

Victorian Times

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London's Cemetery for Dogs • Swedish Embroidery • "The Little Ones"
Our Friends the Servants • Carriages Without Horses • A Curious Wager of 1811
The Turquoise & the Cats-Eye • Bread & Cakes • Canoeing on the Hudson
Fiction: "The Lady, or the Tiger?" (plus a poetic solution to the conundrum)

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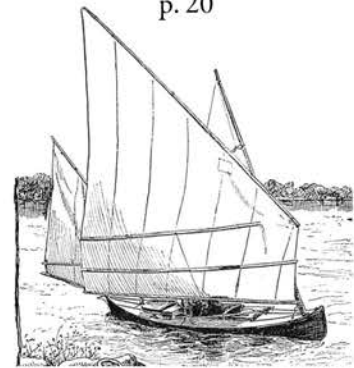
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The Girl's Own Paper* *Cassell's Family Magazine*

What Makes a Classic?

I don't remember how old I was when I first read Frank Stockton's classic Victorian short story, "The Lady or the Tiger?" I do remember my reaction—shock and outrage! And I'll say no more, because, well, if you haven't read it yet, flip ahead to page 26 and enjoy. Then come back. I don't want to risk any spoilers!

When I began exploring Victorian magazines, I fondly imagined discovering a host of "forgotten" classic stories like this and sharing them with the readers of *Victorian Times*. So naturally I was delighted to discover that magazines were liberally sprinkled with short stories by Frank Stockton, tales I'd never even heard of. What a treat it was going to be to blow the dust off some of these gems and discover that... that...

That "old" does not mean "classic." There are many Victorian classics that have stood the test of time, books and stories you've probably grown up with as well. And then, there are those that don't even stand up to the pop quiz of time. And there are thousands more that have been forgotten, mercifully, for a reason.

Frank Stockton offers a good example. To say he was "prolific" is an understatement. I have yet to find a reference that will tell me exactly how many short stories he wrote. However, around the turn of the (last) century, Scribner's issued a collection of novels and stories that numbered 23 volumes! Besides "Tiger," he seems to have been particularly successful as a children's writer. But there's a reason why, in *this* century, you'd have to hunt hard to find "The Collected Short Works of Frank Stockton."

The reason is, frankly (no pun intended), that most of his stories just weren't very good. One fine example is "The Thing that Glistened," which can be found at <http://fullreads.com/literature/a-thing-that-glistened/>. In this tale, a deep-sea diver is hired to recover a diamond bracelet lost by a lady on a steamship. The steamship captain calculates with remarkable precision the spot where the bracelet went overboard, and our hero ventures down to try to retrieve it. He is set upon by a shark that seems to have a liking for bright objects; it swallows his lamp, which promptly electrocutes the shark. Returning to the surface, our hero has the dead shark brought in and cuts it open, thinking that if it liked shiny objects, it might have swallowed the bracelet. What he finds instead is literally a message in a bottle. That message is... a confession from a murderer, who had an attack of conscience in this exact same spot on some *other* ship. And... the murder that he has written this confession to is... the very murder for which the hero's own brother stands condemned and is sentenced to hang for! (A brother and a murder, by the way, that the reader knew nothing of until this point in the story.) What luck! What an amazing series of coincidences! (It turns out that the lady never actually dropped her bracelet at all, so she's happy too.) Victorians did seem to love stories packed with coincidences—the orphan child who proves to be the lost heir, the missing will, the lost jewelry found at just the right moment, etc.—but this was a bit over the top!

So, again, age alone does not a classic make. Actually, poor Stockton was well aware of the irony of the success of his one great story. A couple of years later, he wrote a story titled "My Wife's Deceased Sister," about a writer who had written a wonderful story and then couldn't sell anything else, because editors and readers expected every new story to be of the same caliber. In this story the narrator switches to a pseudonym—and when he finds that he has at last written a story "as good as" the other, he destroys it before it destroys him again.

In a letter to a friend, Stockton wrote, "In other words, I found that I had ruined my own market by furnishing one story which I could not quite live up to... I wrote 'His Wife's Deceased Sister' in the bitterness of my soul... as a protest against the assumption that when a man does his very best he places himself under obligation to do as well on every succeeding occasion or starve to death for lack of ability to do so."

In this complaint, however, Stockton is not alone. He stands with unhappy "successes" of our own day, like J.K. Rowling, whose public wants nothing but Harry Potter books; or Leonard Nimoy, who desperately wanted to be remembered for something other than Spock. Or, returning to Victorian times, consider Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who came to loathe Sherlock Holmes (and did his best to murder his own creation), because he longed to be known as a writer of historical tales but had a public that only wanted "more Holmes."

But Stockton is also not alone in that, like these and many others, he *did* create a successful work that has stood the test of time, and will undoubtedly delight readers for centuries to come. The sad part of reading most of the fiction in Victorian magazines is that many (if not most) writers never managed even that.

As an aspiring writer, I just wish I knew which authors were the happier...

—Moira Allen, Editor
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A Cemetery for Dogs.

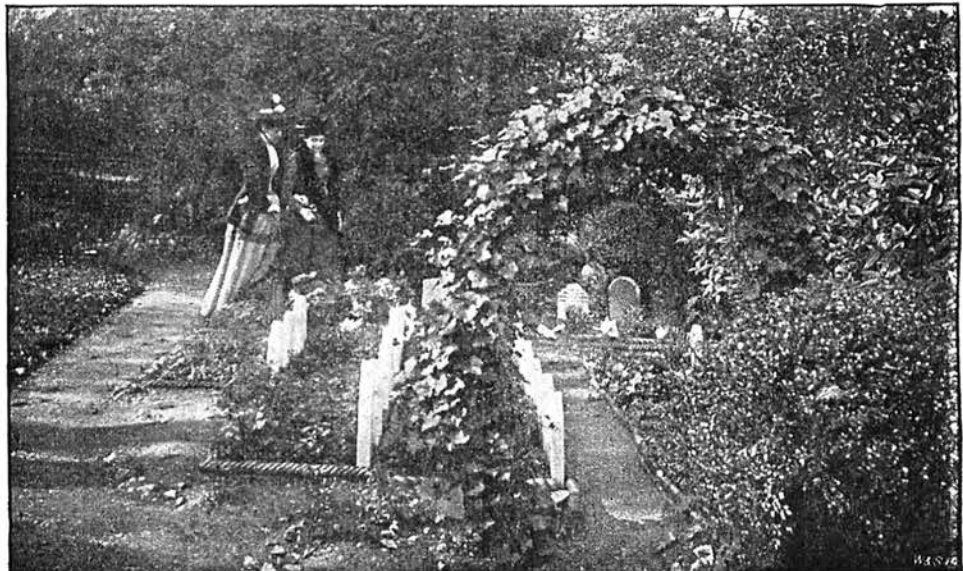
BY E. A. BRAYLEY HODGETTS.



THE general public who frequent Hyde Park little suspect that this Royal pleasance contains a dogs' cemetery, and that within a stone's-throw of Victoria Gate and the Bayswater Road, yet carefully hidden from the profane eyes of the throng, are the graves of thirty-nine dogs, of which thirty-three are surmounted by tombstones, mostly marble. Such is nevertheless the case; the graves are bright and green, some are even decorated with flowers. The cemetery is not a public institution; it does not belong to one person; it is an accident, just as my discovery of it was an accident. With a few exceptions, the dogs whose remains are interred there have belonged to ladies residing in the neighbourhood. They were the friends and playmates of their mistresses, sources of comfort and consolation in their hours of sadness, of amusement in their leisure, and trusted companions always. It is a fitting thing that the memories of faithful friends should be kept green. There have been heroic dogs whose names have become historical, dogs like the noble "Gelert," who defended his master's child against a wolf, and was slain by his enraged master on suspicion of having killed the child himself—not until he descried the wolf's dead body, and found his child safe and sound under its overturned cot, did the impetuous knight discover his mistake. Then there was the celebrated dog of Montargis, who avenged his master's death and killed his master's murderer in single combat. "Gelert" received a burial, and his grave is shown to

this day; and the dog of Montargis has an undying memorial in the folk-lore of France. Then why should not the bodies of the less celebrated, but possibly equally noble, pets of modern fashionable London be remembered and buried? There is at least nothing obtrusive or objectionable about the modest canine Elysian-field of Hyde Park.

Driving along the Bayswater Road on the top of an omnibus, the passenger can get a glimpse of this unique little spot dotted with tiny marble tokens of affection. But the pedestrian who would wish to survey the graves at his leisure must enter Hyde Park at Victoria Gate and ask for the gatekeeper at the lodge. This lodge is a miniature Greek temple, like all the lodges of the Park, and is sacred to lollypops and ginger-beer, for which reason it is dear to the imagination of children. To them it is a palace of delight, and the little dogs, their companions, are quite unconscious that they are in close proximity to what must be consecrated ground in their doggish eyes. For behind this severely classical lodge is the canine necropolis. Without the gracious permission of Mr. Winbridge, the gatekeeper, we shall not be able to put our unhallowed foot inside it. Mr. Winbridge, the venerable custodian of Victoria Gate, is a genial old man, well



From a Photo. by J

THE DOGS' CEMETERY (GENERAL VIEW).

[Elliott & Fry.

stricken in years, and formerly a servant in the household of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. With a pleasant, indulgent smile, he will open the gate leading to the small inclosure which surrounds his back garden. This the old man has entirely devoted to the dogs' cemetery. It is a curious sight that meets the eye. Arranged in long rows are the simple but pretty little tombstones, nearly all of marble, and each bearing its separate in-

stance, and it is a very touching one, all attentions of this kind were made impossible by the death of the owner himself. This was the late Lord Petre, who sent his dog to be buried by Mr. Winbridge, on a July day in 1892, and intimated his intention of being present at the burial on the following morning; but his lordship could not survive the loss of his favourite, and died before he was able to fulfil his promise.



From a Photo. by]

[SOME OF THE TOMBSTONES.

[Elliott & Fry.

scription. There are thirty-nine graves in all, of which one has a wooden memorial, upon which the inscription has become indistinct, and six have nothing to distinguish them at all. All the others have beautiful white tombstones, and by far the larger number of these are of marble. Each grave is neatly tiled in, and is green with plants and bright with flowers. Some of the graves are ornamented with shells, not one looks neglected. The burial ceremony is generally performed by Mr. Winbridge himself, but only rarely in the presence of the bereaved owners of the lamented pet, who are mostly too much overcome with grief to be able to face this last cruel parting. The dogs are mostly sewn up in canvas bags, and are thus committed to their last resting-place. In a few instances only have neatly polished deal coffins been used. From time to time the owners visit the graves of their pets and see that they are well kept, and, perhaps, place flowers on them. In one in-

The following is a list of the tombstones upon which the inscriptions are still legible :

- “Poor little ‘Prince.’”
 ———
 “Poor dear ‘Tappy,’ July, 1892.—
 Lord Petre.”
 ———
 “Poor ‘Duchie.’”
 ———
 “To dear little ‘Smut.’”
 ———
 “Our ‘Prinnie,’ Nov., 1891.”
 ———
 “Dear ‘Impy’—‘Loving and Loved,’
 April 7, 1886.”
 ———
 “Dear ‘Titsey.’”
 ———
 “‘Sonnie,’ died August 25, 1888.”
 ———
 “Here lies ‘Tip,’ Sept. 8, 1888.”
 ———
 “Darling ‘Faust,’ April 20, 1891.”

"In memory of my dear little 'Bunda,'
9 October, 1891.—A. F. C."

"My 'Bogie,' 14.7, 1891."

"'Flo,' June, 1891."

"'Loo-Loo' and 'Bliss,' 1882-91."

"Dear 'Daisy,' January, 1890."

"To dear 'Centi,' the loved companion of
12 years, Sept., 1889."

"In Tender Memory of Sweet little 'Tiny.'"

"Sprite."

"In Memory of 'Jack,' July, 1892."

"'Mona,' born 2nd November, 1878,
died 15th August, 1892."
Loved, mourned, and missed.

"In Loving Memory of my darling little
'Cirrie,' died March 14th, 1893.—J. R. F."

"A. J. H.—Our dog 'Prince.'"

"Alas! Poor 'Zoe.'"

Born 1st October, 1879.

Died 3rd August, 1892.

As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned,
For friendship rare by her adorned.

"Darling 'Vic,' died 1892."

"'Topsy,' Nov. 17, 1883.
Jan. 16, 1893."

"'Fanny' and 'Nelly.'"

Love's tribute to love.

"Dear little 'Tommy.'"

"Sweet little 'Skye.' Sept., 1882."

"Poor 'Cherry.' Died 28 April, 1881."

"'Kaiser.' Died 15 April, 1886."

"To Poor 'Jack.' 3.7.92.—C. H. C."

"Dear 'Waldine.' May 13, 1893."

"Dear little 'Peggie.'"

"'Topper.' Hyde Park Police-station.
Died, 9.6.93."

"Boxer.' 1893."

Not one of these inscriptions can be characterized as gushy or foolishly sentimental. On the contrary, their simplicity and brevity are alike touching. "The loved companion of twelve years" is all that one of them says. Poor little "Centi"! What a pang his loss must have occasioned! For twelve years he had wagged his little tail; for twelve years his master or mistress had patted him on the head, had stroked and caressed him, probably personally fed and washed him. For twelve years he had been a faithful and affectionate companion. How many human beings would have shown the like constancy? And now he is gone, and all that is left of him is a tiny mound of earth and a diminutive marble tombstone. Twelve years is a slice out of one's life. It is nearly half a generation. The friendships formed and the associations made for such a period are not easily effaced, and can never be replaced. That, indeed, is the saddest feature of the whole question of pets. They are short-lived. One has scarcely time to grow fond of them, to find them entwined in our hearts, before they are rudely wrenched away from us by the cruel hand of Death.

How suggestive is the name of "Smut," dear little "Smut"! We can almost see him standing before us. "Smut" must have been a pug dog—we are positive that he was a pug—a pug with a delicious black nose, which looked as though he had popped his head into the coal-scuttle, and with large, affectionate eyes, made in-



From a Photo. by]

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE TOMBSTONES.

[Elliott & Fry.

teresting by the enormous dark circles under them, which gave him the air of a Spanish beauty. We feel certain that "Smut" must have been the perfection of languid and sentimental exquisiteness, if it had not been for a certain latent roguishness about the corners of his eyes during five o'clock tea-time, and a hopelessly vulgar habit of hanging out just half an inch of his tongue. Most of the names are of themselves eloquent: such as "Duchie," "Impy," "Titsey," "Sonnie," "Tip," "Faust," "Bunda," "Sprite," "Cirrie," "Topsy," "Waldine." The last name must have been owned by a romantic King Charles's spaniel, nothing less. With regard to "Boxer," it is difficult to form any idea of him from his appellation, which sounds formidable. Could he have been a bull-terrier? But it is hard to believe that a bull-terrier could ever have earned for himself the crowning glory of a marble tombstone.

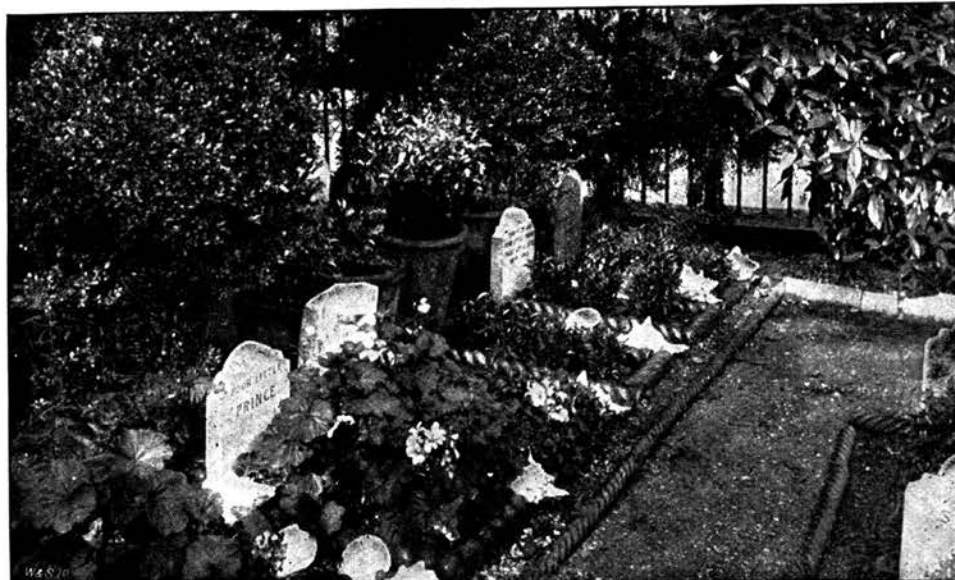
When we come to inquire into the history and record of some of these once treasured animals, we are confronted by a sad but essentially human fact: oblivion has in many cases passed over them. Although the earliest date on any of the tombstones is 1881, and although we may therefore assume, as will presently be shown, that the cemetery has a history of no more than twelve years, it is extremely difficult to get any authentic information concerning the dogs themselves or their owners. Twelve years is a long time; few people continue to mourn for their friends or even their relations for so long a period; and when it comes to dogs — what wonder that they should be forgotten!

"Poor little 'Prince,'" whose tomb has no date to say when it met its sad death, belonged to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who is Ranger of the Park, and was run over at Victoria Gate in front of the lodge. The gatekeeper, being, as already stated, an old servant of His Royal Highness, rushed forward to save the poor little fellow, but too late, and so little "Prince" was appropriately

buried in the adjoining cemetery. But no record seems to have been kept of him, for we have received from Colonel Fitz-George, the Duke's private secretary, a letter stating that "His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has no sketch or picture of the dog 'Prince,' and has no history of him." In the case of Colonel Montefiore's dog, "Our Prinnie," we find that his memory is still affectionately treasured. Colonel Montefiore writes to say:—

"Our little dog, 'Prince'—'Prinnie'—came of a very good stock of dachshunds. His mother, 'Princess Frederica,' is in the possession of my cousin, and he had many relations with very high-sounding titles. 'Prinnie' was of a rich-brown colour, his temper was perfect, and he was devoted to my wife and children, and would allow the latter to do anything with him. His tricks were varied and entertaining. He was nine months old when he was given to us, and he died about three years later. His death was caused by a chill which he caught one very cold day, waiting at our door to be let in, after a long, solitary ramble. He used, when let out in the early morning, to scamper off into the Park, and sometimes he would remain away for a considerable time, always returning and scratching for admittance. He was never lost.

"My children tell me I have not said half enough in praise of their pet. I regret I have no photograph."



THE GRAVE OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S DOG "PRINCE."
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Here we find that the hand of Time has dealt leniently with the memory of a universal favourite. His name is clearly a household word, and the children apparently jealously treasure and preserve it. To their minds, no

doubt, there never was a more remarkable or a more intelligent animal than 'Prinnie,' whose short life, let us hope, was a merry one. We do not envy the servant who omitted to let him in in response to his plaintive scratchings on that fatally cold morning. That servant's tragic fate history has considerably enveloped in darkness.



"TOPPER."
From a Photograph.

A very different picture is presented to us if we turn from the enviable memory which still survives the virtuous, good-tempered, and intelligent "Prinnie," to the kind of reputation which lives on after the death of the insufferably vulgar "Topper," whose deplorable self-indulgence was the cause of his untimely end.

"Topper" was a common, disreputable fox-terrier, and belonged to the Hyde Park Police-station, which has its local habitation next to the guard-house, and north of the Serpentine. To the gallant custodians of the peace of Hyde Park, "Topper" stood very much in the relation of a daughter of the regiment. He would turn out with them on inspection, and was frequently sent down for punishment on account of his disgraceful habits. He did not possess that instinct of personal cleanliness which every well-bred dog displays. He used also to accompany the men on their march to King Street Police-station, Westminster. He had his favourites, and with these he used to love to turn out on night duty. For he had Bohemian tastes, and delighted in roaming about at night when all well-conducted dogs are in bed and asleep. But he was not a genial animal; there was a bad strain in him which seems to have run through every line

of his character. Policemen whom he did not like, he still pretended to be fond of, and he would accompany them on night duty, and then get lost, and come back disconsolate to the police-station. He was a snob, too, and a snob of the lowest and most contemptible kind. When marching with the men, he would sometimes become ashamed of his honest companions, and would leave them to walk behind some elegant gentleman of fashion in the Row, to whom he would pretend to belong, until he was ignominiously kicked away by the disgusted promenader. A greater contrast to the celebrated firemen's dog, who used to save the lives of children from burning buildings, could not well be imagined. But his gravest fault was his greediness. He has been described by a policeman as an "avaricious dog," for although, owing to his dissipated habits, his appetite was not, on ordinary occasions, hearty, he would eat ravenously if watched by a kitten or another dog. It was through over-eating that he got ill, and in pity he was appropriately killed with a truncheon. We

have seen and talked with the policeman who did the deed.

From a review of individual graves let us pass on to an investigation into the origin and history of the Dogs' Cemetery. As we have hinted, its beginnings were an accident, and the additions which have from time to time been made to it in the course of twelve years have also been more or less accidental.

The first dog to be buried at Victoria Gate was "Cherry," and "Cherry," having led the way, other doggies followed.

"It was like this, sir," said Mr. Winbridge; "one gentleman he came, and he had a fancy to bury his dog in here, and then he told another, and so it got spread about and handed on from



"TOPPER" WITH HIS COMPANIONS.
From a Photo. by Wren & Co., Sloane Square, S.W.



From a Photo. by]

"TOPPER'S" GRAVE.

[Elliott & Fry.

one to the other. But most of the dogs belonged to ladies. The tombstones, they are all alike, and they have all been done by the same person."

In 1881 the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis Barned, residing in Cambridge Square, were constant frequenters of the Park, where they used to hold their revels in company with other children from the neighbourhood. Those children are now grown-up young men and women, who would no more think of romping about the Park than would the Emperor of China. But in those happy, simple, Arcadian days of 1881, the Park was to them a very paradise, and Mr. Winbridge, its guardian angel, the St. Peter of the earthly heaven, a St. Peter who did not disdain to sell lollypops and goodies in that wonderful palace of delights, the lodge. If he was regarded with a mixture of dread and veneration, his form, his red waistcoat and gold-laced hat, and his kindly, benevolent countenance were also associated in their minds with luscious eatables. He developed thus, in their imaginations, into a sort of presiding deity. When therefore their companion and play-fellow, the intelligent and accomplished "Cherry," who had so often joined them in their revels and perhaps shared their lollypops and gingerbread nuts — when "Cherry" was overtaken by the infirmities of old age and, like the Jackdaw of Rheims, "in the odour of sanctity died," what more fitting resting-place could be



"CHERRY."

found for his old bones than the spot he had loved so well in his life? "Cherry" was a Maltese terrier, graceful, elegant, and dandified. He was an accomplished dog of the world, and delighted in giving drawing-room entertainments. Dressed up as a soldier, in a little uniform coat, a helmet, and a musket, he was an inimitable

sentinel. But as a sick baby carefully tucked up in a perambulator he always "brought down the house." In the mornings it was "Cherry's" invariable custom to fetch his mistress's letters and carry them up into her room. When the door was locked and "Cherry" could not get in, he would gently push them underneath the door. So intelligent and so amiable a dog assuredly deserved a Christian burial.

In the same grave with "Cherry" lies all that remains of "Kaiser," a Spitz who was run over on 15th April, 1886, and whose name has been inscribed upon "Cherry's" tombstone. But "Kaiser" did not share either the accomplishments or the popularity of "Cherry"; he has left no traditions behind him. He is only remembered as a simple, well-behaved, but commonplace sort of dog who was born "in Germany." It was his sad and painful death which obtained for his remains the distinction of a burial in Hyde Park. And here we may as well remark that to be run over seems to be but too often the end of pet-dogs. One would have thought that the tender

care of their owners would have preserved them from this fate, and that in any case their natural cleverness would have enabled them to get out of the way of horses' feet. It would appear, however, that the very tenderness and care that are lavished upon them unfit them for the rude and heartless world, and make them unable to look out for themselves. They

have got so used to be taken care of that they become as helpless as children, and are flurried and lose their heads when out of doors or exposed to an unexpected danger. Pet-dogs do not possess that most important knack of "getting out of the way," which is one of the first lessons which animals as well as human beings have to learn to fit them for the stern battle of life. Even indoors they manage to get trodden on by servants and visitors, and resent it. In this respect they are very human; they never regard the mishaps which befall them as due to any faults of their own, but invariably blame others for them.

"Cherry" was succeeded in the affections of his master and mistress by "Zoe," who seems to have been a most remarkable animal; indeed, so large a place did he take up in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barned, that Mr. Barned actually wrote a memoir of the dog composed in the form of an autobiography. This manuscript has been kindly placed at our disposal, and we think our readers will be amused if we give them a few extracts. The idea is original and pretty. The autobiography begins as follows; it was evidently written for the amusement of children:—

"THE TRUE HISTORY OF THE LITTLE DOG 'ZOE,' AND HER HOLIDAY AND TRAVELS.

"Chapter I.—Birth and Parentage.

"Let me, my dear young friends, introduce myself and make my bow-wow-wow. I am a very little doggie, and rejoice in the name of 'Zoe.' I possess a distinguished canine pedigree, was born in October, 1879, and am descended from a very respectable family, my father being Stone's 'Tory' by 'Little Bright,' and my mother 'Pattie' by 'Music.' As for my appearance, everyone admits that I bear away the palm for female canine beauty."

"Zoe" was a Yorkshire terrier and was bred by Lady Lamb, who sold her to Mr. Lewis Barned for three guineas. The receipt has been preserved and runs as follows:—

"30, Great Cumberland Place, W.—'Zoe,' born Oct., 1879, by Stone's 'Tory' by 'Little Bright' ex



"ZOE."

'Pattie' by 'Music' by 'Sandy' by 'Manningham Charlie.'

"Received 23rd June,
"1882, £3 3s. od.

"LOUISE M. C. LAMB."

After recording the first meeting with Mr. Barned's son in Kensington Gardens, and how she was subsequently purchased, "Zoe" proceeds to describe her installation as "Cherry's" successor.

"At first," she is made to say, "I could not settle down in my new abode. I was continually escaping to my late

mistress's house, and as often brought back. After a time, however, I began to appreciate the difference between the society in the servants' hall and that in the drawing-room, and now I am never happy when I am away from my dear master and mistress."

Of course, "Zoe" got stolen. On one occasion when her mistress had arranged to go to the seaside, the highly-prized "Zoe" was intrusted to the charge of a lady who resided in a suburban villa. "I made myself quite at home," the narrative continues; "I frisked about the garden, enjoyed myself, and behaved like a well-bred doggie. I have been very carefully educated, and I am perfectly well-mannered, and therefore gave general satisfaction. Without conceit, I think I may say I am a universal favourite. But, alas! I soon discovered that in this world there is no such thing as uninterrupted bliss. While my hostess was at church, and the maid who had charge of me was gossiping with her young man, I ran into the garden, and a dog-stealer, who was passing by, seeing me through the gates, jumped over the wall, seized me, put me in his pocket, and made off with me as quickly as lightning, and without attracting notice. Subsequently I heard tell of the alarm and dismay to which my disappearance gave rise; but how can I describe my own



"I MADE MYSELF QUITE AT HOME."

sufferings? No kind voice cheered me, no attentive hand provided me with delicate food, or washed or combed me. I was thrust into a dark hole, cuffed and bullied, and half-starved on a coarse but inadequate diet. Hours, days, a week, ten days I passed in my dungeon, during which I made many sad reflections. I asked myself whether I had always behaved gratefully for the great care bestowed upon me, and I mentally re-registered a vow that if ever restored to my dear master and mistress I would never again leave them."

"Zoe" now begins to moralize, and calls to mind the pathetic history of the Punch and Judy dog which she had once heard related—that touching story of the prodigal dog who would leave his beautiful mistress and happy home to taste the wild excitement of the world, and who, after many adventures, disgraces, and privations, becomes the dog "Toby" of a show. Here he is treated to more blows than biscuits, and it is in this humiliated, fallen state that he finds his way in the course of business into the house which he had so wickedly and foolishly run away from. His former mistress and he recognise each other, and full of pity, compassion, and joy, she clasps him in her arms. But the happiness is too great for him, and bursts his poor, overflowing little heart—he expires in her lap, and, of course, although history does not record it, the showman demanded and received pecuniary compensation.

The loss of "Zoe" caused universal consternation. We can pity the unlucky lady in the suburban villa who had offered him hospitality, and we can imagine the unhappy consequences to the flighty maid. Rewards were offered and "Zoe" was largely advertised for. Finally, Mrs. Barned received a visit from a gentleman calling himself a major, who had met a little dog in a train which, he said, answered the description of "Zoe." The dog was travelling in the care of a lady who had offered to sell it for five

pounds. Through a curious coincidence, this was the exact sum of the reward offered, and so Mrs. Barned was easily prevailed upon to give the major the money, he promising to get the dog, and curiously enough he kept his word, and Mrs. Barned's confidence in human nature was justified.

From this moment it was decided that "Zoe" and her mistress should never again be separated, and so our heroine now commenced her travels. In defence of her mistress's attachment to her, she urges the example of Queen Henrietta Maria, the spouse of Charles I., who was so devoted to her dog that she on one occasion risked her life to save the dog's.

While on her travels "Zoe" gave numerous proofs of the high order of her canine intelligence, but a single instance will suffice. "Zoe" shall tell her own story. She is writing from the Royal Hotel, Matlock:—

"Nothing gave me greater amusement than playing with an indiarubber ball, presented to me by one of my admirers, and the loss and recovery of this ball established my reputation for sagacity, and caused all the visitors at the hotel to call me a knowing dog. One afternoon I was careless enough to leave my ball on the grass when I went in to tea (five-o'clock tea), and when I came back it was no longer there. This fidgeted me considerably, and caused me great uneasiness, and so next morning, at breakfast, I went the rounds of all the people to try to discover the thief. At last I scented indiarubber, and began to bite and scratch at a gentleman's pocket. It was in vain that he called me away. 'What can the dog want?' he said. 'I do believe it must be the ball I

picked up yesterday on the lawn,' and with these words he drew my ball from his pocket, and I received it back with applause."

But pleasant journeys and happy lives must come to an end, and so we find at the conclusion of this entertaining autobiography the following pathetic note:—

"August 11th, 1892.—We linger



"AT LAST I SCENTED INDIARUBBER."

on in town on account of a poor invalid, who says: 'Alas! my dear master and mistress, I feel the hour approaching when I must take an affectionate leave of you, for ever, in this world. Sad indeed is the parting, but Time is laying his fatal icy hand on me, and when the silver cord is loosened I must fulfil the destiny of all flesh—and pass away in a ripe old age without repining. Did I say without repining? Alas! if I repine it is not for myself, but for the grief my death will cause you; for I know full well that I have been all in all to you. When I look back on the fleeting ten years which it has been my happy lot to have lived under your fostering care and friendship, I am filled with gratitude to you for all your goodness to me, although the only recognition I can give is to wag my poor little tail as my spirit leaves my feeble and emaciated body. Have we not been happy together in each other's society? In your walks, in your drives, in your travels and wanderings, and in your visits, I have ever been your constant companion. With pardonable pride I can reflect that my conduct has obtained the kind regard and goodwill of your friends, and a hearty and hospitable welcome from them all. My last moments are soothed by the consciousness that I have never been naughty or caused you grief by wilful misconduct. I have never spurned the generous hand that has fed me, or returned hatred for love, or listened without an indignant growl

to detractors who have spoken evil with a lying tongue.' ”

It seems that “Zoe” died a peaceful and gentle death, and her virtues have been immortalized by a tombstone upon which are inscribed the words:—

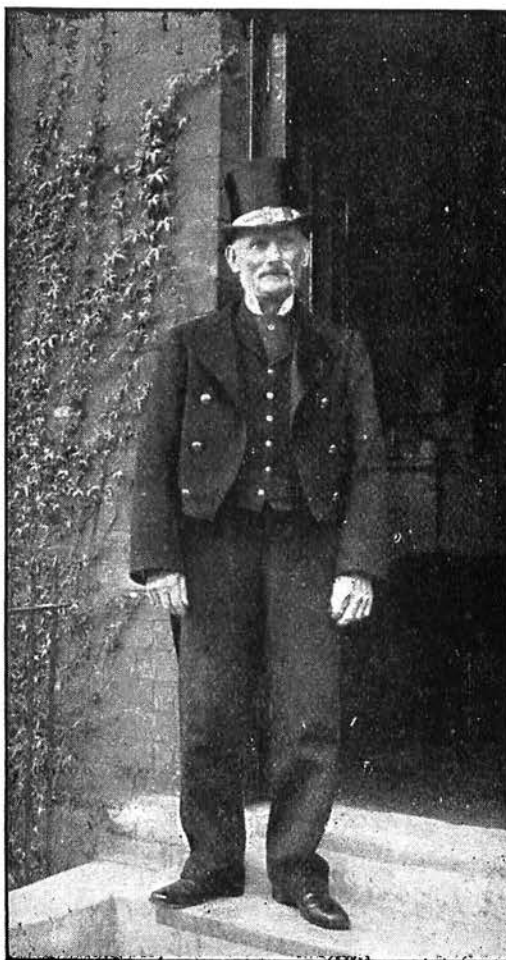
As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned,
For friendship rare by her adorned.

And so we come to the end of our history of the Dogs' Cemetery in Hyde Park. We have dwelt at such length upon the dogs of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barned because in the first place they seemed to us to be typical of the others, and secondly because this gentleman and his wife were the pioneers of this pretty little movement. It is a graceful and harmless custom to bury pet-dogs, and is very common in Germany, where people are perhaps a little more sentimental than in this matter-of-fact England of ours.

Some people may object that the custom of burying dogs and of establishing a regular dogs' cemetery is one that may develop into a danger to public health. But this idea is fallacious. Dogs are not buried in lead coffins,

but in sacks or plain boxes. The danger of human cemeteries arises from the preservation of the bodies in lead coffins. In the earth-to-earth system, for instance, there is no danger, and dogs are buried on what is practically the earth-to-earth system.

As a pretty custom and graceful tribute to the memory of the affectionate and faithful “friend of man” no objection can be raised to the burial of dogs.



MR. WINBRIDGE—THE GATEKEEPER.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

SUMMER.



Leisure Hour 1860



JULY.

THOUGH one of the most pleasant months, July is also one of the wettest. Heavy thunder-showers may be expected, so that the careful farmer does not leave his hay uncut longer than he can possibly help. Though some ten days only have elapsed since the longest day, the jealous lover of summer fancies that he can detect a wrinkle appearing on its beauty. The evenings are not quite so long as they were, and towards the end of the month those cold mists, which are the shadows thrown before the approach of autumn, warn late croquet-players.

Spite of heat and dust, the country is never more delightful than during July. If the singing-birds are silent, the uplands are yellow with corn beside the heavily drooping masses of dark green foliage. There are yet abundant wild flowers, and a Rambler amongst them "all the live murmur of a summer's day," will find the pretty pink pyramidal orchis everywhere on chalky banks, while dark blue prunella, flaunting horse-daisies, and tottering grasses clothe the pastures. Woody nightshade (*Solanum dulcamara*) twines through the hedges which are

smothered under the weight of their own pink roses, and at a little distance seem powdered with the fallen white petals, just as they were in spring with the blown hawthorn blossoms. In the twilight here and there, the elder-flowers, with their large discs of whiteness, catch and reflect the last rays of light in a very ghost-like manner. Yellow bed-straw and blonde meadow-sweet cheer every bank with their subtle shades of colour; while the grander harmonies of Nature's artistry are reserved for the corn-fields. There—

"Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep."

Most beautiful of all July's flowers, is the water forget-me-not, with its vivid blue eyes of colour, each with an inmost dot of yellow. Few plants mass with greater effect by a stream's edge, or would make better bedding plants; and yet their loveliness is for the most part left to the solitary angler. Modern lovers are too prosaic to gather forget-me-nots.

In a previous paper we spoke of British reptiles. As our native quadrupeds may now be seen in their haunts in full activity, it is worth while to make a few remarks on them.

Omitting the bats and the cetacea (whales, &c., which are not fish, but warm-blooded mammals), the ordinary quadrupeds likely to fall under an observer's notice form thirty-seven species, according to their latest historian, Mr. T. Bell. Several even of these are all but extinct, or are at all events relegated to inaccessible northern heights and forests. Thus many sportsmen shoot wild cats; but they are only village tabbies run wild, which have taken to a poaching life of adventure in the woods, and richly deserve the cartridge which ends their depredations. The true wild cat is of a deep grey colour, with a dark stripe down its back-bone; its tail is of an equal thickness throughout, and its head has a triangular shape. We have seen one shot in Caithness which would have formed a very ugly antagonist at close quarters. It is the only feline animal in our islands, the last relic of the family whose larger relatives, the great cave tiger and the huge sabre-toothed *Machairodus latidens*, have been discovered in Kent's Hole by the palæontologists. Similarly, our two martens, the pine and the stone marten, are now very rarely obtained. It is a question whether the latter animal be not extinct in England. The otter, weasel, stoat, and polecat, the other members of this family, are still sufficiently common if sought in their proper haunts.

The badger, also the last relic of another family—that of the bears—well represented both in fossil and historic times amongst us, though seldom seen owing to its nocturnal habits, is common enough in certain localities.

Every dweller in the country knows the mole, the hedgehog, the shrew, and the fox. Still, many interesting circumstances connected with their habits, &c., remain for the student to discover, though we fear he cannot hope to find a new species of quadruped.

Gilbert White, who detected the little harvest mouse, was the last to whom that honour can be ascribed. Most persons are also acquainted with two of our three native species of deer—the red and the fallow-deer—owing to their being kept in parks and chases. The third kind (or roe-deer) is confined to the north. In Pennant's time, it was restricted to the Scottish Highlands, north of Perthshire; but, owing to game preservation, it is now occasionally found even in the north of England. These, with the rats, mice, and voles, form the staple of our British quadrupeds. As for the marine mammals—whales, seals, dolphins, &c.—one or two are occasionally seen off the coast, or are stranded and slain in Scotland; but the use of the rifle, and the persecutions they have sustained, render them too scarce for any but professed naturalists to observe their ways.

The *Cheiroptera*, or bats, are well represented among us. Fourteen species haunt our woods and gardens. The noctule (or great bat) and the pipistrelle (or little bat) are not uncommonly seen on fine summer evenings. Bats make amusing pets, if their owner can once overcome the repugnance their grotesque forms and faces cause to some people. We once kept a pipistrelle for some time, which was fed daily on flies and scraps of meat. It would seize a bluebottle, shear off its wings in an instant as clearly as if they had been cut with a pair of scissors, and dispose of eighteen or twenty of them in a very short time. One night its box was accidentally left open. Next morning it had unaccountably vanished from the room in which it was kept, probably by flying up the chimney.

Young birds are now common in plantations and hedge-rows. In July last year a brood of five or six of

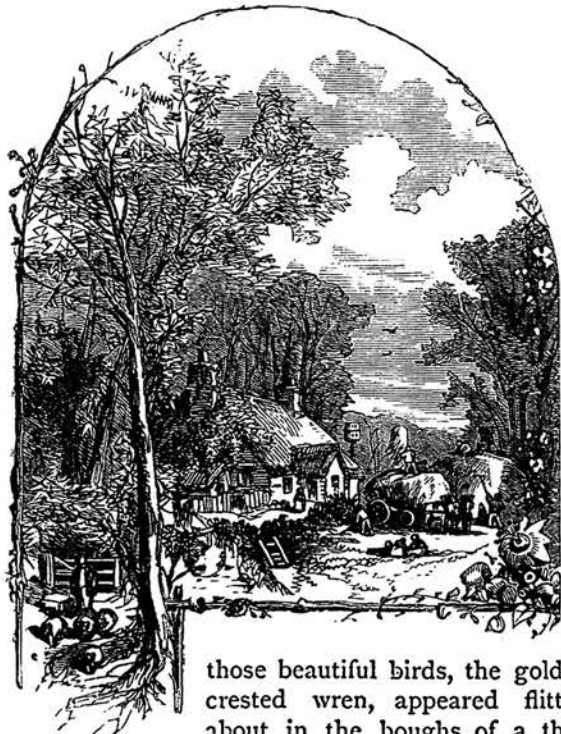
on a bough, which scarcely dipped under their weight (five and a half of the adult birds do but weigh an ounce!) and the little ones, like woolly balls, with grey



heads, as yet without the characteristic yellow marking, and absurdly short cocked-up tails, clamoured open-mouthed for food. The old birds sought it up and down the tree, and then, while all uttered their sweet cry of "tzit, tzit, tzit," dropped it into the little ones' bills with an amazing amount of fluttering. A prettier sight could scarcely be found. All were quite fearless, and the old birds flew past us backwards and forwards, almost brushing us with their wings in search of the minute insects on which they feed.

The scarlet runners, which are now in such gorgeous bloom in the gardens, are a familiar instance of the manner in which insect and plant life are connected with regard to the most vital functions. It has now been proved that this flower is dependent, like many others, upon the visits of humble-bees, and that it is provided with a special contrivance, by means of which its pollen is rubbed into the head of the bee, and received on the stigma of the next plant to which the insect flies. Mr. Belt relates that he attempted to grow the scarlet runner at Chontales, in Nicaragua. It flowered abundantly, but never produced a single pod. The same naturalist also tells of a curious analogous case, how the Vanilla plant has been introduced into India from tropical America, and though it grows well and flowers there, it never fruits without artificial aid, owing to the absence of insects adapted to its needs. Such facts as these open avenues of speculation to the thoughtful mind, and point out with what singular harmoniousness Nature has adjusted her different departments of life, how easily man may mar her contrivances, and what marvellous proofs of creative wisdom lie around us in every garden and roadside, if only we open our eyes to discern them.

While the strawberries are ripening in the garden, it is as well to remind the reader, as we have been



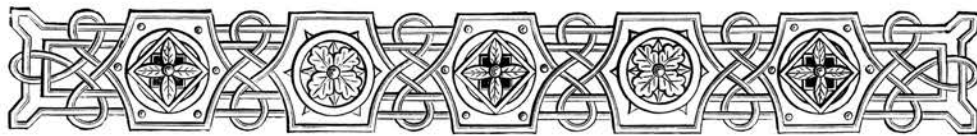
those beautiful birds, the golden-crested wren, appeared flitting about in the boughs of a thick spruce-fir in our garden, and were fed by their parents with the utmost assiduity. The whole family party sat

treating of quadrupeds, that squirrels are inveterate foes of this fruit. Nets will of course be spread over the beds to protect them from blackbirds. The best guard for a strawberry-bed is the house-cat. Let her be tethered by a collar and short string, ending in a brass ring, which plays freely along a cord, stretched by a couple of low stakes from one end of the bed to the other, on the outside of it. If a box with a hole cut in one side, for a sleeping apartment, be placed near one of the pegs, after a few ineffectual attempts at suicide she will resign herself to her fate, and being able to pass freely up and down the long cord, will effectually frighten away birds, and be doing something for her maintenance. But after a time the birds, it will be found, are cunning enough to know the exact length of her tether, and will feed undisturbed just beyond her reach. But by that time the strawberries will probably

have been eaten. A cat of ours thus mounted guard for a fortnight last year over a cherry-tree.

Any late crops for autumn use must not be delayed in the kitchen garden. Thus a final sowing should be made of kidney-beans and peas: the early varieties are the best. All herbs required for drying should be cut in full flower, dried off quickly, and rubbed into powder before being enclosed in tightly-corked bottles. Parsley and salading can still be sown. Early potatoes must be harvested, if possible, before much rain falls. They only deteriorate if left in the ground. In the flower-garden, in like manner, spring-flowering bulbs should be taken up. This is the rosarian's month for budding roses. Choose a showery day for the operation. Cut off all faded blooms, and especially remove them from standard roses—indeed, tidiness is the gardener's chief virtue in July.

M. G. WATKINS.



OUR FRIENDS THE SERVANTS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER I.



SERVICE is, and has ever been, the condition of more than one-half of the inhabitants of the globe, and so many interests and affections are bound up with it, that it surely must be worth while to look into it, if it were only to try and understand why so many opinions of adverse character are formed concerning it, and why so many prejudices hedge it about.

Servants and masters! Mistresses and maids!

Two short sentences, but extremely important ones, and upon the good understanding of them rests nearly all that makes life happy, useful, prosperous, and comfortable. There is no separating the interests of servants and masters, mistresses and maids. The two classes are not only necessary the one to the other, but the one could have no existence but for the other, and it is certain they are more

intimately connected than either friends or acquaintances.

Those whose office it is to serve are members of our home-life, our friends often, our helpers in time of sorrow, and the companions of our children, and this has been the condition of things from earliest days to the present time.

Why is it, then, we are all frightened to write on a subject so full of interest, and of such near concern?

Perhaps it is that everyone has his or her definite opinion about domestic service, formed by personal experience, and therefore whatever line of argument a writer takes, it attacks someone's prejudices, but rarely, if ever, removes them.

It is certain that around no subject are there so many pitfalls where a writer may lose his or her popularity as around that of *our friends the servants*, and therefore it is that so few commit their opinions to writing.

It would be possible for me to get out of the difficulty by dealing only with servants as they were in olden times; but this is not what is expected of me by the Editor, who is eminently practical, and infinitely sympathetic with the women and girls of to-day, be they mistresses or servants; and although he has not said it in so many words, I know that he expects me to bring out in bold relief the question of domestic servants as they are to-day, "nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice."

This ought to be very easy; but it is not, and for the reason that very few of us are outsiders, but belong either to the class who serve or are served, and our power of observation is confined to our own special case or surroundings.

We are too interested to see the question in all its bearings. We do not use the same coloured spectacles two days together, and we go through life, in consequence, quite ignorant of the way to turn our daily crosses into blessings, and this applies equally to servants and mistresses.

Domestic service differs in some respects from all other occupations. For example, if a girl selects dressmaking, millinery, upholstery, teaching, type-writing, music, singing, or telegraphy, she prepares with all diligence to fit herself for it: she does not hesitate to sacrifice time, money, or even the very necessities of life, in order to be a success, and earn a competency in the work she has selected. But in the case of domestic service—which is, perhaps, the most important of all employments—ninety out of every hundred who seek it as a means of living never dream of making any preparation or sacrifice whatever for it, but grow into the work, as it were, as well as they can.

It is this lack of knowledge and experience that makes young servants' lives so very hard at first, and sends even a good mistress into a condition of despair. They come into the family life with every desire to please, but without the very rudimentary knowledge required. Poor girls! and poor mistresses too! They are a constant trial the one to the other.

Looking into a very poor Scotch cottage one day, we asked the old woman after her girls, and she told us with pride that one had gone as housemaid in the gentleman's house over the hill. It was her first place, and on asking where she had learned her duties, she was quite hurt, and said sharply, "Where should she learn but here at home, to be sure?"

I am bound to say that "here at home" was a brick-floor room which served as kitchen and bedroom not only for the human beings but for poultry as well. What education was this for the situation she had taken, and what wonder if she failed to give satisfaction?

Even as I write I am listening to the story of a girl who went as general servant to a young married couple a few weeks ago, with nothing on earth to guide her in her duties save the reiterated injunction of the mother, "My gal, be honest and obedient, and don't tell no lies." The young husband was very

particular as to the way his coffee was made, and on the first morning the wife went into the kitchen, saying to the girl, "I will make the coffee this morning, and if you will watch me carefully this once you will find it quite easy to make in the future."

The girl did so, and noted that her mistress broke an egg, smelt it, and threw it away; she did the same with a second, but after breaking and smelling the third, she used it to clear the coffee. No word of explanation was given as to why the two eggs were thrown away, and she evidently concluded it was part of the process. For a fortnight the coffee went up quite satisfactorily; but the day following it was so filthy that no one could drink it. The mistress, hurrying to the kitchen, told the girl to make some fresh while she in her turn watched. To her amazement she saw the servant break two eggs, smell them, throw them away, and with the third clear the coffee exactly as she herself had done on the first morning. Of course on this particular day the third egg had been specially bad. The mistress was very angry, and dismissed her. I was very sorry, for though she may have been stupid, I do think with patience and kindness she could have been educated into a good and faithful servant. What should we think of a dressmaker who demanded of a young apprentice that she should undertake to make a beautiful silk dress? Yet such a proceeding would not be at all more unreasonable than to expect an untrained girl to perform the duties of a cook or housemaid in a gentleman's family.

The very best education for domestic service is to start in life under a good house-keeper or upper servant, who does not mind the trouble of teaching, and who will be patient and kind with the girl, whose very desire to please makes her nervous and clumsy.

The great mass of servants, however, are not

in the houses of the rich, and it may be that a girl's first place is as general servant in a small household; and well for her if the mistress is very particular about the work, as well as kind, and capable of teaching. Such good chances as these, however, only happen to the few, and girls thus fortunate almost always turn out well.

There are good conscientious upper servants, and kind, yet strict, mistresses, who believe in the good effects of kindness and patience; and between such and the poor servant-girl a bond of attachment is formed, far outweighing all pecuniary consideration.

The career of a maid-servant is almost wholly decided by the start, or first launch, as it were, into the new life. Very many of our London servants are from pure, happy homes in the country; they come to London full of hope, and brave resolves to be good, industrious, and faithful; but they know nothing of the great city, its people, its habits, its temptations, and its vices. For all these reasons mistresses think themselves fortunate in securing them as servants. And so they are, and probably all would turn out well if the mistresses would only think of the increased responsibilities entailed upon them by receiving into their homes girls so thoroughly ignorant and innocent of the world's ways.

Such girls as these stand in the greatest need of a tender friend and watchful superintendent combined; and unless a mistress is prepared to act in this double capacity, she makes a mistake in taking a girl into her service who knows no one in London.

Another peculiarity of domestic service is, that the supply of really good and efficient workers falls far short of the demand, while in every trade and profession the opposite obtains, and the supply literally gluts the market.

This is the more remarkable because domestic service is thoroughly respectable,

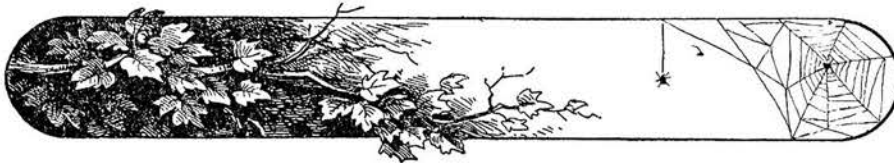
very comfortable, exceptionally well paid, and infinitely superior to the wretched life of the ordinary shop-girl or machinist: the wages are higher even than those earned by the teacher or the type-writer, and yet there is a large, unsatisfied demand for good servants. The majority of girls stick to the overcrowded and poorly-paid industries rather than enter a comfortable, respectable, and *exceptionally* well-paid service. There must be various reasons for this. What are they?

As far as I can ascertain from the large number of women and girls whom I have questioned, there are three. The first, which affects all classes of servants alike, is *the loss of liberty*; the second, which applies more especially to general servants, who as a rule are members of poor, large families, is *the utter loneliness of their position*; they eat alone, live alone, sleep alone, and are cut off from the rough sympathy of their own people, with no one to speak to; it is very dull, and any other life or means of livelihood seems preferable to being an only servant in a house.

The third reason is a very important one, although hitherto it has escaped notice. It is, I think, a good and sufficient reason why so many good girls and women choose the ill-paid employments rather than domestic service, and one which calls forth our admiration and respect. It is, that they have sick parents, or little sisters and brothers, wholly dependent on them, and for whom it is necessary to have a home, however poor, if they are to be saved from the workhouse. I could not have known this had I not visited a great deal among these poor people and their wretched homes.

Were these self-denying, self-sacrificing women and girls added to the ranks of domestic service, it would do much to add to the character and high standard of *our friends the servants*.

(To be continued.)



OUR FRIENDS THE SERVANTS.

By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER II.



FAMILY life is one of the most beautiful ordinances on the face of the earth, and it is, or ought to be, the centre of love, peace, and harmony. It is made up, as a rule, of parents, children, and servants; and

there is no doubt whatever that upon these last much of the family's happiness and comfort depend.

As a matter of course, when so large a number of human beings are engaged in domestic service, there will be gathered together the good, bad, and indifferent. It is so in every occupation which employs a large number of people, and why should it be otherwise in this particular branch? The practical thing is to accept the fact of this state of things, and to set about trying to make the bad and indifferent into good servants, to keep the good ones up to their high standard, and attach them all to us as real friends.

We hear more about the faults and shortcomings of domestic servants than of any other class of workers, for the reason that they specially interfere with our own personal ease and comfort.

In a factory or work-room, if a girl is late in the morning, or ill-behaved, or slovenly, the inconvenience is hers alone; she alone pays the penalty. She is at once dismissed, leaving no blank or discomfort behind; for the manager knows there are hundreds of equally good workers waiting to be engaged. It is the same with seamstresses taking work home; if they are indolent or dirty they lose their work, and stand face to face with starvation, their places being supplied without an hour's delay.

It is quite another matter in our homes. The faults and shortcomings of our servants act like yeast in a pan of flour—they go through the whole house and interfere with everyone's comfort.

Take the apparently trifling habit of getting up late in the morning. The hour so lost is ruin to the peace of every member of the household, and nothing makes up for it. There is no time for the servants to kneel

down and pray for help and guidance, and all is hustle and bustle from morning till night.

The mistresses may scold and be very angry, but they cannot turn the maids out, and would not even if they could; for in many cases where a single servant is kept it would mean lighting the fires and cleaning their own saucepans.

Young limbs want plenty of rest and sleep; and if servants go to bed very late it is hard for them to wake in the morning. A good and considerate mistress will see to this, and will point out to her maids that the love of sleep is like the love of drink—it holds its victims with as firm a hold, and makes equally poor creatures of them.

In large establishments early rising is compulsory; but in smaller households, where there is more work to be done in proportion to the number of servants kept, early rising is of very great importance indeed.

In an atmosphere of love and kindness the maids will learn to get up *because it is right*, and because they wish to save their mistresses trouble; there is nothing like ruling through the heart if one wants order and obedience.

I have often heard people say, "*Servants are necessary evils*;" but I am sure that in a large number of cases the *evils* might be, and are, often transformed into *real blessings*.

The numbers of devoted self-sacrificing servants among us, thank God! are very many, and the heroic deeds they perform in the service of those they love are not few; Miss Muloch must have known this when she wrote *Mistress and Maid*. I believe there are many servants working in our homes for a much higher motive than meets the eye; and wherever these are found, the happiness and comfort of everyone with whom they come in contact is increased, from the greatest to the least of the household. Servants are often what they are according to the example of the mistresses. The fact is, God has cast us all much in the same mould, whether we be mistresses or maids, and we are certainly open to the same influences. If we are planted in the right soil the best side of us comes to view, and such virtues as we have are nourished into strength and beauty; but if, on the contrary, we are taken from our homes and set down in an arid soil, amid driving winds and angry storms, with an utter absence of warmth and sunshine, what chance is there for us, mistresses or maids?

If we take untrained servants into our family life, it represents a good deal of trouble to ourselves before we can hope to obtain comfort and happiness through them; but it is by no means a hopeless task. There is so much good in many of these poor girls waiting to be drawn out by kindness; indeed, there is no surer way of securing comfort to ourselves than caring for the comfort of those about us—it returns to us sevenfold.

If a mistress be able only to keep one servant, and that an untrained one, let her treat her as a child to be instructed, improved, and encouraged, and by all means let her be taught to feel herself part of the family. It leads to a good deal of discomfort and unhappiness when mistress and maid get too impatient of present inconvenience, and hope to find a remedy in change. "Here to-day and gone to-morrow," is not a good state of things for either one or the other, and the results are very unsatisfactory. It is a bad feeling, and one most hurtful to a girl, if, the moment she is corrected or found fault with, she says, "It seems I don't give satisfaction, and I wish to leave this day month." It is like saying, "I would rather give up the situation in which God has placed me than try to please you." Here again is work for the mistress, whose example of patience and forbearance is the best of all teachers to the maid whose education and bringing up have been faulty and deficient. One thing is certain—that whether we be mistresses or maids, "our circumstances may be greatly improved by *taking hold of the tool at the right end*."

We have heard a good deal at various times about the superiority of domestic servants in the last century over those of the present, and we maintain that we have more good servants now than formerly—servants equally faithful, competent, and loving with those of earlier days. We get a wrong notion of them because we will persist in holding up to view the inferior and unworthy ones as though they alone existed, whereas the truth is that the good outnumber them. As if to confirm us in our idea, we have just come upon two or three letters, written nearly 200 years ago, of which we will give fragments. The first contains the following: *—"I have resided in and near London for seven years, and have made many acquaintances among the better class of people, and have hardly found one of them happy in their servants: and yet," goes on the letter, "all great travellers admit that in no part of the world have servants

such privileges and advantages as in England. They have nowhere else such plentiful diet, large wages, or indulgent liberty. There is no place wherein they labour less, or are so little respectful, or where they are more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so often change masters and mistresses."

In the second letter the following passage occurs. It is from a servant finding fault with the employer:—"Being used worse than I deserve, I care less to deserve well than I formerly did."

The third letter is from a second lady's-maid. She writes:—"My lady is one who never knows what to do with herself. She puts on and off everything she wears twenty times before she resolves upon it for the day;" and after stating her grievances very much at length, winds up by saying "that she wishes all mistresses to understand that nothing can be done without allowing time for it; and that one cannot be back again with what one is sent for, if one is called back before one can go a step for that they want."

Such are fragments of letters written nearly a couple of centuries ago, and confirm us in our opinion that neither servants nor mistresses were in any way superior to those of to-day; indeed, those of to-day strike us as by far the best. At all events, our servants are better educated than those of former times, and as a body they are hardworking and honest. Considering that the majority of domestic servants come into our homes without preparation or knowledge of our ways, it speaks highly for them that they turn out as well as they do.

Some time ago I heard a conversation between a lady and her housekeeper, which seems to me to fit in here. The mistress, after making her arrangements for the day, said, "By-the-by, Browning, how is the little maid getting on who came in last week?"

"I think, ma'am, she will do in time; though just now it's all my work to look after her."

"Why, then, do you think she will turn out satisfactorily?"

"Because, ma'am, she does well the one thing her mother was able to teach her in their little home. Why, there isn't one of our servants can wash the china and glass as well as she does; it's quite a picture to take up a cup or a glass after her. And so, you see, ma'am, I feel that if we take pains to teach her, she will, in time, do everything as well."

"Yes," said the lady; "I think you are right, Browning."

I was also present years ago when a friend of mine was engaging a nursemaid. The girl was well recommended, but that which decided in her favour was the fact of her being very particular in requiring permission to attend church at least once on every Sunday, except in case of sickness. I can say, from knowledge, that her example in the house was most beneficial. She identified herself thoroughly with the interests of the family, and the mistress always speaks of her as "*my friend Mary*."

It would be interesting if we could gather up the early histories of some of our best and most faithful servants from the time they entered their first situations. Very grotesque and clumsy would be the sayings and doings which marked the early days of their new duties, the result evidently of pure shyness and absolute want of the special knowledge required. If they had been abused and laughed at, instead of being treated with great consideration, they would in all probability have turned out failures, instead of the blessings they have been.

The following came to my knowledge through the relation of the old servant herself. When she was a girl of sixteen, the parlour-maid at the rectory of the village in which she lived was taken ill, and she was sent for to give what help she could. Being

neat and tidy in her habits and appearance, she was first taught to lay the table for luncheon, and after a time permitted to wait upon the family at that meal. She felt dreadfully shy, and thought it very rude to stand and stare at the gentry while they were eating; so she turned her back upon them and looked out of the window. Presently she heard the lady say, "Phoebe, turn and look this way; hand the bread to your master." Whereupon she took the bread, and dropped a low curtsy, and said, "Please, sir, missis says you've got to take some bread." Instead of laughing, he said politely, "Thank you, Phoebe." Again she turned her back, and again heard her name called; and thinking her lady had some secret to tell her, she flopped on her knees so as to get quite close to her, and finding that nothing was being whispered in her ear, she looked up, and saw that all had smiles on their faces. Then the lady said, "Never mind, Phoebe." Before she had time to think, one of the young ladies rose from the table and went to the sideboard, taking from it a small basin, which she put into the maid's hands, saying, "Take it to mamma, and she will put some food in it for the poor woman." "Will you believe it, ma'am, they put me right so easy like that I never knew what stupid things I had been doing? They must have wanted to laugh ever so much, but *they didn't*," said the old woman; "and I have always remembered it when dealing with young servants put under my charge," were her concluding remarks to me.

From my own observation, and from what I have heard from servants themselves, I should say that those are the happiest who begin life as general servants to people with whom they can take their meals, and by whom they are really treated as one of the family; and those the most miserable who begin as the only maid in a house where the lady keeps her at a sharp distance. Poor girl! she has no one to speak to, no one to wish her a loving good-night, no one to speak a word of encouragement. The utter loneliness and monotony of her life, added to the incessant work, must prove almost unbearable.

A girl very respectably brought up, whom I knew very well, went to her first place full of good resolves. She was told that at ten o'clock she was to lock up and go to bed. She was but seventeen, and felt very lonely on this the first night; and longing for a word of human sympathy, looked into the room where the mistress and her daughter were sitting, and said, "If you please, I've locked up all right. Good-night, ma'am. Good-night, miss." The lady, though surprised, nodded, but the daughter got up and made a very low and sweeping curtsy, and said, "Oh, good-night, *Mary Jane!*"

The girl could not tell what she had done wrong, but she hurried from the room and sobbed herself to sleep. As she related this to me, she said, "I have never been happy since that night; but I have stayed twelve months, and now I am going as useful maid to a lady just married." I may say this change was made thirty years ago, and still the useful maid is in the same situation, and the very thought of her leaving would cause anxiety and grief to every member of the household. It is beautiful to see mistress and maid grow old together as in this case, and it is in such homes that every kind of service is best performed.

Mr. Ruskin says a nation is in a bad state when its girls and young women are sad; and this is certainly true, and will serve for the following remarks.

I believe that domestic servants are the only class of toilers for whom no organised recreation has been started. I am thoroughly glad of this, as the taking up of this question by outside philanthropists would reflect great

* In the *Spectator*.

discredit upon mistresses; for, being members of our families, they ought to find their recreation with us just as our children do. Outside influences avail very little, if within the home content and happiness have no existence. We should be ashamed to keep our servants without a proper supply of food, yet it is equally reprehensible to keep them from early morning till late at night, and that day after day, week after week, without any hope of happiness outside the work. Block up the highways of moderate recreation, and the by-ways will be filled to overflowing.

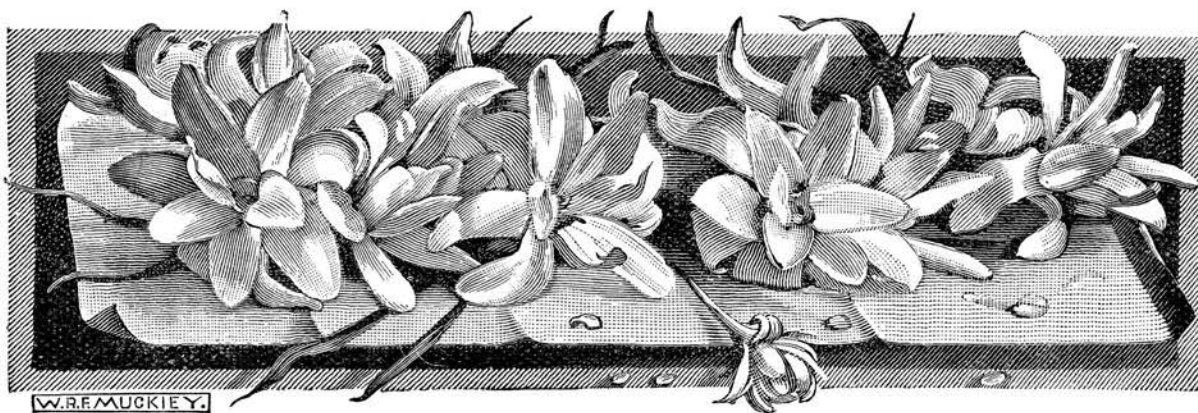
It may be asked what more can be required of mistresses than to give good wages, board, and lodging to those members of the family whom we designate as *our friends the servants*. Certainly, these items of wage, board, and lodging are a necessary exchange for good and honest service; but there is a large margin outside these for both mistresses and maids to shine in if they want the full amount of happiness each can afford the other, and one does not know how much that is till one tries.

It is the fashion, I know, to let servants

have a Sunday out, and an evening in the week besides, without enquiry as to how or with whom these hours are to be spent; and thus the amount of sin and sorrow strewn broadcast over the lives of these members of our families would terrify mistresses if they could see into the future. Indeed, I had no idea until a year or two ago, when I was looking into the causes which sent so many domestic servants into a special part of the various workhouses of the country, that the pernicious rule was so prevalent of mistresses sending out their maidservants on certain evenings, called *their evenings out*, from two o'clock till ten, often without a choice permitted them of remaining in the house. In many cases out they *must* go by the law of the house, and not return until the specified time. Imagine a young girl fresh from the country, without friends or experience, not even knowing a street or a square beyond that in which she lives, being turned out to amuse herself for eight hours, more or less, no question asked as to where she is going or with whom, or if she has money to get a cup of tea or pay for

an omnibus! While she stands considering what she is to do with this liberty, some smooth-tongued person comes to her assistance and solves for her the difficulty. She thinks the stranger kind, and falls into the trap of making undesirable acquaintances, if nothing worse. This evil is more the fashion in small households, where one, two, or three servants only are kept; but that which obtains in houses of greater pretensions is equally objectionable, and even more disastrous in results—I refer to the late hours ladies'-maids have to keep during the season, while the mistresses are at balls and receptions, even till three or four o'clock in the morning several times in the week. These are disastrous to the poor girls in every way. They are too tired for work, and they dare not sleep, lest they fail to hear the mistress's return; and it is no wonder if they choose to spend the weary hours in the company of those who are sitting up for the masters of the establishments. Much of the mischief is wrought unconsciously, and only wants thinking over to be mitigated.

(To be continued.)



PRECIOUS STONES; THEIR HOMES, HISTORIES, AND INFLUENCE.

THE TURQUOISE, AND CAT'S P'VE.

By EMMA BREWER.

THE TURQUOISE.

A clear sky, free from all clouds, will most excellently discover the beauty of a true turquoise.—*Thos. Nicols.*



THE turquoise, which is an emblem of prosperity, has, by reason of its beauty and mysterious gifts, attained to the high rank of a precious stone.

It is now, as it has ever been, a general favourite, although it is neither transparent nor does it occur in crystals.

Old writers delight to tell of its power and influence for good, and its detestation of vice, and were never tired of declaring that it was one of God's wonderful gifts to man bestowed upon him for his use and contemplation in order that he might be strengthened in grace and virtue and in the avoidance of evil.

The sympathy of the turquoise with its owner has been rich in suggestions for poets—

“And true as turkois in the dear lord's ring
Look well or ill with him.”*

Again,

“As a compassionate turkois that doth tell,
By looking pale, the wearer is not well.”

The turquoise was believed to protect its wearer by taking upon itself any danger that threatened, but in order to receive all the advantages which this stone was supposed to grant the wearer must have received it as a gift and not by purchase. It is a proverb in Russia that a turquoise given by a loving hand carries with it happiness and good fortune. And another, “that the colour of a turquoise pales when the well-being of the giver is in peril,” and the modern superstition is that “the turquoise is a sovereign defence against mortal wounds.”

The historian, Boetius de Boot, relates the following as coming within his own experience, and shows his firm belief in the mysterious properties of the turquoise.

“The turquoise had been thirty years in the possession of a Spaniard who resided within a short distance of my father's house. After his death, his furniture and effects were exposed for sale, as is the custom with us. Among other articles was this turquoise ring; but al-

though many persons, admirers of its extraordinary beauty during its late master's lifetime, were now come to buy it, no one would offer for it, so entirely had it lost its colour. In fact it was more like a malachite than a turquoise. My father and brother, who had also gone with the intention of purchasing it, being well acquainted with its perfections, were amazed with the change. My father bought it notwithstanding, being induced to do so by the low price put upon it. On his return home, however, ashamed to wear so mean-looking a gem, he gave it to me, saying, ‘Son, as the virtues of the turkois are said to exist only when the stone has been given, I will try its efficacy by bestowing it upon thee.’ Little appreciating the gift, I had my arms engraved upon it as though it had been an agate or other less precious stone such as are used for seals and not for ornaments. I had not worn it a month before it resumed its pristine beauty and daily seemed to increase in splendour.” This, however, was not all. De Boot still further relates that he was travelling home to Bohemia from Padua, where he had been to take his doctor's degree, when in the dark his horse stumbled and fell with his rider from a bank on to the road ten feet below. Neither horse nor rider were the worse, but when he washed his hands on the following morning he perceived that the turquoise was split in two. He had the larger portion reset and continued to wear it, when again he met with an accident

* Ben Jonson.

which was like to have caused him a broken limb, and again the turquoise took the fracture upon itself and had to be reset.

The turquoise has always been a favourite gem for the betrothal ring, notwithstanding that the beauty of its colour is said to depend upon the constancy of its giver, and therefore must often be productive of pain to the wearer.

That it is still in favour as a wedding-gift we see by the present offered by the people of Kensington to Miss Borthwick on her marriage with Earl Bathurst, consisting of a turquoise bracelet and brooch.*

A couple of centuries ago a man scarcely thought himself dressed unless he wore on his finger a turquoise ring.

Queen Elizabeth always wore a turquoise ring, by whom given is not recorded. At her death it was taken from her finger by a lady in waiting and thrown out of the window to Sir John Harrington, who hurried with it to James VI. of Scotland as a sign of the death of the queen.

Another ring with a history is the turquoise of Shylock stolen by his daughter.

Although this gem was so highly prized in the Middle Ages it does not appear to have been known to the ancients, for among the numerous precious stones furnished by Persia and noted in the literary remains of antiquity the turquoise has no place.

At the present time, however, the gem *par excellence* of Persia is the turquoise, and a very interesting account of its mines and miners has been drawn up by Mr. Schindler, the recent director of the mines, and forwarded to our Foreign Office.

The celebrated turquoise mines, evidently those mentioned by Tavernier as three days journey from Meshed, and furnishing the most beautiful old rock turquoise, are situate in a district which Mr. Schindler calls Maden, about forty square miles in extent within the province of Nishapur, Khorassin. The villages of the district contain a population of about 1200, who are almost entirely occupied with the obtaining, cutting, and selling of turquoises.

The turquoise veins run between porphyry, limestone, and sandstone, never higher than 5800 feet above the level of the sea, nor lower than 4800. The climate is excellent; wheat, barley, and mulberry trees grow well at a height of 5000 feet, and fig-trees on the slopes 6000 feet above the level of the sea.

Nearly all the men engaged in the turquoise industry are inveterate opium smokers, and many of the women have also acquired the vice. The gain of turquoises has made the people careless of all else, and yet there are very few of the inhabitants who possess anything worth speaking of, in fact they live from hand to mouth like most people whose income is uncertain. A good turquoise is found, and the money obtained by its sale is spent at once. It is no unusual thing at the mines to see men who pay yearly to the Government a tax of sixty tomans,† that is about £20, and who beyond this gain one hundred and fifty tomans, £50, having literally nothing to eat.

The turquoise mines are of two kinds: first, the mines proper having shafts and galleries in the rocks, and secondly, the khâki mines or diggings, in the detritus of disintegrated rock washed down towards the plain.

The treasures of the former are difficult to arrive at, seeing that they are partly filled by rubbish and are often unsafe to work in. It is only during the last thirty or forty years that blasting with gunpowder has been resorted to by the miners; formerly all the work was done by picks, and much better, for they extracted the turquoises entire, while the

gunpowder, doing more work, often breaks the stones into small pieces.

The khâki or diggings extend from the foot of the mountain a mile or two into the plain, and here in alluvial soil some of the best stones are found. Work is carried on without any system; the earth is brought to the surface, sifted and searched, the latter being done by children. The fine turquoise presented to the Shah, valued at £2000, as well as many other very fine ones, have been found in the diggings or khâki. Still the work here is more of the character of a speculation than in the mines proper.

The findings are divided into three classes, the very best are called "ring-stones," and sold by the piece. The colour of these must be fast and of the deep blue of the sky; a small speck of a lighter shade or an almost inappreciable tinge of green decreases the value considerably. There is also that indefinable property of a good turquoise called the "zât," something like the "water" of a diamond and the "lustre" of a pearl, and even a fine-coloured turquoise without the "zât" is of very little worth.

The second best are called "bârkhâneh" turquoises, and are sold by the pound at the mines for about £90 per pound for the best, and about £25 per pound for the lowest or fourth quality.

Only the best of these second stones find their way into the European market, and although some are used by jewellers for rings, the fact that the miners do not class them or sell them as "ring-stones" proves that they are not of the first quality. One can buy small cut turquoises of third quality in Persia at the rate of two or three shillings a thousand. These "bârkhâneh" stones are frequently used by Persians for daggers, sword-hilts, and sheaths. Sir Richard Burton in his *Gold Mines of Midian* mentions having seen a bright blue turquoise set in the stock of a Bedouin matchlock, which had been exposed to wear and weather for fifty years, but had lost nothing of its colour.

Then there is the third class of findings called "Arabi" turquoises, a term used by the Persians for bad and unsaleable stones. Some of the miners when on a pilgrimage to Mekka had taken with them a quantity of bad turquoises, and had sold them well to the Arabs, hence they are called "Arabi."

Work in the mines proper is difficult owing to the unsafe condition of the galleries; but a miner rarely returns empty-handed, whereas at the diggings the work is comparatively easy, but the finding of turquoises a matter of chance. It often happens that a miner after working hard for a few months in the mines, and having saved a few tomans, gets a fever fit on him to try his luck at the diggings, and he works till his savings have vanished and his tools pawned and nothing of worth to show for it, and then he goes back to the mines. The majority of good workmen rarely work out of the mines, but send their children to the diggings—there being no danger in the work there and maybe a chance of luck—and a sight of the people at the diggings will show you the young, the very old, the weak and the idle. During the summer months strangers come to Mâhden to try their luck at the diggings.

The original finders of the turquoise do not gain much. The elders generally buy the stones direct from the workmen, and then sell them to merchants at Meshed or to agents who visit the mines. The first profit on turquoises is never less than ten per cent., and is often twenty per cent.; for example, one of the elders buys turquoises for ten tomans (that is ten times six shillings and eightpence) from the miners and sells them to an agent or middleman for twelve tomans, the agent sells them to the dealers in Meshed for four-

teen or fifteen tomans. The dealer sorts them and sells some in the country, and the remainder he sends to Moscow, where they are bought by special agents for European dealers. It is a safe calculation that turquoises bought of the miners for ten tomans are sold for twenty-five tomans in Europe. Mr. Schindler says it is strange that up to now European dealers have not thought it worth their while to send their own agents to the mines.

The miners rarely cut their own findings, and therefore do not often know the quality of the stones.

Enormous profits are often made on "ring-stones;" for example, a turquoise valued at Meshed at £300 was bought for £3 from the finder by an elder; he sold it uncut in Meshed for £38. After being cut it was sent to Paris, where it was valued at £600. The second purchaser only received £340 for it, the difference was gained by the agents.

The annual output of the mines proper and the diggings averaged for the last few years over £8300 value at the mines; the final purchasers probably pay three times this amount.

The turquoise in Persia is now as a rule cut by wheels made of a composition of emery and gum, whereas formerly it was cut on slabs of sandstone. The polishing is done generally by children on a slab of very fine grained sandstone.

The discovery of the true turquoise in Victoria, described by the Melbourne *Argus* a month or two since, and copied in the *Times* of Oct. 18, 1893, is looked upon as a phase of mining industry in that colony likely to be rich in results.

The pioneer, a man named Gascoigne, was a member of the Victorian mounted police force, whose hobby was collecting specimens of minerals from the various districts he visited. He was placed in the King River district, and while there made the acquaintance of a young man, a thorough bushranger. Asking him if he had ever come across gold in the district, he answered "No;" but that twelve miles away over the hills he had noticed veins of blue stone in the rocks, and nobody seemed to know what it was; the two men went off together, the bushman leaving the other to his search while he went further on to look for wild horses. Gascoigne, after a search, at length came across some grey, slaty rock in which there was a blue vein. With his clasp-knife he took out a number of pieces of the blue stone and submitted them to the School of Mines, and the secretary reported they were of little or no value.

Gascoigne was not satisfied with this, and on visiting Melbourne later he had the stone thoroughly tested by an Italian expert, who found it to be the true turquoise, a judgment which has since been thoroughly confirmed. Mining leases have been taken up, and everything is prospering, and it is believed that ere long turquoises from Australia will be competing in European markets with those that have been found for centuries in the famous mines of the Persian province of Khorassin.

One noteworthy feature about turquoise mining is, that although veins may be traced on or near the surface, the stone so found is generally affected by the surface-drainage and the atmospheric influences of countless centuries. Experience proves that the deeper down the miner goes, the better is his chance of finding stones of first-rate quality.

There are turquoise mines in Mount Sinai, the stones being here embedded in a matrix very much like that in which diamonds are found in Brazil. One of the hieroglyphic inscriptions in Sinai mentions the "Goddess Hathor, mistress of the land of the turquoises."

We have had some very good turquoises from Mexico. Among the ancient Mexicans

* November 11, 1893.

† A toman is about 6s. 8d.

it was a favourite material for inlaid mosaic work, of which some beautiful specimens may be seen in the British Museum.

The turquoise is the gem most frequently employed for amulets by the Orientals, who engrave sentences of the Koran upon it, filling in the characters with gold.

In 1808 a magnificent necklace of turquoise, consisting of twelve stones, was in the market; each stone was engraved in relief with a figure of one of the Cæsars.

The chemical nature of the turquoise has hitherto remained problematic as the results of investigations have never agreed; the only elements invariably present were alumina and copper. Mr. Streeter, however, gives its chemical composition thus—

Phosphorous pentoxide	. 32.8
Alumina	40.2
Water	19.2
Copper oxide	5.3
Iron and manganese oxides	2.5
	100.0

The turquoise, like all other precious stones, has its double. In this case it is the occidental turquoise, which is in fact a fossil ivory produced from the teeth of a past race of animals brought into contact with substances containing copper and iron. It differs entirely from the Oriental or old rock turquoise both

in structure and in composition. It is also softer and more opaque than the true gem, and in some Eastern lands is preferred to the Oriental.

THE CAT'S EYE

stands next to the diamond and sapphire in hardness, and notwithstanding its name is a very beautiful gem, and one that has always been held in high esteem in India, where it is venerated as a charm against witchcraft; and in Ceylon, which is its special home, a native would rather part with anything in his possession than give up his cat's-eye, if he be lucky enough to have one.

The cat's-eye, which is a rare variety of chrysoberyl, is found in the form of rolled pebbles in the river-sands of Ceylon in company with sapphires, topaz, and other gems. Twin crystals of great beauty have been also found in the emerald mines of the Ural.

Its chief characteristic is a remarkable play of light running from end to end, the result, no doubt, of its internal structure, which seems to be full of minute channels. No matter what colour the ground-work may be, the line of light is nearly always white, and more or less iridescent, and it is upon the beauty, perfection, and number of these lines, which run across the middle of the stone, that the value of the gem is based.

The stone is of various colours from pale straw through all shades of brown, and from

very pale apple green to the deepest olive. As the gem is moved about, it is beautiful with its soft deep colour, and its mysterious, luminous streak shifting restlessly from side to side, especially under a bright sunlight or gaslight.

It is not difficult to conceive an imaginative and superstitious people regarding this precious stone with awe; and, believing it to be the abode of spirits, they hold it sacred, fit only to dedicate to their gods.

There are three stones which bear a resemblance to the Oriental cat's-eye, but they will not bear the test of close comparison. The one which approaches most nearly is a variety of quartz called quartz cat's-eye, and it ought not to be possible for even the unlearned in precious stones to mistake this for the true; for example, the ray of light in the real is iridescent, in the false dull; the hardness in the real is 8.5, in the false 7; the specific gravity of the real is 3.8, of the false 2.6. The real cat's-eye often shows a beautiful dichroism, the false never. The composition also differs; in the true gem we find 80 parts alumina, 20 glucina, and for colouring matter oxide of iron: in the false 48 parts are silicon and 51 oxygen, with a small amount of oxide of iron and lime.

The difference between the two is also great in intrinsic worth, the one of great value, the other of little; the one used for personal ornaments, while the other is made into snuff-boxes or to form a thin veneer to small tables.



“CARRIAGES without horses!”



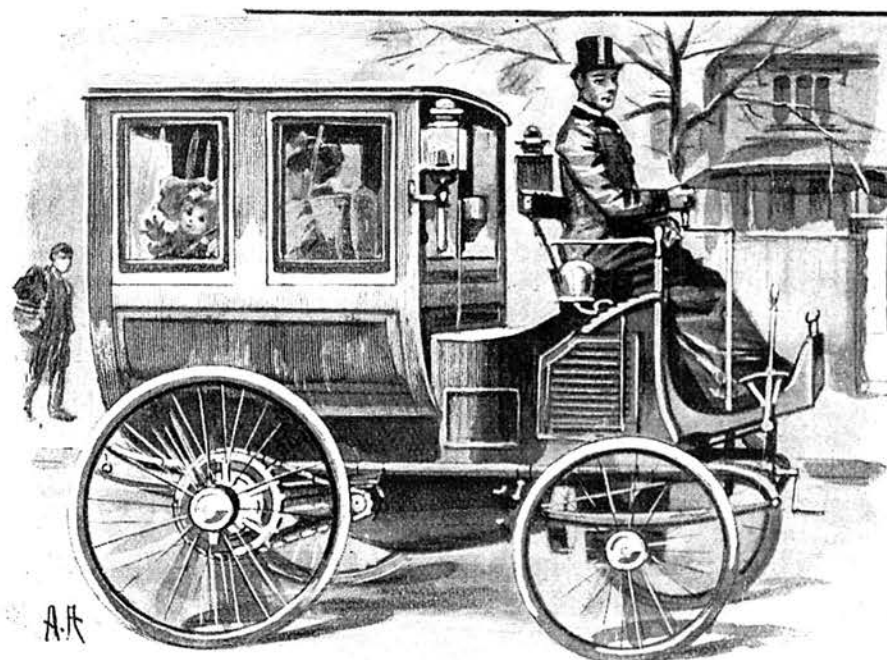
The phrase occurs in a popular rhyme, which is held to be a prophecy of Mother Shipton, the wise woman of Yorkshire, but is really of doubtful and perhaps recent origin. In

any case, the advent of horseless carriages was predicted by Friar Bacon six hundred years ago, that is to say, two centuries before Mother

Shipton was born. “We will be able to construct machines,” he wrote, “which will propel large ships with greater speed than a whole garrison of rowers, and which will need only one pilot to direct them; we will be able to propel carriages with incredible speed without the assistance of any animal; and we will be able to make machines which, by means of wings, will enable us to fly in the air like birds.”

The idea of mechanical carriages was itself “in the air” during succeeding centuries, and the great Sir Isaac Newton designed a steam coach of a very simple order in the year 1680.

But it was not until 1763 that Nicholas Cugnot, a French inventor, actually made one



TO AND FROM THE STATION.

which carried four passengers along the streets of Paris at a speed of two and a quarter miles an hour, to the amazement of the multitude. In turning the corner of a street near what is now the Madeleine, however, the plucky little engine fell over on its side with a loud crash, and was promptly "run in" by the bold *gens d'armes*. The experiments were stopped and the machine finally relegated to the museum of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, where it can still be seen. Cugnot himself, like many another pioneer of science, was imprisoned, and afterwards endured miserable privations, until he was relieved by Napoleon I.

This fascinating problem then occupied the minds of Benjamin Franklin, James Watt, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, William Murdoch, inventor of gas lighting, and many others. Murdoch built a working model, which was tried at Redruth, Cornwall, in 1784; and the famous Richard Trevithick, his assistant, made a carriage which ran in London at a speed of ten miles an hour.

Among later inventors, James Nasmyth in 1827 ran a steam coach on the Queensferry Road at Edinburgh; and, above all, Hancock, of London, constructed many coaches and brakes, which plied for months between London, Romford, and other towns, carrying thousands of passengers sixty years ago.

These and other brave attempts aroused the opposition of horse and land owners, and in 1862 an Act was passed prohibiting steam engines from travelling at a greater speed than four miles an hour on public highways. This measure has seriously checked the development of horseless carriages in the United Kingdom, but it did not prevent Mr. R. W. Thompson, of Edinburgh, from introducing the slow steam traction engine, or road locomotive, and the indiarubber tyre.

But how were they "managing in France"? Here the self-moving carriage has been brought into practical use within recent years. In 1888 Serpollet and others devised steam carriages so

convenient and safe that they were permitted to travel through the streets of Paris at a speed of ten miles an hour. In England electricity was applied to the propulsion of dog-carts and bath-chairs by Mr. Magnus Volk, of Brighton, but only on a small scale.

Within the last few years, however, a great impetus has been given to the subject by the invention of the Daimler motor, a kind of gas engine in which the piston is driven up and down in the cylinder, not by the admission of steam under pressure, but by small



AN OLD PROBLEM SOLVED AT LAST.



NO DRIVER AS WELL AS NO HORSE.

explosions of the vapour of rectified petroleum, such as gasoline or benzine. A supply of the petroleum to last out the journey is carried in a reservoir and fed to the motor engine, in which it is exploded under the piston by means of a flame or the electric spark from a small induction coil excited by a voltaic battery, and the motion of the piston is communicated to the wheels of the carriage by suitable gearing.

The long-distance race of these "auto-mobile" carriages from Paris to Bordeaux and back has proved the superiority of the petroleum over the steam carriage, which may now be regarded as out-of-date. The "struggle for existence," terminating in the "survival of the fittest," will henceforth lie between the electric and the petroleum carriage.

For the benefit of those who may be thinking of investing in an "auto-car," it will be useful to consider these two kinds in relation to each other and to the ordinary horse-carriage.

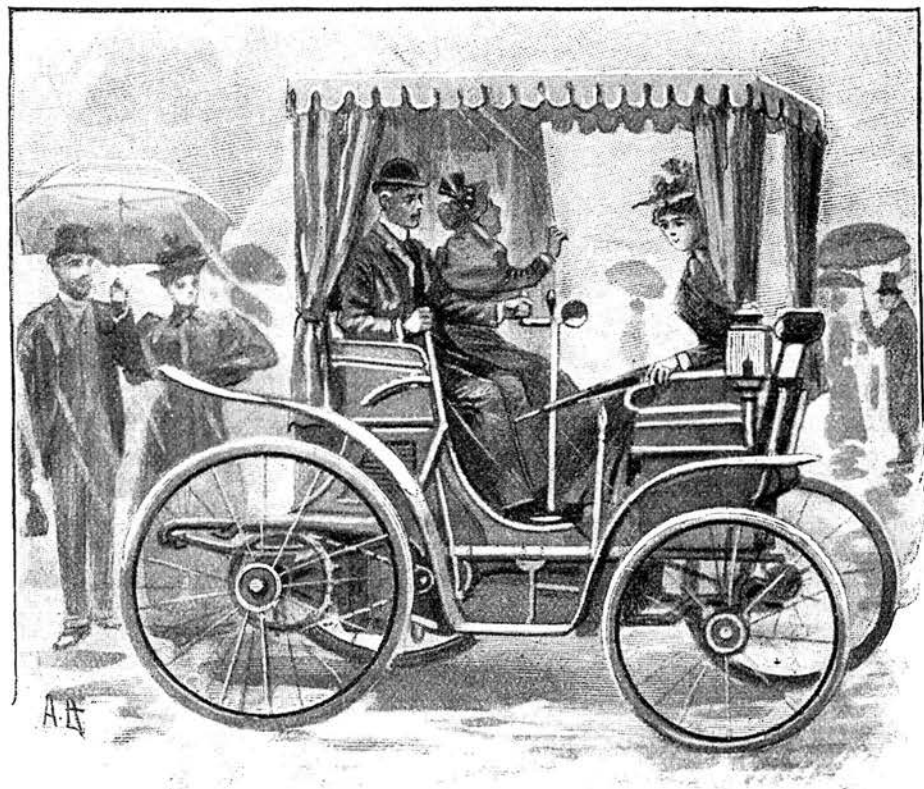
The horse, as a

beautiful and intelligent creature, and often an affectionate friend, is, of course, more interesting than a lifeless mechanism, and it is not to be supposed that he will be entirely driven from the field; but, on the other hand, the horse is often ill-treated and over-wrought, his life is made a burden to him by cruel or thoughtless masters, and no one can deny that where mechanical power can do the work of *suffering* flesh and blood it should be allowed to do it.

Moreover, the horse is subject to illness, and is frequently dangerous through fright; but there is no fear of an auto-car "shieing" on the road, and although the motor might break down or the petroleum reservoir explode, these contingencies are somewhat remote.

In case the injury to the motor is such that an ordinary blacksmith or working engineer could not repair it, the motor could easily be made detachable and sent to the manufacturer for amendment.

It is probable, however, that makers will provide against such a mishap by supplying spare parts with which an intelligent smith can replace the broken ones in a very short time.



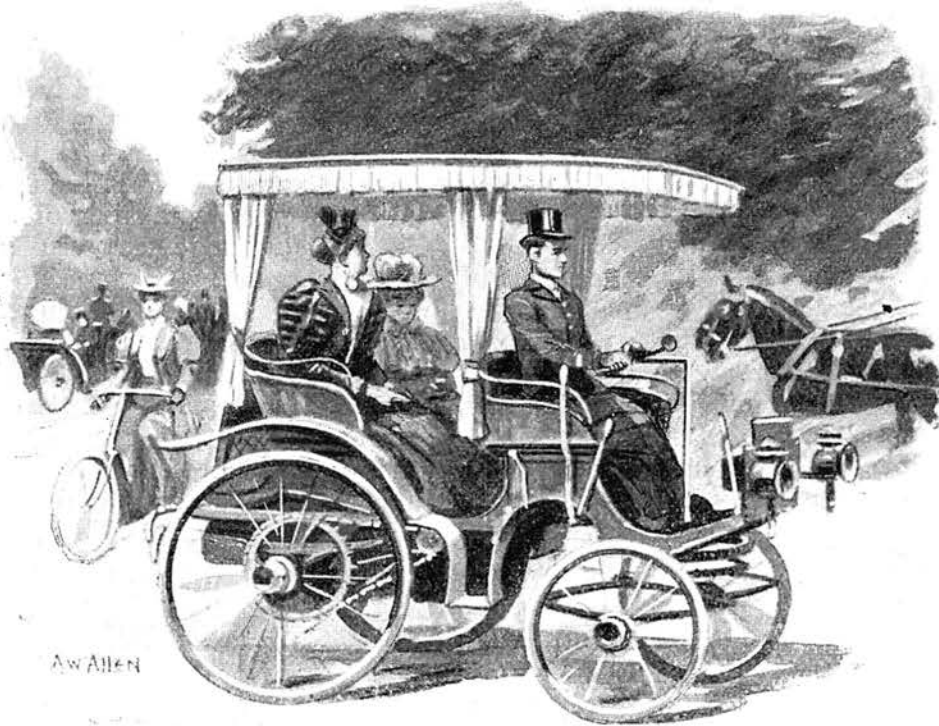
SHOWER-PROOF.

Even now the danger of explosion is reduced to something very small, by removing the reservoir as far as possible from the igniting apparatus, and still further improvements will doubtless be made in this respect.

The electric car is, of course, quite free from any such danger, since the motive mechanism consists of an electric motor, fed by the current of an accumulator or a primary battery stowed in the car, under the box-seat, or elsewhere. Should the apparatus break down, the services of a practical electrician

fixed stations, where the batteries can be replenished without much trouble.

Coming now to the important matter of cost and maintenance, the auto-cars are much more expensive to buy than horse carriages, owing to the motor and gearing; but they are easier to maintain. The price of an auto-car ranges from £150 to £300, according to its size and beauty; but the cost of a mile of travel varies from a halfpenny to a penny. A ten-mile drive can be enjoyed for sixpence or a shilling, and it must be borne in mind that neither



THE PARK, AS IT WILL BE.

would have to be called in or the apparatus disconnected and sent to the makers.

This question of breakdown is, however, a secondary one, and will not deter people in general from getting an auto-car if the ordinary working advantages justify them.

Electric carriages are even now almost entirely free from vibration, and they will be made still freer in future. The great advantage of the petroleum car over the electric one is that sufficient fuel or rectified petroleum for a long journey can be carried in smaller bulk and weight than a supply of electricity. Moreover, it is much easier to procure a fresh supply of petroleum than electricity. The petroleum car is therefore better adapted for general and country use than the electric car, which, however, is convenient enough in large towns, or in plying between

coachman nor groom is required for the auto-car, which can be managed by an intelligent gardener. The proprietor himself can drive the machine, for it requires no particular skill to work the handles which start and stop the engine or control the brakes.

The difference in price between the auto-car and the carriage and horses will therefore soon be made up by the saving in maintenance. To those who only require a carriage during a portion of the year, the advantages of the auto-car are obvious. At the same time, we would counsel all who are not in a hurry to wait a little before investing in an auto-car. There is no doubt whatever that in the course of the next year or two the improvements made in them will much increase their efficiency and convenience, as well as reduce their price.







THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?

In the very olden time there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing, and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but, whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheater, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king,

public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena, a structure which well deserved its name, for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheater. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the inclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased; he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him and tore him to pieces as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other

door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects, and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection; the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side, and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady; he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty, and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan, for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsur-

passed in all this kingdom, and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion, and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of the king. In after years such things became commonplace enough, but then they were in no slight degree novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else, thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of, and the king would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena, and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors,—those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king, but he did not think at all of that royal

personage. His eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature it is probable that lady would not have been there, but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done,—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them. But gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived, and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there, paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would

never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen

them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

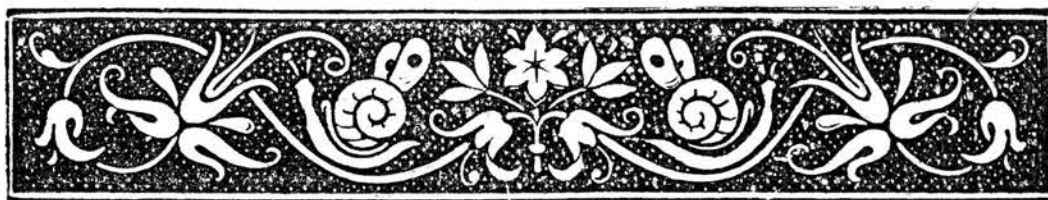
And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and

nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door, —the lady, or the tiger?

Frank R. Stockton.



“The Lady, or the Tiger?” or Both?*

I.—THE PROBLEM.

A MONARCH wise; two ladies fair;
A youth not blessed with rank or money;
A Royal Tiger from his lair;
These are our *dramatis personæ*.

The king was great! That potentate
Full wisely steered the ship of State;
And most of all, his shrewdness showed
In his Majestic Penal Code.

An amphitheater, nobly used,
Served as a court where each accused
By his own act strict justice got;
Or — ’t was *his* fault if he did not.

The culprit, real or supposed,
Was placed before two portals closed;
Then, uncontrolled, self-guided quite,
He took his choice ’twixt left and right.

Behind the one, in wait for him,
A tiger lurked, severe and grim.
The other hid a lovely maid,
Young, rich, for wedlock all arrayed.

Which door to open? Death or life?
A beast of prey! A lawful wife!
No wonder if he gaped and tarried:
We all do, when we’re killed—or married

The trial, from its institution,
Down to the final execution
(Not having any lawyers in it),
Took just the space of *half a minute*.

In this grand scheme of penal laws —
So free from doubt, delay, excitement —
Each of the tiger’s separate claws
Was a “separate clause” in the indictment.

Said we not well this king was shrewd
Who this strong, simple plan pursued?
The crowd amused — Law vindicated —
The tigers fed — the maidens mated!

The king’s own daughter’s inclination
Was toward a youth of lowly station,
And since he was, like Barkis, “willin’,”
He *must* have been a hardened villain.

So the police pursued him, caught him,
And to the Colosseum brought him;
And thither came the monarch proud,
The princess, and the baser crowd.

Behind the scenes another maiden
Attends, with all her gewgaws laden.
While close at hand, to left — or right —
The tiger — with his appetite.

The throng now see the culprit enter
And pause at the arena’s center:
Turn, face the royal box, and bow;
Alas! How feels the princess now?

She only, favored by the Fates,
Knows the dread problem of the gates:
Which hides her rival’s hateful face,
And which the tiger’s lurking-place.

Her luckless lover vainly tries
To read her secret in her eyes.
What sign can reach his straining sight?
She lifts one lily hand — the right!

He sees the sign; he must obey;
 He bows again and turns away;
 Faces the double-gated wall,
 Advances firmly, and — that's all!

Right here the story halts. The sequel
 Its author left with chances equal.
 Did Love decree the youth's survival,
 Although united to a rival?

II. THE SOLUTION.

THIS tiger, savage, sleek, and strong,
 Had fasted there alone and long
 And grown to be far hungrier than a
 Wild quadrupedal Doctor Tanner.

He sniffed the wall that did divide
 Him from the maid on t'other side.
 One sniff, two sniffs, three sniffs were all;
 Then he forthwith *tore down the wall.*

* * * * *

Sir Tiger now has had his fill.
 Another pound would make him ill.
 He's no more need for persons raw,
 Than Barnum's tiger stuffed with straw.

Too long we've let our hero stand
 Since his fair princess raised her hand.
 Boldly he opes the right-hand portal—
 Then staggers back in terror mortal!

From out the gate-way, crouching low,
 The tiger steps, sedate and slow.
 Stops, stoops, unsheathes and sheathes his claws,
 While all may note the awful paws!

He gives the youth a scornful glance
 And passes on with looks askance.
 He does not seem to care to eat him—
 Meets him, in fact, but doesn't meat him.

He smooths his whiskers, walks the ring,
 Winks at the princess and her lover,
 Then smiles serenely at the king
 And scans the multitude all over.

His lordly form and bearing made
 Fit setting for the part he played.
 He on the sands of that theayter
 From top to toe looked glad he ate her.

He peered and purred and paced awhile
 With that same soft, seductive smile,
 Then to a shady corner crept
 And laid him down and sweetly slept.

The king in this a portent sees.
 Quoth he, while quake the royal knees,
 "Go, daughter, quickly as you can
 And wed that praiseworthy young man."

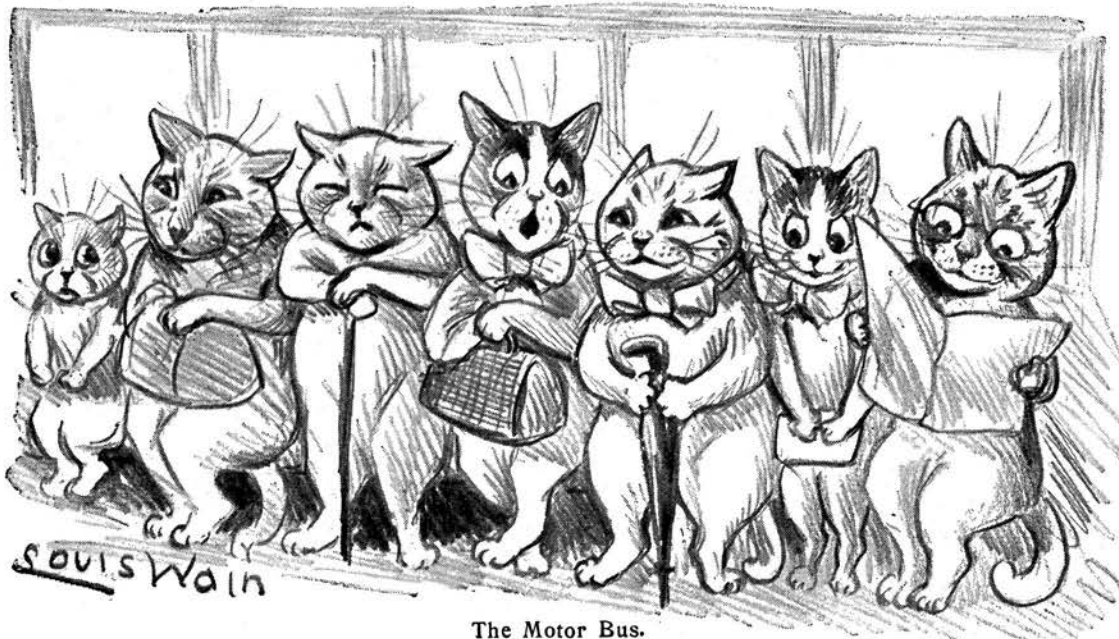
The princess trips across the sands
 To where her lover waiting stands.
 They're married fast, mid cheers and laughter,
 And then—live happy ever after.

Oft did the swain in later life
 Demand the secret from his wife;
 And by all arts strove to oblige her
 To tell *which door had hid the tiger.**

But she, as all historians say,
 Kept silent to her dying day:
 So no step further ever made he
 To solve the problem "Death or Lady."

Joseph Kirkland.

* The g is soft here.



The Motor Bus.



THE NIGHT-JAR.

By GRANT ALLEN.

WE sat late on the verandah last night, listening to the low trilling croon of the night-jar. It was a balmy evening, one of the few this summer; the sunset was lingering over the heather-clad moors, and the lonely bird sat perched on one bough of the wind-swept pine-tree by Martin's Corner, calling pathetically to his mate with that deep passionate cry of his. I know not why, but the voice of the night-jar seems to me fuller of unspoken poetry than that of any more musical and articulate songster. Away down in the valley a nightingale was pouring his full throat among the oak-brush; but we hardly heeded him. Up on the open moorland, in the twilight solitude, that gray bird of dusk sat keening and sobbing his monotonous love-plaint; and it moved us more than all the nightingale's gamut. I think it must be because we feel instinctively he is in terrible earnest. Those profound catches in the throat are the very note of true love; they have in them something of high human passion. And we could see the bird himself, too, on his half-leafless perch, craning his neck as he crooned, and looking eagerly for his lady-love. It was a delicious moment. We murmured as we sat George Meredith's lines—

“Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
 Wavy in the dusk lit by one large star.
 Lone on the fir-branch, his rattle-note unvaried,
 Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar.”

We were fortunate indeed in our *mise-en-scène*; for the poet's picture had realised

itself before us. And, as usual, art had reacted upon nature. The cry, that was so beautiful and romantic in itself, gained an added touch of beauty and romance from the great word-painter's exquisite images.

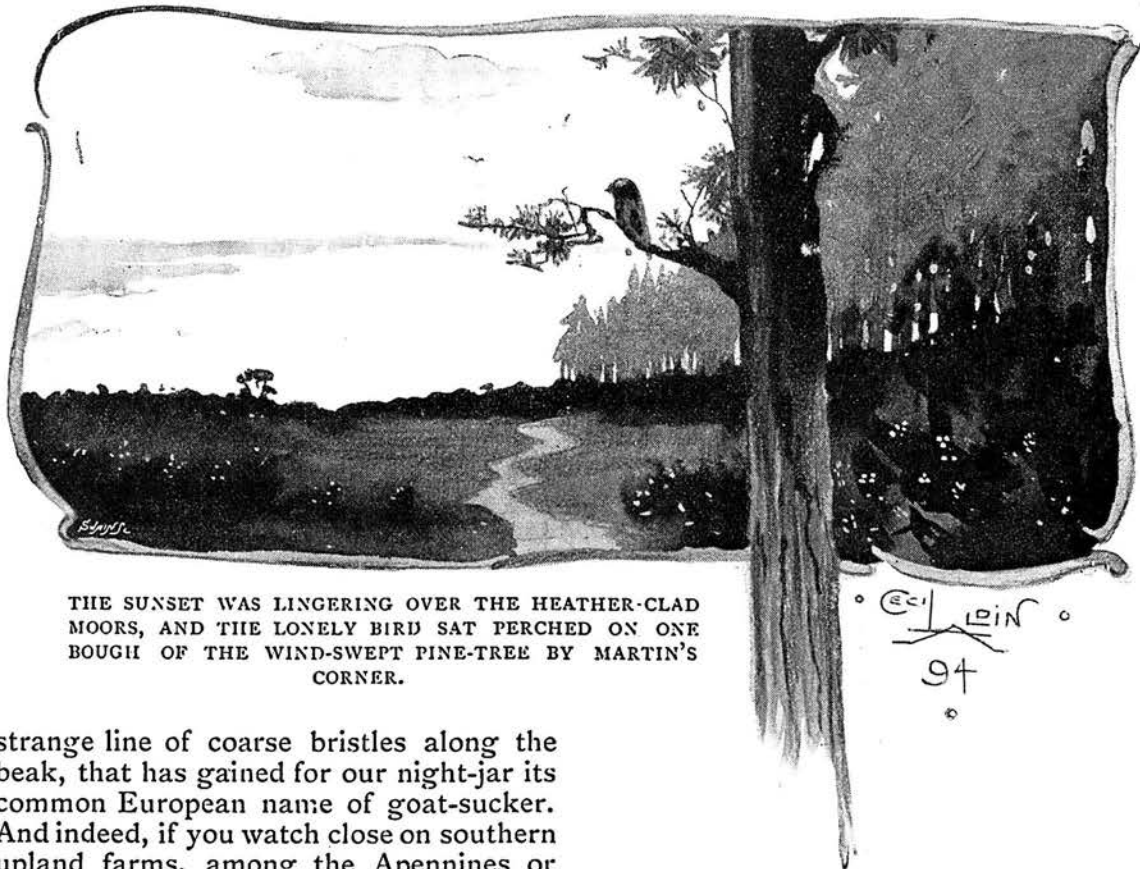
Perhaps, too, some part of the charm in the night-jar and his kind may be due to the sense that here at least we stand face to face with a genuine relic of the older, the wilder, and the freer England. He is a bird of the night, of the heather and the bracken, of the unbroken waste, of the unpeopled solitude. When man invades his high home, he moves afield before the intruder. Here on the great moors we hear him nightly in summer; but only when no other sound assails the ear, save the boom of the cockchafer, and the myriad hum of the flies and moths of dusk among the heather. He belongs, in fact, to that elder fauna which inhabited England before the whirr of wheels and the snort of steam drove the wild things far from us. The perky sparrow can accommodate himself without an effort to the bustle of towns, and can dispute for grains of corn under the horses' hoofs in Cheapside; the rook can follow close the ploughman's heels, in search of worms turned up by the share in the furrows; but the night-jar lives aloof among the solitary fern-wastes, and flies amain before the intrusion of our boisterous humanity.

“Fern-owls” the country people hereabouts call them; and very owl-like indeed they are in outer appearance, with their soft mottled plumage, all brown and gray and melting white, as is the wont of

nocturnal or crepuscular creatures ; but they are not owls at all by descent, for all that, being in reality big fly-hunting cousins of the swifts and the humming-birds. All birds that hawk after insects on the wing have a wide gaping mouth ; the house martins have it, and the swallows, and the swifts ; but in the night-jars this width of gape is pushed to a singular and almost grotesque extreme, though not of course beyond the limit laid by the needs and habits of the animal. It is the enormous mouth, fringed with its

sorting for purposes of common advantage which reaches at last its highest development in the nest of ants, with their associated beetles and their cow-like aphides.

Here in England, our night-jar is but a summer migrant, a visitor to the moors while insects abound ; and we listen for him eagerly in warm May weather. He comes to us from South Africa, where he winters among the Zulus, or, rather, escapes the chill of winter altogether in the opposite hemisphere. For he must



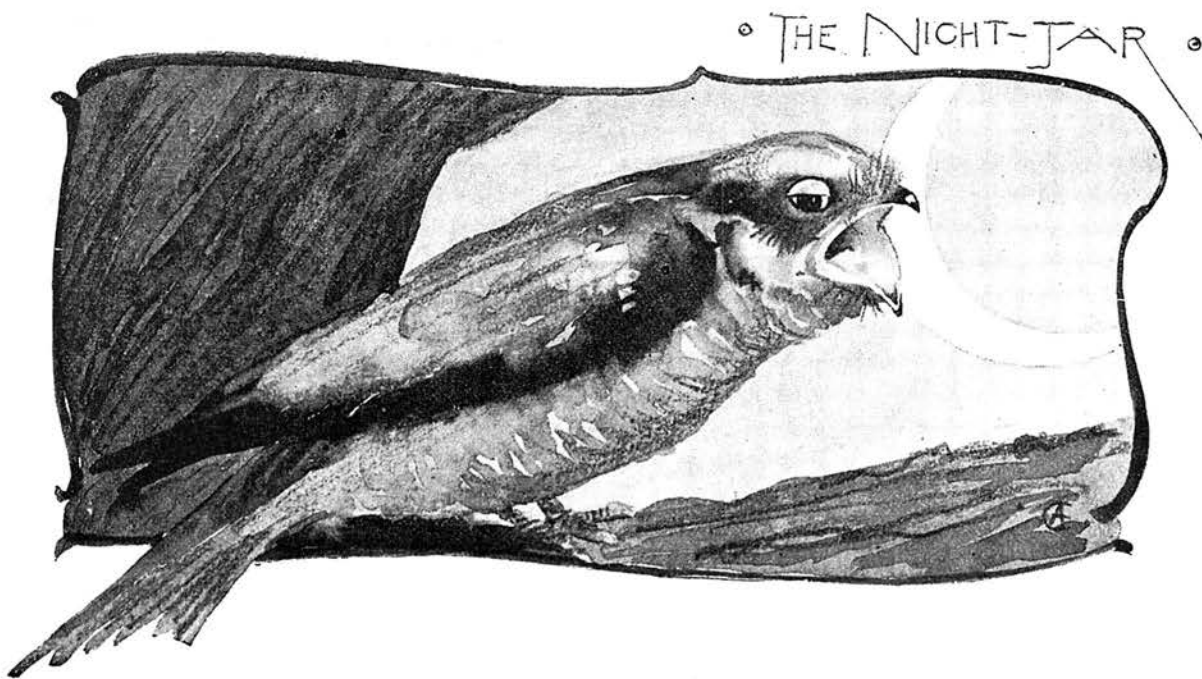
THE SUNSET WAS LINGERING OVER THE HEATHER-CLAD MOORS, AND THE LONELY BIRD SAT PERCHED ON ONE BOUGH OF THE WIND-SWEPT PINE-TREE BY MARTIN'S CORNER.

strange line of coarse bristles along the beak, that has gained for our night-jar its common European name of goat-sucker. And indeed, if you watch close on southern upland farms, among the Apennines or the Atlas, you will see the night-jars at twilight hovering close by the udders of the goats and cattle as they lie stretched in the meadows. But they are not milking them, as the Italian peasant firmly believes ; it is as friends and allies that they come, not as enemies. Peer hard through the gloom, on a moonlight evening, and you can make out at last that nocturnal flies are annoying the beasts, and that as fast as they gather the night-jar snaps them up, while the cattle seem to recognise this friendly office by never whisking their tails so long as the bird attends to them. It is a mutual convenience, an early form of that con-

have insects, flying insects on the wing, and plenty of them. We welcome his first churring among the pines and bracken as a sign of summer ; for he is a prudent bird, and seldom makes a mistake, knowing the marks of the weather well, like Mr. Robert Scott, and delaying his arrival till insects have hatched out in sufficient numbers from the cocoons over the heather-clad uplands. You see him but rarely, for he loves the dusk, and, though far from a timid bird, he usually alights on the ground, hardly perching on a tree, I think, except to utter his love-call. When he does perch, it is always lengthwise to the bough, not

crosswise as is the fashion with most other birds; he seems afraid of falling; and then, this position also assorts better with his passionate attitude of craning expectancy as he leans forward on the branch to summon his helpmate. If you disturb him from the ground, he rises with flapping wings in an awkward and noisy way, bringing his pinions together above his body, somewhat after the lapping's fashion; but when he hawks on the open after flies, with his big mouth agape, his long arcs of flight are equable, swift, and graceful. Night-jars are fearless beasts; they rear their young in the open, without pretence or concealment. The two veined and marbled eggs are laid boldly in some hard patch among the brake and gorse, on the bare ground, without a nest of any sort; and though they are beautifully coloured when you come to examine them in detail, they so closely imitate the soil and the dry heath around in general effect that you may easily pass them by, even when you have

marked their approximate place by disturbing the sitting mother. Few British birds, indeed, show higher and closer adaptation to special conditions than our dreamy night-jars, essential insect-hawkers of the dusk on open and treeless uplands. Their large and mysterious eyes, their gaping mouths, their straining fringe of bristles, their delicate owl-like plumage, their swift and silent flight, their agile movements, their eerie cry, their curious love-sick nature—all mark them out as marvellously modified nocturnal variants on the general type of the swifts and trogons. They are, in fact, specialised descendants of the same primitive ancestral form, whose bodies and souls have undergone weird and beautiful changes in adaptation to a wild and poetical life in the shades of dusk on the unpeopled moorlands. For birds of twilight have always passionate cries and passionate natures; not accident alone has given us the whip-poor-will and the nightingale.



A Record of 1811.

OR, A SHEEP'S COAT AT SUNRISE, A MAN'S COAT AT SUNSET.

BY J. R. WADE.

IT is no new thing for us to see records established one day and beaten the next, the top place nowadays being no sooner reached by one individual than challenged by another. The record in the manufacture of cloth, however, with which this article deals, though of eighty-eight years' standing, has never yet been eclipsed.

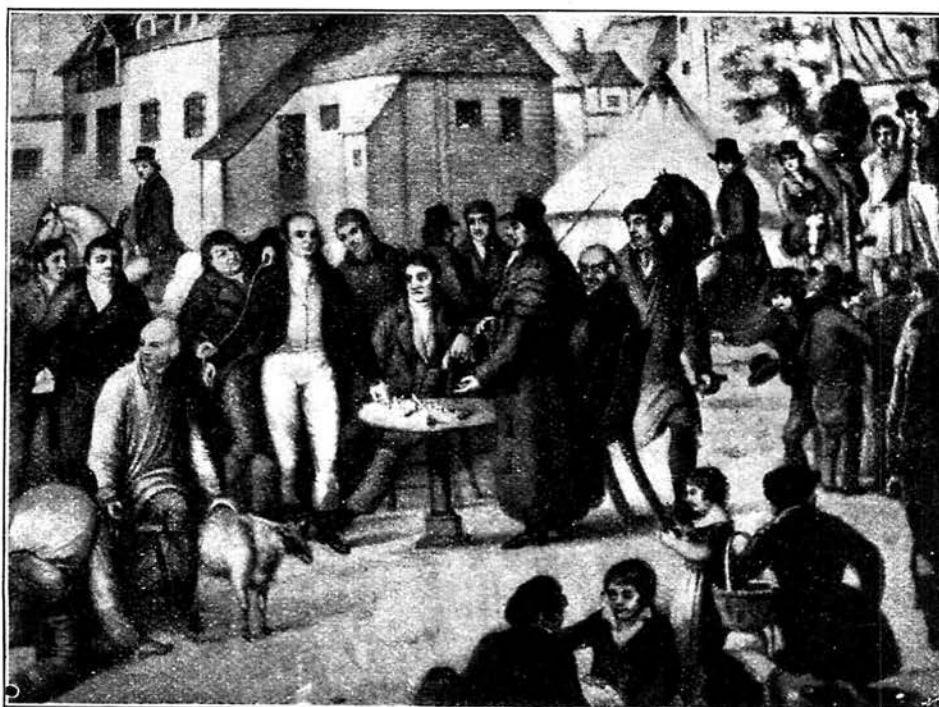
The scene of this remarkable achievement in the sartorial art is the village of Newbury, Berkshire, and it came about in this way. Mr. John Coxeter, a then well-known cloth manufacturer, the owner of Greenham Mills, at the above-named village, remarked in the course of conversation one day in the year 1811, to Sir John Throckmorton, Bart., of Newbury, "So great are the improvements in machinery which I have lately introduced into my mill, that I believe that in twenty-four hours I could take the coat off your back, reduce it to wool, and turn it back into a coat again."

The proverb says, "There's many a true word spoken in jest." So great an impression did Mr. Coxeter's boast make upon the Baronet, that shortly afterwards he inquired of Mr. Coxeter if it would really be possible to make a coat from sheep's wool between the sunrise and sunset of a summer's day. That gentleman, after carefully calculating the time required for the various processes, replied that in his opinion it could be done.

Not long after the above conversation, which took place at a dinner

party, Sir John Throckmorton laid a wager of a thousand guineas that at eight o'clock in the evening of June the 25th, 1811, he would sit down to dinner in a well-woven, properly-made coat, the wool of which formed the fleeces of sheep's backs at five o'clock that same morning. Such an achievement appearing practically impossible to his listeners, his bet was eagerly accepted.

Sir John intrusted the accomplishment of the feat to Mr. Coxeter, and shortly before five o'clock on the morning stated, the early-rising villagers of Newbury were astonished to see their worthy squire, accompanied by his shepherd and two sheep, journeying towards Greenham Mills. Promptly at five o'clock operations commenced, and no time was lost in getting the sheep shorn. Our first illustration, which is from an old print executed at the time, shows the sheep being shorn by the shepherd, and is worthy of a little attention. Sir John stands in the middle of the picture, having his measurements taken by the tailor, and it is an interesting fact that, except that all imple-



From an]

SHEARING THE SHEEP.

[Old Print.



From an]

MAKING THE CLOTH.

[Old Print.

ments to be used were placed in readiness on the field of action, the smallest actual operations in the making of the coat were performed between the hours mentioned.

Mr. Coxeter stands just behind the sheep-shearer, watching with an anxious eye, whilst to the right may be seen a tent, which was erected presumably for refreshments, and schoolboys climbing a greasy-pole and generally making the best of the holiday which had been accorded them in order that they might witness this singular spectacle.

The sheep being shorn, the wool was washed, stubbed, roved, spun, and woven, and our next illustration, also from an old print, shows the weaving, which was performed by Mr. Coxeter, junior, who had been found by previous competition to be the most expert workman. In the background of this picture may be seen the carcass of one of the sheep; of which more later. The curious-looking objects in the basket, held, by the way, by another of Mr. Coxeter's sons, are wool spools, while in the extreme background, looking out of the window of a quaint old cottage, may be seen "the gods in the gallery."

When we compare the primitive-looking loom seen in this picture with the powerful machinery of to-day, the record then established certainly becomes all the more wonderful.

The cloth thus manufactured was next scoured, fulled, tented, raised, sheared, dyed, and dressed, being completed by four o'clock

in the afternoon, just eleven hours after the arrival of the two sheep in the mill-yard.

In the meantime, the news of the wager had spread abroad among the neighbouring villages, bringing crowds of people eager to witness the conclusion of this extraordinary undertaking.

The cloth was now put into the hands of the tailor, Mr. James White, who had already got all measurements

ready during the operations, so that not a moment should be lost: and he, together with nine of his men, with needles all



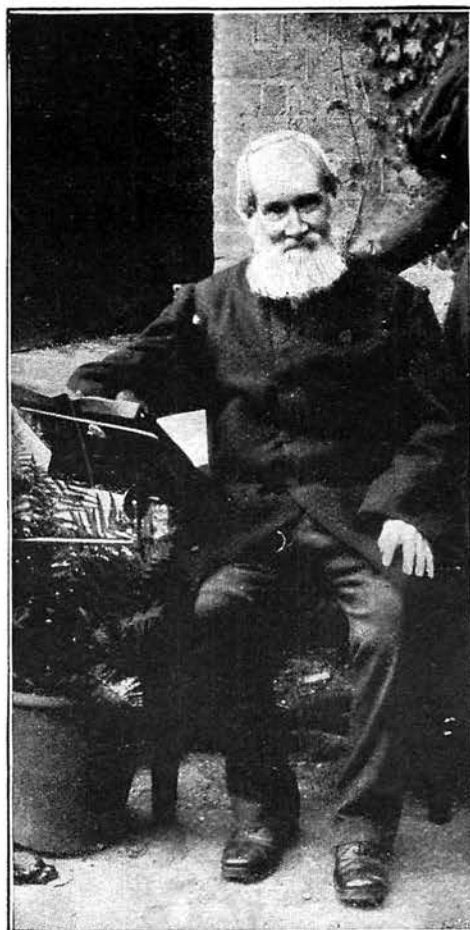
THE FINISHED COAT.

From a Photo. by C. J. Coxeter, Abingdon.

threaded, at once started on it. For the next two hours and a quarter the tailors were busy cutting out, stitching, pressing, and sewing on buttons, in fact, generally converting the cloth into a "well woven, properly made coat," and at twenty minutes past six Mr. Coxeter presented the coat to Sir John Throckmorton, who put the garment on before an assemblage of over five thousand people, and sat down to dinner with it on, together with forty gentlemen, at eight o'clock in the evening.

Through the kindness of Sir William Throckmorton, its present owner, we are able to give our readers, in the illustration shown at the bottom of the previous page, a photograph of this wonderful coat. The garment was a large hunting-coat of the then admired dark Wellington colour, a sort of a damson tint. It had been completed in the space of thirteen hours and ten minutes, the wager thus being won with an hour and three-quarters to spare.

To commemorate the event, the two sheep



MR. CHARLES COXETER, THE ONLY LIVING EYE-WITNESS.
From a Photo. by C. J. Coxeter, Abingdon.

who were the victims of Mr. Coxeter's energy were killed and roasted whole in a meadow near by, and distributed to the public, together with 120 gallons of strong beer, this latter being the gift of Mr. Coxeter.

Our next illustration is a photograph of Mr. Charles Coxeter, of Abingdon, Berks, the only living eye-witness to this feat. He is the younger brother to the weaver of the cloth, long since dead, who is shown in our second illustration. His present age is ninety-three. When approached on the subject he said he well remembered the event, and recalls with pleasure seeing the workmen dine off portions of the sheep, in a barge on the river near the mill. The original mill unfortunately no longer stands,

having long since been destroyed, a more modern mill now occupying the site.

We now give an illustration of the silver medal which was struck in honour of the occasion. It is worded as follows:—

"Presented to Mr. John Coxeter, of Greenham Mills, by the Agricultural Society, Berkshire."



for manufacturing wool into cloth and into a coat in thirteen hours and ten minutes."

Mr. Coxeter was a very enterprising individual, for seemingly not content with this wonderful achievement, not many years after, in connection with the public rejoicings for peace after the Battle of Waterloo, he had a gigantic plum-pudding made, which was cooked under the supervision of twelve ladies. This monster pudding measured over 20ft. in length, and was conveyed to his house on a large timber waggon, drawn by two oxen, which were highly decorated with blue ribbons. The driver was similarly ornamented, and bore aloft an old family sword of state, presumably to give *éclat* to the occasion. Arrived at its destination, the pudding was cut up in the celebrated old mill-yard at Greenham, and distributed to all and sundry, those who had the good fortune to partake of it pronouncing the pudding to be "as nice as mother makes 'em."

The famous coat, which has found a resting-place in a glass case in Sir William

Throckmorton's hall, was exhibited at the great International Exhibition of 1851, where it attracted a great deal of attention, a few copies of the old engravings from which our first two illustrations are reproduced being eagerly bought up. Our last photograph shows the bill which was printed for that exhibition.

Over thirty years afterwards the coat was again brought before public notice, this time at the Newbury Art and Industrial Exhibition of 1884. It was photographed for the first time, by Sir William's permission, for this article. Though to us it may seem rather a curious cut for a hunting-coat, it was the approved style for those times, the long coat-tails flying to the wind during a chase. Needless to say, however, this coat has never been used for that purpose.

These are certainly days of speed, and though probably with the vastly superior machinery of to-day this wonderful performance could be eclipsed, it is interesting to notice that up to the present it has never been equalled.

ILLUSTRATIVE
OF
MANUFACTURING CELERITY
TO PROVE THE POSSIBILITY OF

WOOL
BEING MANUFACTURED INTO
CLOTH
AND MADE INTO A
COAT

BETWEEN
SUNRISE AND SUNSET,
AND WHICH WAS SUCCESSFULLY ACCOMPLISHED
ON TUESDAY, THE 25th OF JUNE, 1811.
AT FIVE O'CLOCK THAT MORNING.

TWO SHEEP
BELONGING TO
SIR JOHN THROCKMORTON, BART.
WERE SHEARED BY HIS OWN SHEPHERD—
FRANCIS DRUETT,
AND THE WOOL GIVEN TO
MR. JOHN COXETER,
AT GREENHAM GREENS, NEAR
NEWBURY, BERKSHIRE:

WHO HAD
The WOOL Spun. The YARN-Spooled, Warped,
Loomed, and Wove. The CLOTH-Burred, Milled,
Rowed, Dyed, Dried, Sheared, and Pressed

By Four o'clock.—All the processes of Manufacture were
PERFORMED BY HAND IN ELEVEN HOURS.
The Cloth was then given to
MR. ISAAC WHITE, TAILOR, OF NEWBURY,
Whose Son, James White, cut the Coat out and had it made up within
TWO HOURS AND TWENTY MINUTES,
When the Master Manufacturer, Mr. John Coxeter, presented it to
SIR JOHN THROCKMORTON, BART.
*Who appeared with it on before an assembly of 5000 spectators, who had come far
and near to witness this singular and unprecedented performance completed in*
THIRTEEN HOURS & TWENTY MINUTES.

The persons who took a prominent part on this interesting occasion, are thus pointed out in the illustration of this extraordinary MANUFACTURING CELERITY.
In the centre of the Picture, the Shepherd, FRANCIS DRUETT, is represented Shearing one of the Sheep—behind him, the Master Manufacturer, MR. JOHN COXETER—on his left, MR. ISAAC WHITE, the Tailor, measuring SIR JOHN THROCKMORTON for the Coat.—To his left, in black, stands R. F. O. VILLEBOIS, Esq.;—and before him, seated at the table, is ANTHONY BACON, Esq.—To the right of MR. COXETER, stands MR. JOHN LOCKET, a Loom Manufacturer of Donnington—facing him and with his back towards the spectators, is MR. RICHARD DIBBLEY, of Newbury, Dutcher;—the Youth beside him, is JOHN COXETER, the Son of MR. COXETER;—and the one with the Basket of Wool Spools, is his Son William.—John is again represented at work at the Loom, the Lady before him, his Mother, accompanied by another Son, Samuel, a child;—the Gentleman standing at the back of MR. COXETER and by the side of the Loom, is MR. JONES, the Cotton Manufacturer of Greenham.

BLACKET PRINT'G. STAMP OFFICE, NEWBURY REELS

BILL PRINTED FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

BREAD AND CAKES.

HOUSEHOLD BREAD.

Ingredients.—Three pounds and a half of flour (household), about one pint and a quarter of warm water, one dessertspoonful and a half of salt, one ounce of dry yeast, one ounce of moist sugar.

Method.—Put the flour and salt in an earthenware pan, and mix well together; put the pan to warm; work the yeast to a cream with the sugar, and add to it a gill and a half of the warm water. Make a well in the flour and mix in the yeast and water, so that there is a soft batter in the middle of the flour; sprinkle flour over this, lay a cloth over the pan and put it in a warm place for fifteen minutes to set the sponge; then stir in the rest of the water; flour the board and knead the dough for about twenty minutes until very elastic; replace it in the pan with a deep cross scored on the top to help it to rise, cover up and put in a warm place to rise one hour and a half. Make into loaves and bake; the oven should be very hot at first and moderate for the rest of the time. A quarter loaf will take nearly two hours to cook. If the water used is hot instead of warm, the yeast will be killed and will not act.

GINGERBREAD.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, six ounces of golden syrup, four ounces of brown sugar, four ounces of dripping, one ounce of ground ginger, two teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, two-thirds of a gill of milk.

Method.—Put the flour, sugar, ginger and spice in a basin and mix well together; put the treacle, milk, soda and dripping in a saucepan and melt over the fire; pour the contents of the saucepan into the contents of the basin, mix well, beat for five minutes, pour in a greased tin and bake in a moderate oven.

SCONES.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, two ounces of dripping, three ounces of sugar, half an ounce of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, milk to mix, a few sultanas (floured and picked).

Method.—Mix the tartar and the soda well with the flour in a basin, rub in the dripping, add the sugar and sultanas, mix with milk rather more soft than for pastry, roll into two thick rounds, cut each into six equal pieces, lay on a floured tin, brush over the top with milk and bake in a good oven twenty minutes. Plain scones can be made by leaving out the sultanas and the sugar. These scones are best made with milk that is slightly sour.

PLUM CAKE.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, six ounces of dripping, six ounces of brown sugar, six ounces of sultanas (floured and picked), four ounces of currants (washed and dried), one teaspoonful of baking powder, two eggs, one gill and a half of milk.

Method.—Put the dripping in a basin and work it to a cream with a wooden spoon; mix the flour with the baking powder and stir it into the dripping; stir in the currants, sultanas and sugar, and last of all the eggs beaten up with the milk. Put in a well-greased cake tin, and stand the tin on a thickly-sanded baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven for an hour and then in a cooler oven for another half an hour.

SEED CAKE.

Method.—Make like plum cake, using an ounce of caraway seeds for the sultanas and currants, and a little less milk.

UNFERMENTED BREAD.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, one tablespoonful of baking powder, milk and water to mix, one teaspoonful of salt.

Method.—Mix together to a soft dough; make into six rolls, brush with milk and bake in a sharp oven fifteen minutes.

POTATO CAKE.

Ingredients.—Three-quarters of a pound of mashed potatoes, half a pound of flour, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one small teaspoonful of baking-powder, one egg, half a gill of lukewarm milk.

Method.—Melt the butter, and mix it with the mashed potatoes, mix in the flour and baking powder, add egg well beaten and the lukewarm milk. Flour the board, roll into a thick round, lay on a floured and greased tin, and bake in a good oven about three-quarters of an hour.

ROCK CAKES.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of currants (washed and dried), two ounces of sultanas, two ounces of dripping, two ounces of brown sugar, one ounce of candied peel, one teaspoonful of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, a little milk.

Method.—Mix the flour and baking powder in a basin, rub in the dripping, add the currants and the sultanas, sugar, peel and ginger, mix very stiffly with egg and milk; pile in little rough heaps on a greased tin with two forks and bake in a good oven ten minutes.

CITRON BUNS.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of margarine, two ounces of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, a little milk, three ounces of citron.

Method.—Mix the flour with the baking powder, rub in the margarine with the tips of the fingers, add the sugar; cut eight good-sized pieces of the citron peel and chop the rest small; mix the chopped citron with the other ingredients, and then add the egg beaten with a little milk. Mix rather wet; divide into eight, lay on a greased tin, lay a piece of citron on each cake and bake for fifteen minutes in a good oven.

SHORTBREAD.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, half a pound of castor sugar.

Method.—Rub six ounces of the butter into the flour and sugar, melt the rest and mix it in; work a little with the hands to form a dough; roll into two thick rounds and pinch them round the edge with the fingers to ornament them. Prick over the top with a fork or a biscuit pricker; put two or three large pieces of candied peel on each and bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.

RICE CAKES.

Ingredients.—Three ounces of ground rice, two ounces of flour, three ounces of butter, three ounces of castor sugar, two eggs, vanilla.

Method.—Beat the butter to a cream with a wooden spoon, add the sugar and cream to that; stir in the ground rice with the flour by degrees; add the eggs well beaten and the flavouring; fill greased patty pans and bake in a moderate oven fifteen minutes.

ALMOND CAKES.

Ingredients.—Eight ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, five ounces of castor sugar, four eggs, three ounces of almonds, half a pound of icing sugar, a little almond flavouring, a little water.

Method.—Beat the butter to a cream with a wooden spoon, stir in the sugar, beat in the eggs one by one, putting a little flour with each to prevent its curdling, stir in the rest of the flour after the eggs are beaten in, lastly the almonds blanched and chopped. Brush some little cake moulds with clarified butter and dust them with mixed castor sugar and flour; fill these three-parts full with the cake mixture and bake in a good oven a pale brown, turn out on to a sieve, and when cold ice as follows.

Icing.—Sift half a pound of icing sugar and mix it very smoothly with a little cold water and enough almond essence to flavour it until it is just thick enough to coat the cakes, pour over and let it set. Put a crystallised cherry on each, and arrange strips of blanched almonds to ornament.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of grated chocolate, three ounces of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, four eggs, one small teaspoonful of baking powder, vanilla flavouring, a little browning.

For the Icing.—Half a pound of icing sugar, three ounces of chocolate, a little water and browning.

Method.—Beat the butter to a cream, add the castor sugar and the grated chocolate; beat the eggs in one at a time, putting a little flour with each; add the flour, the vanilla flavouring and a little browning. Have ready a cake tin brushed out with clarified butter and lined with buttered paper; put in the mixture, which should three parts fill it, and bake in a good oven about one hour and a half.

For the Icing.—Melt three ounces of chocolate; mix the icing sugar with about four tablespoonfuls of warm water and stir in the melted chocolate; work well with a wooden spoon and pour over the cake when it is cold.

ROSCOMMON LOAF.

Ingredients.—One pound of wholemeal flour, quarter of a pound of household flour, one ounce and a half of butter or dripping, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, sour milk to mix.

Method.—Mix the flour, salt and soda well in a basin, rub in the dripping, mix to a rather soft dough with the sour milk; make into a flat loaf, score across with a knife, and bake in a good oven one hour and a half.

USEFUL HINTS.

HOME-MADE BREAD.

A lady of celebrity wrote the following to the editor of the *Times*: "Sir,—'Père de Famille' wishes to be informed how I make my bread? I use 14lb. of Hungarian flour, 2oz. French yeast, and two tablespoonfuls of fine salt (or half these quantities), have rather a deep pan, put in flour, and mix salt, then make a well in the middle, keeping the bottom of pan just covered with flour. The yeast must be dissolved in a basin with about a pint and a half

of warm water, then poured into the well and stirred round with a spoon until it becomes a smooth batter; then cover lightly with a little flour, put cloth over pan, and set it near the fire for about twenty minutes, when it will be found all cracked and yeast oozing through; then mix well into a good firm dough with just warm water, and flour the pan lightly as you turn it over and also over the dough, then cover the pan with a cloth, and set it in a warm place until it has well risen, when it will be ready for the oven, which

should be moderately hot. Never move the loaves until well set, or they will be close; but if the oven be too hot, cover the loaves with paper or leave the oven door a little open for a few minutes. See the ventilator is open on the oven door.

Of course, other flour can be used which would not be so expensive for a family; 14lb. of flour makes about 20lb. of bread, and, if made as I have described, will not turn sour, and will be sweet and moist for at least eight or ten days, if kept in a pan.



PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

CANOEING? Oh yes, we might enjoy it if we could go to the Adirondacks, Lake George, or Mount Desert, and could afford a guide and all that sort of thing, and camp out; but a woman can't pull an oar or get what you men call an 'outing' anywhere nearer New York," I think I hear the fair reader say.

"And why not, pray?" I ask you.

Canoeing is enjoyed by ladies right here within the city limits of New York; and if in New York, then why not in many of the large cities of the country?—for surely there is water enough near most of them, and the smaller cities too, for that matter.

Within less than a mile of any point in this city there is water, deep and wide—the Hudson, East River, and Harlem. Yet how few of the million and over who live or make their living here, get any aquatic recreation, ever! To be sure, there are boat-clubs on the Harlem, and along the shores of the Hudson above Sixtieth Street. There are yacht-clubs at Bay Ridge, on Staten Island, and over in New Jersey. But yachting is expensive, and comparatively few enjoy its pleasures. Only men do boating about New York,—that is rowing,—except for a spasmodic effort now and then at organizing a ladies' crew for the barge in one of the Staten Island rowing-clubs. Small sail-boats are dangerous toys—especially when ladies go as passengers—on the waters of the bay or lower Hudson, on account of the numerous steamers, large and small, scurrying about continually. What is left? Only the canoe, I answer; and there is a quiet nook where it can be kept and paddled with pleasure and in safety,—on the Hudson, along the shore of Washington Heights, a pretty place, and, in the words of the bard, "truly rural."

Below Fort Washington Point—known in old Knickerbocker days as Corlaer's Hook—there is a quiet bay comparatively little affected by the tides that attain a speed of nearly three miles an hour in midchannel. Steamers do not come near the shore on their way up and down the river, and therefore this sheet of water is eminently suitable for canoeing. Under the Palisades opposite, there is also quiet water; and along the shore above the point on the bay side, as far as Spuyten Duyvil, where the creek makes in,

and winds about, under two bridges, till it finally joins the Harlem, and thus forms the northern boundary line of Manhattan Island. This stretch of river and creek affords a splendid chance for the canoeist, and gives him a variety of waterways near home—for his home is on the shores of the bay before mentioned.

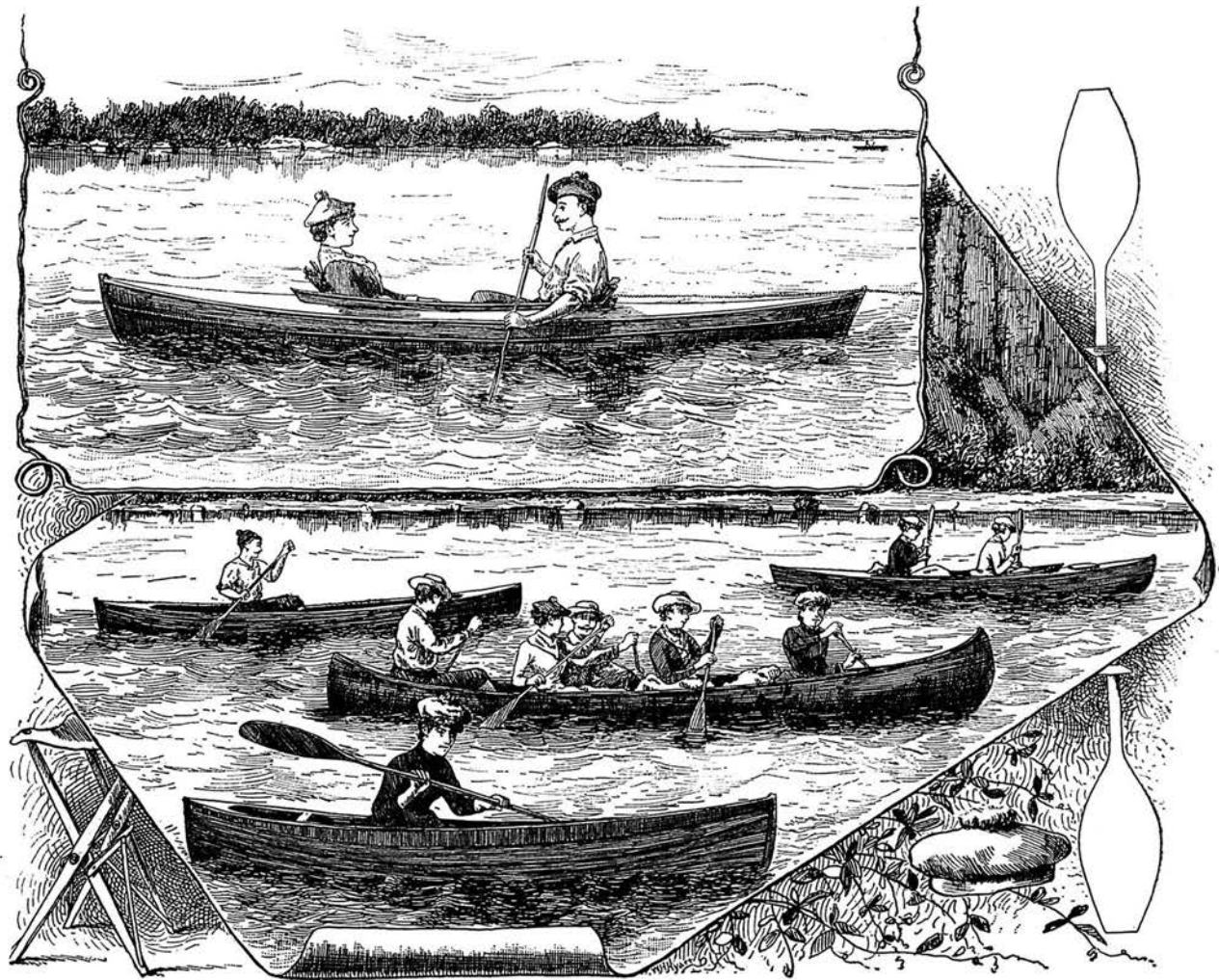
At the lower end of the bay, just north of the iron-works—at the foot of 152d Street, which is one of the few streets yet cut through—there is a pier, but little used now. At its shore end there is a boat-house, with a bridge from its river door reaching out to a broad float that rises and falls with the tide.

It is a bright September day, and a strong breeze is blowing. On the float stands a group of ladies and gentlemen,—no, they are boys and girls, if one may judge from their actions and enthusiastic conversation; and yet a few gray hairs are seen, and as the wind whisks off a hat, a man's bald head comes plainly into view. What are they up to? Evidently launching some sort of a savage craft. It is a boat; but who ever saw anything like it before?—no oars, no sail, no seats even, and it is partly decked over!

"Jack, lend a hand here, and get this canoe into the water, or, by Jove, we never will get started."

Oh! It is a canoe, then! And these fellows in knickerbockers, flannels and "tams," are canoeists, to be sure; and the girls have come down to see them off, of course!

"Here Jenny, hand me that cushion, please,"—this from the fellow who is in the canoe, standing up, as sure as you live, and putting things away under the deck,—baskets, blankets, shawls, dishes, and all sorts of queer things. "Now, jump in, face forward. Hold on till I fix this back-rest. Are you comfortable? Is the cushion high enough? Here's your paddle. Wait a second till I get settled. Here, Tom, hand me that paddle. All right, let her go now. Give way!" And off they go, two in a canoe, both paddling with long double-blade paddles, a stroke on one side, then one on the other, keeping perfect time. Soon they round the pier and are lost to view. That girl has handled a paddle before, evidently; and yet we are in New York City.



A PASSENGER.

PART OF THE FLEET.

What will the next pair do?—for two more are about to start. This time there is no “jump in!” The man stoops over the edge of the float, one foot on the gunwale of the canoe to keep it from coming up, and a hand on it to keep it from going down, and he has the other hand free to help the lady in. How gingerly she moves, and how very carefully she steps in and tries to sit down very quickly; but she has difficulty. She is very prettily dressed in a neat street costume of the day. She seems to have great trouble in settling herself and—did you hear a slight titter from the other girls, and two words that sounded like “steels,” “bustle?” What can they mean? But the gentleman is very kind. The girl sits with her back toward the bow of the boat, and her shoulders rest against cushions cleverly placed on deck. A light gossamer is thrown over her lap to keep any drops of spray from spotting the dress. The crew—for so we must call the paddler to distinguish him from the other individual, who is evidently a passenger only—takes his place aft, facing the bow and his fair charge, and “gives way” with a will, for he has the work of two to do if he is to keep up.

How easy it is to pick out the knowing ones among the girls. Those who have come to paddle—and they mean to get all the good there is in the exercise—are dressed in tennis costumes (quiet in color so as not to show salt-water spots), even to the “tams” and rubber-soled shoes,—if the observations of a mere man—the writer—are to be believed.

They exhibit a freedom of movement impossible to the fashionably dressed young ladies, who are this day to get

their first taste of canoeing, as passengers. What the difference is of course it is impossible for a man to know; but simply to look at them (the passengers), one knows at once that the handling of a paddle is impossible. Even the comfortable, half-sitting, half-reclining position one naturally takes in the canoe, does not seem comfortable to them. Something is the matter, and far be it from a man to give reasons. Even the material of which the dresses are made seems to count. The girl who first started off actually shouted with glee as the canoe plunged into a big wave at the end of the pier, and the wind sent the spray flying into her face and over her dress; but she did not seem to mind. The passengers seem to be very much afraid of even a drop of water getting on their dresses, and some of them actually completely envelop themselves, even to the head, with gossamer and hood.

So they go, one canoe after another, till the whole fleet of ten or twelve are on the move up river. Several of the men go alone, each in his own canoe. One tandem canoe is manned (if the expression is allowable) by two girls, each wielding a paddle. Last of all comes the big family canoe,—a boat made of wood on the exact model of a birch used by the Indians. The canoe is entirely open,—that is there is no deck,—eighteen feet long and perhaps three feet wide, and really holds a big family, as can be seen in the illustration, which was drawn directly from an instantaneous photograph. The single-blade paddle, only, is used in the big canoe—several of them. This single-blade is almost universally used in Canada, where few canoes are built with decks, and where ladies go canoeing quite as much if not more than New

Yorkers go horseback riding. It is *the* recreation there, in many of the river towns and villages.

What a pretty sight it is from the pier-end, this fleet of tiny boats! Very soon the passenger boats are left hopelessly astern. Those tandem canoes do go bowling along over the waves, their varnished white cedar planking reflecting the sunlight from the dripping sides, and looking for all the world like a school of porpoises rolling over the waves for sheer pleasure. The jolly party is off for a picnic. They will paddle up river to the creek, and then turn into its winding channel, run under King's and Farmer's bridges with the tide, and land on what is known as "The Island," in the upper Harlem, away from civilization. Here they will dine under the trees,—the men brewing coffee and cooking eggs over an open fire,—and late in the afternoon, when the tide has turned, home they will paddle, perhaps by moonlight.

The passengers, how think you will they look? Somewhat bedraggled, you may rest assured. All day the first thought in the mind of each one will have been "my dress." And the other girls, the ones arrayed in common-sense costumes, do you think they will mind the sitting on the grass and spearing olives out of a bottle with a sharp stick, or giving a hand now and then at spreading the table, also on the ground? Not a bit of it. Their dresses "will wash," and are "all-wool."

This is a special occasion, of course, the girls going canoeing! Let us ask the janitor of the club-house.

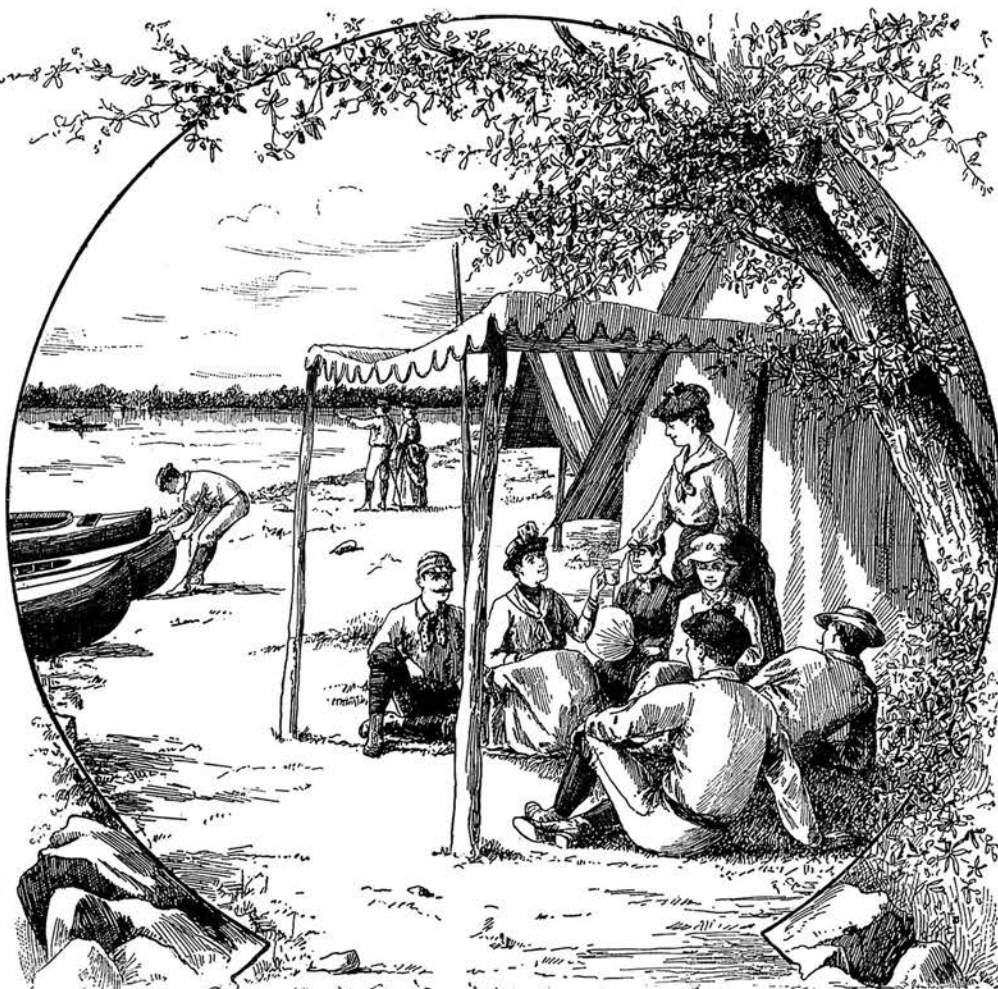
"Bless you! there are some of them down here every pleasant afternoon. See that little open canoe up there on the top rack—the short one? That's Miss Marks's. She and her brother are down here often. They sometimes go sailing together in his racing canoe. She can swim, though. I have seen her get into a canoe from the water. She often goes it alone, too, and is mighty pert about being helped. The boat don't weigh above twenty pound, and she just totes it round herself. She was off with a party up North last summer, and I heard tell that she camped out with the rest and 'paddled her own canoe.' But one of the photographs she brought home—took on the trip—showed her in one of the gentlemen's canoes, and her own boat towing behind with the baggage aboard of it. I guess that's the way she got over most of the ground. Well, up at them canoe meets at Champlain last summer, to which many of my club's men go they have a great big camp for ladies, too; and a lot of the families goes

there and lives for a week or two weeks, in tents. That photograph tacked on the door there shows you how the camp looks, tents, canoes and things. Some of this club's members' wives goes with them to camp in the summer, and sometimes they goes on cruises down the rivers and on Long Island Sound; and they do come here to the club house, now and again.

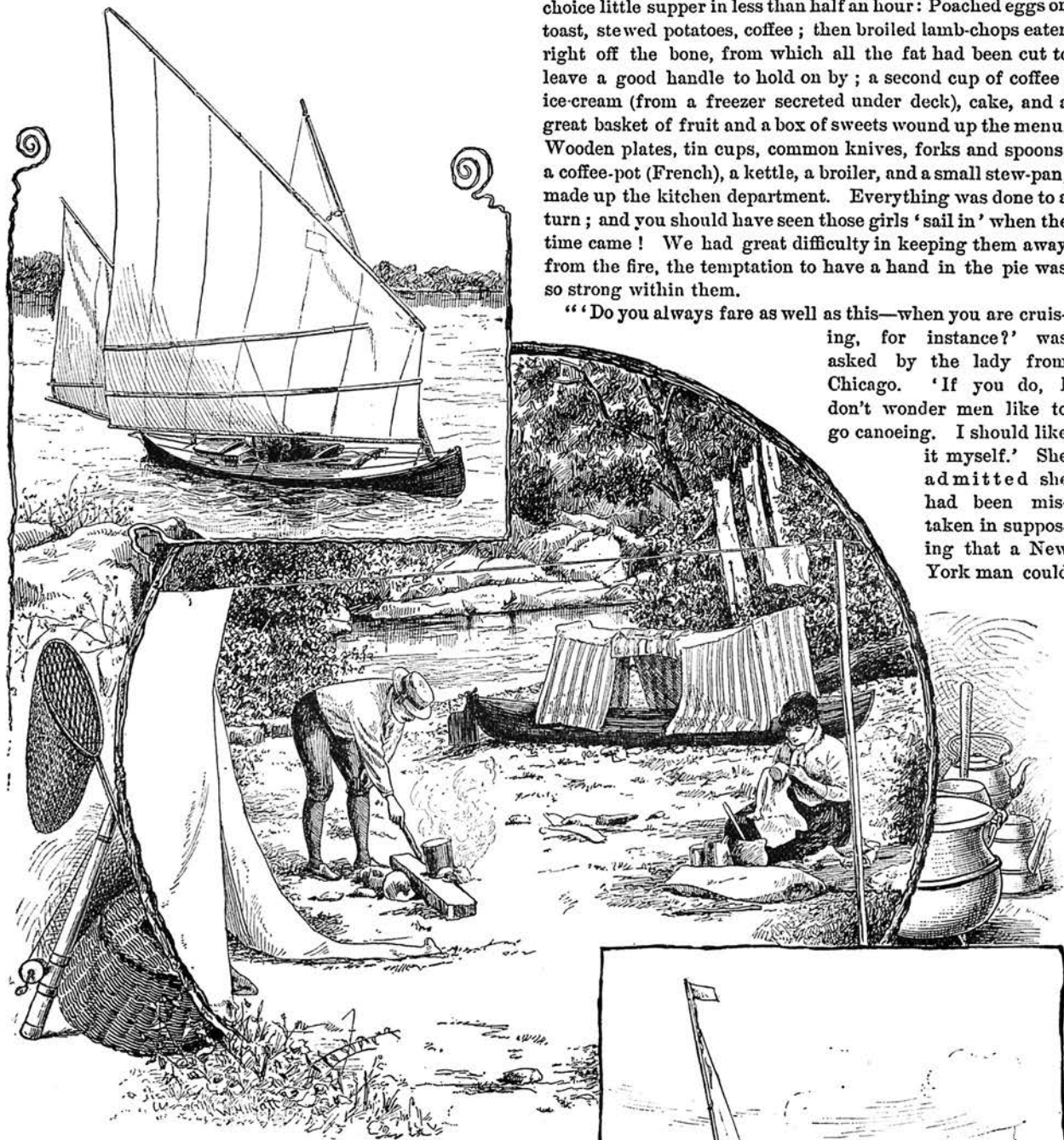
"There's Mrs. Fowls goes with Mr. Fowls every Saturday afternoon, and they don't do all paddling, either. When there's a breeze they sail. Lady members? No, there ain't any that are members—exactly. You see the members invite any ladies they like, and they always have the run of the house downstairs. This is the ladies' room, where they can leave shore duds when they go out in the canoes. A good many that lives near, up on the hill there, often come down evenings to go out for a paddle, specially of moonlight nights. But here comes Mr. Knight; he can tell you more'n I can."

And Mr. Knight did; this is his story:

"I was at a garden-party on the hill, one evening last summer, and met a girl who used to live here on Washington Heights, but who now lives in Chicago. She was here for a few weeks, visiting a friend. The subject of cooking came up in the course of conversation, and she seemed to be very much amused at the idea of a man knowing anything about it. So I there and then invited her to a canoe camp supper under the Palisades the following Saturday evening. A party was at once organized, and she accepted, with the threat that she would partake of a good solid lunch in the middle of the day and be prepared to fast till the following morning.



IN CAMP.



"WHEN THE WIND BLOWS."

MR. AND MRS. — ON A CRUISE.

"The party was made up of four girls, four canoes, and four men, two of the girls being sisters of one of the fellows; and it is perhaps needless to add that neither of them went in the canoe with the brother. We paddled leisurely up river, starting about four, on the last tag-end of a flood-tide. The good things had been stowed in the canoes before the girls arrived, so they knew nothing of what was in store for them.

"We crossed the river above the Point, and landed on a sandy beach under the cliffs about four miles above our boat-house. The canoes were hauled up, and the cushions and wraps taken out to provide comfortable and clean seats for the girls, where they could take it easy, see all that was going on, and make remarks on our methods if they desired to. A couple of light tents were pitched to add to the camping appearance of things, and provide a shelter to stow things in. Next a fire was started of driftwood, and we served up a

choice little supper in less than half an hour: Poached eggs on toast, stewed potatoes, coffee; then broiled lamb-chops eaten right off the bone, from which all the fat had been cut to leave a good handle to hold on by; a second cup of coffee; ice-cream (from a freezer secreted under deck), cake, and a great basket of fruit and a box of sweets wound up the menu. Wooden plates, tin cups, common knives, forks and spoons, a coffee-pot (French), a kettle, a broiler, and a small stew-pan, made up the kitchen department. Everything was done to a turn; and you should have seen those girls 'sail in' when the time came! We had great difficulty in keeping them away from the fire, the temptation to have a hand in the pie was so strong within them.

"Do you always fare as well as this—when you are cruising, for instance?' was asked by the lady from Chicago. 'If you do, I don't wonder men like to go canoeing. I should like it myself.' She admitted she had been mistaken in supposing that a New York man could



BEFORE THE WIND.

not possibly, under any circumstances, know how to cook. Then we scaled the wooden plates out over the water, cleaned the knives, forks, spoons, broiler, and stew-pan, with sand—and water. General conversation made an hour fairly fly, and as the moon rose over the hill the canoes were packed, crews and passengers once more seated therein, and all four craft, lashed together, drifted with the tide down stream. An hour later we were at the club-house, having practically paddled only the width of the river on the return trip."

Is canoeing dangerous for ladies? If proper care be taken, no more so than horseback riding. Every one who goes in a canoe should know how to swim,—I say this of any kind of boating,—not that it is likely to be found necessary. The

confidence imparted by the knowledge of one's ability to swim, goes a long way toward preventing the necessity for swimming when canoeing. Many shell-boat owners do not know how to swim, and many canoeists are in the same boat, unfortunately. Very nervous people, especially if they are restless when on the water, should leave canoeing alone.

May I add a little bit of advice? Never trust yourself, my lady reader, in a canoe or boat with a man unless he thoroughly knows how to manage it and you: and never trust yourself in a canoe with sail up, unless your husband or brother has the helm, or you know how and manage the canoe yourself, and are the only one in it.

C. BOWYER VAUX.



OUR BELONGINGS: THE LITTLE ONES.



TWO little mites and a dog were playing in the nursery. They had a feast spread out on a tiny table, and were sitting on footstools; between them, obediently perched on a doll's chair, was the dog, their constant and beloved playmate. Jack got up to ask nurse for some more sugar; returning with his treasure, Winnie greeted him with—

"Oh, Jack! Toby has eaten up all the feast."

Before looking for the offender, Jack says gravely—

"Winnie, you should not say eaten; you should say 'etten.'"

We wonder why, when verbs are so annoying, Jack should think one form of participle better than another. The dear things are so funny with their talk. Sometimes a golden-haired darling of three, with eyes of wisdom and rosebud mouth, can speak no intelligible word, when lo! one day he launches into long and complete sentences, reminding one of the parrot who could never be caught practising, but listened for weeks to a particular sentence, and then at an

appropriate moment made the remark, as if it had just suggested itself to his mind.

"Baby talk" is fascinating; we are constantly surprised at the ideas which spring up in the minds of the little ones, and often more so at the words in which they clothe them. "Why do I have pictures in my pillow, mother?" is a definition of dreams better than



WE THREE.



"DRESSING UP."

most of us could supply haphazard. "Mother, I have cold water in my boots," explains the feeling of intensely cold feet with considerable force. The way the mites construct their sentences is funny, too; we knew a little boy who would never put his verbs in the usual place, but said, "Me up take," "On put boots," "Upstairs go," "I'way go, leave all alone, dada, you," etc.; while his sister had a fashion of miscalling words which yet displayed some intelligence. A hammock she always called a *hang-up*; a rockery was to her a *crockery*; she told her governess one day that mother said it was *hashed Wednesday*, and they must go to church; drilling she called *quadrilling*; her overall pinafores were *overcrawls*, and "*battered pudding*" was her favourite dish; *Shocking-headed Peter* did as well, perhaps, as the real name for the obnoxious Struwwelpeter of her story-book, and *benzoline* was excusable, in place of venison, for a haunch which had been hanging a considerable time in the larder.

Their speech interests us, these dear, chubby ones, with the large eyes, the wistful looks, and the unstinted demonstrations of their love; but their amusements divert us more. What quaint things amuse them—how early they display the dramatic instinct which is latent in us all! Watch a boy and girl some wet afternoon, when the bag of "dressing-up" clothes is produced, and see how the wearing of a long shawl for a train, a bit of lace, and an old fan transform quiet little Dollie into a person of majesty and grace; she *is* the queen for the time being, and her very facial lines are altered; while Bobby as the prince, is gentle and courteous; as, unfortunately, he will not be an hour hence. Some children play at being all the animals in the Zoo, some at being kings and queens; some transform themselves into "mother and father," and two children we knew had a desperate game which went on night after night in thrilling con-

versations. They were good-natured burglars, and their butt and laughing-stock was a fat policeman, whom they led through will-o'-the-wisp dances. Where mites of five or six could have heard of the incidents they related, puzzled their belongings to imagine.

We pity the lonely children who are so guarded and tended that they often lose their originality; they surprise us by their polite behaviour, their clean clothes, and the way they amuse themselves with "diversion for one," but we feel when the mite has spent a night with more riotous companions, has been meekly wrapped up by his nurse, and has bid



SHY.

WAINY

farewell to his hostess with a speech of thanks, that we miss something. We are more inclined to kiss Jacky or Jenny, who rebelliously say they *cannot* go home yet, and ask their entertainer "when she will have them again?"

The way learning comes to them is strange, too. A small thing of five will be found reading for his (or more often her) own pleasure, quite difficult story-books, while to another of seven, words of two syllables are barriers insurmountable. One child cannot read at all perhaps at eight, but displays an abnormal memory, which enables him to recite long pieces of poetry or prose, and make a glorious appearance on "breaking-up" days.



THE PROPER BOY.

Some are fearless as lions, and cannot be made to understand where danger lurks; others are terrified at the buzzing of a fly. We knew a lady who went into her bedroom in a high London house one day, and found the windows widely open: left so by a careless housemaid. She moved to

close them, and saw, on the parapet beneath, her little boy, a child of four, crawling along the ledge about eight inches wide, having got out of one window, and intending to enter by the other. The heroic mother had strength to make no sound, but go back from the window and hide herself behind the bed curtain till she saw the little fat hands grasping the sill of the window of entry, and then she gently went forward with a smile. The terror of the few seconds of waiting must have seemed to her eternal.

The little ones surprise us sometimes with a touch of sarcasm. A mite of four whom we knew was watching her elder brother and sister being dressed for a party

"Why don't you dress me too, nurse?" she inquired.

"Because you haven't been asked to go, dear," was the answer.

"Why wasn't I asked? Am I too *ugly*?" said the scrap, who was decidedly not plain.

Their likes and dislikes are embarrassing. A small boy of our acquaintance showed his liking for people by standing quite still and looking at them. He used always to gaze in this

fashion at the rector, who, one day, was rather annoyed by the persistent stare of the great brown eyes, and said rather sharply—

"Why do you look at me so?"

"Because I like to watch your eyes: they always speak kind," was the flattering reply.

Another time this boy climbed on his mother's lap, and said, trembling with excitement—

"Do send that lady away; I can't *bear* to look at her, mother!"

There was nothing about the visitor that anyone else could find fault with.

Who does not remember the happiness of a visit to the seaside with the little ones? When the weather is fine, the lodgings all that can be desired, and mother has time to "rest and be thankful," how intense are the pleasures in which she shares. The first day of shrimp catching, when the little grey creatures are caught and brought home, and, being boiled by nurse, are discovered by the happy fishermen to turn pink, and curl up their tails like those at the fishmonger's, and to be positively eaten by the elders; the finding of sea beasties, the building of a great fortress on the sand, and surrounding it with a moat, above which it proudly stands when the tide comes in; the picnics in the neighbouring bay, the paddling, the donkey rides, the boating: these pleasures bring to the little faces looks of rapture which will not often appear there in the coming future, and yield a store of memories which are lasting joys.

We marvel at the little ones when they display their different tendencies in their very early years. A child of four who says "I suppose that is what is called a view," the first time he looks round from a



"PAPA AND MAMMA."

hill-top, will probably have a keen eye for the beauties of Nature ; while one who finds it easier to draw the thing his little tongue cannot find words to explain, may be taken to have the makings of an artist in him. The little ones who put their fingers in their mouths and stare at small visitors, are not likely to develop into such sociable beings as those who bring toys, and start conversation for the benefit of their guests. The anxious-minded ones, who recollect that frocks must be kept tidy, lessons learned, and puddles never walked into, suffer real anxiety in their endeavours to keep friends who are not so wise, in the way they should go.

Their patience in illness is one thing that must always astonish an observer. Why are they so free from fretfulness, so grateful, so able to bear pain—

real pain—so obedient and so helpful? Is it (as someone has suggested) because they have no care for the future and very little memory of the past to guide them as to what may befall them in the shape of suffering? It may be so, and that they can do it because they have only each moment's pain to bear, with neither foresight nor retrospect; but still, that does not explain what every nurse and doctor must have noticed in the behaviour of young children.

The darlings ! how much delight they give us—how much anxiety and pain—and how heavily they make us feel our responsibilities, what lessons they teach us ! Their smiles light up our lives, and their tears obscure the sun. Happy is he or she whom they adopt for their friend, for their instinct is pure, and they cannot flatter or be insincere.

M. R. L.



W.R.F. MUCKIEY.

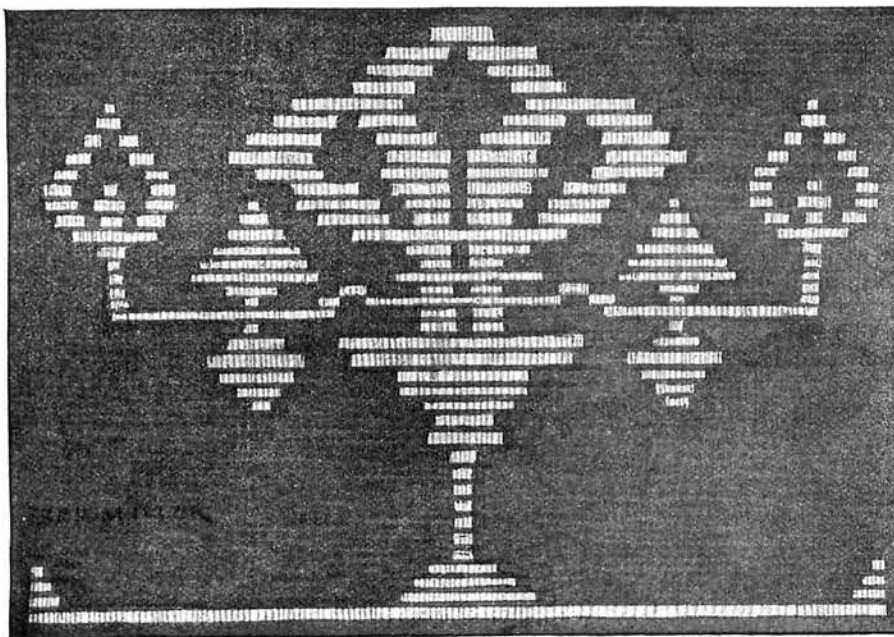
SWEDISH EMBROIDERY.

THE style of needlework figured in the sketch was suggested by a chair-back I saw at the Paris Exhibition. The material was a dark bluish cloth, and the design was

wrought in a straw-coloured silk. It was singularly effective, for the stitches, being taken all one way, caught the light and gave the work a beautiful glistening appearance.

In the sketch all this vanishes, and only the bare facts are recorded, so that a reader who has not seen the work itself would form a very poor idea of its appearance from the drawing. There was a certain barbaric simplicity about the design which charmed me. Sweet things soon cloy the palate, and it is so with art-work. One can easily be over-refined, and the work that most appealed to me at the Paris Exhibition was that shown by the nations we look upon as primitive : at any rate, it was not among the exhibits from France, Germany, America or ourselves that one was most likely to pick up new ideas.

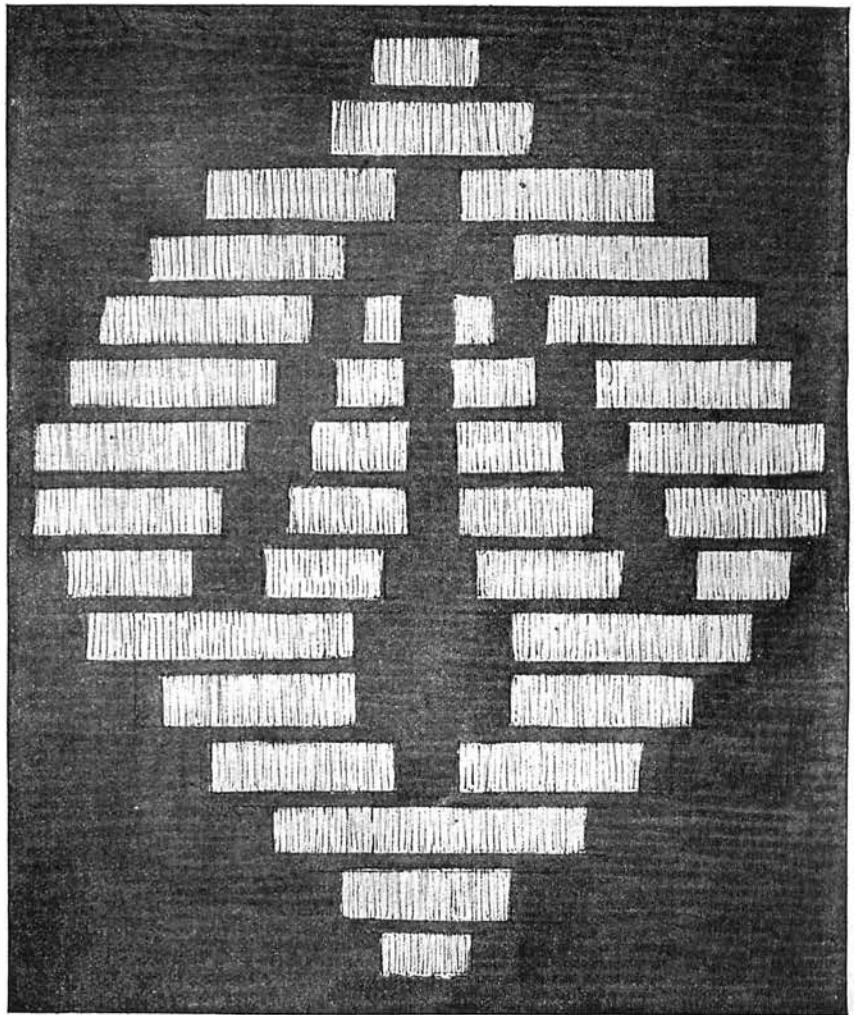
The novelty of the work before us (if novelty there be) is in carrying the design in long bands of stitches with narrow spaces or lines of the material showing between. In working such a pattern it is very important therefore that the stitches shall all be of the same length, and to that end it would be well to draw upon the material parallel lines in thin Chinese white, so that in taking



each stitch the worker has a gauge for the needle. Work of this nature has this advantage: it displays the skill of the needle more than the ingenuity of the designer, for it is obvious that one is very limited in the sort of design one carries out. But this is a great advantage, as in needlework the ability of the worker is the very thing we want to display, more than the ingenuity of the designer. The skill of the needle and not the pencil is what we wish to develop. There must be many workers who, while very skilful with the needle, are not able to undertake elaborate schemes requiring the introduction of many colours, and such work as that sketched would therefore just suit them.

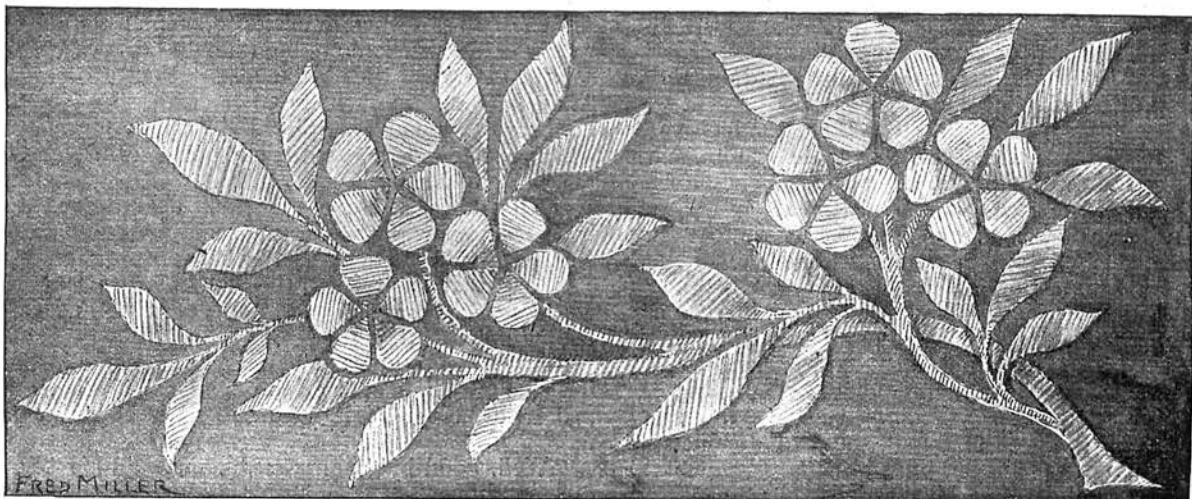
It is little more difficult than Berlin wool-work or crochet, save that the spaces to be covered are not formed for one as they are in the former case; but there ought not to be any difficulty in ruling a number of lines across the fabric the requisite distances apart. Those who have the command of a T-square and drawing-board could rule the lines on the material with a bow pen, using thin Chinese white for the purpose. That pre-supposes the design will be wrought on a dark material, for I do not think such work would look well on a light one.

As regards the designs to be worked, it does not seem to me that it would be difficult to adapt crochet or Berlin work for the purpose; nor would it be difficult to do something original or adapted from some other work, say for Berlin wool-work or crochet, as in all three cases the pattern is produced by squares. The designs on some of the straw-woven boxes of savage races would adapt themselves easily to this treatment. I have given another class of design, a simple treatment of flowers and foliage, which could be wrought in stitches taken across the various forms and in just two colours, the leaves in one and the flowers in another. The Japanese frequently produce their embroidery in this way, taking the stitches across each form, using only two colours. Embroidery of this nature is much more satisfactory than



more elaborate work in which more is attempted than can be accomplished, where failure of the hand is seen instead of the hand-cunning which should distinguish good embroidery. As a leading axiom in needlework, be bold and simple, rather than elaborate and over-ambitious.

FRED MILLER.



Fashionable Stationery.

NOTE and letter papers continue to be manufactured with either the linen or the smooth finish, one being thought as stylish as the other, although ladies are apt to prefer the smooth finish. The square envelope, with sheet folded once, seems to be firmly established in popular favor, and retains position as a leading style. Elegant stationery is in pure white, but very pale tints give a change. These, however, are without exception quite faint, and the favorite hues are cream or light gray.

Note cards are as much in favor as ever, and are usually seen plain on the edges, any desire for ornamentation being gratified by the introduction of pretty fancies in the way of colored designs on the left upper corner of the card. The envelope is generally left plain. One of the newest ideas is that of Japanese figures in colored gilt, by which the effect of lacquer work is produced. Birds, reptiles, and flowers are portrayed, but the manner of doing it is in the peculiar Mongolian style that is so much liked at present. Fishes are likewise represented, and sets of note cards present a singular appearance—a lizard on one, a bird on another, a spray of flowers on a third, etc. In each kind of ornamentation, too, there is much variety, so that one continually finds something unexpected. These figures are not transferred to the envelope, which is entirely plain.

Sometimes the envelope used for note or letter paper is embellished in imitation of the large old seals of colored wax that some of us can remember. Bright blue or red is chiefly selected, but any color in sealing-wax can be chosen. A circle of goodly size presents quite a conspicuous appearance, and within the initials or crest is transcribed. Of course the simulation is placed where the seal of genuine wax did duty a generation ago. Occasionally the seal appears on the left upper corner of the sheet within, but this is not appropriate, and is in bad taste. Doubtless these ideas are in accordance with the revival of old things which is a hobby of the day. Monograms are not now usually depicted as they were some time ago, but, instead, are in cipher or Japanese style; those on the seals just described being in the form first mentioned.

Mourning paper is black-edged, and sometimes the initial, monogram, or crest is stamped on the left corner in cameo style; but where the mourning is deep, this is done wholly in black. When the first severity of costume is lightened and white accessories appear, the cameo is white and black. Both in black, and black and white, the cameos are of different shapes—round, oblong, square, etc. The envelope is plain. Sometimes large, black, simulated seals are seen on mourning envelopes, imitating, of course, a former use of black sealing-wax.

Visiting cards show no changes worthy of remark, and here the styles are as unpretentious as possible. Gentlemen's cards are growing smaller, although always considerably less in size than those used by ladies. Both are unglazed and engraved in plain script, without flourishes of any description. Invitations to balls or formal evening entertainments are also in very simple fashion, without any attempts at display or ornamental finish; the engraving is fine but plain script. The most expensive work is, of course, put upon menu cards, which show exceeding taste and infinite variety. The painting is exquisitely fine and full of surprises. Much of it for one of the most fashionable firms is the work of a young lady whose father was formerly a millionaire, who cultivated her talent for her pleasure while she was not obliged to do it for pay, but now

makes it a means of livelihood for herself and others. It is said she is sometimes paid as much as a hundred dollars per week for her work.

The most elegant dinner cards are mounted on thick satin ribbon, the ribbon itself the same on both sides and fringed upon the ends. This is folded lengthwise, the upper side being a little shorter than the under, and the card placed inside, the upper part of the ribbon forming a cover. The design on this front side is often of extreme simplicity and refinement, and the disclosure of a more elaborate design beneath is in the nature of a surprise.

A menu design, prepared for a lady who paid two hundred and fifty dollars for twenty-five of them, was on pale blue satin, very wide, and with a ribbed border. The front showed a pictured mansion, lightly arched with gold and shaded on one side with foliage, upon a banneret outlined with gold and gold cord, twined about with a light wreath of flowers. The card for name was thrown across, and below this was a summer sea upon which a lady was sailing alone in a dainty boat. The interior card contained the menu, and was decorated with stems and branches, upon which a bird was perched. A corner in gold contained the mystical lettering which indicated the occasion of the festivity.

Japanese fans for dinner cards are in two colors, of satin de Lyon, wine-color and blue, maroon and écu, or crimson and gold. Small fruits and their blossoms are painted upon some of them, and insects upon the reverse side. A bright green grasshopper will stand in an attitude of astonishment at the oddity of Chinese lettering, or butterflies will spread their gorgeous wings.

A pretty idea for a child's birthday party is a young etched head upon the center of the card, and a bit of morning sky, with swallows on the wing, in the corner. A few loose spires of grass and clover adorn the points, and the transverse bend for the name is outlined on the satin. Holly looks well upon crimson satin, the stems touched up with gold, and small acorns showing different shades of green. Birds are very often most beautifully made with real feathers, and with such wonderful minutiae that the naked eye cannot follow the details.

A charming menu card is covered with a very pale pink satin, decorated upon the front delicately with a few oats. Upon a reedy marine elevation upon the card, on the outside, stands a tall bird, with a speckled brown coat, and it says, "I will wear my brown gown, and never dress too fine."

There is a small portfolio which is a favorite design for a dinner card, and is made of satin tied around with ribbon. The cards in the interior of these are usually etched, and sometimes very beautifully; and English violets, or some modest field-flower, will form the remainder of the decoration.

A quaint card for an annual birthday dinner exhibited an oriental scene upon which had dropped down a couple of open-mouthed, wild-eyed Japanese, set in relief; and a farewell dinner card had marine views that would have done credit to Moran—very small, however, and the bon-voyage was in illuminated lettering upon gold-satin ribbon, the other colors being crimson and dark blue. Etching is very fashionable now, and this strong and characteristic style of drawing admits of quaint, piquant, original, and even grotesque design, without becoming vulgar. These cards are usually done in sets of a dozen or more, and no two of these will be alike. Sometimes they will illustrate, by desire, quotations from a favorite poet. The four designs for correspondence are bronzed, and are very rich and beautiful; the lettering is in colors.



WILD CARROT.

Odds and Ends.

ALTHOUGH Russia is rapidly advancing in civilisation many barbaric customs still exist, and that of choosing a wife is amongst the most curious. It is chiefly prevalent in country districts, and is really a game played at Christmas-time. A prominent person in a village announces that this annual feast will take place in his house, and all the young men and women of the place flock there at the appointed time. First there are dances and songs and games just as at any other ordinary party, but when these are over the hostess takes all the girls into one room where they sit upon benches round the walls, and are completely muffled up in large white sheets. In the meantime the young men have been drawing lots, and when the girls are all rolled up in their sheets, and looking more like mummies than human beings, they enter the room one by one, their order being decided by the number each draws. It is impossible to distinguish any one girl, and the young man, having finally made his choice, unveils her, it being the unwritten law that he should marry whomsoever he may pick out. If either the girl or the man refuse to marry, they must pay a heavy forfeit. Strange as it may seem, this extraordinary game of marriage is said to lead to many happy unions.



ENGLISH needles are now sold all over the world, but their manufacture, after being kept secret for many years, was taught to us in 1650 by Christopher Greening. At Redditch alone twenty thousand people make more than one hundred million needles in a year, and, as they are made and exported so cheaply, England has no rival in the industry, and to all intents and purposes monopolises the trade. In the old days needle-making killed tens of thousands of operatives owing to their inhalation of fine particles of steel, but an invention, by which an air-blast drives away the filings from the grindstone, has removed this danger, and the occupation has in consequence become absolutely safe. One of the most interesting of the processes in needle-making is the drilling of the eye, and it is the boast in one factory that one of the drillers is so expert that he can perforate a hair and thread it with itself. Another very interesting fact in connection with the industry is that whilst all the ordinary needles used in America are supplied by Great Britain, nearly all the sewing-machine needles used in this country come from America.



BABIES and little children were at no time so much considered as at the present day. The newest addition to the comfort and joys of babies is the shell cradle, which is made of real silver, metal silver plated, or aluminium. This cradle, made in the shape of a shell, all in one piece, is hung upon two rods in such a manner that it swings at a touch or at the least move of the infant inside, or when it is awake it can amuse itself by swinging the cradle from side to side. A lace canopy is supported over the shell by a light wire framework surmounted by two metallic Cupids who hold the lace in their hands. This lace canopy can be drawn all over the cradle when the baby is asleep. Wicker baskets can be swung upon upright poles in the same way, but it is always advisable to employ a carpenter to fix the basket-work firmly, as rapid movement might bring about an accident.

THE reason why rain falls is that whenever warm, vapour-laden air arrives in positions where it gets rapidly chilled, the vapour falls through the cold air to the earth, cold air being unable to support as much floating vapour as warm air. A hundredth part of a grain of aqueous vapour over the amount that the air will support is sufficient to cause rainfall. Any chill will produce rain. It occurs when a moist warm wind blows from the ocean upon cold stretches of land, where dense vapour-laden winds are pressed up the slopes of abruptly-rising hills, and whenever warm ocean winds are mingled with cold blasts in the various movements of the atmosphere. Even a cold dry wind may bring on rain, if it blows suddenly upon a mass of warm and vapour-saturated air.



ONE would scarcely think that it would be worth anybody's while to tamper with flowers and sell them as other than they really are. But it is an elaborate art. For instance, a matured tulip can be turned into "a young thing just on the point of blowing" by carefully plucking off the bloom, and leaving the bulb with its few leaves beneath. "Only two shillings, sir; it'll bloom in a week, sir," and the uninitiated buy and wait vainly for the promised blossom. Owing to the popularity of the parsley fern, the "flower dodger" has found a most efficacious and cheap method of supplying customers. He plants a carrot in a dark place, with the consequence that its leaves at the top become fine and of a very delicate green; then cutting off the crown of the carrot and putting it in a pot he sells it as a "parsley fern." As for scented flowers all the neglect of nature is supplied by these people with a scent-bottle, and they do not hesitate to produce "new and strange varieties," by subjecting well-known flowers to the action of aniline dyes. With flowers that absorb a large amount of moisture, their work is very easy, as they change their colour with extraordinary rapidity.



SPEAKING of flowers, there are certain species which bloom at every hour, and even at every half-hour of the day, and a botanical instructor of the University of California has carried out a very fanciful idea of making a flower-clock. In order to do this he has planted the necessary flowers in a circle like a dial-plate. The first flower would open at daybreak and the last at nightfall, when all the flowers would be in bloom. This is not the first garden of the kind, Linnaeus having originally invented the idea, but California is so favourable to the growth of flowers, that the instructor hopes to make a more perfect clock-garden than any of his predecessors.



"A LITTLE space of pleasure,
A little space of pain;
And then the solemn darkness,
And then—the light again.
A little song and story,
In sunlight and in rain;
A little gleam of glory,
And then—the dark again.
And so it goes—the darkness,
And then the gleam of light;
And so life is good-morning,
With sad thoughts of good-night."

THE washing of clothes varies in every country in the world, but the hardest-worked washerwomen are the Koreans, for the Korean men wear voluminous pantaloons and dresses. The women wash the clothes in cold water, generally in running streams, and pound them with paddles until they shine as if they had been starched. In Egypt the men usually do the washing standing at the edge of a pool or running water and slapping the wet clothes upon round smooth stones. French women wash their clothes in the same way, although, as a rule, they kneel to their work. This beating upon stones makes many holes in the garments, especially as the dirt is frequently literally pounded out with other stones or wooden paddles. The Japanese method of washing clothes appears as singular to us as do the majority of their customs, for they rip their dirty garments apart for every washing, while their ironing consists of spreading the clothes out on a flat board which is leant against the side of the house in order that they may be dried by the sun, which takes all wrinkles out of the thin material. Washing in the land of the chrysanthemum is done out of doors, the Japanese washerwomen using a tub that is about six inches high and is about the size of an English dish-pan. As a rule the clothes are simply rubbed by the hand until they are clean, but when they are particularly dirty soap is used—and Japanese soap is full of grease—and the clothes are stamped upon with the bare feet. Chinese girls wash in the same way, as also do the Scotch washerwomen, although in larger receptacles.



SOLDIERS' beds differ in every European army, and in each kind national characteristics are very clearly shown. In England the soldier's bed is hard, the man lying on thin mattresses that rest on canvas stretched over a wooden frame. In the German and Austrian armies the bed is of straw with only one or two covers and no sheet or mattress. Until quite recently the soldiers of the Czar slept in their clothes upon camp beds, but now ordinary beds are being introduced and the men undress. The Spanish soldier has only a straw bed, but he is allowed a pillow, two sheets, two blankets and a covered quilt, with sometimes a cover for his feet. The French soldier has the best and most comfortable bed, being allowed a wooden or iron bedstead, a straw bed, a good mattress, sheets and a brown woollen coverlet, to which is added an extra quilt in cold weather.



"OVER-WORK and under-exercise result in nervous diseases," said a physician recently. "Preventive measures may be summed up in two words," he continued—"physical development. Worry annually kills more people than work. One should strive, however, to avoid all things that tend to disturb the nerves. Throw away the pen that scratches and a pencil that has a hard spot in it. Discard a needle that squeaks and a basin that leaks. Use sharp tools, wear soft garments that do not rustle. Oil the hinges of the rheumatic door and fasten the creaking blind. These may seem trifles, but such trifles irritate the nerves as much as a piece of woollen does a sore. Charles Lamb once said that a carpenter's hammer on a warm summer morn would fret him more than midsummer madness."

COUNTRY SCENES.—JULY.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1848

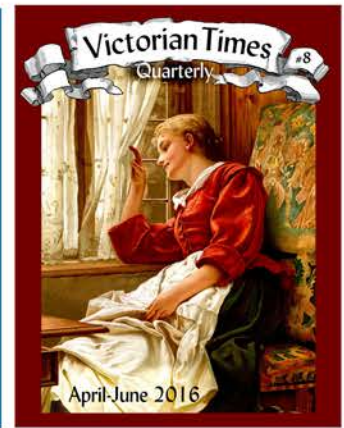
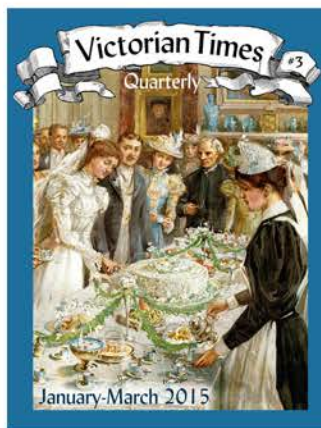
Joined to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks, loud bleating from the distant hills,
Or stock-doves' plain amid the forest deep;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep.—Castle of Iado'ence.

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