

Victorian Times

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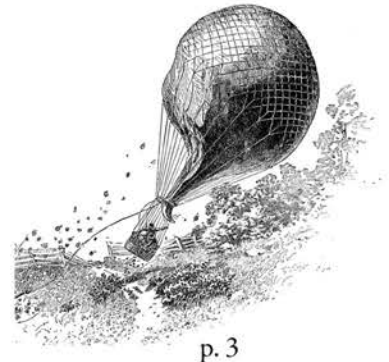


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Life in a London Hospital • The “Unlucky” Opal • Wedding “At Homes”
More on Judging Character From the Back • Novel Nut Confections
A June Wedding • Animal Jealousies • Beautiful Tapestry Designs*

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

Beating the Heat

June has arrived, which means summer is officially upon us. (Unofficially, it still feels a bit like April.) Though it's still fairly cool here in Maryland for June, I'm trying to imagine what life would have been like in Victorian days. Today, I rely entirely on electricity to "beat the heat." How did folks cope without it?

How, for instance, did one survive without air conditioning? I can recall a time when AC wasn't as common in homes as it is today, but we could at least plug in a fan on a hot day. Victorians had no such options. Hence, a Victorian home was usually built with hot weather in mind—which was one reason homes were built with high ceilings, cellars, and attics. Heat rises, and an attic gives it a place to go. (It also provides a useful place to dry laundry if the weather doesn't permit it to be hung outdoors.) Conversely, a cellar remains cool, and actually imparts some of that coolness to the floor above it. Today, we're accustomed to houses built on concrete slabs, with nothing but a crawlspace overhead—a space that does more, thanks to insulation, to keep heat trapped in the main part of the house rather than allowing it to escape. If our AC fails, our modern homes ensure that we're likely to be more miserable than our Victorian predecessors.

Victorian articles advise opening the windows in the early morning and in the evening, but keeping them shut against the heat of the day. Heavy Victorian curtains and drapes can be effective in keeping a room cooler. Many homes might also have shutters that could be closed against excessive heat *or* cold. Having a verandah or porch provided additional shade that gave breezes a chance to cool before they entered the home, as did overhanging eaves (something else you rarely see on a modern home). Many households also switched the coverings on their chairs and furnishings from heavy, dark winter fabrics to light, cotton summer fabrics. Fireplaces were typically cleaned out and covered with decorative screens for the summer.

I haven't found much information on how Victorians coped with the heat of the kitchen in the summer months, but I suspect that one method was to rise early and get much of the day's cooking done in the cool of the morning. Cooking, in Victorian days, meant laboring over a hot stove—either wood or coal—no matter what the season. Recipes for this time of year emphasize desserts of fruit dishes that can be made with little or no heat, or custards and creams that can be made quickly rather than requiring lengthy periods of baking.

A favorite treat to help Victorians cool off was ice cream. The hand-cranked ice cream freezer was patented in 1843, so nearly anyone could make ice cream at home. Of course, to make ice cream, you must actually have *ice*. In cities, ice was "harvested" from lakes and rivers in the winter and stored in warehouses, then marketed in the summer by the "ice man," who drove through the streets with a cart full of blocks of ice. City homes might well have an "ice box," a lead-lined cabinet kept chilled with a block of ice. (Refrigerators wouldn't be available for the home until 1913, and freezers wouldn't come along until 1923.) In the country, one might harvest one's own ice from a lake or pond and keep it in an "ice-house" (often all or partly underground), but farms often relied on wells and spring-houses to keep dairy products and other foods cool.

Today, if my air conditioning doesn't work (and even if it does), I have the option of changing into shorts and a sleeveless top. A Victorian lady, however, had no such freedom. She had to endure the heat through several layers of clothing considered indispensable to decency. For the less well-to-do, a wardrobe might consist of one winter woolen gown and one summer gown of a lighter fabric, such as cotton or calico. For the wealthier, summer gowns might be made of silk rather than cotton.

Hence, the Victorian lady carried her own form of personal air conditioning with her: The fan. Fans have been around for over 4000 years, and have served a variety of purposes; however, their foremost purpose has always been to cool the air. Everything else—fashion statement, secret languages, advertising, etc.—is secondary. Today, since a lady has no need for a cooling fan, we don't bother carrying them just to make a fashion statement or send coded messages across the room. Now, I'm not saying there's a cause and effect here, but... the first electric fans for residential use were introduced in 1910, and that's the year one of the largest hand-fan factories in America—the Hunt factory in Quincy, MA—went out of business!

Beating the heat of summer surely wasn't easy in Victorian times. But if you've never had air conditioning, or electric cookstoves, or refrigerators, you wouldn't have missed them. Now, where did I leave my fan?

—Moira Allen, Editor
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AMATEUR BALLOONING.



"JUST AS LIKE AS NOT YOU'LL COME OUT OF THIS AFFAIR ALIVE."

IN my native town there lived an elderly man, Professor Harlow M. Spencer by name, who in middle life had followed the business of "ballooning." During the summer seasons just prior to the war, he had made ascensions from many of the large cities of New England and adjacent States, and as balloon ascensions were rare in those days, he had reaped a fair competency from the business. To my boyish eyes he was the greatest man in town. He was a glib talker, and by the hour would detail to me the pleasures and dangers of his many trips. In fact, he filled me from time to time so full of "balloon talk" that the garret of our house was the only room in which I could take any comfort. Years had rolled by, and I had reached the advanced age of twenty-seven years without having lost a particle of my boyish interest in balloon matters, when one day in June the walls of our town were covered with flaming bills announcing that the celebrated aëronaut, Professor Silas M. Brooks, a hero of one hundred and sixty-six ascensions, would make a great balloon ascension in connection with a fair and horse-trot at Canton, Connecticut, on July 4, 1885.

At last my dreams were to be realized. I had never seen a balloon, so I resolved not only to be present, but also, if possible, to be one of the passengers. From the moment of this resolution until the 4th of July I hardly took an instant's comfort. In the daytime I watched the clouds and noticed the direction and force of the wind; in dreams by night I fell out of balloons at all heights and into all manner of places; in fact, I was killed from three to five times a night for a week. Finally the morning of Saturday, July 4, 1885, dawned bright, and as the time drew near for the train to depart, I stoned the neighbors' chickens out of our garden for what I thought might be the last time, and pale and wan wended my way to the depot with a few boon companions to whom I had made known my intentions. Our trip to Canton and thence to the park was without incident, except that my courage received a severe and nearly fatal shock as we turned an angle in the road and saw a rock upon which the Salvation Army had cut the inscription, "Prepare to meet thy God."

After entering the park and making my way to the balloon inclosure, I inquired for Professor Brooks. A mild, blue-eyed gentleman sixty odd years of age, with a full beard and a kindly countenance, came towards us. "Well, boys, what is it?" inquired the professor. After a moment's silence, with a faltering voice I explained to the hero that I fain would accompany him upon his aërial voyage. "I'm sorry, young man," said he, "but this balloon will carry but one person." Afterwards we approached the subject of allowing me to go in his stead; he laughed a quiet laugh at the foolhardy proposition, but I was persistent, and offered ample security for the balloon, and also to pay him a bonus for the privilege. But he waived aside my proffered dollars, and said, "If you are bound to go, and will give security for the safe return of the apparatus to me, you may go; but it is a dangerous undertaking." The bargain was closed. The gas used was hydrogen, and it was made by decomposing fifty barrels of water contained in a large tank, and extracting the stored gas contained therein.

From the time of closing the bargain until the advertised time for the ascension, four o'clock P. M., time hung heavy upon my hands. I prevailed upon Professor Spencer, who was

present, to tell me of one or two of his pleasant day trips, some of those "ordinary day" trips when a child could handle a balloon. He gave me what comfort he could, and ended by saying, "Just as like as not you'll come out of this affair alive."

Before the balloon was full enough to go, a storm broke upon us, the wind and rain came together and beat upon the balloon, so that more than a score of men were fully occupied in keeping it from threshing itself to pieces. My courage began to come back to me in small sections, for it looked as if no one could go that day. But at 5:15 P. M. the storm had subsided, and the inflation was resumed. At six o'clock the car was attached, and Professor Brooks called for me. When everything was ready and the huge machine hung over my head like a cloud, after being assisted, in a frightened condition, into the flimsy, yielding basket which served as a car, and receiving a few parting instructions from the two venerable aëronauts as to the management of the machine, I shook hands with several thousand people whom I had never seen before, drew in a long breath, and sang out, "Let go!" They let go! Cæsar! what a sensation! It seems to me that I at that moment learned how a boiler feels when it bursts. As I looked

over the edge of the car and watched that hooting crowd drop swiftly away from me, my mind was filled with a tumult of thoughts; but, as there was no motion to the car, I gradually became accustomed to the sensation and began to enjoy the magnificent view. The panorama spread out before me was bewildering. I could not at first comprehend it. Finally the gilt dome of the Capitol building at Hartford, Connecticut, caught my eye; thence following the crooked Connecticut River north, I could see Springfield, Massachusetts, and the many towns scattered along the river-banks between. Following the river south, Middletown, with its iron drawbridge, seemed quite near Hartford; farther down, Saybrook, at the mouth of the river, was plainly visible, while Long Island Sound lay near the horizon. Toward the west could be seen Waterbury, New Britain, and many smaller towns standing on the line of the New England railroad. Beneath were scores, yes, hundreds of little villages, thousands of miniature farms and lakes, and innumerable ponds and small sheets of water. Trains upon the New York and New Haven, Connecticut Western, and New Haven and Northampton railroads could be seen moving along apparently at a snail's pace. The landscape for a distance of



"THEY LET GO!"

seventy-five miles in all directions appeared as level as a floor. Mountains could not be distinguished from valleys. All was seemingly one vast prairie. I was amazed and impressed with the wonderful changing view. Overhead was that monstrous balloon, leaning slightly in the direction in which we were going, and just a little ahead of the car, the latter being suspended eighteen feet below the balloon



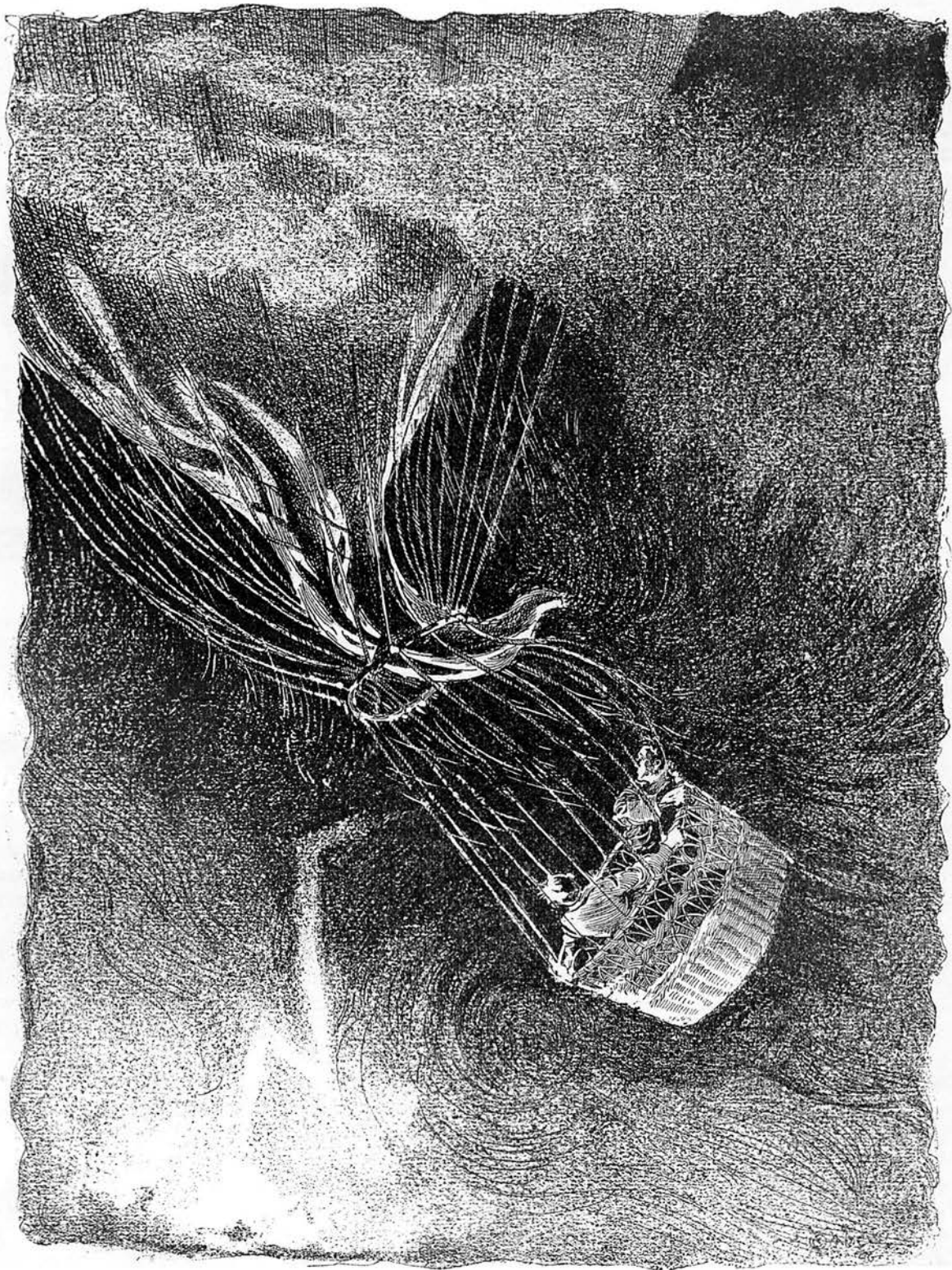
“HE FELL UPON IT, AND MY JOURNEY WAS ENDED.”

proper, by means of thirty-four quarter-inch linen cords, which, when outlined against the distant clouds, seemed not larger than hairs. The car was simply a round willow basket four feet in diameter and thirty-one inches high.

As nearly as could be judged, I was more than a mile high, and all sounds from the earth had ceased. There was a death-like silence which was simply awful. It seemed to my overstrained nerves to forebode disaster. The ticking of the watch in my pocket sounded like a trip-hammer. I could feel the blood as it shot through the veins of my head and arms. My straw hat and the willow car snapped and cracked, being contracted by the evaporation of the moisture in them and by the fast-cooling temperature. I was compelled to breathe a little quicker than usual on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. I became sensible of a loud, monotonous hum in my ears, pitched about on middle C of the piano, which seemed to bore into my head from each side, meeting in the center with a pop; then for an instant my head would be clear, when the same experience would be repeated. By throwing out small pieces of tissue-paper I saw that the

balloon was still rapidly ascending. While debating with myself as to the advisability of pulling the valve-rope (I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break) and discharging some gas, the earth was lost sight of, and the conviction was forced upon me that this must be the clouds! It made me dizzy to think of it. Above, below, and upon all sides was a dense, damp, chilly fog. Upon looking closer, large drops of rain could be seen, silently falling down out of sight into what seemed bottomless space.

I was alone, a mile from the earth, in the midst of a rain-cloud and the silence of the grave. Moreover, I had sole charge of the balloon; if it had not been for this fact I could have taken a little comfort, as I had no confidence in my ability to manage it. A rain-storm upon the earth is accompanied by noise; the patter of the rain upon the houses, trees, and walks always attends the storm; while here, although the drops were large, they could not be heard falling upon the balloon or its belongings. Silence reigned supreme. The quiet spoken of by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers as existing in the northern regions, was a hubbub beside this place. More tissue-paper was thrown out; seeing that it seemed to ascend, I knew that the apparatus was slowly descending, being brought down by the weight of rain upon it. Soon the earth was in view. How peaceful and quiet it looked! Immediately the whistling of railroad trains could be heard. Now mountains could be distinguished from valleys, and the cawing of frightened crows and the shouting of men could be heard. I passed immediately over Talcott Mountain tower, where there were some two hundred people enjoying the day. I could plainly hear one of them blowing a horn. As the balloon slowly descended men could be seen running from all sides towards the place of landing. Now the hum of insects could be heard, and the grapnel, with a hundred feet of rope attached, was thrown out; it soon struck the ground, and dragged lazily along through the turf and over the stones without getting a secure hold. I approached a man weighing three hundred pounds, who was sitting upon a stone wall all out of breath from running. Without the formality of an introduction I asked him to “catch on to that anchor and stop the business.” With a woe-begone look upon his honest face and an ominous shake of the head he replied: “It’s no use, young fellow; I can’t work my bellows.” But as the rope twitched along near him, he fell upon it, and my journey was ended. I had landed upon the farm of S. B. Pinney, in Bloomfield, Connecticut, sixteen miles from the starting-point, and the journey had been



THE BALLOON IN THE STORM.

accomplished in nineteen minutes, into which was crowded a stack of experience. Mr. Pinney invited me to supper, and the assembled crowd invited me to make a speech, both of which invitations were accepted.

Upon my return home an impromptu "reception" was extended to me at the depot. I was immediately dubbed "professor," and

for days my advice upon picnic weather and other purely scientific subjects was eagerly sought after. Fair women wanted my photograph, and brave men desired to know "how it seemed up overhead where neighbors were scarce." My mushroom reputation must be sustained, so I purchased a mammoth balloon which Professor Brooks had in process of

construction, stipulating that he should accompany me upon the first voyage and teach me his "trade" of an aëronaut. After which, by the aid of Mr. Doughty, a photographer of the same age as myself, and an enthusiast upon the subject, I hoped to be able to take photographs from a balloon which would convey, plainer than words can, an idea of the appearance of the earth and clouds as seen from above.

On the 29th day of July, 1885, the professor and I made the trial trip, from Winsted, Connecticut, in the new balloon, which when filled with gas lifted over twelve hundred pounds. This trip resulted in nearly spoiling the entire apparatus and frightening two persons out of the "trade." Before relating the experience of my second trip I am constrained to say a word concerning my companion. Professor Silas M. Brooks was a character. Combining the trades of farmer, mechanic, and aëronaut, he managed to meet the demands of the tax-gatherer with a fair degree of promptness, and at the age of sixty-five years was hale and hearty. As a mechanic he was phenomenal—the most ingenious I ever met. Every part of the balloon and its accouterments he was capable of making with his own hand, even the anchor-rope; and there was not a grist, cider, or cider-brandy mill for miles around that had not felt the weight of his hand. Even the scarecrows in his neighborhood were designed by him, and they were indeed frightful. They consisted, in part, of a small windmill with a ratchet attachment that made a terrible racket when the wind blew; he also had one rigged to a small water-wheel, in a brook near by, for quiet days. An Irish farmer living near averred that the professor made one for him that frightened the crows so that they brought back the corn they stole the year before. As an aëronaut he has made, I believe, more ascensions, and had more practical experience in aëronautical matters, than any other person now on the continent, the proceeds from which have not remained to him. Nature did not design the professor for a farmer. This was his weak point. He would allow the succulent potatoes to freeze in the ground while he was perfecting some contrivance that would dig them all up at once.

Professor Brooks and I left the ground at Winsted in the brand-new balloon at 12:56 P. M., four minutes before the advertised time for the ascension. We started thus early to avoid a heavy shower which was fast coming up in the south-west. The start availed us nothing, however, for by the time we had reached an altitude of eighteen hundred feet the storm was upon us. The monstrous bal-

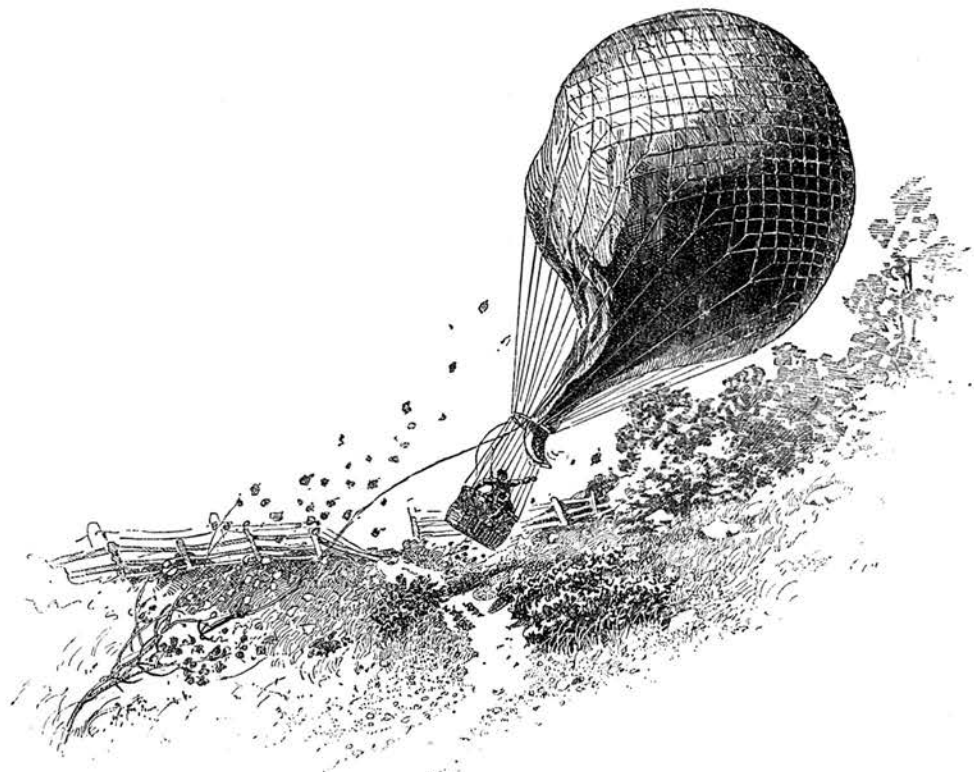


"WE THREW OUR WET ARMS ABOUT EACH OTHER'S NECK AND WEPT."

loon whirled around and swayed about, and we were wet through by the driving rain. Twenty pounds of sand was quickly thrown out, and we shot up through the rain-cloud like an arrow. My companion smiled as we came into the sunshine above, and assured me that it was nothing but a little "flurry" liable to occur upon any trip. We could now look down upon our recent enemy with composure, and over the edge of the cloud to the north had a magnificent view of the earth thickly dotted with towns and villages, some near enough to be recognized, while others were so far away that the houses looked like white dots upon the broad green fields. The various lakes, ponds, and smaller bodies of water shone in the sunlight like silver shields. All sounds from the earth having ceased, we sailed silently along enjoying the wonderful panorama. Soon the smell of gas caused us to look up; the diminished pressure, due to the great elevation, had caused the gas to expand to such an extent that it was passing out of the opening at the bottom of the envelope at the rate of several hundred feet a minute. My associate quickly seized the valve-rope and held the twelve-inch valve open about three seconds; this relieved the pressure upon the balloon and caused us to descend about a thousand feet. The clouds were swiftly gathering from all directions, and to all appearances we were going to have a heavy storm. At my timid suggestion that we drop down through the lower layer of clouds and make a landing, my mate turned to me and put the question, "Are you afraid?" With my heart in my throat I replied, "Oh, no! I like it." (The latter part of this answer,

at least, was not true, but I have since confessed the fact to Professor Brooks, and he himself confessed that he knew it all along.) While we were debating, we were steadily approaching an ominous black bank of clouds which was apparently six hundred feet through upon the outer edge. These clouds were continually moving in and out, seething and boiling like the ocean in a storm, while cold winds swept along their face, chilling us and causing the mercury to fall twenty degrees in as many seconds. Large blocks of cloud would break away from the main body, sometimes passing over us, sometimes under us, and then enveloping us in such darkness and rain that the balloon was scarcely visible from the car. The professor remarked that he was not pleased with the appearance of things, and began to tumble the ballast overboard; but in the occupation of giving me a fright he had delayed too long, for with a whirl we were drawn into the black-walled thunder-head, into the darkness and storm. Now began a season of terror which can be but feebly described. The rain was continuous, pouring in upon us from all sides, from above and below, being forced about by the ever-changing wind. Forked tongues of lightning opened and lighted up great gaps in the liquid gloom, each blinding flash accompanied by sharp, deafening thunder which reverberated through the dark mass with frightful distinctness. Overhead the monstrous balloon trembled, shivered, and anon shifted its position in the netting with a

tearing sound which, if possible, added to our terror. At times it stood still for a moment, then, toppled over by an upper current, it would swing away, swiftly dragging the car diagonally behind—as school-boys play “snap the whip”—to be again twisted around and brought to a halt by a cross-current. This was a most sickening experience. While the massive gas-bag overhead contained all of the lifting power and struggled manfully to hold us up, it had no *lateral* strength; when a strong counter-current struck it, over it would go until it lay upon its side, with the cords between the car and balloon for a moment slack; then the car and its stooping occupants would drop the length of the cords, straining the yielding willow of which the car was composed to the last degree, and wringing the water from the cordage which attached it to the balloon. Heretofore we had knelt back to back, grasping opposite sides of the car, to preserve the equilibrium. Now, upon turning around our eyes met; his face was white, but not a word was spoken. Handing the barometer to me, he seized an open bag of ballast, weighing eighty pounds, and with the valve-cord tied about his arm, to prevent the wind from blowing it out of his reach, he stood bare-headed, with disheveled hair and set teeth, looking, in the lightning-lit scene, the very picture of determination. I called out “Three thousand feet” (we had entered the cloud five thousand feet above the level of the sea); over went half the ballast! Despite the weight of



THE LANDING.



"THE FENCE Melts AWAY."

rain in the cordage we began to ascend, and the barometer-pointer slowly moved around to three thousand eight hundred feet and stopped. I nodded, indicating that we were stationary, and over went the other half of the ballast, bag and all. Again the unwieldy apparatus mounted upward through the dismal storm until the pointer registered four thousand five hundred feet. Ballast to the amount of nearly three hundred pounds was thrown out, and an altitude of six thousand two hundred and fifty feet was reached. Thus, after passing up three thousand two hundred and fifty feet through the thunder-cloud and running out of ballast, there was but one alternative left, namely, to allow the balloon to settle down through the storm, having weight, in the shape of rain, added every minute (every mesh in the netting formed a little reservoir for holding the water), and take our chances of being dashed to pieces upon the land or drowned in some small body of water. We feared, too, that in again entering the thunder-clouds, and running the terrible gauntlet of lightning-flashes, the gas escaping from the balloon might be set on fire, and the perils of our already frightful situation reach their climax. The earth having been out of sight over half an hour, we had not the remotest idea of our location. Already we were swiftly descending, and as the pointer upon the barometer began slowly to revolve backward, a sickening feeling overcame me.

The awful silence was broken by the professor, who asked:

"How fast are we falling?"

After comparing the barometer and watch, I replied:

"One hundred feet every three seconds."

"And we have but just started," was his cheerful rejoinder. Every movable article in the car, except a few valuable instruments of but little weight, was thrown overboard. With an appealing expression upon his worn countenance, the professor turned to me and asked, "Is there anything else we can throw out to lighten the load?"

As a shipwrecked sailor, hopelessly lost, starved and thirsty, looks covetously upon the last drop of water, thus I, with equally greedy eyes, looked upon a pair of cowhide boots which adorned the legs of my learned associate. But, no! Banish the thought! I answered him "Nothing!" We were falling thirty-three feet per second, causing the cloth trimmings upon the sides of the car to flap violently, and the resistance offered by the air forcing great hollows into the yielding cloth of the balloon overhead, the flabby and trunklike neck of which slowly waved from side to side. As this neck rubbed with a grating noise against the varnished sides of the balloon, it seemed as if some huge elephant



"I GOT OUT IN COMPANY WITH A THERMOMETER."

was accompanying us in our nightmare descent to destruction!

Still there was no *sense* of falling. There was the certain information of the fact offered by the barometer, and we saw that the rain seemed stationary, but there was no dizzy sensation. Within three horrible minutes the earth was dimly seen through the rain. As it seemed to come swiftly towards us we became more fully impressed by our danger. It was frightful! awful! Now the wind changed, and instead of falling perpendicularly we took a diagonal course. My friend, ever full of ideas, brightened up and said eagerly, "If this lower current of air holds steady, and the entire apparatus can stand the strain of a strong anchor-hold, I think we can make a landing without getting killed." Saying which, he handed me the "rip-cord," with earnest instructions to take up all the slack and pull hard the instant he gave the order, while he carefully and skillfully recoiled the long anchor-rope, so that it should not become knotted and tangled at the last moment. Everything about the balloon, except the professor, was new; it ought to stand the strain. There was a hope. I was anxious for the trial to take place, while he, although as thoroughly frightened as myself, had a better control over his feelings.

We were now five hundred feet from the ground, and after passing like a shadow over a strip of woods, the heavy, four-pronged steel grapnel with its two hundred feet of untried one-inch rope was thrown out.

We watched with bated breath and feverish interest the result. It first caught in a clump of alders, and as the rope quickly tightened like a whip-cord, the bushes came out by the roots, without having made a perceptible impression upon our progress. In an instant the grapnel had passed on twenty rods and caught a three-inch maple-tree close to the ground. Thinking this would hold, my instructor called out, "Rip it!" In an instant there was a hole forty-one feet long in the balloon, and with a fearful crash the car struck the ground, stunning for a moment its two occupants. But we had not yet finished our journey, for the grapnel, after bending the maple-tree down to the ground and stripping it of every leaf and small limb, had let go. The balloon, being more than half full of gas, and assisted by the wind, lifted us clear of the ground, and, after going along at railroad speed for an eighth of a mile, dropped us again. We partly sailed and partly dragged in this manner for a long distance, grabbing frantically at every bush and tree within our reach. For an instant my companion would glance over the edge and grab at the air; then he would take his turn at being walked upon in the bottom

of the swift-revolving basket. After plowing up the ground and leveling everything in our path, we brought up against a post-and-rail fence built upon a stone wall, a dozen or more lengths of which bowed out like a horse-shoe; but it held together, and we had landed *alive*.

Crawling out through the slack ropes from under the ill-smelling balloon, we threw our wet arms about each other's neck and wept. I casually remarked, as we viewed the half acre of tangled balloon wreckage and various meteorological instruments scattered about, that my researches in the interest of science would hereafter be confined to lower altitudes.

Thus terminated one of the most dangerous trips ever taken. We were in the air fifty-four minutes, during thirty-eight of which we were out of sight of the earth in the thunder-storm, and had traveled in a roundabout course about seventy miles. I did not recover from my fright for days, and was thoroughly discouraged at the prospect of accomplishing anything in the line of photography from a balloon.

The balloon was repaired and offered for sale upon "easy terms." But, as the demand for balloons seemed limited, and as we had several weeks of pleasant, "ordinary" days, my courage returned, and with Mr. Doughty, the photographer, I determined to wait for a good day and try my "hobby" of taking photographs from a balloon. As the subject deals largely in photographic matters, I leave those trips to the lucid pen of Mr. Doughty.

On the 23d of September, 1885, I made an ascension from New Milford, Connecticut, alone in the small balloon. A light wind was blowing, but the day was bright and pleasant. At three o'clock P. M. the balloon rose majestically, and, taking an easterly course, passed over the town of New Milford at an elevation of one thousand feet. As it continued to ascend, the entire length of the beautiful Housatonic valley, with its railroad, winding river, and myriads of rich farms, lay spread out beneath. What a magnificent view! Oh, ye grovelers, plodding along at a snail's pace upon the earth's surface, I pity you! I move along without a jar, without exertion, leagues to your rods. Nay, more: I drink in at one glance your entire day's journey. Far up and down the valley, on the hillside and the plain, lay the homes of the thrifty farmers surrounded by their ungathered crops. Fields of buckwheat ripe for the cradler's knife, corn in sheaves, with the gaudy pumpkins, "nuggets of the field," scattered about between, together with the orchards laden with fast-maturing fruit, made a picture of peace and plenty, while the tracts of woods with their variegated autumn leaves gave the charm of color to the landscape. As, filled with awe, I

noiselessly float along, the chilly air admonishes me of the proximity of the clouds; the mercury in the thermometer, which registered eighty-four degrees as I left earth, has now, at an altitude of four thousand feet, fallen to seventy-three degrees. Anon the earth is lost to view, and the entire apparatus is enveloped in a cold, clammy mist, known to those below as a cumulus cloud. The mercury continues to fall until forty-five is reached. My jaunty beaver hat, which had been waved so gracefully to the New Milford girls, was unceremoniously pulled down over my ears, and a handkerchief did weak service as a muffler. A few pounds of ballast was thrown over to shorten the stay in the cloud, and, after passing up through six hundred feet of the cold, damp fog, I emerged into the sunshine. Continuing upwards one thousand feet above the cloud-level and six thousand feet from the earth, the mercury has gone up to ninety-two degrees,—*eight degrees warmer than upon the earth's surface at the same moment.* This result was owing to the reflection of the sun from the clouds one thousand feet below. The heat is intense, it rises around and about me in visible waves; the lower part of the balloon, known as the neck, heretofore closed, is now fully extended by the expanding gas, which, invisible while within the envelope, is now seen slowly curling out of the neck like white smoke. My former protections from the cold are removed, and I stand in my shirt-sleeves. Extending below in all directions as far as the eye can reach is an endless landscape of beautiful white clouds, piled up here and there into vast foggy chains of mountains, with chasms and valleys between that would make a chamois hunter dizzy to contemplate. In a few short moments the misty mountains have melted away, only to be reconstructed elsewhere by the chilly breezes that blow over their surface. Speak not to me, ye loiterers upon the footstool, of Alpine scenery! *Here* people of the most sedentary habits, without exertion, can see scenery manufactured. Again one is reminded of an immense mass of ice irresistibly borne along upon some unseen current. Here a huge field, hesitating for a moment, is then whirled around as if by some hidden snag; there, huge, irregular blocks are piled up, as if against some immovable obstruction, and for the moment the current passes smoothly around; the obstacle being overcome, the misty cakes lazily resume their position in the silent stream as it flows on its way to some cloud-ocean in the dim distance. Seeing the earth through an aperture in the clouds ahead, I reluctantly pulled the valve-cord; while I keenly enjoyed the scenery above the clouds, I

feared that an adverse current might carry me over Long Island Sound, which had been visible but a short distance to the south before I passed above the clouds. The balloon slowly descended; when directly over the open place indicated, the valve was opened wide for a space of four seconds, and the return journey through the cloud-level was accomplished without having come in disagreeable contact with the clouds themselves. After descending below the layer of atmosphere cooled by the clouds, ballast was discharged until the barometer indicated that the balloon had ceased to descend. I should say that when one half mile from the earth there is no perceptible motion, unless there be a cloud near, or some object for comparison; whether the balloon be going up or down is known to the occupant of the car only by the barometer or the casting overboard of feathers or thin paper.

The view now at hand is the busy Naugatuck Valley. Waterbury lies immediately beneath, with its monstrous factories, and following the crooked Naugatuck railroad north (apparently about eighteen inches) the tall chimneys of the rolling-mills at Thomaston are seen, while farther north may be beheld old Litchfield with its broad streets and white liberty pole, dear to the hearts of many a "city boarder." South of Waterbury are seen Birmingham, Ansonia, Naugatuck, and a dozen other manufacturing places, filled with the hum of industry and overhung with smoke. Truly this is the valley of tall chimneys, whirring machinery, and business energy. How different from the peaceful Housatonic! As we glide along due east, the city of Meriden appears directly in our path, and farther along Middletown; while upon the left the gilded dome of the Capitol at Hartford is the most prominent landmark, and New Britain the largest city between. To the south lies New Haven, with its tall church-spires and red-walled East Rock, and the many cities and towns along the edge of the Sound are connected with those of the interior by a network of railroads, upon the rails of which may be descried numerous trains of cars rumbling and tooting along at what seemed from my position a surprisingly slow pace. Immediately beneath are countless villages, the inhabitants of which run eagerly after some colored circulars thrown to them. Approaching the valley of the Connecticut, a most enchanting view meets my vision; from far above Hartford down to the Sound the grand old Connecticut River looks like quicksilver in the afternoon sunshine. The busy little tugs, wheezing up and down the river, with their long line of barges, a steamer now and then, and the numberless reels for holding the fishermen's

nets which line the bank, give this valley a maritime aspect. While the Housatonic farmer would talk of trading a "beef creetur" with you, and the Naugatuck Valley manufacturer would speak of the money that could be made out of his patent rat-trap, we would expect the voracious dweller upon the river-bank to expatiate upon the unprecedented "run o' shad" in '85. To avoid such a risk we cross the river at Middletown, seeing and hearing the little river-steamer *Silver Star* as she whistles for the drawbridge which spans the river at this point. Fearing that the wind might change, and that I should be unable to reach Norwich, which lay due east about twenty-five miles, and seeing that the stretch of country ahead was covered with woods and lacking in railroads, I concluded to land. As I neared the earth the wind changed, and I was surprised and chagrined at the speed of the lower current of air.

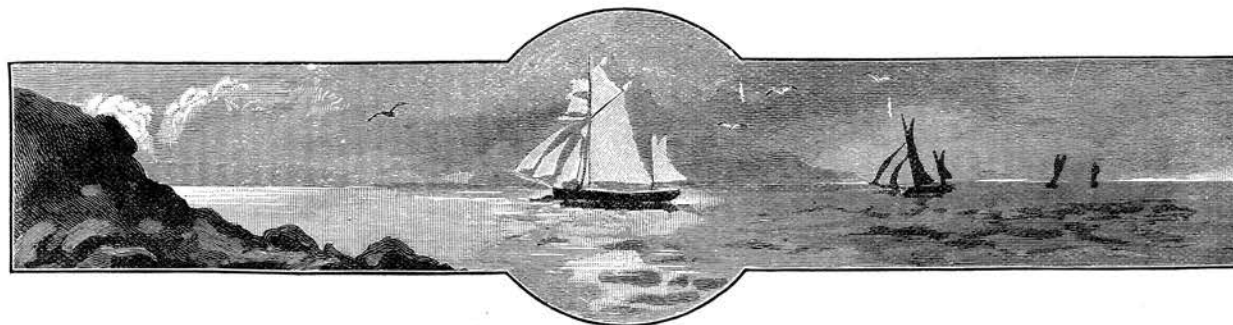
The shadow of the balloon seemed to fly over the earth's surface. As it skipped over valleys, woods, and pastures like a ghost, a feeling of discontent began to assert itself. As we scooted along just high enough to clear obstructions, valve-rope in one hand and bag of ballast in the other, I could not help thinking "something was going to happen." Places soft enough to land upon from a balloon which is tearing along a mile a minute are scarce in Connecticut. While over a tract of woods on high ground, in East Hampton, the valve was opened in hopes of being able to make a landing in the valley on the other side, out of the wind. As the machine settled down the side of the mountain, the car became engaged with the limb of a large chestnut-tree. The momentum was too much for the limb; it snapped off close to the tree, at which place it was certainly ten inches through, and the journey down was continued. The grapnel with one hundred feet of rope was thrown out. It caught in and tore down three lengths of a six-rail fence. I passed the time of day with a terrified farmer, who was at work in the

lot, and, dropping a fifteen-pound bag of ballast, rose up over the hill into New London county. I shall never forget the picture of horror depicted upon that farmer's countenance, as he saw his fence melt away, and looked up at me whooping along over his head.

After two other unsuccessful attempts to make a safe landing the ballast gave out. Unless the anchor should catch a secure hold at the next attempt, I might hear something "drop." As I neared the earth the anchor was thrown out again. I should explain that the anchor, or grapnel, is drawn into the car after every unsuccessful attempt, to avoid the danger of its being caught in the tops of trees; for if the anchor with a hundred feet of rope attached becomes securely hooked into the top of a tall tree during a gale of wind, there will be trouble.

It was gratifying to see the anchor finally take strong hold. Knowing that it would not pull out when the slack was taken up, I pulled the rip-cord, making a hole twenty-two feet long in the balloon; but when the balloon reached the end of the slack rope the speed was too great, and the heavy hickory hoop overhead, to which the anchor-rope is always attached, parted, causing the ropes which attached the car to the balloon to pull upon one side only; the car was bottom side up in a minute, twenty-six feet from the ground. I got out, and, in company with a thermometer and a porous-plaster advertisement that some one had thrown into the car at the outset, started out to make a landing. I struck into the top of a white birch-tree, broke it off, and fell from limb to limb until I landed on the ground, with no bones broken. The balloon could go but a short distance with the great rent in its side, so I secured the services of a kind farmer living near, and soon the balloon and its owner were on their way to Goodspeeds Landing on the river. I landed in Colchester at 4:28 P. M., having covered seventy-four miles in eighty-eight minutes, averaging nearly fifty miles an hour.

Alfred E. Moore.





THE glory of June resides in its wild flowers. They are everywhere; among the bare rocks on the mountain-top, saxifrages and heaths form a crown of beauty for its might; on the upland pastures, sweet meadow-herbs flutter, while in the valleys below nestle numerous marsh-loving species of plants, all at this season in full blossom. The lanes

which lead to it are white with virgin's-bower, and fragrant with honeysuckles; white and yellow flowers greet us on the commons, in the woods, by the margin of the streams. Mr. Matthew Arnold shall cull us a nosegay of them, than which no poet can offer a sweeter:—

“Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
 Sweet William, with his homely cottage-smell,
 And stocks in fragrant blow;
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices.”

He who would fully enjoy the country, whether from a scientific or an artistic point of view, must know something of the flowers of his district, and of their classification and physiology. We shall at present suggest two or three lines of study on this subject.

What is the character of the British flora? The bulk of it is made up of species common to most of Central Europe. These are sometimes styled Germanic. In the West of England many plants of a French type (*Lobelia*, *Scilla autumnalis*, *Erica ciliaris*, &c.) are found. In the North of Scotland, and on the highest Scotch mountains, occurs the Alpine family of plants (*Primula Scotica*, &c.). Below this comes in a sub-Alpine type of plants, common to Norway, Scotland, and the Southern Alps (*Corallorhiza*, *Linnaea*, *Trientalis*, &c.). A few others may be called sporadic, some having come to us in ballast, others apparently been wafted by the gulf-stream to our shores, and the like. The indigenous plants of Great Britain amount to between 1,400 and 1,500 species, so that the distribution, development, and habits of so large a number require no little research if they are to be profitably studied.

What are the prevailing colours amongst these flowers? They have been divided into two groups: one having yellow for its type, which can pass into white and red and intermediate shades; the other with blue as a foundation, which also passes into red

and white, but never into yellow. Green, which is made up of blue and yellow, is the centre whence the two off-shoots diverge—the neutral tint, as it were, which appears in the leaves. But the colour of flowers is so variable, so dependent upon soil and sunlight, to mention only two conditions, that botanists do not attach much importance to it in the discrimination of species. Every one must have found white-flowering fox-gloves, herb-Roberts, &c. The tints of the common dog-rose can be varied by the gardener into an infinite number of shades—into every tint, in fact, save blue; just as a pigeon-fancier can in two or three generations, by careful selection, breed almost any shape or colour which he desires. Our woodland flowers are noticeable more for delicate shadings of blue and yellow than for vivid colouring. For these the tropics must be sought, where brilliant sunshine paints birds, flowers, fish, and shells in hues which strongly contrast with our grey skies and the natural objects beneath them. How easily flowers are modified by bees, must be matter of every one's experience who has ever planted wild primroses near a few coloured ones. It is impossible to prevent the former being fertilised with pollen from the latter, when all manner of red and yellow tints result. We are far, however, from agreeing with the latest speculations on this subject as stated by Sir J. Lubbock:—

“If insects have been in many cases adapted and modified with a view to obtain honey and pollen from flowers, flowers in their turn owe their scent and colour, their honey, and even their distinctive forms, to the action of insects.”

If our wild flowers in their normal state cannot claim attention and study, their exceptions and modifications are sometimes most curious, and well merit the notice of dwellers in the country. Variegation is a common feature amongst wild flowers, and we have known a large and interesting collection of such “sports” brought together in a garden; white and green thistles, briars, daisies, &c., being picked up here and there as occasion offered. We have seen a large elm-tree in Devon by a roadside, the leaves of which were beautifully variegated in white and green by one of Dame Nature's freaks. The different organs of wild flowers—stamens, pistils, &c., as well as the parts of inflorescence—are frequently modified into strange and uncouth forms by the influence of soil and climate, or by some accidental injury, it may be. Gilbert White long ago called attention to the different periods of the year which plants choose for blossoming. But the fields of study which wild flowers open are very many, and few of them have been carefully searched. We shall only mention one more, the habit of our common sundew (*Drosera*) to detain insects on its viscid leaves. A kindred plant, the *Dionaea*, manifests distinctly in a kindred process the same phenomena of digestion and contraction of muscle-fibre which animals exhibit. “The *Dionaea*,” says Professor Huxley, “shuts its leaf in exactly the

same way that an infant closes its hand when the middle of the palm is touched." This is called in physiology reflex action, and he adds that "whoever solves the question as to how this impulse was communicated in *Drosera*, *Dionæa*, &c., would make one of the most wonderful discoveries in modern biology."

Together with abundance of flowers, June comes attended by the hum of innumerable insects. If the former present an extended province for study, what shall be said of British insects, their generation, metamorphoses, and hibernation? To begin with their numbers: in England alone they have been catalogued up to more than 12,000 species. If our observations be confined to the *Hymenoptera* (bees, wasps, &c.), there are 3,000 species of these. The marvels connected with the life-history and economy of insects transcend the wildest imaginations of the story-teller. The examples which they display of contrivance and goodness, so as to redound to the glory of the Creator, are perhaps more marked and uncommon than those which are found in any other department of natural history. Thus, ants, according to the younger Huber, hibernate at 27° Fahrenheit. When the temperature is above this point, they emerge from their dwellings and obtain the little food which they require in winter from their cows, the Aphides. By an admirable provision these insects become lethargic at precisely the same degree of cold as the ants, and awake at the same time with them. Kirby and Spence point out that the very magnitude of the province which entomology opens to the student of itself lends an interest to the study. "Though you may have searched every spot in your neighbourhood this year, turned over every stone, shaken every bush or tree, and fished every pool, you will not have exhausted its insect productions. Do the same another year, and another, and new treasures will still continue to enrich your cabinet. Even if confined in bad weather to your inn, the windows of your apartment, as I have often experienced, will add to your stock."

When to this prodigality of floral and insect life is added the charm of sunny weather—when the hay-making machine is merrily whirring over the meadows, and the corn-crake still utters her hoarse and monotonous cries in the uncut grass, a ramble in the country by a flashing stream during June is a source of exquisite enjoyment to a lover of Nature. Of all those who delight in the country, perhaps the fly-fisher may lay claim to the perfection of that pleasure which arises from intimate communion with birds, beasts, fishes, insects, and flowers. Yet is there ever, during this month, a bitter herb floating in his cup of joy. Let him watch his water as he will, and fence it in with keepers and threats of prosecution, his trout will be poached. If they are not tickled by stealth in that very hour when the keepers are snatching a hasty breakfast, they are netted wholesale by night, it may be with the collusion of the keepers. At early morn, or during service on Sunday, sundry quiet-looking mechanics may be observed enjoying the beauties of the morn by a ramble down the stream. Watch closely and you

will see one, as he gains a corner, quickly slip off his boots, wade in, and grope under the banks. Soon he emerges with his pockets rather more bulky, puts on his boots again, and saunters onward, once more to all appearance an honest man. Should any one disturb him, he will say that "watercreases be a great treat to a poor man with a family."

A case fell under our notice when a farmer saw such a fellow one morning leave his water-meadow's rather hastily, and on asking his servant (with whom the man had been talking) about him, he was told—

"Oh, yes, he was tickling; he had a large bag under his waistcoat, and as he tickled, he thrust the fish he took into this at the opening of his waistcoat. He had thirty trout there, most of them ten or twelve inches long."

Watering and weeds are the two points to be remembered this month in the garden; plenty of the first, none of the second. The rosarian must be busy about his treasures; no decayed leaves, no dead wood, above all no caterpillars must be suffered to remain. He should pay a visit to some eminent rose-grower or to a good flower-show this month, and note the names of the varieties which please him most, for future orders. Few things are more perplexing to an amateur who has not seen the roses themselves, than to read their description in the nurseryman's catalogue, each one being equally beautiful with the last-mentioned, and yet the next he comes to seems to surpass all that went before. It is like buying port wine from a wine list without tasting; our head turns, even before tasting, at the catalogue of "fine crusted ditto," "ditto tawney with body," &c. &c. Exhibition flowers must be shaded with paper or zinc caps, else two or three sultry noontide hours may injure them. After roses, who could name any other flower? Tall-growing peas and long-pod beans must be sown for a last crop of these vegetables. Celery must be planted out, and carefully attended to; bad earthing up is ruinous to this plant. We saw a fine crop last summer roughly heaped up with earth by a raw hand, an agricultural labourer on strike, and the consequences were most disastrous. The utmost caution must be used in its manipulation; indeed, to earth it up properly, two men are required—one to keep the plant close together while the other surrounds it gently with soil. Needless to say, in this labourer's case, "locking out" will for the future extend to the garden.

Young birds are now seen everywhere, and the garden songsters are becoming silent. There are few prettier sights than a brood of young partridges running and fluttering after their parents, themselves most solicitous to draw off attention from the little ones. Plovers, and some other birds which build on the ground, are clothed when young in colours which admirably match the earth, in order to escape their numerous enemies. All such adaptations of Nature are dwelt upon with peculiar fondness by the real lover of rustic life, and it is a keen pleasure to him to discover new instances of Nature's kindly care.

M. G. WATKINS.

"WEDDING 'AT HOMES'" FOR PEOPLE OF SMALL INCOMES.

By C. E. C. WEIGALL.



HIS article, like "Hints on an Inexpensive Trousseau," is intended for those whose income is not of the largest, but who wish to make the best of the little they have to spare.

Now that fashionable weddings so seldom take place in the morning, the expense and difficulties of a smart wedding-breakfast are quite dispensed with, and game, ices, and unlimited champagne are quite a thing of the past, or at least quite unnecessary.

But I am not writing for people who think that a cup of indifferent tea, or worse than indifferent lukewarm coffee, and a wedge of bridecake, or a flake of bread-and-butter, are quite enough to offer even their friends who drive in from a distance to see dear "Milly" or dear "George" married!

No; surely if at any time honour should be done to the dear son or daughter, and the resources of the household taxed to the utmost, it is at this, the wedding time. And besides this, the father and mother of the bride are naturally anxious to make the best of themselves and their belongings before the members of the other family that is to be so closely united with them.

We will suppose, then, that the wedding is to take place in the country—in a vicarage or other house containing three sitting-rooms of average size on the ground floor.

The greater part of the furniture should be removed from the study and drawing-room the day before, to transform the smaller room into the "present show-room," and the larger one into a reception-room for the guests, with plenty of chairs and ottomans round the walls, but no tables or knick-knacks as traps for the unwary left in the room.

If it is a summer wedding, I should remove fender and fire-irons, and fill in the hearthstone with a layer of dried moss—to be bought in penny packets. And upon the moss, or rather

in it, stand small cups and jars full of scarlet poppies, purple irises, or tall white dog-daisies, and disguise the whole fire-place with tall fronds of bracken. This looks very well, and gives an air of artistic arrangement to the room at once.

Arrange the presents on a table in the centre of the small room as prettily as possible, with the giver's name on each one, as, unless you have a garden, the only amusement you can offer your guests is that of looking at the wedding gifts. Of course, if you are blessed with a garden, have tennis and archery going, or croquet for the elders and rounders for the younger members of the party.

Supposing the wedding to take place at two o'clock, the guests must all go straight to the church, and the house-party, bridesmaids, and relations be driven there also, the bridesmaids taking their stand in the church porch to await the coming of the bride and the relative who is to give her away. But as this paper does not concern the wedding, but merely the "At Home" afterwards, we will imagine the return of the whole party back to the old home, the bride and her relations rather tearful and excited, and the bridegroom striving to appear cool and collected, but very anxious to have all the fuss over and get safely away.

The bride is now the cynosure of all eyes, and has to display herself in all her wedding finery, and then go off to the dining-room to cut the cake with her husband.

The dining-room should also have been stripped of all superfluous furniture, and have a long table at the far end of the room, behind which stand the two or three women-servants in pretty white caps and aprons. Never attempt to go in for hired waiters; the men will only be a nuisance to you and look pretentious; and, if people would only believe it, women are far pleasanter as attendants.

Have a spotless damask cloth covering the table, and let the silver be brilliant, and the glass and china as sparkling as possible. Do not attempt to give wines of any kind. Have coffee at one end and tea at the other of the table, with a maid to pour out at each end, and the third, to wash up the cups and spoons, in the background.

Your eatables should be brown and white thin bread-and-butter, rolled, to go with the coffee and tea; dainty sandwiches of different descriptions; cucumber or tomatoes, sliced very thin, between bread-and-butter, or more elaborate ones such as these:—

VICTORIA SANDWICHES.

For twenty-four persons—Wash forty-eight anchovies, bone them, take out the backbones, and divide them in halves: cut an equal number of thin slices of brown bread-and-butter; put between two slices alternate layers of hard-boiled eggs, cut in thin slices, mustard and cress cut small, and the anchovies. Press the slices closely together, and with a sharp knife cut them into small squares. Serve on a napkin, and garnish with parsley.

SARDINE SANDWICHES.

Cut some slices of thin bread-and-butter and put the following mixture on each slice:—Bone and pass through a sieve twelve sardines, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and a nice bit of butter; add some finely-chopped parsley, and season highly with black pepper and cayenne; mix all well together. Cut the sandwiches into oblong shapes, and serve with cress or lettuce in the middle.

You will want one or two more pretty

savouries. A good aspic jelly may be made thus:—

SAVOURY JELLY.

Any amount of remnants of poultry and game can be cut into small dice, mixed with quarters of hard-boiled eggs, and put into moulds filled up with savoury jelly, which can just as well be made of gelatine dissolved in stock as of calves' feet. This, if duly seasoned with plenty of pepper and not too much salt, is delicious. Instead of poultry scraps, well-picked shrimps or prawns make a pleasant change.

ANCHOVY EGGS.

Boil the eggs hard; when cold, shell them, and cut in half lengthways; take out the yolks and pass them through a sieve, and to every egg add one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, cayenne pepper, and a small piece of butter; beat all together and replace in the whites. These eggs should be served on fried rounds of bread.

Do not trouble to have any sweets except cakes and buns. The following recipes are particularly good ones.

GOOD BUNS.

Two pounds of flour, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, a cup of yeast, a quarter of a pound of picked currants. When well mixed cover them over, and put them by the fire to rise, after which make into buns and put them before the fire for half an hour. Bake in a quick oven.

GINGER DROPS.

Eight ounces of grated sugar, the white of one egg well beaten, two full teaspoonfuls of essence of ginger; mix well, and drop on white paper with a good large teaspoon. Bake in a very moderate oven about ten minutes. The drops are done as soon as they can be nicely taken off the paper.

If the wedding takes place in the fruit season, nothing is nicer than a fruit salad, which looks very smart in a large glass bowl.

FRUIT SALAD.

Place a layer of oranges or strawberries at the bottom of a salad bowl, and sift white sugar over them. Then put a layer of raspberries and sift sugar, then currants—red or white—and sugar, and so on till the dish is full. Then pour a wine-glass of Marsala and half a glass of brandy over the whole, and leave for at least six hours. A little ice improves it greatly.

Do not think it necessary to have a gigantic wedding-cake, but have a small one, simply iced, of about twenty pounds, for the centre of the table. You hire the ornaments for the cake at the shop where you buy it, as well as the cake boxes you will want for sending cake away to your friends. Only send to your near relations who have been unable to attend the wedding, for lavish cake-sending is unnecessary and extravagant. Put a card in each box—

"With MR. and MRS. ———
Compliments."

Then a word as to the cards of invitation, which are the most usual to send out when issuing invitations for the wedding. You may either use the simple form—

MR. and MRS. JONES.

MRS. WALKER AT HOME.

June 10th.

R.S.V.P.

or the more elaborate one—

MR. and MRS. WALKER

request the pleasure of MR. and MRS. JONES'S
company at the marriage of their daughter,

MISS ETHEL WALKER,

to

MR. FRANCIS HANSON,

at St. Mary's Church, Linden, on Tuesday,
June 10th.

Do not send cards after the wedding; the custom is vulgar and out of date.

After the bride has cut the cake, she retires to take off her finery and put on her travelling dress, and this is the time when a little good music will relieve the monotony of the proceedings. You are sure to have a girl among the guests who is willing to sing or play; but unless the music is first-rate, avoid it as you would the plague.

Remember that the bride's father provides the wedding carriages, and the one in which the happy pair start for the station; no doubt some kind friend who is happy enough to possess a landau and pair of horses will be

only too glad to help by lending them for the occasion.

Another matter to which no attention is often paid is the clothing of the wedding guests.

To my mind there is nothing so painful as seeing the whole of the house-party in gowns of green and blue, or even if they have selected pretty colours, the shade of one lady's gown killing that of her next neighbour.

My idea is, that the hostess should give a hint to those near relations who are quartered in the house that the wedding is to be a heliotrope one, or a "vieux rose" one, as the case may be; so that in buying their gowns the ladies might be guided as to the colour, and so be in a certain sort of harmony.

Thus a very pretty, harmonious wedding would be where the bride was in white silk or muslin; the bridesmaids in white gowns, with pale mauve trimmings; the bride's mother in silver poplin or dead grey silk, with a bonnet composed of pale lilacs; the bridegroom's mother in deep heliotrope velvet; and the rest of the relations in harmonising colours, with posies and ribbons all alike—of lilacs, violets, or heather.

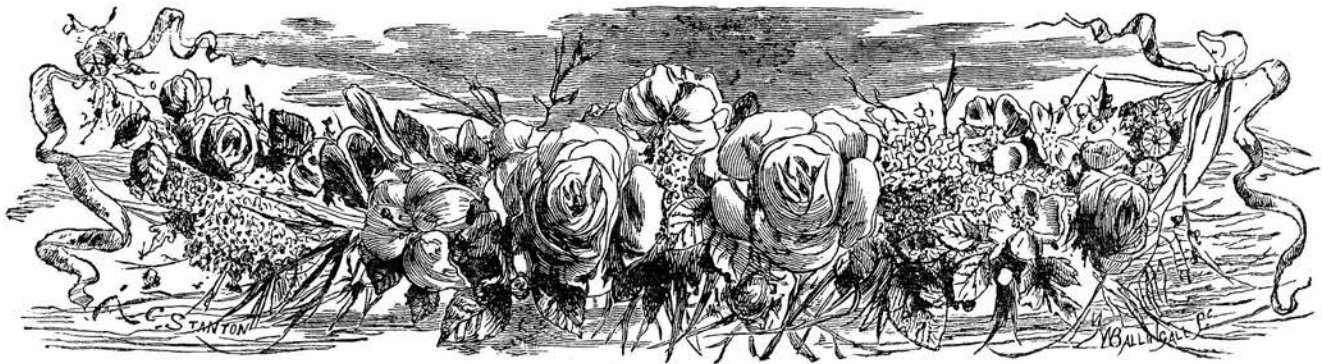
Even if the dresses have, of necessity, to be of the cheapest materials, let the cashmeres or alpacas blend artistically. With the present fashions, and the present shades of colouring, bad and inartistic dressing is quite an unpardonable sin.

Do not allow the bride to take much luggage with her, but send all her boxes straight to her new home. It is a great mistake to be overcrowded with luggage on a honeymoon.

She will want two day-gowns—a simple one for walks and excursions and one better one—and a tea-gown for *table d'hôte* or evening wear.

When the bride and bridegroom have driven off it is the signal for the wedding guests to depart, which they do after a few words of congratulation to their hostess. People often complain that they do not know what to say on these occasions; but a pretty little speech as to the bride's looks, and the success of the whole entertainment, can surely not be very difficult to frame.

If these few hints are carried out as far as possible, I think that the "Wedding 'At Home'" will be certainly voted a success by all who have the pleasure of attending it.



PAINTING.

SINCE tapestry painting (the art of painting with liquid dyes upon wool, silk, velvet, or other animal fabric) was introduced into England some years ago, a great advance has been made both in the method of painting and the materials employed. Originally the fabric used was a coarse kind of linen canvas, and the dyes were merely liquid colours which were diluted with water and painted on in thin washes until the requisite depth was obtained. The colours were not in themselves notable, nor had they any special affinity for the canvas, and as there was no means of fixing the colours so as to make them permanent, the paintings soon faded. I was one of the first to try my

hand in this new style of painting over here, but I was never satisfied with the results I obtained, nor was the process of painting itself very fascinating, for it was troublesome to make the colour sink into the canvas, and with all one's care many of the threads seemed to remain uncoloured, which greatly militated against richness of effect. The colour never sank thoroughly into the canvas, but only remained upon the surface.

"*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" It is pretty generally known that vegetable fibres, such as flax and cotton, do not take dyes as well as animal fibres, such as wool and silk, and the first step to improve tapestry painting was to change the material from linen to wool. This brought about a change in the colours themselves, for in using wool it was possible to employ colours that had a special affinity

for the material. This woollen fabric is woven in the same manner as the Gobelins tapestry, and paintings executed upon it can hardly be told from real Gobelins. The woollen fabric is prepared with what dyers term a "mordant," which has a special affinity for the colours, and tends to fix them upon the material. The mordant generally employed is alum, but the woollen tissue is sold ready prepared, so that my readers need not trouble about preparing the woollen tissue themselves. The dyes sink very readily into the material, and in order to make the painting perfectly indelible it only has to be fixed by steaming, and you have a material decorated according to each one's taste, which will stand washing and cleaning, and will thus last for years. Those who have tried the old process of painting on the linen canvas cannot

realise the difference there is between the two processes and how infinitely superior the latter process is to the former.

The dyes in themselves are brighter and more transparent, and when fixed are wonderfully brilliant without being crude. I have seen some most charming effects produced on the woollen tissue by Walter Crane, Coleman, Rischgitz, and others; and I am certain there is a great future before tapestry painting, as it can be applied to so many useful purposes. Portières, chair backs and seats, sofa coverings, curtains and curtain borders, pianoforte fronts and backs, screens, and hosts of other things can be cheaply and beautifully decorated with these indelible colours. And the painting is not confined to the woollen tissue. Silk and satin look even more beautiful when painted than wool, as the colours come out so much more brilliantly on silk tissue, and paintings executed on silk velvet are yet more beautiful, as the pile produces a delicious softness while retaining the brilliancy of the colours. Dresses can be decorated with these colours, and on one occasion I helped a lady friend to paint a fancy dress with these dyes.

Fans also are more durable painted with these dyes than with water colours, as the dyes sink into the silk and cannot fade or chip off, as is the case with body colour. So you see it opens up a wide field does this indelible tapestry painting for those who cultivate art at home.

There are some twenty-two colours, of which the following are the most useful. They are taken from M. Rischgitz's list:—

Scarlet, pink, purple, Indian red, orange, vermilion, light yellow, yellow ochre, red brown, chrome green, turquoise green, yellow green, deep blue, light sky blue, raw sienna, neutral tint.

There is a medium for mixing with the colours to enable them being manipulated and painted on freely. All the colours mix, but there are some mixtures which give better results than others. Very fine reds are to be obtained by these dyes, and if it can be said that the colours undergo any change in the fixing apart from the depth and brilliancy the fixing imparts to the colours, it is in intensifying the yellows and reds.

Very rich greens can be made with the chrome and turquoise greens in combination with yellow ochre and raw sienna. Fine blue greens and peacock blues can be made with these greens and light sky blue. The blues and greens, it should be noted, are very powerful, and a bottle of each of these colours goes a long way, as they require to be considerably diluted with medium. Browns can be made with neutral tint and sky and deep blue, and Indian red and red brown with blue.

It would be as well at first to obtain a small piece of tissue, and try the various colours, pure and in combination, keeping a key to them for future reference. Have this test palette fixed so that you may note what change the dyes undergo in the fixing.

When beginning your actual painting, the tissue should be tightly strained on a stretcher or board. If you are painting a set of screen panels, you might get the tissue strained by a manufacturer of artists' canvases, as when the painting is finished it can be untailed and sent to be fixed and afterwards re-strained. Those who paint tapestry regularly have two or three stretchers of various sizes, and by sewing on pieces of canvas to the tissue to make it out to the size of the nearest stretcher you have by you, the tissue can be strained ready for work. The tighter the tissue is strained the easier it is to paint. The threads of the tissue, it should be noted, run from right to left, and this is the way it should be painted. The tissue can be had forty-six and fifty-four inches, and wider, and in painting a screen the width of the panels should be such as will enable the tissue to be cut to the greatest advantage. Thus the forty-six inch stuff will cut three panels fifteen inches wide, and the fifty-four inch three panels eighteen inches wide. It is not so easy to paint the tissue if the grain runs from top to bottom.

I find small Liebig pots very useful for mixing tints in, as it is important to mix up enough of each tint at once owing to the difficulty of matching it should you run out of it before the work is finished. The colours want putting on freely, and consequently you want plenty of each tint wherever there is a large surface to cover. In light tints, such as flesh, greys, and skies, the colours will want to be considerably diluted with medium. This is especially the case with the blues and pinks. If you are painting foliage have three or four good tints mixed. Grey-greens are made of the pure greens very diluted, or with sky blue and Italian earth. Rich juicy greens with chrome or turquoise green and the warm yellows. Yellow-greens with yellow, green, and the lighter yellows. Neutral tint, a very intense colour, and deep blue can be added where very dark deep greens are wanted, as they can easily be toned with the warm yellows.

It will be noticed the colours look much darker when wet than when dry, and due allowance must be made for this. Don't be frightened of putting on the colours of sufficient depth at once, providing you are sure that the colour you are using is the right one. It is useless painting three or four times over the same tint to obtain depth when it might have been got in one painting. I believe in finishing off the painting as far as possible in one sitting, as when your first tint is laid and is getting a little dry any colours painted on this sink in very agreeably and give a charmingly soft effect. Not that this



FIG. I.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

softness is always the most desirable quality to get in your work, for a certain vigour and crispness are necessary in order to counteract the softening effect the tissue has upon the colours. Tapestry painting is not a difficult art, for unlike oil and water colour painting, the worker has not to trouble about "texture," that is working his colours until they look finished, this being obtained for him by the tissue itself. All you have to do is to put the right tints on in a liquid manner, so that the whole of that part of the canvas is covered without showing the marks of the brush, and the rest is done for you by the tissue, which, owing to the way it is woven, gives a charming effect to the painting. I have seen copies of some of the pictures in the National Gallery executed on this woollen tissue, and most excellent is the effect, for all the depth of colour and tone of the original can be obtained with a certain softness which only a dyed material has. Mr. Coleman, whose Christmas cards of little semi-nude children are so well known, has painted some tapestry panels, enlargements of some of his Christmas card designs, and very charming they are. He allowed a good deal of the plain tissue to show throughout the painting (the colour of the tissue is a warm cream), and this not only economised his labour, but had a most excellent effect. Much of the effect he obtained with the outline, which was done in a warm brown, and his introduction of turquoise blues and greens (colours he is particularly fond of, as may be seen in his Christmas cards), with warm yellows produced most harmonious and delicate effects

In painting flesh the shadows should first be put in. Neutral tint, sky blue and burnt sienna make a good grey, and the shadows should be put in delicately with this mixture. When quite dry, wash with vermilion largely diluted with medium. It is a good plan before dipping the brush into any of the very powerful colours to previously dip it into pure medium. This prevents the colour staining the hairs of the brush. For second painting use a greyish tint of sky blue; while this is still wet use bright pink thirdly for lips and cheeks. When dry accentuate with Italian earth and pink and Indian red. I don't much believe in these hard and fast rules, but it may be useful to know how a good flesh tint may be obtained, though I would not advise my readers to tie themselves down to this or any other formula.

Don't try too difficult an effect at first. A simple study of foliage and birds, such as shown in Fig. 1, would do as a beginning. The peacock would give scope for rich colour; the background might be left unpainted, or just tinted with blue and grey. The ornamental treatment of sunflowers in Fig. 2, I carried out with a background of rich blues and blue-greens; I varied the colour of the ground considerably, and the effect was not bad. Fig. 3 was taken from a screen I painted. I adhered to the pomegranate, filling in all the panels, but of course had different heads in the circles.

Fig. 4, which I termed "The Parliament of Birds," was carried out as a three-fold screen. The birds were treated somewhat quaintly with an outline, though natural colours were

introduced. The birds rendered are the peacock, pelican, hen, cockatoo, owl, adjutant, penguin, cormorant, gull, flamingo, crow, etc., etc.

The whole thing was made highly decorative, and my readers may feel inclined to enlarge the design and carry it out for themselves. See that your tone of colour is harmonious. It is most important to get harmonious colours in tapestry painting (or in any other painting for that matter), for the best design in the world is spoilt by a bad tone of colour. For transferring a design to the tissue I prefer to prick the design and pounce it on, to transferring it by means of black paper. Go over the charcoal lines with some light colour, unless you intend to adopt a decorative style of work, when in that case the outline will assist you, and should be put in strongly.

Tapestry painting can be used in conjunction with embroidery. For a curtain border, for instance, the design can be carried out in the dyes, and when fixed a few stitches of silk can be introduced here and there to brighten up the effect. I have seen some excellent effects obtained in this way, and as the groundwork can be got over much more quickly by painting than with needlework, a combination of tapestry painting and needlework may be a very desirable union.

Borders to dresses might be painted on silk or velvet, if one wished to be unique, and the effect might be even better than embroidery. Fans, too, can be painted with these dyes. The silk and velvet must of course be quite light; white is best, as all the dyes are transparent, and consequently the lights must be



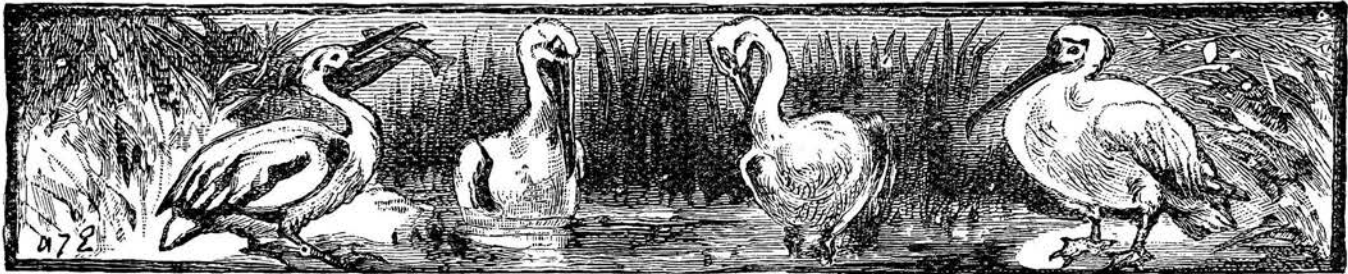
FIG. 4.—THE PARLIAMENT OF BIRDS.

left, for if once destroyed they cannot be restored. The worker must be certain of his touch, and have a clear idea of what has to be done or what he wants to do, for when once a tint is laid upon the tissue it cannot be removed or even lightened. There is no getting the colours out, so the only thing is not to make mistakes. Carefully plan out your

and think out your design before commencing work, and then you will have little chance of going wrong. It is because people rush into colour before their plans are matured that they have to rub out and botch and bungle. Every touch should have a meaning, and be put on with intention and precision. Go the readiest way to work, for there is no merit in spending

a month over a painting if it could be done equally well in three weeks. A work is finished when the intention of the worker is made clear and intelligible to the seer. Tapestry painting is much more effective when painted crisply and dexterously than when it is laboured and finniking.

FRED MILLER.



THINGS IN SEASON, IN MARKET AND KITCHEN.

By LA MÉNAGÈRE.



GLORIOUS June! Can anyone complain of a lack of the least good thing? Rather we have *unembarras de richesse*; so much so, indeed, that we hardly know what to select for our typical *menu*. Look at the vegetable market,

for instance. See the piles of snowy cauliflowers, the crisp cabbages and spinach, the quantities of salad stuffs, cucumbers, spring carrots and turnips, asparagus, artichokes, peas and French beans, while the very potatoes look attractive. Then see the fruit, the ever-welcome green gooseberries, strawberries, early raspberries, and ripe cherries galore. The fruiterers have golden apricots, nectarines, custard apples, and many other luscious things. The fishmongers are showing plovers' eggs in their little nests of moss, the pinkest of prawns and crabs, scarlet lobsters in a garnish of parsley, magnificent salmon, salmon-trout, speckled trout, and beautiful fine soles, with mackerel that glisten like the whitebait.

Game is, of course, of no account now; but young chickens are coming to the fore, and pigeons are excellent, so also are the plovers.

Then look at the wealth of June blossom that is poured into the market. Can anything surpass the beauty of these roses? Lilies and hydrangeas, snowy narcissi, gorgeous tulips, iris, and peonies, and if you can find a sweeter or a more splendid flower than a blush peony of the Dutch variety, you will be clever indeed. Sweet mignonette, sweet peas, and still sweeter pinks, make the air quite heavy with their fragrance. Then we have quantities of beautiful grasses, mosses, ferns, and foliage plants here for all sorts of purposes, for June is the harvest month of the floral decorator. Dinners, balls, receptions, weddings, at homes—all make great demand on the markets this month.

The place of game at fashionable dinners is taken by plovers' eggs, or by an aspic jelly. As the eggs are usually sold ready boiled, and require no accompaniment, we may leave them without further remark; but it might be useful here if we considered the making of a simple aspic jelly such as could be manufactured by the home cook.

Aspic Jelly.—Get a knuckle-bone of veal and one of ham and crack them in pieces. Put with them a large onion, with two cloves, a large carrot, a bunch of savoury herbs, and two quarts of water. Let these simmer gently in a brown stone jar for several hours, then strain off. To a pint of this stock (which should be perfectly clear) add one ounce of Swinborne's isinglass previously soaked in cold water, also a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, a tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar; and then a wineglassful of strong sherry. Stir over the fire until it nearly boils, then break into the liquor the whites of two eggs and the shells, stir well, and draw to the side of the fire; let it simmer for a quarter of an hour, then strain through a jelly-bag three or four times until it is perfectly clear. Keep the mould in a very cold place until it is wanted. The quart should make two moulds of jelly. A good jelly will keep for some time, and is often most useful for an invalid.

An aspic of game or poultry makes an excellent luncheon dish, and will prove an easy and dainty way of serving up the remains of cold poultry, etc.

Pour some ready-made aspic jelly into the bottom of a plain round mould which has been wetted with cold water. Next make a layer of stars and diamonds from the white and yellow of a hard-boiled egg, a few fine sprigs of parsley, and the red part of a cold tongue here and there. Let this set, then lay on thin slices of cold fowl and ham, leaving plenty of space to run more jelly in between. Fill the mould up to the top with jelly, then put it away to set. When quite stiff turn it out on to a dish.

Suppose that for our June *menu* we take the following:

Bisque of Crab.
Deville's Whitebait.
Grenadines of Veal, *Jardinière Sauce*.
Aspic Jelly.
Saddle of Lamb, French Beans.
Gooseberry Tart.
Cream Cheese, Oaten Wafers, Coffee.

Bisque of Crab.—Wash well in several waters half a pound of the best rice, put it into a saucepan with a quart of the best clear white stock, and add a little milk. Add also an onion, a small piece of cinnamon, a little salt and pepper and a good bit of butter. Let the rice simmer a long while, then add to it the pith from the body of a freshly-boiled

crab, and another pint of milk or stock. Rub all carefully through a sieve, then pour it into a stewpan with the flesh from the claws torn into flakes, add a teaspoonful of the essence of anchovies, a teaspoonful of arrowroot dissolved in a little milk, and a few drops of cochineal to deepen the colour. At the last moment, before serving, after the soup has boiled up once, add a small cupful of hot cream.

Deville's Whitebait.—To fry whitebait a good depth of clear frying fat is needed, and a frying basket in which the fish can all be plunged into the fat at once. They should be carefully wiped, then lightly shaken in a well-floured cloth, just so as to coat them sufficiently. Plunge into boiling fat for about three minutes, then withdraw them from the fat, sprinkle them with black and red pepper, return to the pan for another minute, then drain and serve on a napkin with fried parsley as a garnish. Send quarters of lemon and brown bread and butter to table with them.

Grenadines of Veal, Jardinière Sauce.—A slice of the best lean fillet of veal, about two-thirds of an inch thick, should be shaped into small pieces, and then dipped into beaten egg and into a mixture of breadcrumbs, minced ham and seasoning. Fry these carefully on both sides to a light brown, then put between two plates and stand in a hot oven.

For the sauce take a pint of stock, and one onion, a large carrot, a turnip, a few French beans, a few peas, and any other available vegetable. Mince these finely and evenly, fry them in dripping, drain and add to the stock. Thicken this with a spoonful of potato flour, and season highly. Boil gently for a while, then pour in the centre of a hot dish and set the grenadines around the edge. Let boiled potatoes (small ones) accompany this dish.

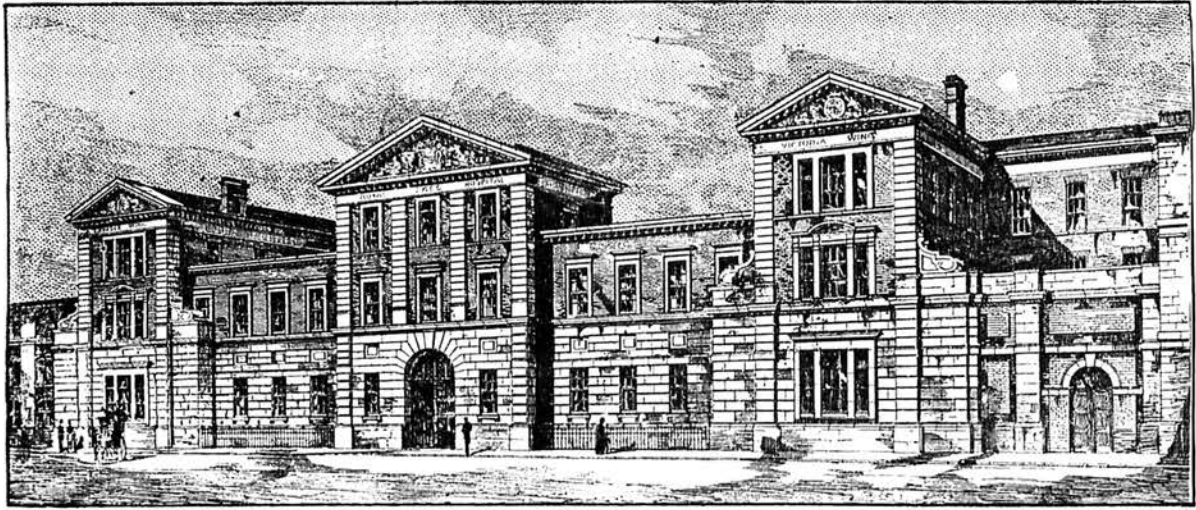
The saddle of lamb should be simply roasted and served with its own gravy; the French beans boiled first, then sautéed, in butter with chopped parsley, and potatoes, if liked, treated the same way. Pass mint sauce around as well.

Cream should accompany the gooseberry tart, and strawberries with cream might appear at the same time, or in lieu of the tart as preferred.

A roast duck and green peas might take the place of the saddle of lamb, according as means and circumstances permit.

Hospital Days and Hospital Ways.

By AUGUSTA E. MANSFORD.



From a]

THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL—LONDON.

[Drawing.



HE great charm about it was its unexpectedness. I had planned to do all kinds of things that summer, to go up hill and down dale, to cull flowers and climb stiles; but Fate had a simpler programme in store for me: I was to spend ten weeks in the Royal Free.

Fate wasn't an ugly old woman this time, or perhaps I might have avoided her. No, the deceitful old thing took the form of a benign-looking physician, who invited me in the most cordial of tones to "come in." I had heard much of the Royal Free, of its skilful doctors and clever girl-students, and, having succeeded in puzzling many medical men, thought I would see what they said to me there, but an invitation to stay I had never expected. I did not want to "come in," and am inclined to think my response was not warm. Even when told I was "an interesting case," I did not feel flattered, but went home and packed with unwonted sedateness. That was easily done, hospital garb having the advantage of simplicity; so into the basket went my books, to be followed by such minor considerations as sugar, butter, and linen.

Half-past ten one morning I was duly deposited in Elizabeth Ward, and that being considered a suitable hour for retiring to bed, an overgrown clothes-horse, with numerous joints and crimson hangings, was put round a corner, and I bade a long farewell to my outdoor garb. Then my temperature was taken and proved uninterestingly normal. There

is a story going of a poor woman in Guy's, who, having had the clinical thermometer put under her arm for five minutes, exclaimed, on its removal: "Oh, nurse, that has done me good! I feel's a sight better!" I didn't, but perhaps that was my natural perverseness.

The screen being removed, I found myself in a most convenient nook, commanding a full view of the ward, and close to the ice-box and poison cupboard. The ward was a bright one, the nurse was bright, and so were the flowers, the tins, and the brasses, but brightest of all were the patients; I could hardly believe that the jolly-looking women sitting up in bed singing the "Fusiliers," "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay," etc., were my fellow-sufferers. Having comfortably arranged my belongings in my locker, I found it was time to take out again knife, fork, and spoon for dinner, and with a newspaper for a tablecloth I duly disposed of stewed rabbit and pudding. As usual over a meal, the chat became general. One or two remarks addressed to a Mrs. Four did not meet any response, and I was meditating on the unsociability of that lady and the strangeness of her name when, chancing to catch sight of the number over my bed, I made the interesting discovery that the individual addressed was myself. I promptly apologized, and while disclaiming any legal right to the prefix, strove to bear the honour thus thrust upon me with becoming meekness.

"My! So you ain't married? And you've got to go through all that! It'll be all the harder for you then, won't it, Mrs. Six?" remarked Mrs. Seven.

"Won't it just!" agreed Mrs. Six; and they both sat up to look at me, whilst I promptly retired under the bed-clothes, wondering how in the world having a grief-stricken husband sitting at home tearing his hair (because, of course, he *would* have torn his hair) could in any way have lessened my sufferings. In the course of a week or two, when I learnt that matrimony often entailed a knowledge of new uses for poker and flat-irons, I could understand that blessed state might make one more or less inured to physical pain.

The next excitement was a visit from the clinical clerk, with whom I fell in love straight away; she was my idea of a strong-minded woman. Though her skirts were short, her hair was not, but lustrous brown plaits were coiled round and round a classic head, and her broad forehead, well-marked brows, clear grey eyes, and calm mouth, all inspired me with confidence.

Shut in by the screen, I went through the usual catechism, told her the ages of "my uncles, my cousins, and my aunts," and explained how any of them came to make the mistake of dying. She seemed very anxious for some of them to have been consumptive, had rheumatic fever, or even fits; but on those points I could not oblige her. One of her duties was to see that the new patient was all there; the medical authorities are very particular on that point, so she checked off the different organs by a kind of inventory. Her long, sensitive hands had a combined firmness and gentleness of touch that made even pain from them less hard to bear, so that when she had discovered what was wrong, and had drawn a little sketch of the state of affairs on my skin with blue pencil, I could still smile at the notion that I was like an ancient Briton with woad decorations.

The screen being removed, I re-entered public life, and found tea was being collected: they must get some rare blends in the hospital, as every patient contributes a spoonful to the general brew, which when made is poured into mugs that for size and thickness would satisfy Lockhart. I cared not for stimulants, so was spared their weight. Those versed in hospital records tell us that in the days when tea was so dear that neither hospital nor patient could afford to supply the luxury, beer was served out twice daily, and in many old institutions the flagons are still to be seen.

With the evening came letters and friends; at eight o'clock prayers were read, talking forbidden, the lamp lighted, and we were

told to "lie down and go to sleep." That speech seemed to take me back twenty years with a bound: still I could not sleep, so lay and admired the night nurse, whose rich, dark face reminded me of Luke Fildes's Italian pictures. Such thoughts at last beguiled me into a doze, but when night came so did the house-surgeon, and I awoke with a start to see him motioning for the now dreaded screen. The dim light, his whispered directions, the gleam of the instruments (of torture, I thought), the shock, the pain, made up a bad ten minutes, through which my pretty nurse held my hands, and smiled and nodded encouragement. When he left, she came back to cheer me.

"One must never mind what doctors do," she said, "as to them we are like so many chairs and tables."

It was such queer consolation that I laughed, and was then presented with a black-looking mixture, which she said she always took herself, and talked about as one's host would a favourite brand of wine, so that I had to drink it with an air of enjoyment. Sleep for me that night was out of the question; I could only marvel at the others who did, and amuse myself by watching from my window the ever-moving leaves of the aspen and the earliest traces of approaching dawn.

At five began our morning ablutions, and six o'clock found us with beds made and breakfast half finished. Snooks at that hour was particularly lively, and kept us constantly informed that he was a "pretty bird"—possibly he was correct in his opinion—but I prefer a thrush with a tail, which he seemed to think an unnecessary appendage. Subsequently he and I discovered that we agreed in a liking for new-laid eggs and hot-house grapes, and as I was kept well supplied with those commodities, he was graciously pleased to accept my overtures of friendship. What he liked best of all was to secure a stout fowl bone, which he would keep till the doctor was making the round, and then thump vigorously on the floor of his cage to show his contempt for professional instructions. His companion, Joey, a mule-canary, that had some of the softest and sweetest notes I ever have heard, took as much care of his voice as the well-known tenor, and honoured us only with one song daily.

Another popular favourite was Fluffy, a Persian cat, that, five or six years ago, was brought to the Royal Free with a broken leg. An anæsthetic was administered and the leg

set, and when entirely recovered Miss Pussy took up an official position in the hospital, and twice a day visited every ward as regularly as the doctors and matron, but with many more airs and graces.

Tuesday being what was known as "doctor's morning," there was even more than usual bustle and drive to have all in order by 9 a.m. The staff nurse came on duty at 7 a.m., in a pink cotton dress, did the regula-



THE STAFF NURSE.
From a Photo. by G. Jerrard, Regent Street.

tion arranging and dusting, vanished and re-appeared in the full glory of a blue gown, white cap, cuffs and apron. One of the patients amused us by observing some days after that the morning pink nurse was rather like our blue day nurse, but, on my keeping up the joke and inquiring which she liked the better of the two, was discreet enough to answer: "I h'aint no fault to find with neither of 'em," and it took the united efforts of the ward to convince her of the identity of the supposed two nurses.

Brisk steps and manly voices in the corridor announced the coming of the physician and his satellites. At a sign from the nurse, books and newspapers dis-

appeared into our lockers, and we lay down to await his coming, our courage oozing out through the bed-clothes, and our hearts marking the seconds with such powerful beats that we almost wondered his quick ear did not heed them. Not long were we kept in suspense, from one to the other he passed with marvellous quickness, heard a summary of the case from the student, asked a few pertinent questions of the house-surgeon, said a word to the patient, made a brief examination, gave a few penetrating side-long glances, nodded his head, washed his hands in many waters, and was gone.

"Thank goodness, we're at peace now till Saturday," said Mrs. Two, sitting up once more and getting out her work, and one by one we all emerged from our pillows, and tried to look as though we had not been using our pocket-handkerchiefs.

"Mrs. Four's going to the theatre on Saturday," observed Mrs. Seven, "I heerd 'im say so."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll be starved for some hours first, and then when you're in the theatre they'll give you some ether, and do what they like with you, and you won't know nothing. I can't abide ether!"

"I shall not mind if it takes away feeling," I answered. "I have felt quite enough this morning."

"I 'spect you 'ave! I heerd you giving kind o' gasps. It's that tall doctor what's the worst. 'Is 'ands do 'urt, they're so thin; he ought to eat more. I scream when he comes near me."

"That don't 'elp," replied Mrs. Two, philosophically, "it makes 'im all the longer. I stuffs the corner of the pillow into my mouth to stop making a noise."

"I daresay they do that, they're 'ard enough. What do you think they stuffs 'em with? Cokernuts?"

Shouts of laughter greeted this suggestion, but nurse re-appeared, and the conversation changed.

"Nurse," recommenced Mrs. Two, "don't you think I shall be a-going out soon? I 'eerd 'im tell the tall one that I 'ad got over my perrykomikalitis very well. There's Mrs. Four a-laughing! Wasn't that what he called it, Mrs. Four? I 'spect you're a speller."

I suggested peritonitis, but that did not please her, it was not nearly so long for one thing, and then she was sure "komikalitis" came in somewhere.

"I know as 'ow you'll be sorry to lose me,

nurse," continued the irrepressible Mrs. Two, "but I must go home, 'cos my 'usband's ill. I feel quite well now, only my arms hurt sometimes, but they says that's just my 'air fossicles, and that they don't matter."

"Now, Mrs. Two," said nurse, who was busy with the plates, "never mind the 'air fossicles' and 'perrykomikalitis'; what would you like for dinner—chicken or fish?"

"Oh, fish, please, nurse, if it's boiled fish; and Mrs. One will like chicken. If you give it over here, nurse, I'll cut it up for her. She's bashful, so I 'ave to talk for both. 'Ope as 'ow you don't think I makes a noise, ladies?"

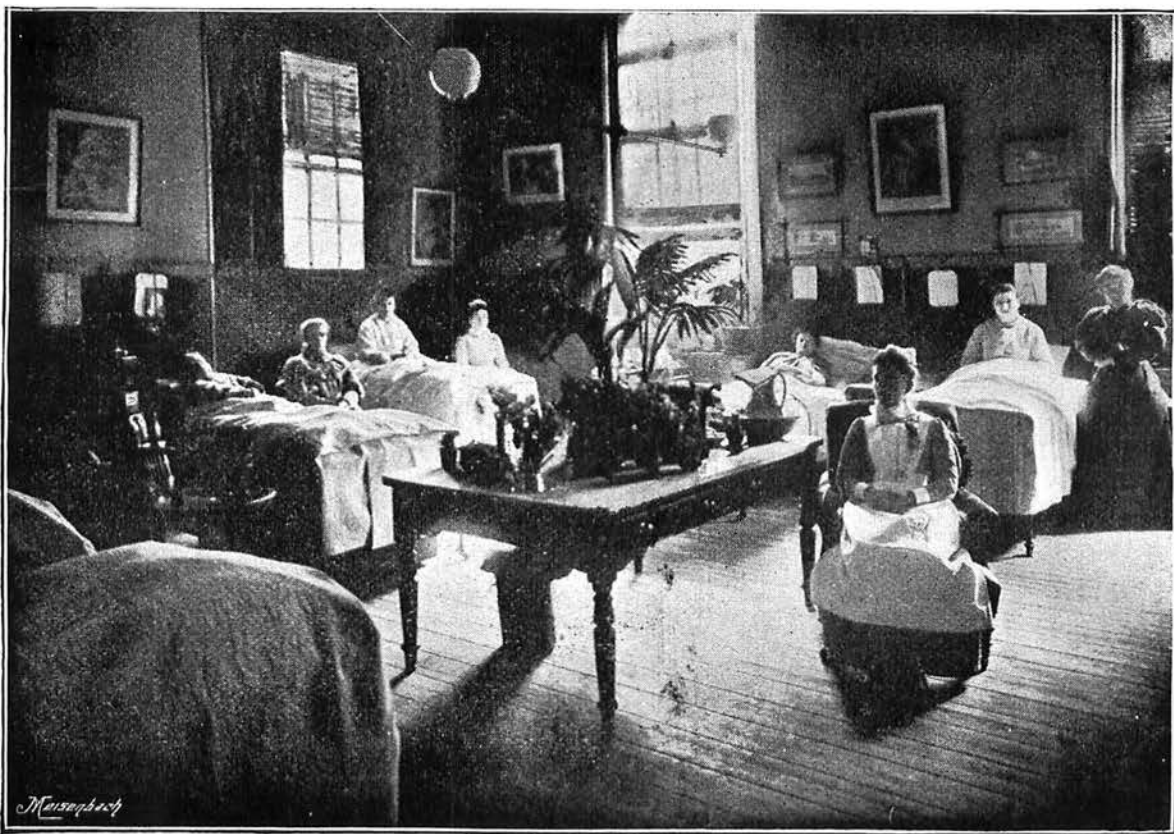
A greater contrast than Mrs. Two and Mrs. One could hardly be imagined. Mrs. One was a quiet, refined woman, just recovering from an operation, and still so weak that it was an effort for her to speak, or, indeed, do anything for herself; so Mrs. Two, who was as good-natured as she was talkative, took her under her wing, shared lockers with her, cut her bread and butter, and alternately fussed over and teased her.

"Oh, Mrs. One," she would cry out sometimes, "how can you? Nurse, you can't think what awful things Mrs. One is a-lying here and saying, and her looking so good too! Oh, Mrs. One, I'm shocked, pos-i-tive-ly shocked!" and to prove the genuineness of

her sentiments, Mrs. Two would roll over to the extreme edge of her spring bed and only save herself by some wonderful gymnastic feat from falling on to the floor.

Wednesdays were usually calm days, forming a kind of background to the excitement of "doctor's day" that preceded, and "visitors' day" that followed, and nothing much occurred this first week to attract attention except the number of letters, books, boxes of flowers, newspapers, etc., that found their way into my corner. At every knock all would sit up expectantly, till the one nearest the door would call out:—

"Another package for Mrs. Four!" Then they would try to count up the number of communications I had had, but would get tired in the middle and lay down for a doze. Truly, I was amazed myself, and wished that those people who call the world ugly names could have had a taste of my experience: more kindly thought and gentle deeds could hardly have been compressed into the ten long weeks. Grave, busy men learnt to write humorous letters, light-hearted girls to express tender sympathy; acquaintances transformed themselves into friends, and wishes were carried out and anticipated as though I possessed the lamp of Aladdin. Then the flowers—I realized how the weeks were slipping away by the



From a Photo. by]

THE WARD. NO. 4 IS THE BED UNDER THE SMALLER WINDOW.

[A. & G. Taylor.

succession that came to me—red roses and white, sweet peas and daisies, lilies and honeysuckle, mignonette and cornflowers, poppies and grasses, clematis and pansies, carnations and asters: so ran the list. In days of rude health I had paid divers visits to the Royal Free, so that happily for me friends were scattered about in the building, and when it was known that I was in residence, the genial chairman of the board came and said all the kindly things he could think of, and the secretary brought me such a store of interesting books that it is hardly surprising that nurse announced her conclusion that I was a “very spoilt patient.”

I shared my good things as much as I could, but was not always successful. The others would glance at the pictures in the illustrated monthlies, but as for the reading—well, as Mrs. Three candidly told me, “it didn’t come up to Lloyd’s penn’orth!” So, lacking the necessary experience to argue this point, I in silence returned to Grant Allen and Meredith.

Thursday was “locker morning,” and blessed on that day were those with few possessions. I was nearly buried alive under mine, as we had to take out our belongings and pile them on our beds whilst the lockers were scrubbed and dried, and for a good hour I could hardly venture to breathe, lest I sent a toothbrush in one direction and a jelly in another.

The locker-scrubber was a character: a gaunt, bony Irishwoman, who mimicked the nurses, and was credited with a temper. Which of these two traits most attracted me I cannot say, but we became great friends, and she showed me the portrait of her son, who was “out in Canady, but a-coming home this autumn, bless him!”

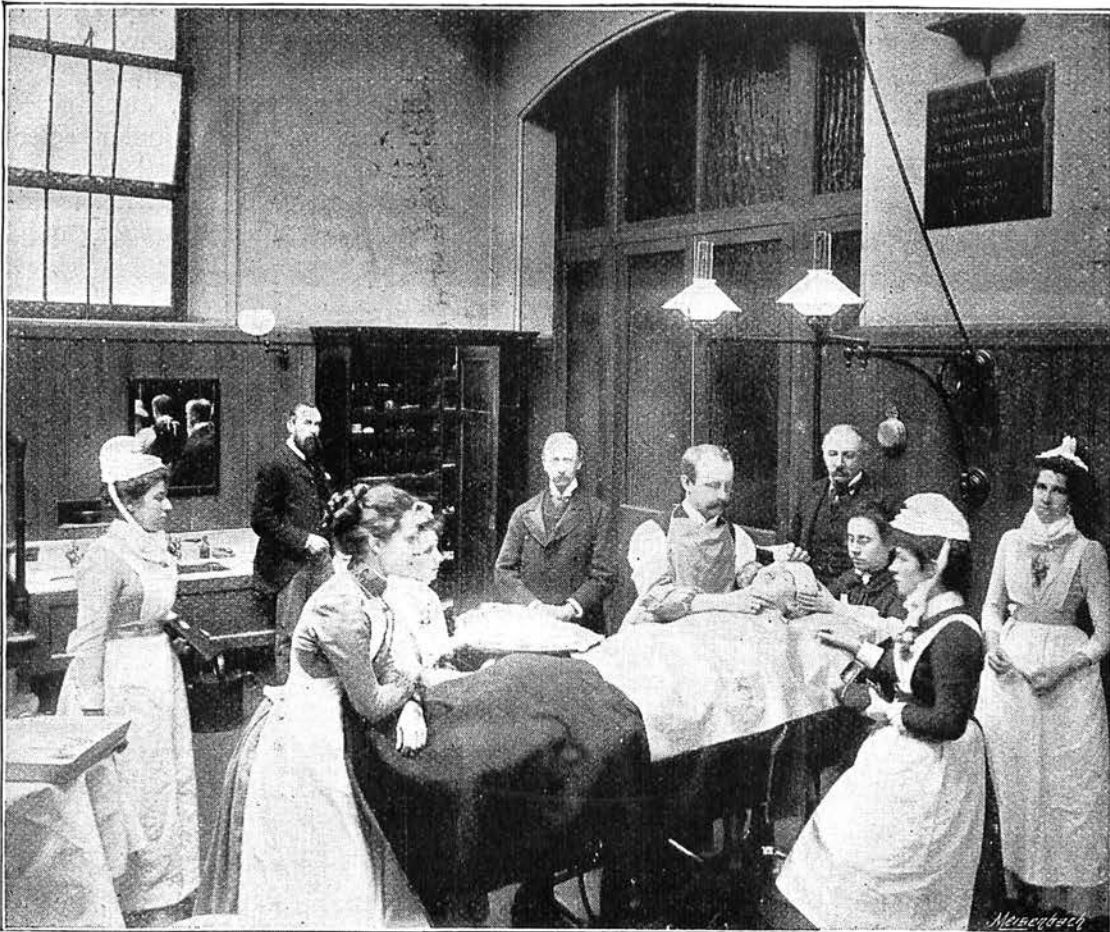
Later in the day came the floor-scrubbers, three marvellous women, quite indescribable. I have never seen anything like them. One of the patients (not myself) watched them with envy. “Deary me, now,” she said, “how I should like to get out and scrub that little bit of flooring down there: my fingers quite itch for the brush.” Mine didn’t; still, I did try my hand at all that I could: learnt to make nurses’ frilled strings and many-tailed bandages, and with whiting and leather and Mrs. Two’s help, polished up the artery forceps and other formidable-looking instruments, made the surgical needles shine, and arranged them in a striking design on their white flannel case. Our tall doctor, chancing to dart in for an

instant, smiled more than a little at our novel amusement.

Thursday, from 3.30 to 4.30 p.m. was to most of us the shortest hour in the week, and we always doubted that it contained the regulation number of minutes; whilst no sound was so harsh as the bell that announced its expiration; but to some—those forlorn souls who had no friends to visit them—it was the most trying of times. Someone else had noticed this too, and always on Thursdays the pleasant face of our hospital chaplain looked in at the door, and if his bright, brown eyes spied any bedside that seemed lonely, he was there in a moment, and ever left smiles even where he found tears. I had my own share of visitors and something over, so he came to see me at less busy times, when we talked about architecture and old city churches, generally ending with my favourite topic of workhouses, which we both agreed we should like somewhat improved ere we retired to their shelter.

That night there was such a ringing of bells, tramping of men, and running about with kettles, blankets, and hot-water cans, that I came to the conclusion that there had been a terrific smash on the Great Northern or Midland Railway, and that the adjoining accident ward was being filled with dilapidated railway servants and passengers; but it proved in the morning that only two men had been injured, one poor fellow fatally.

Saturday at 4 a.m. I had my breakfast—a mug of hot milk, and tried not to feel hungry by ten, when I was due in the theatre. A brilliant scarlet dressing-gown, and slippers warranted not to pinch a giantess, are reserved for one’s *début* there. It seemed quite a little walk after lying in bed so long, and I crept into nurse’s good graces by invoking memories of warlike ancestors, and marching along and mounting the operating table without any outward and visible signs of qualms and tremors. I am sorry I cannot tell everybody all about the examination; but beyond the fact that ether resembles London fog flavoured with lemon, and causes a sensation in one’s ears like going down in the old Polytechnic diving-bell, I know nothing. After being heralded by the usual bell-ringing, I was duly brought back in the state carriage, coachmen and footmen in attendance (the uninitiated might describe the aforesaid as stretcher and porters, but, then, we haven’t all had the advantages of hospital training). When everything was *quite* comfortable, pillows removed and hot-water cans arranged,



From a Photo. by]

THE OPERATING THEATRE.

[Elliott & Fry.

I "came to," and having arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that I was still alive, went to sleep till tea-time.

"How are you feeling, Mrs. Four?" asked Mrs. Seven, as soon as my screen was removed.

"Ve-ry com-for-ta-ble, and ve-ry hu-ng-ry!" The words came out in jerks, and I seemed to have lost control over my voice, but practice—and I had plenty—soon overcame that difficulty.

"Aint you got a headache?" asked Mrs. Two.

"No; my head-never-aches-there's-not-enough in-side-it!"

"My! ether don't seem to 'ave 'urt you much! You was still as death when they brought you in, and you'd quite a bright, pink colour. Some of 'em cries and struggles awful when they're carried back, but I guessed you'd be one of the quiet sort."

"I saved a little cold chicken at dinner: do you think you could take that?" asked nurse, doubtfully.

"I am ready for—for an ostrich!" I answered; so had my chicken forthwith.

Sunday we had service in our ward, and a number of flowers and plants were sent from

a neighbouring flower service. We kept early hours at the Royal Free, so dinner came up soon after eleven. We did not all feel inclined for our full portion of vegetables and pudding, but next to ours was a men's surgical ward, and there our varied contributions were always thankfully received.

From 2 till 4 p.m. our friends were admitted, and on this day men proved to be as general as on Thursday they were rare. I found other people's husbands and sweethearts very amusing, especially when they were shy, as their Sunday best generally made them. In the evening we sang Ancient and Modern Hymns to tunes we composed for the occasion, and by 8 p.m. were very tired and rather cross.

So sped the days, and for a week or two I felt so well that it seemed ridiculous to lie in bed, and my friends used to say my red face was a disgrace to the hospital, whilst to the house-surgeon's daily question of "How are you, Four?" I had to make the hackneyed reply of "Quite well, thank you." The order not to stand on my feet was hardest to obey in the early morning, when the most able of the patients would get up to help with the breakfast and have any amount of fun.

Mrs. Two would come round the ward *à la* matron, and to see her quaint little figure, in the tawdriest of dressing-gowns, attempting to personate the stately but kindly lady, whose dainty grey gown and spotless Normandy cap were so familiar, used to make us ache with laughter.

Our life could hardly be described as monotonous—we were somewhat passive ourselves, but the scenes and actors round us were constantly changing. Besides the scrubbers and the cleaners, we had regular visits from the sweep, coal porters, beef-tea boys, and other celebrities. Then, too, the weighing machine was in our ward, so that strange nurses were constantly bringing in tiny bundles that they called babies, and a broad-shouldered youth in a gay dressing-gown came every week with his attendant nurse, and informed us with much satisfaction how many pounds he had added during the last seven days. There was great excitement also one Saturday, when a shed in the building-yard next the hospital caught fire, and it seemed more than probable that the adjacent wards would follow its example. However, whilst the lady students and doctors transported patients to an opposite wing, the chaplain, steward, and porters did such wonders with the hospital hose, thanks to their regular fire-drill, that in an hour or two's time both patients and beds had to be carried back again. Our ward was considered quite safe, but one of the evolutions of the hose sent the water through an open window behind me, and I had the unexpected luxury of a shower bath.

As time went on I found plenty to do. A little story coming out in a current monthly brought my scribbling propensities into notice, and I forthwith received several commissions from Mrs. Six to compose begging-letters for her. "I can write well enough, Mrs. Four, but I can't *compact* like you can," she used to come and whisper flatteringly to me. She wanted some money to support her after leaving the hospital till she was strong enough to recommence work, so copied one of my epistles and sent it to a titled dame, and I have never written anything since that yielded so much per line (*Editors, please take the hint*). Then most of the women had husbands and children, and did not seem to know how to treat either; so, naturally, I had to instruct them on those points, and learnt a good deal in return about workhouse infirmaries, laundry-work, and barrack-life, all of which, no doubt, will be useful. My friends used to say it was

quite nice my being in the hospital, as they actually knew where to find me! I had some visits that made me feel quite honoured among women, but, perhaps, one that I enjoyed most was when a popular scientist came and sat on the ice-box and gave me an animated lecturette, which carried me right away to the woods and the moors, quicker than the fastest train.

After a week or two I went in for a little variety on my own account, developed one or two quite original symptoms, became "more interesting than ever," and from one till seven one morning indulged in unceasing cries and contortions; this performance I repeated at intervals, so that I was never again described as "one of the quiet sort." I lived for a week in hot fomentations; my temperature chart resembled an E. to W. section across Europe, with very noticeable Alps, and I soon contracted a strong antipathy to all words ending with "itis."

When once more I was free enough from pain to take an interest in my surroundings, I found most of the patients had changed, and especially was I attracted by the new Mrs. Five and the new Mrs. Two, who in my days of utter helplessness were wonderfully good to me, and took it in turns to act as lady's-maid. Mrs. Five had been born in Africa, married a soldier, travelled in China, was a Catholic, and a lover of dogs, so we had much to talk about; whilst the new Mrs. Two proved to be a delightful mixture of prettiness and comicality. What was left of me after my recent experiences was so weak, that I had to be nursed up for a long time ere any further steps could be taken, and, as the weeks went by, it seemed that I had become such a permanent part of the institution, that I wondered whether I should not be justified in applying to the Board for a uniform and a salary.

One evening Mrs. Five was in tears, in spite of having had visits from her priest and her husband, and I found the trouble was that the next day she had to appear in the theatre. I told her I envied her, as after a few days' rest she would be able to return home, but she would not be comforted. By that time I had learnt to like and to trust the once-dreaded house-surgeon, and had acquired a habit of waking as he made his last round; and that night, instead of the usual question in passing, he came and sat on my locker, and said, very gently: "I think, Four, to-morrow you had better have a little more ether, and we will see how you are getting on."

Anything that might terminate the perpetual lying in bed to me seemed welcome, so that my "Oh, *thank you, doctor!*" was so emphatic that he went away with query "delirious" writ plain upon his face. Four a.m. found Mrs. Five still much attached to her pocket-handkerchief, but I whispered that I too was going to the theatre, and she cheered up at once.

My turn came first, so that I was already half-conscious when Mrs. Five was brought back. My screen prevented me seeing her, but in spite of my stupor her voice reached me.

"Is Mrs. Four all right?" she asked. "Is Mrs. One all right? Is Mrs. Six all right? Is Mrs. Three all right? Is nurse all right?"

no precedent for such an irregularity, enjoyed a quiet chat with an Irish friend, whilst the others were peacefully dreaming. They said it was I who had been dreaming when I told them of my visitor, but I knew better.

When Mrs. Three's turn came to go into the theatre, she was decidedly conversational on the return journey, and as she was brought into the ward, protested loudly that she "hadn't heard no music," and then went for one of the porters in a most pugilistic manner, and informed him that if he "wasn't man enough, she was!" She explained to us afterwards on her recovery that she had mistaken him for her husband!

I soon lost my friend, Mrs. Five. Her husband caught cold, and she was perfectly



From a Photo. by

A GROUP OF NURSES.

[A. & G. Taylor.

Is my husband all right? Is Mrs. Four all right?"

Such interest roused me, and at the top of my voice I called out: "Give my love to Mrs. Five, please, nurse, and tell her that I am all right, and hope that she is all right."

I was only conscious of making this tender speech once, but the others who had not lost their senses subsequently assured us that this affecting dialogue was repeated at frequent intervals, much to the indignation of Mrs. Six.

"Just hark at 'em, Mrs. Two," she said, "sending their loves to one another! Why can't they be quiet? As if we could be all right with their noise a-going on! How are we ever to get our afternoon nap, with the two of them at it?"

However, fortunately for the harmony of the ward, we too went to sleep, but after an hour I woke up again, and though there was

certain that unless she went home he would have asthma, bronchitis, pleurisy, and pneumonia all at once, so she asked for her discharge and stated the reason.

The house-surgeon looked doubtful. "What has come to this ward?" he asked, looking round at the empty beds. "One, two, three—you are the fourth patient who has asked to go home because her husband is ill!"

"Oh, but doctor, mine is real!" exclaimed Mrs. Five so emphatically, that I think it was just as well for her that the other wives had departed.

At the physician's next visit he told me my only hope was in operation, and to gain the necessary strength for that anticipated event, I was permitted to get up for an hour or two every day. I felt quite proud when I had once more learnt to stand alone, although even then I was anything but erect, and, to quote nurse's

description, "Hopped about the ward like a young partridge." However, after a day or two I became less like a right angle, and was then allowed in the hospital square. Among the many interesting sights I beheld whilst out and about was the doctors in full theatre costume. They wear a large, terra-cotta-coloured mackintosh apron with a bib, sometimes a cap to match, and with sleeves rolled up to their elbows; they look very like—please don't tell them I said so—very like carpenters.

If there is one thing I pride myself upon more than another it is upon being a judge of character. In the hospital I tested this faculty twice. Going to the service in the men's ward the Sunday of that week, I was much impressed by No. Sixteen. With his grand head, thick, snowy hair, and stalwart frame, he looked like a noble old general, and before the end of the last hymn, I had composed a mental biography of him, full of gallant deeds and high aspirations; but, thinking facts would probably prove even more satisfactory than fiction, I made a few inquiries of nurse.

She laughed.

"That man!" she exclaimed. "Old Sixteen! You were telling me that the last few nights you had heard cries of 'Murder!' 'Police!' That's one of his pretty little ways! He wakes all the patients in his own ward, and as many more as he can. Two women come to see him, and claim him as husband, but he declines to own either of them. Yes, he is a nice man!"

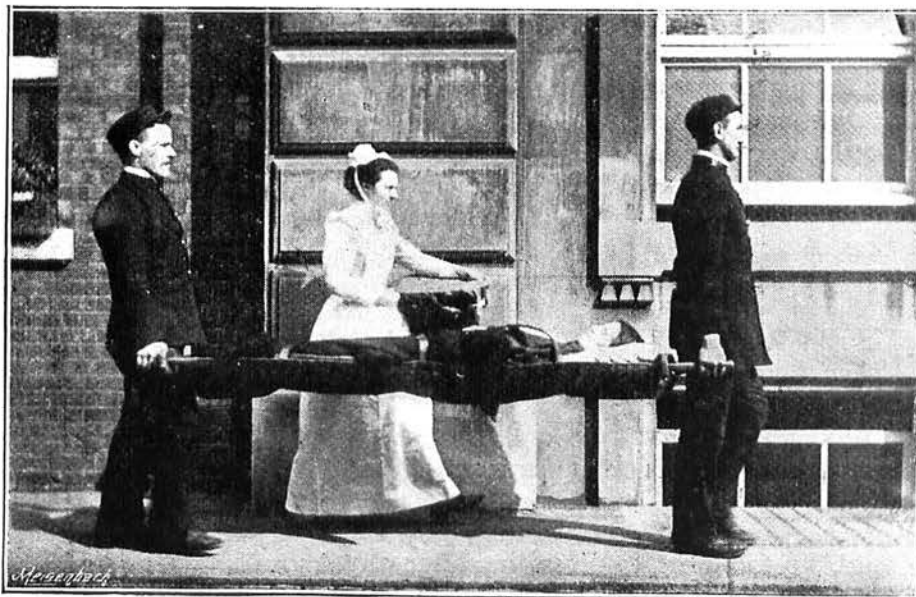
The other case was a young, pretty girl, with a soft voice and gentle manner. I think I cried when she went away. Well, I heard of her afterwards—she was in Holloway Gaol for assaulting a policeman!

After seven weeks, the day came to leave my corner in Elizabeth. Special nurses had been told off to attend me, the Isolated Ward had been disinfected, the silk had been sterilized, the dressings prepared, and what with personal applications of turpentine, carbolic, and ether, patient, as well as nurse, had had a lively time. I had many farewells

and good wishes that morning, the more touching, perhaps, as my predecessor in the Isolated had never returned. My old Irishwoman came over to see me, but when I shook hands and said "Good-bye," she replied: "You jist take that word back! It ain't lucky! I ain't a-going to wish you anything but a very good morning. I shall find my way upstairs to have a peep at you before many days are over, you be sure!"

I had quite intended, when being borne along on the stretcher, to show my appreciation of the stately procession by waving a triumphant farewell to my ward friends, but my handkerchief had most unaccountably got itself into a very limp condition, and refused to do anything but form itself into a nasty damp ball, which was most annoying. Talking of stretchers, I have tried a good many means of locomotion, from wheelbarrows and roundabouts to Atlantic steamers and Canadian hacks, and I really think stretchers compare favourably with any of them, so long as the bearers do *not* keep step; but unless the front man's right foot moves with the back man's left, the result is almost as trying as travelling over an American road. Of course, they manage this matter perfectly at the Royal Free, and I so enjoyed my ride that I longed to ask them to take one or two turns round the square, but resisted the temptation.

My next experience was chloroform, and plenty of it. I liked it better than ether. Then, for an hour, doctors, matron, and nurses worked their best and their hardest, and I was satisfactorily finished. I did not wake up to that fact for three or four hours afterwards; then, in a weak whisper, that I could hardly hear myself, I begged for water.



From a)

THE STRETCHER,

[Photograph.

A teaspoonful of hot water every ten minutes was all they dared to give me for hours and hours, and I felt I should die if I did not have gallons. I thought of Dives, Sir Philip Sidney, and Dante's Inferno, but nothing stopped that dreadful thirst.

Otherwise I was wonderfully comfortable, in spite of feeling somewhat like a mummy. I had no pillows for my head, but, to make up for that, plenty under my knees, which were also tied together, lest I should be tempted to try any pedestrian feats; but the arrangement that pleased me best was the cage on which the bed-clothes were supported. I saw at once that it formed a delightful nook in which to stow away letters and books, and confided that idea to nurse, but she did not seem charmed. My skilful physician came every day, and, what pleased me as much, so did his dog Peter, most intelligent of Irish terriers, who proved his nationality by his readiness to make friends even with such a blue-lipped, yellow-cheeked mortal as I was.

For days and for nights I lay perfectly still, and made the interesting discovery that not using one's muscles has the same effect as over-tiring them. My hands ached as though they would drop off, but strangest of all was the pain in my jaw. I bore it till I felt desperate, then motioned to nurse and whispered: "I am quite certain that I dislocated my jaw when I was under chloroform, nurse; it is dreadful!"

"You silly girl," she said, laughing; "of course it hurts you, just because you have been neither eating nor talking."

Apropos of eating, when the feeding-up process was supposed to begin, my poor nurse tried brandy, hot milk and cold, peptonized milk, beef teas and extracts, lemon and barley water, meat juices and jellies, but it was all wasted energy; my internal arrangements were on strike, and nothing could I take, and, to crown the situation, I announced

that I was suffering from acute indigestion. No wonder the physician shook his head at me!

"I should like to know how you manage that," he said, "when you will not take anything to digest. What is all this I hear about such constant sickness? You know we cannot have that kind of thing. A stop must be put to it! You will"—and he paused to think of a sufficiently terrible threat—"you will spoil your figure!"

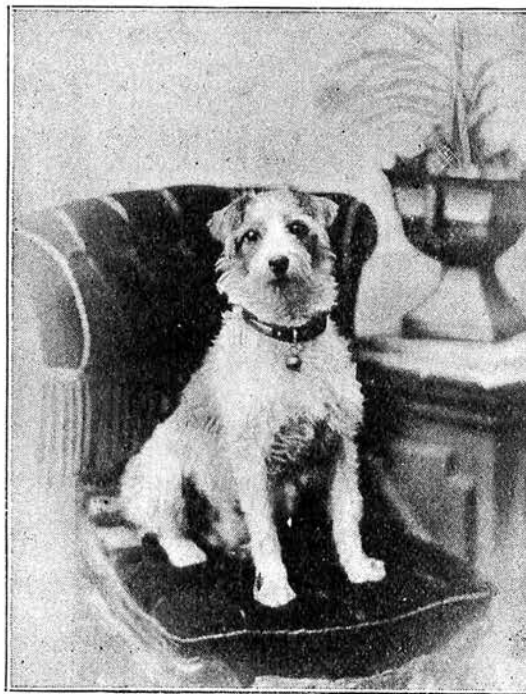
When I did get stronger it was by leaps and by bounds. The house-surgeon being away, his duties were taken up by a *locum tenens*, on whom they sat somewhat more lightly. On one of his visits to the Isolated he informed me that I was getting on so well that I had "quite ceased to be interesting"; he really did "not know why he still came to see me."

"You see what I can do," he continued. "Yours is something like a cure; but, would you believe it? The other day I heard nurse trying to make out it was all her affair, and I shouldn't be at all surprised if the operating physician had the coolness to consider that he had had something to do with it. True merit never is appreciated in this world!" and, with a look of comic despair, he departed.

Most of my nurses were pretty, and the last, in addition, was a decidedly fashionable

damself. One afternoon I saw her surveying my garments with considerable amazement: the shoes of manly breadth seemed especially to fill her with horror, but she was anxious not to hurt my feelings, so came over and said, with a forced smile: "Do you think with my help you could get into your—your high-minded clothes?"

The next day and the next I was carried down into the square and put in the sun to brown, and on the third day, much to my own surprise, I walked down the stairs and out of the gate, carrying with me more bright and pleasant memories than I ever thought could gather round a visit to a hospital.



"PETER."

From a Photo. by E. F. Gearing & Sons, Regent Street.

THE "UNLUCKY" OPAL.

By EMMA BREWER.

"What radiant changes strike the astonished sight,
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!"—*Falconer.*



O the lover of the rare and beautiful who is untroubled by caprice or fashion there is no gem so dear as the opal with its flashes of brilliant hues. A writer, 500 B.C., said, "The delicate colour and tenderness of the opal reminds me of a loving

and beautiful child;" and Pliny described it well when he wrote, "The opal unites within itself the colours of the ruby, amethyst, and emerald, in the most marvellous mixture, and its fire is like the flame of burning sulphur." It has been considered by some that a gem so beautiful, delicate, and pure, ought to be of celestial origin; but although this cannot be proved, it may with truth be affirmed that there is a deep mystery connected with the opal both in its composition and physical properties. That which gives value to this gem is its wonderful play of coloured reflections, which concentrates within it all the glories of the rainbow, and yet if the interior of the opal is examined there is nothing to account for it. Indeed, this precious stone has no colour that may be properly called its own, except a faint bluish tinge something like the tint of quartz, to which mineral it is evidently closely related. For proof of this, break an opal, when it will be seen that all its colours perish. The best conclusion arrived at is that the opal is full of nearly invisible fissures, and that water and air are the mysterious agents working in these tiny crevices in producing and perfecting the beautiful colours.

The opal, like the emerald, is formed of silica or sand, but without the aid of glucina and alumina—it is simply sand with the addition of ten to twelve per cent. of water.

In two or three points it differs from other precious stones. 1st. It cannot possibly be imitated. 2nd. It never crystallises in regular and definite form. 3rd. When it is first taken from the earth it is soft, but hardens and diminishes in bulk by exposure to the air.

The true beauties of the opal are only to be seen when it is moved about, then it appears to have an actual life within it. It is a very fragile stone and requires great skill and care in cutting. It has from time to time been engraved, but it is always a hazardous proceeding on account of the numberless fissures in the stone which it is dangerous to open in the air.

The precious or noble opal came formerly almost entirely from Hungary, and although it was taken hence to India to gain for it the name of Oriental, it has no home there. The matrix of the Hungarian opal is in a kind of felspar rock which yields also lead, silver and gold. The peculiarity of these special opals is that they show a uniform milkiness of surface

more or less iridescent, and experience teaches that they resist the effects of wear longer than any other sort, and for this cause are the most valuable.

Opals are found also in Honduras in much the same condition as in Hungary.

During the last few years precious opals of great beauty have been found in Queensland in thin veins of brown ironstone, and bid fair to rival the famous Hungarian stones. "They are at present largely used for cameos, the brilliant colours of the gem forming a marked contrast to the dark background afforded by the ironstone matrix."

The opal has also been discovered in New South Wales in beds of sandstone. Fine stones of large size are rarely found anywhere, indeed they seldom exceed an inch in diameter, and are sold by the piece and not by the carat, if we except a few of the fine specimens of Hungary.

Mr. Streeter says "There is no doubt that the opal mass, originally in a liquid or gelatinous condition, filled up the cavities in the felspar veins and became gradually solidified."

There have been one or two black opals discovered in Egypt but these are very rare; "they have the glow of the ruby seen through a mist like a coal ignited at one end." It is a curious fact that opals are much more brilliant on a hot day, and therefore a jeweller always holds one in his warm hand before showing it.

In ancient times and during the Middle Ages, indeed down to the time of Sir Walter Scott, the opal was believed to bestow on the wearer unmixed good. It was certainly the favourite gem of the Romans in their best periods of intelligence and refinement; so far from being feared in these early times it was eagerly sought for, as it was supposed to possess the power of warning against disaster, and as being "the rosy herald of joy."

The beauty and charm of the opal may be imagined by the fact that at a time when banishment to a Roman was worse than death, one of the senators preferred this to parting with his gem.

This opal, the most famous in history, was the property of the Roman Senator Nonius, who wore it as a ring. Its size was scarcely larger than a hazel nut, but it was so beautiful and perfect that it was valued at the enormous sum of £125,000. Marc Antony desired earnestly to possess this opal in order to make it a present to Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, but Nonius refused to part with it, for it was the idol of his heart, and he sought safety in flight, content to be a beggar also for its sake. After many centuries of prosperity a time of adversity came to the opal. It was deprived of everything save its beauty, and instead of being the harbinger of good was looked upon with superstitious dread and as a gem to be avoided; and this change of fortune is supposed to have been brought about by Sir Walter Scott, who had no love for jewels, and who introduced this among others in his *Anne of Geierstein*, and made it play so ignoble a part that henceforth no one cared to wear it for fear of its bringing ill-luck. He makes Anne of Geierstein say, "Of all the gauds which the females of my house have owned, this (the opal) perhaps has been the most fatal to its possessors." If a Russian of either sex or of any rank should happen to see an opal among goods submitted for purchase he or she will buy nothing that day, for the opal to a Russian is an embodiment of the evil eye.

Fortunately the good *common-sense of our Queen* in giving her daughters an opal ring as a marriage gift is gradually removing the ban imposed by Sir Walter Scott, and allowing us once again to enjoy its beauty without fear of direful consequences.

A very interesting story is told of the mysterious action of an opal by A. C. Hamlin. I quote it in full.

"A traveller," he says, "from Central America brought home a splendid rough fire opal which dazzled the eye with its fiery reflections. We took it to an honest lapidary, who received it with a doubtful look. The next day the opal was returned having been shaped into the usual oval form, but only a faint gleam of any of the coloured rays flashed from its surface or the interior. Is this the gem we gave you yesterday? we demanded of the artisan. With a smile the lapidary took the transparent stone and roughened its finely polished surface upon the wooden wheel.* In an instant the lost fire returned as if directed by a magic wand. The perfect transparency of the gem with its high polish had allowed the rays of light to pass directly through it, and there was but little refraction, but on the roughening of the surface the light was interrupted and the peculiar property of the mineral displayed. Unfortunately the lesson was not concluded here. At the last touch of the wheel the beautiful gem flew into two parts and its glories departed in an instant. Saddened with the day's experience we took the two fragments and cemented them together and tossed the stone into a drawer which contained other mineral specimens of no great value. Some months after while searching for a misplaced stone a gleam of light suddenly flashed out as we opened the drawer. It was the neglected and abused opal which now gleamed with the energy of a living coal of fire. It had recovered its beautiful reflections, and still adorns, notwithstanding its fracture, a most cherished jewel."

There have been one or two famous opals besides that of Nonius; one was an exquisite harlequin opal belonging to the financier D'Anguy before the revolution of the last century. By harlequin is meant an opal with patches of colour of every hue.

The two largest precious opals known in this country were found in the Hungarian mines in 1866, and exhibited by the late Madame Goldschmidt in the Paris Exhibition of 1867. One weighed 186 carats and the other, a magnificent harlequin opal, 160 carats.

One of the finest known in modern times was that belonging to the Empress Josephine; it was called *The Burning of Troy*, from the number of red flames blazing on its surface; and there were some good specimens in the Hope Collection, one of which was an inch long and three quarters of an inch wide, whose reflected rays were green and yellow interspersed with flashes of bright blue and deep red. A representation of Apollo's head surrounded by rays of fire is engraved upon it in high relief. It is supposed to be very ancient and of Persian workmanship.

Another of value is an intaglio on a large opal of the portrait of Louis XIII. when he was a child.

* The opal is cut and polished first upon a leaden plate covered with emery, next on a wooden wheel with fine pumice stone, and lastly on a wheel covered with felt, so delicate is the handling necessary to turn out an opal to best advantage.



A June Wedding.



H, what is so rare as a (wedding) day in June?" This is what Lowell meant, surely, when he sang his beautiful song of rose-time.

If the poet could but have been present at dainty Rosalind Whyte's pretty wedding last summer, he would have found his ideal day-dream realized. For the benefit of June brides to come, let the event be chronicled.

The last stitches of her modest trousseau were put in and the garments laid away in "rose-leaves and lavender" a full week before the eventful day arrived, giving the bride-elect the seven days' rest and the "beauty sleep" one needs in order to look fresh and unworn and unwearied in bridal robes.

Her trousseau was not imported, but was very becoming and pretty. With the aid of two home dressmakers she counted in her new wardrobe a goodly number of beautiful costumes: the wedding-gown of white surah; the traveling-dress of light cloth; a visiting-costume of light India silk; one of black faille Française and lace; a dainty tea-gown, beside several inexpensive afternoon and evening dresses.

"It is to be a quiet affair," wrote Rosalind to her three girl friends who were to come out and "assist." "We cannot afford an elegant wedding, you know, but I mean to have just as *pretty* a one as ever I can arrange with June flowers and fruits, and your aid. It is to be a 'rose wedding:' I do not wish any other flower used in the decorations. I shall wear white ones, of course, and you may select any of the others you choose, Bon Silene, Jacqueminot, or Maréchal Niel. Besides our own generous supply, the entire neighborhood has offered me its gardens of roses, so we shall just revel in a feast of flowers."

Rosedale, the residence of Mrs. Whyte and her daughter, was a pretty little suburban home just outside the city, and of easy access by train or drive. It was well named, for a very dell of roses it appeared, from the first bud of spring-time to the last rose of summer. The house itself was almost hidden by long climbing vines of the prairie rose, that seemed to hold it in their pink-and-white embrace; while on the lawn, and in the garden, rarer roses of every hue and kind bloomed and burned under the June sunshine.

The wedding-day dawned bright and beautiful, not too warm for curls or crimps, nor too cold for out-of-door pleasures. The girls were up early, each one contributing toward making the house beautiful. Each room, the halls, the stair-way, porches and lawn were decorated with roses. Wherever a flower could be placed, a cluster bloomed.

With the help of the gardener and his men, they made a bridal bower of white roses in the parlor, where the happy couple stood to receive congratulations, and garlands and wreaths were twined about the mirrors and picture-frames, and banks of bloom were heaped on mantel and in fire-place, until the whole house seemed a fairy palace of flowers. Out on the lawn, rose-decked tents and tables were set, where cake and ices and lemonade and milk were served.

The bride in white robes and white roses, her maids in tinted gowns, with red and pink and yellow roses, made a pretty living bouquet of color as they stood, at noon-tide, before the rose-decked chancel-rail in the little village church.

Rosalind's Sunday-school children prepared a pretty surprise for her by meeting her at the church door, all dressed in white, carrying little baskets of roses with which they strewed her way as she walked up the aisle, singing, as they went, a pretty wedding-hymn written by a friend, to the organ accompaniment of the wedding-march from Lohengrin.

Tempo di Marcia.



Hail to the Bride, Queen Rose of all,



Sun-shine and hap - pi - ness on her path fall ;



Hail to the pair, Who here to - day,



Plight their sweet wedded troth fore'er, al - way.

The table for the wedding-breakfast was a very sea of roses, in which various dainty cut-glass, silver, and china vessels, freighted with delicious viands and luscious berries, and beautiful rose shaped and colored ices and cakes, seemed at anchor.

There was a ring inside the bride-cake, of course; and when Rosalind cut it, and the slice containing the ring fell to the "maid of honor," there was a ripple of laughter from all the guests, and a full tide of rosy blushes on the cheek of the girl. For it was whispered that the handsome young clergyman who had performed the ceremony was thinking seriously of taking unto himself a wife, and he had been especially attentive to this same young lady; so when he passed her the ring, it looked prophetic!

When the girls accompanied Rosalind to her room, to exchange her bridal robes for her traveling-dress, a curious little ceremony was performed. Rosalind was blindfolded, and the girls caught hold of hands and all circled around her in a ring, until she lost track of the position of each; then Rosalind stooped and unclasped the "something borrowed and something blue" which all brides should wear at their marriage, and handed it to one of the girls. A merry peal of laughter followed this performance, for the sign is said to be "most positively true," and it was the "maid of honor" who again was "under the prophecy;" and when, later on, the bridal bouquet, which Rosalind threw from the carriage, was caught by this same young lady, could any one doubt that the first bridesmaid would surely be the next bride?

After the bridal party had driven away under a shower of rice and a "lucky" touch of the tiny kid slipper that lighted upon the carriage top, there was music and dancing until late in the afternoon, and the bright, full "honey-moon" shone down on them all when the pretty June wedding festivities were over.

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!
When hearts beat high, and souls attune
To the music of Love, sing a roundelay
Of plighted faith on their wedding-day.

Oh, what is so rare as a night in June!
When shimmers and shines the summer moon,
And sweet Love whispers, "Mine, for aly,
Henceforth, and fore'er, from our wedding-day."

Oh rare, oh sweet as the roses in June,
Oh bright, oh fair, as its golden moon,
Shall her life be whose bridal array
Is worn on a charming, rare June day!

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

NOVEL NUT CONFECTIONS,

AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.



ALMONDS are very moderate in price just now, and the desiccated cocoa-nut, which plays so prominent a part in hosts of dainties, is lower than ever. Those recipes enumerated below are therefore within the reach of almost everyone. Their digestibility is another matter; though it is certain that many who find nuts indigestible when only half masticated may partake of them without fear when finely ground; and as this is the condition to which they are brought before they enter into the composition of the dishes, my qualms of conscience are somewhat quieted. Some of these sweets are quite simple, and not very costly when prepared at home, though expensive to buy; and so I feel sure that when a dainty out of the common is wanted, they will be appreciated.

Almost everybody knows and likes the almond paste, which forms all too small a part of bride cake, and nearly all like good chocolate; these combined, produce a real delicacy, that may crop up in all sorts of dishes. The combination is a very agreeable one, but careful mixing must be insisted on. Don't spoil the ship for the proverbial "ha'porth o' tar," but get the best chocolate your means allow.

Almond and Chocolate Paste.

Take half a pound of almonds; the Valencias answer for all cooking purposes as well as the more costly Jordans; they should be blanched by bringing them to the boil over the fire in a little pan of water, then rubbing the skins off in a clean cloth. Here are two useful hints in this connection: always put the almonds on in cold water, and always rinse them in cold water before rubbing them in the cloth. Then chop them very small on a clean board; any "foreign flavour" would ruin the delicacy of your dishes. The finer the better. Have ready in a basin an ounce and a half of fresh butter: the freshest of fresh, I should have said; the same weight of pounded sugar and a few drops of vanilla essence; the amount to use depends on the goodness of the chocolate: the more highly flavoured it is with the ever popular vanilla, the greater the chances of success. These are now to be worked to a smooth paste with the back of a wooden spoon; the almonds and the yolk of a large egg being added, a little at a time. Just a shake of grated chocolate must go in from time to time; an ounce will do, but some will like nearly double the quantity, then a little more egg yolk and butter will be wanted. Nothing short of a very velvet-like paste should satisfy you, and it cannot be prepared in five

minutes. The best possible results are obtained when the almonds are pounded with a few drops of rose or orange-flower water instead of being chopped. I would also call the attention of busy people to the ground almonds sold in tins; these are, however, mixed with sugar, which must be borne in mind, or the dish may turn out too sweet to be pleasant.

The uses of this? They are many; here are just a few. Imagine a cake of any light kind, such as Madeira; place a layer of the paste on the top, making it level with a rolling-pin and rounding the sides neatly; points too seldom borne in mind, and which in themselves, if omitted, are enough to stamp the cake as the work of a novice. Then, if an expert in the use of an icing-bag and pipe, take a little coloured icing, and form any design; or finish off simply by sifting coloured sugar over the top. Would you attain still higher success? Then get some good chocolate fondants, and put them over in a pattern, sticking them on with a morsel of icing sugar, and raw white of egg beaten to a paste. Cream fondants are used in just the same way. A delightful addition to the "cake basket" is made by slicing a cake, and "sandwiching" some of the above paste in between the slices, and then cutting it up after pressing well together again.

Then all sorts of fancy shapes may be produced if some cutters are handy, and the cake trimmings will come in for biscuits if stamped with yet smaller cutters. I ought to say that there are lots of people who would like the paste better minus butter, and there is no reason whatever why their whim should not be indulged. Tastes vary, too, much as to sugar; it might be doubled in the foregoing recipe before the mixture would satisfy some; the thing to bear in mind in adding extra sugar is that less moisture in the shape of egg and butter is necessary.

Almond Aigrettes.

These are sure to enhance one's reputation, for they are of such all-round utility that they can be as well served for tea as luncheon or dinner, and hot as well as cold. They are made by blending a gill of tepid water, a tablespoonful of salad oil, an egg, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, three ounces and a half of flour, an ounce of ground or chopped almonds, and a few drops of essence of almonds. There is a right way, and the mixing is troublesome if it is not followed. The flour, oil, yolk of egg, and water are to be beaten to a smooth batter; the almonds and sugar follow, and the mass must be beaten for a few minutes, or the puffiness that should belong to the aigrettes will be lacking. The stiffly-beaten white of the egg goes in lightly at the end, and the mixture is put in well-greased patty-pans in little heaps, two forks being used; they should be half-filled only, and the oven must be hot. They are soon baked, and must be

served in a light pile, with plenty of sugar over, for it will be noticed that but little goes in the batter. These may be fried, but there must be lots of fat of good heat, and from the pan to the table is the motto; more flour will be wanted, about half as much again but the batter should be tested; it is stiff enough when it retains its shape in the fat and emerges brown and puffy. Drain on a hot cloth or paper. Almond essence is condemned wholesale by some people, but it is to be had free from poisonous properties and of guaranteed wholesomeness by the makers.

Almond Orange Cake.

This is simply delicious, as a trial will prove. The materials should be all in readiness, and here they are. Seven ounces each of chopped sweet almonds and fine castor sugar, an ounce of candied orange-peel chopped small, the grated peel of half a fresh orange, a quarter of a pound of butter, the same of fine flour, the same weight of rice-flour or potato-flour (but not *ground rice*), some orange marmalade, and yolks of eggs. The almonds and sugar are first to be blended with the white of an egg, then added to the other materials: enough yolks of eggs being added, one at a time, to make paste that can be rolled out on a board. The mass should look like rich shortbread. It is cut in rounds of four inches in diameter and half an inch thick, and baked in a very slow oven. The marmalade is spread over before serving, and some chopped almonds, that have been baked to a golden brown in the oven, are shaken over. These *may* be dispensed with, but the cake suffers. If for storing for a time, one good-sized thick cake can be made. Now for some very dainty

Dessert Biscuits.

Some of the last mixture should be rolled out as thinly as it is possible to roll it without breaking; the addition of a few drops of yellow colouring does much to add to the rich appearance. Then cut in a number of fancy shapes, and bake as slowly and carefully as possible; do not remove from the tins until cold. They may be sugared over, or served as they are, or piped with coloured icing. To convert them into fruit biscuits, place on half a cherry, or raisin, or strips of candied citron-peel, or little squares of candied fruit, as pine-apple, or ginger, or anything to taste. In the latter two cases, the baking is finished, and the fruit stuck on with icing sugar; in the other cases the fruit may be baked. Other biscuits that mix well with these are prepared by taking portions of the "almond and chocolate paste," and moulding into tiny birds'-nests; the circumference of a florin is the maximum size, and they may be smaller. Put in some coloured or white comfits to imitate eggs, and dry them on the plate-rack; they should not be baked. Very pretty little cakes, which are really cakes or biscuits, according to size, are

Dominoes.

Again the "almond and chocolate paste" is brought into use, but it is so excellent that there is no fear of tiring of it readily. The paste must be rolled out in

a thin sheet; the size is a matter of taste; but the *proportions* of an ordinary domino should be observed. Then the decoration must be of a kind to imitate dominoes. The icing used may be white or coloured, and a very small pipe is essential. A more effective way is to go all over first with a pale-coloured icing, and put the dots on in white. These are extremely pretty for festive occasions, and really little trouble to those who have mastered the art of icing.

Here is a delicious dish that somewhat resembles the cakes of the same kind that are popular in Germany; and, by the way, it is a great deal less trouble than one would suppose after reading the directions.

The "filling" is the feature, and it should be prepared while the cake foundation is baking, that both may be ready together.

Walnut Cake.

Six ounces of flour, five of butter, a tablespoonful each of sugar and chopped almonds, the yolk of a hard boiled egg and that of a raw one, and two tablespoonfuls of skinned and chopped walnuts, form the materials for the cake; they are to be mixed with a light hand, just as for short pastry, and the less water used, the better. The dryness of the flour and the care exercised in the sifting, no less than the goodness of the butter, must receive attention. The tin for baking should be round, and the size of a dinner-plate, and *must* have a turned-up edge. These tins are called "sandwich pans," as a rule, and cost about sixpence each; they are useful for many purposes. After the paste is laid in, the bottom should be pricked, and the oven must be moderate, as the cake should not be dark in colour.

Now for the "filling." First put in a stewpan the yolks of three eggs, half a gill each of milk and cream, and three ounces of sugar, and stir over the fire until thick, but the boiling point is not to be reached. Then, off the fire, beat in the whites of the eggs and a quarter of a pound of chopped walnuts. This is to be put in the cake, the top made smooth and returned to the oven to set. All sorts of flavourings are added to nut cakes in the land where they are an institution. Spice is often used, but we advise that strict moderation be the motto; one does not want a nut cake to taste of spice and nothing more. If served hot, no garnish is needed; but in the cold condition, all sorts of dried fruits are suitable, or a dust of pink sugar is enough. A teaspoonful of chopped pistachios will give the dish a more highly finished appearance. Pistachios are expensive, but it is astonishing what a lot of ground a small quantity will cover in the chopped state, and how completely the dish is transformed.

Here are some biscuits that, for want of a better name, I call

Tip-Tops.

These are very good, and I assure you that they will keep any length of time, if allowed. Seven ounces of butter and five of golden syrup are first to be warmed together; five ounces of lump sugar to be

rasped on the rind of a fresh orange, crushed to powder, and added with half-a-teaspoonful of the best mixed spice that can be bought: that at two shillings a pound is really cheaper than spice at a shilling; nothing more certainly spoils anything than poor spice. Next put in a couple of ounces each of candied citron-, lemon- and orange-peel, very finely chopped: trouble in this direction is well bestowed; finally, two ounces of grated cocoa-nut and the same weight of walnuts or almonds, as most convenient, go in, with half a

pound of pastry-flour and a quarter of a pound of corn-flour.

The mixture is then to be set aside to blend in a bowl, covered with a cloth, for a few hours; it will take no harm if left all night. When ready to bake, shake in as much more flour as will make it stiff enough to roll out and cut in shapes—fingers, or any other—then put it in a gentle oven, and remove when brown and crisp. Remember that everything containing treacle requires steady heat and watchfulness.

DEBORAH PLATER.



Chatterbox, 1893

ANIMAL JEALOUSIES.

BY ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.



HAT animals can be deeply affectionate, that they can devote themselves wholly to a master or mistress, implies that they can be victims of jealousy. Of course, the most striking developments of jealousy are

to be found among the animals brought most closely into contact with man in his domestic and social life—cats, dogs, and birds—but others, such as horses and cows, can show it very clearly on occasion.

Everyone knows how certain wild animals—deer notably—fight for the females, and this is only one form in which individual jealousies are made subservient to the range of purposes Mr. Darwin classed under two laws, which he named “Natural Selection” and “Survival of the Fittest.” Some of the illustrative instances we shall give, our readers will, we think, regard as very curious and suggestive in several ways.

Only the other day I stood in front of a good-sized aviary belonging to a friend of mine, in which were many birds—parroquets, love-birds, canaries, etc. I was greatly taken with the appearance of a young mealy canary-bird, with a dark red crown, and I could not help showing my admiration of this pretty specimen by chirruping and tweeting to it as well as I could. It soon understood what I meant, and came quite close to the wires, eyed me with careful regard sideways and, having satisfied itself that I meant



"HE CAME ROUND AND CONDESCENDINGLY SMOOTHED DOWN HIS FEATHERS."

kindly, began to "tweet-tweet!" in return, and we were soon engaged in a nice conversation, in the intervals of which my little mealy turned his tiny figure from side to side as if to show off his points to me, while the tail went flirting up and down in such a way as betokened the utmost pleasure. But this was too innocent to continue long, and soon the idyllic peace was destroyed by a duet of protest against my attentions to this bird. Just a foot or two behind me a grey parrot in his cage had been placed on a little table in the shade of leafy branches, and his desire for attention and admiration was too strong to allow this any longer to go on in peace. He began to cry and scream and require that I should turn round and talk to and admire him. "Here, here! Pretty Poll, pretty Poll! Scratch Poll! Here, here, here!"—the aspirate so treated that it sounded more like "Year, year!" So the parrot demanded; while a much larger and older canary came down from a branch in the aviary and thrust himself

near to me, and "tweet-tweeted!" turning on me his black eye interrogatively.

I wished to see how the triangular battle for my suffrage would end, and so I continued to pay all my attentions to the mealy. This in a few minutes became too much for the big, handsome canary, which seemed to say plainly, "Put off your time admiring that small slip of a creature. Look at me! I am double his length, and a bright yellow Norwich, with fine crest, and superior in every way."

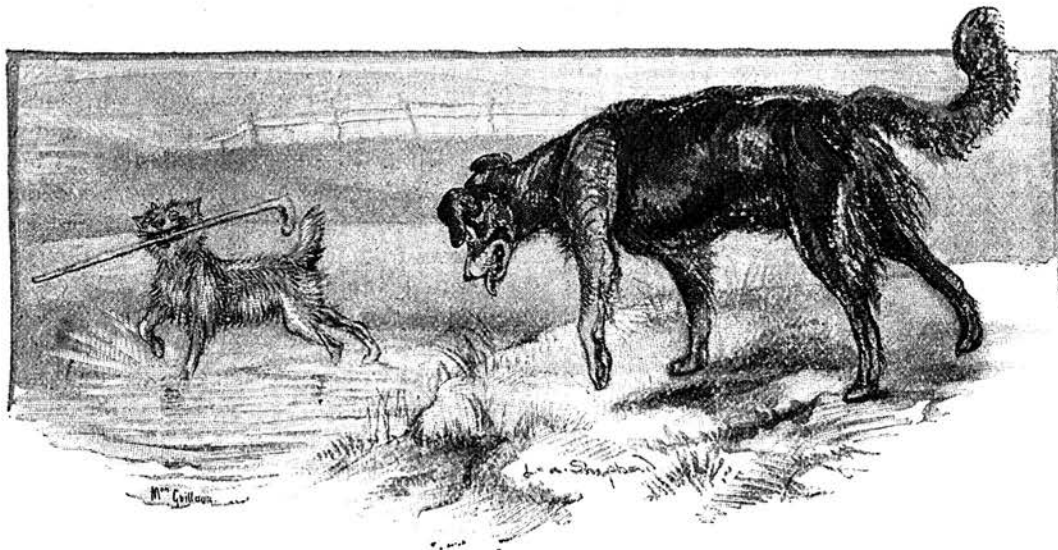
I did not take any notice of him, and suddenly he dashed at my pretty little mealy with open beak, making it fly up and disappear in some crevice of the roof, while the grey parrot behind me got angry, threw out its ruffled feathers, and screamed with impatience, chagrin, and disappointment. I turned round then and talked to Poll and tried to soothe him, but it was some time before he came round and condescendingly smoothed down his feathers at last, patronisingly asking me to "Scratch Poll!" and putting his head close to the wires to enable me to do so. After a little of this I turned round and cast a sudden glance at the aviary, but the big-crested Norwich still stood on the place my little mealy had occupied, and the little mealy was not to be seen. Was there ever a clearer case of jealousy, or a case which would more have prompted one to say how like human nature in certain aspects are these birds?

No one who has had pets can long have missed tokens of this passion in which, in so many ways, the "lower brethren" resemble men and women. How one dog will come and nose about and try to push aside another, and move himself nearer to his master to get all his attention and patting! Only the sense of discipline keeps the one dog from flying at the other in such circumstances, and sometimes, indeed, discipline does not suffice.

Miss F. P. Cobbe gives a good illustrative instance in an article, "Dogs which I Have Met,"



"THEY NOTICED SOMETHING SUSPICIOUS IN THE LOOK OF THE MASTIFF"



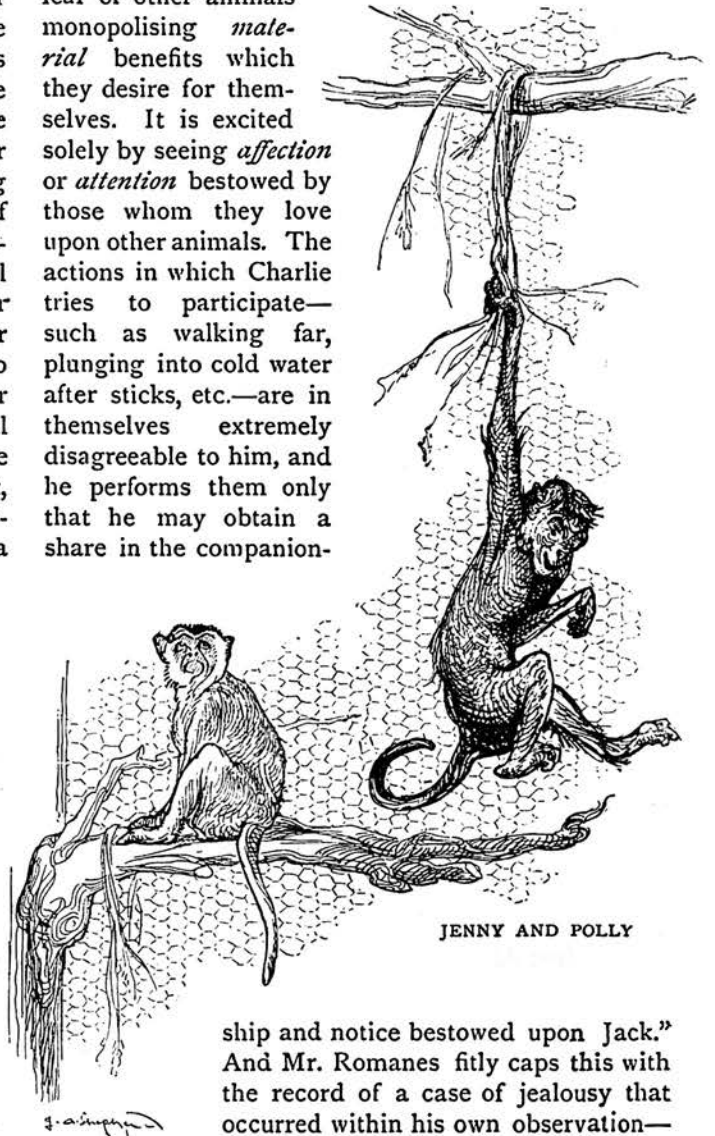
“GROWN OLD AND NOW WALKED WITH DIFFICULTY.”

in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1872, to this effect :—

A hardy mastiff had for long occupied sole place in the affections of the family, when a little toy terrier was introduced, on which, of course, caresses were lavished. What was the surprise of the members when the little toy terrier disappeared, and at the same time they noticed something suspicious in the look of the mastiff. Search was made for the terrier without result, but on the third day a servant, going near to the coal-hole, heard a faint whine and moan of anguish. Looking in, there was the toy terrier imprisoned, lying helpless under a heavy weight of coal and dust, and utterly unable to extricate himself or even to move his limbs. None could tell whether Leo, the mastiff, had actually enticed the terrier into the cellar and scratched coals over him, or whether this had chanced by accident; but Leo had, at all events, carefully abstained from giving any assistance to his tiny companion, and Miss Cobbe adds that, under the old Egyptian law, which punished as murderers in the second degree men who witnessed a murder and did nothing to prevent it, Leo would have been severely chastised. He had yielded to jealousy and acted, under the feeling, as men and women are apt to do in determining to rid themselves of rivals in the affections of those they love.

Mr. Romanes, in his “Animal Intelligence,” has quoted from Mr. A. Oldham an account of the conduct of a dog, Charlie, who had grown old and now walked with difficulty. When a Scotch terrier was brought to live in the house and was treated with much favour all Charlie’s old vigour revived, and he exhibited agonies of jealousy, spending his life in following, watching, and imitating the terrier. Several times he started with a party, but, finding that Jack was not present, turned back. Though before he had eaten nothing but meat, he tried to eat any food given to Jack. If Jack was caressed he watched for some time and then whined and barked.

“Such jealousy,” adds Mr. Romanes, “seems to me a very advanced emotion, as it has passed beyond the stage when it may be supposed to be caused by a fear of other animals monopolising *material* benefits which they desire for themselves. It is excited solely by seeing *affection* or *attention* bestowed by those whom they love upon other animals. The actions in which Charlie tries to participate—such as walking far, plunging into cold water after sticks, etc.—are in themselves extremely disagreeable to him, and he performs them only that he may obtain a share in the companion-



JENNY AND POLLY

ship and notice bestowed upon Jack.” And Mr. Romanes fitly caps this with the record of a case of jealousy that occurred within his own observation—

that of a terrier which took great pains and manifested paternal delight in teaching his puppy to hunt rabbits. In time the puppy outgrew his father in strength and fleetness, so that, in spite of straining



A CHECK.

every nerve, the father at length came to be gradually distanced. His whole demeanour then changed, and every time that he found his son drawing away from him he used in desperation to seize the tail of the youngster; and the strangest part of the affair was that, although the son was now much stronger than the father, he never resented this exercise of paternal

authority, even though the rabbit were close under his nose.

Few who have had much to do with horses will not acknowledge that they have sometimes met with strange traits of jealousy in them, and will not be surprised at what has been told by M. Cheville in the *Lyon Medical*, for April 18, 1875. He declared that he had seen a mare refuse her food and kick her stall to pieces from jealousy. Whenever the groom coaxed or petted another horse, her stable companion, she would do this. He also stated that in a stable where a cow and a donkey were confined together a curious scene was witnessed whenever the dairymaid came to milk the former. No sooner was the maid seated on her milking-stool than the donkey would leave its stall, come close to her, and rest its head on hers while she continued milking, showing that the poor animal was jealous and anxious to claim a share of her attention.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1883, tells that amongst the ingenious experiments of his monkeys was the feat performed by "Polly," a little macaque, of utilising the bars of the perch as a gymnastic pole, round which, in company with "Jenny," she used to spin like an acrobat. More ingenious still, he says, "Polly" used to twist the straw of her cage into a rope, which she attached to one of the projecting bars of her perch, and then, seizing the extemporised rope, would swing round and round after the fashion of a roasting-jack, evidently enjoying the recoil of the straw as a means of continuing her amusement. A more difficult feat, he remarks, was that of "Polly," in her imitation of an acrobat, in a backward spring. Jumping forward from the perch to the side of the cage, she sprang backwards, and in an instant regained the perch. "Jenny" watched this performance with interest, and essayed to do it, but her attempts were clumsy and unsuccessful, and she could not disguise her disappointment and her jealousy of "Polly's" superior performance.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MANY town people taking a holiday in the country are distressed at seeing horses tethered in the fields exposed to the swarms of flies which the switching of their tails is powerless to get rid of, but which wound and torment them beyond endurance, and in our drives and walks we are subject to the same annoyance.

The remedy is simple. Tie a bunch of the scented oak-leaved geranium on the heads or bodies of your horses, and wear a few of them in the front of your dress, and do not forget to place some on the tethered animals.

If you want to keep your room free of the flies, put some plants of the scented oak-leaved geranium in your windows. They will hardly venture through them, for they are always scared at the scent of them.

One word more. This is just the time to get the raspberry leaves, fennel, and parsley fresh from the gardens, so do not forget to prepare the remedy I gave in the November numbers for tired eyes.

PICKLED FRENCH BEANS.—Be careful to have them freshly gathered and quite young. Put them into a brine, made strong enough to float an egg, until they turn colour, then drain them and wipe dry with a clean cloth; put them into a jar and stand as near the fire as possible, and pour boiling vinegar over them sufficient to cover, covering it up quickly to prevent the steam from escaping. Continue to do this until they become green by reboiling the vinegar about every other day. They should take about a week.

PICKLED CABBAGE AND CAULIFLOWER.—Slice the cabbage very finely and cut the cauliflower in small pieces on a board or colander (a pastry board I find answers very nicely), and sprinkle each layer with salt and let it stand for twenty-four hours, sloping the board a little that the brine might run away from it. Procure as much ordinary pickling vinegar as you think will be required to

cover the cabbage, and boil a small portion of it with a little ginger and a small quantity of peppercorns, also a small beetroot peeled and cut up to give it a nice colour; after it has boiled pour it in the remaining vinegar, but take out the beetroot. Put the cabbage and cauliflower into a jar and pour over the vinegar and spices; tie down and keep in a dry place. Will be ready for table-use in about a month.

PICKLED NASTURTIUMS.—Gather them when quite young, and let them remain in brine for twelve hours; have sufficient vinegar to cover them, and with a small portion of it boil a little Jamaica and a little black pepper; when it has just boiled, add to the remaining vinegar. Strain the nasturtiums and put them in a bottle or jar and pour over the vinegar and spices, and tie down. These are very nice to use instead of capers for sauce with either boiled beef or mutton.

The Author of "The Lion and the Lamb."

[EXTRACT from a note from the publisher of "The Lion and the Lamb," an anonymous novel which has achieved a great success, to Henderson Lloyd, the author of the book.]

"Your novel has sold so well that I think it will be of advantage to you to have the authorship known. It need not be directly announced, but might be allowed to leak out in the usual way. This would be a great relief to me, as I am besieged by inquiries."

[A note from Mr. Lloyd to his publisher.]

"MY DEAR MR. SPARROW: On no account can I allow myself to be known as the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' I would not for the world have the originals of some of the characters know that I had drawn them, and there are other reasons why I wish the authorship of the book kept a profound secret.

"I am delighted at the success of the book, and I am very much obliged to you for the handsome check sent so much in advance of the ordinary time of payment."

[From a note from Mr. W. R. Dean to his friend Arthur Fread.]

"I have just finished your book, 'The Lion and the Lamb.' It is a most capital story. My daughter has seized on it, and I have no doubt that she will sit up the greater part of the night to finish it. I knew it to be yours before I had read twenty pages. No one but the author of 'Calderon's Mount' could have written it. It ought to make your fortune, and I sincerely hope it will."

[From Mr. Fread to Mr. Dean.]

"What an astute fellow you are to find out so soon that I wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb.' What shall I do with the fortune that it is going to bring me? Will you join me in buying a silver mine in New Mexico? Or do you think it will be better to purchase a pretty place near the city, where Mrs. Fread and I can settle down in ease and comfort?"

[From Miss Nellie Ford to her uncle.]

"Why, in the name of common sense, dear Uncle Fred, didn't you put your name to 'The Lion and the Lamb?' Everybody is reading it, and everybody is just wild over it. Of course, I knew you wrote it as soon as I got to Aunt Margery. I just screamed when she began her conversation with the lay-reader. It was almost word for word as we heard it. If there are to be any new editions, and there must be lots of them, please have your name put to it."

[To Miss Nellie Ford, from her Uncle Fred.]

"MY DEAR NELLIE: There are reasons, and very weighty ones, why I do not wish to announce myself as the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' and you need not, therefore, expect to see my name on any future editions of the book. But I promise you one thing—whatever money I get from it I will divide with you."

[From Miss Nellie Ford to Miss Virginia Webb, Vice-President of the Rockford Archery and Lawn Tennis Club.]

"DEAR JENNIE: What do you think? Uncle Fred wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb,' but he has reasons why he does not wish to announce himself as the author. I tell this to you because you like the book so much, and I am dreadfully proud that my uncle wrote it. But you must not say a word of it to anybody. He promised

to divide the profits with me, but he was precious careful not to say he would give me half. I expect I shall get about the one ten-thousandth part, which will buy me several pairs of gloves, if the book sells, as it certainly must. Uncle Fred could not afford to do more than that, for he needs all the money he can get."

[Extract from private conversations held by Miss Virginia Webb with each member of the Archery and Lawn Tennis Club.]

"Nellie Ford's Uncle Fred wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb.'"

[From a note from Miss Harriet Crenshaw, of New Upton, to Mrs. Dr. Brown, in the same village.]

"So you told the ladies of the Sewing Society, when my name was mentioned in connection with the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' that I could not possibly have written the book. I suppose you have devoted so much time to the reading and study of my serial stories, and shorter tales, that you are perfectly acquainted with my style, and can, therefore, decide whether or not this or that book, published anonymously, is mine. Perhaps you think I cannot write well enough to be the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' But there will come a day, Mrs. Brown, when you will be sorry that you rendered yourself so conspicuous by making the statements you have made."

[A remark by Mrs. Dr. Brown to Mrs. French, the minister's wife.]

"I suspect Harriet Crenshaw did write 'The Lion and the Lamb,' but I'm not going to let her know that I think so, for she is stuck up enough already."

[From Mr. Sparrow, the publisher, to Mr. Henderson Lloyd.]

"I now think it will be well carefully to preserve the secret of the authorship of your book. There is a general impression that Talbot wrote it, and that is helping the sale immensely."

[Remark of Mr. Lloyd on reading the above.]

"Confound Talbot!"

[From a conversation between Mr. Lloyd and a friend at the Folio Club.]

FRIEND.—"Look here, Lloyd, how is it that you can afford to put on the style that you've been showing lately, actually driving out of town with your own horse? Why, I've been pegging away for twenty years, and haven't been able to keep a horse yet. Have you been making any fortunate literary ventures?"

MR. LLOYD.—(Clapping his friend on the shoulder.) "Don't you know, old boy, that there are other ways of making money, and better ways, too, than by literary ventures? I admit that I have been engaged in a speculation, or something which resembles a speculation, which has turned out very well."

[A remark made by a member of the Folio Club to several other members in the smoking-room.]

"Have you heard about Lloyd, the fellow who writes for the magazines? He is gambling, and going to the dogs as fast as he can."

[Statement made by the wife of the minister of New Upton to various members of her husband's congregation.]

"Harriet Crenshaw wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb.'"

[Letter from a leading novelist, published in a morning paper.]

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir: I beg you will do me the favor to allow me to state in your columns, over my signature, that I am not the author of the recently published novel, 'The Lion and the Lamb.' The respect which I deem is due from myself to my own work will not allow me to withhold my name from anything I may write for publication.

B. WILLIAM TALBOT.

[Part of a conversation held by several leading literary men at the Folio Club.]

ONE LITERARY MAN.—"What do you think of Talbot's letter in 'The Trident?'"

ANOTHER LITERARY MAN.—"It is as plain as daylight that he believes his name to be of as much advantage to his books as anything else that is printed on their pages."

THIRD SPEAKER.—"Well, then, should we not let the public see that we have the same feeling?"

THE REST.—"Most assuredly."

THIRD SPEAKER (*continuing*).—"There is no knowing how far our names have been associated with this book, and should we not, like Talbot, deny the authorship of it?"

THE OTHERS.—"We should, and we will."

[Thereupon each one writes a note to a public journal, and, in the course of a few days, all the denials appear.]

[The substance of long letters received from half a dozen ladies of acknowledged literary reputation by the literary editor of a metropolitan paper.]

"Please state somewhere in your department that I did not write 'The Lion and the Lamb.' I do not wish it supposed that I am obliged to resort to the subterfuge of anonymousness to obtain readers for my books."

[A widely published letter from Belle Virginia Huck, of Minnesota.]

"I wish to declare to the people of America, and to the whole world, that I wrote 'The Lion and the Lamb,' and that any other person pretending to have written it is an outrageous liar, and states what is not the case. I began the story when I was a young girl, in August, 1879, and the work was cut short, one month afterward, by my marriage with Colonel Binder. When that was all over I went to work again with the book, which is a record of my own heart-throbs and tears of despair as well as happier moments. I am now going to write another book, which I think will be even better than the first one."

[Extract from a note of an ex-editor, now traveling in the far East.]

"I have seen with much surprise a letter in an American newspaper from a Miss Huck, in which she states that she is the author of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' This is a falsehood, or an hallucination. I wrote the book the year before I came out here. It is founded upon facts connected with my boyhood and

youth. Several of my friends in America, to whom I have read portions of the manuscript, will substantiate this statement."

[Soliloquy of Mr. Henderson Lloyd, when he has read the published denials of contemporary authors.]

"Confound it! I believe I am the only prominent novelist, male or female, who has not denied the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb.' Who could have expected that they would act in this unhandsome way. There isn't one of them who might not be proud to have the credit of it. But I am bound to keep up the incognito, and it won't do for me to be left standing alone. I, also, will deny it."

[He writes to the editor of "The Trident."]

"Please include my name among those of the persons who have declined to allow themselves to be connected with the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb.'"

[Portion of an entry in the diary of Miss Harriet Crenshaw.]

"I am sure I never had so much cause for feeling ashamed of myself as I have now. Without any fault of my own, so far as I can see, the authorship of a book which I never wrote has been attributed to me, and actuated partly by a feeling of pique, and partly, I am afraid, by vanity, I have allowed compliments upon the book to be paid to me. I did not say I wrote it, but I acted very much as a person would who had written it. These compliments are increasing every day, and I am now actually ashamed to admit that I am not the author. Of course, the truth will come out some time, and then how shall I feel? I ought to assert positively the truth; but, although this would have been easy to do at first, it would be very difficult now, and I fear I have not the courage for it. I never felt so dreadful in my life."

[From a letter from Mr. Sparrow to a brother publisher, retired from business, and now resident in Germany.]

"Last night I had a very novel and interesting experience. I gave an evening reception, and my guests were, all of them, men and women in the literary line whose names have been connected with the authorship of 'The Lion and the Lamb,' a copy of which I mailed to you, and which has proved a fortunate venture for me. There has been great curiosity to know who wrote the book, and it has been attributed to nearly every person who is supposed capable of writing it. The real author keeps extremely shady, and has, indeed, publicly denied any connection with it. Some prominent writers have declined to have the authorship of the book fastened upon them, and a good many others, not so prominent, have been anxious for the honor. My little joke was to introduce each guest to the others as the author of the book; and the result was very funny, some denying it as if it were a crime, others accepting the honor in the most barefaced way, while the majority resorted to the dodge of appearing to tell a falsehood without actually doing so. On the whole, the lye was most lambentable. (Excuse me for spelling out the pun, but I know you like all labor-saving processes.) How they did pitch into me when they had a chance to do so! It was the jolliest evening I have had for a long time."

[Result of the above entertainment on the public mind.]

After the matter had been pretty generally talked about in literary circles, it came to be believed by nearly every one, excepting Mr. Henderson Lloyd, that Mr. Sparrow himself was the author of the book, and therefore that worthy publisher not only received the greater part of the profit, but all the credit of the work.

Frank R. Stockton.



Just a Love-Letter.

“ ‘Miss Blank—at Blank.’ Jemima, let it go ! ”

—Dobson.

NEW YORK, July 20, 1883.

DEAR GIRL :

The town goes on as though
It thought you still were in it ;
The gilded cage seems scarce to know
That it has lost its linnet.
The people come, the people pass ;
The clock keeps on a-ticking ;
And through the basement plots of grass
Persistent weeds are pricking.

I thought 'twould never come—the Spring—
Since you had left the city ;
But on the snow-drifts lingering
At last the skies took pity.
Then Summer's yellow warmed the sun,
Daily decreasing distance—
I really don't know how 'twas done
Without your kind assistance.

Aunt Van, of course, still holds the fort :
I've paid the call of duty ;
She gave me one small glass of port—
'Twas '34 and fruity.
The furniture was draped in gloom
Of linen brown and wrinkled ;
I smelt in spots about the room
The pungent camphor sprinkled.

I sat upon the sofa where
You sat and dropped your thimble—
You know—you said you didn't care ;
But I was nobly nimble.
On hands and knees I dropped, and tried
To—well, I tried to miss it :

You slipped your hand down by your side—
You knew I meant to kiss it !

Aunt Van, I fear we put to shame
Propriety and precision ;
But, praised be Love, that kiss just came
Beyond your line of vision.
Dear maiden aunt ! the kiss, more sweet
Because 'tis surreptitious,
You never stretched a hand to meet,
So dimpled, dear, delicious.

I sought the Park last Saturday ;
I found the Drive deserted ;
The water-trough beside the way
Sad and superfluous spurted.
I stood where Humboldt guards the gate,
Bronze, bumptious, stained, and streaky—
There sat a sparrow on his pate,
A sparrow chirp and cheeky.

Ten months ago ! Ten months ago !—
It seems a happy second,
Against a life-time lone and slow,
By Love's wild time-piece reckoned—
You smiled, by Aunt's protecting side,
Where thick the drags were massing,
On one young man who didn't ride,
But stood and watched you passing.

I haunt Purssell's—to his amaze—
Not that I care to eat there,
But for the dear clandestine days
When we two had to meet there.
Oh, blessed is that baker's bake,
Past cavil and past question :
I ate a bun for your sweet sake,
And memory helped digestion.

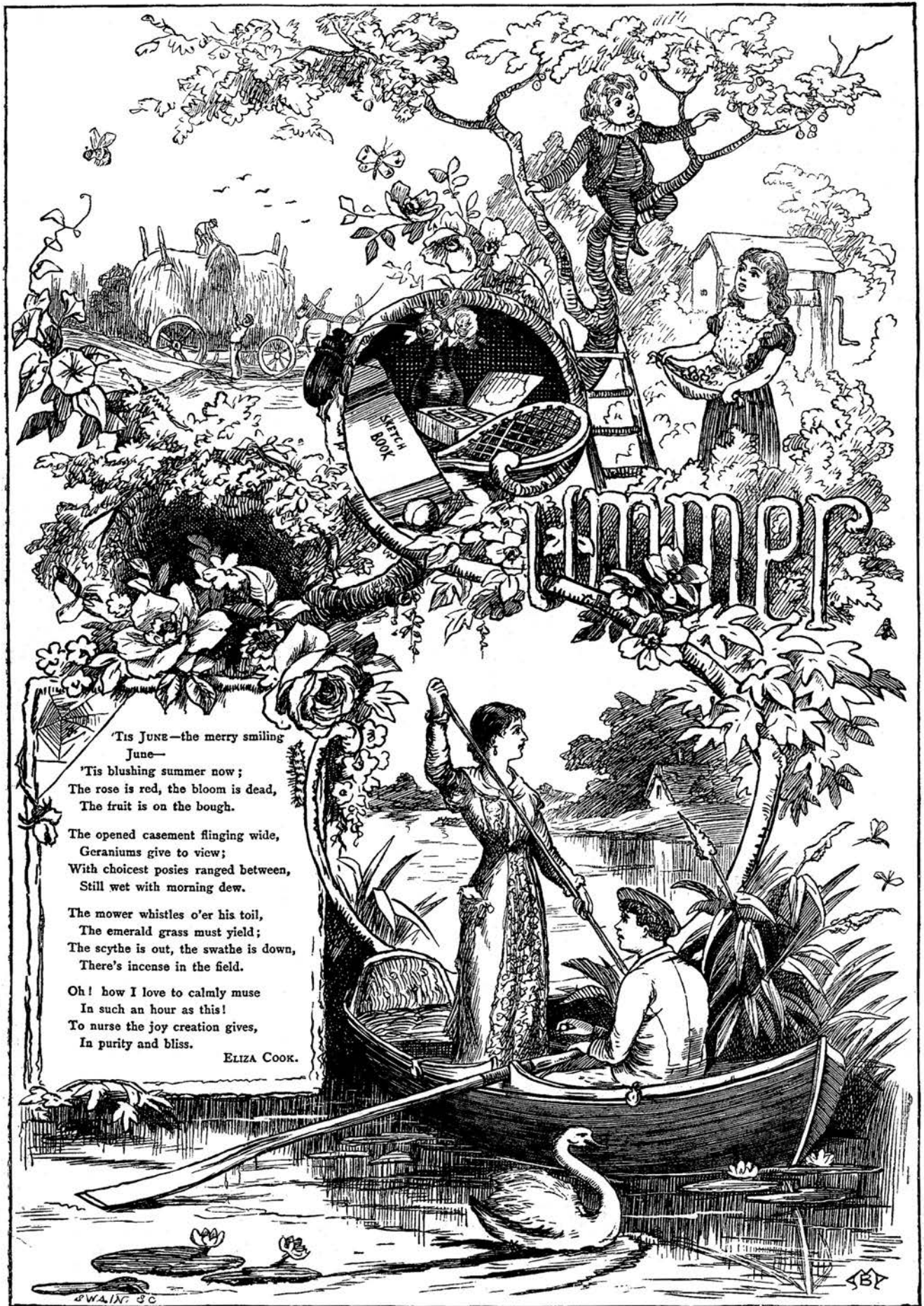
The Norths are at their Newport ranch ;
Van Brunt has gone to Venice ;
Loomis invites me to the Branch,
And lures me with lawn tennis.
O bustling barracks by the sea !
O spiles, canals, and islands !
Your varied charms are naught to me—
My heart is in the Highlands !

My paper trembles in the breeze
That all too faintly flutters
Among the dusty city trees,
And through my half-closed shutters :
A northern captive in the town,
Its native vigor deadened,
I hope that, as it wandered down,
Your dear pale cheek it reddened.

I'll write no more ! A *vis-à-vis*
In halcyon vacation
Will sure afford a much more free
Mode of communication.
I'm tantalized and cribbed and checked
In making love by letter :
I know a style more brief, direct—
And generally better !

H. C. Bunner.





'Tis JUNE—the merry smiling
June—

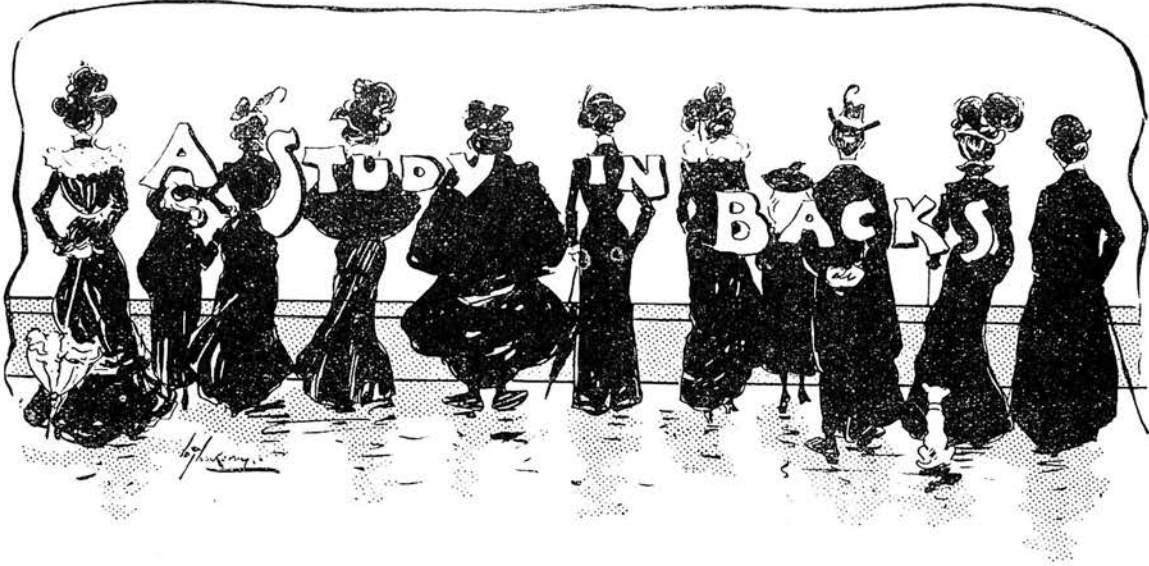
'Tis blushing summer now;
The rose is red, the bloom is dead,
The fruit is on the bough.

The opened casement flinging wide,
Geraniums give to view;
With choicest posies ranged between,
Still wet with morning dew.

The mower whistles o'er his toil,
The emerald grass must yield;
The scythe is out, the swathe is down,
There's incense in the field.

Oh! how I love to calmly muse
In such an hour as this!
To nurse the joy creation gives,
In purity and bliss.

ELIZA COOK.



BY AN OBSERVANT WOMAN.

CHARACTER may be interpreted by trifles truly light as air. Has it ever struck you how strikingly the feminine disposition delineates itself upon the female back?

You say you have never noticed it. Then let me try to prove the truth of my statement, for I may claim to be, not a prying, but an observant woman, and the backs of my numberless feminine friends, as well as those which I have, so to speak, followed on the way, have convinced me that intellectual qualities, domestic virtues, arrogance, vulgarity, meanness, spitefulness, and kindness can each be denoted as much by the feminine back as by the face.

Intensely typical is the back in evening dress. Let me suppose that I sit behind you one evening in the stalls of a London theatre. Modestly we will take our seats in a fifth row, and study at leisure the backs before us.



PROSPEROUS AND VULGAR.

Not a yard away, for instance, sits the prosperous but vulgar back — the back which breathes of wealth lately acquired through, perhaps, the channels of the meat market. It

is clad in a gown of richest crimson velvet, with lace adorning it worth a small fortune, and diamonds worth a ship-load of carcasses glitter everywhere.

But alas! here beauty ends. For the velvet is stretched over a breadth unique, and looks more like the work of a Tottenham Court Road upholsterer than a Bond Street dressmaker. The back and shoulders are of fine, mottled pink, falling into many insurmountable creases. The ears, of generous size, stand out aggressively, and are made still more noticeable by the weighty diamond drops in each. The manner in which the coarse and tow-coloured locks are dressed is wonderfully elaborate, but nevertheless terrible, with its *bandeau* of diamonds, and many stars. We feel quite sure that the owner of this back is ostentatiously proud of the position in which Fortune has been pleased to place her, and that her greatest happiness is realised in making herself a monumental display of her banking account.



RESPECTABILITY.

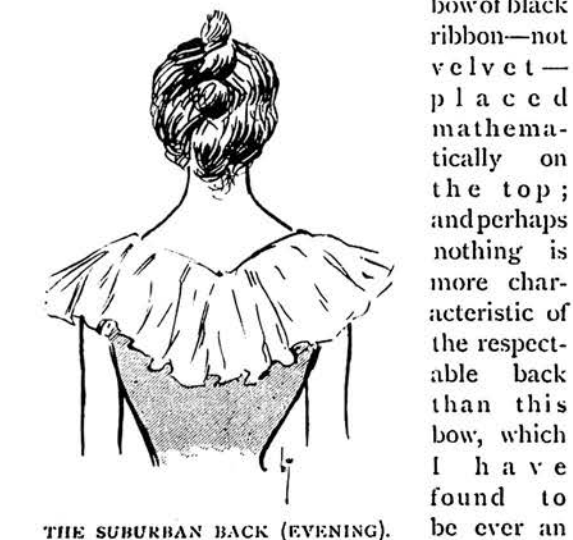
Then our eyes wander to a back a few stalls ahead; and this is one that could never be mistaken for anything else than that of utter and dull respectability. The evening gown, of excellent silk, is cut with a peculiar unsmartness,

and is of that shade of ginger yellow so beloved by the respectable, and a hue that, in its unbecomingness, would detract even from the peer-



A NAUGHTY BACK.

less beauty of a Helen of Troy. There is a squareness, angularity, and a general uncompromising stiffness about this back which is eloquent of the ready-made corset—nay, we can even define the starting-line of this article of raiment! The neck—what little is shown—is not of lily whiteness,



THE SUBURBAN BACK (EVENING).

outward and visible sign of the domestic virtues.

In delightful contrast, although perhaps it is rather wrong of me to think so, appears that vision of a naughty back which I would point out to you standing next to a not unknown dramatic critic. Who can fail to admire its grace and *chic*-ness?—and the naughty back always appears more distinctive in evening attire than any other. It is perhaps a *trifle* plump, but beautifully proportioned and moulded. The gown, cut audaciously low, seems to consist of a mass of sunset pink and grey *chiffon* drifted together, but evidently the work of a master hand; it reveals to our eyes a neck and shoulders creamy white, satin smooth, with a distracting dimple playing hide-and-seek on either side.

The soft, golden hair, curling babyishly—so subtle is art—about the neck, is gathered up into a heap of silken fluffiness, upon the summit of which a diamond butterfly perches coquetishly. There is undoubtedly a tinge of wickedness in this back, but to shut our eyes to its fascinations would be impossible.



THE SUBURBAN BACK (MORNING).

There is another type of back which in no case should be passed over, nor, when once pointed out, can it ever be mistaken: this is the suburban back often observed at places of entertainment when free seats are prevalent. From a coign of vantage I have watched and learnt its peculiarities well. The suburban back is nearly always clothed in what the owner fondly terms an evening blouse, in pongee silk, or crepon of an aggressive art shade; and, try to disguise the fact as we will, there is a home-made appearance about it which is unmistakable. It is a hundred to one that this blouse will be cut in a **V**, and trimmed with a frill, either too deep or too narrow, of white lace that breathes of bargains; and I have invariably noticed that



THE SPORTING BACK.

The *coiffure* of the suburban back is wonderfully elaborate, and adorned with numberless paste ornaments of palpable cheapness. It will be found that the evening wrap proper is seldom seen as a covering to the suburban back; some woolly creation in pale blue or pink, which is not removed from the shoulders until the beginning of the second act, is preferred. But it must not be thought by this that the owner of the

the bare neck thus displayed will present a dull and depressing texture, giving the impression of hurried toilet operations. But although cosmetics may be neglected, one may be certain to see the double string of royally large pearls which encircle the neck and fasten with a bow to match the blouse in colour. I know that bow, and I should never expect to see the pearls without it.

suburban back is poor; indeed, I have known such with a substantial balance at their bankers'.

Another back typical of Suburbia may be noticed in all its perfection if a walk be taken up Regent Street during the era of sales. Short, and broad, and high-shouldered, we may note it ambling along in front, clad in a dolman of velvet heavily bebugled. The neck of this back is hardly apparent, but the head-gear,

a *toque*, like Joseph's coat, of many colours, from which the veil-ends artlessly dangle, is an object of interest. It will be noticed also that, wet or dry the weather, a fat, tightly gloved hand will be sure to be clawing up the voluminous skirt, with thrifty intentions, but leaving exposed to vulgar gaze a pair of substantial ankles and comfortable, flat-heeled boots—sixes. Who can deny that this

back is typical of the excellent British matron, whose husband is "something in the City," and who is, without doubt, the mother of the young lady in the pink crepon and pearls?

Now sharpen your memory a little as I bring before you the sporting back, which I am sure you will recognise immediately. Long, firm, and supple, with a rounded waist, and neck well set on the shoulders, clad, if we note it out of doors, in the tailor—not tailor-made—coat and skirt of perfect cut and finish, and more often than not black or dark grey

in colour—this back may have a slight stoop at the shoulders, but the carriage is altogether graceful and light, and denotes plainly pluck and decision. The sporting back looks undoubtedly its best in the saddle, but oddly enough, when seen in evening attire at hunt balls, it is far from unsightly, being lissom as a hazel-wand and straight as a dart. The whiteness of the neck may perhaps be disfigured by a weather-beaten line; but we cannot raise serious exception to this, for is it not healthy, athletic, and essentially national?



THE LADYLIKE BACK.



THE HORSEY BACK.



THE NEW-WOMAN BACK.

A poor third cousin to this back is that distinguished by the word "horsey." From personal observation I have noticed this back prevalent in river-side suburbs as much as anywhere; it is always long and narrow, and appears clad in a down-to-the-heels Newmarket coat of mannish, but not first-rate style. The walk will be jaunty and jerky; the head held forward—it sports a bowler hat; and it will be noticed that the ungloved hand will be swinging a stick briskly; and, in fact, to see an umbrella in connection with a sporting back would be a distinct anomaly.

And what about the ladylike back? Ah! that is one which can never be mistaken but for what it is. Graceful and well-proportioned, with a head set prettily upon good shoulders, and with a waist round and neat, the ladylike back may be detected in great frequency if one is taking a stroll up Bond Street on a bright April morning. The well-fitting trim gown of some quiet-hued serge or cloth, the

touch of sable or chinchilla round the neck, the becomingly arranged but not elaborate *coiffure*, topped by the neat but smart head-gear, and lastly, the quiet, even walk, proclaim, without a glimpse of the face, the English-woman of refinement and good breeding.

I had nearly passed over a back representative of the times; and if you would like to note its peculiarities without prejudice, watch for five minutes the door of the feminine club sacred to the great cause of emancipation, when its members are gathering for conference. A positive thrill of terror comes over us as we notice the gentlemanlike fit of the loose coat, the mannish action of the shoulders, the short-cropped hair, and the cruelly hard felt hat. The scanty skirt cannot conceal the defiant stride, nor the universally big foot, clad in shoes that *must* have been stolen from a brother's wardrobe. This *tout ensemble* has but one meaning, it is



Photo, by H. S. Mendelssohn.

Maria E. Pitcher

The back of the "New Woman," and from her acquaintance may Heaven long preserve us!



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Prune Mould.—Half a pound of good prunes stewed in a pint of cold water until thoroughly tender, when carefully remove the stones. Add to them the juice of half a lemon, a little more water, four ounces of loaf sugar and an ounce of gelatine. Put all into a stewpan together, let it stand for an hour, then simmer on the stove for half-an-hour; when it has boiled up once, put into a mould, and when quite set turn out and serve with a whipped cream around it.

Other stewing fruits to our hand in winter

are pears, dates, dried apricots and Normandy pippins. The two last-named require soaking in cold water previous to cooking.

Almond Cheesecakes.—Pound two ounces and a half of sweet and bitter almonds mixed, and add to them a quarter of a pound of butter, beaten to a cream, a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar and the grated rind of one lemon. Beat together the yolks and whites of three eggs well, and mix the ingredients thoroughly together. Make some light pastry with a quarter of a pound of flour and a quarter

of a pound of butter, and line some patty pans with it, pouring the mixture in the centre. Place strips of blanched almonds on each cheesecake and bake a light brown. These are delicious.

A Fours Salad.—Slice evenly and thinly one cold boiled Spanish onion, a small boiled beetroot, a large potato, also boiled and cold, and a cucumber. Lay the slices alternately in a shallow dish, garnish the edge with picked watercress, and dress with pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar.

Odds and Ends.

It is generally believed amongst French people that there is a five-franc piece still in circulation which is worth 100,000 francs, which is equivalent to £4000. The story of this valuable coin is, that the Emperor Napoleon the First finding that a new issue of five-franc pieces, which he had ordered to be coined, was by no means popular with the people, made it known that in one of the coins of this issue he had caused an assignment for 100,000 francs to be hidden, and afterwards had had this particular piece re-minted so that it should be undistinguishable from the rest. The story was received by a large number of the French with the greatest incredulity, but those who believed it, pointed out that the five-franc pieces were sufficiently large to conceal a small paper, and that in order that the assignment should pass uninjured in the re-minting of the coin, it was written on asbestos paper. The consequence was that every year hundreds of five-franc pieces were split open, and those who believe that the coin is still in existence continue to destroy as many five-franc pieces as they can afford in the hope of lighting upon the assignment. It goes without saying that the search is an expensive one, as when split open the coins can only be sold for their silver worth. However, it has now been suggested that the Röntgen rays should be called into the service, as any difference in the density of a piece of metal could readily be discerned by their aid. In this way the 100,000 francs assignment could be quickly discovered, or its existence proved to be a myth, by the examination of all the five-franc pieces issued under the rule of Napoleon, and seeing the years that have elapsed since then, the number of these coins cannot possibly be very large.



To attempt to tame butterflies seems to attempt the impossible, but two ladies in Paris have succeeded wonderfully in this apparently impossible task. A friend of theirs on returning from Asia brought them nearly a hundred rare specimens, each lady taking fifty. By dint of much patience the ladies have tamed the insects to such an extent that now, when they enter the rooms in which each keeps her collection, the butterflies fly to greet her, perching upon her head and shoulders, but particularly upon her finger-tips. This is explained by the fact that they were originally tamed by smearing the finger-tips with honey. Both the ladies paint, and their unusual pets have proved of great service in their art, as they have been able to paint them on the wing and also in groups, and this is impossible under ordinary circumstances.



THE lovely Maréchal Niel rose owes its name to the Empress Eugénie. When General Niel returned from the scene of his triumphs over the Austrians in Italy after the battles of Solferino and Magenta a poor man gave him a basket filled with exquisite yellow roses. The general had a cutting struck from one of the blooms, and when the rose tree from it had grown he took it to the Empress Eugénie. She was charmed with the gift, but when she asked the name of the rose, she was told that it was unknown. "Ah!" she said. "I will give it a name; it shall be the Maréchal Niel." By this she conveyed to the gallant officer that he had been made a marshal of France for his services to the country, as well as naming the lovely blossom.

"OF all passions indolence is that which is least known to ourselves; it is the most powerful and the most baneful, though its powers be unfelt and the loss which it causes be unseen."



THE official history of the War of the Rebellion now being issued by the Government of the United States of America has the distinction of being the most expensive book ever published in the world. Already it has cost £446,000 and is by no means complete. One half of this sum has been paid for printing and binding, the rest going in rent, stationery, salaries and other miscellaneous expenses.



IN the little village of Hartley in Yorkshire there is a baby so small that it is called "The living doll." The name of this midget of a child is Margaret Saddaby, and she is only twelve inches high and a few ounces in weight. She is perfectly formed and perfectly normal for her age, and has a bright and intelligent expression. Since her birth the child has not grown either in size or weight and has never worn anything but doll's clothes, sleeping in a doll's cradle, which could easily be placed in a doll's house.



THE Argentine Republic has imposed a tax upon celibates of either sex. These are the first two clauses of the new law: "On and after January 1st, 1897, every male from the age of twenty to eighty shall pay a tax until he marries, and shall pay it once in every month." Clause 2: "Young celibates of either sex who shall, without legitimate motive, reject the addresses of him or her (ladies may propose in Argentine) who may aspire to her or his hand, and who continue contumaciously unmarried, shall pay the sum of 500 piastres for the benefit of the young person, man or woman, who has been so refused."



GRASS might be supposed to be the last material from which glass could be obtained. But an accident at a northern glass-factory proves that it is so. A large mass of esparto grass had been burnt by mischance in a furnace, and after it had been entirely consumed large masses of glass were found amongst the ashes. These pieces, on being treated in the usual manner in a kiln, produced glass which is described as "a good sample of bottle-glass." At first sight this seems most extraordinary, but as flint, which is the chief component of glass, is to be found in large quantities in all grasses, and particularly in the straw of wheat and oats, it is easily explained.



A GREAT portion of subterranean Paris is honeycombed with catacombs which were once used as burying-places. A novel use has now been made of these underground galleries that lie immediately beneath the Jardin des Plantes, for they have been converted into a laboratory and aquarium. A number of them have been filled with reservoirs and glass tanks, whilst in others the niches that once contained human bodies have been turned into cages, so that scientists may be able to study the effect upon animal life of total and partial darkness.

DAMASCUS is probably the oldest city in the world, and is estimated to be about 4200 years old. It is supposed to have been founded by a great-grandson of Noah, and for many centuries was famous for its manufacture of jewellery, silks and swords. In the Middle Ages a Damascus sword was more highly prized than any other; but the Damascene method of tempering steel is one of the vanished arts of the world, and the famous swords are no longer made. In point of age Jerusalem comes next to Damascus amongst the oldest cities in the world, it having been a Jebusite city in the days of Abraham 3900 years ago. Athens is the oldest city in Europe, being about 3453 years old. Rome is the next oldest, and after that comes Marseilles, founded by a colony of Greeks when Rome was still a small village. London and Paris have neither of them been in existence two thousand years.



FENCING is becoming quite a favourite exercise and pastime with women, it being claimed for it that it thoroughly develops all the muscles of the body. In Germany it is extremely popular, and there, the most fashionable young women receive half-a-dozen of their friends in their fencing-rooms in the afternoon and indulge in trials of skill and strength with the foils. It is said that a few months or even a few weeks' fencing will put muscles of steel into the slenderest of wrists, will train the eye and give a suppleness and grace to the figure, which must be seen to be believed. The devotees of the exercise declare that it develops the strength of the muscles without enlarging them, as is the case with most gymnastics.



ORANGE juice is an excellent cleanser of black boots and shoes. A slice of orange should be rubbed upon the shoe or boot, and as soon as it is dry should be brushed with a soft brush until it shines brightly. The inside of a banana skin will be found most effective for cleaning tan shoes, the skin being rubbed all over the shoe, which should be carefully wiped with a soft cloth, and then briskly polished with a flannel cloth. Patent leather boots or shoes should never be touched with blacking. They are the most difficult of all boots to keep in good order, and require constant care. A damp sponge rubbed over them, and an application of a little sweet oil or vaseline after they have been thoroughly dried will keep them soft and bright, and prevent them cracking.



"THOU knowest well how to excuse and colour thine own deeds, but thou art not willing to receive the excuses of others. It were more just that thou shouldst accuse thyself, and excuse thy brother. If thou wilt be borne withal, bear also with another. Behold, how far off thou art yet from true charity and humility, for that knows not how to be angry with any, or to be moved with indignation, but only against oneself. It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willingly enjoyeth peace and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace and a most commendable and manly thing."—*Thomas à Kempis.*



Belford's Chatterbox, 1885

June.

'TIS heaven alone that is given away
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
 No price is set on the lavish summer;
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days,
 Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays.

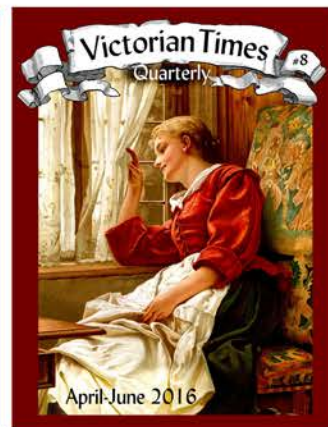
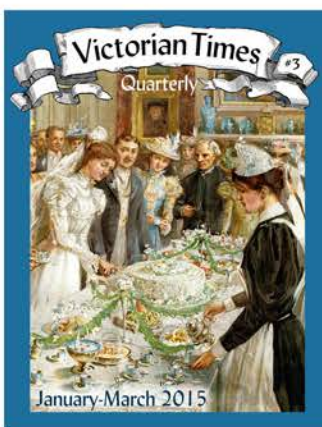
James Russell Lowell.

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