taught me providence. Therefore every time I found myself comfortably in funds, I laid in a provision of Liebig and biscuits, and when the stress came my landlady's teakettle steamed me safely over the troubled tide.

Those were busy and happy days. This old Europe was glorious to my prairie-bred senses, and not only the treasures of art and knowledge which I studied, but the commonest sights of the street, the most insignificant trifles of daily experience, were fraught with a romantic essence which intoxicated me like subtle ether. It was worth being born to live those dreamy, deliciously melancholy days in Westminster Abbey, the dim atmosphere, haunted by white forms, scarcely more real than the images of themselves which had haunted my imagination in far-away Illinois. It was worth living to hold communion with, or more consciously to reverence, the beautiful, the gifted, the good, and the famous dead. It was worth living to steal away from that divine company and refresh my mortal part with sausages and mashed potatoes for "thrippence" in a near cook-shop; or to dine upon a penny bun or two, and memories of Coleridge, as I climbed toward Highgate upon the top of a twopenny tram. It was well worth living to go home and chat with my landlady, thus getting, as I flattered myself, at the heart of the common people. Many were the astonishing revelations concerning our common humanity that came to me from that brown-hued dame in rusty black and bonnet with center of gravity invariably over her left eye. My landlady had a daughter, black eyes, round-cheeked, noisy, and sixteen.

"Would you mind ringing for your coals before six?" said my landlady one day. "My Sairy's taken to keepin' the sidewalks 'ot, an' there ain't no livin' with her if she can't get out with the rest o' her mates at six."

"Oh, Mrs. Dodshow! how dare you trust that child?"

"Oh, she'll be all right! She ain't no use to me nowadays, since she set her heart on gettin' a young man."

WHEN, three years later in Paris, I found my French, learned without a master, strangely incomprehensible to the gibbering natives, that I had but seven hundred francs in hand, and that I knew not a single soul in that whole brilliant capital, my situation was not exactly what it had promised to be when seen from across the sea. I must even confess that a slight dew of homesickness fell upon my pillow that night, in a modest little hotel named in Baedeker. "Room, 2 frs.; candle,

50 centimes; attendance, 50 centimes." My first business in Paris was to find an economical room; and therein was the beginning of disillusionments, founded upon the baseless scheme of Ralph Keeler. That happy-go-lucky adventurer, whose end was so tragic, I remember, claimed to have lived in Paris for \$8, or 40 francs, a month. His experience was before the war, but, even allowing for the increase of prices since that time, it is difficult to believe that a healthy and active man could live at that rate for many months, and survive to tell the tale. Years after that homesick night of my *début* in Paris, when ways and means of economy were more familiar to me, and, alas, for a sorrowful season, my "nothing-certain" became certainly-nothing, I descended to the lowest point of pecuniary expenditure, beyond which I must have ceased to live. That point was forty francs a month; but I was a delicate, abstemious woman of sedentary habits,— a most important factor in such a calculation.

At that not Sardanapalian period, I found a room, or *cabinet*, in an *hôtel meublé*, in the Rue des Saints Pères. It was seven flights up from the street, and was lighted by a skylight in the roof. This skylight was manoeuvred by a rope knotted to my bed-post. When that *tabatière* was closed, I was in a box with the lid down. When the rain fell, I had the choice to stifle or to soak; in dry times the flakes from my surrounding forest of chimneys gave me, every morning, the aspect of a blackamoor.

This cabinet was nine feet by six, and I paid for its luxury of bare brick floor, one broken chair, and toilet conveniences set up on an unpainted pine shelf, 20 francs a month. When I entered the little inclosure it had been freshly papered, but I discovered that the brick floor had probably not been washed from time immemorial. I shrank from putting my bare feet upon it. How to better the matter I could not determine for some time, for I had no extra franc with which to bribe gray and grasping Eugène, and there seemed no possible way to evolve cleanliness without him. However, the situation was intolerable. So down I went upon my knees every morning during several days, and scoured two or three bricks a day till all were clean.

While I occupied that eyrie my food alone cost me 20 francs a month. Every morning my breakfast was taken *en plein air* in the narrow and dingy Rue Dragon. Madame Boulanger always knew and welcomed me, gave me a chair, an iron spoon, a bowl, and a large bit of bread. The bowl she filled with hot milk into which she trickled a few drops of coffee and chicory,— principally the latter,—

and I breakfasted for five sous, in company sometimes of a *repasseuse* from a neighboring laundry, a post-office clerk, a not too flourishing journalist, and a woman artist descended from an adjacent mansard. I was wise enough to make friends with the most promising of my co-breakfasters, and thus, in that long, draughty corridor, flagged with huge stones, beside Madame's charcoal furnace, I have received French lessons that my income of nothing-certain a year could never have paid for. I invariably found my companions as perfectly polite and self-respecting as those I was accustomed to in my native land, and breakfasting thus *à la bohémienne* in an open doorway of a foreign city, my own self-respect suffered no loss, which is more than one can always say of luxuriously-served American breakfast-tables.

At noon I bought two crisp "crescents," which I ate sometimes at a shop counter, sometimes in the cool corridors of the Louvre or in its sunny gardens, or sometimes sitting under the trees upon the iron benches of the boulevards. I was never remarked in this; for Paris is a city of oddities, and much of the eating and drinking is done in the open air. Whoever gave a glance at me as I munched my crescents and rested by the wayside naturally took me for one of the quiet party of country people or humble *commerçants* munching bread or fruit near by, and thus gave me no second thought. Oftentimes I have been offered a draught from the bottle of some white-bonneted *ouvrière* beside me, and what discourtesies I have received in my wandering life have not been from my companions of the boulevard benches. It must be borne in mind that I was not young, and have never been pretty, otherwise I know that my experience would have been unhappily different.

At night during this short-commons period I bought a pint of strong and steaming *bouillon* from a dusky cuisine for four sous, and carried it to my room. *La cuisinière* always addressed me with affectionate politeness as "*ma petite dame*," nor changed her greeting even those gloomy nights when my forlorn exchequer forced me to buy two centimes' worth of broken crusts with which to thicken my *bouillon*, instead of serving myself with *pain frais* from the more aristocratic baker's. Those two centimes' worth of broken bread by the way (two-fifths of a cent) gave me all the farinaceous addition my soup and appetite needed for two dinners!

But these were late experiences in my foreign life, and took place after years of Continental wanderings, long after I had lived ten days in Naples on thirty sous' worth of boiled

macaroni, and subsisted many and many a day in grim Edinburgh on tea, bread, and three cents' worth of tripe fried over a spirit-lamp. I lived in Paris three months on forty francs a month, three months of unremitting literary labor. I came out from the experience perfectly well. That there was no superfluous fat on my bones it is needless to say; but, as the pursuit of fat was not one of my objects in coming abroad, I counted that no deprivation.

A few days after reaching Paris my manner of life became methodical enough for any American old maid or Parisian *religieuse*, although amid an atmosphere of undeniable bohemianism. I dined at a *restaurant bourgeois*, where my fellow-diners were all things but *bourgeois*! There were uncloistered *sœurs* from the provinces, burly *marchandes* from the markets, students from the Bonnat *atelier*.

The salads in the windows of this humble restaurant might have been a week old, their flanking custards of even greater antiquity; the oil was of suspicious nativity, the chickens patriarchal; but what difference need that make to me when I could dine upon three *plats*, with a carafon of astringent ordinaire, for thirty sous! To uncounted millions in this struggling world of ours it would be almost the luxury of the "Arabian Nights," and why should I repine that it was less than that to me? I had only to repeat again "High thinking and low living," trot off to my selected lectures at the Collège de France and the Sorbonne, just as I had gravitated towards all the workingmen's libraries and lectures in London, thanking fate that I could hear thoughts so high with living no lower.

All this time I was making manuscript with facility, if without much art. I added to my means by translations. I studied French and made everybody my teacher. Sundays I spent in the Louvre, Luxembourg, or other picture galleries, at the Cluny or Versailles, while whole long days I browsed among books at the Bibliothèque Nationale. Whenever I dared I paid three francs for a seat at the Français, in a gallery level with the chandelier, although not the highest in the theater, or paid fifty centimes less for a place at the Grand Opéra, or more rarely thirty sous for a Padeloup concert. In all my foreign experiences I have found that eating and drinking are really but minor expenses, while traveling, clothing, studies, books, the forever unforeseen and uncalculated-upon, are the foxes that eat up the vines.

I had lived thus for about six months when serious doubts as to my being able to do Europe on nothing-certain a year began to assail me. My bare living was now at the rate of two hundred and fifty dollars a year,

but the remaining fifty was more than swallowed up by that terrible "unforeseen," which, like an implacable cormorant, ever followed my steps. There were the perpetual *pourboires*, the pests of Europe; soon would come the new-year's presents, when I must give to postman, restaurant waiters, concierge, femme-de-chambre, Jeanne who brought home my linen, and Marthe who took it away,—even to the beggar who begged at our portecochère.

I was ruminating sadly over my macaroni.

"In union is strength," said Miss Day, an art-student at the same table. "Let us try housekeeping."

We tried it.

There were two furnished rooms and a doll's kitchen, sixty francs a month. We did our own cooking; or, when business pressed, brought food ready to eat from a "cook-shop" on *cuisine bourgeoise*. How often have we dined, and dined well, on cabbage soup! Madame Clère showed us the simple process of adding a lump of butter and a cup of milk to the water in which a two-sou cabbage had been boiled. They who cannot laugh and grow fat on cabbage soup, thick with broken bread, do not deserve ever to "do" Europe on nothing-certain a year.

Those impromptu suppers that we gave sometimes,—how gay they were, even though our apple-sauce was served in an earthen flower-pot, our napkins remnants of last year's *peignoirs*; though our table was covered with newspapers, and all our cups loving enough for two friends to drink from each.

A small establishment near by, dubbed by us "The Dinnery," furnished us every night a slice from a hot joint and a dash of hot vegetables at a cost of twelve sous each person. One of us ran bareheaded, plate in hand, into the little place, and took her turn to be served with work-people in *bonnets blancs* and blouses, *petites couturières* with thimbles on, and shop-people with baskets. It was a quaintly curious and foreign scene on winter nights, and worthy the brush of a Flemish master—that dusky little den where Madame Richard stood by an immense *fourneau* slicing joints or spooning vegetables, as the orders came, the red light thrown up from the cracks of the smoldering *fourneau* and illuminating her broad face while the rest of her robust person was in Rembrandt shadow.

Sometimes we cooked our own dinner and invited George B—— to dine with us.

"I can scarcely believe it," he said, when we talked of our economies—"I can scarcely believe it, for you always have so much better meat than they give at my restaurant!"

Innocent George! Three pieces of steak were on the platter, the one on George's side the juiciest of tenderloin, those nearest us the rumpiest of rump!

Of course, during those European years we had many a fierce tussle with "*la bête*." One of those frightful struggles remains deeply impressed upon my memory. It was a bitter night; our fire was low, and both heaven and America too far away to help our dreariness. We had dined upon a salted mackerel for four sous, and were cowering around the dull grate like sepulchral caryatides.

"How long do people hold out?" murmured Miss Day.

"Hold out *what*?" I answered, half suspecting she meant to extend her pretty hand for alms on the boulevard.

"Before they draw lots," responded Miss Day.

Next morning, after our breakfast of reheated coffee and stale bread, we carried our watches, which we had never valued as Latin Quarter students are said to value theirs, to Mont Piété.

Some months later we found ourselves in Havre, returning from a trip through Normandy. As we wandered through the streets of that miniature Paris we were fascinated by a wondrous placard advertising the steamer *Sea King* to sail that night for Amsterdam, fare only twenty-five francs.

We looked at each other.

"Impossible!" sighed Miss Day.

We counted our money, sitting on a bench in the Public Gardens.

"Impossible!" sighed I.

We stopped at a *pâtisserie* to buy *brioche*s. Miss Day there looked at her watch.

"One watch is enough for *any* traveling party!" somebody murmured.

That very night my watch traveled express to Paris, with a note to a friend to carry it to Mont Piété and send the money to Amsterdam.

And thus we saw Amsterdam, living in a little room by night, wandering by day among pictures and antiquity-steeped architecture, making artistic and literary memoranda of all we saw. Then we slipped by sea to Rotterdam, thence to Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp. At Antwerp we concluded that even one watch was a superfluity in a traveling party, and Miss Day's made the same voyage as mine.

Then we went dreaming long halcyon days, like rose-petals on a summer sea, till we got back to Paris, to hard work, anxiety, and, alas, *la bête* again.

Eighteen months later it came to pass that we had a clear \$150 between us. We invested

forty of them in third-class railway tickets, and went vagabondizing into beautiful Italy.

One moonlight night we walked under mighty shadows amid eloquent silence through the streets of old Rome. We could scarcely speak for emotion as we came out upon the Spanish Stairs, even though one of the companions, who had met us at the station, wore a philistine "claw-hammer" and white choker, and the other had come in the costume of a Boulognese fish-girl from the fancy-dress ball of the *Cercolo Artistico*.

Through the silvery mystery brooding over the wonderful city we saw the dome of Saint Peter's and the solemnly waving stone piles of Monte Mario. It was Rome, wonderful, dreamed-of, hoped-for, struggled-for Rome. Rome at last! Miss Day spoke like one in a dream, as she said:

"Here we are finally in the Eternal City, *with just two hundred francs in our pockets.*"

Our rooms were already engaged for us. The next day we gave seven *lire* for a battered, second-hand charcoal furnace, which we established upon our giddy balcony, eight flights from the narrow *ricolo* below. In these rooms we lived for two years, musing among ruins, studying in galleries, soothed in tired hours by the rhythmic sway of the Pincian pines; spreading our dinner-table to-day with a New York journal, to-morrow with a Roman *Zanfulla*; our sugar-bowl an antique *tazza*, our salt-cellar a Pompeian tripod, our soup-tureen a much-dented tin basin; struggling with *la bête* at times with heart throbbing almost to bursting.

When, after months in southern Italy, we were in Paris again, preparing to drift northward, Mrs. Salmon called to bid us good-bye. We had our hats on, umbrellas and satchels in hand, a cab at the door.

"Where are you going first?" asked Mrs. Salmon.

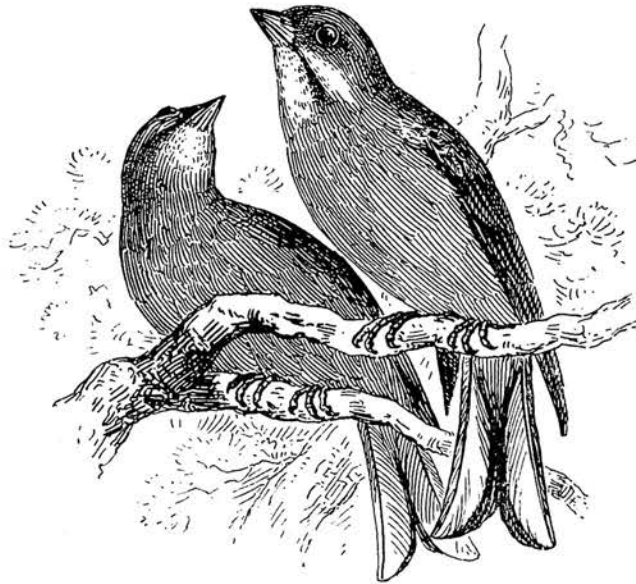
"I don't know," I answered innocently. "Miss Day is counting over the money. If we have enough, we shall go round by Perugia and Assisi to Florence; if not, we shall stop in Siena till more comes."

"Oh, you *vagabonds!*" cried Mrs. Salmon.

And so we were indubitably. We were thorough vagabonds, even although hard-working ones. Yet if these pages incline any reader to do as we did, struggle to see Europe on nothing-certain a year, our advice would be short. Do not attempt it! For not two women in ten thousand could do as we have done, bear as we have borne, and be glad as we are glad. Even we, had we known what was before us, would have hung back and refused to take another step in so thorny and rough a path.

Mary Weatherbee.

ORTOLANS. (*Emberiza Hortulana.*)



ORTOLANS.

YES, I must confess the ortolans were a great failure!

I saw the name in a list of living birds for sale, and immediately my thoughts went back to old Roman times, when no banquet was deemed complete without its dainty dishes of ortolans served in a hundred ways known to the famous chefs of antiquity.

Not having ever seen the bird, I did not know whether it was large or small, beautiful or commonplace. It was to me only a romantic name, but somehow I could not resist taking advantage of this opportunity of becoming the

possessor of a pair of birds of such historical interest. Great, therefore, was my disappointment when I opened the basket in which they had travelled from London, to find two dingy birds, very like sparrows in size and colouring, wild little creatures fluttering about in their cage, looking very miserable and unpromising as pets.

As they evidently required more space, I let them loose in an outdoor aviary with a grassy floor and plenty of room to fly about.

So pleased were they with this change that one little captive presently lifted up his voice and sang a sweet little warbling song. This was the first and only time that I ever heard either of them attempt to sing.

For several months I tried my best to make the ortolans happy and to induce them to form a nest in a secluded corner of the aviary where building materials were supplied, but they were entirely unresponsive. They chirped, they basked in the sun, they became in good condition, with sleek plumage, and they developed excellent appetites, but as a little girl once remarked, "they wouldn't have any habits." So on a bright summer's day I opened the aviary door and let the captives go where they pleased.

They remained near the house for a few days, and then I saw them no more.

North Africa is believed to be the winter resort of this bird, so it may be that my released captives enjoyed a few months' residence in our woods and fields, where they would find insects and grain of various kinds, and that then instinct taught them to migrate to their own country.

There are establishments in the South of Europe where these birds are caught on their way south in large numbers; they are then fed upon millet seed until they are plump and fat enough for the fate which awaits them.

I had the curiosity to look in a modern cookery book and found more than a dozen recipes for serving these poor little victims of gastronomic luxury.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

THINGS IN SEASON, IN MARKET AND KITCHEN.

By LA MÉNAGÈRE.

THERE are several new additions to our list. We have grass-lamb, mackerel, the first salmon, salads, salad-herbs, cucumbers, spinach, spring onions, turnip and nettle-tops, but as yet no additional fruits. However, whilst we have such an abundance of good rhubarb and green salads, we have nothing to complain of, for what can be better for health than these, or more refreshing?—so welcome, too, after the winter. Fresh mint, sorrel, chervil, and water-cress add flavour to the bowl, and spring onions give it piquancy.

People who suffer from sleeplessness should try the effect of a sandwich of spring onions—bread and butter with finely-minced onion spread between—before retiring to rest. It is said to be most soothing and sleep-inviting.

I would specially recommend these "green" sandwiches to all who find a difficulty in eating salad-herbs in any other form—for instance, chopped mustard and cress, thinly-shaved cucumber and onion, chopped parsley, mint and sorrel—all are excellent when spread between thin slices of buttered bread, and very dainty, too, are they.

This is the month when we may begin one of our favourite dishes of spinach and eggs—one of our physic dishes, I might say, for on very good authority we learn that spinach contains more iron than almost anything else that can be mentioned, and when combined with the sulphur of the egg becomes a capital tonic medicine. So by all means let us eat plenty of it.

I have mentioned mackerel as belonging to the month of April. From now until the end of June they will be prime, and are a good fish to eat; but out of their proper season they are not wholesome. Perhaps they are nicest

when carefully boiled and served with parsley sauce; but if baked with butter and accompanied by gooseberry sauce, or split open and broiled, with herb sauce, they are very nearly as good. Also they are excellent for breakfast when pickled and eaten cold.

It is hardly possible this month to lay too much stress on the virtues of salads; and to prepare these well, to make as many varieties of them as possible, and to mix the dressing with due art, is well worth careful study on the part of every housewife.

A perfectly plain dressing of salt, pepper, vinegar and oil, if well beaten together, and then a spoonful of good cream added, becomes almost equal to a mayonnaise, and is not so expensive or troublesome to make ready.

The following would be found a suitable little dinner for this month, and it is easy to vary at will:—

MENU.

Cream of Spinach Soup.
Boiled Mackerel. Parsley Sauce.
Roast Lamb. Boiled Cucumber. Mint Sauce.
Spring Salad.
Rhubarb Fool. Sponge Custard Pudding.
Cheese Aigrettes.

Cream of Spinach Soup.—Pick and wash a quart of spinach, set it on to boil with enough water to cover it, and a spoonful of salt; stew a couple of young onions and a few herbs in a separate vessel, and then rub all together through a sieve until a green *purée* is obtained. To this add a pint of hot milk, a spoonful of cornflour wet with milk and an ounce of butter, also seasoning to taste. Boil up once and serve.

Boiled Cucumber is an agreeable change amongst vegetables, and is very easy to do.

Pare the cucumber and cut it down lengthwise, then across into inch-lengths; throw into salted boiling water and cook ten minutes. Drain well and serve with a little parsley sprinkled over, or in melted butter sauce.

Rhubarb Fool.—Cut up two or three bundles of fresh rhubarb into short lengths, and stew quickly with sugar until quite soft, then rub through a sieve. Whip about a quarter of a pint of thick cream and the whites of two eggs together, with one or two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, and lightly whisk these up with the fruit. Heap all in a bright glass dish.

Sponge Custard Pudding.—Make a boiled custard with the yolks of the two eggs, a pint of milk, two ounces of castor sugar, grated lemon rind for flavouring, and an ounce of dissolved gelatine stirred in at the last. Half fill a plain mould with sponge biscuits and pour this custard on them whilst hot. Set aside in a cold place until it is solid. The rhubarb fool would also be improved by being set on ice. Serve both together.

Cheese Aigrettes.—Dissolve an ounce of butter and stir into it a tablespoonful of flour; add half a pint of warm milk, and stir over the fire until a smooth paste is obtained. Add whilst hot salt, cayenne pepper, and grated cheese enough to give a strong flavour. When getting cool mix in carefully the yolk of a large fresh egg. Bring half a pound of lard up to boiling point, and then drop into it small pieces of the paste, and boil rapidly. They should puff out and be a beautiful golden brown. Roll each aigrette in grated cheese when it has drained, and serve on a paper doyley whilst hot. They are not good cold.

WHEN THE DOG HOWLS.

DREAM of eggs, sign of money.

DREAM of snakes, sign of enemies.

IF you sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper.

DREAMING of muddy or rushing water brings trouble.

FINDING a horseshoe or a four-leaved clover brings good luck.

IF you cut your nails or sneeze on Saturday you do it "for evil."

SHE who takes the last stitch at a quilting will be the first to marry.

IF you cannot make up a handsome bed your husband will have a homely nose.

IF you spill the salt some one will be "mad" with you unless you put some in the fire.

STUB your right toe, you are going where you are wanted; your left, where you are not wanted.

IF by any chance a mourning hat or bonnet is placed on your head you will need one of your own soon.

IF the first Sunday in the month is unpleasant, there will be but one pleasant Sunday during the month.

IF your right ear burns, some one is praising you; if your left, your friends are raking you over the coals.

IF the rooster crows on the fence, the weather will be fair; if on the doorstep, he will bring company.

RETURNING to the house for a moment after having once started out will bring bad luck unless you sit down.

WHILE at a washboard, if the suds splash and wet the clothes you are wearing, you will have a drunken husband.

WHEN, in dropping a fork, it strikes the floor and stands upright, it will bring a gentleman visitor; if a knife, a lady.

IF you drop your dishcloth you will have company; also if you sweep a black mark; or if two chairs stand accidentally back to back.

IF a baby sees his face in the glass it will be the death of him. If his nails are cut he will be a thief. If he tumbles out of bed it will save his being a fool.

BREAK a mirror, sign of death. Death is also foretold by a dog howling under a window; hearing a mourning dove, a strange dove hovering about, or dreaming of a white horse.

IF you see the new moon through the glass you will have sorrow as long as it lasts. If you see it fair in the face you'll have a fall. Over the left shoulder bad luck—over the right good luck.

The Wagon Baby



NOBODY could guess at the time how it came to pass; but Dolby's boy knew. Dolby's boy had sandy hair, keen eyes, a freckled face, and a snub nose.



Everybody in the neighborhood called him "that boy!" varied in some instances, when his tricks had assumed a character that might, putting it in the mildest way, fairly be called diabolical, by "that awful boy of Dolby's!"

He saw both nurses, rather pretty Irish girls in jaunty fresh caps and aprons, and knew their visiting propensities, knew where they were in the habit of leaving their infant charges, fast asleep in their respective baby carriages.

The babies were generally sound asleep, and it occurred to him that they might be under the influence of soothing-syrup or paregoric. Having an ana-

logical turn of mind, he reasoned about it. The baby carriages were exactly alike—one might easily be taken for the other. The babies were both alike in their general outlines; both heads cuddled close to the pillow, their faces hidden by lace shades. The nurses generally left them in charge of some youngsters, who, after the coast was clear, played together at a respectful distance from both carriages. Dolby's boy reasoned that the nurses had not even a speaking acquaintance, and, therefore, had never met.



Nora was the name of the nurse in whose charge the youngest hope of the Bakers, a delicate little girl, was placed. She generally came five or ten minutes before the second baby carriage made its appearance. Her friends lived on the south corner of Liberty Street. Minnie was the name of the other nurse. Her charge generally slept the profound sleep of innocence—or narcotics—in the shadow of



a huge locust. Her cousin lived round the south corner, and both girls took these opportune moments to make calls on their acquaintances. The boy had observed their habits,

and being a lad inclined to mischief from his cradle, he bribed the baby-watchers one day, and deliberately changed the carriages: then, having a keen appreciation of the ludicrous in art and nature, he stepped back into the shadow to see the fun.

But no fun came of it. Minnie marched off with her baby carriage, as she supposed, as gravely and unconcernedly as if wheeling a load of potatoes. Nora came later, tucked in the blankets without looking, and, quite as deliberately as her predecessor, took her way home. Dolby's boy stood for a moment in dismayed astonishment. Then he doubled himself up and laughed—hardened little wretch that he was—and after a pause looked gravely around.

"By Joe! I thought they'd know," he muttered; "and now they're gone home to the wrong mothers! Won't there be a row?" And that evening the boy went into occasional fits of laughter, followed by a suggestive silence as he meditated on the mischief he had done. Altogether he had an exciting time of it. As to feeling any penitence for what might be the outcome of his "bit of fun," he never dreamed of being found out. It is the being found out that brings remorse to some natures, not the wrong committed.

Nora McCrab, little Daisy Baker's nurse, went home in a brown study all the way. She had been to see Mrs. Shannon, cook in one of the brown-stone-front houses on Liberty Street. Nora was engaged to Mrs. Shannon's son: said son being still in "ould Ireland," but expecting, as soon as his mother could find him a situation and had saved money enough to send for him, to come to America. The typhoid fever had broken out in Tipperary, and the anxious mother was in great trouble for fear that "Pat" would catch it.

"Sure it's the dogs is been howling worse than any banshee," she said, as the two talked it over, "and me dreams has been that bad enough to change your hair gray entirely. We'll niver see Pat in Ameriky, I'm thinkin', an' ye'll be a widdy afore ye're a wife:" at which poor Nora broke down.

No wonder she was so sad and absent-minded that she never looked at the child in her charge, but made straight for home, crying softly all the way.

The Bakers lived in Hurd Street, in a shabby-genteel house. They were poor but ambitious people, living at present much beyond their means. The head of the family was a thin, nervous, big-nosed man, whose bald crown gave a sort of dignity to an otherwise ordinary looking

person. At present he was out of business, owing to the failure of the company by whom he had been employed nearly ten years. It was hard work now to get bread and butter, and Saturday night, as Mrs. Baker thoughtfully observed, always brought up the rear. This was Saturday night. Mrs. Baker had been obliged to dispense with her cook, and it taxed her ingenuity to manage for the three Sunday meals that must be forthcoming. She had made bread that afternoon with flour that



barrel so hard that the was obliged to scrape it off, and had found a grocer green enough to trust her for a few dollars' worth of necessaries.

Nora met her standing on the doorstep, in a very bad state of mind, anxiously looking out for her baby, and tinging for somebody to scold.

"How dare you stay out so long with that delicate child?" were the first words that greeted the girl, who hid her red eyes as she lifted the baby to her shoulder, and pulled out the blanket and pillow that belonged to baby's cradle.

"Delikit! It's heavy enough she is now!" muttered Nora, grasping her burden and hurrying into the house. She carried the baby upstairs to the sitting-room, which Mrs. Baker called the nursery when she had company.

"If Daisy is asleep, better put her right in the crib," Mrs. Baker said, as she followed her. "My sister has come to make me a visit, and there's lots to do. She is downstairs now, in the parlor. Help me about tea a little, there's a good girl, and I'll give you that red calico you like so much."

Nora deposited the baby in its crib, and really earned the red calico by her quick motions and obliging ways; the more so that she could be very crabbed and contrary, if the mood took her.

A Baker boy of nine and a Baker girl of seven, the former all ears and the latter all hair, sat at the supper table, and Neely, their young aunt, whom they had never seen before, took her place between them. Mr. Baker's bald head looked most imposing as he graciously passed the rolls and butter.

"What delicious bread!" exclaimed Neely, taking the third roll; for she had, as she boasted, a splendid appetite.

Mrs. Baker controlled her feelings as she addressed her husband, whom she always called "dearest"—when they were not alone.

"I forgot to tell you, dearest, that the flour barrel is empty." The response was something between a spasm and a groan, so Mrs. Baker hastened to cover it by speaking to her sister again.

"So unfortunate that cook has left us, and at this season it is utterly impossible to get good help;—it makes me forget everything, we are so tormented about this servant business."

"Oh, never mind that; let me go into the kitchen; I did all the cooking at home," said Neely. "You and I together can do wonders. Give me plenty to do with, and I'll get up some grand dinners." Mr. Baker sneezed, or he might have sworn. "Plenty to do with," and he had spent his last dollar, and no one would trust who knew them.

"You have such a nice nurse," Neely went on, "and such a lovely great boy! I ran up to see him, and gave him a kiss."

"Boy!" said Mrs. Baker—"boy!" echoed the *pater* and the two young Bakers, who burst out laughing.

"It's a girl, my dear Neely, and such a little thing!—I've never written you but once since she was born, but then I'm sure I told you it was a girl," Mrs. Baker said.

"Yes—come to remember—so you did—but—well, I'd forgotten—and—but don't she *look* like a boy?—isn't she taken for one?"

"Why, she's a most delicate-looking little girl," said her sister; "nobody would think for a moment that she was a boy. How could you imagine it?" And Mrs. Baker seemed hurt if not offended.

"Oh, well, I'll take another peep," said Neely, laughing; and she looked so very pretty, showing faultless white teeth, and two bewitching dimples! "Let me clear off the table," she said, when they had done; "I'm sure Nora will help me, and we'll have things to rights in a jiffy," she added, as



a baby's wail sounded upstairs, and Mrs. Baker ran up to her darling.

Another moment and there was a shriek—then a succession of shrieks. The bald spot on papa Baker's head turned pale with fright. Tommy's big ears twitched, and the long tail of Mima's hair trembled, down to the huge bow of red ribbon it was tied with.

Both Neely and Mr. Baker

ran upstairs to find Mrs. Baker, a screaming baby on her lap, her own mouth wide open, her eyes glassy and staring, while shriek after shriek fell on the ears of the appalled listeners.

"Look at it, Mr. Baker!—it *is* a boy! a horrid, horrid boy! a monster of a boy! oh! what shall I do? My senses are leaving me. I shall go mad! mad!" and she pulled at her hair with such force, that most of it, not being fastened sufficiently strong to withstand the frantic onslaught, came off in her hand.

"Why! why—what—how do you account for it?" asked Papa Baker, aghast, as he looked at the wailing spectacle, the fat broad, red cheeks distended, the big eyes streaming tears, as the baby kicked and yelled. "Call Nora."

Nora was there and now came forward. At sight of the howling, healthy imp, in place of the one she had carried out a few hours before, she too became frantic, and with many an adjuration known only to good Catholics, she called upon all the saints in turn, and finally fell upon the floor in a heap, declaring that a "spell must have been put upon the poor darlint, that had changed her into that ugly b'y;" but when Mrs. Baker charged her with carelessness and dishonesty, and all the sins mentioned in the decalogue, she arose in her wrath, went to her room, gathered her small valuables together, and left the house.

"It's not me that's goin' into coort on a charge of child-stalin'. I'll not wait for me money, aither. I'd never git it now, anyway, bad luck to 'em." The girl, no doubt, felt troubled by her conscience—she knew she had been unfaithful in leaving her charge—but how could the exchange have been made? It was not her first offense of that kind, and she rather resented the fact that it had never happened before.

"There, there! sister," said Neely, soothingly, "it's a clear case of exchange, which is no robbery, you know. Don't worry—let me take the child—the matter will all come right. Pray compose yourself, dear, and we shall the sooner know what to do. He's a handsome little fellow," she added, as she soothed and coaxed him.

"Handsome!" cried Mrs. Baker, with a hysterical grimace—"a great blubbering boy! A horrid, freckle-faced boy, with a voice like a tin trumpet. Oh, what shall I do? Where is my baby? Mother's darling, come back before reason deserts its throne!" And with a dramatic gesture, saved from being ridiculous only by the real feeling that induced it, she fell into her husband's arms.



"Come, let us look the matter squarely in the face," said Neely, with an assumption of sternness. "Of course, you'll get your baby back again. It's only a case of mistaken identity. He is somebody's darling—this fat little fellow. I never saw richer embroidery—why, this tucker is all done by hand;—and here are lovely gold catch-ups. I believe they call them—and just look at that flannel, will you? and the hem-stitching, and all. Let's see the wraps that came with it."

Mrs. Baker had recovered her consciousness sufficiently to examine the blankets and the carriage afghan.

"O, how beautiful!" exclaimed Neely, with a young girl's appreciation of delicate needlework. "Everything is of the richest and costliest. But there's no clue; how easy it would have been to work baby's initials, and where he lived, on those pretty things, or label the baby. Mothers ought to think of those things. Well, I can tell you he belongs to *somebody!*"

"I don't care who he belongs to, with his great fat face!" sobbed the disconsolate mother. "My dear, darling, tender little Daisy, with such blue eyes as never were, and such clinging, curly flaxen hair! I could kill that horrid Nora! Where are you, my pet? Oh, Neely—what if they should ill-treat her—and she is such a little thing? Oh! my baby! What shall I do? Don't stand looking at me, Baker,—think—do something!"

"There's no danger of her being badly used by the people this boy belongs to," said Neely, who had brought smiles and dimples to the face of the strange baby—"we shall treat this poor little kitten the best we know how. What a pity it's Saturday night—you can't get at the papers;—yes, there's a Sunday paper—but I suppose that is all 'made up,' as they call it. The other party has probably taken some steps—they are just as much worried and miserable as we are—just as unhappy over it."

"It couldn't be possible," said Mrs. Baker in the selfishness of her mother-love—"why, my baby is a fairy-child beside this one! Oh, husband, go somewhere! do something! Write some advertisements and put them up on fences—anywhere. I shall die if I don't see my darling soon! And you want mamma too, poor little Daisy," she added, the violence of her grief somewhat subdued,—“but you,” turning to the boy, “you are a big, ugly duckling (I don't care how rich your clothes are) compared to my pretty one. Now, do go somewhere,” she said, appealingly, as her husband went uncertainly forward, the light glimmering on his bald head, which looked rigid with the determination to “do or die”—“go where Nora said she left the carriage: see if you can't find out who did the mischief. I don't see how I *can* live the night through without my baby; but maybe I shall have to. Nora, perhaps, knew the other girl; I never thought of that—where is Nora?”

Search for the nurse proved fruitless; and now Mrs. Baker was threatened with hysterics in reality.

"They have stolen my child! a plot has been laid—they want to make a priest of her!" she cried, utterly unconscious of the incongruity of her terms.

"You mean a nun, don't you?" said Neely, laughing in spite of the trouble. "Don't you worry over that—they can have all the nuns they want without stealing unconscious babies. There: this boy is fast asleep now, just as your little Daisy may be. I fancy her in a beautiful room, in a darling little crib all covered with silk curtains—for I know they're rich people;" and Neely looked up, beaming.

"I dare say—and we—oh! troubles never come singly. Poor Tom! that's Baker, you know, lost one of the best of places a week ago, and we lived close up to his income—never saved a penny—and I had to send cook away—and now this trouble has come—and, oh dear!" she hid her face, sobbing, on her sister's knee.

"It's all my fault," she added, before Neely could reply. "I would live like other folks who had double the salary Tom got—I would dress—I would wear nice bonnets, if I went through all my neighbors' rag-bags," and she laughed hysterically;—"you know when we were little and wanted things for our dolls—at least I did—I often found nice things in rag-bags;—yes, I'd make them out of samples of things but what I'd dress as well as the next one, and I've worried the very hair off poor Tom's head. It would serve me right if I had to go to the workhouse;—but not my poor children—and—oh dear! I wish I had my baby!"

After this mélange she sobbed more wildly than ever. Tommy and Mima, looking in at the door with scared faces, were sent downstairs, where they had been tearfully discussing the matter before.

"Don't worry, there's a dear," said Neely, with her rare smile. "Providence sent me here right on time—I see it now—I've got a hundred and fifty dollars sewed up in my gown-lining, to do just what I please with. I earned it myself—and what do I want with silk dresses and things? I that know no one here, but you. That money will last with care, and, minus bonnet and things, you know, till your husband gets another place. And besides that, there's lots of loose change in my pocket-book—enough to keep the pot boiling for a week or two; so you see you are provided for. How glad I am you told me—the—"

"Truth," interrupted her sister, with scarlet cheeks. "I was going to keep it all from you; but indeed I can't take your money—money you have worked hard for."

"But you must take it—as a loan, then—and you see I'm tired of teaching—and I love housework, and you and I can do marvels. Now we'll put this big fellow to sleep, seeing that he has drunk the milk as if it had been out of his own bottle. O beneficent bottle!" she added, laughing, "what does not humanity owe to you?"

And what of the other baby? "That awful boy of Dolby's," who had made all this mischief, sat with his feet perched upon a pine table, reading a book entitled "The Three Tramps and the Detective." The room was small and meanly furnished, and he read by the light of a kerosene lamp; but he enjoyed himself all the same. He had conquered his conscience, and felt a positive pleasure in contemplating the "fun of the thing," putting it in all sorts of lights and chuckling at the vivid pictures his fancy conjured up.

"Of course it will come out all right," he said to himself, when possible consequences occurred that were not quite so pleasant to think of.

But the other baby!



It was met at the threshold by a dotting mother, who turned aside the shade from its face, and—

"O Minnie!—what! this? Minnie, look! look! *It's not my baby!* For Heaven's sake, girl, where is my child? my beautiful boy! What have you done with my baby?"

"Oh, madam!" Minnie exclaimed, catching her breath. "Sure it's the bad news I had," she muttered to herself.

"It's a girl!—where is my boy? a white-faced, puny girl! Tell me what have you done with my child, or never look me in the face again," cried the almost despairing mother.

"Upon me sowl!" was all the frightened nurse could say. All color had left her face—she shook from head to foot.

"You didn't leave my boy a moment! tell me you did not. You don't dare to speak! Wretch! Somebody has stolen my child!"

All was in confusion in the richly appointed mansion. The only son and heir of the great banker, noted for his wealth and charities, had been abducted; the mother was dying; the nurse had killed herself: so said Madam Rumor, with the candor and correctness usual with the good dame. Meantime the baby was cared for, laid between soft sheets, and pleasantly tended, but not by the half-frantic mother, who would not even look at it.

Sunday evening, seven o'clock, and no news yet of the baby at the Baker home. Every expedient that could be thought of had been used, and items sent in for the Monday papers. There was nothing to do, now, but wait. The door-bell rang. Mrs. Baker, wild with excitement, ran to the landing—for she was upstairs; Mr. Baker had gone out; he was still on the quest; the children were absent at a neighbor's, and therefore Neely went to the door, her face beautiful with the excitement of anticipation, for she said to herself, "News of the baby at last!"

A tall, good-looking young man stood on the steps. He smiled and flushed, as he said, "Is this the place where a stray baby—"

"O pray come in, sir—Oh, I'm so glad!—you *will* come in—yes, it's all right—that is, I hope it is"—and she was now preceding him into the sitting-room.

"I have a little story to tell," he said, placing his hat in one chair and seating himself in another. "I am a physician; and while taking my rounds this noon—you know doctors must work, if it is Sunday—I came upon a crowd standing about a boy who had been knocked down by a runaway team. The little fellow was pretty badly hurt, but had his senses. I left him a short while ago, at the hospital, and he confessed, fearing that he might die, to changing two baby-carriages, 'for fun,' he said. My sister happening to be one of the mothers suffering from this altogether unique, not to say cruel, practical joke, I of course was interested. It seems that the youngster was anxious, and found out that one of the nurses lived on Hurd street; and I have been at every house on both sides, till I came here."

"I'm so glad! so glad!" said Neely, who could almost have kissed him for bringing such welcome news—he was so very good-looking too—"I'm so glad! Will you come up and see the baby? or perhaps my sister heard you—yes, she is bringing him down."

The man gazed on this fair young girl with a kind of fascinated interest.

"How lovely she is!" he thought. "The soul of that girl must be pure and good!"

"Yes, that's our boy!" he said, as the little fellow held his arms towards him. "It's all right. I must go now and make my poor sister happy;—but you will allow me to call again?" and this time he was looking at Neely, whose eyes said 'yes.'

It could hardly have been an hour, when a carriage drove up to the door; and in another moment a happy, impatient woman swept in, her garments rustling with the costly rattle of rich silks and laces. Following, came the nurse, who, having made a full confession and repented, upon promise of not doing so any more, and upon condition that



her charge was found well and thriving, had been retained. In her arms was a tiny, sleeping baby.

At sound of carriage-wheels Mrs. Baker had run upstairs on the very verge of hysterics. She managed, however, to pin on her lace that was to freshen her well-worn silk gown, that she might

meet the mother of the other baby with credit. Her husband stood near by, holding the passive youngster, and secretly admiring its large, rosy proportions; the children looked on from an alcove, surreptitiously, and in their night-gowns, for they had been sent to bed.

"I suppose she'll be dressed to kill," said Mrs. Baker, in a plaintive voice;—"a rich woman, and her husband a banker! I've heard the name before, but where, I can't for the life of me remember. O gracious! there's the bell! I can't wait for my breast-pin—I must see my baby!"—and she rushed from the glass.

"Well, will you take it down, or shall I?" asked papa Baker, his bald head benevolently inclined above the wide-awake youngster.

"Why, of course you will; I haven't the strength—a great, coarse, strapping boy like that! I do dislike big babies! Do hurry; they've come in the parlor—stop! here is my brooch on the shelf, where I left it last night in my distraction; I might as well look as decent as I can. I suppose she will notice everything."

They went downstairs together; and then there were such cries! such cuddling! as each mother caught her own offspring—such a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs"—to say nothing of the tears, that all else for some seconds was a blank. An eternity of maternal rapture was compressed into that brief space of time; and Neely stood smiling, her lashes all wet; and Papa Baker surprised himself to the extent of using his handkerchief to dab a suspicious moisture from his high cheek-bones, while a sort of lurid light spread over the bald spot on his head, as he beamed on the two mothers, craning his long neck to catch a sight of his own child.

Presently the women could hold their transports in check sufficiently long to look at each other,—one pale and careworn, the other florid and handsome, with the ease of manner that comes from good living and pleasant associations.

"Why, I do believe!" cried Mrs. Baker, after an earnest scrutinizing glance, "I do believe you are my old school-mate, Clara Bonet!" and she sank into a chair, quite unable to bear the double weight of the baby and the sudden recognition.

"And you! it can't be possible that you are Anne Clapp!" was the rejoinder—"indeed, I remember you—and I'm so glad! It's twelve years, come Christmas, since we met—or, rather, parted at the close of graduation day."

"Yes; we corresponded until you were married—then you stopped writing. I had no idea you lived in the city," said Mrs. Baker, the flush in her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes making her look almost young again.

"And I never dreamed you lived scarcely a mile from my own home," said the banker's wife. "Now we have been brought together so strangely, we must be friends again. I took good care of your baby, darling little thing! and my

boy shows his keep," she added, laughing. "Isn't he a fine fellow, now?"

"A most lovely boy!" said Mrs. Baker—"if he were mine I should be proud of him—so noble! just what a boy should be, large and handsome. Oh! indeed he is a beautiful child!" she added with enthusiasm, utterly ignoring the animadversions she had uttered concerning that same unwelcome urchin, and that must have floated round the air in fragments as she spoke. "I suppose it was foolish to be so frightened at the exchange—we might have known it would all be rectified in time—but then—one's own!"—and the look she fastened on the pretty wee face under her bosom told all she would say.

They were alone, now, the two mothers. Neely, with a prescience of which finer natures hold the gift, felt as if this were to be a turning-point in her sister's life; she herself had brought good luck—the luck, perhaps, was to be intensified. So with a signal to her bald-headed brother-in-law she went out of the room, taking the nurse with her on the pretext of getting some refreshment, and Papa Baker followed.

"And how are you doing?"—the question was followed by a quick glance round the well-furnished little parlor, which, with its vases, pictures, shining piano-forte and tasteful rugs gave no indications of poverty—"nicely, I hope," she added.

Mrs. Baker paled and trembled. She opened her lips, then closed them; but at that moment the baby's blue eyes looked up at her, and bending over, she steadied her faltering resolution.

"I didn't know that I could—but—I almost believe I will—yes, I will tell you, and call you Clara, as in the old times," she said, involuntarily locking her fingers as she placed the baby squarely on her lap. "I'm not doing nicely;—it hurts me to say so—because I'm proud, and—but as long as it's partly my fault—me leading him, as it were, into extravagances—for us—that is—I'll confess that we're doing badly." She broke down, and the tears fell fast. "My husband has lost his place—we never dreamed, you know, that that firm could fail—and the business has unfitted him for other work—and—and—oh dear! how it hurts me to tell it! and why did I? I should have suffered in silence; nobler women do—at least that's what I've read—but old times overcame me—and you used to be so good—not that I'm asking for help"—she uttered rapidly, wiping her eyes—"not that I am trying to work on your sympathy, but that the truth would out. Now—do you despise me?"

"What a question!" exclaimed her visitor, whose woman's heart vibrated with genuine sympathy. "Why should I? Daniel and I began life in a small way—but Daniel is remarkable as a business man—I mean he is one of the lucky ones, you know, and coins money. Now, I'm almost sure that somebody is wanted—a man of probity and intelligence—was wanted a week ago—and—mind, I don't promise—but I will do what I can;—anyway, you shall never want a friend while I live, I promise that for baby's sake. There; let us think of nothing now but our united happiness. I'm so glad we have met again! You and I were fast friends, but we drifted apart. It never shall happen again."

It never did. The shining bald spot on the crown of Papa Baker waxed whiter and brighter as the weeks went on. Dear little Neely kept her money, for her brother-in-law proved to be such a treasure to the bank that everybody wondered how it got on without him. The baby Daisy grew into a veritable fairy for beauty and wisdom, and before she was two years old she had a new uncle, and Neely had married into the banker's family.

"The boy" recovered, and promising not to renew his

juvenile pranks, and to give up, forever, his practical jokes, Dr. Bonet made him his office-boy. Naturally possessing the nerve to do successful mischief, or *vice versa*, as the educational pivot on which his future turns may determine for him, the Doctor thinks his young assistant will in time be an M.D. himself.

MARY A. DENISON.



MISCELLANEOUS.

TO CLEAN SILK STOCKINGS.—Wash your stockings first in white soap liquor, lukewarm, then rinse them in four waters, and work them well in a fresh soap liquor; then make a third soap liquor, pretty strong, into which put a little *stone blue*, wrapped in a flannel bag, till your liquor is blue enough. Wash your stockings well therein, and take them out and wring them; let them be dried so that they remain a little moist, then stove them with brimstone, after which put upon the wood leg two stockings, one upon the other, observing that the two fronts or outsides are face to face; then polish them with a glass. N. B.—The two first soap liquors must be only lukewarm, the third soap liquor as hot as you can bear your hand in it.

TO CLEAN PLATE.—Avoid the use of what are called "plate powders;" most of these contain quicksilver, which is very injurious. Boil one ounce of prepared hartshorn powder in a quart of water: while on the fire put into it as much plate as the vessel will hold; let it boil a short time, then take it out, drain it over the vessel and dry it before the fire. When you have served all your plate thus, put into the water as much clean linen rag as will soak up all the liquid. When dry, they will be of great use for cleaning the plate as well as brass locks and the finger plates of doors. When the plate is quite dry, it must be rubbed bright with leather. The use of gritty substances, however fine, should be avoided.

TO CLEAN TINS AND PEWTER.—Wash thoroughly clean with warm water, into which a handful of bran and a few slices of soap have been thrown while hot. Dry, and then with some of the best whiting powdered, and a little sweet oil, rub well and wipe clean; then dust them over with some dry powdered whiting in a muslin bag, and rub dry with soft leather. When tin covers come from the table, they must be wiped very dry before they are hung up, or the steam will rust the inside.

TO PREVENT HAIR FROM FALLING OFF.—Cocoa-nut oil melted with a little olive oil, and scented as preferred. Sage tea is good for a wash; or warm water. A very good pomade is also made of white wax one-half ounce, spermaceti one-half ounce, olive oil six ounces. Different sorts of hair require different treatment; for what agrees with one, makes the other harsh and dry. Cold

cream is often used: it is made with one-quarter ounce of spermaceti, and one-quarter ounce of white wax; dissolve by putting the basin in which you are going to mix it in hot water; then add one ounce each of oil of almonds, and rose water.

TO PRESERVE MILK.—Provide bottles, which must be perfectly clean, sweet and dry; draw the milk from the cow into the bottles, and, as they are filled, immediately cork them well up, and fasten the corks with packthread or wire. Then spread a little straw in the bottom of a boiler, on which place bottles with straw between them, until the boiler contains a sufficient quantity. Fill it up with cold water; heat the water, and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire, and let the whole gradually cool. When quite cold, take out the bottles, and pack them in sawdust, in hampers, and stow them in the coolest part of the house. Milk preserved in this manner, and allowed to remain even eighteen months in the bottles, will be as sweet as when first milked from the cow.

BLUE INK.—Two drachms oxalic acid, two drachms Prussian blue, to be mixed in half a pint of water, make as good blue ink as we have seen, and is very simple.

HOW TO MAKE VINEGAR.—Vinegar is made from sweetened water. That tells the secret. The saccharine principle turns to acid, and we have vinegar. Sweet cider needs but to be put in a warm place—in the sun in summer—with a thin cloth over the bung-hole, to make it the best of vinegar. The mother will soon form a scum on the top, which must be left in. Sour cider needs sweetening when set away for fermentation. That starts it on its way. It is difficult to get vinegar from sour cider alone. In the West, where cider is scarce, sweetened water (it matters not how much or how little sweetened) is the thing. The water must be soft. Rain water is used. A barrel half filled will sour quicker than when full, so said: we have never tested it. Take out the bung. Stretch over the bung-hole a fine sieve or cloth to keep out the flies. When vinegar is formed, cork it up tight, for exposure to the air hurts it.

TO CLEAN SILKS.—A quarter of a pound of soft soap, two ounces of honey, and a gill of gin: mix these three things well together, and if too thick add a little more gin. Lay the silk on a board, and with a stiff hat-brush brush it well with the mixture, occasionally dipping the brush in a little cold water to make it froth. Rinse it well in cold water, and hang it to drain (without wringing) for a few minutes; then roll in a towel, each piece singly, and iron it wet.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA, GLASS, ALABASTER, OR IVORY ORNAMENTS.—A quarter of an ounce of the best fine isinglass—*not gelatine*—half an ounce of spirits of wine; put the isinglass into any very small jug with a lip; pour on it a few drops of fast boiling water (this will dissolve the isinglass), then put in the spirits of wine—let it stand ten minutes by the fire, or until the whole is well mixed—pour it into a bottle with a tiny neck; when cold it will be a solid white mass. The articles to be repaired must be dry and warm; melt the cement by standing the bottle in hot water, and apply it with a camel's hair brush. After using, observe that the bottle is well corked, or the cement loses its strength by evaporation. This is the cheapest, best, and readiest cement to use for repairing articles not intended to contain hot water, as this would cause the mended fracture to come to pieces.

Odds and Ends.

THE original Cinderella was an Egyptian girl, whose story has enchanted children for nearly two thousand years, with various additions and alterations. The real Cinderella was Rhodope, a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived six hundred and seventy years before the Christian era. One day, Rhodope went to bathe in a stream near her house, leaving her sandals—which were very small—lying upon the bank. An eagle, flying overhead, seeing them, took them for toothsome morsels, and pouncing down, carried one of them off in his beak. Quite unwittingly, the eagle played the part of the fairy god-mother of the European story, for flying over Memphis, he dropped the sandal immediately at the king's feet as he was dispensing justice. Its small size and beauty at once attracted the Pharaoh's attention and roused his curiosity. Messengers were despatched throughout the length and breadth of Egypt to discover the wearer of so dainty a foot-covering, and when it was found to belong to Rhodope, she was carried to Memphis, where she became the Queen of King Psammetikh, of the twenty-sixth dynasty, who roused the anger of his countrymen by the favour he showed to foreigners.

NEARLY every fairy tale and nursery rhyme has a foundation in fact, and in the case of "Little Jack Horner" and his famous pie the original hero was an ancestor of the present family of Horner, who live at Mells Park, Somersetshire. Some three hundred years ago an abbot of Glastonbury was ordered to give up the title-deeds of the property that is now called Mells Park, and was then the property of the abbey of Glastonbury, or else to lose his head. The abbot naturally felt that his life was of greater value to him than the property, so despatched the title-deeds by a faithful and trusty messenger called Jack Horner. But for greater security he placed the documents in a pie which was to be delivered untouched into the hands of the authorities. Jack Horner however was seized with hunger not unmixed with curiosity on his journey, and opening the pie took out the documents—"the plum" of the nursery rhyme. Then he replaced the pastry and putting the title-deeds in his pocket went his way. What happened to the abbot is not known, but the title-deeds remained in the possession of the Horner family until at last they became owners of Mells Park.

THERE is a man-cook in London who is said to make an income of over £2000 a year. He is not attached to any one hotel or household, but goes from house to house during the London season. Early in the evening he sets out from his own home in his brougham and drives to the house of some rich person who is giving a dinner-party. Arrived there he goes at once to the kitchen and tastes every one of the dishes that are to appear on the table, ordering a little more sugar to be put into this *entrée*, a pinch of herbs here, a dash of salt there, and when everything suits his palate, he pockets his *fee* of five guineas and drives away to the house of another dinner-party giver, where he goes through the same process with the dishes there. He visits many houses each night, and in some instances has carefully arranged the dinner beforehand, merely looking in at the last moment to see that his instructions have been properly carried out.

"GREAT is truth and mighty above all things. The 'ought,' which is ours now, will one day become the final 'must be' of the universe. No real martyr for conscience' sake has ever failed to put trust in this principle"
Jackson.

"SOME read books only to find fault, while others read only to be taught; the former are like venomous spiders, extracting a poisonous quality, where the latter, like the bees, sip out a sweet and profitable juice."

THERE are three places in the world to which the great plagues of cholera and kindred epidemics that have swept over the world may always be traced. These are Hurdur in India, Mecca in Arabia, and Nijni-Novgorod in Russia. Hurdur and Mecca are the meeting-places of thousands of pilgrims every year, whilst Nijni-Novgorod is famous for its annual fair.

A YOUNG Scotsman has made a miniature train which is only twenty-nine feet in length, but which is perfect in every particular. He never had any technical training, but made all the patterns and the castings, and put them together with his own hands. The engine is a little over six and a half feet long and drags six cars, in each of which two children can be comfortably seated. Six gallons of water in a tank in the tender with five gallons in the boiler of the engine provide enough steam to propel this miniature train for two hours, while a small electric battery beneath the engine supplies light for the various lamps in place of oil. It is a brilliant example of engineering talent upon the part of its maker.

THERE are many stories told of the kindness of Queen Margherita of Italy, but this one is the latest. Some time ago the Queen asked one of her little *protégées* to knit her a pair of mittens for her birthday, providing her with money for the material. On the Queen's birthday she received a most beautiful pair of mittens from the little girl, and in return sent another pair to the child, one of which was filled with money and the other with sweets, together with a message asking her to say which she liked best of the two mittens. A little time afterwards the Queen received this letter: "Dearest Queen, your lovely presents have made me shed many tears. Papa took the mitten with the money; my brother had the bon-bons."

MACHINERY has now been applied to paper-hanging. The machine has a rod on which a roll of paper is fixed, and a paste reservoir with a feeder placed so as to touch the wrong side of the paper. The end of the paper is fastened to the bottom of the wall, and the machine started up the wall, it being held in place by the operator. A roller follows the paper as it unwinds and presses it against the wall. When the ceiling is reached the paper-hanger pulls a string which cuts the paper pasted from the roll. It is a very ingenious contrivance and will save much labour and time to paper-hangers.

A LITTLE time ago mention was made in this column of the fact that an attempt to use glass in place of marble for statuary was being carried into effect. Now glass is being used for ladies' attire. A manufacturer at the present moment is turning out thousands of bonnets made of glass cloth, which whilst it has all the shimmer and brilliancy of silk is quite unhurt by rain. For a long time past a tissue has been made in Russia which is made of the fibre of a curious soft stone found in the mines of Siberia. This is shredded and spun into a cloth which, while being as soft and pliable as ordinary dress material, is so durable that it never wears out, and from this an enterprising firm has taken the idea of making spun-glass dress lengths. The Siberian material when dirty is thrown into the fire, being like asbestos, and by this means it is entirely cleaned. Spun-glass cloth however only needs to be brushed hard with soap and water, and is never the worse for being stained or soiled. This extraordinary departure is the invention of an Austrian and is, as yet, very costly. Not only can dresses be made of it but serviettes, table-cloths and window-curtains also. A finer cloth, which it is said can be worn next the skin without discomfort or danger, is also made from glass.

THE greater part of the left-off clothing of the whole world goes to Dewsbury in Yorkshire. Carts laden with bales of old clothes from all parts of the United Kingdom, from all parts of Europe, America and Canada, from many parts of Asia and from New Zealand and Australia, fill the streets of that town daily. All kinds of clothing, old woollen underclothing, stockings, carpets and curtains, in fact every variety of worn-out article which has the least amount of wool in its composition, no matter how ugly its colour or how unpleasant its smell are sent there, and made by a variety of processes into shoddy. When a place so small as Catania in Sicily alone exports seventy tons of ragged left-off clothing every year, the amount from all the great world-centres may be in some measure estimated. Shoddy-making is one of the most curious industries in England.

"HE is not truly patient who is willing to suffer only so much as he thinks good, and from whom he pleases. But the truly patient man minds not by whom he is exercised, whether by his superiors, by one of his equals, or by an inferior; whether by a good and holy man, or by one that is perverse and unworthy. But indifferently from every creature, how much soever, or how often soever, anything adverse befalls him, he takes it all thankfully as from the hands of God, and esteems it a great gain. For with God it is impossible that anything, how small soever, if only it be suffered for God's sake, should pass without its reward."

A little common-sense philosophy.

"Credit is obtained by not needing it."

"To find time," remarked an industrious man, "never lose it."

"I generally divide my favours," said Fortune, "by giving a gift to one and the power to appreciate it to another."



Belford's Chatterbox, 1885



MAY.

FLOCKS on the mountains,
 And birds upon their spray,
 Tree, turf and fountains,
 All hold holiday.

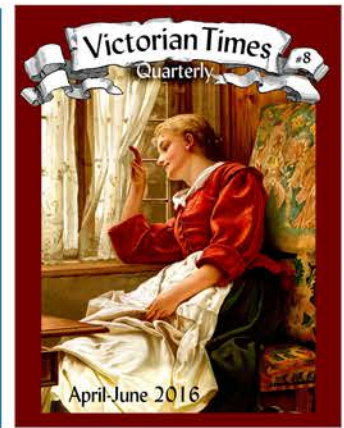
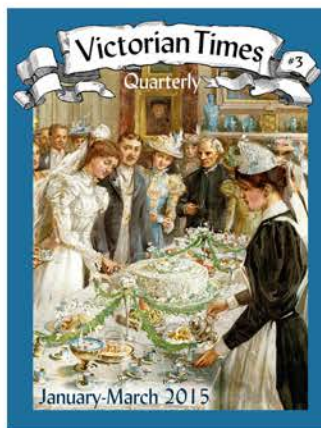
And love, the life of living things,
 Love waves his torch, love claps his wings,
 And loud and wide thy praises sings,
 Thou merry month of May! *R. Heber.*

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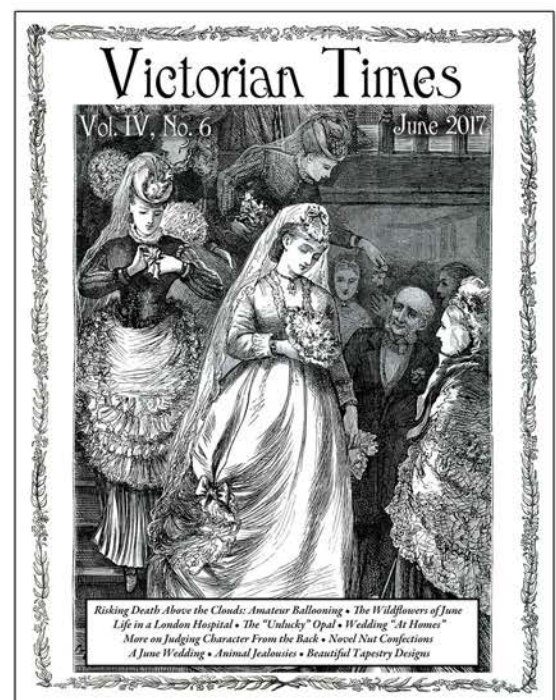
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