

Victorian Times

Vol. IV, No. 10

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*Britain's Boy Soldiers & Sailors • October Country Pleasures • Apple Recipes
Victorian Fathers • Superstitions About Children • Legends of the Rose
A Remarkable Piano Player • Uses for Old Tins • Tips on Wood Inlaying
America's Clever Gray Squirrels • Table Decorations • Women and Work*

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

Happy Victorian Halloween!

October is my favorite month. I love the crispness in the air, the early evenings. Most of all, I love harvest-time. In my youth, we really did spend this month harvesting, gathering apples and pears, chestnuts and huckleberries. This was the last real “canning” month, when we’d put away quarts of applesauce, pints of rich dark apple butter, and pickled apple rings (red and green) for Christmas. The last chestnuts would be dried and stored away, to be resurrected and “blanched” for the Thanksgiving stuffing.

For Victorians, this would have been a busy month as well. Winter was coming, and even a well-to-do country family relied upon its kitchen gardens to stock the larder. It was also a time to prepare one’s gardens for winter, moving delicate plants into the greenhouse and protecting shrubs and trees against the coming frost.

And, of course, October brings us Halloween. For many Victorians, this was a night for parties and frolics—though we might have some difficulty recognizing a Victorian “Halloween party.” While accounts of “guising” (an early form of trick-or-treating) date back to the 1600’s, this seems to have been a country tradition and one not terribly familiar to the average upper-class Victorian. “Guising” isn’t mentioned in America until 1911. The jack-o-lantern was also an old tradition, but in pumpkinless Britain, it was most commonly carved out of a large turnip! (In America, pumpkin jack-o-lanterns date from at least the 1830’s.)

In town, and amongst the “better” classes, this was a night for an indoor Halloween frolic with a variety of party games. Costumes were not yet part of the festivities. Instead, one of the most important elements of a Halloween party was divination games—particularly regarding one’s romantic prospects. If, for example, you wanted to know who your husband would be, you might comb your hair before a mirror at midnight and hope to see his face appear in the glass. (If you search for Halloween postcards of the early 1900’s, you’re more likely to find images of young women staring into mirrors than of witches and pumpkins!)

Another common method of divination was to place nuts into the fire. One approach was to name two nuts, one for yourself and one for a suitor or someone that you hoped might be a suitor, and put them in the fire together. How they burned foretold your romantic future. If they flew apart, your relationship was doomed; if they burned slowly, side by side, you’d grow old together. This, apparently, is what the young lady on our cover is doing; the caption to this picture, from 1877, reads “What is my fortune, mysterious fire?”

Finally, here’s a description of Halloween celebrations from “A Hallowe’en Reformation,” by Hezekiah Butterworth, from *Century Magazine*, October 1895. The story is set in Boston perhaps 100 years earlier—but these traditions remained part of British Victorian Halloween parties for much of the 19th century. The story notes that Bostonians of that day paid little attention to Halloween, but that it was still celebrated by British families...

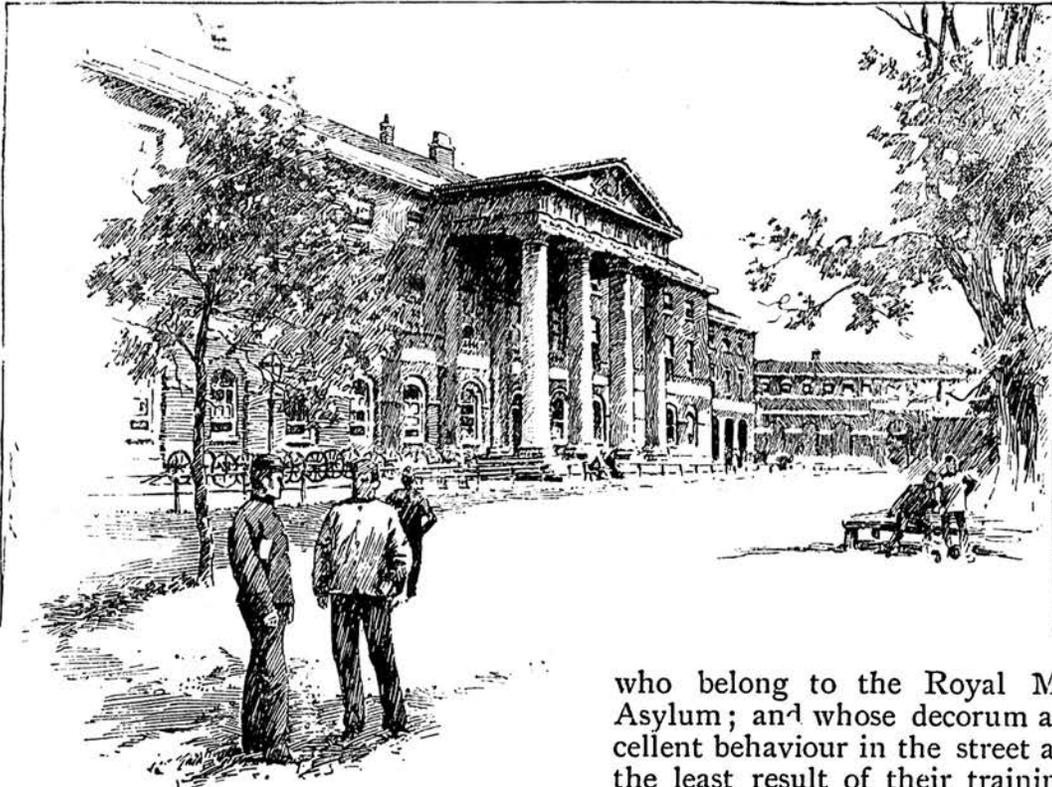
These families had loved to keep the remembrance of the old superstitions, and to pretend to believe that the dead return to their late habitations on that one night of the year, and mingle with the people as they used to do. They filled great tubs with water and floating apples, and tried to secure the apples with their teeth, and so bobbed their heads into the water. They hung sticks from the ceiling, with a burning candle on one end of them and an apple on the other, and twisted them, and tried to catch the apple in their teeth, and received smutches from the candle. They threw apple parings over their shoulders that these might form the initial letters of their lovers’ names. They combed their hair before looking-glasses in lonely chambers that their future husbands might appear and look over their shoulders. They told ghost-stories of castle life in old England, and sang ballads, the same as people now read Barns’s “Hallowe’en,” or Poe’s “Black Cat,” or William Morris’s tale of the Northern knight who visited Elsie with “his coffin on his back.” The gift of pieces of cake on which were rings or sibyl-like poems and prophecies ended the merriment at midnight.

Today, Halloween has become our most commercialized holiday other than Christmas. Spooks and goblins have given way to Disney princesses and space pirates, and our biggest worry is not whom to marry but whether we’ll run out of candy before the night is over. Somehow, I rather think the Victorians may have had more fun!

—Moira Allen, Editor
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Boy Soldiers and Sailors.

BY FRANCES H. LOW.



THE ROYAL MILITARY ASYLUM.



HERE are various causes which combine to make the King's-road, Chelsea, one of the least agreeable thoroughfares of the Metropolis. From the æsthetic point of view also it can hardly be considered satisfactory. An endless succession of omnibuses, uninviting barrows, and squalid shops are the principal characteristics of the road, which is yet interesting to the stranger by reason of certain unique features inseparably associated with it. Tommy Atkins in his military splendours is a common enough and not invariably pleasing spectacle, but those fine fellows the Chelsea pensioners, with their gallant bearing, scarred faces, and maimed limbs, somehow arrest the attention of the most careless observer, and send his mind back to the roar of cannon and the smoke and slaughter of the battlefield, where so many of these heroes sounded the death-knell of their vigorous manhood. Not less interesting than the veterans who have gained their laurels and laid down their arms, are the little bright-faced, red-coated lads standing on the threshold of the fight,

who belong to the Royal Military Asylum; and whose decorum and excellent behaviour in the street are not the least result of their training and discipline within the walls of the big brick building, founded by the Duke of York during the long Napoleonic wars for the numerous orphaned children of soldiers. The Institution is now supported by Government, and feeds, clothes, and educates every year 550 boys between the ages of nine and fourteen, the sons or orphans of non-commissioned officers of good character. At fourteen the majority of the boys go into the regular army, chiefly into the Artillery and Engineers, either as collar-makers, smiths, clerks, or drummers. Owing to the splendid efficiency of the school band a large proportion enter the army band at once, and amongst the names of distinguished bandmasters who have been boys in the school are those of Lazarus and Thomas.

A record is kept of every lad who has passed through the school, and at the beginning of this year there were serving in the army 10 commissioned officers, 31 schoolmasters, 12 bandmasters, and 47 band sergeants, besides many others holding the grade of sergeant-major, master gunners, and so forth. In addition, out of 1,368 of the boys who have entered the service, only one has turned out badly,

whilst one has risen to the rank of Lieut.-General.

As we walk up to the school, a little group of boys in front of us gives us an opportunity of examining and admiring their smart turn-out. In the summer the lads wear blue uniforms, whilst in winter with the same blue trousers piped with scarlet, they have scarlet tunics, faced with dark blue, Glengarry caps piped with red, and stout well-shined Blucher shoes with straps.

We pass through the gate, and one of the two small sentries stationed there comes out of his little box and asks us, with an air of immense importance, what our business is. When I inform him we are concerned with the Commandant, he offers to escort us, and performs this action with the utmost politeness. There is one feature that strikes and impresses the stranger the instant he enters the Asylum, and remains with him throughout—more especially if he has had experience of other institutions—the freedom and absolute lack of repression that characterise its inmates. There is, of course, during work hours the severest military discipline, but the boys evince no timidity in saying what they think; and, even in the presence of the Commandant, there was none of that horrible intangible kind of terrorism which the authorities of these institutions frequently contrive to inspire in the breasts of the youthful persons in their care.

Thanks to the kindness of Colonel Fitzgerald, the Commandant, and Lieutenant Thomas, the Adjutant, I had ample opportunities given me of seeing the whole working of the school, and also of putting questions to the lads, who, so far as I could gather, have no possible cause of complaint. Their day's work commences early. At ten to six the gymnasium master rouses three boys, who dress, and then go into the courtyard and sound the *reveille* at three different points—north, south, and central—so that there is no fear of any sluggard failing to be aroused.

All the boys have rank of some kind, with definite military duties. On first arriving, the little fellow is a "private," and I fancy he is quite proud of this grade, until he learns how much better off corporals are, with pocket money for sweets and tarts. Privates are made up into companies of eighty boys, over which there are four acting lance-corporals.

The advantage of being an acting lance-

corporal consists in being entitled to one penny a week pocket-money, which comes in conveniently for one of the most important institutions of the Asylum in the eyes of the boys, viz., the tuck-shop. The acting lance-corporals wear a gold stripe on the right arm. Above them are lance-corporals, who get twopence a week, and also wear a gold stripe, and still higher are full corporals, or colour corporals, who get threepence a week, and wear two stripes and a crown. There is only one corporal to each company, so that it is a highly coveted



"THE TUCK SHOP."

post. Above the corporals are monitors, of whom there are seven. They are the boys who are kept on after fourteen to be trained as pupil teachers, and they ultimately go into the army, where they obtain excellent positions as schoolmasters, receiving, during a period of six months' probation, 2s. 6d. a day, and when duly qualified, 4s. 6d. a day. Finally, the whole company is under the command of a sergeant, who is a non-commissioned officer in the regular army.

Here a little chap in a blouse ran across the passage, and on his telling me that he was an orderly I followed him into the mess-room, where dinner operations were going on,

To see these little chaps—there are two orderlies to each mess—polishing up the mugs and cutting up huge portions of bread and cheese in the swiftest and deftest manner is most entertaining. As soon as everything is ready the bugle sounds, and a small drummer stations himself by the door and beats a tattoo. Then, at the word, “fall in,” the boys file in two abreast, after which there is another tattoo for attention, grace is said, and, at the final drum-beat, the hungry boys fall to.

The day of my visit happened to be the one day of the week when there is no meat provided. Instead, were enormous lumps of bread and cheese—which the boys unmistakably appreciated, and which they despatched with more activity than grace—followed by portions of hot plum-pudding,

have taken part. During dinner there is much clattering of tongues and laughing, and it certainly adds to the lads’ enjoyment that their meal is not partaken in silence.

Dinner over, the rest of the boys go out for a short play, whilst the small orderlies don their blouses, take away the things, and proceed to wash and burnish brightly the mugs, pewter dishes, and meat-tins. Their energy rather surprises you, till you are told that prizes are given for the smartest mess-table, and when you are further told that the prizes are tarts and pies, you understand the strength of the incentive.

What, perhaps, strikes the observer as much as anything else is the curious and interesting two-sidedness presented by the lads. During parade, gun drill, and duty



“THE SEWING ROOM.”

which one little lad condescendingly invited me to taste, remarking, “Here’s a plummy bit!” I could not discern a single portion which was not overrun and overwhelmed with plums, but anyway it was excellent to the taste. As the boys get Van Houten’s cocoa for breakfast, meat and pudding every day but Friday for dinner, and bread and jam and milk for supper, they are tolerably well off in the matter of diet. The mess-room is a big, cheerful room, with arms and lances ranged upon the upper part of the walls, beneath which, on red scrolls, are engraved the names of Waterloo, Balaclava, Tel-el-Kebir, and other historic battles in which heroes who were trained inside the walls of the Asylum

generally, they are little automatons. Their prompt obedience, their precision, their self-control and discipline, astonish you, and you begin to wonder whether anything of the original boy-nature remains; but see them ten minutes later in the grounds playing rounders or cricket, or, better still, scrambling and fighting at the tuck-shop for possession of “monster” sticks—which, by the bye, are all examined first by the resident medical officer—and your fears vanish.

The little tuck-shop, bearing upon its front the fascinating words, is in a recess of one of the corridors, and is presided over by a capable dame, the wife of the gymnasium master, who takes a great interest in

the lads. She and the sewing-mistress and a sick-attendant are the only feminine elements of the Asylum, which is manned from Commandant to cook by the stronger sex.

After 3.30, when all book-work is over, the



boys either play games or do band exercise, sewing, or tailoring, the entire school being divided into halves, which alternately play and

work in the afternoons. In the sewing-room, in which were some fifty boys making flannel vests, and darning and repairing, we were able to delight the heart of the sewing-mistress by our enthusiastic and truthful praises of her pupils' work. Such wonderfully neat darns! It almost seems as if the fingers of the British boy, when trained, are more expert than those of his sister. From the sewing-room we went to the tailoring-room, which is under the superintendence of a master. There was an unconventionality and freedom here which delighted us. The boys sat on benches in their flannel shirts, whilst several had dispensed with more indispensable garments. One small boy, whom our artist was lucky enough to catch, was energetically ironing his trousers, having meanwhile artistically draped himself in a leather apron. There is a fas-

cinating little kit-bag with which each boy is provided; it is a tiny little arrangement holding a needle and a thimble, whilst cotton is served out by the master, I suppose with a view of its not being squandered by ingeniously reckless boys. At the top of the room one little fellow was working a sewing machine, and all the children were merrily plying the needle with relaxation in the shape of subdued conversation. Perhaps more actual enjoyment in their labours was evinced downstairs in the big play-room by the band of musicians, whose energies were set on mastering intricacies of drum and fife. The sound of

fifty learners operating on fifes and wooden pads covered with leather, which do duty for drums, made our stay rather shorter than it would otherwise have been; and we were fain to acknowledge, as we lingered for a moment watching the absurdly small players energetically puffing away, that the drum and fife band seemed to require distance and atmosphere to make it pleasant to the ear.

Leaving these bright, healthy looking youngsters, we pay a visit to the pale-faced invalids upstairs who are in hospital. Most of the patients who are convalescent, clad in long grey-blue flannel coats, are amusing themselves in the day-room with books and draughts, whilst the sick boys in the spotless white and blue quilt beds appear to be suffering from nothing much



"THE DRUM AND FIFE BAND."

worse than colds and coughs. The authorities justly pride themselves on their high standard of health.

well be made briefer, and, what is still more important, the sermons should be at least specially written and adapted for the



"IN HOSPITAL."

The purely military side of the Asylum is best seen on Sundays, when the miniature red-coats are put through their weekly inspection and drill. The little army, extra-well groomed, and washed, and shined, as regards cheeks and boots, assembles on parade ground at ten o'clock at the sound of "church call" by the drums and fifes, and is disposed in companies, with sergeants in cocked hats in front, whilst the recruits are behind. The real band boys, in their scarlet and gold coats, who are a little way off, strike up a charming march, and a moment later a clanking is heard, and up comes the Commandant, followed by his Adjutant, in full military splendour. A severe inspection then takes place, followed by drill, gun practice, and finally a double-breasted march into chapel, in all of which—on the authority of a distinguished military witness—the boys compare very advantageously with the Regular Army.

After the last salute has been given, and the martial tramp of hundreds of sturdy feet has died away, we follow into the pretty little chapel, whose pale olive-green walls and columns form an effective background to the scarlet glory of the "sons of the brave."

The chapel service is the one note in the whole Institution which jarred upon me and struck me as a little out of tune. To begin with, as the congregation practically consists of boys, the service might

As one listened to the lengthy discourse, it was impossible not to think what a magnificent opportunity the preacher lost. Here, Sunday after Sunday, at the most impressionable moment of their lives, come five hundred boys—solemn, silent, and reverent, and precisely in the mood to be impressed and influenced—who, a few years hence, will be taking part in that struggle for which the strongest and best cannot be too well equipped. Rightly conceived, it would be almost impossible to over-estimate the influence that a religious teacher with insight could exercise over the plastic characters and futures of these lads, sitting so still and attentive, as the light streams through the windows upon the solemn boyish faces, and casts golden aureoles round the fair heads. Whether it was the stern eye of the sergeant or fear of being deprived of the stripe which entitles them to the privilege of going out alone on Saturday afternoon, I know not; but their immovable calm excited not only my admiration but my envy, when I found myself less successful in suppressing yawns.

My interesting visit to the Asylum was concluded by a sight of the fire-escape at work, a fire having been especially requisitioned for my benefit, much to the delight of the boys, who regarded the whole matter as a huge joke, encouraging the lucky ones who were chosen to descend the canvas cylinder with cries of "Come down head

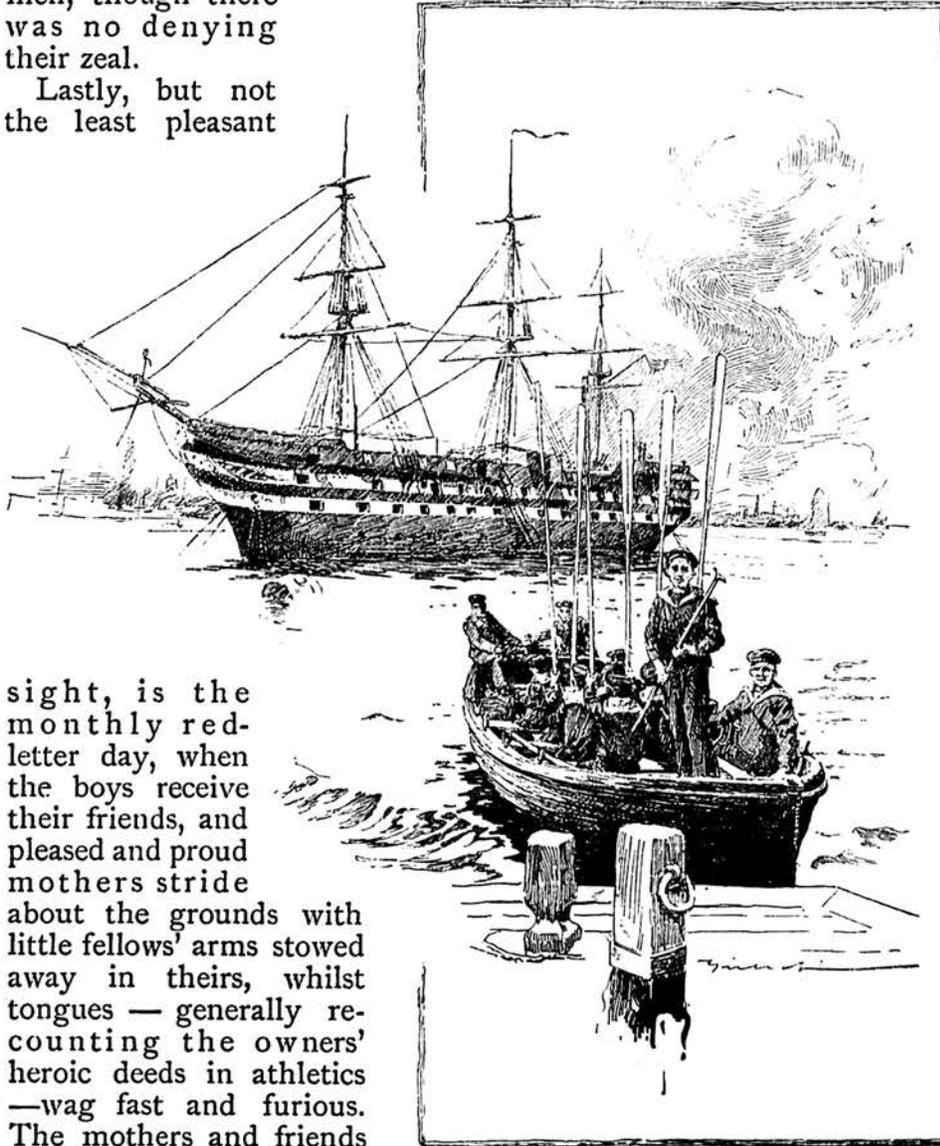
first." On the whole, however, I was not particularly impressed with the efficiency of the amateur firemen, though there was no denying their zeal.

Lastly, but not the least pleasant

sight, is the monthly red-letter day, when the boys receive their friends, and pleased and proud mothers stride about the grounds with little fellows' arms stowed away in theirs, whilst tongues — generally recounting the owners' heroic deeds in athletics — wag fast and furious. The mothers and friends are very rightly thankful for their good fortune, and indeed, if companionship, habits of order, decency, and industry, and healthy surroundings mean anything good, then the little lads of the Duke of York's School are to be congratulated.

What is being done for our future army at Chelsea is also being carried out for the navy on a smaller scale aboard the training-ship *Warspite*, with, however, one essential difference. At the State-supported institution in Chelsea there is no lack of funds, whilst the *Warspite*, which relies entirely on voluntary subscriptions, is, in common with so many other philanthropic undertakings, suffering from the loss of subscriptions and donations, which during the last year have been diverted in favour of

untried and doubtful experiments. The training-ship lying some way off Woolwich



THE "WARSPITE."

Pier is a big three-decker, which in former days, as the *Conqueror*, saw a good deal of active service. As soon as we were sighted a boat manned by a crew of twelve little tars put off to fetch us, and as they approached the landing stage, giving us a proper naval salute, we had an opportunity of admiring the smart and steady way with which they pulled together, and on reaching alongside the training-ship, "tossed" and "laid down" oars. All the decks, as bright and neat as possible, were full of small, barefooted blue-jackets intent upon their different naval duties; and, watching their expertness at knotting, splicing, going aloft, &c., it was almost impos-

sible to believe that not one of the boys had undergone more than nine months' training. This is, however, the case.

The boys, all of whom, though of good character, are destitute, are only admitted between the ages of 13 and 16, and are only kept on the *Warspite* for nine months, after which they are drafted into the navy or the merchant service.

On the day of my visit a batch of boys, many of whom had been taken from the streets, were having their first meal. They had all been washed, combed, and put into their new togs, which they wore with a mingled air of pride and embarrassment. About many of them there was a noticeably hungry expression, which made one rejoice



A PARADE ON DECK.

to think that for some months, at any rate, they would have good and regular meals. In connection with the subject of diet, which consists of beef or mutton and potatoes for

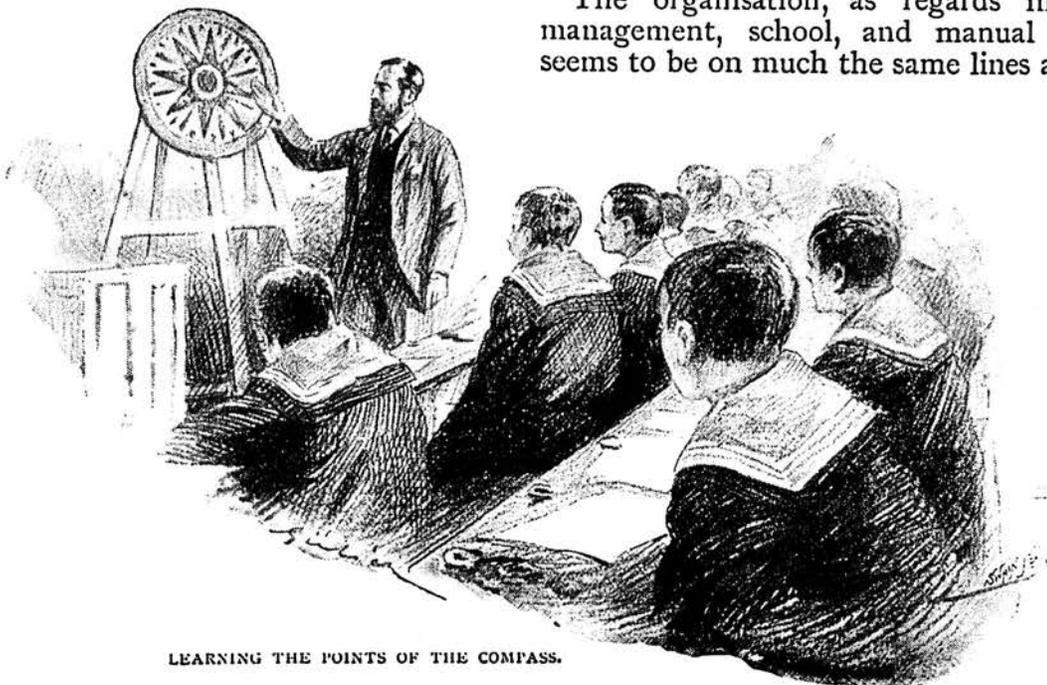
dinner, cocoa, bread, and pork for breakfast, and tea and biscuits for the third meal, I asked one jolly, rosy-cheeked little tar whether he was satisfied with his victuals. He answered with the most tremendous gravity, as "how" there was "just one thing" which he must "complain about."

"What's that?" I asked, "don't you get enough?"

"Yes, quite enough," was the tragic reply, "but the boys ought to have dripping on their biscuit twice a *week*, and we don't always get it once!"

Poor little chaps, one can well understand that after a time ship's biscuits, which may be very wholesome, though somewhat lacking in flavour and succulency, are likely to pall, and be much more grateful to a boy's palate when accompanied by the more insidious dripping.

The organisation, as regards internal management, school, and manual work, seems to be on much the same lines as that

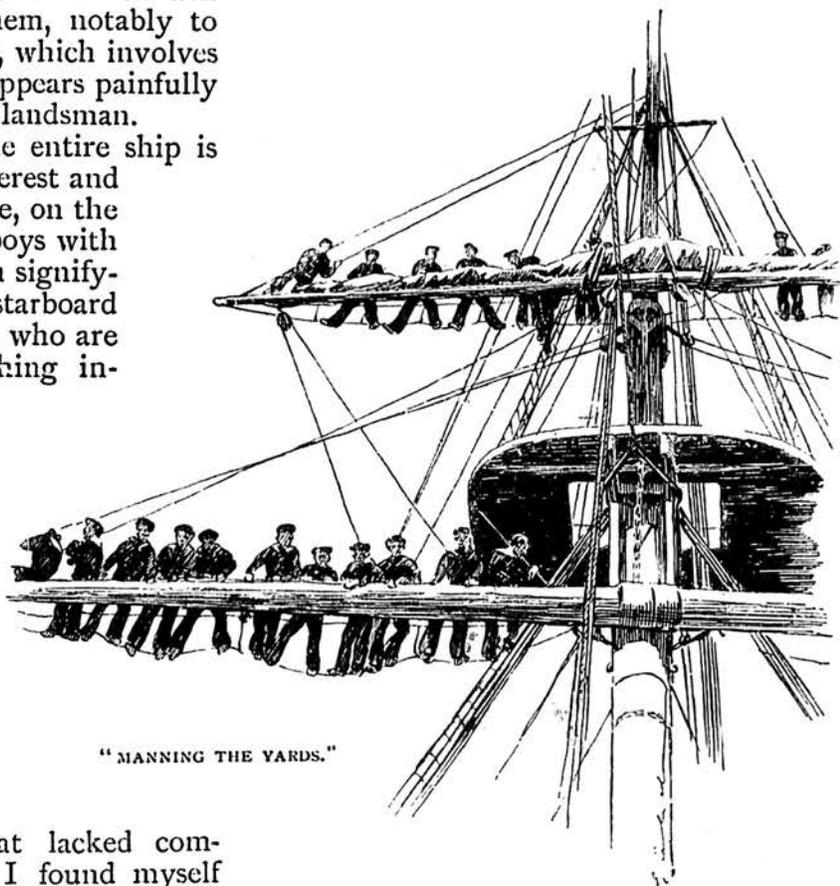


LEARNING THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS.

which prevails at the Military Asylum : half the day being devoted to school, whilst the remainder is occupied with swimming—which is the first accomplishment taught every boy—managing small boats, and the practical part of seamanship generally. In school, too, the boys give special attention to the subjects which will be afterwards useful to them, notably to the mastery of the compass, which involves three months' study, and appears painfully complex to the uninitiated landsman.

During the afternoon the entire ship is a scene of the greatest interest and activity. Here, for instance, on the main deck is a long row of boys with red stripes on the right arm signifying they belong to the starboard half of the ship's company, who are having bending and hitching instruction, or knot-making. In front of them are long poles and great lengths of rope, with which they will make you the most wonderful knots in the deftest manner imaginable. Although a little boy did some of the operations with condescending slowness (his verbal instructions consisted of "see 'ere" at intervals, which somewhat lacked comprehensiveness of detail), I found myself quite unable to grasp the mysteries of "clove hitch," "turk's head," "bowline," "running bowline," "swab hitch," and a variety of other ingenious knots with curious-sounding names. I was glad to cover my stupidity by a retreat to the upper deck, where dumb-bell drill was going on, the boys being arranged in two long lines. The dumb-bell exercises, which, as is well known, have a marked effect on the development of the muscles, are performed with beautiful precision to quick, bright music played by the band; and, bringing out all the curves and lines of the lads' little bodies, are very effective and graceful. After this, "man the yards" was piped, whereupon a swarm of boys with the agility of monkeys climbed the rigging, and went through a variety of nautical operations with remarkable neatness and skill. Then I paid a visit to the big hold of the ship, where I found a smart little captain of the hold, whose business it is to

keep clean and bright the tanks and machinery, and who is the recipient of 6d. a week for his energetic efforts. Then I went along to the store-room, where all the linen is kept, and here the youthful store superintendent told me that on admission each boy gets an extensive outfit,



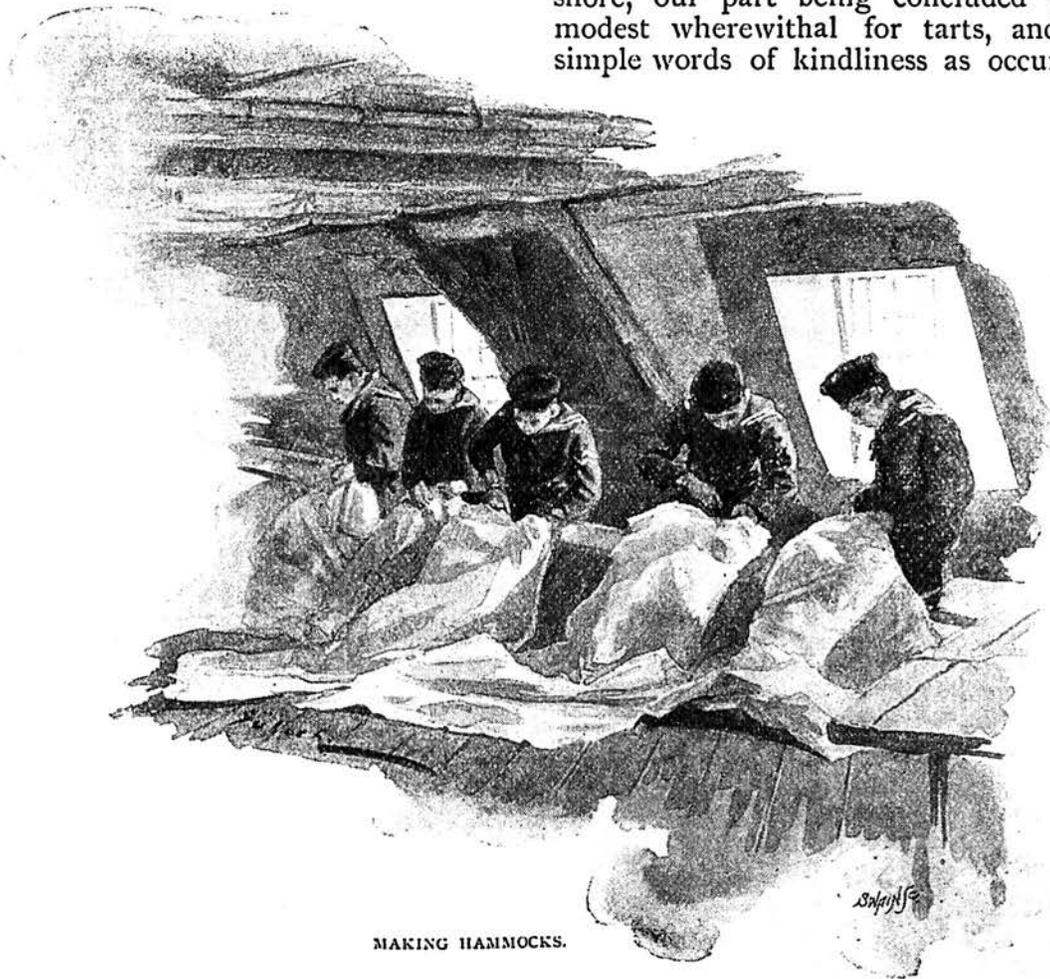
"MANNING THE YARDS."

including, in addition to two suits and a number of other necessaries, a pair of mittens, a blue comforter, and an extra jacket, pair of trousers, south-wester, and knife when he goes to sea.

An exciting incident terminated our visit in the shape of a fire, which was conducted in so realistic a manner, and with such deadly earnestness on the part of the nautical firemen, that for a moment we felt positively terrified, and began to cast about our chances of getting off. As we stood on the lower deck a bell was rung, at the sound of which the entire crew assembled round us. The captain in half a dozen incisive words then stated that the fire was in the "galley." No directions were given; each lad knew exactly how to act, and carried out his special duty, which he had been told off for and practised from the moment he set foot on the ship, with a coolness and promptness which were ample

evidence of their magnificent training. We followed to the "galley" above, and found (barely a couple of minutes had elapsed) that six fire hoses were already at work, every pump was in action, and the imaginary flames, which were supposed to have originated from some cinders falling

Warspite and the British Navy. In the swiftly vanishing sunset, of which there was still enough of orange and crimson to throw great patches of bright colour on the wood-bearing barges and the huge black towers lining each side of the river, our little crew brought us back safely to shore, our part being concluded with a modest wherewithal for tarts, and such simple words of kindness as occurred to

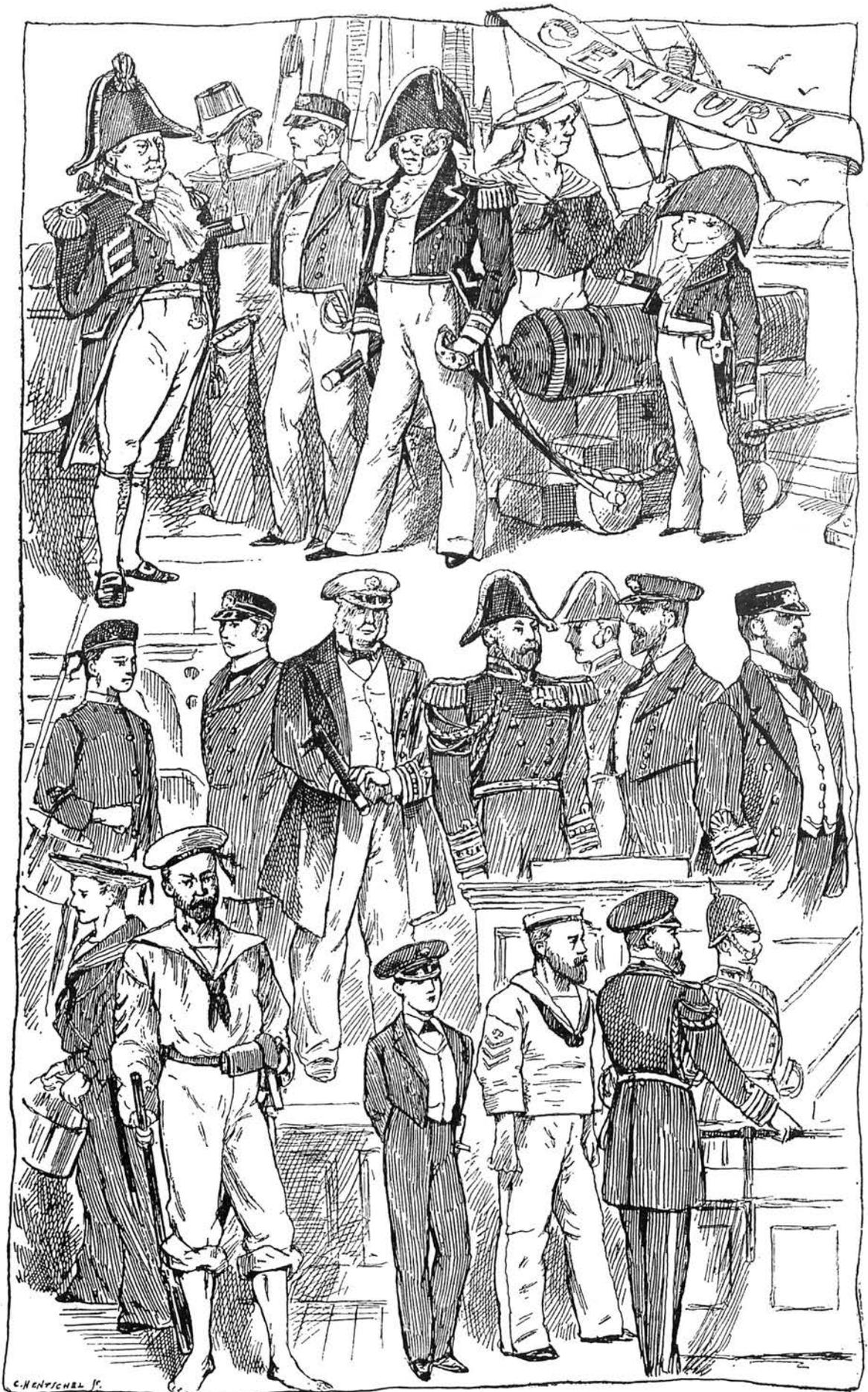


MAKING HAMMOCKS.

out of the stove, well under control. From beginning to end there was not the smallest mistake or confusion or uncertainty, and if in the hour of real peril these gallant miniature sailors keep as cool and disciplined, they will be a credit and honour to the

us. Will not all the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* echo our wish—that these brave little bluejackets may make prosperous voyages, and get safely into sunny harbours where kind eyes and hearts are waiting to welcome them.





THE EDITOR'S POST-BAG.

OUR notice as to unavailable plots has not deterred our contributors one whit from sending us love stories on the same everlasting lines. Here is a synopsis of an exciting romance just to hand: An artist—handsome, good, noble, witty, famous, fascinating, and everything else that is desirable—has, despite all these qualifications, “never felt that magnetic attraction of body and soul towards any woman that, for want of a better name, we call love.” Fate, however, kindly takes his case in hand. In a quiet little “dreamy” village he comes upon a “quiet, simply-dressed, perfectly-composed girl, with quantities of golden-brown hair knotted loosely on her head.” What is she doing? Why, trying to open a gate! Of course he hastens to assist her. “Her eyes met his fearlessly, and sent through his whole mind and body the sudden quick thrill of pleasure, satisfaction,” etc., etc. “Their eyes met only for a minute, but that sufficed for both. Each knew in that glance that they belonged to each other irrevocably from that moment.” As he opened the gate he asked her if she would be there at the same time to-morrow. She merely said a “Yes” that was as “free from all bashfulness and false modesty as it was proud and unhesitating.” Next day they met again at the gate, and then, “without any beating about the bush, he quietly asked her to be his wife, and she consented, confidently, and without hesitation.” They were married within a month, and then his *confrères* in Bohemia, as well as society at large, “mourned him as one dead.” It is really cruel of

contributors to harrow an editor's feelings in this way; he is but human after all. He had hitherto mourned this old, old plot as dead.



A POET writes offering “poetry or verses”—the distinction is a good one—for which “large remuneration would not be required”; but “regular employment” is much desired.



ANOTHER portrait from Australia—where the WINDSOR has thousands of readers—appears on this page. Our colonial cousins seem to have caught the fever for fiction rather badly, judging by the recent increase of stories received from Australian writers. Two charming specimens by a new author will soon appear in our pages.



THE following is a letter received: “Gentlemen,—Will you accept me as a writer for any of your magazines? or to write volumes entire? I can compose tales—got a great many in my memory—I can also write some very startling true ones. I'm a true-born bard; have got a-many lovely pieces in my mind. At present I'm nearly penneless, and soon must be homeless, without I find something to do. I'm not able to work at any trade, being too delicate. I will come and reside in London immediately if you engage me. I can just manage that by selling a cornet. I am thoroughly respectable, civil, etc., and have got no filthy habits such as snoking, etc.”



From a photo by]

A LITTLE COLONIAL COUSIN.

[Talma, Melbourne.

OCTOBER PLEASURES.



TO lovers of the country October is in some respects the most pleasurable month of the year. The trees and hedgerows are in the height of beauty, reddened and yellowed by early frosts. There is a little hunting, a little salmon-fishing, the young people go a-nutting, and a great deal of shooting to be had. On the Tay, salmon-fishing closes on the 10th; but from August 20th (when all nets are taken off) to that time is the best season for rod-fishing. Pheasant-shooting comes in on the 1st; and after a month at the partridges and six or eight weeks of grouse and black-cock shooting, the sportsman rejoices to try his powers against the rush of a pheasant.

During the beating of the pheasant-covers, with the sun glinting on bronzed foliage and yellow stubble, he obtains many an autumnal picture of rare beauty. Country houses are full of pleasant inmates this month, and the social pleasures of evening, and the unceremonious breakfast parties, form a large item of amusement in the autumnal recollections of those who have participated in this hospitality. The warmth of noon enhances the delight of the *al fresco* luncheon near the golden woods, while the chilly evenings of this month draw the family circle once more round the hearth.

October is a great favourite with artists and poets, on account of its harmonious colouring, and the tender lights it casts around the dying year. "Chill October," Mr. Millais' wonderful picture of its scenery, must be in every one's mind; and as for poetry, Keats bears off the palm from all his brethren in his personification of autumn—

"Whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
Or on a half-reaped furrow, sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies;"

while Bryant and Lowell revel in the beauty of their own "Indian Summer." But all these glories soon depart on the wings of the swallows. We have seen late in the autumn a very pretty family of these birds

preparing for their departure, the parents careering in short flights round the apple-trees in an old garden while the young ones sat on the tiles of the house, or even on the topmost twigs of the trees, presenting a beautiful contrast of colour to the ruddy fruitage beside them. And then a few more days, and they fled to the sunny South. The middle of October, earlier or later, according to the character of the weather, is the date of the swallow's departure.

Swifts have left in August, and occasionally a house-martin stays on till November, only to perish as miserably as the drone which has been driven out of the hive by the industrious workers. To compensate the bird-lover, the woodcock returns about the second week in the month, never flying inland at first, but resting under some tuft of grass or other shelter by the sea-side. Here prowling gunners shoot the poor birds, and even knock them down with sticks, so great is their weakness.

On the eastern coast, the short-eared owl, the Royston crow, redwing, and golden-crested wren come across to us about the same time, the first flight as it were of the many winter birds which immigrate to England when the weather becomes severe. A great many snipe, also, come over to gladden the sportsman during October. It is believed that numerous magpies and blackbirds at this season join their congeners which have remained with us to nest. We thus saw a party of ten magpies flying about together late in October, 1873. But the magpie is so artful that these may have been only a family party, more distinctly seen owing to the leaves beginning to fall. A curious instance of their cunning in this respect is told in Norfolk, where game is so highly preserved that the appearance of but one magpie on a man's estate would draw down upon him the wrath of the neighbourhood. An old gentleman in that county detested the magpie, and slept with a gun in his room, in order that he might fire from the window at any that appeared upon his lawn. This was surrounded by high trees, and his chagrin may be imagined when he discovered on the falling of the leaves that a pair of magpies had actually built their nest and safely got off their brood in one of these trees, not a gunshot from his window. The cunning parents had never flown directly to their nest, or disported themselves on the lawn, but had taken care to fly to it from tree to tree, and then only early and late in the day. Even at this early period of winter on our eastern shores the gunner may find the green and the red shank, knot, heron, brent-geese, bar-tailed godwit, and grey plover.

The gardener must protect his beds from early and late frosts, which are all the more deadly after the bright noontides of October. It is curious how very slight a covering will often ward off frost. Thus a few handfuls of straw loosely scattered amongst early potatoes growing in the open will effectually obviate damage. In the midland counties we have



"THE YOUNG PEOPLE GO A-NUTTING."

ere now seen on the 1st of June a frost severe enough to blacken potatoes as if they had all been scorched, so that this simple expedient is well worth remembering.

All dead leaves and flowers should also be removed from plants; they act as nests of mildew, and speedily destroy them. When the autumnal blooms are over, it is a good plan to cut off the longer shoots of roses. Wind and weather then affect them less, and the regular pruning of the year can be better performed in March. Let the standards next be mulched, and they will generally endure the winter's frosts. There is no better month than October in which to plant roses, so that all who are emulous of first prizes and silver cups ought now to bestir themselves. Nurserymen send out their best plants to those who give orders betimes.

Amongst new kinds the following are highly commended: Emily Laxton (bright light rose), Etienne Levet (crimson, and large), François Michelin (pale cherry), Madame Lacharme (pale blush), Richard Wallace (bright crimson), and Miss Hassard.

If any one newly infected with rose-growing wishes for a dozen and a half roses to combine beauty, vigour, variety of bloom, and abundance of flowers, we can cordially recommend this selection; and if they be planted now, they will certainly not disappoint next June:—Devoniensis, Madame Charles Crapelet, Souvenir d'un Ami, Souvenir de Malmaison, John Hopper, La France, Madame Boll, Marguerite de St. Amand, Abel Grand, Celine Forrestier, Louise Odier, Jules Margottin, Gloire de Dijon, Mademoiselle Bonnaire, Pierre Notting, Madame Victor Verdier, Xavier Olibo, and Madame Clemence Joigneaux.

So much for the Queen of Flowers. In the orchard great activity should prevail this month, as apples and pears have to be gathered without bruising them, and then stored on clean straw for the winter. They must not touch each other, else they will mildew. Filberts ought also to be carefully collected. Hoe and dig among the winter crops of spinach, greens, &c. Clear away all rubbish, weeds, dead leaves, straggling branches, &c., and commit them to a bonfire. By this means frost and sun obtain admission to the borders, and regenerate the soil for next year. Few things improve a garden so much as burnt earth and rubbish. This is also a capital month in which to plant orchard trees, shrubs, or forest trees. They get well established before being called upon to bud in spring.

The observant mind will find much that is noteworthy in the leaf-fall—how, choked with earthy matter and having performed their work for the year, the old leaves are gradually thence off the axis by the young ones, and then drop with every frost and every high wind. The scar soon heals, and the new bud pushes and swells till spring causes it to burst, in order that nature's cycle of increase may begin afresh. The mulberry and walnut are among the first trees to lose their leaves, the ash (especially, says White, if it bears many keys) and the horse-chestnut come next. Sycamores, having large leaves, soon have them reft off by the autumnal gales. Apple-trees often remain

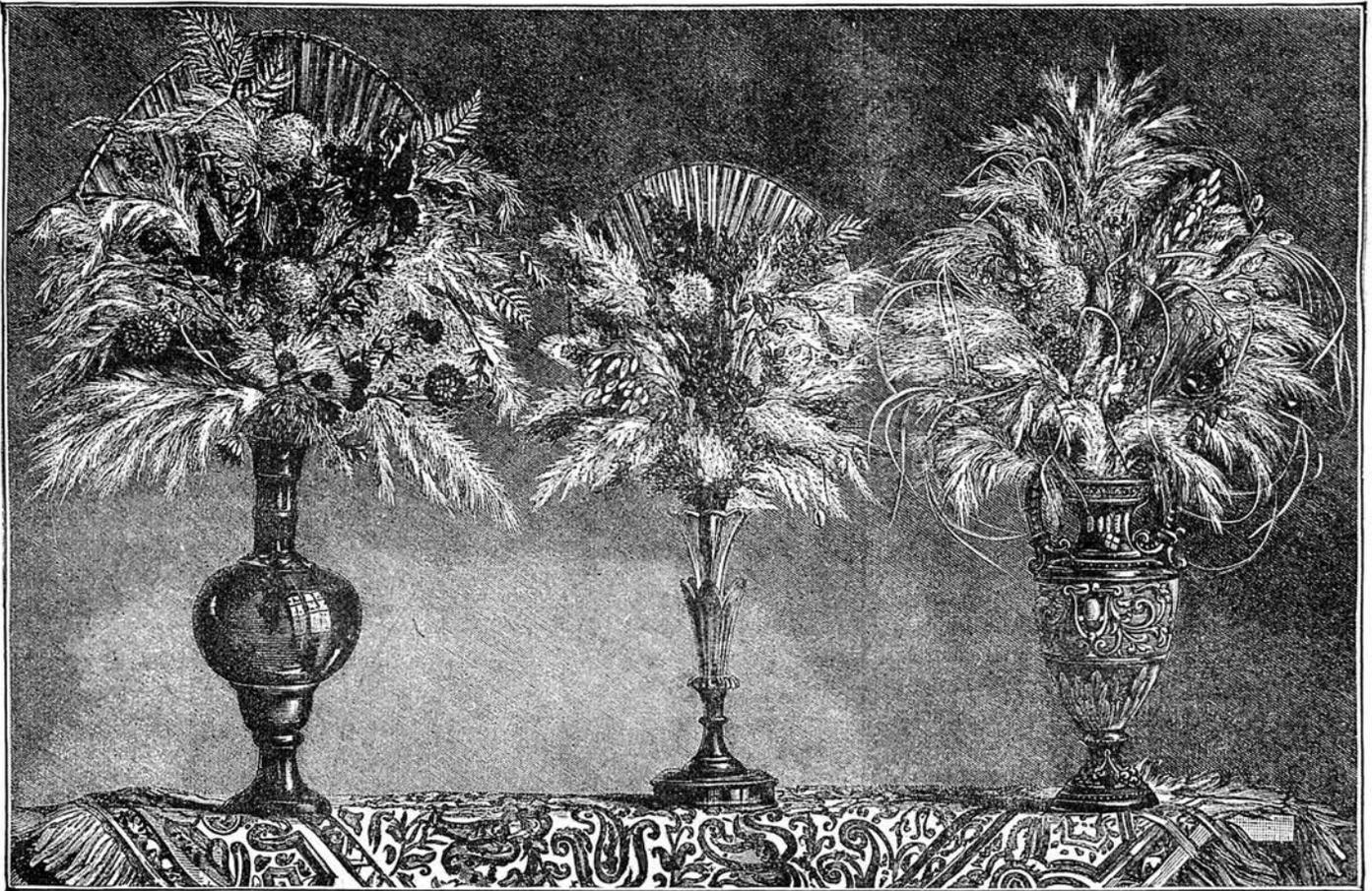
green till far into the winter. Young beeches greatly contribute to the russet colour of the autumnal woodlands conferred by the dead bracken, by retaining their rustling brown leaves until the new leaves thrust them off in early spring, when they fall gently down in the warm sunshine, in a very different manner to those which were torn from the older trees and sent flying over the fields in late October. Some varieties of the oak have the same habit, and are therefore proper to be planted in shrubberies, where their autumnal and wintry browns contrast well with the evergreens beside them. However small be a man's garden, he can always improve it by artistic considerations, and by deferring to the lore of the landscape-gardener. The wild cherry is a splendid tree, with its crimson foliage, for autumnal gardening effects, and so is *Quercus rubra*, with its gorgeous deep-red tints, while the stems of a few Scotch firs will yield a perfect feast of colour in an October sunset.

The last day of the month, Halloween, the eve of All Saints Day, is as celebrated in the realm of witchcraft as is the eve of St. John. The old observances of nut-burning, hanging up the wet sleeve of a shirt, &c., are rapidly dying out, even in country districts, and will soon have to be disinterred from the many volumes of folk-lore which have been published in the last few years. On Halloween the church porch was watched at midnight, to see the forms of those who were to die in the parish during the next year flit past. St. Mark's Eve shares this honour with it in Lincolnshire. A few witches may still be found in retired corners of the land.

The writer has seen several reputed witches in the West of England; they looked very harmless and inoffensive, but then he never chanced to view them at their "cantrips," and as he was invariably civil to them, he was never "overlooked." A hare running about a house or garden in an aimless manner is a very suspicious creature. Witches have in all ages and countries delighted to change themselves into hares. You can only shoot such hares (at least in Ireland!) by loading the gun with a piece of silver. A bent sixpence is an admirable charge, so sportsmen should provide themselves accordingly.

We cannot part from October without recommending it to all who are fond of walking tours, as the month of months for that purpose. About St. Luke's "little summer" a fine week of mellow sunshine usually sets in, and then grey rocks, old ruins, distant mountains, and golden woodlands look their best. It is easy to carry a knapsack during this weather twenty miles before its weight is the least apparent. Another five miles on a short October day will make up a good day's work, when eyes have to be as busy as feet, and thus it is possible to walk through a hundred miles of the best English or Scotch scenery in a week, leaving ample margin for railways to take a man to the locality he has chosen, and bring him home again, between Monday morning and Saturday night. A walk at this time of the year gathers up all its dying beauties, and nerves mind and body for the unpleasant weather of an English winter.

M. G. WATKINS.



Makart Bouquets.

DRYING grasses dried and arranged with pressed leaves, palm-fronds, peacock feathers, berries, etc., compose graceful vase-bouquets which are very desirable for that season of the year when, in northern climes, no fresh flowers, excepting exotics and hot-house blossoms, can be obtained.

Our illustration of three bouquets of these autumn spoils gives some excellent ideas for artistic grouping in the exquisite decorative taste of Makart, the renowned genre painter and colorist. Two of the bouquets are backed with palm-leaf fans, which serve to support the grasses. This arrangement does not require so much material as a round shape, and being flat at the back, if the bouquet be placed in a slender vase it can be more conveniently accommodated on a narrow shelf.

The feathery pampas grass, which can be obtained dyed in different colors, as well as in its natural state; various immortelle flowers, edelweiss, etc.; the beautiful silky pods of the milkweed; pompons made of these pods; strips of dried palm-fronds, and carefully pressed ferns are used.

Any of the grasses or immortelles may be dyed at home by carefully dipping them in a solution of the desired color. Directions for use accompany all the packets of dye-colors sold for general use.

In making up the clusters, the contrasts and harmonies of color should be even more carefully considered than in a bouquet of fresh cut-flowers, for the tints are not as natural. Any specimens of insects, brilliant-hued bugs, moths, or butterflies will add to the effect, and so will small stuffed birds of gay plumage.

For convenience in working, professional florists always moisten immortelles and dried grasses and let them dry out after making up. This is almost necessary, for otherwise the dried and brittle stems may snap while they are being manipulated, and possibly a most desirable spray be utterly spoiled in this way.

Bouquets like these should always be removed from the room before sweeping or dusting, as their beauty is greatly impaired by dust, which cannot be removed. Pampas grass, however, may be cleansed by dipping it in a strong lathery suds, rinsing through several clear waters, and drying the plumes in the sun.



OUR BELONGINGS: THE FATHERS.



W. RAINY "A STARE THROUGH THE PARENTAL PINCE-NEZ"



THE head of the household! We approach this topic with a feeling akin to awe. The attitude the lord and master chooses to take, the line it pleases him to walk in, his likes and dislikes, his wishes, whims, fads and fancies, and his will, dominate the homes of nine-tenths of English people. He is sometimes a despot from whose fiat there is no appeal, and he is intensely feared. Sometimes he is the prime mover in every delight for the children, the helper in all that can promote their happiness

and welfare. We all know the father who is his sons' chief friend and adviser, to whom Reginald and George apply in every difficulty that comes across their paths. Others there are who shut themselves up, and are, as it were, hedged about with such a majesty, that for all they know of their household, and their belongings of them, they might as well be separated by half a continent.

But between these two extremes come the great bulk of the patresfamilias who have to earn their daily bread, and spend the best part of their days in the City, coming home jaded and weary, with little chance of influencing, helping, or directing the children's



"SUBJECTS FOR EXPERIMENTS."

lives. To these, who spend so small a part of their existence at home, the rapid development of their boys and girls is an ever-recurring surprise; and when young Robinson comes for that interview in which he asks the hand of Gwendolen, his request shocks her parent into the perception that his eldest girl has been grown up for a year or two. To these fathers the women of the household are kind, petting and caressing them, putting out of sight and sound annoyances and worries, while they talk brightly at the dinner-table, and devote themselves to making the evenings pass pleasantly; and we venture to say that when pater thinks of his family during the day, he always pictures his girls well dressed and with happy faces, and their mother a lady of leisure without a care.

Fathers there are who, when they close their office doors shut within them all the cares incidental to their work, and who never mention at home the interests that absorb so much time and thought; to the families of these "what father does" is a sealed book, and the wife who does not know the address of her husband's place of business is not a creature of fiction only.

Fathers there are who look on their children as so many subjects for experiment, and who bring up Mary and Alphonso perhaps by a system of stern repression and continual thwarting, while they educate Jenny and Paul with gushing indulgence, expecting the same good results to follow in each case. Naturally this course leads to disaster, *if* it be not guided by a study of the several characters, but from the mere whim of the ruler. Then again, there are fathers who make it a point of duty to treat all their children exactly alike, and make no allowance for the force of temperament, physique, or intellect; who are as harsh to Harry and Lucy for follies they commit through high spirits and being easily led

away, as they would be if they were committed by Robert or Mary, whose dispositions prevent them from being betrayed into similar misdoings.

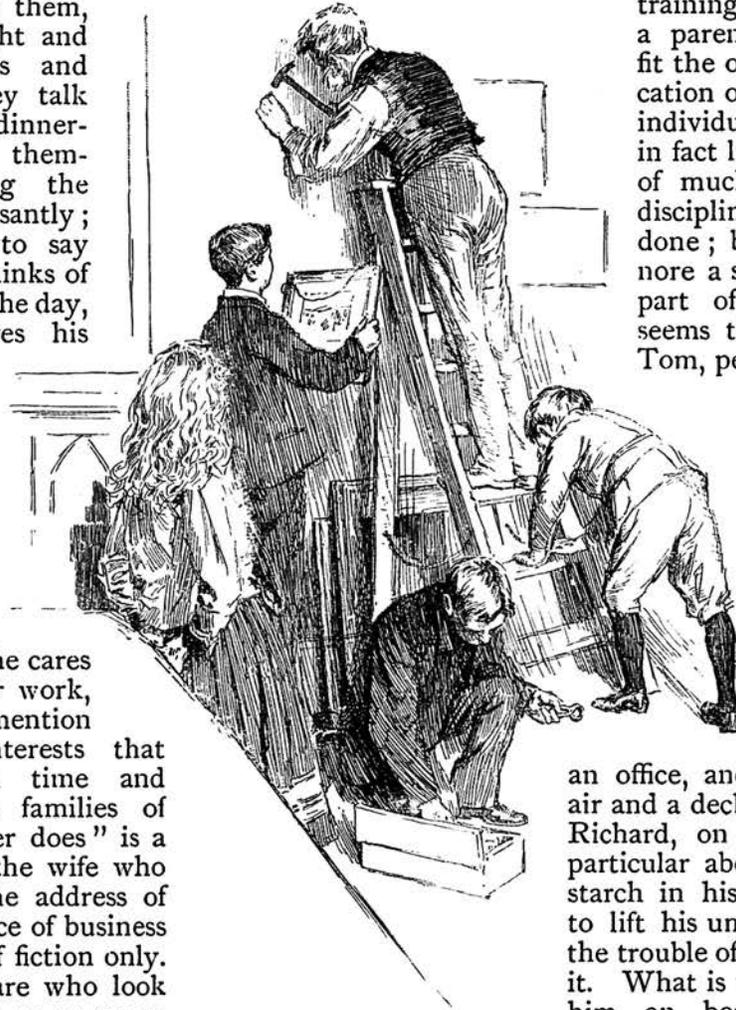
Then again in education or choice of occupation, who does not know the parent who has mapped out each child's position and calling for it directly it was born? and who does not remember with sadness the endings that too often follow such training? It is true that a parent cannot always fit the occupation or education of each child to the individual disposition: and in fact life would be bereft of much of its necessary discipline if this could be done; but entirely to ignore a strong bent on the part of a child always seems the worst of folly.

Tom, perhaps, adores the sea, and finds stormy nights and hard work "up aloft" have for him neither terror nor discomfort, but he feels stifled if he has to live in a small house, and loathes gas-lit rooms. To make him a clerk in

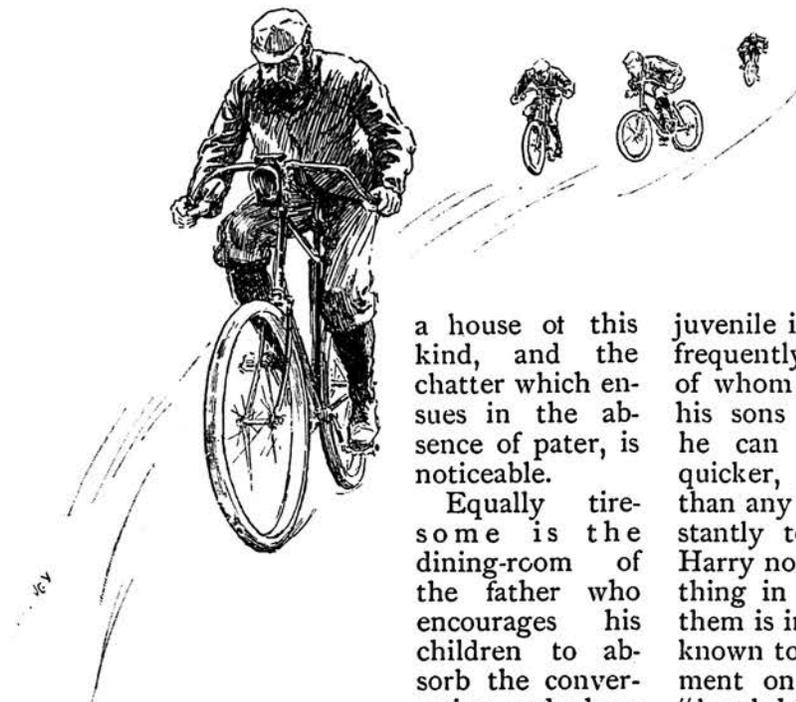
an office, and deny him fresh air and a deck walk, is cruelty. Richard, on the contrary, is particular about the amount of starch in his shirts, and hates to lift his umbrella because of the trouble of properly refurling it. What is the use of sending him on board a merchant-steamer to learn the ways of mariners? He loves his desk and his work, and finds tennis and golf clubs supply him

amply with fresh air and exercise.

The father who never expects his boys and girls to be provided with opinions of their own, or to offer remarks during breakfast or dinner, is not an adorable specimen of the race; it naturally paralyses William or Amelia if their feeble comment on the fate of Lobengula, or the history of the Home Rule Bill, are met only by a stare through the parental *pince-nez*, which is adjusted for the purpose, and a scornful "humph." The contrast between the silence in which meals are taken in



"WHO CANNOT HANG A PICTURE WITHOUT THE AID OF THE WHOLE TRIBE."



"HE CAN GIVE HIS SONS POINTS AND BEAT THEM."

a house of this kind, and the chatter which ensues in the absence of pater, is noticeable.

Equally tiresome is the dining-room of the father who encourages his children to absorb the conversation, and whose perpetual "What do you think, Jack?" "What

do you say to that, Emma?" elicit nothing but the crude opinions of untaught minds, and render a rational discussion of anything impossible.

We rather love the parent who constantly requires all his family to be in his sight, who cannot bear that they should go away to stay or be absent in the evenings, and who, as Mr. Jerome so graphically describes, cannot hang up a picture without the aid of his

whole tribe, and who then does not put it up straight. He is pleasanter than the parent who never inquires the whereabouts of his children and is more contented to come home and dine *tête-à-tête* with mater than to see his table surrounded by his young people.

The father who is distinctly juvenile is also often to be met with—more frequently indeed than the frisky matron of whom we used to be told; he can give his sons points in games and beat them; he can walk further, ride better, cycle quicker, get up earlier, and work harder than any of his boys, and does not fail constantly to tell them so. Jack, Tom, and Harry not infrequently discover that the one thing in which their parent does not excel them is in a race uphill, and they have been known to incite him to that form of amusement on purpose that they may for once "break his record."

But wandering in and out of English houses, must we not all confess that the British paterfamilias is a person worthy of admiration and esteem? He works hard, he grumbles little, he is contented, unselfish, earnestly anxious for the true well-being of his boys and girls, and filled with affection for them; he is honest, cheerful, hopeful, and true, and if his children sometimes consider him wanting in a taste for high art, or an appreciation of real literature, yet they may be congratulated if they in their turn become as useful members of society.

M. R. L.



SUPERSTITIONS REGARDING CHILDREN.

ONE Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago the writer and a friend were coming home from a short walk, in the course of which they had perambulated sundry old-world thoroughfares, formerly of fashionable resort, but which are now relegated to the poorer classes and to those who pursue philanthropic labours for their improvement and elevation. We had passed through these, and were walking up a quieter street, when we saw coming quickly towards us two women, one of whom carried a "long baby," a *very* long one. There was scarcely time to notice the spotless whiteness of the baby's robes, and its veil, and the bunch

of snowdrops pinned on somewhere, when one of the women produced a small parcel, and, pressing it into my friend's hand, gave vent to an excited oration, the only intelligible words in which were "Baby's christening-cakes—please accept—old Scotch custom." Before she had time to recover from her astonishment, they were out of sight, and we were greeted by a roar of laughter from loiterers on the neighbouring doorsteps. The parcel, which was neatly done up in white paper, contained a scone, two square inches of plum cake, and a piece of cheese. The sight of these did not add to my friend's comfort, and her one thought now was how to dispose of the "cakes," for carry them home she would not; and although it seemed certain that

some accession of good luck was connected with their acceptance, we did not think it a necessary part of the programme for the recipient to eat them. The children we saw all looked so respectable that we were afraid of insulting them by offering them the obnoxious packet, and it was not until we had gone some distance that we found some little ragged hatless specimens of humanity, to whom the contents were only too great a treat.

What the meaning of the above episode was, and we were sure it had a meaning, remained a mystery for some time. At length, after some research, we have found an explanation of it, and the following is a brief account of this and other superstitions respecting children. The subject is an exceedingly interesting one, and deserves considerably fuller treatment than comes within the scope of the present paper.

It is said to be lucky for a mother or nurse, on taking a child to church to be christened, to give bread and cheese to the first person she meets, to insure prosperity in the after-career of the infant. The "first-foot," on receiving the bread and cheese, is expected to turn and walk a short distance with the child to show his good-will. Sleeping on the "children's cheese" is supposed to have much the same virtue for predicting future events as sleeping on bride's cake has.

In the East, children, even those of wealthy parents, are often kept untidy and dirty, in order to avoid attracting the attention of the dreaded Evil Eye, which, it is feared, may do them some harm; whereas, if they are dirty and untidy, it may overlook them, or turn from them in disgust. It may not be known to all that in this country a similar result is attained by simply holding the child by the dress with its head downwards for a few seconds every morning! The spell of the Evil Eye may also be removed by the mother borrowing a sixpence from a neighbour, putting it in a basin of water, and then washing the child with the water so charmed.

Some very curious superstitions with regard to the ailments of children are believed in implicitly in some parts of the country. In the Isle of Man it is thought that they may be preserved from disease by placing them in the hopper of a water flour-mill while the wheel makes three revolutions; and in order to prove efficacious, this ceremony must be gone through at a time when the ministers of the district are preaching in their pulpits; consequently Sunday is the day most frequently chosen to do it on. Mrs. Ewing mentions this superstition in her charming tale "Jan of the Windmill." Little Miss Amabel Adeline Ammaby had whooping-cough, and after every heard-of cure had been tried, "even to a frog put into the dear child's mouth, and drawn back by its legs, that's supposed to be a certain cure, but only frightened it into a fit I thought it never would have come out of" (p. 35), her credulous nurse brought her to the wind-mill in the temporary absence of Lady Louisa Ammaby,

the child's mother; "for they do say where I come from, that if a miller that's the son of a miller holds a child that's got the whooping-cough in the hopper of a mill whilst the mill's going, it cures them, however bad they be" (p. 35). The miller did it with much fear and trembling, and the result was that "the baby got well. Whether the mill-charm worked the cure, or whether the fine fresh breezes of that healthy district made a change for the better in the child's state, could not be proved" (p. 37).

In Eastern lands sick children are cured by weighing them at the tomb of a saint, the corresponding weight, consisting of money, to be given to the Church.

Probably many people know the lines—

"Monday's bairn is fair o' face,
Tuesday's bairn is fu' o' grace;
Wednesday's bairn is fu' o' woe,
Thursday's bairn has far to go;
Friday's bairn is lovin' and givin',
Saturday's bairn works hard for its livin';
But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath Day
Is happy and lucky, and wise and gay."

Sleep and dreams have many curious interpretations. Amongst the ancients, sleep was depicted as a female figure with black unfolded wings, having in her left hand a white child, and in her right hand a black child, the image of death. If a poor person dreams of children, he is likely to become rich; while to dream of gooseberries betokens that the dreamer will be the parent of many children. When a child smiles in its sleep, it is said to see angels.

Sailors, who are among the most superstitious of mortals, are of opinion that to have women or children on board a ship will insure luck.

Fairies are supposed to have something to do with the welfare of children. Unless the mother is careful to nail a horse-shoe over the door, or to put a piece of rowan-tree in the cradle, they may remove the child from its cradle, substituting another one for it. In some cases, when procurable, a dose of medicine from a witch, administered to the changeling, will send it back to fairyland or to some equally unknown place to which it belongs.

Speaking of witches—a witch in Perthshire used to cure children by means of sundry invaluable decoctions, one of which, an infallible remedy, was a cake made of meal obtained from nine different women.

Many superstitions, having been handed down from father to son, are of such great antiquity that their origin cannot be discovered. Often they have acted as strong fetters, preventing the free action of men's wills. It is obvious that, although in many cases bereft of their original meaning, remnants of them still remain even in the present more enlightened age, with its progress of science, civilisation, and above all Christianity, which in reality is the only true antidote that will do away with these beliefs of the darker ages.

E. G. M.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ALWAYS strip the green leaves off the stalks of cut flowers before you place them in water. They very soon spoil the water and smell disagreeably. This applies especially to juicy stems like hyacinths, daffodils, and tulips, and also to mignonette and wallflower.

TIGHT and high collars are injurious to health and affect the sight; wear them as close and as low as possible.

A VERY effective and agreeable disinfectant is a tablespoonful of ground coffee, put on a live cinder in a coal scoop or shovel without holes; the smell is very pleasant and it pervades the whole house.

WHEN opening a wooden box that has been nailed down, take all the nails carefully out with pincers before putting it away. Rusty nails have caused blood-poisoning and death in several cases.

A TEASPOONFUL of orange flower water in either hot or cold water, or warm milk, is a very cooling and tonic drink for a fever patient. It is also very nice for flavouring custards or blanc-manges, and is less common than other flavourings.

A FEW drops of tincture of calendula in water is a splendid remedy for cuts. It heals the flesh very quickly and staunches the bleeding.

MARQUETRY, OR COLOURED WOOD INLAYING.

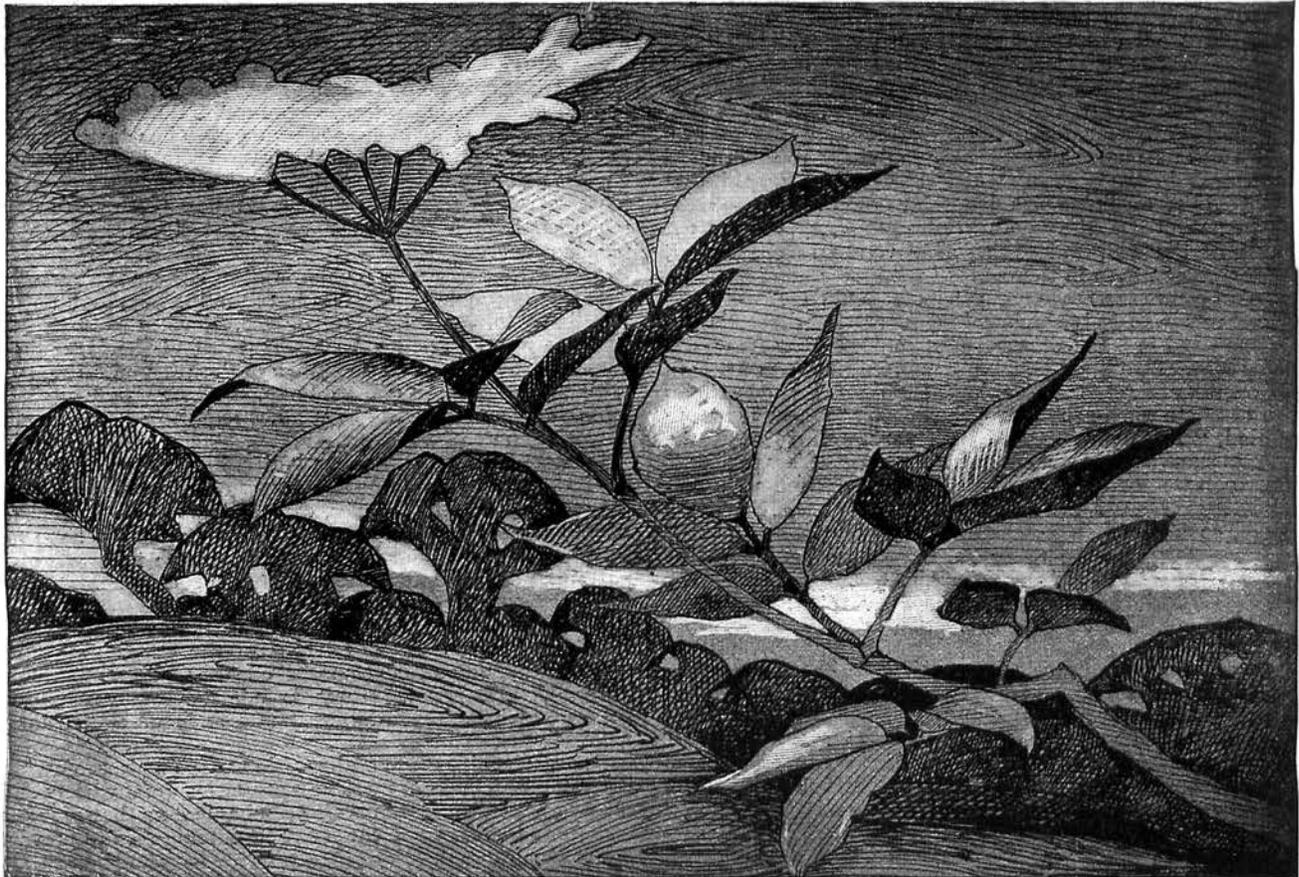
THE old furniture was charmingly ornamented with inlays, and there can be no question that inlaid decoration is the most appropriate way of ornamenting cabinet work, as it is one of the most durable. A great revival has taken place within the last few years in this class of work, and at the annual exhibition at the Albert Hall of works made in villages under the supervision of the Home Arts Association, some quite charming effects are obtained by the use of coloured inlays.

I was much struck, too, by the use of inlays in some of the modern French furniture known as *L'Art Nouveau*.* A more naturalistic treatment was adopted by these French workers than we associate with inlays, and yet a charming decorative feeling was observed, so that the inlays did not pretend to be painted decoration, though the utmost effect was obtained by the careful disposition of the various coloured woods employed. Another feature of this French marquetry was the introduction of a sort of landscape

* Examples of this modern French work can be seen at the Bethnal Green Museum.

effect by cutting some of the inlays like trees against the sky-line, allowing the motifs to come across these landscape effects. I have endeavoured to illustrate what I mean in the two designs, but my readers must remember that what is intended to be in colour has a very different effect when translated into black and white. I have devoted a chapter in my book entitled "*Art Crafts for Amateurs*" to the consideration of inlays, and though my space here is very limited, I will give my readers a few practical hints which I hope will help them in their work.

The French use woods such as walnut, birch, and mahogany, which have a very decided grain, and they stain it in such a way that instead of getting the whole surface one tint, it is light in some places and dark in others. They then cut out spaces which suggest a line of trees, and by inlaying these in some dark wood obtain the effect suggested in the sketches accompanying these notes. The foliage is then taken over this. The design of the inlays should be drawn on paper full size and transferred to the wood, and then with a sharp knife—a fixed blade in a wooden handle such as can be



MARQUETRY, OR STAINED WOOD DECORATION, SUGGESTED BY L'ART NOUVEAU. (*The elder in flower is the motif.*)

purchased at a good tool shop is a suitable one—the design should be cut into the wood to the depth of about a sixteenth of an inch, that being about the thickness of veneer, but the depth depends upon the thickness of your marquetry. The spaces now want taking out with flat chisels. About three are required, say quarter, half-inch, and three-quarter inches wide. An oil stone is indispensable, as the tools must be kept very sharp, so that the spaces can be lowered with as little effort as possible. As the inlays are thin and of an even thickness, it is obvious that the spaces to receive them must be kept of a uniform depth and not quite so deep as the inlay is thick, because if the inlay projects at all, it can be easily lowered subsequently.

The inlays themselves should be shaped before proceeding to remove the spaces to receive them, as then you have a gauge to work to when taking out the spaces, for the more accurately these fit the marquetry, the better will it look when finished. A little practice with the tools will soon enable the tyro to remove the spaces to a uniform depth.

The inlays themselves are cut out of veneers which can be purchased of a cabinet maker. In London and large towns there are veneer merchants, the addresses of whom can be got from a directory. They vary in thickness, but one-sixteenth of an inch is about the gauge, so they are easily shaped with a sharp knife.

The glueing is a very important part of the work, as upon it the durability of the marquetry depends. Glue should be freshly made and kept hot in a proper glue-pot. Steep the hard glue in cold water for some hours until it swells, and then boil up until the glue itself boils, and it must be used boiling; therefore have a small oil or other stove handy, upon which to keep the glue-pot while glueing the work.

As soon as the space has been brushed over freely with glue put the marquetry in and place a flat iron or other weight upon it, and leave it there until the glue has set. This keeping a weight upon the work is very important, in order that the inlays attach themselves thoroughly to the wood.

When the work is dry, which will take at least twenty-



DESIGN FOR MARQUETRY OR STAINED WOOD DECORATION SUGGESTED BY L'ART NOUVEAU. (*The teazel is the motif.*)

four hours to accomplish, the inlays can be made level with the wood with glass-paper, the edge of pieces of glass, and by the use of steel scrapers sold for the purpose.

With regard to the colour of the veneers, those of very light wood can be stained almost any colour, but from what I saw at the Paris Exhibition I think those effects are the pleasantest in which a certain tone of colour runs all through. Thus you might take the blackberry or other shrub in the autumn, and model your scheme upon it, keeping within the scale of brown to yellow, and never introducing green or grey. Marquetry which seems to suggest painted decoration is apt to look common and vulgar. The work can be polished with beeswax dissolved in warm turpentine and well rubbed with flannel after being brushed with a hard brush.

Stained wood decoration is very effective and is much easier of accomplishment than the work I have described. The wood to be so treated must be light in colour, and pear-tree, sycamore, pine, satinwood—though this would be expensive—and bass-wood are those usually employed. After transferring the design it should be firmly outlined in some dark brown colour, such as burnt sienna and black. The colour should be thinned with turpentine and a little copal varnish, using a rigger. When this outline is dry, the design can be stained with transparent oil colours thinned with turpentine. The tints should be put on evenly with camel hair brushes, and you must avoid going beyond the

outlines. Raw and burnt sienna, Vandyke brown, yellow ochre, and golden ochre, cadmiums, gamboge, Indian yellow, ultramarine, Prussian and indigo blues, terre verte and madder brown will give a wide range of tints. The background itself can be stained dark, leaving the design light.

When the work is finished and dry, and these colours used with turpentine sink right into the wood, it should be French polished. This should be done by a polisher, as it is seldom an amateur can do it well enough. The work must first of all have a coat of spirit varnish, and the polish is—when the varnish is quite hard—put on with rubbers, cotton wool covered with linen. The surface so obtained is much more beautiful than varnish, as it is both brilliant and perfectly smooth.

The designer of inlays must be guided by the method employed to reproduce them. It is obvious that forms which have to be cut out cannot successfully render perspective or foreshortening, except to a very slight degree. The elder in flower was sketched direct from nature, but I was careful to choose a spray which came simply. The flowers are all lumped together, and only the silhouette or general shape reproduced.

In the other design the teazel is the motif, and a very excellent plant it is for the designer. Here again, nature has only been simplified. Insects often help a design and are easily reproduced in marquetry.

THINGS IN SEASON, IN MARKET AND KITCHEN.

OCTOBER.

By LA MÉNAGÈRE.

VENISON and pork are the "novelties" that we note in the markets this month, and also a splendid show of brocoli. It is also a grand time for cheeses, as many old-fashioned country fairs testify. This month dairy farmers will be busy bringing their cheeses into the right markets ready for the Christmas sales, and where cheeses are shown we usually see sausages and pork pies, also gingerbread. All these things are toothsome in October—the month of mellow days and frosty nights. We begin to get ready walnuts and chestnuts for Hallowe'en festivities, and we sort out our apples, some for cider, some for "biffins," and some for preserving. We must now pickle our red cabbages, too, also onions, and see that potatoes are stored. Those who have good keeping places, even in town, may now invest in sacks of potatoes, and bushels of apples, as this is the time for getting these at a cheaper rate than will be possible later on. Housewives in the country who have piggies to dispose of for bacon will be thinking of turning the poor animals into that useful commodity.

There is also the harvesting of the flower-seeds and roots, and much work is done in the flower garden preparatory for the next spring. Indeed, this is altogether one of the busiest months of all the year. Nature has not yet gone to sleep, although she is preparing for her winter's rest.

We may now begin to bring into use some of our dishes of heat-giving foods such as we keep for winter days, not as a regular thing, perhaps, but occasionally. For instance, we may commence having porridge for breakfast, warm puddings, good vegetable soups, honey and treacle to our bread. Roast goose and apple sauce will be a favourite dish with many now, and, indeed, geese are better at this time than later, as they are neither so rich nor so fat.

So will also game pie be. Indeed, ever since Friar Tuck feasted the disguised Cœur de Lion upon this dish (which then was called game pasty) in the heart of Sherwood Forest, it has been a dish beloved of all Englishmen. Perhaps it may not be amiss to give it here in detail.

Game Pie.—A very good short or raised

crust is used to line the bottom and sides of the mould. For the upper crust it is usual to use puff pastry, although the raised crust is quite good enough. Place first a layer of small pieces of rump steak, then of venison steaks, trimmed and rubbed with spice, salt and pepper. Next some joints of hare, partridge, or other game, and fill up all spaces with highly-flavoured forcemeat. Add a little gravy, and cover the dish closely, but not with the crust; this should be put on when the pie is rather more than half cooked. Glaze this and ornament it when nearly finished cooking.

A very good imitation of a game pie may be made entirely without game, by using veal and steak together, and adding plenty of well-made forcemeat. As the gaminess will depend on this forcemeat, it will be well to show what this is composed of.

Half-a-pound of calf's liver and as much good ham should be baked in the oven in a covered vessel until perfectly tender. Pound these together in a mortar to a smooth paste. Add a large tablespoonful of finely-powdered herbs—thyme, marjoram, sage, savoury, and tarragon—all these, or as many of them as possible. Add also cayenne pepper, salt, and a few chopped mushrooms. Mix very thoroughly, and place little balls of this and quarters of hard-boiled eggs at intervals with the meat, then put in a little strong gravy, place the top crust on, and bake the pie in a baker's oven until of a good deep brown. When eaten cold this is uncommonly good.

A breakfast dish met with in Yorkshire, but not, I believe, elsewhere, is a *Covered Apple Tart*, and very good it is, either hot or cold. The crust would be ordinary short or flaky paste rolled out to about a quarter of an inch thick. On the lower crust a thick layer of stewed, sweetened, and spiced apple is placed, the top crust put on, the edges crimped together, and melted butter brushed over all, then well baked.

Hominy cakes with honey, and oatmeal batter-cakes, are delicious for breakfast also.

We should not omit also to have plenty of roasted apples at all times while they are so good, and the smaller pears and apples will be

very good eating indeed if they are baked in a stone jar in a baker's oven.

A good dinner menu for October would be the following:—

Potato Soup, with Grated Cheese.
Gurnet, Baked and Stuffed.
Roast Loin of Pork. Apple Sauce.
Brocoli and Baked Potatoes.
Wild Duck. Orange Salad. Cranberry Jelly.
Cabinet Pudding.
Cheese. Biscuits. Butter.

Potato Soup.—Peel, boil and mash half-a-dozen potatoes, and slice up a small Spanish onion into a little butter, which should cook while the potatoes are boiling. Put all together, and add a pint of boiling milk, a spoonful of flour mixed smooth with milk, and boil together. Season with pepper and salt, and if not already too thick add a little cream. Serve very hot with grated cheese in a separate dish.

The *Gurnet* are stuffed with a mixture of chopped shallot, parsley, herbs, breadcrumbs, butter, seasoning, and an egg. Grate breadcrumbs over, and pour on them a little oiled butter, and bake in a fairly quick oven for about twenty minutes or half an hour. Serve in the same dish if it is a nice one.

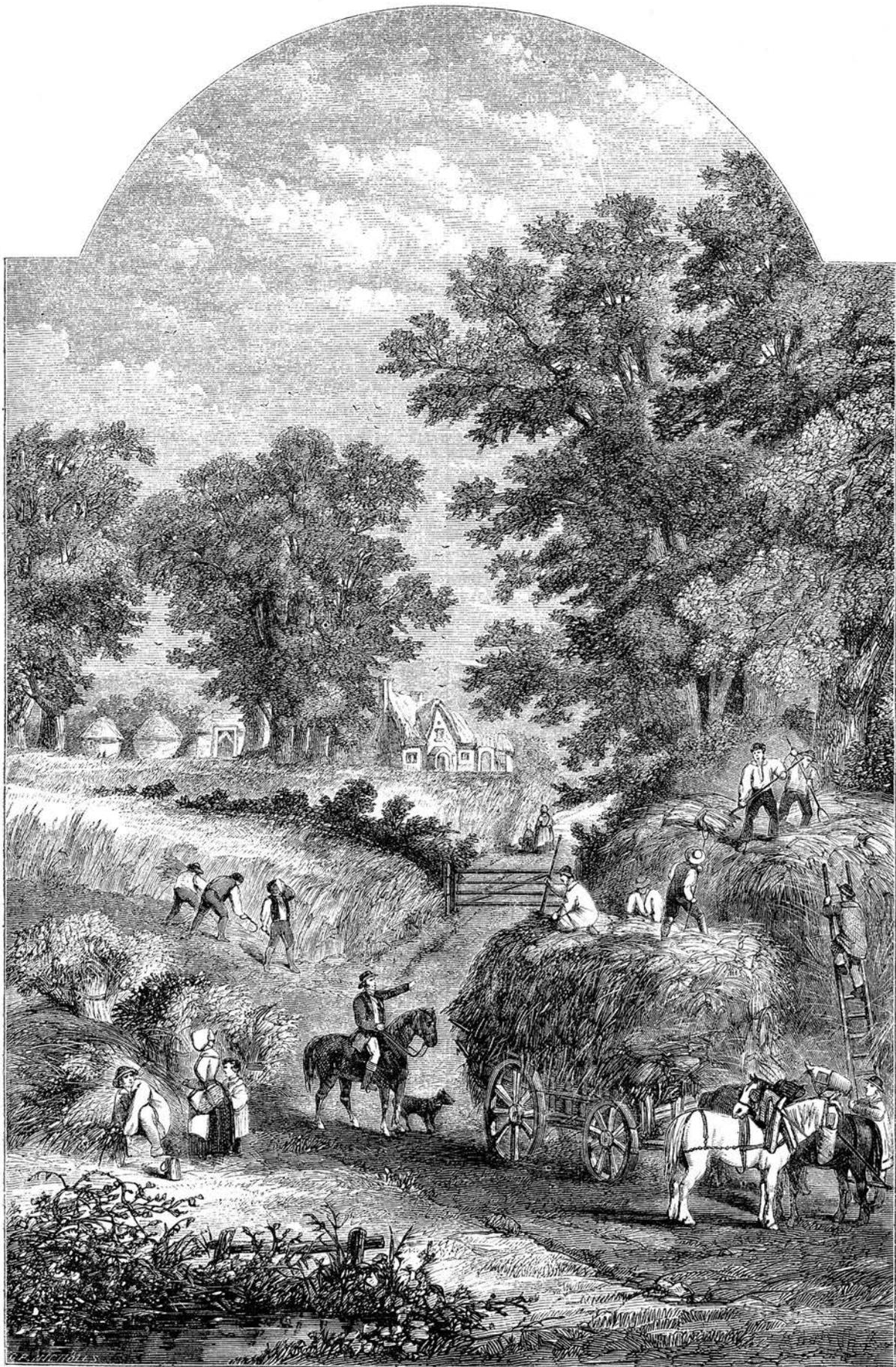
Wild Duck require very quick roasting and frequent basting. Garnish them with a lemon cut in quarters, and serve any gravy that may have run from them in a tureen.

Orange Salad is made by slicing peeled oranges, freeing them from pips, and covering the slices with a little sugar.

Cabinet Pudding.—Put a pint of new milk on to boil with two spoonfuls of sugar and the rind of a fresh lemon; then add it to three well-beaten eggs. Butter a mould, and decorate the bottom and sides with strips of candied peel, stoned raisins, etc. Fill with alternate layers of sliced sponge cake and raisins. Pour the custard over, and let it soak for an hour or so, then cover with buttered paper, and steam the pudding gently for an hour and a half.

If this pudding were for eating cold (and it is quite as good so), a little dissolved gelatine should be added to the custard before pouring it over the cake. A few macaroons give a nice flavour to a cold pudding.

AUTUMN.



Leisure Hour 1860



OUR GRAY SQUIRRELS: A STUDY.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

DOWN past my window, as I sit writing beside it, falls a twig from the black oak at the corner of the house. Half a minute later another sinks wavering downward, buoyed by its broad leaves, which are green and healthy. This happens in July, far in advance of their natural time to fall. What is the cause? A glance informs me. One of our gray squirrels is out on the end of an overhanging limb, and I am just in time to see him bite off another leafy twig and carry it away. It is evident that he had dropped the other one accidentally. What is he doing? I vault out of the window, and keep him in view as he makes his way nearly to the summit of a tall white oak, where he leaves his branch as a contribution to a half bushel or so of sticks and leaves lodged in a convenient notch. Another squirrel is there, and together they scramble over the mass, packing and entangling it together, and occasionally disappearing into its interior, showing that it is hollow.

I know this pair of squirrels very well. They have been tenants of the grove ever since we came to live in this edge of the city, and though the town has now grown beyond and around us, and the grove is given a perpetual moonlight from the electric lamp on the corner, the trees and bushes remain, nuts and acorns come with each returning autumn, and in midwinter provender is spread upon friendly window-sills.

Almost the only advantage the squirrels have taken of civilization, however, has been to occupy the boxes that my benevolent neighbor, Dr. J. P. Phillips, has put up for them in the trees, which are tenanted more or less all the year round, one family occupying each box and tree by itself as long as it wishes, and putting in its own furniture—a new bedroom set of grass and soft leaves. By midsummer these tenements become so hot and vermin-infested that the squirrels leave

them and construct bowers of leaves, as my friends in the oak were doing when they attracted my attention; and they occasionally inhabit them all winter, when the family nestles into a fluffy mass of loose leaves and grass, forming the centre of the ball, and thus keeps warm.

This squirrel is the one which in the older books is called the Northern gray squirrel, *Sciurus migratorius*, in contrast with the Southern gray squirrel. Several other closely related species have been described from the interior and the Pacific coast, besides the very distinct "fox," "red," "flying," and other sharply distinguished members of the family. Certain differences of size and coat noticeable between types of our gray squirrel from widely separated regions, accompanied by local peculiarities of habit, at first misled naturalists, but only one species is now recognized—*Sciurus carolinensis*.

The first litter of young among the wild gray squirrels is seen in March in the warmer parts of the country, and somewhat later in the more northern States and in Canada. At least one more brood usually follows before winter. Our friends in the grove, however, sure of food and lodging, bring out their broods with little regard to season. One female, which has been known to us for years as the "mother squirrel," seems rarely without a family; and Dr. Phillips assures me that he has known her to bear four litters in a single twelvemonth.

This exhibits the hardihood of these little animals. No weather seems cold enough to daunt them. They endure the semi-arctic climate north of Lake Superior, remain all the year on the peaks of the Adirondacks, where their only food is the seeds of the black spruce, and appear in midwinter in Manitoba; but when a sleet-storm comes, and every branch and twig is incased in ice, then the squirrel stays at home. I remember one such storm which was of unusual

severity and did vast damage. The ice clothed the trees for several days in succession, and the imprisoned animals became very hungry. The doctor and I had swung from tree to tree a line of bridges made of poles, along which the squirrels scampered, no less to their delight than to ours, often leaping one over the other with extraordinary agility and grace when two met on this single-track airline road.

One of these bridges led to a window-sill in each residence, where food was often spread, and it was amusing to see the circumspection with which, at last, they crept toward it along the icy poles, digging their claws into the glazed surface, and often slipping astride or almost off.

In the tree-tops, where they rush and leap at full speed, they are by no means safe from falling, but usually manage to catch hold somewhere, often by only a single toe, apparently, yet are able to lift the body up, like gymnasts, to a firmer foothold. Their strength is remarkable, especially in the region of the great hams, whose development accounts for the really astonishing jumping powers these animals possess.

Should they fall clear to the ground, as sometimes happens, they alight right side up like a cat, and seem none the worse for the accident. The feet are wide-spread in such a case, and the loose skin over the ribs is stretched and flattened out very perceptibly. It would seem only a step from that condition to the parachute with which the flying-squirrel is provided; but if the development of this formation in the latter came about through natural selection, it must have begun very long ago, for Cope has found a fossil (*Allomys*) which he considers representative of the flying-squirrel type as far back as the Jurassic.

The spring and early summer is most



“THEY HAD VERY PRETTY WAYS.”

uniformly the season of reproduction, and this is the period when we see least of our pets. The mothers are awaiting the birth of their annual or perhaps semiannual broods, and spend most of their time at rest in their homes, while all the males of the grove go wandering away to visit other temporary bachelors. To call them *temporary husbands* would be nearer truth, however, for, so far as we can discover, the mating is only for a single season, and as soon as gestation begins the mothers become vixenish, and not only turn their husbands out of doors, but expel them from the premises.

Usually four kittens arrive in one litter, blind and helpless, and during the first month remain within the nest, closely attended by the mother, who permits no other squirrel—even the presumed mate—

to come near her. Each family, in fact, pre-empt a tree, and their sense of property is so strong that usually a trespasser will depart with little resistance, as if conscious of being where he has no right. Old males will sometimes kill their young, so that the mother does well to keep all at a distance.

At the end of a month the young are half grown, and begin to scramble awkwardly about their doorway, yet the mother won't let them leave the nest until she thinks they are fully ready.

One morning in the middle of October I observed that a family of four young squirrels was venturing forth from a box just outside my study window. They were not more than six weeks old, and were very timid. It was not often that more than two or three would appear at once, and one of these seemed much farther advanced than the rest, while another was very babyish. Their prime characteristic was inquisitiveness. What a fine and curious new world was this they had been introduced to! How much there was to see! How many delightful things to do! They ceaselessly investigated everything about them with minute attention, and had very pretty ways, such as a habit of clasping each other in their arms around the neck. They frequently scratched and stroked one another. Once I saw one diligently combing another's tail with his fore feet. Young red squirrels, of which we also had a family or two, play somewhat differently, having a peculiar way of regularly boxing with their fore paws.

Gradually they gain strength and confidence, and then you will see how far the liveliness of the young can surpass even the tireless activity of old squirrels. Both old and young are exceedingly fond of play, springing from the ground as if in a high-jumping match, and turning regular summersaults in the grass; but the most amusing thing is this: Finding a place where the tip of a tough branch hangs almost to the ground, they will leap up and catch it, sometimes with only one hand, and then swing back and forth with the greatest glee, just like boys who discover a grape-vine in the woods or a dangling rope in a gymnasium. These and many similar antics seem to be done "just for fun."

The kittens continue to be nursed by the mother until they have grown to be

almost as heavy as herself. It seems impossible that her system can stand such a drain—in fact she does grow weak and thin—and my neighbor, who has been an extremely close observer of their economy for several years, has come to the conclusion that the mother weans the kittens gradually by giving them food which she has regurgitated, or, at any rate, has thoroughly chewed up in her own mouth.

No animal is more motherly than one of these parent squirrels, and it is delightful to watch her behavior when the nearly grown brood has begun to make short excursions, and is undergoing instruction. All the other families in the grove take an interest in the proceedings, and chatter about it at a great rate; but if one comes too near and attempts any interference in the instruction, he is likely to be driven away most vigorously by the jealous mother. Every morning lessons in climbing and nut-hunting are given, and pretty scenes are enacted. The pride of the little mother as she leads her train out on some aerial path is very noticeable. They are slow and timid about following. Squirrels must learn to balance themselves on the pliant limbs by slow degrees. It is many a long day after they are able to chase one another up and down and under and around a rough oak trunk in the liveliest game of tag ever witnessed before they can skip about the branches and leap from one to the other with confidence in their security. The patient mother understands this, and encourages them very gently to "try, try again." I remember one such lesson. The old one marched ahead slowly, uttering low notes, as if to say: "Come on, my dears. Don't be afraid!" Every little while she would stop, and the two well-grown children following would creep up to her, and put their arms around her neck in the most human fashion, as if protesting that it was almost too hard a task.

This loving-kindness is extended to other young squirrels whenever no question of family rivalry interferes.

In spite of this I do not believe that, generally speaking, the gray squirrel is a very intelligent animal or has much brain power, though he is not wholly stupid. It took our squirrels a very short time to learn that cracked nuts of several varieties, grains of corn, and other food were to be had on the window-sills. The squirrels know, furthermore, that the nuts

are placed there from the inside, and if, as occasionally happens, the sill is empty, they will often stand up and tap upon the glass, as if to attract notice to their hunger. Moreover, they know very well when meal hours come round, and will present themselves at the windows pretty regularly, since they have learned to expect

to our presence, while they will raise a great clamor whenever a stranger walks about under the trees. More than this, they know the doctor's horse and carriage, and pay no attention to it, but become excited whenever another vehicle enters the premises. They will stay quietly eating on the window-sill while one of us sits



"THE LIVELIEST GAME OF TAG EVER WITNESSED."

more than ordinary attention then, even when the meal is occasionally omitted, so that no noise of preparation could have apprised them of the time. The doctor has had a few come timorously to take corn from his fingers, as the same squirrels on Capitol Hill, in Richmond, and in some other city parks will do from almost any one. I should add, however, that my neighbor and some others have a somewhat higher idea of their mental capabilities than I have formed.

It is plain that they recognize all of us as acquaintances from their indifference

just inside the glass, but if they see a visitor in the room will almost invariably seize a nut and scamper away as fast as they can go. Furthermore, their actions convince us that when, as often happens in midsummer, Dr. Phillips meets one of our squirrels in some far-away street, the little animal recognizes him, and shows its confidence in his accustomed kindness.

Though these squirrels have few enemies, they have never lost their wariness. Sometimes a tremendous clamor will break out in the tree-tops—a mixture of sharp ch-r-r-rs and whines, easily intelligible

as notes of alarm and indignation. These usually mean that a strange dog or cat is somewhere near. No hawks or owls (save the little screech-owl) ever come to disturb them, and, of course, none of the wild-cats, weasels, or large serpents which kill them in the wild forest is here to molest or make them afraid, yet the population of the grove never seems to increase, though the eight or ten pairs more than double their numbers every six months.

The explanation is that the young leave us on coming to maturity. As a rule, their family had moved from the house where they were born to new quarters as soon as the young could take care of themselves, and here a new litter would soon be forth-coming.

These family flittings are often amusing spectacles. Sometimes the mother transports her kittens when blind and hairless, carrying them in her teeth; but generally she waits until they are able to travel. I recall one instance where early in the morning a mother had got her kittens down from the old nest to the end of a bridge that ran across to the chinquepin, in which her new home was to be. But to go out on that bridge was too much for the youngsters. She would run ahead, and one or two of them would creep after her a few yards, then suddenly become panic-stricken and scramble back. Again and again did the little mother, with endless patience and pains, counsel and entice them, until at last one was induced to keep a stout heart until he was safely over. Then ensued another interval of chattering and repeated trials and failures, and so the second and third were finally got across. It was now noon, and the poor squirrel looked quite fagged out, her ears drooped, her fur was ruffled, her movements had lost their *verve*, her tail hung low, and her cries became sharp and short. Her patience was exhausted. Instead of tenderly coaxing the last one of the four, she scolded at him, driving rather than leading the terrorized youngster along the shaky cable, and when it had reached the further tree, she seized it in her mouth, and fairly shoved it through the door of the new box.

It is probable that in their wild state, before their forest range was restricted and men began to slaughter them, all the arboreal squirrels were able by longevity and rapid increase to more than keep pace with the deaths in their ranks. Their

natural term of life probably approaches twenty years. We have known continuously for eight years one female who was apparently an old mother when she came, and is yet hale and hearty. During this time she has regularly produced at least two broods a year. At such a rate squirrels would multiply until they overbalanced the ratio of numbers assigned them by nature. Accounts by early writers show that they must formerly have been amazingly numerous. Godman says that the gray-coat was a fearful scourge to colonial farmers, and that Pennsylvania paid £8000 in bounties for their scalps during 1749 alone. This meant the destruction of 640,000 within a comparatively small district. In the early days of Western settlement regular hunts were organized by the inhabitants, who would range the woods in two companies from morning till night, vying as to which band should bring home the greater number of trophies; the quantities thus killed are almost incredible now.

Out of these excessive multitudes grew those sudden and seemingly aimless migrations of innumerable hosts of squirrels which justly excited wonder half a century ago. Thousands upon thousands, of this species usually, would suddenly appear in a locality, moving steadily in one direction. These migrations occurred only in warm weather, and at intervals of about five years, and all that I have been able to find notes upon were headed eastward. Nothing stopped the column, which would press forward through forests, prairies, and farm fields, over mountains and across broad rivers, such even as the Niagara, Hudson, and Mississippi. This little creature hates the water and is a bad swimmer, paddling clumsily along with his whole body and tail submerged. A large part, therefore, would be drowned, and those which managed to reach the opposite shore were so weary that many could be caught by the hand. Of course every floating object would be seized upon by the desperate swimmers, and thus arose the pretty fable that the squirrels ferried themselves over by launching and embarking upon chips, raising their tails as sails for their tiny rafts.

The motive which impelled the little migrants to gather in great companies from a wide area, and then in a vast coherent army to begin a movement, and continue it steadily in one direction for

hundreds of miles, is hard to discover. It did not seem to be lack of food, for they were always fat. The migration was leisurely performed, too—never in too great a hurry to prevent feasting upon any fields of corn or sometimes of unripe grain that came in the way. Such a visitation, therefore, was like a flight of devouring locusts, one chronicler alleging that the sound they made in the maize in stripping off the husks to get at the succulent kernels was equal to that of a field full of men at harvesting. There is no difficulty, moreover, in judging of the effect such migrations would have in restoring equilibrium in sciurine population, since, of the surplus which started, few survived long, and the remnant at last faded away among the Alleghanies or in some other distant locality without seeming to increase the number of squirrels there.

The curiosity and gayety of the gray squirrel are perhaps his strongest personal characteristics. Nothing unusual escapes his attention, and he is never satisfied until he knows all about it. He is the Paul Pry, the news-gatherer, of the woods.

When a new building is in course of erection in or near the grove, the workmen no sooner leave it than half a dozen squirrels go over and under and through it, examining every part. If I trim away branches and lay them in a heap, or repair a fence, or do anything else, Mr. Gray inspects it thoroughly the moment my back is turned; and when once the house was reoccupied after a long vacancy, we caught the squirrels peering in at the windows and hopping gingerly to the sill of each open door, to make sure the matter was all right.

It is most amusing to watch them on these tours of inspection. Two or three times a day each one makes the rounds of the premises, racing along the fences, and into one tree after another, as if to make certain that nothing had gone

wrong. He will halt on the summit of each post, rear up, and look all about him; or, if his keen ears hear an unwonted sound, will drop down upon all-fours, ready to run, his tail held over his back like a silver-edged plume, twitching ner-



“HE WILL HALT ON THE SUMMIT OF EACH POST.”

ously and jerking with each sharp utterance, as though it were connected with his vocal organs by a string. “All his movements,” said Thoreau, “imply a spectator.”

Their tails, which are flat, and have the wavy hair growing laterally from a careful parting along the muscular middle, are subjects of great pride. They are no doubt useful as a wrapper in cold weather, and certainly assist the agile acrobats as a balancing-pole; but that they are highly appreciated as ornaments is very plain from the abashed demeanor of their owners when a portion of the brush is lost. The generic name *Sciurus* (from which comes “squirrel,” through the French) is derived from Greek words meaning a creature which sits under the shadow of its tail; and the



FATAL CURIOSITY.

name *shade-tail* is in use in the South to-day. We might appropriately translate the Greek in this case as designating "an animal whose tail puts all the rest of him into the shade."

The excessive inquisitiveness I have described often gets them into trouble, and is taken advantage of by their enemies. A wise serpent will coil himself at the foot of a tree where squirrels are playing, and will slowly wave his tail or display his red tongue, sure that the squirrel will see him. No doubt they know him for what he is—a deadly enemy; but they cannot resist a nearer look at the curious object and that extraordinary motion. Whining, ch-r-r-r-ring, bark-

ing, they creep down the tree trunk. The snake lies motionless, his glittering eyes fixed upon the excited little quadruped. Step by step, impelled by a fatal desire to learn more about that fascinating thing in the grass, Bunny steals forward—and is lost!

In winter they are more active, if anything, than in summer, racing about the trees at a furious rate, as if invigorated to fresh activity by the keen air. Yet the book-writers insist that their habit is otherwise, and have described extensively their alleged hibernation. Certainly *our* squirrels do not hibernate nor become torpid in winter. During the twenty years they have been under observation here in

New Haven there has never been a day—excepting very sleety ones, perhaps—when they did not appear.

The same denial must be made in respect to the hoards of food reported laid up for winter use. Our grays store no “hoards” in the ordinary sense of the word, though both our red and our ground squirrels do so.

What the gray squirrels do is this: as soon as nuts and acorns begin to ripen in the autumn, they gather them with great industry, and bury them one by one, separately. They do this diligently and furtively, attracting no more attention than they can help. Hopping about in the grass until they have chosen a place, a hole, perhaps two inches deep, is hastily scraped out, the nut is pushed to the bottom and covered up. The animal then stamps down the earth and hurries away.

They never bury the food given them or found in the summer, but in the fall will save and bury along with their wild provender the nuts and occasionally grains of corn taken from the window-sills.

Whether any of these are dug up before midwinter I do not know; I think not. The squirrels wander off into the woods when the mast is ripe, and get fat upon the oily food. But when this harvest is over, and their stores must be drawn upon, their ability in discovering them is wonderful. They seem to know precisely the spot in the grass where each nut is buried, and will go directly to it; and I have seen them hundreds of times, when the snow was more than a foot deep, wade floundering through it straight to a certain point, dive down, perhaps clear out of sight, and in a moment emerge with the nut in their jaws.

OLD TINS AND THEIR USES.



HERE are few things more plentiful in this present work-a-day world than old tins; and it occurs to me that a few suggestions on the ways of turning a nuisance into things of beauty may be acceptable, especially to girls more richly

dowered with artistic taste than with money. I will plunge into the subject without further preamble.

For years I have used an empty coffee tin in place of a sponge bag for travelling. Till you have tried it, you will not believe that you can carry a nail-brush, glycerine bottle, bit of flannel, and fair-sized sponge in a tin that has once contained a pound of French coffee; but having once tried it, you will see what a cheap, convenient, and waterproof receptacle it is. Williams' coffee tins are my favourites for this purpose, as the trick of the lid prevents any possible catastrophe on the journey. If you wish to make the thing really pretty, get a tin of enamel of some good wholesome colour, and paint your sponge box within and without, always remembering that the lid already fits close to the body of the tin, and that a plain line must be left at the top, lest the lid should, by the insertion of the coat of paint, become too tight. Sponge boxes thus prepared would be cheap articles to make for a bazaar.

The large four-pound jars in which Lyle's Golden Syrup and other makes of treacle may now be purchased make surprisingly pretty covers for small flower-pots when coated in this way with enamel. You must choose a shade to match or contrast with your surroundings, of course, and without knowing the colouring of the room it is difficult to suggest what looks well. Dull red harmonises with most pot plants, and looks well on a white tablecloth.

When I was much concerned with church decorations I found the little flat-sided quarter-pound mustard tins simply invaluable. I got the carpenter to paint them inside and out to match the oak in the church, having first been careful to ascertain whether or not they were thoroughly water-tight. This is an important point, as two out of every three are almost sure

to leak. When thus painted they are scarcely visible against the woodwork; being flat, they will slip into almost impossible corners. They obviate all risk of injuring the precious wood by contact with wet flowers or moss, and the flowers not only live twice as long as usual, but are quite easily replaced when withered. This idea may be utilised for other decorations as well, and for drawing-room purposes the tins might be made an adornment by painting them in brilliant colours.

If you have a cottage friend whom you wish to make truly happy, buy a quarter of a pound of tea, paint a gaudy tin, outside only, put the tea inside it, and make an old lady's heart glad by the present. Nothing is so welcome as a little gift of tea, and cottage folk have a by no means despicable taste for clear, bright colours.

My favourite conceit in the way of utilising old tins is—the bottle tidy. Nobody who takes cod-liver oil fails to observe how the insinuating liquid soon makes it impossible to set down the bottle without its leaving an unpleasant impress behind it. To meet this disagreeable consequence, I at first employed the lid of a tin, choosing one to fit as near as might be the foot of the bottle. Then it seemed to me that the less I saw of the bottle the better I liked it, and that the tin itself was a pleasant hiding-place.

The adornment of my bedroom has always been a consideration with me. I dislike much drapery, upon both artistic and sanitary grounds; but I wish to conceal all unsightly objects as much in my bedroom as in my drawing-room. I agree with those philosophers who think that the whole day is more or less coloured by the first impressions on waking, and I do not care to let my eyes light first of all on a blacking bottle. If you are not rich, and yet indulge in pretty boots, you are unwise if you entrust the blacking of them to other hands than your own. I thought this over, and then I spent tenpence on a tin of Venetian red enamel, hunted up a coil of fine wire, an old cork, a little awl, and three equal-sized round tins. I coated these with my enamel, inside and out, then, taking careful measurements, I pressed my cork against the inside of the tins (this prevents your making a dent in the metal), and ran a couple of holes

through each tin near the top. I then strung them together with my wire, drew it up as tight as possible, twisted and broke it off. Two more coats of enamel made my threefold bottle-tidy quite a lovely piece of furniture, and for some three years it has brightened the centre of my mantelpiece, hidden my bay rum, boot polish, and glycerine, and looks like lasting half a dozen years more.

I have adapted this scheme to wall decoration by running a couple of larger holes for the insertion of nails through the two hindmost tins, and connecting the three tins at the bottom as well as the top. This is necessary if you want the arrangement to support any weight, but it is rather difficult to twist the wire tight through these lower holes. You can make flower-holders of these bottle tides of mine if you set them on brackets, and you can produce many varieties of shape or colour. You are not tied to the use of tins of equal size; for instance, two tall tins at the back and a short one in front, or a triangle of three instead of two, of equal or unequal sizes, would look well, and you can mix colours. Ivory white for one tin and china blue for another is a charming mixture, and ivory white looks equally well with a rich red or with olive green. All depends on your own taste; and if you are skilled in painting, you can produce far more beautiful results than I have hinted at.

The process of enamelling is so cheap and simple that almost anyone can indulge in it and be sure of producing a pleasant effect. A tin covered with glue and rolled in chips of broken cork is by no means an unsightly addition to a table of ferns or drooping foliage plants, and for my own part I can see a flower-holder treated similarly with whole rice without a shudder.

I have jotted down these few ideas in the hope that someone may find amongst them something useful for the adornment of her own bedroom or sitting-room. Pretty things are not always to be despised because they are cheap, and I am sure that it is our duty as Christians to keep everything about us as pretty and seemly and cheerful as our means will allow. Whatever is an eyesore to us is a reflection of our laziness or thoughtlessness, and we are simply bound to make the best of all that comes in our way.

TABLE DECORATIONS.



NO social custom do we see a wider or more marked contrast between the present and the past, than in the manner in which we, in modern times, decorate our tables, and the meagre fashion in which the dinner-table was spread centuries ago. It is strange to see how bare the board was in the far-off olden days, and to trace how gradually it became the custom to put on it more and more of the useful, the ornamental, and the ornamentally useful, until, as at this present moment, the laying of the table is most elaborate, may be most varied, and should be most artistic.

Breakfast being one of our principal meals, we will first consider how to decorate the table for that matutinal repast. The decorations should be of a simple character, very different from the diversified and elaborate display on the dinner-table. A china bowl of flowers, a flowering plant, or a pot of ferns forms the best centre ornament. The principal decorations are more or less entirely of the useful kind, and consist mainly in the prettiness of the breakfast service—the butter-dish and egg-stand, the marmalade-pot and toast-rack, the salt-cellar and sardine-dish. In the breakfast services of Danish china (an inexpensive ware, by the way) we can get an immense variety of dishes for meats, hot or cold, for cakes, fresh fruit, toasts, and jams. There are bowls on high pedestals and bowls on low stands, dishes oblong, round, oval, square, and in the form of leaves; with a supply of these there need be no sameness or stiffness of appearance on a table.

The decorations of the luncheon-table should also be unostentatious, although a little more adornment may be introduced than at the earlier meal. An ornamental flower-pot, or a group of glass flower-troughs, containing moss and flowers, can be prettily arranged either in geometrical pattern, or to embrace closely the base of the flower-pot, where stood the castors in days of yore. But the beauty of the luncheon-table, and indeed of all

tables set for meals, consists in attention to many details which may not strictly come within the term "decorations." At the risk of being accused of travelling out of my province, I must declare that chiefly upon a snowy, spotless, creaseless table-cloth, neatly-folded serviettes, brightly-polished silver spoons and forks, well-cleaned knives, sparkling glass—upon these does the general effect greatly depend.

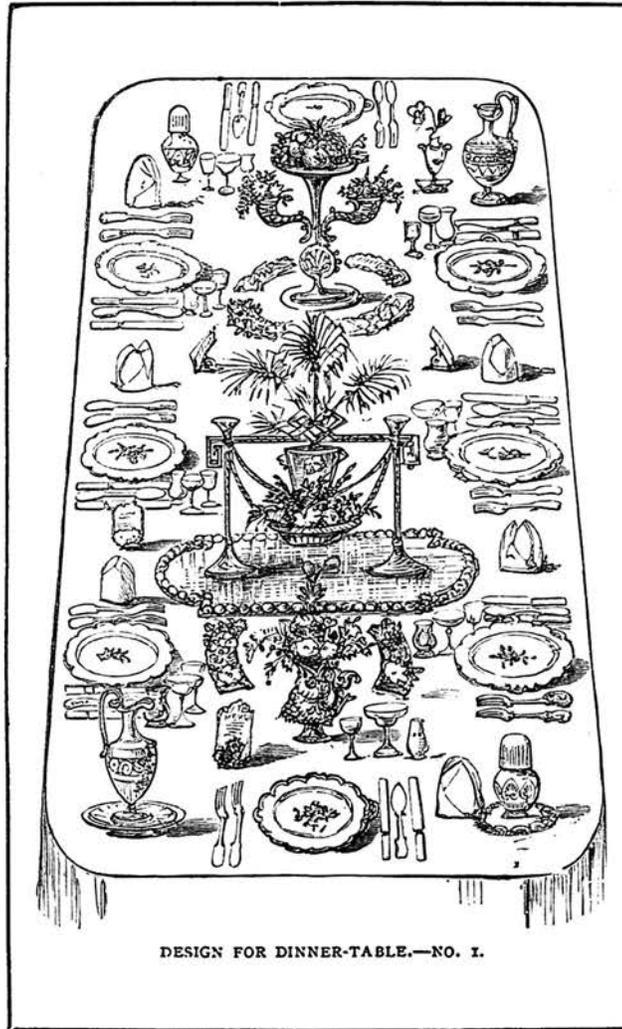
Whoever saw a table look well, however beautiful the fruit and flowers that decked it, if they rested on a soiled or crumpled cloth? Whoever admired a table, whereon the glass was dim and the silver dull, however elaborate and artistic its ornamental decorations might be?

No; depend upon this—these and many other petty details, such as the exactness and precision with which the knives and forks, and other etcetera, are placed on the table, are of infinitely more consequence than the majority of people, more especially servants, appear to think them.

Another repast has edged itself into our day, and that is "five o'clock tea." It hardly pretends to call itself a meal, I should think; but it must not be passed by in silence, for it has so firmly established itself among us, that one would imagine that it had been an institution from time immemorial. No such thing; it sprang up but yesterday.

We shall find that our ordinary tea equipage looks too large and capacious for these occasions; therefore, we must seek for one specially dainty. We need not have a complete set, but may pick up a cup and saucer here and another there, and buy a little tea-kettle somewhere else, until we have collected all our requirements, for "odd sets" are quite allowable at this small meal.

I will now try to enumerate all the requirements of a modern dinner-table, premising that this description is for what is termed "a dinner;" what has been said respecting the luncheon-table will suffice for ordinary



DESIGN FOR DINNER-TABLE.—NO. I.

every-day dinners, where the dishes find their way on to the table.

It is quite reversing the order of things to put ornament before use, but as the centre of the table must be arranged first, I shall speak first of decorations.

All of these ought to be low in stature. Folks at dinner no longer play at bo-peep, hidden behind high and massive silver épergnes, or tall aspiring flower-vases. No ornament or dessert-dish should intercept the view.

The centre-piece is the first consideration. For this, fancy has supplied many ideas. Our grand-parents thought nothing looked better than a plateau of silver, on which they were wont to set an immense épergne laden with many fruits, and a couple of ponderous candelabra holding many lights, and capacious wine-coolers. This centre-piece looked grand, but it also looked heavy and stiff.

But to come to our own tables. One idea, which has been carried out by some people, is that of having a fountain in the middle of the table. It only requires that a hole be cut through the table-top, or that a leaf having one be inserted, for the passage of a pipe which is to supply the rose-water, that rises and falls with gentle refreshing spray. But this pretty splish-splash is very apt to fall on the table-cloth, and make it look wet and untidy. Another device is to have a plateau of plate-glass, bordered by a bank of gay flowers arranged in the glass troughs, which have been in use some year or two for table decorations. On this sea of glass, china swans sail, bearing a light burden of flowers on their backs; and lilies float, and the whole scene looks charmingly cool and refreshing.

We need hardly remark that the largest design should occupy the centre; if the table is set for many guests, then two or more groups must be placed down the middle of it, the smaller ornaments being put here and there, according to the taste of the person who is arranging the table. An attempt has been made to introduce Japanese monsters—monsters in ugliness, not in size; we sincerely hope they will not appear on many tables; let our eyes be feasted with beauty,

and not fall upon grotesque hideousness grinning at us from every corner.

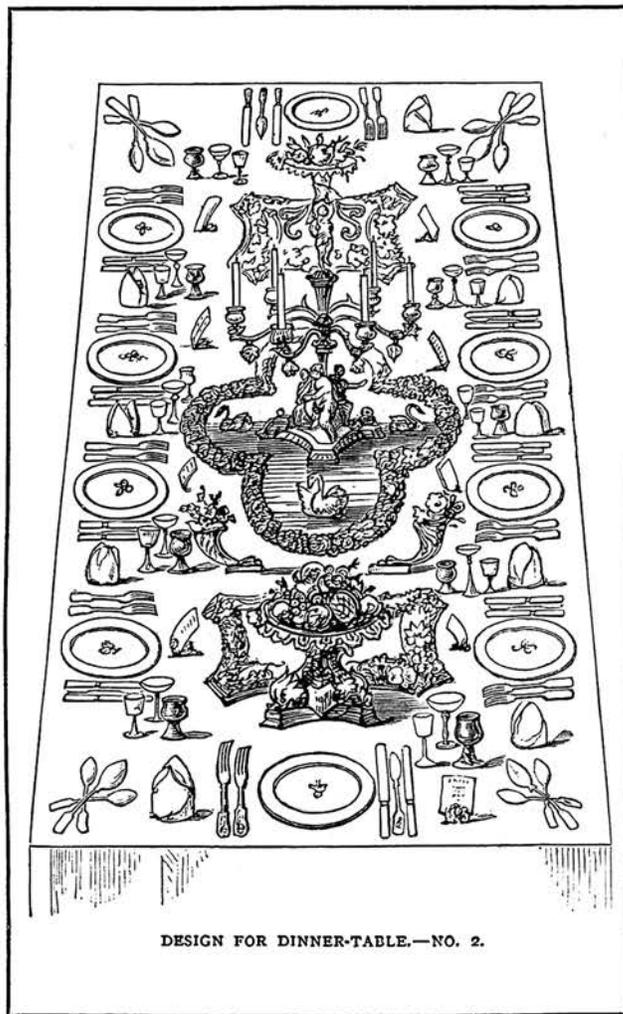
We have seen a pretty device in glass; the stand is a mirror, its edge studded with glass globules; specimen-glasses grouped round a centre ornament, such as this, or placed in defile before each guest, are elegant additions; or in lieu of these, low cup-shaped glasses, each containing a lovely orchid. There is a prejudice against specimen-glasses, because, whether tall or short, they have the bad habit of falling over with the slightest touch. Some wise person has lately devised two methods for preventing these catastrophes, and now you can procure them with solid glass stands like a letter-weight, or placed in a little glass trough, which trough is filled with salt.

Latterly we have had an additional decoration to our tables, in the shape of small stands for the *menu cartes*. Several ideas have been brought forward, but as yet nothing specially pretty. Full-blown pansies, butterflies with half-closed wings, bivalve shells, and balls of cut glass have been designed as holders, and doubtless other varieties will appear anon; but meanwhile these must be used, for *menu* cards are indispensable, either one for each person or one for the use of two people.

There is great choice in these cards, as well as in the name cards which have also taken an important place at our dinner-table. The prettiest we think, which have at present appeared, are those which resemble china dishes and plates in miniature—the *menu* on a white oval dish, with gilt rim and monogram of host and hostess, the name card representing a plate of the same description.

Another quaint introduction is that of the old-fashioned willow-pattern: the *menu* card exhibits the well-known design on its edge, the centre being white for the inscription of the *menu*; while the name card is a small fac-simile of a willow-plate, with a white band across the centre, whereon to inscribe the name.

Instead of the old-fashioned water-bottles and their attendant tumblers, we have sets of water-caraffes, accompanied by glasses to match in pattern; these



DESIGN FOR DINNER-TABLE.—NO. 2.

are put either at each corner of the table, or two sets are placed down the middle.

For clarets and light wines, ruby-coloured glass shows in good contrast to the white cloth.

There is no doubt that more and more increasingly glass will be used on our tables for every available purpose, its sparkle, its glitter, its brilliance, add so much to that scenic effect which it is our great aim to produce.

At the same time, I cannot but think that china seems the most suitable for dessert-dishes and plates. There is a kind of unreality about a glass plate. It gives you the uncomfortable feeling that it may disappear any moment. It does not seem in the province of glass that it should bear anything more substantial than ice.

The ceramic art has been revived with great success, and many are the lovely dessert-services which can be bought in the various productions of Worcester.

Dainty d'oyleys of lace are fitting accompaniments to these dessert-plates.

So much for the dinner-table and its decorations. I lately heard of two rival dinners being given; and the palm was accorded, not to the host who had decked his table with every delicacy and elegance that nature and art could supply, but to the host who provided his guests with cool chairs for dessert.

Suppers are not quite a thing of the past, although they may almost be reckoned in the category of by-gones. There are occasions when suppers are a

“must-be;” therefore, before concluding, we must give a few words to the decorations of the table at that meal. We have not very much room for extraneous ornaments, because at supper the meats make their appearance, and game-pies and lobster-salad, jellies and creams, cakes and trifles, all claim places. We therefore transfer much of our work to the cook. We must not, however, allow all the space to be occupied by the edibles. We must have a certain display of plants and flowers. There are always little vacant spaces where a small vase or specimen-glass can find room to stand. Then the dishes themselves can be ornamented—cray-fish, barberries, bright-coloured jelly, Italian paste, single blossoms of scarlet geranium, wild briony, and wreaths of the never-to-be-tired-of parsley, are effective garnishes for our supper-dishes.

In conclusion I must remind you that one and all of these many and beautiful decorations will be lost entirely—or, at any rate, will lose half their effect—if the supper and dining rooms are not properly lighted. The light should be brilliant, and yet soft and pleasant. Many kinds of lamps have been invented, and gas has had a trial; but one and all have again and again been discarded by those who can have the luxury of wax candles. Without doubt the light produced by a number of these is the pleasantest and most effective. Light the other part of the room with what you will, but have wax candles on the table. The candlesticks and candelabra now in vogue are those made of silver-gilt, and of oxydised silver. E. C.

DIVERS WAYS OF COOKING APPLES.



FAMILIARITY,” it has been said, “breeds contempt.” More often than not, such contempt is unjust, arising, not from the worthlessness of the object with which we fancy ourselves familiar, but from our ignorance of its latent qualities and characteristics. It is unlikely that a fruit so useful to us as the apple will ever be altogether despised, yet I doubt whether every housekeeper appreciates it as much as it deserves, or is aware of the variety of forms in which it may be presented.

The apple has been known among us since the time of the Romans' invasion of our island, and was justly esteemed by them on account of its wholesome qualities. That is probably why it was amongst the fruits offered to the goddess of medicine. Claudius Albinus is said to have eaten a bushel of apples at each meal! If this was meant as an act of piety, I think his faith in the goddess must have been gigantic, and cannot help feeling that the consequences must have been disastrous, both morally and physically; yet, although I do not recommend such a wholesale consumption of the fruit to my readers, I believe that apples, in one or other of the many forms in which it is possible to present them, would be a desirable and

wholesome addition to our daily meals, especially at a time of year when fruit is scarce. Acting upon this conviction, I have gathered the following recipes from various reliable sources.

Apple Trifle.—Take a dozen large and good cooking apples. Pare and core them. Stew the cores and parings in half a pint of water, keeping as many of the pips as possible in the cores. Add to the liquor thus produced the grated rind and juice of two lemons, and a tea-cupful of brown sugar; now add the apples and stew in this syrup, taking care that it does not burn. Cut into three slices of equal thickness, a six-penny Madeira cake, place a slice in a deep glass dish, pour over it a wine-glassful of brandy; spread thickly over it a layer of the pulped apples; repeat the process till the two remaining slices of cake are used, leaving the top slice without a layer of apple. Arrange the rest of the apple around the base of the cake. Now beat thoroughly the yolks of two eggs, to which add half a pint of milk and half a pint of cream; sweeten with white sugar; put it over the fire, stirring it until it is just upon the boil; now pour it over the apples; chop two ounces of sweet blanched almonds, strew over the custard, and lay upon the whole a fine whip of cream, made some hours previously; arrange spoonfuls of red-currant jelly round the base of the trifle; dye

with cochineal a little crushed white sugar, strew over the top, and serve.

Pippin Tarts.—Take three large Seville oranges, peel them very thinly, boil the peel until it becomes soft, then chop it small; then pare and core four dozen small golden pippins, boil with only enough water to cover them; when nearly done, add a pound and a half of brown sugar, the chopped peel and juice of the oranges; boil all together till smooth, and allow it to cool; line your patty-pans with thin paste, fill up each with the fruit, bake for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in a brisk oven. These tarts are equally good cold or hot.

Marmalade de Pommes.—Peel some golden pippins, core them and cut them into very thin slices, put them into an earthenware or stone jar; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water; to every pound of apples add three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, and a small half-tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon; put the saucepan over a moderate fire; frequently shake the contents of the jar, but on no account stir with a spoon; when the marmalade looks smooth and clear put it into preserving-pots, and allow it to cool before tying down tightly.

Pommes Glacées.—Pare the apples; boil them in water; drain well; put in a wide-mouthed jar or deep dish; get ready a syrup of boiling sugar, pour it over, and let them remain in it a day and a night. Remove the syrup, boil it up; again throw it over the apples; repeat this process four times in four days. Now take out the apples, and dip them into a fresh syrup, boiled until it snaps; lay them upon sheets of paper in a dry place. This makes a very nice dessert-dish.

Apple Pudding à la Mode.—Take half a dozen large apples, peel, core, and cut them into quarters; steam or bake in a covered dish until they are quite soft; mash them to a pulp; add the grated rind and juice of a lemon; beat up the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs; add a quarter of a pound of butter just melted over the fire; mix the whole smoothly together; line a dish with a light puff paste, bake twenty minutes, and serve.

Apple Chocolate.—In a quart of new milk boil a pound of scraped French chocolate, and six ounces of white sugar; allow it to cool; beat the yolks of six eggs

and the whites of two, add gradually to the warm but not boiling chocolate, stirring well all the time; have ready a deep dish in which you have placed a couple of pounds of pulped apple, sweetened to taste and flavoured with cinnamon; pour the chocolate gently over it, and place the dish over a saucepan of boiling water. When the cream is firmly set, sift over it some finely-powdered sugar, and glaze with a salamander or red-hot shovel. This preparation is not only delicious, but also very wholesome, as the apple acts as a corrective to the richness of the chocolate.

Pommes à la Duchesse.—Take a dozen small apples, peel, core, and steam them until quite soft. Pulp them, mix smoothly with two well-beaten eggs, a gill of cream, some powdered white sugar, and bread-crumbs enough to form them into small cakes; lay them in a pan of boiling butter, and when nicely browned take them up. As soon as they are cold, squeeze some lemon-juice over them, lay on each a spoonful of thick cream, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve.

Pudding à la Rachel.—Take a pound of bread-crumbs, a pound of finely-chopped apples, half a pound of finely-chopped mutton suet, a pound of grocer's currants, a flat tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon or nutmeg, but not both, the rind of one lemon grated, the juice of two, and four eggs well beaten. Mix all together, put it into a well-buttered pudding-mould, place some well-buttered cooking-paper on the top, and boil four hours. Care must be taken that the water does not come within three inches of the top of the mould, and that the saucepan be kept well covered. Serve the pudding with wine sauce.

Pommes à la Frangipane.—Take some Ribstone pippins, pare, and bake them till they are thoroughly tender, then pulp them into a deep dish. Now mix with four well-beaten eggs, four small table-spoonfuls of flour, dilute with a quart of sufficiently sweetened new milk, add six macaroons, powdered finely, and a gill of orange-flower water. Place this mixture upon the fire, and as it thickens stir it well; pour it over the apples. Bake in a moderately heated oven for half an hour, dust over with white sugar, and serve.

Besides several other sweets prepared with apples, they can be used in the preparation of seasoning for game, salads, and savoury dishes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MEAT sandwiches are much nicer if the meat is minced before it is placed between the slices of bread. The sandwich should then be pressed well with a clean cloth, to keep it together. Great variety can be made in the seasonings, and hard-boiled egg finely chopped with watercress may be used instead of meat.

NEVER put potatoes on the dinner-table in a closed dish, the moisture from the steam on the dish-cover runs back into the dish and makes the potatoes sodden.

MIRRORS should be washed with warm soap-suds, then dusted over with powdered whitening in a muslin bag, and finally polished with a soft leather.

A GRAND remedy for rheumatic-gout is a boiled-potato poultice applied to the part affected.

So many people use enamel for renovating and adorning articles of furniture, that it is well to know that it should be used warm. Care should also be taken to use a good and fine brush for painting it on, otherwise it is apt to be smeary, and the hairs come out and stick on the enamel.

THE misery of cold feet on a railway journey may be obviated by the use of a newspaper wrapped round the legs and feet. A penny spent on a paper for that purpose is money well spent.

IF you want window-plants to keep fresh and look well, a spray-producer, with a fine spray and lukewarm water, should be used over the plants once or twice a week, and in summer every day when the sun is not on them; this keeps the foliage from getting too dry and dusty. Ferns especially enjoy this treatment.

KID-GLOVES get very dirty inside long before they are worn out. They should then be turned inside out, and cleaned with bread-crumbs.

A BAG of flax-seed soaked in water for some time makes a good wash for varnished paint, and keeps the paint bright.



ROSE LEGENDS.

THE old legend as to the origin of the rose runs thus. The rose came of nectar spilled from heaven. Love, who bore the celestial vintage, tripped and overset the vase; and the nectar spilling on the valleys of the earth bubbled up in roses. The rose is a very old flower, it goes back to remote antiquity. The number of species of roses known to the ancients was not great. They knew in fact of only the four main species, which are to this day indigenous to Greece—the hedge-rose, the heptree (of which the moss-rose is a variety), the pimpnel-rose, and the centifolia, the queen of all the roses, which has been celebrated by the poets of every age and people. It appears to have been a native of Schirwan, in the province of Bagdad, and probably was first introduced into Europe in the time of Alexander the Great. The most beautiful roses were those of Campania, as they were the earliest in flower, while those of Malta were the most fragrant, and those of Cyrene (where the moss-rose is cultivated with great diligence and care) the most celebrated for yielding oil. The roses of Pæstum were universally famous. Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Propertius vie with each other in singing the praises of

“Pæstum’s twice-blooming roses.”

There they grew in unwonted luxuriance, and flowered, as the poet intimates, twice in the year. Herodotus tells us that there were roses in the garden of Midas, the son of Gordius, in Phrygia that had sixty leaves, which grew of themselves, and had a more agreeable fragrance than all the others. The roses of Damascus were of a magnificent bloom. It is said that it was the rose-gardens of this old city in which, then as now, the Syrian lords sat among the damask flowers by the rushing streams from Lebanon, that Naaman had in mind when he asked, “Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Egypt?”

In the early centuries of the Christian era, when a constant migration of nations was taking place, the cultivation of the rose perished in



ROSES FOR THE INVALID.

the same grave with ancient civilisation, leaving scarcely a trace behind. During the Mediæval Ages the training of the rose seems to have been strangely neglected. The times were rude and barbarous, and war and conquest occupied the thoughts of men more than the cultivation of the arts of peace. There exists, however, a precept of Charlemagne in his *Capitulaires de Villis et Centis*, in which he recommends the Franks to cultivate the rose. The Benedictine monks subsequently greatly advanced its growth, and wherever a cloister of this order was set up a rose-garden was sure to be found in its vicinity. The rose was much cultivated and improved among the Arabs. The Crusaders brought many species, hitherto unknown in Europe, into France and Germany. The Damascus rose, for example, was carried by them to Provence in the year 1100. But it was not until the latter part of the sixteenth century that any real and general interest was awakened in this beautiful flower. Lobel published in 1581 a description of ten kinds of roses. Bauhin, in 1620, mentions nineteen species. Wildenon, in 1797, describes thirty-six species, and Persoon in his *Synopsis Plantarum*, published in 1798, speaks of forty-six, among which was the beautiful Bengal rose, that is indigenous to China, eclipsed long since by the modern favourite, the soft, delicate tea-rose, with its additional beauty of red-brown foliage and crimson stem.

The greatest impulse to the cultivation of the rose was given by the Empress Josephine, in France, at the beginning of the present century, while immense progress in the same delightful field has been made in this country. In our time so many varieties of the rose are cultivated, that he who should now attempt to point out their number would perhaps have to alter his figures to-morrow, as some new variety was presented to him.

The history of literature furnishes us with abundant evidence that the rose has been preserved in men's affections and memories all along the ages. It is still the queen of flowers, as it was in the time of the Romans. Pliny ranked the rose as the first of all flowers. A writer in the *Spectator* lately remarked: "The rose has still the purest perfume in Nature." Over the door of the chapter-house in York Minster is the legend in Saxon characters—

"Ut Rosa Flos Florum,
Sic est Domus ista Domorum."
"As is the rose the flower of flowers,
So of houses is this of ours."

Martin Luther, the great German reformer, often wore a rose at his girdle, and had the same flower engraved on his seal. The rose was the favourite flower of Sappho, the Greek poetess. Meleager sings—

"Sappho's flowers—so few, but roses all."

The rose is prominent as an emblem in the arms of many princes of olden times, as the princes of Lippe and the dukes of Saxony. The white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster, as we all know, played an important part in English history. At Mid-Lent the Pope sends a golden rose to particular churches, or crowned heads whom he designs specially to honour. Alexander III. sent one to Louis the Young of France, Urban V. gave one to Joanna of Sicily, the Elector Frederic of Saxony, Luther's friend, received one, and Henry VIII. of England, defender of the faith, was honoured by two such roses. The Empress Eugenie and Queen Isabella of Spain in our own day have been rewarded by a like gift.

In the Tyrol at the present day betrothed swains are expected to carry a rose during the period of their betrothal, as a warning to young maidens of their engaged state. Roses

play an important part in popular usages in many other parts of the world. When a stranger enters a house for the first time at St. Jago, in Chili, the lady of the house presents him with a rose, in token of his being welcome. In Germany young girls deck their hair with white roses for their confirmation, their entrance into society; and when at the end of life the aged grandmother departs to her eternal rest, a last gift in the shape of a rose-garland is laid upon her bier. It used to be the custom in ancient Germany for a bridegroom to send or bring to his betrothed a golden rose, as a token that he was about to claim her. There is the sad legend of the young girl who tells her sister how she dreamed of her dead lover coming to her, and placing the golden rose on her bosom, and how she and he floated together, "hand in hand," up and away into the heaven of the stars—

"For the bride has met the bridegroom,
Death has brought the golden rose."

Amongst the Romans, as we have intimated, the rose was regarded with enthusiastic admiration and became a conspicuous object in all their entertainments. The Roman bride used to carry a wreath of roses and myrtle twigs beneath her purple veil. All the statues of the gods and of illustrious men in Rome were decorated with wreaths of roses. At the public games the senators used to receive wreaths of roses from the ædiles.

When Scipio, conqueror of Hannibal, returned from Africa, he ordered the soldiers of the eighth legion, which had been the first to penetrate into the Carthaginian camp, to carry bunches of roses in their hands on the day of triumph, and thenceforward in commemoration of their victory to wear the rose upon their shields. The Romans sought to give an additional relish to their feasts by the aid of the fragrance of the rose. People were not satisfied unless their cup of Falernian wine were swimming with roses. In some of his banquetings Nero caused showers of roses to be rained down upon his guests from an opening in the ceiling. The Sybarites used to sleep upon beds that were stuffed with rose-leaves. In one of his most graceful odes Horace alludes to this use of the rose. "What dainty youth, bedewed with liquid perfumes, caresses you, Pyrrha, in some pleasant grotto, amidst a profusion of roses?" Cleopatra in the entertainment she gave in honour of Marc Antony, spent an immense sum in the roses with which she had the floor of the banquetting room covered to the depth of an ell; and over the flowers a fine net was drawn. It is recorded that Julius Cæsar concealed his baldness at the age of thirty with the produce of the Roman rose-gardens, and Anacreon hid the snows of eighty winters under a wreath of roses. Verres wore a garland of roses on his head and another round his neck. He used to travel in a litter, reclining on a mattress stuffed with roses.

On the axe of the Secret Society, the *Velmgericht*, there was the figure of a knight with a bunch of roses in his hand. The custom of the Freemasons of adorning themselves with roses sprung, no doubt, from the Middle Ages. Many orders and societies have taken the same flower as their badge, the "Rosicrucians," for example, a philosophical sect which arose in the early part of the fourteenth century. The "Society of the Rose of Hamburg," an association of learned ladies of the seventeenth century is another instance of the same kind, though not so well known. It was divided into four sections, the roses, the lilies, the violets and the pinks. At Treviso, in Italy, there used to be held annually, a curious rose feast. A castle was erected with tapestry and silken hangings, and defended by the best-born maidens in the city against the attacks of the young bachelors, almonds, nutmegs,

roses, and squirts filled with rose water, being the ammunition freely used on both sides. The holy Medardus, Bishop of Noyon, in the sixth century instituted in France the custom of *La Rosière*, the festival of the Rose Maiden, by which, in certain localities, a gift of twenty-five livres and a crown of roses were bestowed on the most deserving maiden in the commune.

The romancers of the Middle Ages always coupled roses and young girls in their songs. In Provence the first of May was kept in honour of the Queen of the May who, decked out with roses and garlands, used to occupy a throne at the entry of the chief thoroughfares while her companions at the foot of the throne levied contributions in her honour from all that passed by. The crowning of the rose queen, typical of the reign of high summer, as that of the May queen, six weeks before, typified the sway of early summer, is one of those quaint old customs still observed in some continental places, and dates back to an early age. Her ceremonies are no doubt a survival of the worship of the goddess Flora, in the days before it was wailed—

"Pan is dead—great Pan is dead!"

In the neighbourhood of Jerusalem there is a lovely valley which still bears the name of Solomon's "rose garden," and where, according to a Mahomedan myth, a compact was made between the wise man and the genii of the Morning Land which was written, not in blood, like the bond between Faust and Mephistopheles, nor in gall, like our modern treaties, but with saffron and rose-water upon the petals of white roses. The old Jewish writers say that Jerusalem was distinguished from all the other towns in Judæa, as by several other particulars so in this especially, that no garden nor trees were planted within its walls save rose-bushes. The Persians have long held their celebrated "Feast of Roses," and Hafiz makes his hero say, "Call for wine and scatter roses round," while we find one mentioned in the Apocrypha who said, "Let us crown ourselves with roses before they are withered." The Scriptures make mention of the rose by name only in two places. Isaiah speaks of the happy age of the Church, when "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." And in the "Song of Solomon," the bride is represented as saying, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley."

Let me bring this paper to a close by a reference to the wonderful rose-tree which grows at the east end of the cathedral of Hildesheim in Hanover, and the legend connected with it. The tree is said to be eight hundred years old, and is nourished through pipes with bullocks' blood. It spreads over the east end of the church and produces thousands of flowers. Tradition tells us that one of the early emperors when going a-hunting took with him his chaplain, and had mass celebrated in the wild forest that then covered the site of Hildesheim. At the conclusion of the service the priest hung the sacred vessels on a rose-bush which grew hard by, and went on to the sport with his master. In the evening when they returned, what was their astonishment to find that the rose-tree had grown to such an enormous size, that the holy vessels were beyond their reach, and hidden in a thicket of thorny rose-branches! The emperor on witnessing the miracle built a shrine on the spot to commemorate what had happened; and this being greatly resorted to, the town of Hildesheim grew up around the cathedral, which was erected on the site of the shrine with the original rose-tree clinging to the walls.

"And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie."

WILLIAM COWAN.

PIANO-PLAYING EXTRAORDINARY.

By FRANK HOLMFIELD.

Photographs by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield.

THERE is a pianist who can make his instrument speak, sing, and laugh like an angel. That's Paderewski. There is another player who can make a



THIS PART OF THE PERFORMANCE ORIGINATED IN THE COLLAPSE OF A PIANO-STOOL WHILE MR. ROSS WAS PLAYING CHAMINADE'S "ELEVATION."

piano behave like a being of less heavenly connections. That's Ross.

There is a difference between the methods of the two players. A big difference really. Paderewski sits comfortably on his well-padded stool while he plays. Ross does not require such pampering. Anywhere does for him to sit. On the floor; on his own head; on the door-mat—anywhere, so long as he is able to reach the keys with his fingers or any other portion of his person. Put Ross in a room where there is a piano, blindfold and handcuff him, and gyve him to the farthest wall. It doesn't matter. He will play the instrument. In some way or other he is sure to touch the keys. And whenever he touches, you will hear good music. Wrap him up as tightly as an Egyptian mummy. The next minute you will hear him playing a sonata with his nose, or with a stump of pencil gripped between his teeth. And he

can play as well with a couple of bricks or boxing gloves as most people can with their fingers.

Everybody knows everything of Paderewski. But who is Ross? Well, his baptismal appellation is George Ross Gilfallan, and he is one of the clever pair of professional performers known as Ross and Grayson, whose refined entertainment, "The Professor and his Pupil," has found much favour with the London and provincial public.

Mr. Ross—to use his professional name—began his musical career as a chorister at Windsor. As a pupil of Dr. Walford Davies,



PLAYING PIANO WITH HANDS AT BACK, FACING AUDIENCE.

he acquired great ability as a pianist and violinist. Later, as musical conductor, he made a name for himself in the royal borough, and afterwards in America. His

remarkable smartness at the pianoforte, however, having attracted the attention of enterprising managers, he decided to "go on the stage," and engagements duly flowed in.

And now, with the aid of his clever and charming American wife, who is the "Grayson" of the duo, he has become one of the most popular of those public entertainers who are content to be funny without being vulgar.

Mr. Ross's piano-playing extraordinary, whilst not forming the whole of the entertainment in which he and his wife appear nightly, is decidedly a very remarkable item in a clever performance.

The introduction of this trick playing occurred through an amusing incident which happened during a performance of "The Professor and his Pupil," about a year ago. Mr. Ross was sitting at the piano playing Chaminade's "Elevation"—a rather appropriate air, considering the sequel—when the stool collapsed under him, and the player found himself sitting in a rather undignified

succeeded in finishing it as perfectly as though he sat on the piano-stool. It was a great hit. The audience applauded lustily, laughing heartily as well. No doubt they thought the little bit of unexpected comedy



DANCING WHILST PLAYING BACKWARDS.

position on the floor! The audience naturally laughed. A bright inspiration came to Mr. Ross. Sticking his heels upwards into the air, he continued to play from his "seat" on the floor the same air, "Elevation," and



PLAYING THE TREBLE OF A SOLO WITH THE NOSE.

was "part of the show." And the player found consolation for his bruises in the hearty congratulation of his manager, who came up to him and declared the "new business" excellent, and hoped that next evening Mr. Ross would repeat his acrobatic performance, and "a little bit more" into the bargain. However, as the collapsing stool would have proved a rather painful affair every evening, so far as the performer was concerned, the "new business" was modified to reduce the risk of concussion of the brain. But the performance of Chaminade's "Elevation" from a seat on the floor was continued, and the art of acrobatic pianoforte-playing duly evolved into its present remarkable stage.

In the short space available for a magazine article it would be impossible to describe in detail all the extraordinary feats performed by Mr. Ross. Only the more striking items can be dealt with here.

It is hardly necessary to say that playing whilst sitting in a reversed position, with the hands behind the back, is quite a simple



ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT METHODS OF PLAYING PIANO: EVERYTHING IS ALTOGETHER REVERSED ON INSTRUMENT.



PLAYING STANDING ON HEAD.

matter to such an expert as Mr. Ross. But it is not so easy a matter as it looks to the audience. Any player who tries to accomplish the feat will be able to realise some of the difficulty of executing a piece of music under such handicapping circumstances. To be able to rattle off an operatic selection, or a difficult piece requiring elaborate fingering,

whilst sitting with the back towards the piano, is a task that most accomplished musicians would shy at. Mr. Ross succeeds, however, in playing thus, and with every appearance of ease and perfect execution.

Not only does Mr. Ross play in this way. He dances at the same time to his own accompaniment, and finishes up by shutting



LYING DOWN FROM TOP OF INSTRUMENT WITH FACE AND BODY TURNED OUTWARDS.



PLAYING SITTING ON THE FLOOR.

down the cover of the piano, executing a handspring, turning a somersault, and landing on his feet!

He is so thoroughly musical that he actually enlists his nasal organ in the service of the public's amusement, which, being interpreted, means that he plays the treble of any tune with his nose.

Another of the feats performed is that of playing whilst kneeling on the top of the piano, leaning downwards and pressing the keys from the opposite direction from that in ordinary playing. This, Mr. Ross informs me, is perhaps the most difficult of all his feats. Every movement of hands and fingers is altogether reversed, owing to the player's position. The greatest caution must be exercised, and only a player with an un-failing memory could hope to perform the feat without some ludicrous blunder.

Something must be said about the marvellous speed with which the performer manipulates the notes. It has been calculated that in some of the most difficult passages in a piece of music he strikes an average of ten notes a second, or 600 per minute.

Mr. Ross is always prepared to play any popular music selected by anyone in the audience. He does not confine himself to his own *répertoire*.

One of the quaintest of the effects produced is the playing by the right hand of one tune—say, "Dolly Gray"; and "Yankee Doodle" with the left hand; whilst the player sings another song, such as "Way down the Swanee River." The blending of the three totally different tunes is remarkable, there being no discord throughout.

"Lying down to his work," is a phrase sufficiently descriptive of other feats performed by Mr. Ross. Sitting on the top of the instrument with his back to the audience, he bends downwards until his face and upper portion of his body is visible to those in front. In this extremely uncomfortable position, the player, bringing his wrists outwards, is enabled to strike the notes with surprising effect and delicacy. He can play any air.

Another position that must prove very trying is when the performer plays whilst his heels are on the top of the piano, and his head rests on a footstool on the floor. How he escapes asphyxiation is something one can scarcely understand, as it takes a little time to complete a tune.

The most amazing feat of all those which

Mr. Ross accomplishes is undoubtedly that in which, lying upon his back on the floor, he plays the well-known intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" upon a violin, accompanying himself meanwhile on the piano with the heels of his shoes! This feat must be seen and heard to be appreciated.

A stage "hand" was once heard describing to a credulous friend the astonishing performances of Mr. Ross, and he finished up by declaring that "'E jumps inside the blooming pianner, shuts down the blessed lid, and starts playin' fer all 'e's worth!" But piano-playing extraordinary has not gone quite so far as that yet.

Mr. Ross seems as much at home with the pencil and brush as he is with a piano or violin. He does a very wonderful thing in playing with both hands on his favourite instrument whilst at the same time he draws portraits of celebrities upon the sheets of a paper block fixed up in front of him. Such industry is commendable. He apparently does not believe in wasting time.

The junior partner of Ross and Grayson (Mrs. Ross) is studying the art of piano-playing extraordinary at the present time, and the public is promised, at some future date, a lot of new striking effects by the combined forces.

The writer desires to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Glenister, the able manager of the London Pavilion, for allowing the accompanying photographs to be taken.



PLAYING THE VIOLIN AND PIANO, WITH LITTLE PEGS IN THE HEELS OF THE BOOTS.

TALKS WITH WOMEN.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER.

BY JENNY JUNE.

"MAKING MONEY."



It is only within a brief period that young women of what are called the "better" class have been infected with the desire of making money. Undoubtedly they were quite as industrious in former times, but in this country at least their labor and thrift have been generally applied to home duties, and until within the last fifteen years, have rarely been expended in a business, or upon an occupation which promised remunerative return.

The help which the daughters gave to the mother in household affairs was not repaid as that of the son in the store and the counting-house; it was spontaneous service, to be transferred to a husband when her position of daughter was exchanged for that of wife. Money, as an independent possession, was not considered necessary for women; it was thought right, proper, and best for them to be dependent upon their husbands, or male relatives; and, therefore, it was not until recently that women could hold either the money they earned or the property that was left to them. If married, it became at once indeed subject to the disposal of the husband—to be used by him for purposes of business, speculation, or pleasure—and the wife could obtain no redress, because it was legally done—the law recognized man and wife as one, and the man as that one.

Under these circumstances there was no motive for training girls to business. They could not legally do business; their existence was not acknowledged in a court of law; it was considered disreputable for men of means and position to allow their female relatives to be known as earning a livelihood; thus every possible inducement was furnished to keep women from sharing in the labor and enterprise of men, and every motive taken away to activity and independent exertion.

Unjust and unequal as this state of things appears to be, looked at from an abstract point of view, it had its bright side, and was perhaps providential for women in an

age when might made right, and the virtues cultivated in men were those of chivalry and generosity, upon which women were particularly dependent.

Thousands of women were born and died happy, protected, loving, and loved, into whose minds no thought of the "wrongs" of which we now hear so much had ever entered. If their ignorance was bliss, then we have high authority for declaring it folly to be wise, and if the object and aim of human life is individual happiness, there is no need to quarrel with their method of obtaining so large a share of it.

The latter half of the present century, however, and the growth of the individual idea, has made vast changes in the social condition of women, and invested them with responsibilities which their previous habits and education, popular prejudices and modes of thought, and commercial machinery everywhere, rendered it almost impossible for them to meet.

Men are no longer chivalrous or generous, and they have not yet learned to be just; women, therefore, have been forced back upon the hardest and most difficult methods of obtaining the livelihood they were compelled to seek.

Under the plea of physical unfitness to cope with men, they have been debarred from business, and from light and artistic occupations suited to their degree of strength and peculiar temperament, and compelled to earn a pittance by the poor and hard labor which requires little skill, preparation, or capital. In the presence, therefore, of the never-ending cant regarding the woman's physical inferiority, or lack of personal strength compared with man, we have the striking exhibition of ten women earning a living by washing, or hard household labor, to one man, and ten men earning a subsistence by selling yards of tape or ribbon, to one woman. However, we have a settled determination on the part of men not to allow women more than half pay for the same work, and we find them taking advantage of the general impression derived from the past, that men have a family to support out of their earnings, while women have only themselves, which is practically, almost exactly, the reverse of true.

Few married men of the middle class but receive assistance from their wives, not only in the labor which she puts in the household, but in direct and substantial contributions to the family income,

while women are rarely left to absolute dependence upon their own resources without having the aged or the helpless to care for also.

This liability renders it quite as necessary for them to receive adequate remuneration as men, and they should certainly do so in positions where they perform an equal amount of labor, equally as well as men. That they do not, and why they do not, a few examples will illustrate.

A china manufacturer of this city expressed his willingness to receive some graduates from the Academy of Design, and see what they could do in his establishment. Accordingly a number were sent, but an effort to introduce them created so much disturbance among the workmen, who, each and all, announced their intention of leaving, that the project had to be abandoned. Among them, however, was one who displayed original and exceptional talent. Every obstacle had been placed in her way; instead of being furnished with a model from which to draw, such as the male workmen had, she was thrown entirely upon her own resources, and roughly told to "show what she could do." She did so, and without any assistance or suggestion produced some novel and very beautiful designs.

They were just what was wanted. They were fresh, unique, peculiar, and the proprietor would have been glad to engage her permanently for the finest "order" work. He proposed a salary of twenty dollars per week. "But, Mr.—," replied the spirited girl, "you pay your other designer forty dollars per week, and you say yourself that I have ideas, and he has none, why will you not pay me as much as you pay him?" "Well," returned the master, (?) "the fact is, I cannot. Mr. S— would leave, and so would the other men, if I paid you more than half the regular wages. That is the condition upon which they permit you to stay."

"Then I will leave," she replied, which she did; but it may be remarked, *en passant*, that her orders as an outsider from this and another establishment brought her full pay, in spite of the ban under which the regular workmen had endeavored to place her.

It is said, and truly, that there is nothing to prevent American women from fitting themselves for any pursuit for which they have the proper natural qualifications. But although it is true that women can, by energy and perseverance,

fit themselves for almost any employment, yet there are none of the natural and unconscious facilities afforded them which exist for men. Not only is it more difficult to obtain entrance into trades and professions, but there is often the determined opposition of friends to encounter, and the entire lack of the encouragement and stimulus supplied by public and private effort to men.

These obstacles may not deter genius, but every woman is not possessed of genius, or even of a decided inclination for a particular kind of work. Her instinct tells her that in a contest of physical strength she must prove unequal, yet she seems forced back upon mental labor as the only alternative of existence.

A new solution of the problem, however, has recently presented itself—it is a truly American idea, and owes its rapid growth in the minds of young American women to fast coming necessities, to the deeply inwrought love of comforts and luxuries, and the inadequacy of men to supply them. The coming American woman, the offspring of the present generation, will be a business woman. She will devote all her thoughts, all her energies to the making, instead of the earning of money.

This idea receives encouragement, and will receive more.

The class exclusion of women from all kinds of business and mercantile life is fast dying out. Every one wants to spend money. Men and women of high rank in other countries, it is found, do not disdain to turn the honest or dishonest penny, and why should republican Americans?

Queen Victoria was just as willing, nay, just as anxious to get her per centage as any poor author in Spruce street, and though few women have discovered the bliss hidden in the loaf which is earned before it is eaten; yet not a few have determined that if they must earn the loaf they will also have some butter to put upon it.

What the result of this new departure on the part of women will be it is impossible to foretell. The probability is that it will take the cleverest and most able women out of matrimony, and leave those for that office who can earn a livelihood in no other way. Already the desire to "make money," on the part of women, is universal. The fact that some have made it stimulates others, while its possession, it is seen, restores the bloom to faded cheeks, the bright-

ness to lack-lustre eyes, in the estimation of men, as nothing else can. In other words a woman who has made money, has her business and familiar associations like a man. Her life is not circumscribed to four walls and her interests to her pet kitten. She numbers her friends by hundreds, has not ceased to be attractive, though she has ceased to be young, and is accepted as a clever and equal associate by men who would be ashamed of gallantry.

This is what making money has done for some women, and is doing for more. It is not an advance in morality, but it is perhaps a necessity of the times, which are teaching women, when they are no longer "protected," by what means they can best protect themselves.

I confess I would be glad to see a little anxiety to do good work as well as to get high pay. Even young girls fresh from school, or who have never been to school, set up for writers, and teachers, and doctors, and lecturers, without experience, but with a sublime gift of assurance, air their trivialities, and with the unconsciousness of ignorance call it work, and ask pay, when they ought to ask pardon.

This is not the modesty or morality which men have been led to expect from women. It is simply the egotism and unscrupulousness of men destitute of real manhood.

The accepted way to make money, even among average men, is to find a vocation for which they are at least partially fitted, and fill it with acceptance, if not with honor.

Now, instead of rushing into writing, and teaching, and lecturing professions, which are overcrowded with incompetent persons, male and female, I advise young women to turn their attention to business, not as book-keepers, or clerks, but as proprietors—buying and selling, if it is only a quart of pea-nuts, upon their own account.

I know that it is said, and said with truth, that business is gradually falling into the hands of the few; that small dealers are gradually, and in the inevitable course of events, being crushed out. But this is arguing upon general principles. There is nothing in the nature of things to prevent women from doing business on a large scale and there will always be a necessity for an intermediate exchange of commodities upon a small scale, for which women are really better fitted than men.

All the trade in fancy goods, small wares, confectionery, cake and bread stuffs, and the like, is practically done by women, only men take the profits.

There are other things, however, for which women can be trained, and for which they are then equally well fitted.

There is a married woman to-day in the city of New York who has made a fortune of nearly a million of dollars by dealing in real estate. She obtained her knowledge of it from her mother, who, without ever having heard of "woman's rights," took hers, bought, sold and rented houses thirty years ago, often taking her little girl with her on her expeditions, and unconsciously supplying her with knowledge which she turned to practical use when experience taught her that, though a married woman, she must depend upon herself.

This millionaire, made so by her own efforts, when recently called upon, was making currant-jelly with the assistance of a colored girl. She received her visitors without a particle of discomposure; had a bouquet of flowers cut from her conservatory, and gave evidence of acquaintance with the details of house and grounds, which showed her the versatile woman; and an excellent housekeeper she is said to be.

There are abundant opportunities always for superior ability in any profession. There are openings in the city of New York to-day for women lawyers, women doctors, and women professors, preachers, and teachers; but they must be *great*. There are already more shysters, and quacks, and frauds of every description, than the community know what to do with.

Let there be some distinction, then, between the mere making of money and that obedience to a law of your being, which obliges you to become artist, or doctor, or teacher, or writer.

You can "make money" in a thousand ways, and it is a mere matter of acquisition, of bargain and sale between the buyer and the seller; but it is an honor to write; it is a privilege to teach; and it would better befit the young aspirants to these callings to be modest in their claims, conscientious in their efforts, and willing to wait until they can add something to the general quota of thought and intelligence, before they demand fortune and personal recognition from names made illustrious by patient toil and persevering, self-sacrificing endeavor.

The Sequel.

(Respectfully dedicated to the author of "Nancy—An Idyl of the Kitchen.")

OH lovers, who fancy that if you are rich in
The love of a damsel who knows how to sew,
Who passes her mornings at work in the kitchen,
Your cake's in no danger of turning out dough,
Come listen awhile, as in mournfulest verses
A sufferer tells what you all ought to know,
And here for your benefit bravely rehearses
How his cake, alas! proved the heaviest dough.

My Prudence, although not possessed of a nickel,
Was raised by a notable mother; and so
There was nothing she could not preserve or else
pickle.

And her heart seemed as light as was always her
dough.

How often by chance, or by warm invitation,
I dropped in to tea, only lovers will know;
And though of my coming she'd no intimation,
She'd always fresh biscuits of well-kneaded dough.

"Ah, here," I exclaimed, "is the girl for my money:
It's not a great deal, but how far it will go
With a wife who makes bread that is sweeter than
honey,

And who isn't too grand, the dear thing, to knead
dough."

With a prospect like this, I'd no reason to tarry;
She owned that she'd loved me "a long time ago,"
And when I suggested that straightway we marry,
She rose to the plan like her own lovely dough.

And what is the sequel? My home is perfection,
No doubt you will think. Oh, how much you all
know!

My wife is fatigued with a daily inspection,
And firmly declines the least contact with dough!
My little appeals to her conscience are slighted;
She's deep in a novel when not on the go,
And asks, with a smile, if I'm quite so benighted
As to think her fit only for kneading my dough!

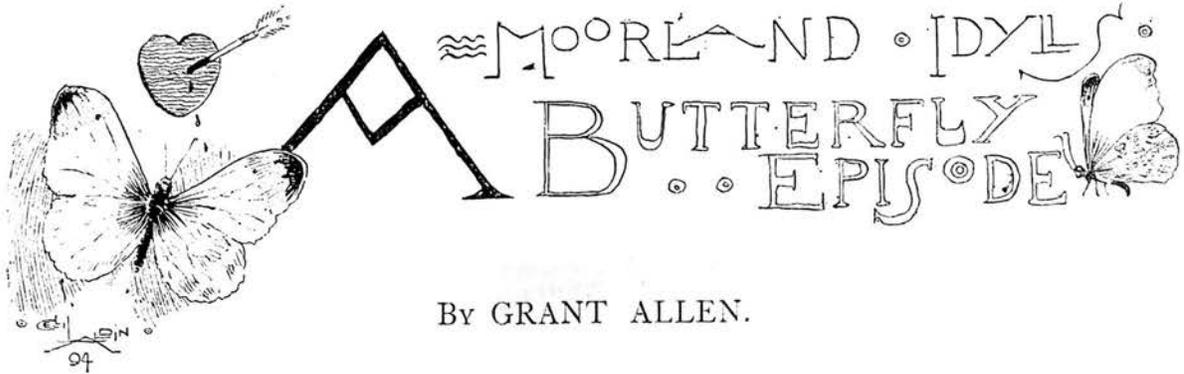
To a slight explanation she once condescended:
Her life was a burden, she hated work so;
And she thought, when she married, her troubles
were ended,

And vowed never more to lay finger to dough.
With satins and laces I'm forced to adorn her;
She yawns over Ruskin, says Irving is "slow";
We deal with the baker who lives round the corner,
Although he puts alum, I'm sure, in his dough!

I offer, in meekness, a single suggestion.
A marriage may last fifty years, as we know;
Things beside heavy bread sometimes cause indigestion:
Don't marry a girl just because she kneads dough.

Margaret Vandegrift.





BY GRANT ALLEN.

HE was an airy, fairy orange-tip. He had just emerged from the chrysalis, and stood poised for a moment, like a hesitating Psyche, on the flat-topped blossoming branches of a big white cow-parsnip. For the most part, he sat there, irresolute, plimning his untried wings, and half opening them tentatively from time to time, as if wondering to himself how the dickens they got there. And well might he wonder; for remember, he was bred a common green caterpillar; never till this moment did it dawn across his mind that such a motion as flight could exist in the universe. So there he sat still, uncertain what strange change had come over him unawares. Six well-formed legs, in place of the creeping suckers on which he crawled in his youth; and what could these thin vans mean—these light and airy vans, that moved so dubiously on his soft woolly shoulders?

While his wings remained erect and closed, the under surface alone showed; and that was chequered green and white, like the flowers he sat upon. Indeed, so exactly did groundwork and insect harmonise with one another in hue and markings that even a quick eye might easily have passed my orange-tip by unnoticed, were it not for the quivering movement of those uncertain wings, whose opening and shutting betrayed him as I passed to my scrutinising survey. And this in itself was odd. For "How did he know," thought I, "he who till lately was but a small green grub, feeding on the bush leaves and stems of cresses—that he ought now to make straight on his emergence from the chrysalis for this white-flowered cow-parsnip, which, indeed, is the favourite perching-place of all his race, and

which effectually conceals him from the prying eyes of birds that fain would prey upon him, yet of whose very existence he, a crawling caterpillar, was till this moment ignorant? Surely that shows in his small brain some curious pre-existent picture, as it were, of this unknown cow-parsnip—a picture which enabled him to recognise it offhand when seen, and to steer for it at once with unerring instinct."

As I watched, the timid creature, feeling his wings at last, made up his tiny mind to spread those untried vans, and venture into the unknown on the undreamt-of pinions. So he opened them wide, and displayed himself in his glory as a full-fledged orange-tip. His colours were still quite fresh; his feathery scales unspoiled by rain or wind or enemies. I gazed at him in delight, with sympathetic joy for his pure joy of living, as he unfolded those white wings with their brilliant orange badge and their fringe of dark purple. For a second or two he darted off in the brilliant sunshine, rejoicing; he seemed to learn, as he went, to recall of a sudden some dim but recurring ancestral memory. All at once, as he fluttered somewhat doubtfully in mid-air, he caught sight from afar of a female brimstone. "Will he chase her?" I thought to myself; though, indeed, I knew well, had I chosen to recollect it, that inherited instinct is far too strong in these little creatures to admit for a moment such egregious errors. Our great Bashaw just glanced at her with unobservant eye; no gleam of recognition lighted up the tiny face; he passed on, without one word; not a curve of the feeble flight; not a divergent pirouette of the orange-tipped

pinions. Then a Clouded Yellow floated past, pursued by two rivals of her own swift-winged race. They are the fleetest of our butterflies. My orange-tip just glanced at them as who should say, "Strange that insects of taste should put up with such colouring. Why, she's almost pure white. I wouldn't look twice at her." The words had scarcely thrilled through his fatuous little brain when up loomed from windward a small yellowish butterfly not wholly unlike himself: green and white underneath fringed with black above, but without the orange spot which made my lord so attractive. In a second I recognised her: it was a female orange-tip—a virgin female. But, quicker far

A familiar country sight. And yet, great heavens, what a miracle! For bethink you that that orange-tip was born and bred a small green-and-white caterpillar. He did not know, as you and I do, that his father and mother were orange-tip butterflies. He never saw or knew them. They were dead and gone before he emerged from the egg; and when he came out into the world, he met none of his own kind, save it may be some other small green-and-white caterpillars. His sole business in life was to gorge himself with cresses. At last, one fine day, when he had eaten his soul's fill, some inner impulse seized him. He began to transform himself, half unconsciously to his



BUT DAINY PINK IS NOT SO BEAUTIFUL ON THE NOSE AS ON THE CHEEKS OR LIPS.

than myself, her natural master had seen her and known her instinctively as the mate predestined for him. Hi, presto! as I looked, all the world was one maze: the pretty things were at once in the thick of their courtship.

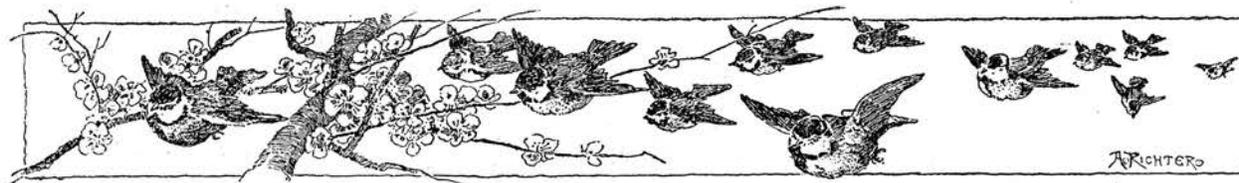
And what a courtship that was! How dainty! how ethereal! He, rising on the breeze and displaying with pride his beautiful orange tips; she, coquetting and curvetting, dancing coyly through the air, now pretending to fly away, now affecting disdain, now returning to his side, now darting off on light wings just as he thought he had captivated that capricious small heart of hers. So they continued for ten minutes their dainty aërial minuet; and when last I caught sight of them they were still circling undecided above the sprays of wild rose in the hedgerow by the valley.

own mind, into a boat-shaped chrysalis. There he lay as in a mummy-case, melting slowly away into organic pulp, and growing again by degrees into a full-formed butterfly. All his organs changed: strange legs and wings budded out on him incontinently. Yet even when he emerged once more from the mummy-case he had no intuitive knowledge of himself as a male orange-tip. Still less had he any distinct conception of the female of his species. But, as he floated about on his untried wings, he took no notice at all of any other butterflies; till the moment a mate of his own appeared upon the scene, and then he instantly and unerringly recognised her. The sole explanation of this marvel, it seems to me, lies in the fact that his nervous system has in it by inheritance a form or mould, if I may be allowed so material a metaphor, into

which the image of his own kind and of his own mate falls and fits exactly. The moment that mould is completely filled and satisfied, the creature that fills it he loves as instinctively as Miranda loved Ferdinand, the first human being she had ever beheld save her father, Prospero.

And what is thus true of the butterfly is true, I believe, *mutatis mutandis*, of all of us. On the human brain there is impressed by anticipation a blank form or model of the human face and the human figure. Our central type of human beauty is thus found for us by nature and ancestral experience: the nearer a man and a woman approach to that central type the more beautiful on the average, other things

equal, do normal judges consider them. I do not doubt, of course, that many other and more general elements come in to complete the developed concept. White teeth, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, delicate curves, have of themselves a certain intrinsic and universal æsthetic value as colour and lustre, as shape and softness. But dainty pink is not so beautiful on the nose as on the cheeks or lips; nor are curves as desirable in the lines of the spine as in the external contour. Indeed, even expression itself has its stereotyped value; for a baby in arms will smile responsive to a smile from its nurse, and will cry at a frown, independently of experience.



WHAT TO DO WITH A BUTTER TUB.

THE cost of the article itself is not more than sixpence, as provision merchants are glad to get rid of them. They are made very neatly of white wood, with wooden hoops, by our kinsfolk in Canada to pack the butter they send us in. A tub when dry shrinks, and the hoops would fall off; so, to prevent that, get some half-inch French nails and drive through the hoops into the staves, and then clench them inside, which will effectually keep the tub from dropping to pieces when it gets quite

dry, for, when you purchase it, the tub is naturally wet.

The first thing to do is to thoroughly wash the tub inside and out with hot water, soda, and soap to remove all grease, and put it aside to dry. Let this be done thoroughly, as paint will not dry if there is any grease on the wood, and we propose painting it and putting a little decoration on it; but before this three feet should be screwed on to the bottom. Large empty reels of cotton would do; but, if you want them shaped like those in the sketch, then you had better get a carpenter to make them for you. The feet, though not of course absolutely necessary, give such a finish to the appearance of the tub that I don't think any reader would wish not to have them.

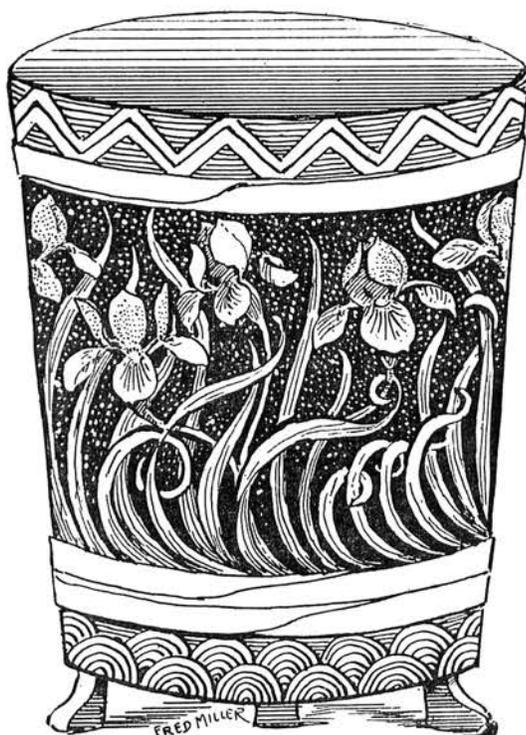
As to the colour of the tub, I have indicated a dark rich one in the sketch; but, of course, this is a matter of taste, though I think if it were painted a deep peacock-blue it would be very effective in a room, and would take decoration well. If you decide upon this colour, then get two pounds of white lead ground in oil, which you can purchase at a good oil-shop, half a pint of linseed oil, one pennyworth of driers and tubes of Prussian blue, emerald green, and French ultramarine, also a little turpentine. Pour some oil upon the lead, which you could put in an empty tobacco-tin, until it is well covered, with just a couple of dessertspoonfuls of turpentine and the driers. Let this wait for a while, though you can take a palette knife and stick it into the lead a few times to allow of the oil and turps amalgamating with it, and you can repeat this a few times. The next day the lead will be soft, and when stirred up should be

the consistency of cream (not clotted). If still too thick, then add more oil and turps, and strain it through some fine muslin, rubbing it through with a brush. Then squeeze out some of the three tubes, and add a little of the white, and mix up on a palette, and then put into the pot of paint and stir up. This will tint it a bluish-green colour, and you can now put on your first coat of paint. A flat hog brush about two inches wide will do well, or, if that is not procurable, use an ordinary round brush; but a good brush will give you a better result, as the colour should be put on evenly. When this coat is dry, put a little more of the tube colours into your paint to darken it still more, and then give the tub its second coat. The last coat will have to contain very little white if your ground is to be dark, and you ought to add a little more driers, as the tube colours take some time to dry, unless you put something in the nature of driers into it.

When this last coat is quite hard, you can decorate or stencil your tub. If you put on some hand decoration, choose plants that lend themselves to the shape of the tub. I have indicated the iris as the *motif*; but the ox-eye daisy, meadow-sweet, and many other plants can be used with equal advantage.

These tubs do most excellently for large ferns, palms, or other indoor plants. If you are content with plain painting, and do not care to decorate the tub, then you could finish with a coat of enamel, and paint the hoops a lighter colour. By the way, some of the tubs have three hoops, and this centre one will interfere with such a design as the one I have sketched. If you cannot get one with two hoops, remove this centre one if you wish to paint such a plant as the iris; but, if you use stencils, then a couple of rows of stencilling between the hoops will nicely ornament it. I should advise the painting of the inside of the tub with a couple of coats.

Don't forget to have a saucer or tiny tray at bottom of tub if you have a growing plant in it so that the water does not rot the wood.



COUNTRY SCENES.-OCTOBER.



The trudging sow leads orth her numerous young,
Playful, and white, and clean, the briers among;
And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls.

BLOOMFIELD.

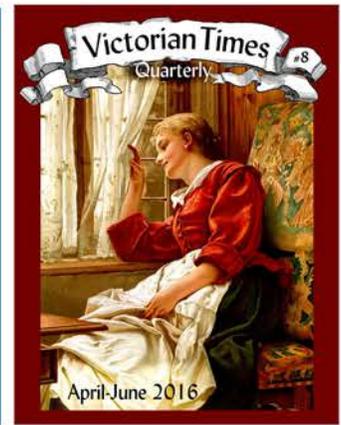
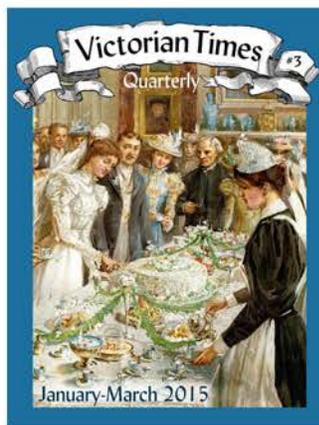
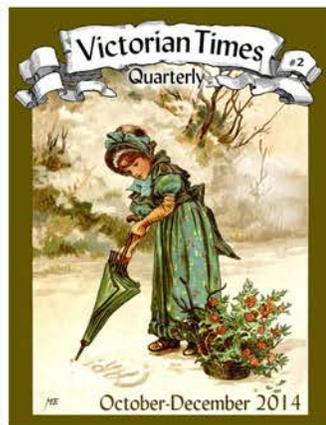
Illustrated London Almanack, 1848

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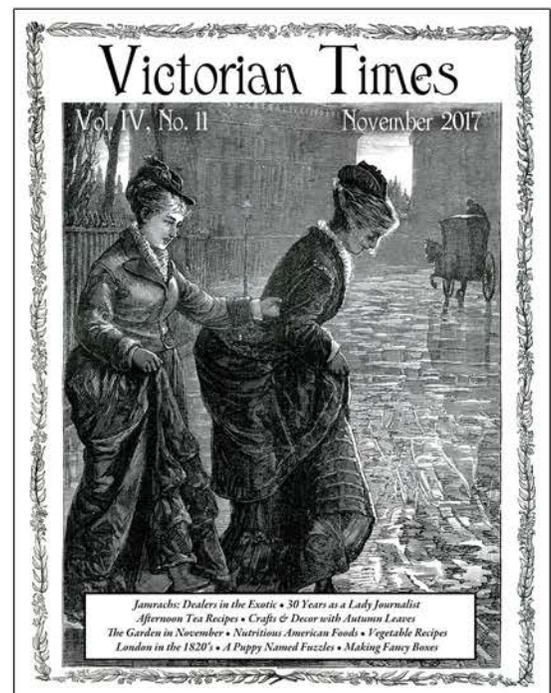
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