Victorian Times

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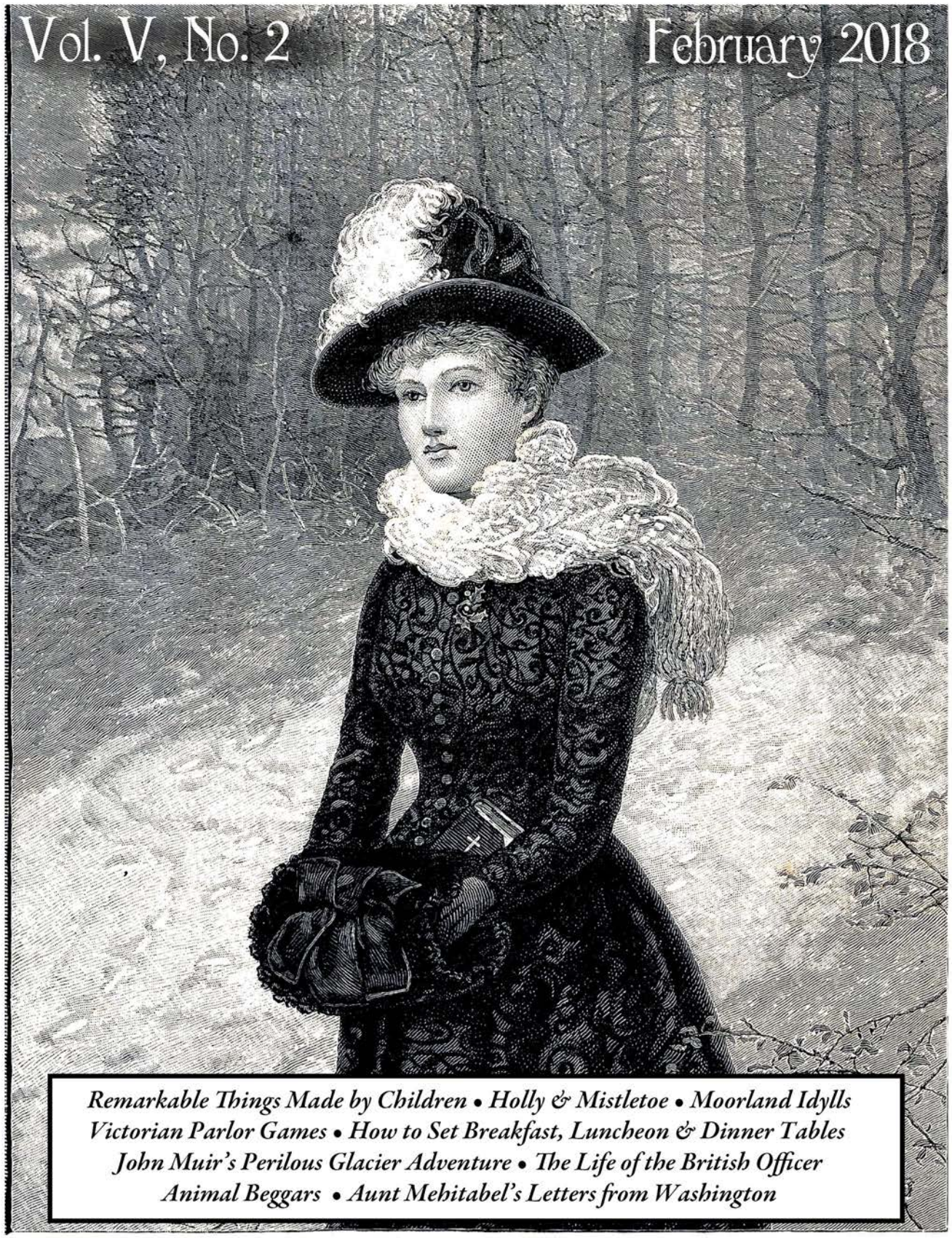

Remarkable Things Made by Children • *Holly & Mistletoe* • *Moorland Idylls*
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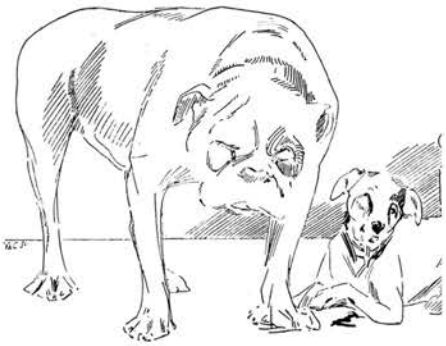

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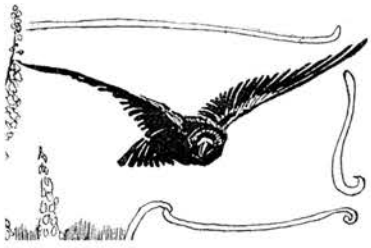

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** The Girl's Own Paper **Cassell's Family Magazine*

Tradeoffs...

One of the things that attracted me to the Victorian era at a young age (and no doubt long before I even knew there *was* a "Victorian era") was... the *clothes*. As a child, I looked forward eagerly to the day when I might step out in hoop skirts. What could possibly be more elegant? When I got home from school, I couldn't wait to "dress up"—we had a small collection of elegant gowns, mostly of unknown origin, though I think a couple were the prom dresses of my older sisters. And since at least one of those sisters had grown up in the 50's, I also had a small supply of puffy "poodle-skirt"-type petticoats. If you put two or three of those under a prom dress, it *almost* looked like a hoop skirt!

It was a great disappointment to realize that hoop skirts, crinolines, and evening gowns in general (by this time my tastes were more Ginger Rogers than Victorian) were probably not going to be a big part of my future. Or even a small part! By that time, of course, I had come to learn of corsets and other instruments of torture, and I certainly wasn't sorry that I wouldn't have to cope with *those*. But sometimes I still sigh over the lack of hoops (the wearable kind) in my life.

Reading Victorian magazines that cover a sizeable span of late Victorian history gives me a somewhat different perspective on Victorian fashion, however. It reveals the tradeoffs that the Victorian woman had to make. There's a reason why we don't have hoop skirts today, and it's not just because "tastes change."

It's because it's pretty darn impossible to ride a bicycle in a hoop skirt!

And the bicycle—as I'll explore in another editorial down the road, so to speak—was perhaps the most significant factor in the emancipation of the Victorian woman. Before the bicycle, a woman relied upon horse-drawn transportation to get about—and if one had a coachman and a footman to help one into one's coach, hoops weren't a problem. If I could rely on being driven about town by a chauffeur, I could probably get away with them today. (At least as long as I stayed in the car and that car had darkened windows...) But the bicycle meant individual, personal mobility—and the hoops had to go. In fact, ultimately, the skirts had to go. The corsets were already on their way out; fainting was becoming unfashionable. Knowledge, independence, and the ability to work for a living were on their way *in*—and these two "fashions" were simply not compatible.

Now, I don't regret the emancipation of the Victorian woman. If it weren't for my Victorian sisters-in-hoops, I wouldn't be writing this editorial today. I wouldn't have gone to college, I wouldn't have worked for a living, I wouldn't have my own career, and I certainly wouldn't be writing editorials about Victorians on a thoroughly modern computer. So I do thank those ladies for trading their hoops for college degrees.

But... isn't it typical that we look back with such nostalgia on the very things that our ancestors gave up for the sake of progress? Victorian Americans, for example, were suckers for anything that smacked of good old-fashioned "old-country" nobility or royalty. An editorial in *Godey's* bemoans the trend among nouveau-riche Americans of the day (the 1860's) to seek coat of arms as if they were British aristocrats. And Americans were bilked by the score by people posing as down-on-their-luck European nobles. (Think, for a moment, of the Duke and the Dauphin in *Huckleberry Finn*—such scams were as common then as deposed Nigerian nobility who want to personally give you their fortunes are today.) Americans who built an entire society on the concept of equality and the notion that nobody was better than anybody else simply based on their ancestry came to worship the idea of the born noble. They continued to draw the line, however, at actually being *governed* by "nobles"!

And so I think a great many of us modern, emancipated ladies secretly sigh over the fabulous fashions of the past. Those gorgeous gowns, those flowing skirts, those graceful silhouettes—such elegance is lost to us forever. Plenty of people are conducting their own small revivals of Victorian, and one women even published a diary about her experiments in wearing a corset. But most of us are aware—with a combination of joy and a bit of nostalgic sorrow—that we're the beneficiaries of a trade-off: elegance for emancipation. Just as Americans as a society had to choose between the romance of titles and the challenge of freedom, woman had to choose between gowns to die for and a life to live for. It was a good choice.

But I am still considering adding some puffy petticoats to the back of my closet...

—Moira Allen, Editor
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Things Made by Children.

By Robert Henderson.

THE writer of this article has made it his business to search the whole country through for interesting little specimens of ingenious work done entirely by children. The result of this quest is set out herein.

In the very first photo. is shown the interior of the carpenter's shop at the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys, at Kensington. A gorgeous doll's house is in course of completion for no less a person than His Majesty Chulalongkorn of Siam. The monarch does not want it for himself. This is, in fact, a doll's house with a history. When King Chulalongkorn was in Edinburgh a few months ago he was shown over a children's hospital. He was pleased with what he saw, and he asked his suite what acceptable form his satisfaction might take. Up rose Mr. Verney, Councillor to the Siamese Legation in London, and suggested a big doll's house. And the notion found favour with the King.

Now, Mr. Verney lives in Kensington, and it was his pleasure to place the order with the wonderfully intelligent children of the above-named home, many of whom have been trained by one of the most experienced carpenters in the country, who is attached permanently to the institution.

Words fail adequately to describe this most sumptuous of dolls' houses. Its great size is apparent in the photo. There were real curtains to the windows, real carpets, pictures, china and glass, fenders and fire-irons, chairs, tables, beds, and every other requisite and luxury that the most exacting doll could think of—if dolls think at all, that is.

The tiny workmen took an amazing amount of interest in their big commission—which, by the way, was worth about £50, *all on*. These children did absolutely everything, even to cutting the glass for the windows and putting in the fire-places. It was arranged that King Chulalongkorn himself should take over the house from the diminutive builders and decorators when all was complete—when the last stair-rod was placed in position. We understand that the Siamese King displayed such emotion on seeing the completed structure, as to predicate a root-and-branch alteration in the architecture of Bangkok.

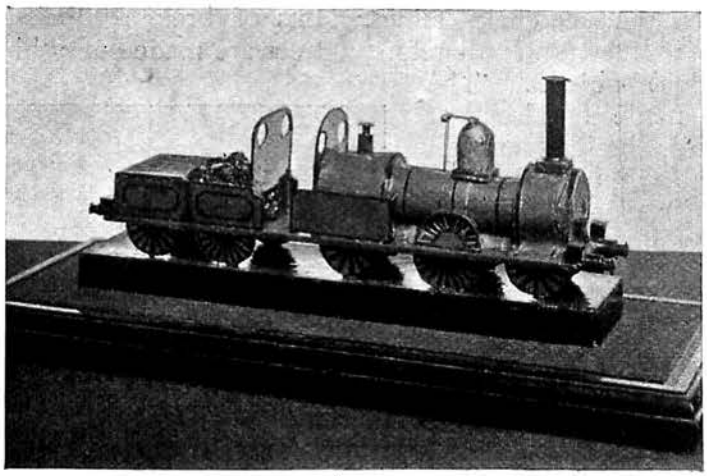
MAKING A DOLL'S HOUSE FOR THE KING OF SIAM.

The name of the house gave much trouble; for what is a house without an appropriate title? Some people have no title at all to their houses, but that is another question. Anyhow, the thing was, would "Chulalongkorn Villa" do, or would it suggest (or cause) profanity among the uninitiated? Or, again, should it be merely "Chulalongkorn"—just plain "Chulalongkorn," as it might be "Rosemead" or "Brierleigh"? Plainly, it was a delicate matter.

More interesting, however, was the ultimate use of this handsome and costly toy. Well, it was to be wheeled from ward to ward in the Edinburgh children's hospital, and while the babies might look and admire, they must on no account touch, lest the house fall into premature dilapidation.

MISS R. M. D. SPURGIN.

Here is a portrait of Miss Rosalie M. Dewing Spurgin, of Gresham Lodge, Sidcup, aged fifteen. Little Miss Spurgin's handiwork is next seen — a most creditable model of a Great Northern locomotive, named (appropriately, as will be seen) the "Mystery." Now, in the course of our travels in search of these things, we came across any number of model engines made by boys, but only this solitary one made by a girl.



MISS SPURGIN'S MODEL ENGINE.

"It is made," writes Miss Spurgin, speaking of her little engine, "of cardboard, wood, and paper. It is painted green, picked out with black and red, and is quite complete, with spring buffers, lamps, taps, pistons, boiler, dome, and funnel. I constructed it secretly in the winter evenings of the year 1888. The work was attended with great difficulty, for I had to hide myself away behind a screen. My secret was well kept, however, and none of the family suspected what I was doing until I placed my model complete in the middle of the dining-table on Christmas Day." Its size is 16in. by 3in., and 7in. high.

At that splendid institution, Reedham Orphanage, Purley, the small boys make model locomotives which are perfectly miraculous instances of the utilization of waste material. The art of constructing this model is, in fact, handed down from boy to boy as a heritage of fascinating pastime. The foundation is a scrap of wood; thin rolled cardboard goes to form the boiler and funnel; steps, levers, springs, etc., are made of wire and waste from watch-makers' shops. The coupling-chains are bits of toy watch-chains, and the lines round the boiler, shavings from old chocolate boxes. The model is 2ft. long, and only costs about 1s. 6d. for material.

Feltham is another place visited by us in search of children's work. It is only about a dozen miles out of London, yet few seem even to have heard of it—always excepting people who live there. There is at Feltham one of the largest industrial schools in the world. It is under the London County Council. The department we are most concerned with, however, is the Sloyd workshops, which are presided over by Mr. Henry Samworth, a most able instructor. The very small boys in this place produce articles of "bigotry and virtue" that are fairly staggering in their originality of conception, variety, and perfectness of finish. No wonder Feltham is easily first in the work competitions held by the Children's Aid Society. The boy in the photo. on the next page is holding a very novel specimen of work—the Lord's Prayer wrought in a square of wood by means of a fret-saw. The same boy could indite an epistle to his friends on the same original lines. So expert is the lad

THE LORD'S PRAYER CUT IN WOOD WITH A FRET-SAW.

with his saw, that it will be seen he fairly revels in all sorts of type, to say nothing of the elaborate scrolls and designs in the border.

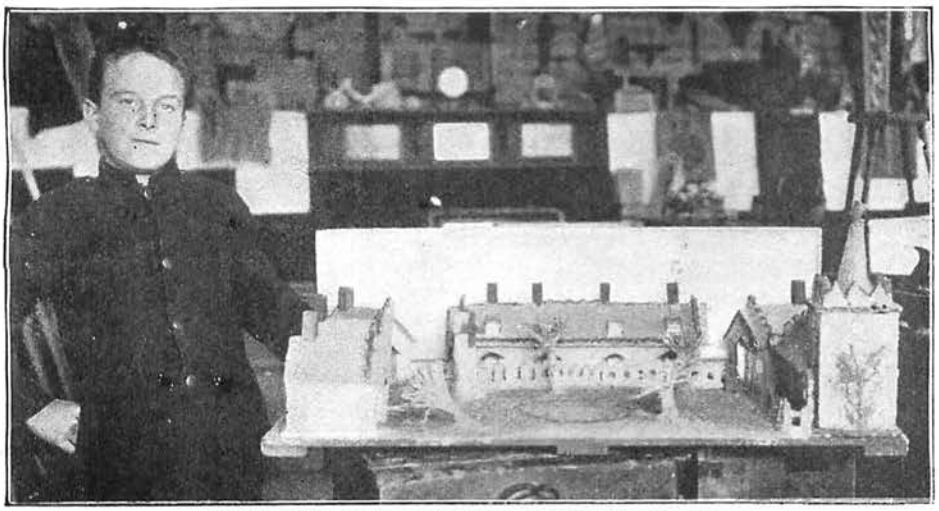
The Feltham boys turn out, in fretwork, photo. frames, inkstands, brackets, boxes, cabinets, models, and many other articles. The tiny wood-carvers produce chairs, tables, stools, and other useful (and therefore, perhaps, uninteresting) objects. The turnery class have made hundreds of pairs of dumb-bells, besides enough clubs to arm a Matabele impi. Frankly, we ourselves took far more interest in the little things the youngsters made for their own private gratification, or that of their mothers and friends.

Observe the boy in the next photo. He has constructed a highly creditable model of a village church out of unconsidered scraps of wood and cardboard, and powdered glass. There is something peculiar about that church. You see the slit in the roof of the nave? Very well; that explains the use of the little model. As a fact, its maker designed it as a collecting box, for use at bazaars. Had he, we wonder, noticed the reluctance people have to part with money at these embarrassing functions? And was the notion that contributors might be able to say, with literal accuracy, that they had "put money into the church"? Anyway, it is a good idea.

Only give boys and girls a lesson or two in this sort of thing, and you will be astonished at the result. It is a splendid pastime, this half-unconscious training of the eye and hand; and the ingenuity and fertility of resource displayed by some of the enthusiastic little workers are nothing short of marvellous. Why, we have seen luxurious drawing-room chairs, that wouldn't disgrace Park Lane, made out of small soda-barrels, with just a piece cut out of the side at the top, and the seat and back stuffed with rags and unravelled rope, and then covered with cretonne. These were made entirely by little girls.

On the next page is seen a highly commendable piece of work done by the bright little boy seen near it. It is a complete model of an English village, with church, parsonage, cottages, village green, and pond. In order that the design might not appear too prim and stiff, the tree on the left-hand side was represented as having been partly blown down by the wind. This interesting model was first drawn to scale on paper by our clever little friend. The various buildings are composed of scraps of wood from the workshop floor, and little bits of broken china. The palisades and trees are made out of bits of cardboard-boxes.

A CURIOUS COLLECTING BOX.

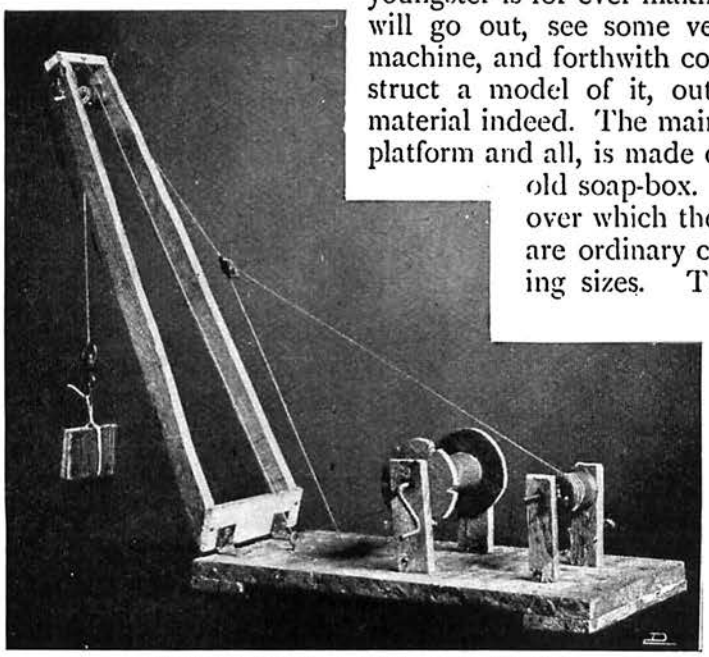


MODEL ENGLISH VILLAGE MADE OF CARDBOARD, ETC.

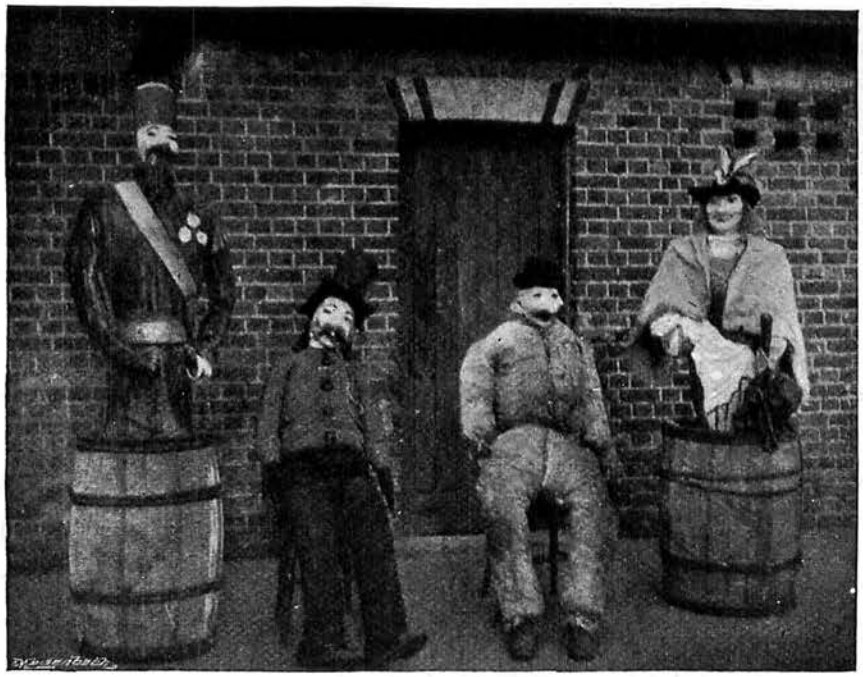
The whole village is nicely decorated, and mounted on a strong wooden platform. The little pond on the green is merely a small piece of thick glass, the edges of which fade imperceptibly into the gravel round about.

Naturally we approached the patent agents on the subject of things made by children. We learn that the agents have taken out several patents for boys of sixteen or thereabouts. The most interesting case was that of quite a little boy who some years ago applied for a patent for "improvements in, and applicable to, umbrellas and parasols." The patent was so valuable that it was actually opposed by a firm in the trade on several grounds. For one thing, they said, the patentee is a minor, and as such cannot own his own property or have a patent granted to him. It was a test case, with any number of appeals. Mr. W. P. Thomson, of Liverpool, defended the case as patent expert for the boy. Lord Cairns decided that the law in regard to minors was for their protection, and not for their disadvantage (sound sense as well as sound law), and that the Queen had absolute power to grant a patent to a minor. So the ingenious little boy won his case. Then, again, the model-makers will tell you of marvellously well-constructed models made by children. One of the most remarkable model oscillating engines the writer ever saw was made by Master J. W. Record, of 3, Shortlands Terrace, Lea Bridge Road, Leyton, who was a very small boy at the time. The boiler was a coffee-tin, the cylinder a bit of brass gas-pipe. Lead spoons, clockworks, bits of tin and wire — all these unpromising things did Master Record adapt to his purpose, until one is almost tempted to play upon his name in describing the resulting engine. The next attempt was something more than a toy, although the boiler this time had to be cut from sheet copper with the garden shears! This later engine is powerful enough to work a small sewing-machine. The little chap made his own drawings and even his own castings. He wants to become an engineer.

But for ingenuity and simplicity, commend to us the model crane seen in the accompanying reproduction. It was constructed in a single evening by Master W. J. McNab, of Rossie House, Lamb's Conduit Street. This youngster is for ever making something. He will go out, see some vehicle, building, or machine, and forthwith come home and construct a model of it, out of very primitive material indeed. The main part of the crane, platform and all, is made out of pieces of an old soap-box. The three drums over which the "rope" is wound are ordinary cotton-reels of varying sizes. The smaller pulleys are parts of window-catches. The handles and spindles are scraps of the iron "skimmer" with which the boy used to force his hoop along. Finally, the "rope" is twine from packets of



CRANE MADE FROM A SOAP-BOX, REELS, ETC.



FOUR GORGEOUS GUYS.

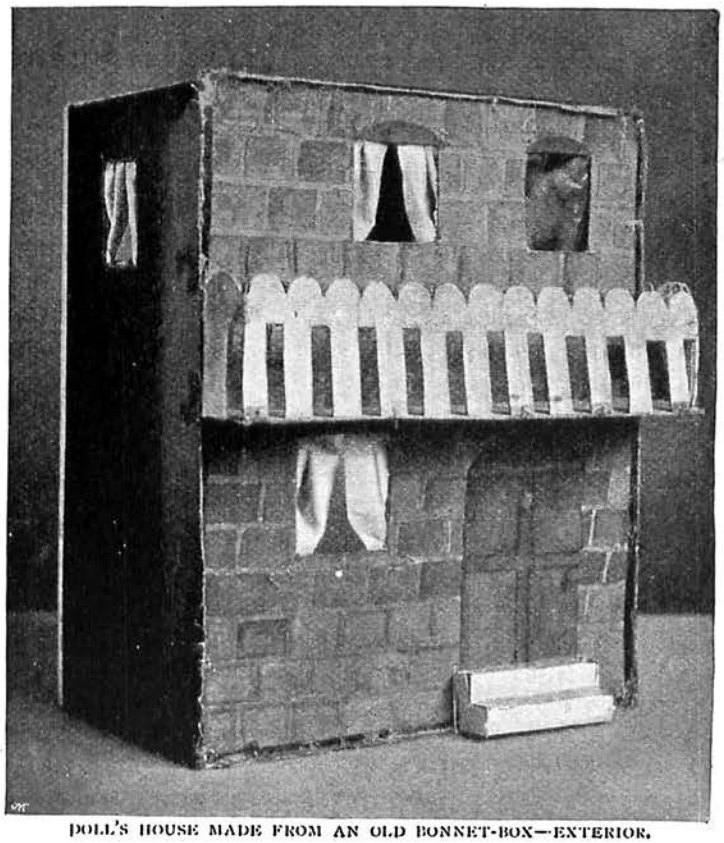
tea. With his model before him, the lad can give most luminous descriptions of the action and capacity of derricks and cranes of all kinds. His father (Mr. J. C. McNab) is superintendent of one of the Homes for Working Boys in London—institutions which are doing an enormous amount of good among working lads.

There are few things children love so well as the building-up of a really good effigy or guy. The accompanying photo. shows four of these, all in a row. They were made by the little boys at the Shaftesbury School, Bisley, which belongs to the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue. The guy on the left is intended to represent the Sultan of Turkey, for whom no indignity seems to be too great in this country. This effigy of the Caliph of Islam was made by two boys, who got some notion of the monarch's appearance from a portrait in one of the illustrated papers. The body is an old sack stuffed with straw. The fez is a jam-tin; and as to the belt, sash, medals, and other trappings, really, the less said about them the better, since allusion to their origin might cause a diplomatic rupture at the Porte.

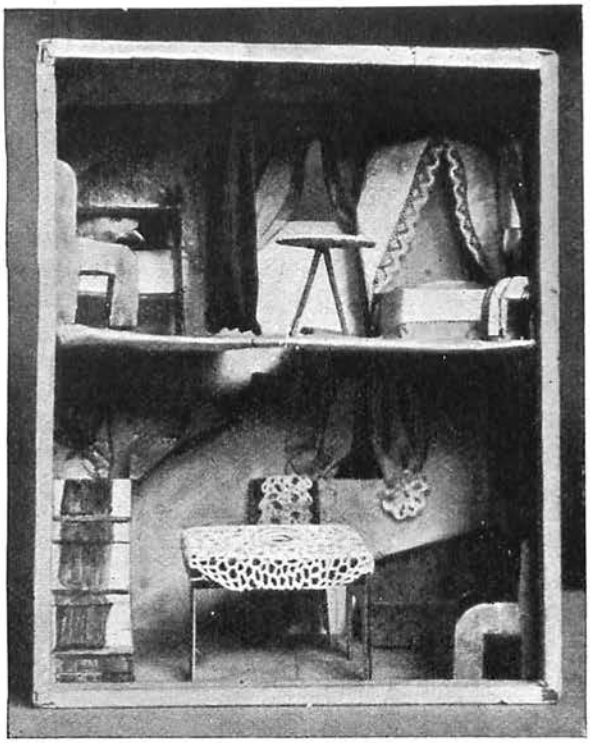
Cheek by jowl with Abdul is a "Japanese gentleman," obviously in an advanced stage of alcoholic hilarity. It took three boys to make him. Briefly, he is an old suit of clothes filled to bursting with tailor's clippings and paper. The others are "a painter, his wife and their infant child," a touching little group, of course, but in bad company, and doomed to a worse end.

The little boys and girls at the various schools of the National Refuges amuse themselves by making a variety of interesting little models out of odds and ends. Take the specimen of the girls' work which is here reproduced. The first illustration shows the exterior of a doll's house which was made out of an old bonnet-box. The back, or bottom, of the box is the front of the house. The door-steps and balcony were cut from the cover. The curtains are made out of the tissue-paper that lined the box.

You will perceive that the house has but two rooms. Tables and chairs are cut out of cardboard, and covered with crochet work



DOLL'S HOUSE MADE FROM AN OLD BONNET-BOX—EXTERIOR.



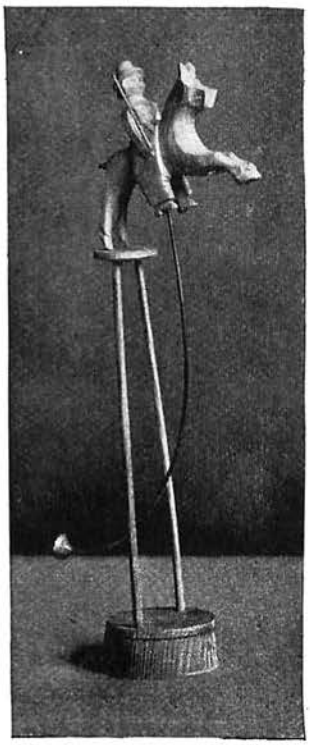
DOLL'S HOUSE MADE FROM AN OLD BONNET-BOX—INTERIOR.

done by the ingenious and industrious little girls themselves. The staircase is a little precarious, but it reaches the upper room all right. In the upper room are an artistically draped bed, a wash-hand stand, and other furniture. The inmates, like the house, were simple. They were made of scraps of Berlin wool fastened together, and they seemed perfectly satisfied with the appointments of the house. The husband spent an abnormal time in bed; in fact, he was always there, whilst his wife sat complacently below.

The dear little girls who planned and made this doll's house "preferred it to any other"—to quote the soap testimonials; and they were continually trying the effect of various re-arrangements of the furniture, such as placing the wash-hand stand in the drawing-room, and so on. In fact, children nearly always prefer toys which they have made themselves, or work which is copied from that done by grown-up people. "One frequent source of amusement with our children," writes Mr. Sydney Phillips, of St. Thomas's Hospital, "is the bandaging of their dolls with the aid of their (the dolls') dresses." Poor stricken little mites! They see so much bandaging going on around them, that they are irresistibly led to operate on their own dolls! A pathetic instance of childish mimicry.

It may not be generally known that a so-called "Spare-Time Movement" was started some years ago by Mr. Albert Bankes, of Wolferton House, Dorchester. The notion was that, instead of importing German-made toys, these things should be made in spare time in every cottage in the kingdom. The value of foreign toys imported into the United Kingdom in 1895 was £997,647—say, a round million—which might just as well go into the pockets of our own people. The thing was to create and work out original designs in toys from old boxes, broom-handles, rags, and other waste material.

Here are two ingenious and diverting toys made by small children belonging to a local Band of Hope. They were sent in by Miss S. J. Hardy, of Catherine Street, Salisbury.



CURIOUS CARVED TOY.

The first is in two parts. There is a relatively heavy base, from which rise two very light rods, which support a small platform. Horse and rider are cut from a solid piece of wood with a pen-knife. Attached to the horse is a long curving piece of iron wire culminating in a piece of lead. You simply place the horse's hind legs on the platform and then push him up and down, when he oscillates in the air in a most remarkable way. The thing is puzzling to spectators from a distance, particularly when the toy is placed against a dark background.

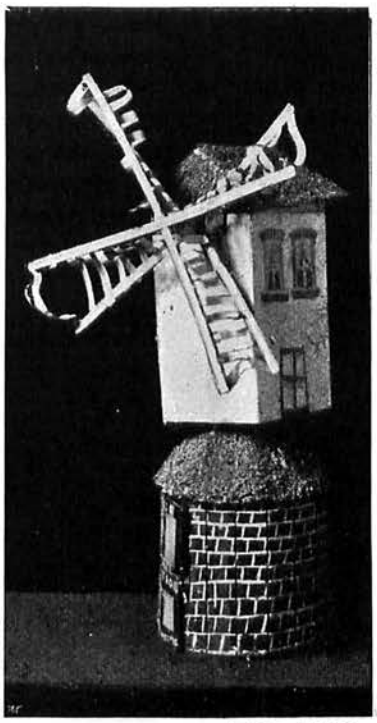
The second toy consists of a light cylinder of cartridge paper, covered with silk or cloth at both ends. The material at the bottom is continued up so as to form a coat for the little figure. Legs and arms cut out of cloth are also fastened on. All you have to do next is to drop a good-sized marble or leaden

THE ECCENTRIC TUMBLER.

ball into the cylinder, and then paint a face on the outside.

You then get a board and tilt it up at an angle. Sit the little man on the top end of this inclined plane, and he commences his antics, which are really very funny. He wobbles for a moment backwards and forwards, and then takes a series of violent somersaults head over heels, coming to rest at the bottom with many peculiar jerks and nods.

The Spare-Time Movement has set children all over the country making dolls, both for sale and for their own amusement. These dolls are wonderfully simple in construction. They are in the first instance mere oblong bags of calico, stuffed with odds and ends from the rag-bag, and with one end dragged in tightly to form a head. Then come the painting and dressing. The "guernsey" worn by a fisherman doll we saw consisted of part of an old stocking; his trousers were a bit of serge, and his sea-boots scraps of an old black glove. The net he carried consisted of odds and ends of string crocheted together. The doll was made by a bright little girl, only eight years old.

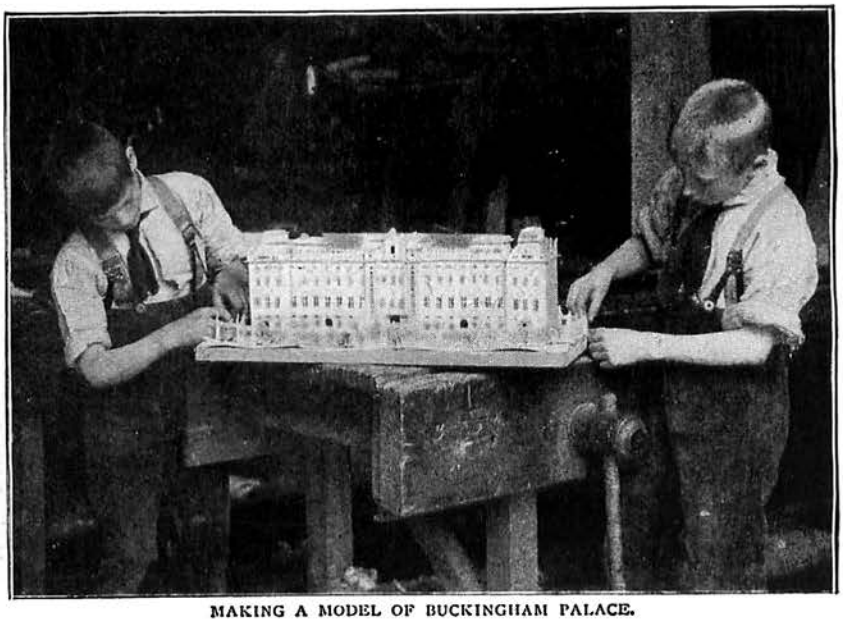


MODEL WINDMILL WORKED BY AN ENGINE.

We also came across dolls made by children which were not exactly playthings. One was used as a dressmaker's model. Another brace of dolls we found in a school of art, where they were constantly called upon to decorate a model landscape. Finally, a whole set of rag dolls were found doing duty in the officers' mess of a crack cavalry regiment, where they illustrated the various changes the uniform had undergone.

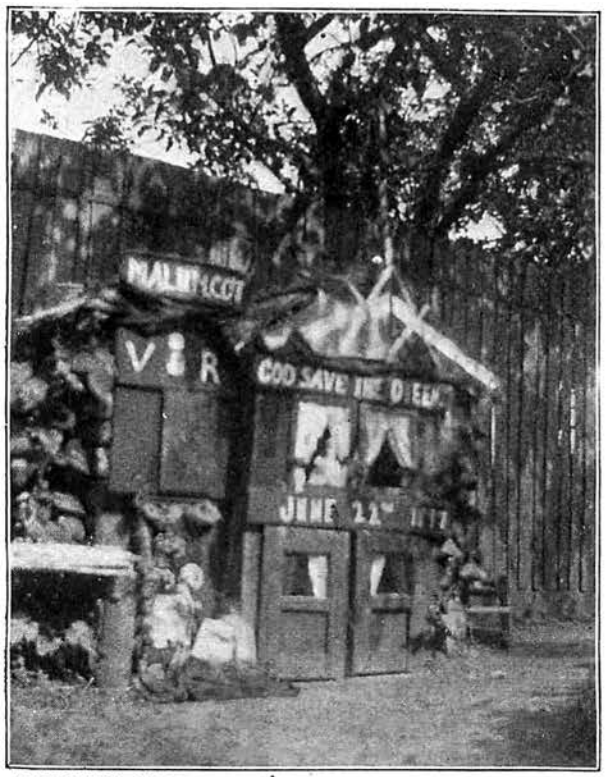
The next specimen of children's work to be reproduced is a very ingenious windmill made out of bits of wood and cardboard by a little fellow belonging to the House-Boy Brigade, 146, Marylebone Road. The remarkable thing about this windmill is that it is independent of wind, being provided with an ingenious little engine inside which works the sails furiously. The model is entirely the work of the boy himself. Most of the youngsters at the above-named excellent institution make interesting little models of this kind during the winter evenings. Once a boy is imbued with the idea of making things, he is always on the look-out for suitable subjects. Mr. J. Pendlebury, the courteous secretary of the Children's Home, Bonner Road, N.E., sent to these offices a little model steam-engine, which was made entirely by one of the boys, Sam Ferrel by name. This lad was at one time employed in stoking and minding the engine at the Home which supplies steam power to the laundry, so he had ample leisure both to study the original and to construct his model. This was composed of mere scraps of metal, yet it worked at high steam pressure, and was to the other children quite the most entertaining object in the whole institution.

We next see a corner of the workshop at the Boys' Home, Regent's Park Road. Two little boys are putting the finishing touches to a cardboard model of Buckingham Palace, which they have made entirely by themselves. When finished, a lighted candle is placed



MAKING A MODEL OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

inside the palace, so that every one of its myriad windows glows with warm, red light. Anyone, in fact, who will only take the trouble to ask for specimens of work, little things made by the children, for their own amusement—in any of the big institutions—such a person, we say, could not fail to be impressed with the extraordinary skill and ingenuity manifest in many of these spontaneous, unaided efforts.



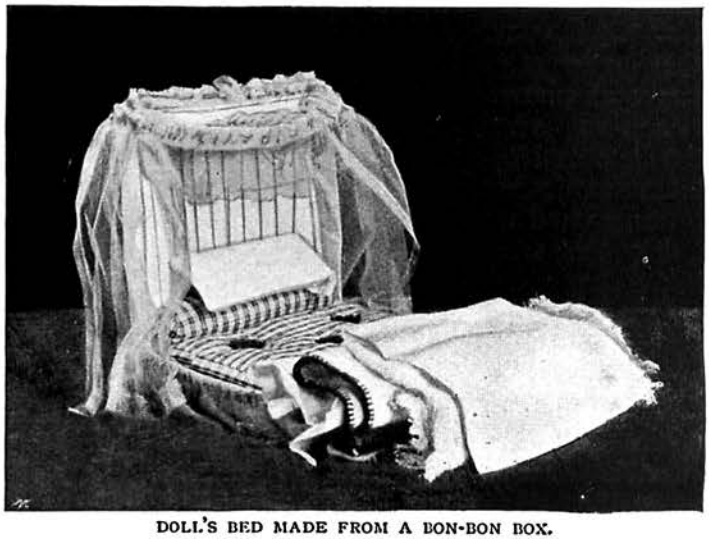
BRICK AND MORTAR DOLL'S HOUSE—A BIRTHDAY PRESENT TO A LITTLE SISTER.

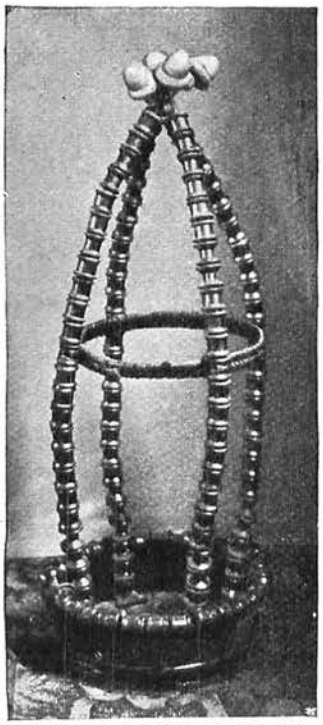
In private families, too, it is the same. Here we show an elegant cottage built by a little boy as a birthday present for his sister. The builder is Master Leslie N. Furse, aged thirteen, of Englefield Green, Surrey. Leslie's father was having a house built, and the boy went with him to inspect it. The workmen allowed him to take away any broken pieces of brick that he could pick up. A knob of lime was another contribution, for this, mixed with some sand dug out of the garden, formed the mortar. "My father," writes little Master Furse, "gave me an empty packing-case, which I used, as far as possible, for the woodwork of my house; and some old slate-frames helped to make the window-sashes." Drain pipes and bath-room pipes were the stems of humble "clays." Having so constructed the wooden roof, the boy bought twopenny-worth of straw out of his pocket-money, and then set to and thatched it. The requisite paint was obtained by scraping some empty paint tins, and mixing the result with a little turpentine "begged from mother." The house is plastered right through with mortar mixed with flock, and all the rooms are properly papered.

It is a red-brick house, the woodwork being painted a chocolate brown. The lower room measures 27in. by 22in. The furniture in this room consists of four chairs, with old gold velvet seats; two sideboards, two tables, two silver "whatnots" and bookcases combined, one couch, and one piano. The pictures are framed Christmas-cards. There are proper foundations to the house, composed of loose stones from the garden mixed with lime.

The staircase, which is right in front of the door, is carpeted with old Brussels, and there is a bath-room over the hall, supplied from a tank in the roof. When the house was photographed it was decorated for the Jubilee, and the four dolls that inhabit it placed outside, thus hiding the door. Master Furse's house is 4ft. high, and is built under a big apple-tree in the garden.

We found quite a number of interesting little things at the Princess Louise Home for Girls, at Norbiton. Here, for example, is a splendid bed for a doll of high degree. The foundation of the bed is simply a shallow cardboard bon-bon box opened, the cover being at right angles to the box itself. Hangings, mattress, bolster, pillows, blankets, sheets, and counterpane—each and every one of these is quite perfect, and owes its


DOLL'S BED MADE FROM A BON-BON BOX.



UMBRELLA-STAND MADE OF OLD COTTON-REELS.

existence to the ingenuity and skilful fingers of the little girls.

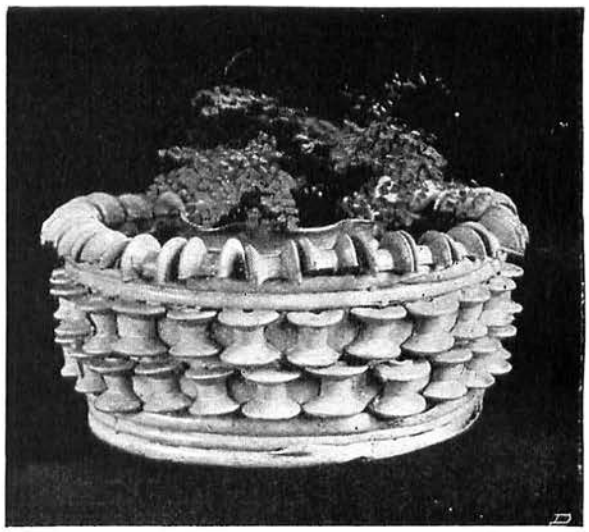
The children at this institution, by the way, have won many prizes for making useful articles out of unconsidered trifles. It was here we saw the stuffed chairs made out of butter-kegs and soda-barrels; and even odds and ends of flannelette were wrought into a substantial bath-room mat. The merest babies here either dress dolls in various styles, or cover toy whips with crochet work. Miss Skinner, the indefatigable lady superintendent, points with pride to a handsome shield, which her little ones won in open competition, for interesting little specimens of children's unaided work.

Talking of the utilization of waste and the like, just consider for a moment the neat little umbrella-stand which is here reproduced, and which is made entirely out of old cotton-reels, threaded on to iron wire. Miss Skinner collects thousands of these reels from shops and elsewhere, and then hands them over to her little girls to be transformed into really useful and ornamental articles of furniture. By the way, they make most beautiful photo.-frames and brackets at Norbiton out of pine-cones, picked up under the trees in the grounds.

One is amazed in visiting this place to notice the multitude of quaint and serviceable articles made by these clever children.

A QUAINT DOOR-STOP.

The funny doll which forms the next illustration is really a door-stop. It is made out of a wide-mouthed jar, or bottle, filled with stones, and then covered with scraps of cloth and provided with a head and hood. Every time the door strikes this benevolent-looking person (who stands behind it), she reels back with a hurt look, but quickly braces herself to withstand the onslaught. She is a personality of some weight — so much so, in fact, that we should not like her to descend upon the toes of even our worst enemy. Yet another article made out of old thread-reels—this time an ornamental jardinière, or flower-pot. Notice the flat

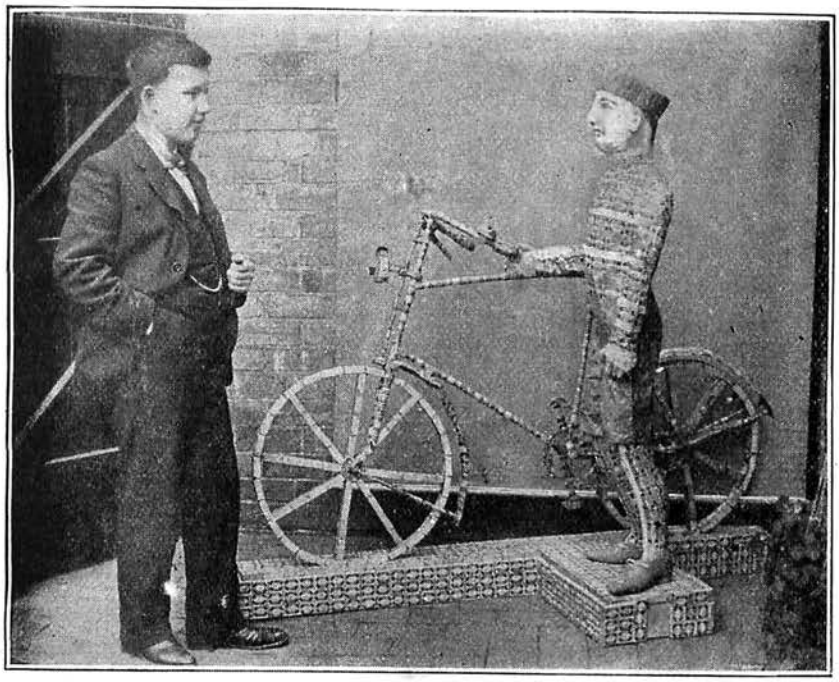


JARDINIERE MADE OF OLD COTTON-REELS.

layer of split reels around the top. They were dexterously split with one blow of a hatchet. These reel ornaments and articles of furniture are, of course, painted in gay colours by the girls.

A particularly interesting specimen of a little boy's ingenuity is next depicted. It is a large figure of a man and a safety bicycle, made entirely out of empty match-boxes. It was the work of Master Harold Blanckensee, aged fourteen, of 22, Upper Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham. We are indebted for the photo. to Mr. S. Bowman, of The Hollies, Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston. The model was made for exhibition in a competition organized by Messrs. S. J. Moreland and Son, of Gloucester, match manufacturers. Each competitor's model was to use up not less than so many hundred boxes. The reasons for which are perfectly obvious.

Our young friend, who is seen contemplating his curious handiwork in the photo., glued his match-boxes together, and there is in the model no sub-structure or foundation of any kind. For the cyclist himself and



WONDERFUL MODEL MADE FROM MATCH-BOXES.

parts of the machine, the match-boxes had to be soaked in boiling water, to make them pliable. All the different colours in the man's dress, complexion, eyebrows, lips, etc., were obtained by peeling the paper off the boxes and using the different colours as required.

Here are the dimensions: Length of stand, 5½ft.; length of bicycle, 5ft.; height of figure, 4½ft. Certain parts of the machine had to be modelled, or built, on an iron rod, which, however, was withdrawn when the soaked match-boxes had set and become hard. Altogether, no fewer than 1,700 empty match-boxes were used. One is glad to know that Master Blanckensee was awarded a silver English lever watch for this remarkable piece of work. Even the original photo., from which we reproduce, was developed and printed by the boy himself.

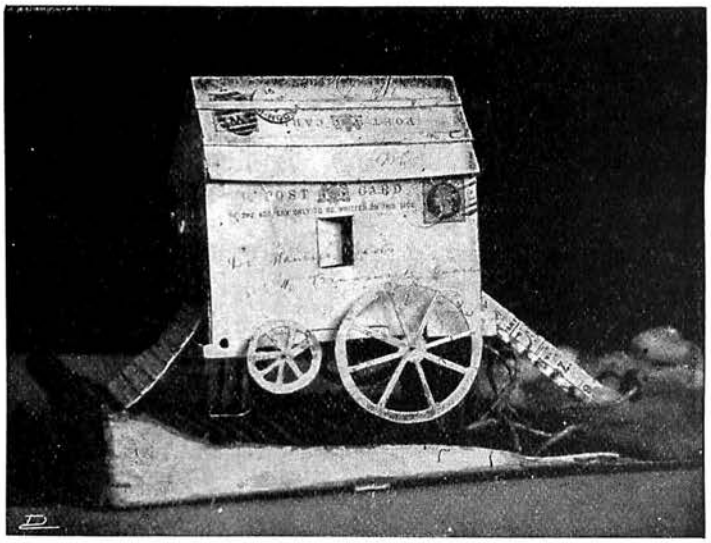
There is an organization in London which is particularly fruitful in the production of ingenious little things made by very small children. We refer to the Children's Happy Evenings Association, which is instituted to provide recreative evenings in the School Board buildings for the children attending school. Briefly, the notion is this: After hours the magnificently equipped Board school buildings stand idle and empty all the evening, whilst the children of the poor are compelled to amuse themselves as best they can in the street or the crowded court. "Why not," argued certain philanthropic ladies, "get the use of the schools for the evening, and amuse and entertain therein such children as liked to come?" The ladies agitated, and the thing was done.

Surely there never was a society that made money go farther! For every pound subscribed, twenty children have "happy evenings" for *seven months*. Only £300 a year is needed to pay the expenses of the thirty-six branches, which amuse 7,000 children weekly.

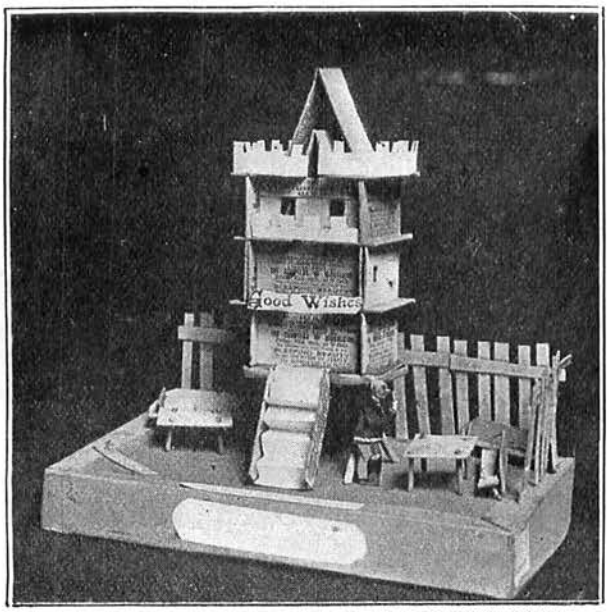
One way in which the children amuse themselves is by making things—our old friend, "the utilization of waste material." In fact, here is a delightful model of a bathing-machine, made out of old post-cards by a mere baby. Even the wheels are of the same material. The rope is a bit of window-cord, and the sea is represented by a bit of gauze and some cotton-wool.

The Happy Evenings are managed like this. There are "quiet" rooms for children who go in for reading and painting—that is, colouring pictures from the illustrated papers. Then there are what we may call "semi-quiet" rooms for the children who prefer making little toys and others who want stories told them. Finally, there are "noisy" rooms for sheer romping.

The illustration on the top of the next page



BATHING MACHINE MADE OUT OF OLD POST-CARDS.



CHINESE PAGODA MADE OUT OF ADMISSION TICKETS.

depicts a quaint little Chinese pagoda made by Rosie North, aged seven. Rosie is a pretty little thing, and one of the happiest of Happy Eveningers. She made this wonderful pagoda entirely out of admission tickets to one of the association's own functions!

The children at the various branches turn out an enormous quantity of dolls' furniture. Some of the chairs are built up of cardboard and covered with gorgeous velvet, whilst others are merely opened pill-boxes, extra large, and draped with a scrap of silk. Both tables and chairs for some of the more *chic* establishments, however, are made with horse-chestnuts and pins. Complete Punch and Judy shows are made out of match-boxes, the various characters being represented by the matches themselves, suitably dressed.

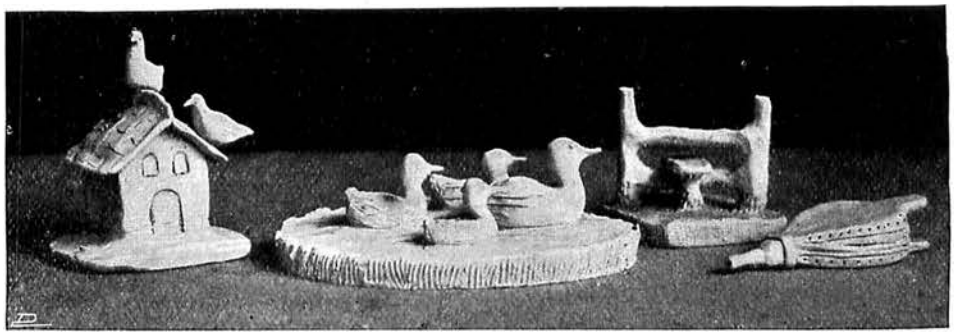
The doll here shown was made in a moment at one of the C.H.E.A.'s gatherings. The head is merely an empty egg-shell from the breakfast table, and the hood and dress (there is no body) a crumpled paper bag from the grocer's. The extraordinary expression of dolorousness is more accidental than anything else. The egg head has become a little loose and slipped side-ways, whilst the features are merely dabs of paint "thrown" on in the most perfunctory manner.

The life and soul of the Children's Happy Evenings Association is Miss Edith Heather-Bigg, of 14, Radnor Place, Hyde Park. To this most charming and vivacious of ladies (as well as to her sister, Miss Ada) the writer is vastly obliged for assistance most kindly rendered.

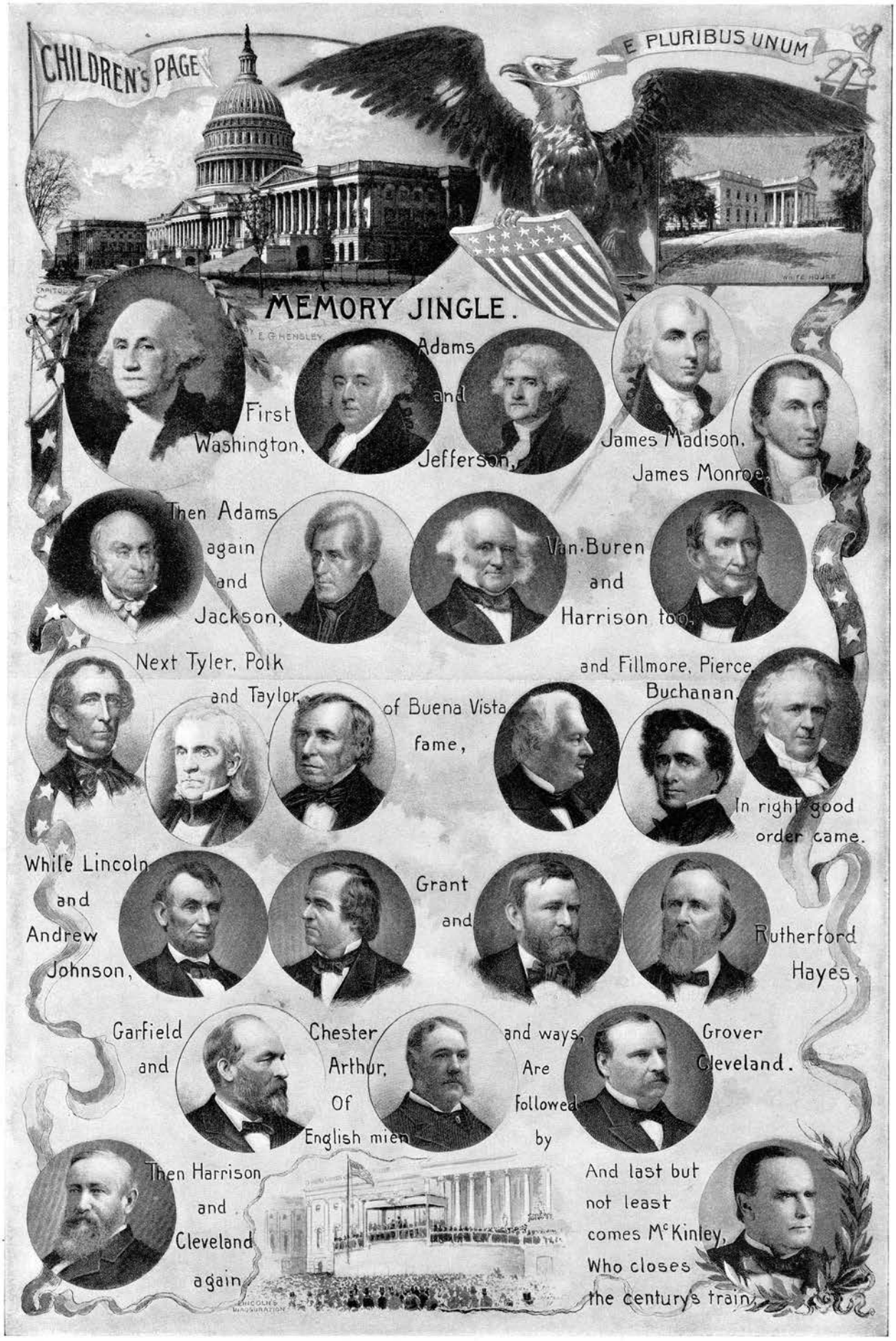
The last illustration reproduced is remarkable, not only as being the work of children, but of *blind* children. We asked Dr. F. J. Campbell, of the Royal Normal College, Upper Norwood, whether the little ones under his care made any interesting models and such-like, whereupon he was kind enough to send along these things, which have been modelled in clay with amazing instinct by the blind children. There are a dove-cot, a pond with ducks, a stile, and a pair of bellows. It is indeed a strange and pathetic sight to see these and other articles being made at the great institution at Norwood, particularly when we reflect that the children can never have seen the originals in Nature.

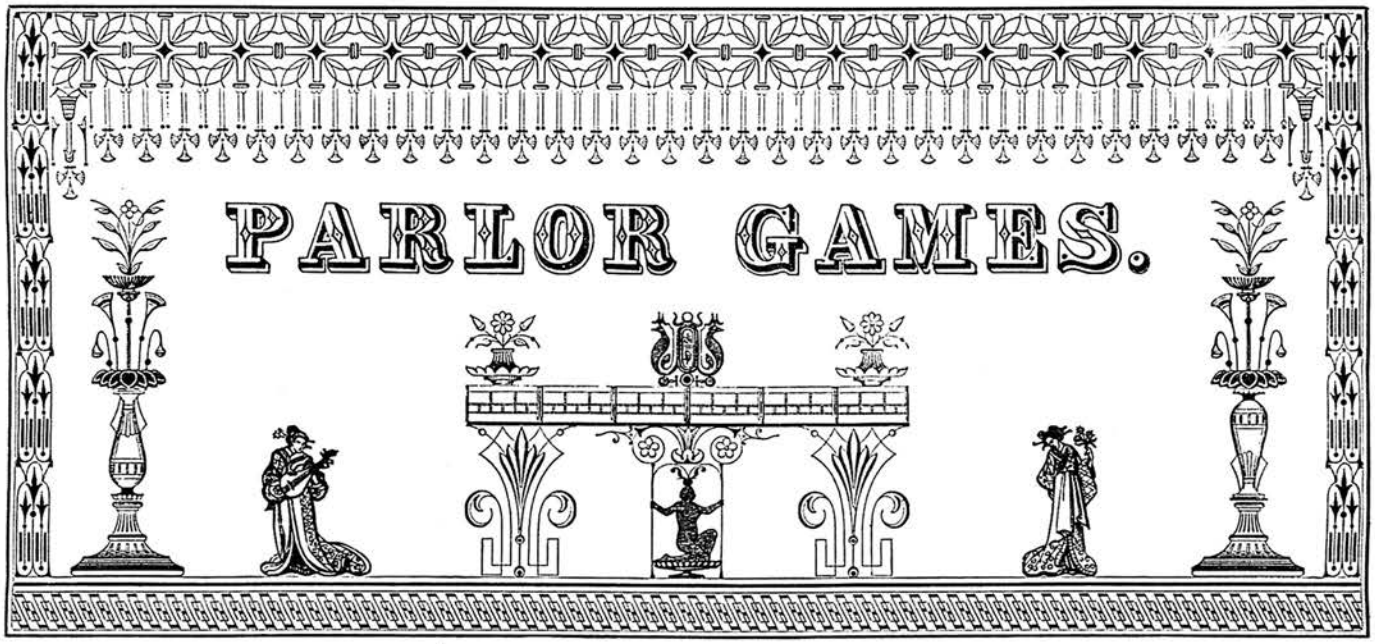
DOLL MADE OF EGG-SHELL AND PAPER BAG.

Their skill, however, in making baskets, brushes, toys, and models of every sort is nothing short of miraculous; and doubtless the manufacture of these things gives the little ones a sense of form which could in no other way be imparted to them.



LITTLE MODELS MADE BY BLIND CHILDREN.


CHILDREN'S PAGE
E PLURIBUS UNUM
MEMORY JINGLE.
BY E. G. HENSLEY
First Washington,
Adams and Jefferson,
James Madison,
James Monroe,
Then Adams again and Jackson,
Van Buren and Harrison too,
Next Tyler, Polk and Taylor,
and Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan,
of Buena Vista fame,
In right good order came.
While Lincoln and Andrew Johnson,
Grant and
Rutherford Hayes,
Garfield and
Chester Arthur,
Grover Cleveland.
Of English men
and ways,
Are followed by
Then Harrison and Cleveland again,
And last but not least comes McKinley,
Who closes the century's train.



Consequences.

This is a capital indoor table game, especially when there are some ten or a dozen players to keep the game alive.

It is founded upon the absurd incongruities that result when a number of people combine together to make one connected sentence, each taking his own part irrespective of each and all of the others.

Just as in the preceding game a connected drawing was made by uniting three several parts, each drawn in ignorance of the other two, so in this the several component parts of a sentence are written down by a number of players separately and without collusion, and then joined together in one.

We will suppose eleven players are sitting round the table, severally provided with a pencil and a strip of paper. Each writes on the top of his paper one or more adjectives attributable to a man, folds his paper down over the writing, and passes it to his left-hand neighbor, receiving one in return from him on his right; and proceeding in the same order he writes in succession,

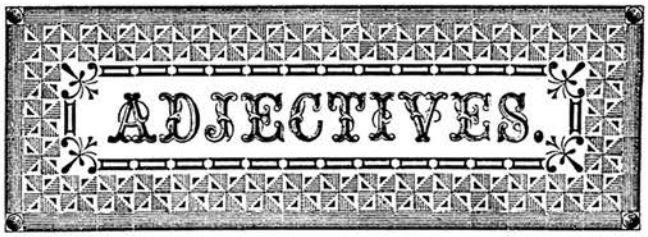
Adjectives suitable to a man,
A man's name,
Adjectives suitable to a woman,
A woman's name,
The name of a place,
Some productions of ditto,
A date,
A short sentence suited to a man,
A woman's reply,
The consequenees, and
What the world said.

As an example we will suppose the following to have been written down on one of the papers:

The irascible and enthusiastic—Paul Pry—The pious and charitable—The Queen of the Cannibal Islands—Coney Island—Bloaters and ginger beer—Christmas Day, B.C. 450—Have you seen Jumbo?—Ask mamma—They both perished miserably—It always knew how it would be.

When all have been filled up, the president takes the papers and reads them out; the one instanced above reading thus:

The irascible and enthusiastic Paul Pry *met* the pious and charitable Queen of the Cannibal Islands *at* Coney Island, *famous for its* bloaters and ginger beer, *on* Christmas Day, B.C. 450. *He asked her in tender strains*, "Have you seen Jumbo?" *To which she replied, with a modest blush*, "Ask mamma." *As a natural consequence* they both perished miserably; *and the world said* it always knew how it would be.



This is also a very amusing game. One of the players writes a letter, which of course he does not show, leaving a blank for every adjective. He then asks each player in turn round the table for an adjective, filling up the blank spaces with the adjectives as he receives them.

The following short letter will explain the game better than a long description:

MY *detestable* FRIEND,

In answer to your *amiable* letter, I am *silly* to inform you that the *dirty* and *degraded* Miss Jones sends you her most *fallacious* thanks for your kindness, and bids me tell you she will always think of you as the *vainest* and most *adorable* friend she ever had. As for that *sagacious* fellow, Smith, he is such a *delightful* ass, such a *filthy* and *eminent* muff, you need not fear he will prove a very *complicated* rival.

Believe me, my *foolish* fellow,
Yours, etc.

CRAMBO.

This is a game only for those who have some facility in rhyming and versifying; with half dozen such it will always afford unlimited amusement. It is played as follows:

The players sit round the table, each with a pencil and two slips of paper; on one he writes a question—any question that occurs to him, the quainter the better—and on the other, a noun.

These slips are put into two separate baskets or hats, and shaken up well, so as to be thoroughly mixed. The hats or baskets are then passed round, and each player draws two slips at random, one from either basket, so that he has one slip with a question and one with a noun.

The players thus furnished now proceed to write on a third slip each a practical answer to the question before him. The answer must consist of at least four lines, and must introduce the afore-mentioned noun.

For instance, supposing a player to have drawn the question, *Who killed Cock Robin?* and the noun *Jaw*, he might answer it somewhat as follows;

"I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
If you'd known him too
You'd have wished him at Harrow;
With his cheek, and his jaw,
And his dandy red vest,
He became such a bore.
Such a regular pest!
'Twas really no joke:
Such troublesome folk
Must not be surprised if they're promptly suppressed."

Or, as a more concise example, question asked, *Do you bruise your oats?* Noun, *Cheese*. Answer,

As I don't keep a steed,
For oats I've no need;
For myself, when my own private taste I would please,
I prefer wheaten bread to oat-cake with my cheese.

Here is another example of veritable crambo rhymes. The question was, "Can you pronounce Llyndgynbwlch?" and the noun "Oil." Answer as follows:

"Pronouncing Llyndgynbwlch
My glottis will spoil,
Unless lubricated
With cocoa-nut oil."

There happened to be cocoa-nut cakes on the table.

These will be amply sufficient as guides to the method of playing the game. They are not offered as models of poetry or diction, but as just the sort of things anybody might write on the spur of the moment, and therefore better suited for our purpose than any more finished and elaborate productions.

Of course this game *can* only be played by those who will take an interest in it, and who possess some little facility of versification. A player who, after half an hour or so spent in puzzling his brain and beating about for rhymes and sense, cannot succeed in turning out a few lines of doggerel, had better, for his own sake and that of others, turn his attention to other and less intellectual amusements.

But we would not alarm any timid players—we have no wish to seem to require any great poetical gifts in the player, though, of course, the more witty and brilliant they are, the more delightful and interesting the game: the merest doggerel is quite sufficient for all purposes, and the facility of stringing verses together will be found to increase rapidly with every days' practice. None but a veritable dunce need despair of taking at least a creditable part in this very amusing game.

DEFINITIONS.

The theory of this game is very simple, but the opening it gives for wit and satire is simply unbounded, and for pure intellectuality it stands unrivaled amongst evening games.

The players sit round a table each with a pencil and piece of paper; a noun is then selected at random from a list, or in any convenient way, and each is then bound to furnish an original definition. This done, another is given out and similarly defined.

When a convenient number have been thus disposed of, the papers are handed up to the president, who is chosen for the occasion, and the several definitions read aloud.

Some very brilliant impromptus are sometimes flung off in this manner; and we would strongly advise, where the game is much played, that a book should be kept for the enshrinement of the special flowers of wit.

We offer a few here as examples, not so much for imitation, but as illustrations of the *modus operandi*, or perhaps we might rather say, *ludendi*.

NOUN—MIRROR.

DEFINITIONS.

(*a*) The rarest gift the fays can gie us—
We see oursels as ithers see us.

(*b*) The vain man's most intimate friend; the wise man's acquaintance.

(*c*) The type of perfect unselfishness, giving away all that it receives and retaining nothing for itself.

(*d*) The hermit of modern life: it spends all its time reflecting on the vanities of the world.

NOUN—PROSPERITY.

DEFINITIONS.

(*a*) The reward of exertion.

(*b*) Man's greatest temptation.

(*c*) The world's touchstone of merit.

(*d*) What each man most thinks he has a right to expect for himself and is least inclined to desire for his neighbor.

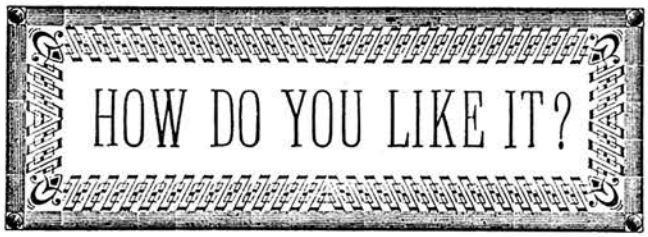
(*e*) The pass-key that unlocks the gates of society.

(*f*) A prize in the lottery of fate.

NOUN—HUMANITY.

DEFINITIONS.

(*a*) The best abused virtue in the calendar.
(*b*) The highest triumph of civilization.
(*c*) The basis of Christian charity.
(*d*) The most God-like of virtues.
(*e*) A common cloak for cupidity.
(*f*) The begging impostor's Tom Tiddler's ground.
(*g*) The weakness of the many, the virtue of the few.



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, WHEN DO YOU LIKE IT, AND WHERE DO YOU LIKE IT?—This is also, like "Proverbs," a guessing game. One player, as before, goes out of the room while the others fix upon a word. He then returns, and puts to them severally in turn the question, "How do you like it?" and then, having completed the circle, "When do you like it?" and thirdly, in like manner, "Where do you like it?" To each of which questions the other players are bound to return a satisfactory reply.

At the end of these questions, or at any time in the game, the questioner may make a guess at the word, being allowed three guesses in all, as before in "Proverbs." If he succeed in guessing rightly, he points out the player from whose answer he got the right clue, who therefore pays a forfeit and takes his place, and the game goes on as before. If he do not succeed in guessing rightly, he himself pays a forfeit and goes out again.

The great secret of the game is to select words that, though pronounced alike (spelling does not matter), have two or more meanings.

For instance, Z goes out, and the word "bow" is chosen. He asks of each, "How do you like it?" A answers "In a good temper" (*beau*); B, "With long ends" (a bow tied in a ribbon); C, "Very strong" (an archer's bow); and so on, ringing the changes upon three different sorts of bow.

In the next round the players are not bound to adhere to the same meaning they selected before, but may take any meaning they think most likely to puzzle the questioner.

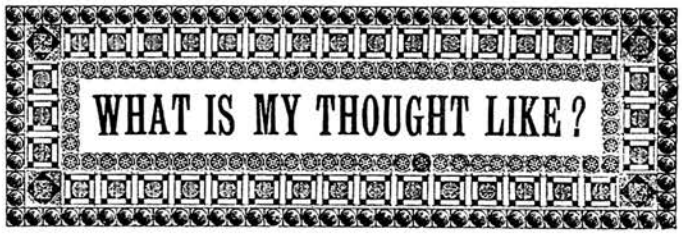
Thus, to the question "When do you like it?" the answers may quite legitimately be as follows: A, "When I am dressing; B, "When I want exercise;" C, "When I am going to a party." And to the last question, "Where do you like it?" A answers, "Under my chin;" B, "At my feet;" C, "Outside on the lawn."

If there be only three to be questioned, this would prove hard enough to find out, though "Under the chin" might perhaps give a clue. Z's chance lies in the number of answers that have to be given to the same question, and in the short time each has to prepare a satisfactory answer—one that shall satisfy all conditions and yet give no clue to the word.

The whole fun in this game, as in "Proverbs," depends entirely upon the wit and spirit of the players. To be seen at its very best it should be played by a party of really clever grown-up people. The contest of wit is then, as Mr. Cyrus Bantam would say, "to say the least of it, re-markable."

Below will be found a few words, taken almost at random, suitable for this game:

Air—Heir	Bowl	Mail—Male
Ant—Aunt	Cask—Casque	Main—Mane
Bow—Bough	Cell—Sell	Pear—Pair
Bow—Beau	Chord—Cord	Fair—Fare
Flour—Flower	Chest	Sail—Sale
Bale—Bail	Club	Rain—Rein
Band	Corn	Vale—Veil
Aisle—Isle	Drop	Tale—Tail
Bar	Gum	Note
Bill	Kite	Poll
Ball	Dram—Drachm	Roll
Buoy—Boy	Draft—Draught	Stole
Balm—Barm	Knight—Night	Box
Arms—Alms	Hair—Hare	Game, etc.



This game is somewhat like the last, only that the questioner does not leave the room, and the onus of the game lies on the questioned, not on the questioner.

The players being seated in a semicircle round the questioner, he thinks of something or a person—it matters not what—and demands of each player, "What is my thought like?" The answers, of course, being given without any clue to the word thought of, are of the most incongruous nature.

This, however, is only the commencement of the fun. Having taken and noted each player's simile, the questioner now reveals the word he had thought of, and demands of each a verification of his simile under penalty of a forfeit.

As the answer must be given promptly, without time to arrange an elaborate defense, much quickness of wit and readiness of resource is required to avoid the forfeit for failure.

If the whole party succeed in justifying their similes, the questioner pays a forfeit, and a new questioner is appointed.

The decision as to an answer being satisfactory or not lies in disputed cases with the whole party of players.

An illustration of the working of the game may be, perhaps, not out of place.

We will suppose that Z, the questioner, has thought of a *baby*, and has asked the question, "What is my thought like?" all round, and received the following answers:

A, "A lump of chalk;" B, "Alexander the Great;" C, "The Great Eastern;" D, "A gooseberry;" E, "A fishing-rod;" F, "A carpet bag;" and so on.

Z now tells them he thought of a *baby*, and calls upon them each severally to justify his simile.

A, "It is like a lump of chalk because it is white." (Allowed.)

B, "It is like Alexander because it cries for what it can't get." (Allowed.)

C, "It is like the Great Eastern because it costs a great deal of money before it makes any returns." (Disputed as rather too fanciful, but finally allowed.)

D, "It is like a gooseberry because it is soft and red." (Not allowed. It had previously been likened to chalk as being white; red, therefore, cannot stand, and softness is not a sufficiently characteristic. Forfeit.)

E, "It is like a fishing-rod because it has many joints." (Allowed by general acclaim.)

F, "It is like a carpet bag because it has most elastic capacities of stowage." (Allowed after some discussion.)

Of course, it is easy enough in most cases to find some sort of justification of almost any simile if time be allowed, though even then one sometimes comes across one that would puzzle the most ingenious; but in the actual game the explanation must be found on the spur of the moment, and herein consists half the fun.

This game, like all others of its kind, is entertaining exactly in proportion to the wit and capacities of the players. Even the most witty and most learned may join in it without derogating from their dignity, and with a certainty of deriving from it a fund of endless and highly intellectual amusement.

Proverbs.

This is a very good mental exercise for all, and is capital fun even for adults; indeed, the better educated and the more clever the players are the more fun is there to be got out of the game, as it gives ample occasion for the exercise of wit of the highest quality.

One player goes out of the room, and the rest, being seated in a circle, fix upon a proverb, which should not be a very long one. The first player being now recalled, he begins at player number one in the circle and asks any question he likes: the answer must contain the first word of the proverb. He then tries the next, whose answer must contain the second word, and so on.

He is allowed to go completely round the circle if it be a large one, or twice if it be a small one, and then must either guess the proverb or go out again and try a new one. If he guess rightly, he has to declare the answer that gave him the clue, and the player who gave it has to go in his stead.

In answering the questions much ingenuity may be exercised, and much amusement created in concealing the key-words of a proverb. For instance, in "Birds of a feather flock together" there are three dangerous words—birds, feather, and flock—all difficult to get into an ordinary sentence, and it requires much dexterity to keep them from being too prominent. Let us take this proverb as an example. A goes out, and "Birds of a feather flock together" is agreed upon. A asks of B, "Have you been out to-day?" B, "No;" but I sat at the window for a long time after sunset listening to the *birds* and watching the rabbits on the lawn; you can't think what a lot there were." A is puzzled, he has so many words to pick from, and the word, which when expected seems so prominent, falls unnoticed upon his ear. He asks C, "And what have you been doing with yourself this evening?" C, "Oh, I have been sitting with B, looking out *of* window too." Next comes D, who can have but little trouble in bringing in his word *a*, only let his answer be not too short. Then E has to bring in the word *feather*. A asks him, "What did you have for dinner to-day?" F, "Oh, roast beef, turkey, and plum pudding; but the turkey was so badly plucked, it tasted of singed *feathers*, and we couldn't eat it." This, repeated rapidly, may deceive the questioner, who goes on to E: "I saw you with a fishing-rod to-day; what did you catch?" F—who is by no means required to adhere to absolute facts, and may draw upon his imagination to any extent—replies, "Well, to tell you the truth, I did not catch any; for there was a *flock* of sheep having their wool washed ready for shearing." F brings in the *wool* to lead A off to the proverb "Great cry and little wool," as almost his only chance of concealing the real word *flock*. A then demands of G, "Do you like walking?" G, "I do if I have a companion. When Charlie and I go out *together* we always have lots of fun; but Harry is such a duffer, it's awfully slow walking with him."

If A is at all quick, he ought to have heard quite sufficient to know the proverb; he may, however, be puzzled by the complicated sentences; but after the second round at least, when the catch-words have been repeated, he must be slow indeed if he does not discover it.

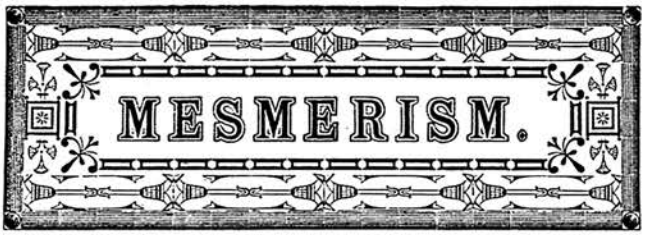
One of the party should be appointed umpire, to decide whether any answer is a fair one, and no one else should be allowed to interfere in any way; nothing is so likely to give a clue to the questioner as a dispute whether a word has been fairly introduced or not. In cases of doubt the umpire may call for a fresh question and answer. There is no reason why the umpire, who should be one of the oldest players for authority's sake, should not join in the game. He is appointed almost solely to prevent confusion, and his being a player or non-player can have no influence on his decisions.

The answers should be made with decision, and as rapidly as is consistent with distinctness—a quality upon which the umpire should insist; and the player should especially avoid giving short answers when he has a simple word, such as "of," "the," etc., and thus give the questioner the clue to the answer in which lie the catch-words, and thus aid him materially in his task. Of course, great pains must be taken not to lay any stress upon the word that has to be introduced, and not to make the answers unfairly long.

SIMULTANEOUS PROVERBS.—A very good modification of the above. No questions are asked; but the players, one for each word of the proverb, stand or sit in a semicircle, and the

player who has to discover the proverb stands in front of them. One of them, who is chosen leader, now gives the time, "One, two, three;" at the word "three" they all call out simultaneously each his own word. This they may be required to repeat once or twice, according to previous arrangement, and then the guess must be made under the same conditions as above.

A long proverb should be chosen for this, if there be enough players; the greater the number of voices, of course, the more difficult it is to discover the proverb.



This is a capital game, and, if well managed, will defy all detection. To do it well, however, requires some practice.

Two persons assume respectively the *rôles* of Professor of Mesmerism and Clairvoyant. The professor must have a ready wit and a good store of language, a plentiful vocabulary at his finger ends: whilst the clairvoyant must be quick of observation and retentive of memory.

A semicircle is formed by the spectators, and the clairvoyant is seated blindfold with his back to them; and the professor, after going through the usual ceremony of mesmerizing him, leaves him and crosses to the spectators, asking them for any objects they may have about them for the clairvoyant to name and describe.

If they are both well up to their work, the clairvoyant will appear to those who are not initiated into the secret to be able to see without his eyes, to their intense astonishment and admiration.

The author once thus played clairvoyant to a friend's professor at a large charade party, and deluded the whole company into a belief in the reality of the exhibition.

Robert Houdin, the great French conjurer, and his little boy made this clairvoyance one of the leading features of his entertainment, and brought the art to a wonderful pitch of perfection.

It would be impossible in the contracted space of one of these short notices to give full instructions how to produce this clever illusion; a mere outline of the method of procedure is all that can be attempted. This, however, will be amply sufficient for a boy of any intelligence to grasp the idea of the leading principles: the mere details he will soon learn to work out for himself. If he should desire any further particulars, he will find much interesting information in the "Memoirs" of Robert Houdin, which may now be procured at almost any library.

The method of procedure is as follows: The clairvoyant makes it his business to observe narrowly—unostentatiously, of course—and to catalogue in his mind the persons present, any little peculiarities in their dress, ornaments, etc., the general arrangement of the room, and any little knickknackeries lying about. Practice only will enable him to do this to any considerable extent; but if he have any talent for such mental exercise, and without it he will never make a clever clairvoyant, practice will soon enable him to observe almost at a glance and retain in his memory almost all the leading features of all around him, animate and inanimate.

Robert Houdin trained his son and himself by walking rapidly past various shops in the streets of Paris, and then writing down on paper, after passing each shop, all the articles they could remember seeing in their transitory glimpse through the window: at first half a dozen or so was all they could manage, but they rapidly rose by practice to twenty or thirty, until the young Houdin, who quite outstripped his father, would tell almost the whole contents of a large window.

Of course, such a wonderful pitch of perfection is scarcely attainable by an ordinary boy, and would not be worth his while if it were; nor, indeed, is it, or anything like it, necessary; but the instance may serve as an indication of the right method of procedure, to be worked out by each boy according to his individual bent and opportunities.

It should be understood that all this preparation and practice is not absolutely necessary before beginning to exhibit the trick. A very few rehearsals will suffice for a very respectable performance; only if anything like perfection be aimed at, some extra trouble must be taken to attain it. Of course, every exhibition will do its work of improvement.

Meanwhile professor and patient must practice the code of signals by which the former conveys to the latter any necessary information about the objects to be described.

These signs may be words or other sounds; but great care must be taken with the latter, as they are more open to detection.

The initial letter of the first, second, or last word in each sentence the professor addresses to the clairvoyant is the same as that of the object; and as the number of objects likely to be offered for description is limited, a little practice will insure its instant recognition from the clue thus given. Some signal should be preconcerted by which the clairvoyant may be warned that the object presented is at all out of the common.

If there be any difficulty in making out the object, the professor may, by a little ingenuity and assurance, spell out in successive sentences the name of the object in his hand. To cover this manœuvre, he should pretend that the mesmeric influence is failing, and make "passes" at the patient, being careful, of course, not to go near him, and the clairvoyant must pretend to brighten up under their influence.

In the instance above referred to in the author's own experience, one of the company presented for description something very much out of the common way, a nutmeg-grater or something similar, and the professor, with the greatest readiness and the coolest assurance, deliberately spelt its name through almost to the last letter without detection.

The above, it is hoped, will be found sufficient to set the young aspirant to mesmeric fame on the right track; but an example of the actual working may, perhaps, prove more serviceable than much description.

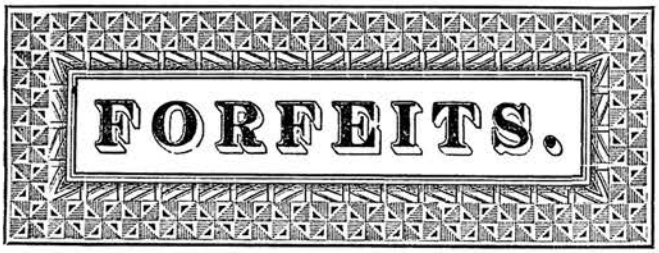
Suppose, for instance, the object be a coin—a shilling, say,

of George the Third, date 1800. The professor, who, by the way, should speak with as much rapidity as is compatible with distinctness, says sharply:

Can you tell me what I have in my hand?
A coin.
Modern or ancient?
Modern.
English or foreign?
English.
Give the reign.
George the Third.
But what value?
Shilling.
How dated?
1800.
Thank you, sir! Your shilling, I believe? Right, is it not?

The first question, it will be seen, begins with *c*; this, without further explanation, means *coin*. The next two explain themselves. The fourth begins with *G* for *George*, the only possible modern English reign; and the next word beginning with *t* gives the clue to *third*. *B* at the beginning of the next stands for "*bob*," or shilling, when speaking of English coins. The guesser can't be far wrong in his date, knowing the reign. In enumeration the several digits are represented by the letters of the alphabet; *h* is the eighth letter, and therefore stands for 1800. Any odd numbers might have been spelt out in similar fashion.

Both professor and clairvoyant should speak rapidly and decisively to prevent detection, and should constantly change the key-word from first to last, and so on. A knowledge of French or some other language will be of great service in concealing the machinery.



When a player has to pay a forfeit, he gives in pledge some piece of portable property, which he will afterwards, at the end of the game, have to redeem in due order.

One player is declared judge, and, with eyes blindfold stands with his face to the wall, while another takes up the several pledges separately and asks, "Here is a pretty thing, and a very pretty thing; what is to be done to the owner of this very pretty thing?" Or, omitting the formula, asks merely, "What is to be done to the owner of this?" The blindfolded player, who, of course, does not know to whom each forfeit belongs, and therefore cannot be accused of unfairness, assigns for each forfeit a task which must be fulfilled before the pledge can be reclaimed.

This calling of the forfeits requires no little ingenuity, tact, and judgment, and the entire success depends upon the suitability of the penalties to the company and the circumstances.

The judge must take into consideration not only what penalties *can* be enforced, but what will afford the most fun, and at the same time must avoid the slightest shadow of offense.

Where the party is composed entirely of boys with no great inequality of ages, the task is tolerably easy; but where there is a mixed company of girls and boys, not only must the penalty attached to any forfeit be such as a girl *could* perform, but it must be such as no girl would *object to* perform.

In cases like this it is better to get an older person—a lady if possible—to cry the forfeits; and where such is not forthcoming, it is better not to cry them at all; or, if that be too hard a trial for the young players' philosophy, to cry the girls' and the boys' separately.

As the penalties, therefore, must depend so entirely upon the special circumstances of each occasion on which they are imposed, it would be impossible for us to find space enough to give a list sufficiently comprehensive to be of any real service as a guide to the judge in all cases.

The old stock forfeits are so well known and so stale that it would be mere waste of time and space to insert them here. We might certainly give a few new ones; but the exigencies of space would, as we said above, prevent our giving more than a very few, and we therefore prefer to leave them entirely to the ingenuity and invention of the judge for the time being, who, if he will be worth his salt, with one glance of his eye round the group of expectant pledge owners gather more hints for penalties suited to the occasion than he would from whole pages of printed instructions

THE LIFE OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE RANKS. (IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.)

ORDINARY PROMOTIONS.

A DESCRIPTION has already been given of the daily life and duties of private soldiers, when serving in England in times of peace, and of the opportunities of turning their army service to good account, taking the case of those who leave their regiments at the early age of from twenty-two to twenty-five years, and quitting the army entirely at about thirty.

It remains now to be considered what inducements the Service can hold out to such as desire to make it their permanent profession. For, under the most recent regulations, a soldier of good character, who has ability to become a trustworthy corporal and sergeant, can claim almost as a right to continue his service for twenty-one years, and to retire then with a suitable pension. The army can thus offer a career to men of very different tastes, and satisfy very different ambitions.

The terms of service for those whose case is about to be considered are briefly as follows :—

Any corporal or sergeant, after a year's probation, has the right to extend his service to twelve years, counting from date of enlistment, instead of having to leave his regiment and join the army reserve after seven years. He thus completes the term of his original engagement. Supposing he still wishes to stay on in the army, he can *re-engage* for a further term of nine years, thus completing twenty-one years' service in all, and at the end of that time he will be in a position to receive a permanent pension, which will vary from about £30 to £80 a year, according to his rank and service.

There is thus a very broad line drawn between the privates and non-commissioned officers ; the former remaining only seven years in the regiment, and perhaps leaving after three years, the latter staying on (if they choose to do so) for twenty-one years.

All that has been said in my former papers about the lives of privates must of course hold good for those whose career is now to be discussed—that is, until they get their first step of promotion ; but it is very unlikely that a young man enlisting with the determination to rise in the profession will be kept waiting any length of time as a private soldier. With a certain amount of education, and an aptness for picking up the daily duties of barrack life, he might easily become a lance-corporal in six months from his enlistment, and would hardly ever (nowadays) be longer than a twelvemonth before he appeared with "one stripe" on his arm —the sign that he had taken one step in the right direction.

Now, although the position of lance-corporal is a very desirable one when compared with that of a private, it must be confessed that it entails much harder work. A lance-corporal has perhaps more work of one sort and another than any other man in a regiment ; but it is to be hoped that a young soldier anxious to better himself will not be afraid of a few months' hard work, more especially as he will escape many of the unpleasant duties he may have had to do as a private. He will never have to do now those little "fatigue duties," such as cleaning up the barrack-room, or sweeping out the regimental buildings, as before described. He will have to go on guard duty, but will not have to walk about as a sentry ; for his work now will be to see that the privates do their duty. The lance-corporal's position is, in fact, one of considerable responsibility ; for he has to be continually superintending the work of small parties of other soldiers, and is to a great extent responsible that it is done at the proper time and in the proper way. He has to use his head a good deal, and his legs still more, for sometimes he may be kept "on the go" from morning to night ; but it will probably just make the whole difference to an ambitious soldier to feel that he is raised at least one step above the mass of the privates, and that even if his work is harder than theirs, it is a work of authority requiring tact and intelligence.

As regards meals and sleeping, the lance-corporal is in just the same position that he was in before, having to use the barrack-room for both; but even when "at home" he will feel superior to his former comrades, and may often have occasion to use his authority and maintain discipline.

The pay of the lance-corporal is slightly in advance of the private, amounting to 1s. 3d. a day, or 8s. 9d. a week; and as his expenses are exactly the same as they were before, it may be considered that this increase is merely so much to the good of his pocket.

The next step taken upwards will bring the soldier to the rank of corporal, and from henceforth he will wear two stripes on his arm. There is no necessity for giving any details as to the work of this new position. It is rather easier than that of a lance-corporal, and is certainly less tiresome; so, provided that a man has passed satisfactorily through the grade below, he will have no difficulty at all in taking to his new duties. The higher he gets, the more responsibility is laid upon him; also, of course, the greater will be his fall should he neglect his work or abuse his authority. But as it will (in the majority of cases) be eighteen months or two years before he reaches this rank, he will have learnt experience, and be less liable to get into trouble.

For the first time now a test of education is necessary, and before a man can be made a corporal he must have obtained a third-class certificate in the army schools, and it will be a very wise act if the second-class certificate be taken at the same time; for this will clear him for the next step also, and as examinations are never particularly pleasant, it will be just as well to "kill two birds with one stone."

The pay of a corporal is raised by 5d., making a total of 1s. 8d. a day, or 11s. 8d. a week; and as he also lives in the barrack-room, and has only the same expenses as the privates, his powers of spending or saving money are considerably increased. Referring to what was said on this subject in a former paper, it will appear evident that a corporal with his 1s. 8d. a day will have 4s. 8d. a week more than the private; and as the private was shown to have 2s. 6d. a week as mere pocket-money, so the corporal will have about 7s. a week to spend on himself or his amusements, or, still better, to invest in the savings-bank. Without much trouble, then, he ought to put by at the rate of 5s. a week, and if this be done for, say, ten months in the year, there will be a highly satisfactory result of £10 a year to add to the £3 a year of deferred pay, as before explained.

It is, indeed, a common saying among soldiers that corporals can save, or spend, more money than any other rank; for though the higher grades have of course higher pay, they have much more to do with it. But it is to be hoped that the soldier of good education and ambition will not be content with the position of corporal; but rather, feeling that there are still better things in store for him, push on at the first opportunity to the next step of lance-sergeant.

This rank of lance-sergeant is an intermediate one between corporal and sergeant, but both as regards work and position it is very much more like the higher rank. The appointment is mainly dependent (as regards time) on the general flow of promotion in the regiment. When there is a vacancy among the sergeants, the senior lance-sergeant gets the place, and the senior corporal becomes a lance-sergeant. But this rule is open to modification in some ways. For instance, the senior corporal may not care to be promoted, or he may not have the necessary school certificate, or may be unfit in other ways; and the colonel of a regiment would have it quite in his power to select any very promising corporal to take the vacant place in the roll of lance-sergeants.

The duties and position of lance-sergeants and sergeants will be more properly treated of under the latter rank; so it may be stated here briefly that the pay of lance-sergeants is 2s. a day—an increase of 2s. 4d. a week on that of corporal. They wear three stripes of white braid on their arm, and sometimes a sash; but this is not a universal custom. It is optional with lance-sergeants to have their meals in the barrack-room, or to become members of the sergeants' mess; it is to be expected, however, that nearly all will take advantage of that greatest of all benefits, and promptly leave the barrack-room and take to the comfortable life which it is in their power to enjoy.

And now we may imagine the soldier to have attained to the rank of sergeant, and to have appeared with the three gold stripes on his arm and the sash over the right shoulder. He is now a member of the sergeants' mess, and a great change has taken place in his life and comforts. It will be as well, then, to describe at once what his new home is like; and although it is still necessary for an unmarried sergeant to sleep and keep his things in a barrack-room, he will probably spend most of the leisure hours of the day in the sergeants' mess, and very comfortable he will be there.

The building used by the sergeants is generally a little separated from the main block of the men's barracks, and consists of two or three rooms, one being used as a kitchen, another as a "bar" for the sale of beer and spirits to the sergeants, and the largest is fitted up as a dining-room and sitting-room. There is in all sergeants' messes a full-sized billiard-table, which as a rule occupies one end of the sitting-room, and can always claim a very fair amount of patronage. Copies of the principal newspapers and some magazines and books of reference may be seen lying about, and easy chairs in which the sergeants may enjoy them. This large room is usually fitted up nicely with curtains and carpet, pictures on the walls, and perhaps a looking-glass over the fire-place.

A vast difference will be apparent in the comfort of the sergeants at meal-times; for instead of having the meat brought on to the bare-boarded table in a tin dish, and the soup, or tea or coffee, poured from a tin can into basins, the mess waiter will now lay the table with a table-cloth, soup-plates, tea-cups, &c., as required. Meat and vegetables will be brought in from the kitchen in ordinary dishes, and handed round to the assembled sergeants, and tea-pots, salt-cellars,

butter-dishes, and other little conveniences will appear in due form. The actual amount of food provided will also be found to be changed for the better.

At breakfast, some dish of meat, or eggs, or even a soup will, as a rule, be added to the plain bread of the barrack-room, and both at breakfast and tea butter is always supplied; at dinner, besides the fact of the meat and vegetables being served in a much more attractive form, a "second course" is no unusual thing.

Of course all this "luxury" is not to be had without paying for it; and every sergeant on first appointment has to pay a subscription of about 7s. to the mess fund, and instead of paying only 3d. a day (as before) for his groceries, he now has to pay about 9d. a day; but almost every man with any ideas of self-respect and self-improvement will feel that the increased comfort is well worth the price paid for it.

It is generally an understood thing that every soldier cleans his own things—such as rifle, belts, and buttons—until he reaches the rank of sergeant; but after that he is allowed, and indeed expected, to hand over this part of the business to a private, and to pay him some small sum for his trouble. A sergeant is supposed to be able to employ himself better than in using a polishing brush and pipe-clay; and this change also will be found a great comfort to the educated and rising young soldier, and from henceforth he will expect to find all his clothes, &c., kept clean and ready for him to wear whenever wanted.

Besides these changes in the style of life which await every soldier rising to the rank of sergeant, the recent regulations have given them other privileges; and the one most to be prized is, perhaps, that which allows them to stay out of barracks after the regular hours, without going through the form of asking for a special "pass." This will be found a great convenience; but even more than that, it ought to show both the general public and the sergeants themselves that they have risen to a position in the army in which they can be freely trusted, and which it is well worth while to keep and respect.

A sergeant's duties are, similarly, a great advance upon what has gone before, especially as regards interest, influence, and responsibility. It would be tedious to go into detail; but some of the principal changes may be referred to. On ordinary occasions of drill, for instance, it will often happen that a sergeant will be called on to take the place of an officer. When doing "guard duty" the sergeant will be almost always in complete command of the men, and may have to exercise his authority promptly and boldly, acting entirely upon his own responsibility. Another duty requiring much firmness and tact is that of regulating, day by day, the various details of work to be done by all the men of his company. But most important of all is the position held by the sergeant *in charge of a room—i.e.*, the senior sergeant of each barrack-room—for with him rests the maintenance of discipline, the responsibility for everything done or left undone by the men under him, by day or night, and, above all things, it is in his power to influence the inmates of his room for good or evil, both by precept and example. With the young soldiers now filling the ranks this point cannot be made too much of, for their habits have yet to be formed when first they enlist; and unless the sergeant in charge of each room studies their characters individually, and treats them accordingly, a grand opportunity of making them good soldiers in the present and good citizens hereafter will be lost for ever. With patience and perseverance it is surprising what a sergeant can effect in this way over the fifteen or twenty men who come under his immediate control; and this power alone ought to be an attraction to young men of good education to make the army their profession.

The pay of a sergeant employed at ordinary duty is 2s. 4d. a day, or 16s. 4d. a week. In some respects he is not quite as well off as the corporal, whose case was taken into consideration last; for a sergeant has much heavier stoppages, and has to spend more in other ways, so as to show proper appreciation of his higher position. But it must be taken into account that a sergeant has a much more comfortable life, and better food, better served; in fact, his "home" being a more comfortable one, he need not spend quite so much as before on extra personal comforts. Supposing he has to pay 9d. a day for groceries and extra "messing," and 5d. a day for liquor, and 1s. a week to the man who looks after his kit, he will have about 7s. a week left for pocket-money, and out of this he will have to pay for his washing, and a subscription of about 1s. 6d. a month to the sergeants' mess.

The deferred pay of £3 a year is also granted to sergeants, and is continued at the same rate for those that re-engage up to the end of twenty-one years service.

There are many very good military appointments open to sergeants, especially as clerks, doing duty either with their own regiments or in some capacity in which they would be permanently settled in a garrison town. The pay of the former class commences with 2s. 6d. a day, and is increased every three years by 6d. a day until 4s. a day is reached; and in the case of the latter class the pay commences with 3s. 6d. and may reach 5s. a day. If a sergeant does not obtain any of these appointments as a permanency, he may often get one temporarily, in which case he would be given extra pay of 1s. a day. To show that there is a fair chance of an intelligent soldier getting one of these posts, it may be mentioned that there are at least 2,500 of the *better* class mentioned above, with pay at from 24s. 6d. to 35s. a week; and there are about 10,000 appointments as ordinary sergeants (of various grades) belonging to the different branches of the army; the rates of pay of these being from 14s. to 30s. a week—always reckoning (as before) mere pay, it being understood that the extras reckoned at 8s. 6d. a week, in the shape of board, and lodging, and firing, &c., which the soldier gets free, must be taken into consideration if his position is to be compared with that of a civilian, and also that an ordinary sergeant or staff clerk, as referred to above, can always get thirty days' holiday every year, the whole of his pay being given to him as if he was still at his work.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1870

THE BRITISH ARMY.—FOOT GUARDS.

THE LIFE OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

BY ONE WHO HAS SERVED IN THE RANKS. (IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.)

HIGHER PROMOTIONS.

IT will be right now to refer briefly to the still higher positions which exist in every regiment, and which some men may prefer to the appointments just spoken of. The next step upwards for a sergeant to take will bring him to the rank of colour-sergeant, or, as it is now generally termed, "pay-sergeant," and he will find the duties of this position very important; for the colour-sergeant is the head of the company to which he belongs, having under him eight non-commissioned officers and perhaps sixty men; and the Company officers will look to him to see that all these do their duty, and that discipline is maintained. It would, indeed, be the truth to say that the whole well-being and good conduct of the company depend, to a very great extent, upon the ability and tact with which the colour-sergeant does his duty. Besides this, he is usually the captain's accountant, and is generally held responsible that the accounts of the men are correctly kept; that they are really entitled to the pay given them by the captain, and that the proper amount of money is deducted from their pay whenever necessary. He is also responsible that the

proper issues of bread and meat are made to the men, and he must be well versed in all the detailed regulations as to the men's clothing, &c. Every week he will have large sums of money passing through his hands ; for the company could not be paid under about £20 a time. Happy, then, is the captain who has a colour-sergeant under him to carry out all these duties with intelligence and strict honesty.

The colour-sergeant will, of course, be a member of the sergeants' mess, and unless married will use it for his meals, &c. ; but, as a matter of fact, it is generally the case that by the time a man reaches this rank he has also got a wife, and lives in the married quarters which form a part of all barracks. His pay is 3s. a day, and he has all the other additional advantages which have been referred to before.

Passing on still higher we come to another class of non-commissioned officers, termed staff-sergeants, who are at the head of their special respective branches; for instance, one is employed on the issue of bread and meat, coals and clothing, made to the whole regiment, another has similar duties as regards the pay of the regiment ; and another, as clerk, manages the correspondence. There are altogether nine staff-sergeants in every regiment, and their pay varies from 3s. 6d. to 5s. a day.

At the head of all there is one man (in many respects the most important soldier in the regiment), who is called the sergeant-major. He holds a rank which is distinct from all those below him, and which is, indeed, but very little removed from the rank of an officer.

It is unnecessary here to attempt to describe the duties of the sergeant-major. Suffice it to say that, not taking the officers into account, he is virtually the head of the regiment; every man, whatever his work may be, coming more or less under his influence ; and thus he holds a position which any one might be proud to have filled satisfactorily.

The sergeant-major is what is called a warrant officer—*i.e.*, he holds his appointment by "warrant," signed by the Secretary of State for War. A soldier must not be below the rank of sergeant, nor over forty years of age, when recommended for the position of sergeant-major, and at the age of forty-five he will be forced to retire. There are altogether in the army about 400 sergeant-majors, either connected with regiments or doing duty in garrison towns, and nearly 200 warrant officers in addition, employed with the various departments of the army. These get pay varying from 5s. to 6s. a day, which comes to about £90 to £109 a year. This may be considered well worth striving for; but even now the limit has not been reached of what is attainable by deserving and ambitious soldiers.

It is pretty well proved that it is quite an exception to find ordinary soldiers anxious to obtain commissions as officers—that is to say, commissions as lieutenants. There are certainly a limited number of non-commissioned officers who are fitted by birth and education for that position, and if they have private means to enable them to live as other officers live, and if they can pass a tolerably severe examination, it is provided by the regulations that they can raise themselves in that way ; and there are a certain number of officers thus selected every year from the ranks.

But there is a far larger number of appointments of another sort open to deserving soldiers, which also confer on the holder the rank of a commissioned officer; and there are also many non-commissioned officers perfectly fitted for these positions, which may be especially mentioned owing to the high rate of pay connected with them.

The rank referred to is that of quarter-master or riding-master ; and, as was said above, this gives the possessor the position of a commissioned officer. The pay varies according to length of service and corps—viz., from 9s. to 15s. a day, or from £160 to £270 a year. There are approximately about 340 of these appointments, and it may be clearly understood that every one of them is filled by some deserving soldier who has enlisted as an ordinary recruit, and worked his way up through the various grades to this excellent position, holding the relative rank of either a lieutenant or captain ; and thus, having started in the army with a shilling a day, he now is able to draw in pay alone, at the very least, £160 a year, and able to add on another £100 by length of service.

In the case of these officers, also, a considerable addition is made to their pay by certain allowances ; for they would either have lodgings found them, and be given fuel and light and the services of a soldier servant, or have an equivalent in money.

Having now briefly described the ordinary course of the soldier's life, it only remains to refer to one or two cases of a somewhat exceptional nature. Thus we find that although the prescribed period of service is seven years with a regiment, yet a discretionary power is granted to enable men to leave after only three years, completing their time in the reserve.

Many men may fancy they would like army life, and yet, after a bit, find that they can do better elsewhere. Here, then, they have a chance afforded them of returning to their homes, or taking advantage of any opening they may have found in civil life, and, at the same time, reaping the benefit of their army service; for by leaving the regiment after three years they would have nine years still left to be in the reserve, and while working at their new trades would be able to draw their pay and deferred pay for belonging to the reserve.

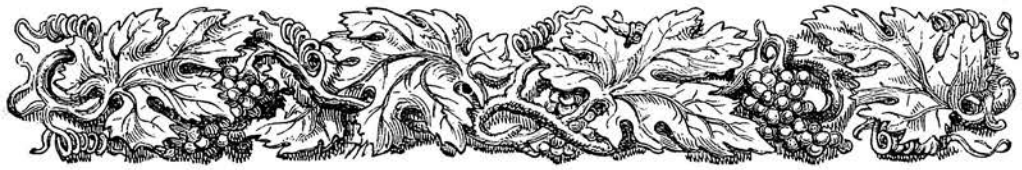
Let us take a case. A lad grows up working in the fields as a farm labourer, or perhaps learning his father's trade as carpenter or mason, or serving an apprenticeship to some business. At the age of nineteen he gets tired of his quiet home life, enlists into his county regiment, and serves in it until he is about twenty-two or twenty-three years old, when we may imagine him returning to his former occupation as a member of the army reserve. He has, by this time, about £10 deferred pay owing to him, and may have saved a few pounds besides. He has been taught habits of punctuality, regularity in work, attention to the call of duty in things small and great, and may

have gained experience and self-control both in obedience and command. For the next nine years he will be able to draw £9 a year, which will be a substantial help to him in his new start in life. His friend of former days, who has never left his home, will of course have got on at his trade and improved his position meanwhile; but it is probable that the soldier's comparatively short absence of three years will not prevent him from very soon regaining an equally good position, and he will then have the advantages mentioned above all to the good, and in favour of his ultimate success in whatever line of life he follows.

Another case, a little out of the ordinary order of things, is that of a soldier who has enlisted into his county regiment, and having reached the rank of sergeant, wishes to marry and settle down without sacrificing his army prospects. There is a grand opening for such an one in the permanent staff of the militia or volunteers, for after ten years' service in the army he will be eligible for the militia, and after seventeen years' for the volunteers; and having once joined either of these forces as a sergeant on the permanent staff, he can make a comfortable home for himself and his wife, without fear of having to move about, or of leaving his own county, and will be able to follow his soldier's career until entitled to retire on a pension. This refers to all the upper ranks, including quartermasters, warrant officers, and ordinary sergeants. They will be able to remain on the permanent staff to complete their original army engagement, and will become entitled to their pensions, as described in a previous paper.

The number of these appointments is, with the militia about 3,600, with the yeomanry about 250, and volunteers 1,500.

Most of the principal phases of a soldier's ordinary career have now been referred to, with an attempt to show how much has been done of late years to improve his position and raise him above the level of soldiers of former times. But, it may be added, these pages have been written not so much to entice young men into the ranks by soft words and pleasing accounts of a life which must often entail hardships and rough living, as to show the general public what is the actual state of things now existing in the English army.



FOREIGN CAKES AND SWEETS.

Sudeltorte.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of butter, two eggs, half a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of almonds, half a pound of flour.

Stir up all the above ingredients together, not forgetting to melt the butter and pound the almonds. Pour into a well-buttered tin and bake in a hot oven.

Zwetchgenkuchen (*Plum or Greengage Cake*).

Ingredients.—Two pounds of blue plums or greengages, a quarter of a pound of sugar, cinnamon, two ounces of butter, ingredients for butter or dripping pastry crust.

Make a pastry of either dripping, butter or merely bread dough. Spread this out on a large tin. Halve and stone the plums. Place these as near to one another as possible on the crust. Strew over them breadcrumbs, cinnamon and sugar. Cut up some tiny lumps of butter and lay them on top. Bake in a warm oven.

P.S.—Like the apple cake, this plum cake may be made from simple bread dough, the plums laid on top and a cream of eggs and milk strewn over when it is half done.

Pasta Neapolitana (*Neapolitan Cakes*).

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound each of sugar, blanched almonds, butter and flour, two eggs, half a pound of icing sugar, half a cupful of preserved cherries, jam.

Rub the butter into the flour, pound the almonds and add to the flour, then mix in the two yolks of eggs. Roll out the paste, cut it in rounds, bake till light brown on a buttered tin. When the cakes are cold spread each with jam, place on top of each other. Beat the icing sugar and whites of eggs together. Ice the cake and decorate it with the preserved cherries.

Kartoffel Torte (*Potato Tart*).

Ingredients.—Half a pound of sugar, six eggs, cinnamon, lemon peel, and half a pound of potatoes.

Mix the eggs and sugar well together, add, by degrees, the crushed potatoes with a flavouring of cinnamon and finely-shredded lemon peel. Pour the mixture into a form which must be first well buttered, and bake in a moderate oven.

Pudding Al' Italiana.

Ingredients.—A quarter of a pound of Osborne biscuits, two ounces of macaroons, two ounces of candied peel, one ounce of sultanas, one ounce of blanched almonds, eight eggs, half a pint of cream (or milk), a small glass of rum. Powder up the biscuits, chop the peel, almonds and sultanas very fine, and mix with three whole eggs, five yolks, the cream and rum. Pour the mixture into a tin which must be buttered and lined with paper. Cook in a "bain marie" for about three-quarters of an hour.

Pasticci di Risotto (*a favourite Italian sweet*).

Ingredients.— A quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of rice, a quart of milk, vanilla flavouring, egg and breadcrumbs, boiling lard.

Cook the rice, with the milk and sugar, over a gentle fire, and before it is quite done pour in some drops of vanilla. As soon as the milk has dried into the rice, retire from the fire and set it to cool. Form into round balls, cover with yolk of egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat until of a nice brown colour.

Serve hot in a doyley with an accompaniment of fruit jelly or syrup. Any remains of rice may be used up in this way.

HOW TO LAY THE BREAKFAST AND THE LUNCHEON TABLES.

By MARY POCOCK.

In many houses sufficient attention is not paid to the appearance of the breakfast table. It should always *look bright* and cheerful, for I have remarked that the generality of people are brighter or more depressed in the morning than at any other time of the day. If the breakfasters are bright and cheerful, surely the table should be in accord with their feelings; if, on the contrary, they are dull and lack morning appetites, as is frequently the case with those who are not in very good health, there is even a greater reason why the table should look bright and fresh and the breakfast be appetising. Tables should invariably be laid in good time—that is to say, that everything needed in the way of plate, china, and glass should be on the table quite five minutes before the meal is served. A table hurriedly laid is sure to be untidily arranged, or things will be forgotten that ought to be at hand.

In purchasing table linen it is best to choose small set patterns for breakfast cloths; small spots or very small chess-board patterns always look well, and are more suitable than large flower or arabesque patterns. Serviettes are sold to match breakfast cloths, but many people use the same as for dinner. For meals it is always better to take off the ordinary tablecloth; it preserves it, as things are sometimes spilt, and then, too, a cloth that is kept on a table all day gets dusty and soils a white damask cloth; either a piece of baize or a washed cloth table cover (whose chief merit is that it is clean) should be kept to put over the table under the white cloth. While speaking of cloths, I may as well mention one I saw the other day on a breakfast table. It was a round table for three people, and the cloth used was one of the drab-and-white damasks similar to those used for teacloths, but it had a centre and border worked in cross-stitch with bright red washing silk. As the china was white, and there was a palm only in the middle of the table, the effect was good; the needlework supplied the necessary colour, but as a rule I prefer a white cloth and coloured china. I think the ordinary white breakfast services that one sees on so many tables are anything but desirable; in fact, I like colour in the morning. The harlequin sets were very effective, and had the great advantage that one knew from the corresponding plate for whom one was pouring out tea; but these services are, I think, now quite out of fashion. However, it is quite possible, without having anything at all extravagant, to have pretty cups and saucers that will give a tone different from the cheerless white ones to a table.

The arrangement of a table depends very much on the number of servants kept. Where there is a man servant to wait, a portion of the breakfast is often put on the sideboard, and he helps the guests; but where there is a parlour-maid or housemaid only, people usually wait on themselves, the servant leaving the room as soon as she has placed the breakfast on table.

In laying a table, the first care must be that the cloth is put on straight, with the fold exactly in the middle, or everything will look on one side. There should always be something in the centre of the table—either flowers, a foliage plant, a fern, or even a stand with leaves arranged in it can be used; when the leaves are changing colour they are very pretty for this purpose.

Two small knives, two small forks, and a plate must be placed for each person, with a serviette; if the serviettes have not been used before, they should be folded and placed on the plates, but if previously used, they should be placed in rings or merely doubled on the plate. If fish is to be served for breakfast, fish knives must be laid by the other knives; if porridge, dessert spoons should be put on the right hand side of the plate. Spoons must be placed on table with the hollow of the bowls, and forks with the point of the prongs up.

The cups and saucers must be arranged in rows on each side of the plate placed for the mistress of the house, space being left for the milk jugs, sugar basin, teapot, coffee-pot, and tea urn or kettle. Many people have the latter placed at the edge of the table by their left hand, to avoid having to reach. I think it is more convenient, and looks as well as at the back of the teapot. China or silver stands for teapots, &c., are considered in very much better taste than the wood mounted worked tea and coffee and urn stands. Tea trays must never be used on a breakfast table.

Salt-cellars are placed at each corner of the table, with a pepper-box at one corner and a mustard-pot at another, or else (and preferably) small breakfast cruets are used. The number of these or of salt-cellars must depend on the number of persons at breakfast; there should be one for every two persons.

There is no greater mistake in laying a table than to put on as little as possible and leave it looking bare. It makes so little extra work to have it look well, that I always impress on my servants that they will not necessarily have so many spoons to wash because they have put so many on table, whereas, if there are not plenty, they may have one or two journeys to bring more for use. There is often a tendency to do away with the ornamental and leave only the needful.

A loaf is placed on a platter, which must, of course, be scrupulously clean. Butter is very frequently made into fancy shapes by the help of a pair of pats. It looks much prettier on table when served so. If the breakfast table is a long one, it is a very good plan to have several of the white china shells for butter. Small home-made rolls furnish a breakfast table. Dry toast should be served in a rack placed on a plate. The use of mats on a table is optional. Many people dislike them, and they are not necessary if there is a good, thick cover under the white cloth, and if the cook is very particular about the underneath of her dishes—for, naturally, a little spot shows much more on a white cloth when a dish is removed than it does on a mat.

Marmalade, honey, or preserve are now always placed on breakfast tables; a spoon is placed beside (not in) each. Eggs are frequently served in a folded serviette; an egg-stand is then placed by them, or an egg-cup is put for each person. Cold dishes at breakfast are garnished with parsley or savoury jelly; for most hot things it is best to use what are called bacon dishes; these are hot-water dishes with covers. They look best plated, but are expensive, and entail cleaning. Very nice ones can be had in china; they are much better than ordinary dishes for kidneys, bacon, lamb's fry, and numerous other things. The French fire-proof dishes and small plates, in which eggs or fish can be dressed on the stove, are also very useful. The fish or eggs are, with these, served in the dish or plate in which they are cooked, merely being stood in an ordinary dish; a frill of cut paper may be put round between the dishes if liked. It is a good plan to keep white kitchen paper in the house; it is very cheap, and dish papers and frills are needed so constantly for the breakfast table that the packets come rather expensive, and out of a quire of paper one can cut a great many. At breakfast by each dish a knife or spoon and fork must be placed, with which to serve, and in front of it a pile of plates. The plates placed round the table are for the bread-and-butter only, therefore smaller than those used for meat or fish. Watercress or radishes improve the look of a table. If people have travelled much, it is very customary to see water-bottles or a glass jug and two goblets on their breakfast table. If the sideboard is used, it must be covered with a cloth. A sideboard cloth should be the size of the top of it; it should not hang over either in front or at the ends.

In some houses any cold joint there may be is put on the sideboard with extra plates, knives, and forks ready for anyone to help themselves.

So much that applies to a breakfast table is equally applicable to a luncheon. For this meal most people find it convenient to put nearly everything on table at once, so as to require as little waiting on as possible. The cover consists of two large knives and forks (a tablespoon or fish-knife if there is soup or fish), and a dessert spoon and fork, also a tumbler and a sherry glass; a glass for light wine, if it will be required, a serviette, and a piece of bread. If the serviette is folded, the bread is placed in it; if not, it is put on the left-hand side.

Bread should be cut thick for lunch or dinner.

A water-bottle and tumbler, a salt-cellar, and two tablespoons are placed at each corner, a plant or some flowers in the centre of the table, some extra plates (a pile), and small knives can also be put on table ready for cheese or sweets, if there is room. It is usual in houses where there is not a large staff of servants for the family to wait on themselves after they have been helped to meat, and had the vegetables and cruets handed to them; so it is much more convenient, if possible, to have sweets, cheese, and butter put on table at the same time as the meat; if there is not space for all, some can be placed on the sideboard. There is always a cloth on the sideboard at luncheon time. If the bread is put on table, a platter is used; if it is on the sideboard, a bread basket with a d'oyley in it is more convenient. Extra knives, plates, glasses, fruit, or anything that may be required and cannot be put on table, is placed on the sideboard. The cruet stand now finds its place there, so it is as well to put extra pepper-boxes on table. For small families the luncheon dishes, made in compartments to hold two or four different things, are a great advantage; they enable a cook to send up little things left from the previous day's dinner, which she could scarcely send up on a dish alone.

Where the luncheon is also the children's dinner, the arrangements are different. Children keep their own places at table whatever visitors there may be, and the covers are laid for them according to the requirements of their years; small knives and forks, or spoons and forks, with tumblers or their special mugs; wine glasses are not placed for them; they have also serviettes or feeders. More waiting is required when there are children at the table. It is necessarily more like a dinner, and it is best not to put any sweets on table until after the meat is removed, for it is difficult to get children to eat the requisite quantity of meat and vegetables when they see before them what they prefer.

Those who lay tables should be very particular that their plate and glass look bright

and nice, and also that their salt is in good order, not hard or lumpy; it looks very bad to see a salt-cellar put on table again as it was taken off, without the salt being smoothed over. This can never happen where silver or plated salt-cellars are used, for to prevent mildew the salt should be emptied out of them after every meal, and they should be dusted out.

All glasses, whether on the sideboard or table, should be stood right way up.

Butter looks prettier on a luncheon-table made into different shapes. As doubtless many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have never been in a dairy, or seen butter made up, I think some may be glad to know how it is managed.

Have your butter pats (I think they are sometimes called "butter hands") very clean, throw them into quite boiling water for a second, take them out and dip them into cold water; use them immediately to make up your butter, dipping them into cold water now and then between making the little rolls with an ordinary pair of reeded pats. A great many different things can be made, such as shells, balls, twists, knots, &c. A bird's-nest in butter is very pretty, but to make one the butter must be quite hard. Proceed thus:—Put the butter into a small coarse wire sieve, press it through with a pat or a wooden spoon that you have scalded and dipped in cold water. As you press the butter through, move the sieve round in a circle the size of a nest, so as to make the butter fall like twigs, then press down the centre a little, and mould three or four small eggs with the backs of the pats; put them in the nest, and place some parsley on the dish all round the nest before sending to table.

Anything used for butter must be kept thoroughly clean, and then scalded and dipped in cold water before using; then, if lightly handled, no butter will adhere, so that there should be no waste in making these little shapes. If the butter is at all inclined to be soft, it is best to drop the pieces in cold water from the pats. If you wish to model butter with your hands, you must serve them in much the same way as the butter prints, by first putting them in hot water, then in cold.

What's in a Name?

IN letters large upon the frame,
That visitors might see,
The painter placed his humble name:
O'Callaghan McGee.

And from Beërsheba to Dan,
The critics with a nod
Exclaimed: "This painting Irishman
Adores his native sod.

"His stout heart's patriotic flame
There's naught on earth can quell;
He takes no wild romantic name
To make his pictures sell!"

Then poets praised in sonnets neat
His stroke so bold and free;
No parlor wall was thought complete
That hadn't a McGee.

All patriots before McGee
Threw lavishly their gold;
His works in the Academy
Were very quickly sold.

His "Digging Clams at Barnegat,"
His "When the Morning Smiled,"
His "Seven Miles from Ararat,"
His "Portrait of a Child,"

Were purchased in a single day
And lauded as divine.—
* * *
That night as in his *atelier*
The artist sipped his wine,

And looked upon his gilded frames,
He grinned from ear to ear:—
"They little think my *real* name's
V. Stuyvesant De Vere!"

R. K. Munkittrick.

Holly and Mistletoe.

BY K. M. H.

THE Mistletoe and the Holly! Yule-tide and St. Valentine's-day! What a host of old legends and quaint customs do the words recall! Upon the latter day, as well as upon the Christmas festival, the holly was always used as a decoration in olden times.

The use of the mistletoe in the decoration of churches and the practices of St. Valentine's day afford singular instances of that spirit of conciliation on the part of the early fathers of the Christian church which led them to ingraft upon the services of their festival days some of the mythological celebrations of their pagan compatriots.

For ages the mistletoe was held in high repute. The Greeks venerated it for its supposed medical properties; Ovid and Virgil had faith in its magic powers; the Magi gathered it with religious ceremonies, and the Scandinavians dedicated it to their goddess Frigg, the mother of Balder, although it was to her the cause of the greatest woe. Balder the Good had dreams presaging some great harm about to befall him. He told the assembled gods, who all expressed their earnest desire to defend him. His mother, in her distress, exacted an oath from Earth, Air, Fire, and Water that they would not harm Balder. As a test of the value of the oath, the gods stood Balder in the midst of their hall and pelted him with lances, stones, and swords, which fell harmlessly away from him. But Loke, an evil divinity, was present. Moved with wonder and envy he set himself to discover the secret of Balder's invulnerability. Transforming himself into an old woman, he waited upon Frigg, and telling her how her son bore, unhurt, the assaults of all the deities, he artfully wormed himself into her confidence, and won from her the desired information. For to his inquiry, whether *all* things had promised not to harm Balder, Frigg replied all things save the mistletoe, and that was too feeble to hurt if it would. Loke bade her adieu, and immediately set himself to work to fashion an arrow of mistletoe.

Assuming again his own form he rejoined the assembly of the gods, and found them still at their sport; but looking round he saw one standing aloof, the blind Hoder (god of darkness). Him Loke entreated to join him in doing honor to the son of Frigg, and placing the arrow in his hand guided his arm. The mistletoe flew with fatal accuracy, and piercing Balder through and through, laid him lifeless before the horror-stricken gods.

Now did all nature mourn bitterly for the Sun god, and at the entreaty of his mother messengers of dignity set out for the realms of Hel (goddess of the unseen world) to beg her to restore Balder to the earth. This Hel consented to do, if it should be shown that *all* things mourned for him. Then every created thing wept, even the trees drooping their boughs in token of sorrow. But Loke refused to shed a tear. In their indignation the gods fell upon him as the cause of the world's sorrow, and bound him fast in a cavern, there to remain in chains, and, says Scandinavian mythology, the earthquake is caused by his struggle to break these chains. Till the regeneration, the renewal of the whole earth, must Balder remain absent from the world.

Among the Druids the mistletoe was held in the highest veneration. They had a peculiar reverence for the number three, and the fact of the berries and leaves of the mistletoe growing in triads was sufficient to proclaim it a sacred plant, by which their god Tutanes set his seal upon the oak. The great Druidical solemnities took place at the commencement of the New Year, and at that time the mistletoe was cut with great ceremony. Five days after the new moon the Druids went in stately procession into the forest, and raised an altar of grass beneath the finest mistletoe-bearing oak, and with a golden instrument removed the sacred plant. The inferior priests stood below with a white cloth into which it was dropped, great care being taken to let none fall upon the ground, as that would be an omen of misfortune to the land. The Druids in their white vestments then descending from the oak, proceeded to sacrifice two white bulls, who had been previously tied to the tree, and the mistletoe, after being dipped in pure water, was distributed among the people, who cherished it as a protection from witchcraft and an antidote to poison.

The peasants of Holstein call the mistletoe the specter branch, because they believe that it renders spirits visible to men, and even causes them to speak at command.

At one time we are told, it was the custom

on Christmas eve to carry mistletoe to the high altar of the cathedral of York, "and proclaim a public and universal liberty to all sorts of inferior, and even wicked people, at the gate of the city, toward the four quarters of heaven."

The Poet Gay writes thus of the use of the mistletoe in the decoration of churches:

"When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawled in frequent cries through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas the joyous period of the year:
Now with bright holly all the temple strew,
With laurel green and sacred mistletoe."

When the time-honored custom of kissing under the mistletoe began, is wrapt in obscurity, but it was probably the cause of the banishment of the mistletoe from the decoration of churches, and of its being used only in convivial assemblages. An English poet gives us a pretty stanza on this subject.

"Under the mistletoe, pearly and green,
Meet the kind lips of the young and the old;
Glowing as though they had never been cold
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain—
Leaves of the olive branch twined with it still,
While breathings of hope fill the loud carol strain.
Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
In the reign of the Christmas-tide only be found?
Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round."

St. Valentine's day, according to Ben Jonson, shared the holly with Christmas. He says:

"Get some fresh hay there to lay under foot,
Some holly and ivy to make fine the posts,
Is't not Saint Valentine's day?"

In Kent it was the custom for the girls to burn a holly boy on St. Valentine's-day, and for the boys to return the compliment by likewise sacrificing an ivy girl. Very few memorials remain of Saint Valentine. He seems to have been a gentle, benignant bishop, with a tongue marvelously persuasive among his pagan neighbors. He met with a martyr's fate on a 14th of February, probably about 270, being first beaten with clubs and then beheaded. Pope Julius erected a church to his memory, which for a long time gave the name of Porta Valentine to the gate since known as the Porta del Popolo. In vain do we endeavor to discover any affinity between Bishop Valentine and the customs by which his memory has been preserved and honored. That same spirit of conciliation already referred to as characteristic of the early Christian priesthood toward the pagan world was the cause of this singular transformation of a saint's day. The Festival of the Lupercalia, in which the Romans did honor to Pan and Juno, not only with the banquet, the dance, and the drama, but by a peculiar ceremony, was altered into the Festival of St. Valentine. The ceremony alluded to was one in which the young men drew from a box billets inscribed with the names of maidens, each bachelor devoting himself for twelve months to the lady falling to his lot. This love lottery was retained as a part of the day's observances. In later days an attempt was made by St. Francis de Sales to alter this custom. He endeavored to substitute saintly names for those of earthly maidens; each youthful aspirant being expected to strive during the year to imitate the special excellence of the saint whose name he drew; but this reformation was of short duration, and the young men soon returned with renewed ardor to the primitive custom, to the great satisfaction of their lady friends. We find these customs in high favor in England at a very early date. The Monk of Burg bears witness that year after year men had

"An usnance in this region
To look and serche Cupid's Kalendere,
And chose their choice by grete affection."

Impatient girls had a custom for St. Valentine's-day. They would write their lovers' names on slips of paper, inclosing them in balls of clay, and place them in the bottom of a vessel filled with water. Whichever name rose to the surface was considered prophetic of the one who should on the morrow appear as their Valentine. Another method of divination was to take five bay-leaves, pin four of them to the corner of the pillow, and the fifth in the middle. If the girl then dreamed of her favored lover she might depend on being his wife before the year was over.

There were sundry different ways of choosing a Valentine, but common custom seemed to have decreed that the first person of the opposite sex met on the morning of St. Valentine's-day was thereby marked out as the year's Valentine. As a faithful Valentine was required to maintain the beauty and virtue of his lady, to escort her to all merry-makings, and to execute all her commands, it was very desirable that the right individuals should meet each other, and, doubtless, there was plenty of watching at early dawn by anxious lovers. A favorite method of choosing a Valentine was by the St. Valentine lottery. The name of a young man and woman were rolled up together and drawn by lot. Then came what was called the relieving of the Valentines, consisting of the young man's claiming his Valentine with a kiss, placing her name on his sleeve or bosom, and giving afterward a ball or treat in her honor.

In some localities in England St. Valentine's-day seems to have been a time for the giving of anonymous presents. As soon as it was dark packages would be carried about the streets in a mysterious manner. A ring at the door bell would be heard, then rapidly retreating steps. Inside all were on the *qui vive*. A rush to the door was made, and the package seized and borne off to be examined. All sorts of presents went flying about in this way, always anonymous, but sure to bear the initials G. M. V. (Good-morrow, Valentine).

These old customs have shared the fate of many another sport and pastime of young England's "merrie days," and even the word Valentine has now lost its significance, and is understood to mean the rhyming letter, usually of compliment or affection, which is the sole surviving relic of old St. Valentine's day. The custom of sending valentines once became nearly obsolete, but it has been revived, and seems now to be fairly established. It is one of those pleasant links with former times which we would not willingly let die, and so, with Charles Lamb, we will wish a hearty good-morrow to all faithful lovers who are not too wise to despise old legends, and to honor, though it be in this singularly incongruous manner, the memory of good Bishop Valentine.

New Year in Japan.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

THERE are a great many beautiful things to be seen in our store windows during the holidays, but I should like very much to walk with some of my young friends through the streets of Japan, on the 6th of February, the day before their New-Year, which comes a little later than ours. Everything is being cleaned up and brightened, from the slate-colored tiles of the low roofs, and the gallery in the upper story looking out upon the street, to the matting covering the lower floor. The mats are made white as snow, with rice powder. The beautiful screens between the walls of the rooms are taken down, and all the beautiful birds, trees, and flowers, painted on their gold ground, are brightened and look like new. If you walk near the bridge of Niphon, the heart of the city, you'll see the sidewalks almost covered with matting, screens, bronze, and porcelain, which are to be cleaned and put back in their places again. In the houses of the rich, you'll see coolies or porters putting everything in order. They are full of fun, tumbling down stairs, stumbling over footstools, or tossing one of their lazy companions up in a blanket.

Over some of the doors, you'll see pine or bamboo trees, bound together at the top with rice-straw garlands, and adorned with oranges and gilded paper. Long straw bands, inwoven with fir branches and ferns, ornament the roofs, and walls, and balconies. The temples and fountains and ships are adorned in the same way with firs and ferns. The streets are crowded with country and city people. The peasant's horses are almost weighed down with bamboo and fir twigs. Everybody carries an umbrella, and the men and women carry their baggage on the back of their neck, wrapped in oil paper. Your ears are almost deafened with the noise of little trumpets, tambourines, and whistles, little flageolets and Dan's pipes. Every storekeeper wants to sell as many as he can; so he whistles and blows his trumpets, and strikes his tambourines, and makes all the little bells jingle as long and as hard as he can. The children try them too, and tease their mothers to buy some of the curious little bears and monkeys,

turtles and buffaloes, made of painted and varnished plaited straw. The little turtles look just like live turtles, dragging behind them the tufts of sea-herbs growing on their shells. The Japanese fathers buy many curious masks and fans, to take home to the children.

You'll see men in blue cotton jackets and trousers under their kirimons or dressing gowns, and if the day is muddy, with pattens or shoes made of three pieces of wood, walking along with ever so many little red lanterns tied to long sticks lifted high in the air above their heads, and near them four priests dancing along under a crape canopy. In this curious crowd will be a very funny-looking fellow, going along and dancing and leaping, with a dragon's head on his shoulder, and a band of music behind him. He is an agent of the journeyman masons, and this is the way he takes to get funds for their society. The cooks and porters and valets have on high green paper hats, shaped like a sugar loaf, and under these you'll see masks of bird beaks, almost hiding their faces. They are dressed in different colored garments, and their high green hats shake as they go along from house to house, singing and dancing, and getting money for a festival they want to have.

It is a rule in Japan that, by the last day of the year, all bills must be paid, and no one must begin the year in debt. (This is a very good rule.) But they have another rule, and a very beautiful one too: that there must be flowers in every house on New-Year's Day.

The Japanese raise a great many little dwarf trees by giving them only a little soil, water, and light, and you'll see little dwarf peach trees covered with double flowers, and little live bamboos and cedars, looking as if they came from fairy land. The children have little paper trees, covered with flowers planted in little wooden urns, covered with glazed paper, and they look just like their mother's little live trees in the porcelain urns, while the children are putting these little trees all in a handsome row where they can be best seen. Some of the men are going through the streets with big pestles on their shoulders, and rolling great mortars, like barrels, before them. There are rice pounders, going from house to house to turn the rice grains into flour, and to knead the flour; for all the people on New-Year's Day must have their shelves filled with bread and rice-cakes for their workmen and servants, and for gifts to friends and neighbors. The bakeries are filled with men "kneading the flour, feeding the ovens, and taking out the loaves." You'll see hundreds of coolies, or porters, carrying big barrels of saki, or rice beer, wrapped in matting and hung from bamboo poles. At the street corners, buckets and barrels of this rice beer are piled up, waiting to be carried to the people's houses.

The policemen scold away at the noisy crowd, and shake their heads and hands at them, and when they can't keep them still in that way, they rush at the nearest coolies and loafers and hit their heads with their fans. The women and children look out of their windows and laugh at the noisy crowd.

The journeyman brewers have a great time on this day. They are paid early in the morning, and they celebrate the day in the gardens around the city. They have a feast of lobsters and fresh cakes, and they drink each other's health in great bowls of saki. Some lie underneath the trees, and some dance. In the evening they march back to the city, dressed up to imitate the daimios or princes.

The brewer that marches at the head they call the herald-at-arms. He has on his head an osier or willow chicken coop for a helmet, in his right hand, a dipper of saki. He calls out in a great hollow voice, as he marches along, "Staniero," which means "prostrate yourself." Then comes the prince brewer, a fat jolly man, his arrows supported by two other brewers, carrying a long wooden saber in their girdle, and wearing queer-looking paper miters or pointed caps on their heads. The people in Japan tell you that a sacred family of Gods invented their saki, that the "god, the goddess of saki, and their eight sons haunt the shores of the ocean wearing a girdle of oak leaves, with their long red hair hanging on their hips: that they are sometimes seen at sunset, on the yellow sand, flourishing their bowls and dippers, and dancing around an enormous jar of saki. When evening comes, the bay of Yedo, and the sky reflect the red light of millions of lanterns, and here and there, in his lonely room, a teacher sits, writing the poems he must send in on New Year's morning, to the parents of his scholars. He has before him a dish of rice cakes, and a vase of flowers, offerings to the sun. These, he thinks, help him to write better verses. He is writing them on red paper, but he will rise very early, and copy them on the fans, which he is to give to his patrons. At midnight on New Year's eve, small fires are kindled on the floors of the houses. They burn brightly a few minutes and then are put out. They are made of bunches of twigs—they sprinkle them with holy water—and from the shape of the flame, or the way in which it burns or crackles, they judge of their good or bad fortune, the coming year. By this charm, they think they predict the future events of the year.

In the sacred enclosures of the temples the servants kindle great bonfires to purify the temples, and the priests in their robes march out of the temple door in long processions. They say that when they get at the top of the stairs, they meet two frightful demons, armed with pitchforks, which try to drive them back, but they sprinkle their holy water, and the monsters quickly retreat. At midnight, while the little children are fast asleep on their wooden pillows, the father, dressed in his richest clothes, with a saber in his girdle, goes alone all through the house, with a box of roasted beans in his left hand, on a tray. He is going, he thinks, to drive the evil spirits out of the house. With his right hand he scatters the beans here and there, saying in a loud voice some mysterious prayers, ending every few words with "Avaunt Demons!" or "Begone Devils!" "Fortune enter!"

When he thinks the devils all gone he goes to bed, but early in the morning the family are up making presents to each other. The mother's hair is nicely brushed away from the temples, and gathered up in a small smooth puff at the back of her head, and tied with gold, silver, and scarlet cord, fastened with gilt and vermilion pins. She puts the present she is to make her husband on the matting before him, and bows down to the floor three times. She rises to her knees, and bends forward, offering him her good wishes.

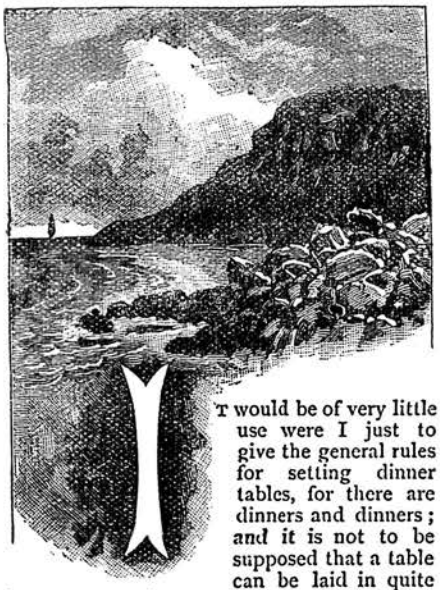
He squats down before her with his arms hanging down, bends his head forward to listen to her, shows he is pleased in a few low words, or a subdued whistling—then he gives her his good wishes and presents. Then come children and grandparents to exchange their gifts. People in Japan make New Year's visits, and some send their cards in elegant envelopes, bound by a knot of ribbons, carried by porters through the streets on elegant yellow or orange or red varnished plates. Over the doors of the princes' palaces and public buildings are triumphal arches of pine and bamboo garlands bound with rice straw. In the middle of this arch you'll see a rice cake, an orange, or a lobster, with wreaths of fern around them; these are tributes to the best grain, the best fruit and the best fish. All through the streets sounds a strange music, like the mingled tones of many Æolian harps. This comes from ever so many paper kites all over the city, some only six inches square, some most as large as a house. These fill the air. There are kites like cranes and parrots, and eagles and swans, some shaped like heads of warriors, and some like beautiful ladies. A strip of bamboo stretched across the frame makes the musical sound. Sometimes they fit a kind of Æolian apparatus to them, very small, but it will imitate the song of birds or the voices of men. When the air is full of these kites there is a great noise. The boys try to cut each other's kite strings, and if a girl can bring a boy's kite to the ground, they all clap their hands, and laugh.

The middle of the streets are filled with children playing, and little boys passing their hoops or tops to their big brothers or fathers. The boys think their cylinder-shaped tops spin the best of all.

Some of the children have papier mache birds on weeping-willow twigs, some beautiful dolls dressed like a Japanese gentleman, walking under an umbrella, and another doll beside him for his wife with the head of a fox. Some of the children hang around themselves bright trappings, and mount on their brother's back, while the father gallops before them, with a pasteboard horse and false rider's legs, blowing a trumpet. In the public squares, the children are looking at the drilled monkeys, wise rabbits, and industrious mice. The mouse-trainer puts six little mice into a lattice work enclosure, where they pound rice with their little pestles; then he takes the wisest little mouse of all and hides him in the folds of his dressing-gown. He turns to a table with a little temple on the top and a long staircase leading to it. He puts a box before the altar, and in the box a piece of money. The mouse comes forth, goes down his master's arm to the table, goes up the stairs to the temple, opens the box, takes in his teeth the piece of money, and lays it in his master's hand.

They have many things to please the children in Japan. I should like to go there very much; they do so much to make children happy.

HOW TO LAY THE DINNER TABLE.



It would be of very little use were I just to give the general rules for setting dinner tables, for there are dinners and dinners; and it is not to be supposed that a table can be laid in quite the same way in a small house where there is but one servant as in a house where there is a complete staff of servants, and where several will wait at table.

This being the case, I purpose giving instructions for laying tables in accordance with the number of servants, and will commence with a table for a dinner à la Russe.

The dinner-cloth should be laid in good time—in fact, quite early in the afternoon, so as to give time enough for arranging the flowers afterwards, as it is hardly possible for an amateur to judge of effects without seeing things on the table.

The table-cloth itself should be of fine white damask; it should have very little starch in it, and should be aired if in the least damp, or it will not look well. The table under the cloth must be covered with a thick table-cloth, or, still better, with a baize cover. If neither of these are to be had long enough to cover the table, something else must be used, for it is absolutely necessary to have a cover of some kind under the white cloth, which would otherwise look very poor, and the plates and glasses would cause too much noise if there was only the damask cloth between them and the wooden table.

The white cloth must be carefully put on, with the fold exactly in the middle of the table. It should be the right size for the table—that is to say, long enough to hang over about twelve inches at each end. It is most uncomfortable to sit at the end of a table, of which the cloth falls nearly to the ground. As soon as you have arranged the cloth, place the centre ornaments on table. On a long table there are generally three things placed down the table, one in the middle and one at each end. The candelabra or lamps, if either are to be used, are next placed. Candles, with small fancy shades and little glasses (to prevent the wax running down when there is a current of air through the room) are now, at fashionable dinners, preferred to any other mode of lighting. The dessert dishes, if these are to be on table, are next put in their places, and then the small glasses of flowers, or any decoration that is to be used, on the cloth. No mats of any kind are ever placed on table, nor is it necessary to leave places for any eatables beyond the fruit, as everything is served from a side table. Putting even the fruit on table is quite optional; there are reasons for and against doing so, and at well-arranged dinners it is quite as often off the table as on it. If there are many flowers, it sometimes crowds the table to put it on; then, where people give many dinners, and frequently receive two nights in succession, it is an economy not to put it on table, as fruit will often serve two nights instead of one. For instance, a hothouse pine that has been cut from, or grapes that have been divided, can very well be used the second evening.

Some people dislike very much the smell of fruit while they are eating other things. At the same time I think that those who possess hothouses, and grow their own fruit, almost invariably like to see it on table.

The long, narrow damask cloths, called slips, must next be placed down each side of the table, and a short slip at each end of the table; the ends of these latter are put under the side slips. There must not be any flowers or ornaments on them, as they would be tiresome when the slips were removed.

A large knife, a large silver fork, and a silver fish knife and fork must be placed for each person. Some people put two large knives and forks, but it is more usual only to put one at a dinner à la Russe, as the others are supplied with the plates. A tablespoon for soup is also placed with the knives on the right-hand side of the space left for the plate. As in laying a breakfast-table, the forks must be placed on the table with the points of the prongs uppermost and the spoons with the hollow of the bowls up. The serviette is folded and placed in the space for the plate, rather near the edge of the table; a roll is put in the centre of the serviette. Most bakers will, if requested, make small halfpenny rolls to order; these look much prettier than the penny or three-farthing ones that are often used. A sherry glass, a champagne glass, and a hock or claret glass, depending on which wine is to given for the dinner. Hock glasses are coloured. The pale green or ruby are very pretty; I have also seen some pale golden brown that looked well. Claret is drunk from white glasses; they should be large and very thin. Tumblers are never placed on table for a dinner party. Small water-bottles are placed down the table, one for every two people, saltcellars alternating with them all round the table. No spoons are placed at the corners of the table. For a formal dinner it is customary to place a menu card for each person. These cards have sometimes the names of the guests written on the outsides of them; they may then be placed on the table above the serviette. If menu-holders are used, very frequently there is only one menu for every two people, and name cards are then used in addition. The name cards and menus must always correspond. Many different kinds of card are used; some are most elaborate, and are very expensive. These will be referred to in table decorations, but a plain card with a bevelled gold edge and the menu printed in black always looks well and is good style. For dinner à la Russe a small table is placed by the sideboard; a narrow cloth is put on it, arranged so that it does not fall over the front of it, as that would make it look more like an extra dinner table than a side table; the carvers are placed on it. From this table the dinner is served. The sideboard is also covered with a cloth that fits it. Any plate, such as an épergne, not wanted for the table, silver cups or salvers may be placed on it, then some claret and sherry glasses, and a few tumblers. Large forks, small forks, tablespoons, dessert-spoons, tea-spoons, sauce ladles, and large and small knives are all laid neatly in rows, ready for use, on the sideboard, where are also placed the decanters of sherry, the claret jugs, etc.

Moselle, champagne, hock, sauterne, and some other light wines are not decanted, but the wires are removed from the bottles of sparkling wine before dinner, and the corks of light wines are drawn. The cruet frame and the bread basket are placed on the sideboard. Many people now use the old-fashioned silver cake baskets as bread baskets if they have not a plated bread-tray. A folded serviette is laid in the bottom to receive the rolls or pieces of bread. Fancy cloths are out of place under bread. If there is a salad, the bowl may be on the sideboard or dinner-wagon, as space permits.

Each shelf of the dinner-wagon is covered with a cloth. On the top tier the dessert (if it is not on table) is placed, and on the other tiers the dessert plates are arranged thus: first, a d'oyley (plain or fancy according to the taste of the dinner giver) is laid on the plate, then a glass ice-plate (if ices are to be served) with a tea-spoon is placed on it, then a finger-glass, which should be about one-third full of water, is stood on the ice-plate; a dessert knife and fork are placed on the plate to the right and left of the finger-glass.

A little rose-water, or one or two leaves of scented verbena or geranium, may be put in each finger-glass; for a little dinner a very thin slice of lemon is pleasant in a finger-glass. In France, weak peppermint water is frequently put in the finger-glass; I think it is a most objectionable practice, and one disagreeable to nearly all English people. Of course, when finger-glasses are used, the wine-glasses can never be put upon the dessert plates, but they are stood ready to be put on table; a claret and a sherry-glass for each person, and a port wine-glass in addition, if port wine is to be taken round after dinner.

A table for an ordinary dinner, where there are two servants to wait is laid almost the same as for a dinner à la Russe. No wine is put on table; tablespoons are not generally put on, except for soup; in fact, "corners" are not made as much on tables as they used to be. I have seen water-bottles superseded several times lately by small glass jugs, with pairs of small goblets, being placed at each corner; they are placed much farther on the table than water-bottles are. Salt is the only condiment put on table, as the cruets and sauces are handed from time to time. The soup-ladle, fish-carvers, gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork must be put on. The soup-ladle is put on the right-hand side of where the tureen will stand. The fish-carvers and meat-carvers, the latter on knife rests, are placed, the knives on the right, the forks on the left. If there is game, the poultry-carvers should not be put on until they are wanted; it makes too many to put them on at the same time as the meat-carvers. Of course, it is necessary to leave places for the dishes when arranging the table. The master of the house generally serves the soup, fish, meat, and game, the lady of the house the principal sweet. *Entrées* or vegetables are never put on table; custards and small sweets and cheese are usually handed. Slips are not used, except on special occasions. Like the table, the sideboard and dinner-wagon are laid in much the same way for an ordinary dinner as for a party, where there are sufficient servants to do it, excepting, perhaps, that there is not as much plate out.

I will now take a table for a family where there is only one servant to wait. Here the arrangements must be different; it is neces-

sary to put more on table. Supposing the family to consist of six persons, the house-parlourmaid would hardly be able to hand the cruets before the first person who was served had half finished eating his or her dinner, so it is as well to put come condiments on table; pepper, mustard, and cayenne can be put on in small castors, or if there is no centre-piece the cruet-stand can be put on table. With only one servant to wait, the vegetables and sauces are handed; sometimes if there is more than can be well managed, it is a good plan to put sauce for meat or poultry on table on the right hand side of the dish to which it belongs, so that the carver can help it at the same time as the meat. There is no object in doing this with the sauce for fish; it only saves time for the courses with which vegetables are eaten. At other times a servant can manage very well. A tablespoon is placed for each person if there is soup, and a fish knife and fork if there are any; or, if not, a large silver fork is placed for fish, if there is fish for dinner, and one or two large knives and forks, depending on whether one or two meats, or meat and game, are to be served for dinner. Should the dinner consist of soup and a joint, with sweets to follow, the cover for each person would consist simply of a knife, a fork, and a tablespoon. The spoon and fork for pudding should not be put across at the top of the place for the plate. They are not to be put on until they are wanted, and then they are in the pudding plate; nor is the small knife for cheese put on table. A tumbler and a sherry glass are also placed for each person, with a claret glass if claret is drunk. A piece of bread is put on the left hand side next to the forks; it should be cut rather square and thick, as for luncheon. Where the dinner napkins are only changed once or twice a week, it is best only to fold them when they are put on table for the first time; the remainder of the week they keep cleaner if kept in rings. Whether folded or in rings, they are placed on table between the knives and forks

If finger-glasses are not used for dessert, the wine-glasses are placed (reversed and laid down) on d'oyleys in the dessert-plates, a dessert knife and fork being put respectively right and left of the glasses on each plate.

As regards tables, there is one other kind of household to be considered—that is, the little *ménage* where only one servant is kept. It is here necessary that everything in the way of knives, spoons, forks, glasses, and condiments that will be required for dinner is put on the table at once. A general servant laying the cloth must put the pudding-spoon and fork reversed at the top of the plate space, and the cheese-knife next to the other knife at the side, and must have everything on the sideboard that she can before dinner commences. The vegetables are best put on table. Some servants will manage to hand them once, then put them on table, when they go to fetch the next course. The comfort of the dinner where there is only one servant depends a great deal on the mistress of the house, who should consider the difficulties of serving, and arrange her dinners accordingly. Cold sweets, when practicable, greatly facilitate the waiting. The following axiom is taken from an American cookery-book. I think it so well worth remembering that I transcribe it for the benefit of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and conclude this article with it.

"If one has nothing for dinner but soup, hash, and lettuce, put them on table in style; serve them in three courses, and one will imagine it a much better dinner than if carelessly served."

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

WHAT dogs are good beggars is universally admitted. It may be said that they, as well as some other of the domestic animals, beg by nature. To beg on system and by rule, however, is a very different matter. Dogs—especially some breeds of dogs—are expert in this, and exceptional members of these breeds have even carried it to the level of a fine art. Not seldom the dogs of blind men are as expert beggars as the blind men themselves, if not more so. I could show you half a dozen blind men's dogs in London who most completely understand the outs and ins of the business; and because of that demure quietude and earnest look of solicitation, do as much to draw the pence as the fact of the master's blindness. Two little blind men's dogs I never pass without anew realising the conviction of that.

That look of wistful pathetic inquiry and appeal always suggests the wonder what the animal would say if it could speak. It is full of the pain of dumbness, and makes one think of legends of the transmigration of souls, of enchanted princes, of Undine, and of the little sea-maiden who gave her tongue that could sing so divinely in exchange for a soul that could love and suffer.

But the dog's power, perhaps, lies in the very fact that he cannot speak. Looks are ever so much more than words, unless they go as commentary upon them. We remember George Eliot's remarkable reflection upon Gyp's conduct in "Adam Bede," which ends with the question why so often we love our dogs that cannot speak better than we do those of our own kin who can? The answer is all-sufficing—perhaps it is simply that they never bore us with their words.

Surely that instance of the Inverness dog, the truth of which is attested by Professors Fountaine and Perchon, of the Lycée, Paris, who were travellers in Scotland, shows perfection in the art of begging. He had a

little box tied round his neck, but he did not let the pence pass into it, but held his head down over it to prevent that, as he would have found it difficult to get them out. His box was a ruse to excite sympathy. And then he had a nose for scenting out the strangers, and persistently following them, knowing that his character and ways were too well known by the townsmen. Having got his pence he bought rolls with them at the bakers' shops. He is the professional beggar to a T ; in some things there are few human beggars who could surpass him.

These stories of dogs who, having been aided and healed by the surgeon, themselves have taken other dogs with broken legs, etc., to the surgeon, and make mute appeal on their behalf, surely give us a very good canine representative of the class who are beggars for distressing cases, and so on.

Here is a very good instance, well attested, from *The Mirror* of March 29th, 1873 :—

"A dog, having been run over by a carriage, had his leg broken, and a humane surgeon passing had the animal brought home, set his leg, and, having cured his patient, discharged him—aware that he would return to his old master ; and the dog, whenever he met the surgeon afterwards, never failed to recognise him by wagging his tail, with other demonstrations of joy. One day a violent barking was heard at the surgeon's door, which was found to be occasioned by this dog, who, it appeared, was striving to procure admittance for another dog who had just had his leg broken."

Many instances of similar benevolent canine beggars are told, but hardly so well attested as the above—among them the reported case of a dog bringing another dog to Charing Cross Hospital which went the round of the papers some years ago.

"In a letter recently received from Lancaster,

THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.
(A sketch from life.)

COSGRAVE'S DOG.

where my father resides," writes Dr. Walter F. Atlee, "A queer thing occurred just now. Father was in the office, and heard a dog yelping outside the door ; he paid no attention until a second and louder yelp was heard, when he opened it, and found a little brown dog standing on the step upon three legs. He brought him in, and on examining the fourth leg, found a pin sticking in it. He drew out the pin, and the dog ran away again. The office of my father, Dr. Atlee, is not directly on the street, but stands back, having in front of it some six feet of stone wall with a gate. I will add that it has not been possible to discover anything more about the dog.

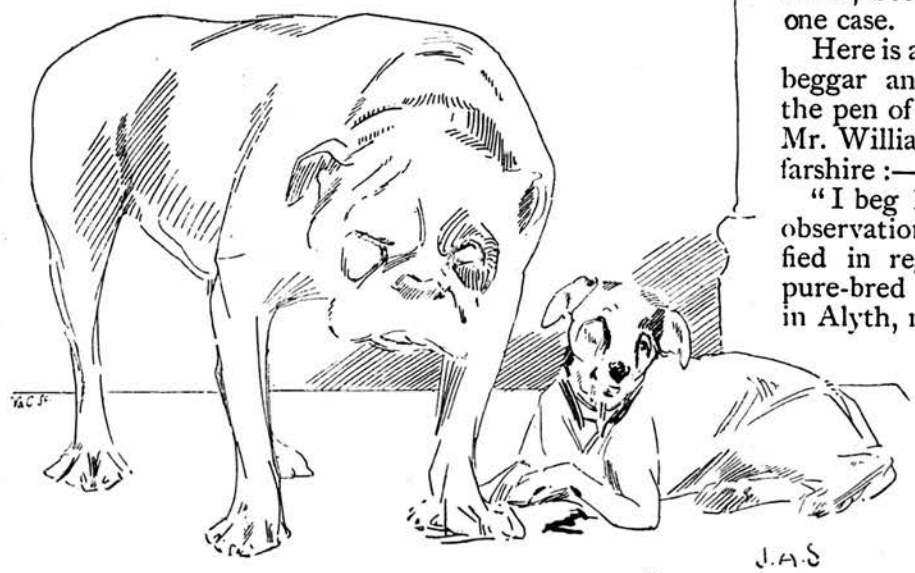
A.S "This story reminds me of something similar that occurred to me while studying medicine in this same office nearly thirty years ago. A man, named Cosgrave, the keeper of a low tavern near

the railway station, had his arm broken, and came many times to the office to have the dressings arranged. He was always accompanied by a large, most ferocious-looking bull-dog, that watched me most attentively, and most unpleasantly, while bandaging his master's arm. A few weeks after Cosgrave's case was discharged, I heard a noise at the office door, as if some animal was pawing it, and on opening it, saw there this huge bull-dog, accompanied by another dog that held up one of its front legs, evidently broken. They entered the office. I cut several pieces of wood, and fastened them firmly to the leg with adhesive plaster, after straightening the limb. They left immediately. The dog that came with Cosgrave's dog I never saw before, nor have seen it since." *

"PAWING THE EXPECTED DONOR"

I myself know an old carrier's horse in one of the eastern counties, which, having been accustomed to receive a bit of bread steeped in beer at certain houses where its master delivered parcels on the road, would not move away, though new tenants had come, but whined, neighed, and begged till its story was told, and then, having got its bit of bread, wetted with beer, gave a neigh of thanks and started off cheerfully. It was as though the old horse had said, "Yes, they are newcomers, I know, but tell the good people to what the old horse has been accustomed at this door, and I am sure they will keep up the good old custom." The story was told, the old horse got the bread and beer, and the old custom has, I know, been kept up in at least one case.

* In *The Philadelphia Medical Times*, quoted in *The Spectator*, June 26th, 1875, p. 819, No. 2,452.



"ACCOMPANIED BY ANOTHER DOG."

Here is an account of "Towser," beggar and bargain-maker, from the pen of a namesake of my own, Mr. William Japp, of Alyth, Forfarshire :—

"I beg leave to record certain observations which I have verified in regard to an intelligent pure-bred collie at present alive in Alyth, named 'Towser.'

"At an early period of his career 'Towser' commenced to beg for money, his medium of exchange being, preferably over all others, a halfpenny. When he succeeds in getting this coin he usually sets

off with it to the baker to purchase a biscuit ; and on reaching the shop he raises his fore feet on to the counter (having first made audible signs at the door if it should be shut), gets his biscuit, and retires to consume it, which he usually does within a few yards of the shop-door. The solicitation for the coin is done by pawing the expected donor, and the pawing instantly stops when the coin is delivered.

"'Towser's' custom is not confined to one special baker or grocer, but he drops his change at any shop where biscuits are sold ; and I could name one baker and three grocers who have 'Towser' in their books. Of a Saturday night, when his master and he may lounge about the street getting and receiving attentions, as is wont, 'Towser' has been seen to get as many as half a dozen half-pennies, all of which he changed into biscuits, and by a process of ratiocination thought nothing of it if the fun was general. Sometimes he will take it into his head to barter his halfpenny with his master's wife for a piece of pork—but this is when he is not so hungry, or when satiated ; and if hungry, he prefers his biscuit to swine's flesh.

"On one occasion 'Towser' decidedly gave way to a trick—let us hope it was frolic. One day he paid the baker for a halfpenny biscuit with a farthing, and ran off with some evidences of glee before the seller had time to detect the mistake. The baker would fain convince me that there was a glimmer of joy in 'Towser's' eye, as he went off with more hurry than usual, which was explained by the dividend.

"His master, being a carpenter, has frequently written a message on a spill of wood or piece of paper and sent 'Towser' miles with the billet to the workshop for an answer, which was effected by his speedy return with a small parcel of nails or tape, or such like, that had been required in an emergency. 'Towser's' duty, for which it may be said he earns his bread, is to watch at night his master's woodyard. On one occasion, when he was only a year old, he recognised on the street a person who was suspected of having taken some wood over night when 'Towser' was on the chain, and by growls and threats raised a suspicion that was afterwards verified.

The account of the famous old French soldier Sandolet's begging dog has been often referred to : here is an account of it as suggestive as it is compact :—

Sandolet had a dog which answered to the name of "Capucin." Weary of fasting and waiting for the larks to fall into his mouth ready roasted, Sandolet came to the logical conclusion that, since he had a dog, which dog helped him to consume his revenue, it was only fair that the said dog, for his part, should render some service in return. To the dog's collar he therefore fastened a leather purse, into which, when he put a letter, "Capucin" carried it to its address. It was a petition for pecuniary assistance from some generous person of the old soldier's acquaintance.

When the cupboard was bare, Sandolet opened the door, and calling the dog, said to him, "Come, 'Capucin,' you see the hutch is empty. You must set to work, *mon ami*, and try what you can do."

At which 'Capucin' mournfully bowed his head, shook his ears, tucked his tail between his legs, and began to bark—a pantomime which, interpreted, said, "I understand, master is hungry—and so is his dog."

The letter deposited in its receptacle, Sandolet said, "Go to such or such a place." The docile messenger obeyed, and presented himself to the party indicated with a humble and submissive air. He then raised his head to show the letter. Often, while waiting for the answer, 'Capucin' found his way to the kitchen, where they rarely refused him a morsel of meat. When at last he got the answer, always enclosing a piece of money, he returned to his master as fast as his legs could carry him, and would contrive to make ten or twelve such visits in the course of a morning. The collection ended, the master and dog embraced each other.*

* *The Literary Budget*, May 6th, 1871, No. 7, p. 107, Vol. I.

CAPUCIN.

HOME MANAGEMENT MONTH BY MONTH.

The Store-room and Larder.

In my last letter I gave you some hints about the arrangement of the store-room, and I promised a few more ideas on the same subject, before proceeding to the management of the larder.

The Store-room.

Firstly, then, label all the jars and canisters in which you store your groceries, such as currants, rice, etc., and place the jars on the shelves, with the small jars in front (if there is room for a double row), so that all the labels may be readily seen. All brushes should be hung up. If they are allowed to lie on the floor, the bristles become flattened and dirty, the broom does not sweep as well, and wears out much more quickly.

Keep a slate hanging in the store-room, with a sponge and a piece of pencil attached, in order that when you find anything running short you may make a note of it. A small dustpan and brush and also a duster should be kept in the store-room for the use of the mistress of the house. She can then keep everything tidy in the store-room.

Candles keep best if stored in tin boxes; old biscuit boxes answer the purpose very well. The same rule applies to matches. They are less likely to be affected by damp if kept in this manner.

And now I will add a short list of things which easily deteriorate in a damp place, and which, whenever possible, should be kept dry. Sugar, flour, oatmeal, baking-powder, salt, soda, borax, and blue are all things easily spoilt by damp.

Housewives will find it a good plan to set aside a shelf in the store-room for empty jam-jars, and see that as soon as the jar is empty it is washed, dried and returned to the store-room. Corks from bottles of all sizes may also be stored, and often come in useful. They should first be carefully washed and dried before they are put away.

The Larder.

The larder now claims our attention. Let us hope that it has been built on the cool and shady side of the house, and that it has a stone or brick floor, because it can then be swilled out daily, which keeps it both cool and clean.

If, however, the floor and shelves are of wood, it is advisable to scrub them thoroughly with hot water and soap, and then wipe them over with a cloth dipped in cold water to which has been added a small quantity of disinfectant—Condy's fluid, Sanitas, or carbolic, as preferred. This should be done at least twice a week.

It is a good plan during hot weather to have a jar of fresh barm standing in the larder; this sweetens the air. The barm should be renewed weekly.

Milk or vegetables should never be kept in the meat larder. Milk quickly takes up germs and becomes sour, and green vegetables soon become stale and unwholesome.

If the larder has only sash windows and no perforated zinc, it is a good plan to stretch a piece of coarse muslin over the open sash. This may be made wet from day to day either with a solution of Condy's fluid and water or carbolic. This keeps out both flies and dust, while at the same time it allows a free passage of air through the larder.

Many larders have not been constructed to allow a current of fresh air to sweep through them. This current of fresh air is very necessary; so if there is only one window, a good plan is to cut out one of the upper panels of the door, and fill in the aperture with either wire gauze or perforated zinc.

I will now give you a few hints about hanging up meat and game. First, be careful that the hooks on which you hang the meat are scrupulously clean. As meat-hooks in the larder are often fixtures, I prefer to use the double iron hooks to hang the meat on. These double hooks can be

RIGHT WAY TO HANG MEAT AND GAME.

hung on to the fixed hooks. The reason that I prefer the double hooks is that they can be more easily kept clean and disinfected. Wash the hooks thoroughly in boiling water, then dip them in a solution of Condy's fluid before passing the hooks through the meat.

In hot or damp weather wipe the meat dry, then powder it well all over with a mixture of flour and black pepper, being careful to powder well under the flaps and creases of the meat. The meat should be examined each day, and any part which may have become fly-blown cut away.

The rule for hanging meat is to pass the hook through a sinewy part, and allow the meat to hang with the heaviest part downwards. This prevents the drip of blood which would result if the hook were passed through a fleshy part of the meat. All joints should be hung in an airy part of the larder, not over a shelf or near the wall.

Winged game should be hung by a string attached to one leg. By adopting this plan you spread out the wings and legs, and also, as the feathers are reversed, it allows the air to circulate more freely round the bird. Before being hung up, the bird should be well peppered round the vent, under the wings and legs, and round any parts which may have been shot. The birds should be examined daily.

Every morning all the cold meat should be put upon clean dry dishes, and placed in the most airy part of the larder. All stocks and sauces should also be examined to see if they require boiling up. The extra boiling will prevent them from turning sour.

Soups should be boiled up each day. If they contain vegetables, in hot weather they quickly ferment.

Never allow stock or soup to remain over-night in a metal vessel. The metal is liable to corrode, and this makes the soup turn sour. Great care should be taken that every vessel in which soup or stock is kept should be scalded and dried before being put away.

About Bread.

Bread should be kept in an earthenware pan with a closely-fitting lid. This prevents the bread becoming dry, and also by excluding the air you render the bread more wholesome, as it is liable to absorb any gases arising from meat.

One of the most common sources of waste in a household is bread. A careful housewife should look into her bread-pan every morning, and instil into her maids the desirability of using up the pieces before cutting a fresh loaf. It is sometimes difficult to gauge exactly the amount of bread which will be required in a household, and should it happen that there is too much stale bread, the following is an excellent way of rendering a stale loaf fresh.

To Freshen up a Stale Loaf.

Dip the loaf for one moment in some fresh milk or milk and water, making the bread wet all over, but on no account allow it to soak. Place the loaf in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes, then allow it to get cold.

FEBRUARY.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1851

Thou lingerest, Spring : still wint'ry is the scene;
The fields their dead and sapless russet wear ;
Scarce does the glossy celandine appear
Starring the sunny bank, or, early green,
The elder yet its circling tufts put forth.—Southey.

DAINTY ORANGE DISHES.

THE fruit under consideration needs no recommendation. Much might be said in its favour, and little or nothing against it. Amongst other advantages, its appearance, cheapness, and wholesomeness may be specially named. The people who find oranges disagreeable are in the minority ; and although in a few cases the peculiar acid found in the tribe of fruits of which the orange, lemon, and lime are familiar types, causes discomfort, for the most part, "golden pills of health," as a well-known surgeon has christened oranges, is a well-deserved title.

Such dishes as "orange jelly," "orange sponge," and others of a like nature, are not enumerated here, being pretty well known ; my object is to introduce a few less familiar dishes, which will be found economical and delicious. Here is a dish that is pretty enough to put on the table at a wedding-breakfast, and simple enough for the birthday tea of a four-year-old child, being far less hurtful than the indigestible fruit cakes one often sees on such occasions. Not that fruit cakes are of a necessity unwholesome; I am speaking relatively.

Orange Cake

Take a plain sponge cake, of a pound weight and not less than two days old. This may be bought of a confectioner or made from any reliable recipe. A very good one is to allow as much sugar as the eggs used weigh in the shells, and two-thirds the weight in fine flour ; say, six ounces each of the first-named and four ounces of flour. The flavouring should be the grated rind of an orange or a few drops of essence, or the two mixed.

Then proceed as follows :—Cut the cake in slices—a sharp knife, please—and let the layers be even in thickness ; then squeeze the juice of an orange and sweeten it a little ; spread each piece with a thin coating of good, genuine orange marmalade, and moisten with the juice, then build the cake up to its old form. Now for a mixture to coat your cake. This is simplicity itself.

Two more oranges will be wanted ; the rinds are to be grated with that of a lemon—it is wonderful, by the way, what a difference the addition of a lemon makes to all sorts of orange dishes ; then add all the juice—strained, let me remind you, for a single pip will make it bitter. Then put in water to make the whole up to half a pint ; add a tablespoonful each of sugar and marmalade and a little orange essence, and thicken with a generous tablespoonful of corn-flour, smoothly mixed with some of the liquid. The boiling-up does want care, easy as it is to avoid lumps, and as soon as the mixture does boil, remove the pan to a cooler part of the stove and let it simmer a minute ; but do not cease the stirring, and use a wooden spoon. Then, when cool, spread the top of the cake smoothly, using a palette-knife.

The dome part only is to be coated, the sides being left uncovered. For the finishing touches, chop up a morsel of any green dried fruit and shake over the top, then cut a few strips of the same—there is nothing better or cheaper than angelica—and with a wooden skewer make some holes round the cake, and put in the strips to form a pattern. Or, in place of fruit, some fondants may be used ; green and yellow mixed are the most effective, and they should be fastened on with a little icing sugar, mixed to a stiff paste with the white of a raw egg.

Those used to icing cakes will know how to set about this task. A last reminder : Serve this in thin slices from top to bottom, that all may get some of the top coating, which is the making of the cake. For the sake of appearance, dish it on a green paper or on a white one with a garniture of green leaves.

Orange Pudding.

This ought to be called a soufflé, for it is too light for an ordinary pudding ; but some are alarmed at the mention of a soufflé, which is often supposed to be too much of a mystery for ordinary cooks, so to encourage a trial of it I have given it a homely name. It sounds a good deal more extravagant than it is. The materials should be all to hand ; they are four eggs, two ounces of the finest rice-cream, two and a half to three ounces of castor sugar, four oranges, half an ounce of butter or a dash of cream, a little orange essence, and half a pint of milk. The mode is simple, but involves care ; those who possess a copper or steel pan, as bright as hands can make it, should use it ; a burnt pan will ruin the dish. The rice-flour is to be mixed with some of the cold milk, and it *must* be smooth ; the rest of the milk is to

be boiled with the sugar and butter, and stirred to the rice, and then boiled up; remove the pan, and add by degrees the grated rinds of all the fruit, and the juice of half the number, together with the pulp, which must be freed from any trace of white, and should be rubbed through a coarse hair seive; but which may, if more convenient, be scooped out with a spoon. A hint that will perhaps bring a smile to the face of the experienced cook is to wipe the fruit with a cloth before grating it, and to remove the grater before the white is reached. How many puddings and cakes have been made bitter for lack of this precaution!

The milk cannot be too good and fresh for all dishes containing fruit. Now put in the yolks of the eggs, one at a time, without previously beating them, and give a good vigorous beat between each addition. The mass by this time should be smooth and rich-looking. The whites of eggs are the final addition. Some of my readers are new ones, without doubt, and many may be novices in the culinary art; if of the latter class, they have it in their power to completely spoil this pudding. But we will pass over the wrong way and detail the right.

Put the whites on a large plate with the tiniest pinch of salt—I am assuming that in breaking the eggs no trace of yolk got mixed in the white—then beat (in a current of air) with a knife, until the mass is so stiff that, when the plate is reversed, the eggs show no tendency to drop. A simpler way to some is to put the eggs in a jar and beat with an egg-whisk. The fresher the eggs the firmer the froth; do not try to beat stale ones in this fashion, for it cannot be done.

Now transfer the snowy mixture to the pan with a few light strokes, so as to incorporate the whole without any more beating. Remember you have now filled the pudding mixture with a number of air bubbles, which with the heat of the oven will expand, and bring about the lightness that is the feature of this dainty. The dish for baking should be deep and well-buttered, and the oven should be what is known as "sound and steady," without being fierce enough to burn the top.

It should be firm to the touch, and a delicate brown when done. This is good without sauce, but better with; and here is a famous one, as nice with hosts of other puddings as with this particular one.

Orange Sauce.

Melt in a stewpan two ounces of fresh butter, and take care to skim away any scum; then stir in two ounces of fine dry flour, a little at a time. The precaution of sifting should not be forgotten; stir and add the juice of two oranges left over from the pudding, and enough water to make about half a pint of liquid; when this boils add sugar to taste and a little of the clear part of some orange marmalade, quite free from any chips—say a tablespoonful—then put in a few drops of yellow colouring.

Remove the pan and add another ounce of butter, a bit at a time, stirring it well in, and do not let it taste the fire again. The use of a quarter of a pint of whipped cream will be better liked by some, but the sauce loses in heat what it gains in richness. Another way is to use a little cream only with about half an ounce of butter.

In all these ways the sauce may be recommended. When a fuller orange zest is liked, a few drops of orange essence may go in. A mixture of orange and vanilla essence is thought to be better than anything else by some cooks; the blending of the two flavours is certainly very pleasant, but the vanilla must be good, and not used in excess: that is, the dish must not actually taste of vanilla, but owing to its variable strength the precise amount to use can only be determined by the cook.

The sauce and pudding must be so timed that neither waits for the other, and no time is to be lost in sending them to table.

Orange Butter.

This is easy to make. Take two hard-boiled eggs and put in a mortar with an ounce of butter, a tablespoonful of thick cream, an ounce of blanched chopped almonds, two ounces of sugar, the grated rind of an orange, and a little colouring; then pound all and moisten with orange juice until a softish paste is formed. Sometimes a mixture of orange-flower water and orange juice is preferred, but the first mode is the cheaper and better liked, as a rule. The whole should be sieved.

Lemons and oranges can be thus blended, and the exact amount of sugar regulated by taste. Set by in the coldest part of the house until the time comes for using—best of all, set on ice. As to the uses, they are very numerous. Serve with biscuits or thin bread and butter, or make sandwiches by putting the "butter" on one slice of bread and a morsel of honey or nice preserve on the other: sweet sandwiches are now quite a feature at afternoon teas. With many puddings, both hot and cold, instead of sauces of the ordinary kind, this butter is acceptable; and a particularly good dish is made by cutting up a sponge or Madeira

cake into little blocks—triangular, for instance —and spreading one side with the butter and covering it with Devonshire or any other thick cream.

I have seen this made so stiff, by using more egg yolks, that it can be moulded into little pyramids, but then there is not a chance of working in so much of the juice, and the taste is not nearly so nice. The deficiency is then made up by an extra supply of grated rind.

Tangerine Creams.

This is one of the best dishes on my list. The peel is to be taken off and the fruit cut up in thin slices, and put on to boil with half its weight in crushed lump sugar. Then to every half-pound of sugar used allow half a pint of water and the juice of a lemon—bearing in mind these proportions, any quantity can be made. The whole should boil—about ten minutes should suffice—then add an ounce of sheet gelatine, stirring until it is quite melted, for every half-pint of water. When on the point of setting, take some tiny glass dishes, rather deep, or some of the little fire-proof china cases of any fancy shape, and three-parts fill them.

When quite cool, pile on the top some stiffly-whipped cream that has been sweetened and nicely-flavoured with orange rind or essence. The mixture *may* be poured in one large dish, and finished off in the same manner, but it is not intended to be moulded and turned out; it should be served from the dish into which it is poured.

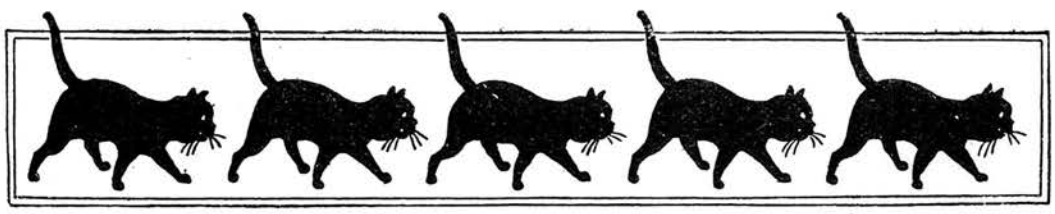
For a more elaborate sweet, some green fruit or coloured sugar can be used for garnishing the cream; or lumps of orange jelly can be put about it. I can recommend a variation that entails but a trifle more trouble and expense. Reduce the water to half, and when the pan is taken from the fire add some good orange jelly that has been just melted, and if this is stiff and the weather cool, very little gelatine need be added, for the precise consistence is a matter of taste. Then again, you may pour a good orange-flavoured custard over instead of cream, or cream can go over the custard. In all these ways I venture to say that it will be a case of "Cut and come again." Jaffa oranges can be used instead of tangerines.

Orange Trifle.

This is a dish for festive occasions, and no one need be alarmed at a request for more from the juvenile members of the family. Some ordinary penny sponge cakes are to be sliced into a deep glass dish, and moistened with orange jelly that is tepid and just beginning to set. When the slices have formed a layer nearly an inch thick, a thick plain custard should go over; one made from corn-flour answers admirably, but it should be coloured a little and be well-flavoured with orange rind.

Then have a compôte of oranges, made by dividing the fruit in its natural sections and removing the pips, and stewing the fruit in a thin syrup of sugar and water until done. The syrup should be reduced and thickened by further boiling after the fruit has been taken up. This must be cold before it is laid on the custard, and that should be cold; if either be warm, a messy dish is a sure result. There must be only enough syrup to coat and moisten the fruit. Now take some whipped cream and some lumps of orange jelly; the latter may be made by pouring the jelly into a tin or deep dish, and cutting in squares when cold.

Use these for garnishing, putting some jelly and cream alternately, covering all but the centre; to be explicit, make a ring of the garnish. The centre should be highest, some more of the stewed fruit being piled up at the last. The colder this is served the nicer; and those who will look over the preceding hints and recipes will see a number of ways of varying it when tired of it in its present form.



AN ADVENTURE WITH A DOG AND A GLACIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF «THE MOUNTAINS OF CALIFORNIA,» ETC.

IN the summer of 1880 I set out from Fort Wrangel in a canoe, with the Rev. S. H. Young, my former companion, and a crew of Indians, to continue the exploration of the icy region of southeastern Alaska, begun in the fall of 1879. After the necessary provisions, blankets, etc., had been collected and stowed away, and the Indians were in their places ready to dip their paddles, while a crowd of their friends were looking down from the wharf to bid them good-by and good luck, Mr. Young, for whom we were waiting, at length came aboard, followed by a little black dog that immediately made himself at home by curling up in a hollow among the baggage. I like dogs, but this one seemed so small, dull, and worthless that I objected to his going, and asked the missionary why he was taking him. «Such a helpless wisp of hair will only be in the way,» I said; «you had better pass him up to one of the Indian boys on the wharf, to be taken home to play with the children. This trip is not likely to be a good one for toy dogs. He will be rained on and snowed on for weeks, and will require care like a baby.» But the missionary assured me that he would be no trouble at all; that he was a perfect wonder of a dog—could endure cold and hunger like a polar bear, could swim like a seal, and was wondrous wise, etc., making out a list of virtues likely to make him the most interesting of the company.

Nobody could hope to unravel the lines of his ancestry. He was short-legged, bunchy-bodied, and almost featureless—something like a muskrat. Though smooth, his hair was long and silky, so that when the wind was at his back it ruffled, making him look shaggy. At first sight his only noticeable feature was his showy tail, which was about as shady and airy as a squirrel's, and was carried curling forward nearly to his ears. On closer inspection you might see his thin, sensitive ears and his keen dark eyes with cunning tan spots. Mr. Young told me that when the dog was about the size of a wood-rat he was presented to his wife by an Irish prospector at Sitka, and that when he arrived at Fort Wrangel he was adopted by the Stickeen Indians as a sort of new good-luck totem, and named «Stickeen» for the tribe, with whom he became a favorite. On our trip he soon proved himself a queer character—odd, concealed, independent, keeping invincibly quiet, and doing many inexplicable things that piqued my curiosity. Sailing week after week through the long, intricate channels and inlets among the innumerable islands and mountains of the coast, he spent the dull days in sluggish ease, motionless, and apparently as unobserving as a hibernating marmot. But I discovered that somehow he always knew what was going forward. When the Indians were about to shoot at ducks or seals, or when anything interesting was to be seen along the shore, he would rest his chin on the edge of the canoe and calmly look out. When he heard us talking about making a landing, he roused himself to see what sort of place we were coming to, and made ready to jump overboard and swim ashore as soon as the canoe neared the beach. Then, with a vigorous shake to get rid of the brine in his hair, he went into the woods to hunt small game. But though always the first out of the canoe, he was always the last to get into it. When we were ready to start he could never be found, and refused to come to our call. We soon found out, however, that though we could not see him at such times, he saw us, and from the cover of the briers and huckleberry-bushes in the fringe of the woods was watching the canoe with wary eye. For as soon as we were fairly off, he came trotting down the beach, plunged into the surf, and swam after us, knowing well that we would cease rowing and take him in. When the contrary little vagabond came alongside, he was lifted by the neck, held at arm's length a moment to drip, and dropped aboard. We tried to cure him of this trick by compelling him to swim farther before stopping for him; but this did no good: the longer the swim, the better he seemed to like it.

Though capable of most spacious idleness,

he was always ready for excursions or adventures of any sort. When the Indians went into the woods for a deer, Stickeen was sure to be at their heels, provided I had not yet left camp. For though I never carried a gun, he always followed me, forsaking the hunting Indians, and even his master, to share my wanderings. The days that were too stormy for sailing I spent in the woods, or on the mountains or glaciers, wherever I chanced to be; and Stickeen always insisted on following me, gliding through the dripping huckleberry-bushes and prickly *Panax* and *Rubus* tangles like a fox, scarce stirring their close-set branches, wading and wallowing through snow, swimming ice-cold streams, jumping logs and rocks and the crusty hummocks and crevasses of glaciers with the patience and endurance of a determined mountaineer, never tiring or getting discouraged. Once he followed me over a glacier the surface of which was so rough that it cut his feet until every step was marked with blood; but he trotted on with Indian fortitude until I noticed his pain and, taking pity on him, made him a set of moccasins out of a handkerchief. But he never asked help or made any complaint, as if, like a philosopher, he had learned that without hard work and suffering there could be no pleasure worth having.

Yet nobody knew what Stickeen was good for. He seemed to meet danger and hardships without reason, insisted on having his own way, never obeyed an order, and the hunters could never set him on anything against his will, or make him fetch anything that was shot. I tried hard to make his acquaintance, guessing there must be something in him; but he was as cold as a glacier, and about as invulnerable to fun, though his master assured me that he played at home, and in some measure conformed to the usages of civilization. His equanimity was so immovable it seemed due to unfeeling ignorance. Let the weather blow and roar, he was as tranquil as a stone; and no matter what advances you made, scarce a glance or a tail-wag would you get for your pains. No superannuated mastiff or bulldog grown old in office surpassed this soft midget in stoic dignity. He sometimes reminded me of those plump, squat, unshakable cacti of the Arizona deserts that give no sign of feeling. A true child of the wilderness, holding the even tenor of his hidden life with the silence and serenity of nature, he never displayed a trace of the elfish vivacity and fun of the terriers and collies that we all know, nor of their touching affection and devotion. Like children, most small dogs beg to be loved and allowed to love, but Stickeen seemed a very Diogenes, asking only to be let alone. He seemed neither old nor young. His strength lay in his eyes. They looked as old as the hills, and as young and as wild. I never tired looking into them. It was like looking into a landscape; but they were small and rather deep-set, and had no explaining puckers around them to give out particulars. I was accustomed to look into the faces of plants and animals, and I watched the little sphinx more and more keenly as an interesting study. But there is no estimating the wit and wisdom concealed and latent in our lower fellow-mortals until made manifest by profound experiences; for it is by suffering that dogs as well as saints are developed and made perfect.

After we had explored the glaciers of the Sumdum and Tahkoo inlets, we sailed through Stephen's Passage into Lynn Canal, and thence through Icy Strait into Cross Sound, looking for unexplored inlets leading toward the ice-fountains of the Fairweather Range. While the tide was in our favor in Cross Sound we were accompanied by a fleet of icebergs drifting out to the ocean from Glacier Bay. Slowly we crawled around Vancouver's Point, Wimbleton, our frail canoe tossed like a feather on the massive swells coming in past Cape Spenser. For miles the Sound is bounded by precipitous cliffs which looked terribly stern in gloomy weather. Had our canoe been crushed or upset, we could have gained no landing here; for the cliffs, as high as those of Yosemite, sink perfectly sheer into deep water. Eagerly we scanned the immense wall on the north side for the first sign of an opening, all of us anxious except Stickeen, who dozed in peace or gazed dreamily at the tremendous precipices when he heard us talking about them. At length we discovered the entrance of what is now called Taylor Bay, and about five o'clock reached the head of it, and encamped near the front of a large glacier which extends as an abrupt barrier all the way across from wall to wall of the inlet, a distance of three or four miles.

On first observation the glacier presented some unusual features, and that night I planned a grand excursion for the morrow. I awoke early, called not only by the glacier, but also by a storm. Rain, mixed with trailing films of scud and the ragged, drawn-out nether surfaces of gray clouds, filled the inlet, and was sweeping forward in a thick,

passionate, horizontal flood, as if it were all passing over the country instead of falling on it. Everything was streaming with life and motion—woods, rocks, waters, and the sky. The main perennial streams were booming, and hundreds of new ones, born of the rain, were descending in gray and white cascades on each side of the inlet, fairly streaking their rocky slopes, and roaring like the sea. I had intended making a cup of coffee before starting, but when I heard the storm I made haste to join it; for in storms nature has always something extra fine to show us, and if we have wit to keep in right relations with them the danger is no more than in home-keeping, and we can go with them rejoicing, sharing their enthusiasm, and chanting with the old Norsemen, «The blast of the tempest aids our oars; the hurricane is our servant, and drives us whither we wish to go.» So I took my ice-ax, buttoned my coat, put a piece of bread in my pocket, and set out. Mr. Young and the Indians were asleep, and so, I hoped, was Stickeen; but I had not gone a dozen rods before he left his warm bed in the tent, and came boring through the blast after me. That a man should welcome storms for their exhilarating music and motion, and go forth to see God making landscapes, is reasonable enough; but what fascination could there be in dismal weather for this poor, feeble wisp of a dog, so pathetically small? Anyhow, on he came, breakfastless, through the choking blast. I stopped, turned my back to the wind, and gave him a good, dissuasive talk. «Now don't,» I said, shouting to make myself heard in the storm—«now don't, Stickeen. What has got into your queer noddle now? You must be daft. This wild day has nothing for you. Go back to camp and keep warm. There is no game abroad—nothing but weather. Not a foot or wing is stirring. Wait and get a good breakfast with your master, and be sensible for once. I can't feed you or carry you, and this storm will kill you.» But nature, it seems, was at the bottom of the affair; and she gains her ends with dogs as well as with men, making us do as she likes, driving us on her ways, however rough. So after ordering him back again and again to ease my conscience, I saw that he was not to be shaken off; as well might the earth try to shake off the moon. I had once led his master into trouble, when he fell on one of the topmost jags of a mountain, and dislocated his arms. Now the turn of his humble companion was coming. The dog just stood there in the wind, drenched and blinking, saying doggedly, «Where thou goest I will go.» So I told him to come on, if he must, and gave him a piece of the bread I had put in my pocket for breakfast. Then we pushed on in company, and thus began the most memorable of all my wild days.

The level flood, driving straight in our faces, thrashed and washed us wildly until we got into the shelter of the trees and ice-cliffs on the east side of the glacier, where we rested and listened and looked on in comfort. The exploration of the glacier was my main object, but the wind was too high to allow excursions over its open surface, where one might be dangerously shoved while balancing for a jump on the brink of a crevasse. In the meantime the storm was a fine study. Here the end of the glacier, descending over an abrupt swell of resisting rock about five hundred feet high, leans forward and falls in majestic ice-cascades. And as the storm came down the glacier from the north, Stickeen and I were beneath the main current of the blast, while favorably located to see and hear it. A broad torrent, draining the side of the glacier, now swollen by scores of new streams from the mountains, was rolling boulders along its rocky channel between the glacier and the woods with thudding, bumping, muffled sounds, rushing toward the bay with tremendous energy, as if in haste to get out of the mountains, the waters above and beneath calling to each other, and all to the ocean, their home. Looking southward from our shelter, we had this great torrent on our left, with mossy woods on the mountain slope above it, the glacier on our right, the wild, cascading portion of it forming a multitude of towers, spires, and flat-topped battlements seen through the trees, and smooth gray gloom ahead. I tried to draw the marvelous scene in my note-book, but the rain fell on my page in spite of all that I could do to shelter it, and the sketch seemed miserably defective.

When the wind began to abate I traced the east side of the glacier. All the trees standing on the edge of the woods were barked and bruised, showing high ice-mark in a very telling way, while tens of thousands of those that had stood for centuries on the bank of the glacier farther out lay crushed and being crushed. In many places I could see, down fifty feet or so beneath, the margin of the glacier mill, where trunks from one to two feet in diameter were being ground to pulp against outstanding rock-ribs and bosses of the bank. About three miles above the front of the glacier, I climbed to the surface

of it by means of ax-steps, made easy for Stickeen; and as far as the eye could reach, the level, or nearly level, glacier stretched away indefinitely beneath the gray sky, a seemingly boundless prairie of ice. The rain continued, which I did not mind; but a tendency to fogginess in the drooping clouds made me hesitate about venturing far from land. No trace of the west shore was visible, and in case the misty clouds should settle, or the wind again become violent, I feared getting caught in a tangle of crevasses. Lingering undecided, watching the weather, I sauntered about on the crystal sea. For a mile or two out I found the ice remarkably safe. The marginal crevasses were mostly narrow, while the few wider ones were easily avoided by passing around them, and the clouds began to open here and there. Thus encouraged, I at last pushed out for the other side; for nature can make us do anything she likes, luring us along appointed ways for the fulfilment of her plans. At first we made rapid progress, and the sky was not very threatening, while I took bearings occasionally with a pocket-compass, to enable me to retrace my way more surely in case the storm should become blinding; but the structure-lines of the ice were my main guide. Toward the west side we came to a closely crevassed section, in which we had to make long, narrow tacks and doublings, tracing the edges of tremendous longitudinal crevasses, many of which were from twenty to thirty feet wide, and perhaps a thousand feet deep, beautiful and awful. In working a way through them I was severely cautious, but Stickeen came on as unhesitatingly as the flying clouds. Any crevasse that I could jump he would leap without so much as halting to examine it. The weather was bright and dark, with quick flashes of summer and winter close together. When the clouds opened and the sun shone, the glacier was seen from shore to shore, with a bright array of encompassing mountains partly revealed, wearing the clouds as garments, black in the middle, burning on the edges, and the whole icy prairie seemed to burst into a bloom of iris colors from myriads of crystals. Then suddenly all the glorious show would be again smothered in gloom. But Stickeen seemed to care for none of these things, bright or dark, nor for the beautiful wells filled to the brim with water so pure that it was nearly invisible, the rumbling, grinding moulins, or the quick-flashing, glinting, swirling streams in frictionless channels of living ice. Nothing seemed novel to him. He showed neither caution nor curiosity. His courage was so unwavering that it seemed due to dullness of perception, as if he were only blindly bold; and I warned him that he might slip or fall short. His bunchy body seemed all one skipping muscle, and his peg legs appeared to be jointed only at the top.

We gained the west shore in about three hours, the width of the glacier here being about seven miles. Then I pushed northward, in order to see as far back as possible into the fountains of the Fairweather Mountains, in case the clouds should rise. The walking was easy along the margin of the forest, which, of course, like that on the other side, had been invaded and crushed by the swollen glacier. In an hour we rounded a massive headland and came suddenly on another outlet of the glacier, which, in the form of a wild ice-cascade, was pouring over the rim of the main basin toward the ocean with the volume of a thousand Niagaras. The surface was broken into a multitude of sharp blades and pinnacles leaning forward, something like the updashing waves of a flood of water descending a rugged channel. But these ice-waves were many times higher than those of river cataracts, and to all appearance motionless. It was a dazzling white torrent two miles wide, flowing between high banks black with trees. Tracing its left bank three or four miles, I found that it discharged into a fresh-water lake, filling it with icebergs.

I would gladly have followed the outlet, but the day was waning, and we had to make haste on the return trip to get off the ice before dark. When we were about two miles from the west shore the clouds dropped misty fringes, and snow soon began to fly. Then I began to feel anxiety as to finding a way in the storm through the intricate network of crevasses which we had entered. Stickeen showed no fear. He was still the same silent, sufficient, uncomplaining Indian philosopher. When the storm-darkness fell he kept close behind me. The snow warned us to make haste, but at the same time hid our way. At rare intervals the clouds thinned, and mountains, looming in the gloom, frowned and quickly vanished. I pushed on as best I could, jumping innumerable crevasses, and for every hundred rods or so of direct advance traveling a mile in doubling up and down in the turmoil of chasms and dislocated masses of ice. After an hour or two of this work we came to a series of longitudinal crevasses of appalling width, like immense furrows. These I traced with firm nerve, excited and strengthened by the danger, mak-

ing wide jumps, poising cautiously on the dizzy edges after cutting hollows for my feet before making the spring, to avoid slipping or any uncertainty on the farther sides, where only one trial is granted—exercise at once frightful and inspiring. Stickeen flirted across every gap I jumped, seemingly without effort. Many a mile we thus traveled, mostly up and down, making but little real headway in crossing, most of the time running instead of walking, as the danger of spending the night on the glacier became threatening. No doubt we could have weathered the storm for one night, and I faced the chance of being compelled to do so; but we were hungry and wet, and the north wind was thick with snow and bitterly cold, and of course that night would have seemed a long one. Stickeen gave me no concern. He was still the wonderful, inscrutable philosopher, ready for anything. I could not see far enough to judge in which direction the best route lay, and had simply to grope my way in the snow-choked air and ice. Again and again I was put to my mettle, but Stickeen followed easily, his nerves growing more unflinching as the dangers thickened; so it always is with mountaineers.

At length our way was barred by a very wide and straight crevasse, which I traced rapidly northward a mile or so without finding a crossing or hope of one, then southward down the glacier about as far, to where it united with another crevasse. In all this distance of perhaps two miles there was only one place where I could possibly jump it; but the width of this jump was nearly the utmost I dared attempt, while the danger of slipping on the farther side was so great that I was loath to try it. Furthermore, the side I was on was about a foot higher than the other, and even with this advantage it seemed dangerously wide. One is liable to underestimate the width of crevasses where the magnitudes in general are great. I therefore measured this one again and again, until satisfied that I could jump it if necessary, but that in case I should be compelled to jump back to the higher side, I might fail. Now a cautious mountaineer seldom takes a step on unknown ground which seems at all dangerous, that he cannot retrace in case he should be stopped by unseen obstacles ahead. This is the rule of mountaineers who live long; and though in haste, I compelled myself to sit down and deliberate before I broke it. Retracing my devious path in imagination, as if it were drawn on a chart, I saw that I was recrossing the glacier a mile or two farther up-stream, and was entangled in a section I had not before seen. Should I risk this dangerous jump, or try to regain the woods on the west shore, make a fire, and have only hunger to endure while waiting for a new day? I had already crossed so broad a tangle of dangerous ice that I saw it would be difficult to get back to the woods through the storm; while the ice just beyond the present barrier seemed more promising, and the east shore was now perhaps about as near as the west. I was therefore eager to go on; but this wide jump was a tremendous obstacle. At length, because of the dangers already behind me, I determined to venture against those that might be ahead, jumped, and landed well, but with so little to spare that I more than ever dreaded being compelled to take that jump back from the lower side. Stickeen followed, making nothing of it. But within a distance of a few hundred yards we were stopped again by the widest crevasse yet encountered. Of course I made haste to explore it, hoping all might yet be well. About three fourths of a mile up-stream it united with the one we had just crossed, as I feared it would. Then, tracing it down, I found it joined the other great crevasse at the lower end, maintaining a width of forty to fifty feet. We were on an island about two miles long and from one hundred to three hundred yards wide, with two barely possible ways of escape—one by the way we came, the other by an almost inaccessible sliver-bridge that crossed the larger crevasse from near the middle of the island. After tracing the brink, I ran back to the sliver-bridge and cautiously studied it. Crevasses caused by strains from variations of the rate of motion of different parts of the glacier and by convexities in the channel are mere cracks when they first open,—so narrow as hardly to admit the blade of a pocket-knife,—and widen gradually, according to the extent of the strain. Now some of these cracks are interrupted like the cracks in wood, and, in opening, the strip of ice between overlapping ends is dragged out; and if the flow of the glacier there is such that no strain is made on the sliver, it maintains a continuous connection between the sides, just as the two sides of a slivered crack in wood that is being split are connected. Some crevasses remain open for years, and by the melting of their sides continue to increase in width long after the opening strain has ceased, while the sliver-bridges, level on top at first, and perfectly safe, are at length melted to thin, knife-edged blades, the upper portion

being most exposed to the weather; and since the exposure is greatest in the middle, they at length curve downward like the cables of suspension-bridges. This one was evidently very old, for it had been wasted until it was the worst bridge I ever saw. The width of the crevasse was here about fifty feet, and the sliver, crossing diagonally, was about seventy feet long, was depressed twenty-five or thirty feet in the middle, and the up-curving ends were attached to the sides eight or ten feet below the surface of the glacier. Getting down the nearly vertical wall to the end of it and up the other side were the main difficulties, and they seemed all but insurmountable. Of the many perils encountered in my years of wandering in mountain altitudes, none seemed so plain and stern and merciless as this. And it was presented when we were wet to the skin and hungry, the sky was dark with snow, and the night near, and we had to fear the snow in our eyes and the disturbing action of the wind in any movement we might make. But we were forced to face it. It was a tremendous necessity.

Beginning not immediately above the sunken end of the bridge, but a little to one side, I cut nice hollows on the brink for my knees to rest in; then, leaning over, with my short-handled ax cut a step sixteen or eighteen inches below, which, on account of the sheerness of the wall, was shallow. That step, however, was well made; its floor sloped slightly inward, and formed a good hold for my heels. Then, slipping cautiously upon it, and crouching as low as possible, with my left side twisted toward the wall, I steadied myself with my left hand in a slight notch, while with the right I cut other steps and notches in succession, guarding against glinting of the ax, for life or death was in every stroke, and in the niceness of finish of every foothold. After the end of the bridge was reached, it was a delicate thing to poise on a little platform which I had chipped on its up-curving end, and, bending over the slippery surface, get astride of it. Crossing was easy, cutting off the sharp edge with careful strokes, and hitching forward a few inches at a time, keeping my balance with my knees pressed against its sides. The tremendous abyss on each side I studiously ignored. The surface of that blue sliver was then all the world. But the most trying part of the adventure was, after working my way across inch by inch, to rise from the safe position astride that slippery strip of ice, and to cut a ladder in the face of the wall—chipping, climbing, holding on with feet and fingers in mere notches. At such times one's whole body is eye, and common skill and fortitude are replaced by power beyond our call or knowledge. Never before had I been so long under deadly strain. How I got up the cliff at the end of the bridge I never could tell. The thing seemed to have been done by somebody else. I never have had contempt of death, though in the course of my explorations I oftentimes felt that to meet one's fate on a mountain, in a grand cañon, or in the heart of a crystal glacier would be blessed as compared with death from disease, a mean accident in a street, or from a sniff of sewer-gas. But the sweetest, cleanest death, set thus calmly and glaringly clear before us, is hard enough to face, even though we feel gratefully sure that we have already had happiness enough for a dozen lives.

But poor Stickeen, the wee, silky, sleekit beastie—think of him! When I had decided to try the bridge, and while I was on my knees cutting away the rounded brow, he came behind me, pushed his head past my shoulder, looked down and across, scanned the sliver and its approaches with his queer eyes, then looked me in the face with a startled air of surprise and concern, and began to mutter and whine, saying as plainly as if speaking with words, «Surely you are not going to try that awful place?» This was the first time I had seen him gaze deliberately into a crevasse or into my face with a speaking look. That he should have recognized and appreciated the danger at the first glance showed wonderful sagacity. Never before had the quick, daring midget seemed to know that ice was slippery, or that there was such a thing as danger anywhere. His looks and the tones of his voice when he began to complain and speak his fears were so human that I unconsciously talked to him as I would to a boy, and in trying to calm his fears perhaps in some measure moderated my own. «Hush your fears, my boy,» I said; «we will get across safe, though it is not going to be easy. No right way is easy in this rough world. We must risk our lives to save them. At the worst we can only slip; and then how grand a grave we shall have! And by and by our nice bones will do good in the terminal moraine.» But my sermon was far from reassuring him; he began to cry, and after taking another piercing look at the tremendous gulf, ran away in desperate excitement, seeking some other crossing. By the time he got back, baffled, of course, I had made a step or two. I dared not look back, but he made

himself heard; and when he saw that I was certainly crossing, he cried aloud in despair. The danger was enough to daunt anybody, but it seems wonderful that he should have been able to weigh and appreciate it so justly. No mountaineer could have seen it more quickly or judged it more wisely, discriminating between real and apparent peril.

After I had gained the other side he howled louder than ever, and after running back and forth in vain search for a way of escape, he would return to the brink of the crevasse above the bridge, moaning and groaning as if in the bitterness of death. Could this be the silent, philosophic Stickeen? I shouted encouragement, telling him the bridge was not so bad as it looked, that I had left it flat for his feet, and he could walk it easily. But he was afraid to try it. Strange that so small an animal should be capable of such big, wise fears! I called again and again in a reassuring tone to come on and fear nothing; that he could come if he would only try. Then he would hush for a moment, look again at the bridge, and shout his unshakable conviction that he could never, never come that way; then lie back in despair, as if howling: «Oh-o-o, what a place! No-o-o; I can never go-o-o down there!» His natural composure and courage had vanished utterly in a tumultuous storm of fear. Had the danger been less, his distress would have seemed ridiculous. But in this gulf—a huge, yawning sepulcher big enough to hold everybody in the territory—lay the shadow of death, and his heartrending cries might well have called Heaven to his help. Perhaps they did. So hidden before, he was transparent now, and one could see the workings of his mind like the movements of a clock out of its case. His voice and gestures were perfectly human, and his hopes and fears unmistakable, while he seemed to understand every word of mine. I was troubled at the thought of leaving him. It seemed impossible to get him to venture. To compel him to try by fear of being left, I started off as if leaving him to his fate, and disappeared back of a hummock; but this did no good, for he only lay down and cried. So after hiding a few minutes, I went back to the brink of the crevasse, and in a severe tone of voice shouted across to him that now I must certainly leave him—I could wait no longer; and that if he would not come, all I could promise was that I would return to seek him next day. I warned him that if he went back to the woods the wolves would kill him, and finished by urging him once more by words and gestures to come on. He knew very well what I meant, and at last, with the courage of despair, hushed and breathless, he lay down on the brink in the hollow I had made for my knees, pressed his body against the ice to get the advantage of the friction, gazed into the first step, put his little feet together, and slid them slowly down into it, bunching all four in it, and almost standing on his head. Then, without lifting them, as well as I could see through the snow, he slowly worked them over the edge of the step, and down into the next and the next in succession in the same way, and gained the bridge. Then lifting his feet with the regularity and slowness of the vibrations of a seconds' pendulum, as if counting and measuring one, two, three, holding himself in dainty poise, and giving separate attention to each little step, he gained the foot of the cliff, at the top of which I was kneeling to give him a lift should he get within reach. Here he halted in dead silence, and it was here I feared he might fail, for dogs are poor climbers. I had no cord. If I had had one, I would have dropped a noose over his head and hauled him up. But while I was thinking whether an available cord might be made out of clothing, he was looking keenly into the series of notched steps and finger-holds of the ice-ladder I had made, as if counting them and fixing the position of each one in his mind. Then suddenly up he came, with a nervy, springy rush, hooking his paws into the notches and steps so quickly that I could not see how it was done, and whizzed past my head, safe at last!

And now came a scene! «Well done, well done, little boy! Brave boy!» I cried, trying to catch and caress him; but he would not be caught. Never before or since have I seen anything like so passionate a revulsion from the depths of despair to uncontrollable, exultant, triumphant joy. He flashed and darted hither and thither as if fairly demented, screaming and shouting, swirling round and round in giddy loops and circles like a leaf in a whirlwind, lying down and rolling over and over, sidewise and heels over head, pouring forth a tumultuous flood of hysterical cries and sobs and gasping mutterings. And when I ran up to him to shake him, fearing he might die of joy, he flashed off two or three hundred yards, his feet in a mist of motion; then, turning suddenly, he came back in wild rushes, and launched himself at my face, almost knocking me down, all the time screeching and screaming and shouting as if saying, «Saved! saved! saved!» Then away again, dropping

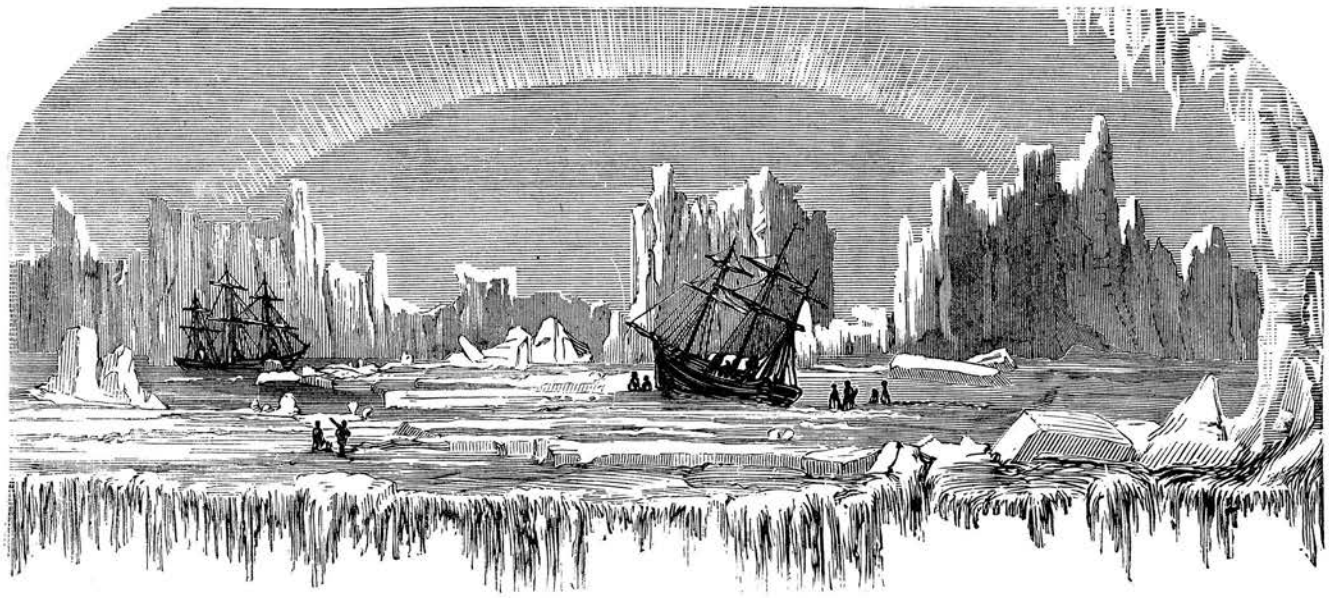
suddenly at times with his feet in the air, trembling, and fairly sobbing. Such passionate emotion was enough to kill him. Moses's stately song of triumph after escaping the Egyptians and the Red Sea was nothing to it. Who could have guessed the capacity of the dull, enduring little fellow for all that most stirs this mortal frame? Nobody could have helped crying with him.

But there is nothing like work for toning down either excessive fear or joy. So I ran ahead, calling him, in as gruff a voice as I could command, to come on and stop his nonsense, for we had far to go, and it would soon be dark. Neither of us feared another trial like this. Heaven would surely count one enough for a lifetime. The ice ahead was gashed by thousands of crevasses, but they were common ones. The joy of deliverance burned in us like fire, and we ran without fatigue, every muscle, with immense rebound, glorying in its strength. Stickeen flew across everything in his way, and not till dark did he settle into his normal fox-like, gliding trot. At last the mountains crowned with spruce came in sight, looming faintly in the gloaming, and we soon felt the solid rock beneath our feet, and were safe. Then came weariness. We stumbled down along the lateral moraine in the dark, over rocks and tree-trunks, through the bushes and devil-club thickets and mossy logs and boulders of the woods where we had sheltered ourselves in the morning. Then out on the level mud-slope of the terminal moraine. Danger had vanished, and so had our strength. We reached camp about ten o'clock, and found a big fire and a big supper. A party of Hoona Indians had visited Mr. Young, bringing a gift of porpoise-meat and wild strawberries, and hunter Joe had brought in a wild goat. But we lay down, too tired to eat much, and soon fell into a troubled sleep. The man who said, «The harder the toil the sweeter the rest,» never was profoundly tired. Stickeen kept springing up and muttering in his sleep, no doubt dreaming that he was still on the brink of the crevasse; and so did I—that night and many others, long afterward, when I was nervous and overtired.

Thereafter Stickeen was a changed dog. During the rest of the trip, instead of holding aloof, he would come to me at night, when all was quiet about the camp-fire, and rest his head on my knee, with a look of devotion, as if I were his god. And often, as he caught my eye, he seemed to be trying to say, «Was n't that an awful time we had together on the glacier?»

NONE of his old friends know what finally became of him. When my work for the season was done I departed for California, and never saw the dear little fellow again. Mr. Young wrote me that in the summer of 1883 he was stolen by a tourist at Fort Wrangel, and taken away on a steamer. His fate is wrapped in mystery. If alive he is very old. Most likely he has left this world—crossed the last crevasse—and gone to another. But he will not be forgotten. Come what may, to me Stickeen is immortal.

John Muir.



AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

SECOND PAPER.

WHY, girls, if I go to talkin' ag'in about Vinnie Ream I'll never git you into Congress. You only want to know if Miss Rankin thought Lincoln's statue a good one? Yes, she liked it very much—especially the face. She says Mr. Lincoln always had that sorrowful, pityin' kind of a look when he wasn't a-talkin'. She thought he felt more badly over the misfortunes of the Southern people than any one could imagine. He was obliged to do the best he could to git through with the war accordin' to his own sense of right; but she was sure he suffered intensely over the misery it brought on to the people. As I said, she liked the statue in the face and position, but she thought it didn't give the right idee of the form. The limbs look too short and thick. She says he was the longest and leanest lookin' man she ever seen.

But we must quit talkin' of statues, or we'll never git to anything else. We walked through the grandest hall, with the floor made of square pieces of Chany, all cemented together (I forgit the name of the work), and with figgers of little naked boys, as big as Annie's baby, and with flowers and harps and a great many things. It must be as hard as steel, for all the walkin' over it for many years hasn't took off a bit of the gloss. The walls was painted in gold and in fine colors, and the ceilin's the same, with the finest chanderliers, a great sight bigger 'n them at Willard's. We went up the stairs—they was as wide as this room, and made of brown marble from Tennessee. It was grand, I tell you. Miss Rankin asked me, with a smile, what I thought of it, and I told her it was just like Castile soap. And so it is, with a deal of polish, and as hard as anything can be. I'd rather have a house of this than the white marble. *That* always makes me think of gravestones.

But the pictur at the head of them stairs—it's wonderful, I tell you! It's as big as the side of our house, and the mountain in it's as rough and rocky as "Old North." Then the view from the top is 'most as grand as it is from Big Branch Mountain, lookin' away off towards sunset over mountain top and valley, till you almost think you can see right into heaven. And then, girls, them people! I've seen every one of 'em. There's a woman on the rocks with a baby in her lap, and she looks for all the world like Abe Lawson's wife—all wore-out like—and as if nothin' on earth ever could make her glad; and her features was all reg'lar, like she'd been a pretty girl once, poor thing! There was a man with long red hair and whiskers—the very pictur of Ike Sanders—it couldn't be more like him if he'd 'a set for it. Then there was our black Jake, and Ned Stevens, and little Tom, and Jerusha Styles, and Aunt Hanner Blythe, and a dozen more I could find likenesses for if I had the pictur here—all a-goin' West, in all sorts of wagons, and on hossback and muleback, with the dogs and cows a-follerin'. I tell you it's fine, and as large as life too. Who painted it? Well, I'll tell you in a minute, for I set all them things down. Here it is: Mr. Léutzé—pronounced, Miss Rankin says, Léghtzy, and he's dead, poor man! but this work of his hands'll live as long as the old Capitol stands, I reckon.

Well, we walked through another hall, as fine as the first one, and opened a door all covered with green baize, and there we was, in the gallery of Congress. I tell you, it took my breath away to see the size of that room. Why, it's a' most as big as our barn lot; and I kept a wonderin' how such a place could be built by such little bein's as men; and how ever the ceilin' could be kept in its place with nothin' to hold it up. We was in nice seats that rose like steps all around, and the Congressmen was all down in the big, square room below. Overhead was great squares of painted glass, and on one of 'em Miss Rankin showed me the seal of Virginny. I asked her where Nat set in Congress, and she said he wasn't in his seat just then. After awhile I seen him a walkin' down one of the passages, just as nateral like as if he'd a-been raised there; and I tell you, girls, it *did* make me proud to think that my boy, that I'd brought up from a baby, had got to be a member o' Congress. I wasn't so proud after awhile—but I'll say nothin' o' that *now*. The noise and talkin' below, and the lookin' down at so many people, made my head swim. Miss Rankin took the trouble to p'int out to me the men I'd heard the most about. Of course Ben Butler was the first one. I'd always heard he was very ugly, but, girls, not even old Bob Powers can hold a candle to him! Miss Rankin give me her operer-glasses, and when I'd got a good look I told her "I didn't want to look at *him* any more; please show me a good-lookin' man." She laughed and said they wasn't so very plentiful in Congress; there was General Banks just risin' up—what did I think of him? I told her he was a fine-lookin' man, and a gentleman, too, Nat said, if he did fight ag'in us. Mr. Blaine, the Speaker, ain't very handsome, but a white-haired one they call Judge Poland is. I'm surprised to see so many fine-lookin' old men in Washin'ton. They're nearly all fine lookin'. I wonder if our old men wouldn't be so too, if they'd spruce up and wear nice clothes and keep their faces shaved all the time, and their hair trimmed? I do believe they would, but I never thought of it before. And, girls, the old ladies there dress smart, and curl their white hair, and wear pretty bonnets, just as well as

the young ones; and you 've no idee how pretty they are. And you don't see any snaggle-teeth women in Washin'ton. When their teeth git bad they just have 'em out and new ones put in; and if there 's one thing more than another that makes a woman look well it 's havin' nice teeth. Besides she 's done with the dreadful sufferin' with toothache and neuralgia. I wouldn't 'a gone to Washin'ton with my teeth looking' like they used to for a thousand dollars; and if it hadn't 'a-been for Nat I 'd never 'a-thought much about it. But he says now that his mother 's a handsomer woman than Senator This-one's wife, or Secretary That-one's, of course just to flatter me.

But I was speakin' of Congress. While we was still a-lookin' a man walked out in front of the Speaker's desk, and raised up his hands. In a single minute everybody was still. The hats come from every head, and the preacher (he 's the chaplain) offered prayer to God. I tell you, girls, though I 've heard a great deal since to shake my faith, I still believe that there 's no danger to this Government as long as the name of God is treated with such reverence. As long as they open Congress with prayer, and ask the blessin' of Heaven on their labors, it 'll all come out right. Miss Rankin says that some of the societies in our country are trying to put down the Bible influence in all public assemblies; but she thinks like me, that as long as they hold fast to that (not a Methodist Bible, nor a Prisbyterian Bible, but a Bible for every one to study for himself), there 'll be no danger of our Government goin' to pieces. For even if they *do* doubt some of the Old Testament's books bein' from God, there never was such a code of morals as Christ gives us in the New; and if they want to stand before the world as an example for other nations, let 'em stick to their sheet-anchor.

After the prayer the Clerk read over what was done the day before, and then they all went to work; and such a buzzin' and a jabberin' you never did hear in your life. It was like a school-house full o' boys all studyin' aloud; or like a hive o' bees swarmin' in and out o' the hive, makin' a body wonder if they *could* know what they was a-doin', yet every single one knowin' very well what he was about. I don't know what they done, but Mr. Randall got up and said somethin', and Mr. Dawes got up and replied, and Mr. Cox replied to him, and General Garfield said somethin' back, and so it went on. Miss Rankin says she amuses herself by watchin' 'em for awhile, and then goes home and reads the papers to see what they 've done. Across from us, in the foreigner's gallery, was Mrs. Blaine, the Speaker's wife, and a few of the foreigners and their wives. There was two of the gentlemen from Japan, that looked like a cross between Injuns and mulattoes.

We staid in the House till we got tired, and then went to the Senate. Here it was so still and quiet-like that it seemed we had got to another world. Every man took plenty o' time to say what he wanted to, and everything seemed to run orderly-like. It wasn't because the men was all so old neither, for a good many of 'em ain't. I s'pose it 's the dignity that does it. I saw Sumner, and Morton, and Trumbull, and Pomeroy, and Conklin'—my sakes! what a vain-lookin' one he is! He looks like he was a-sayin' to himself, "Look, ladies, an' see a handsome man while you can!" You know, girls, how I always notice our animals on the farm, and how I often say, Mr. So-and-so looks like this one, and Mrs. So-and-so like that one. I never did see anybody that didn't mind me of some of our creeters—horses, cattle, sheep, or dogs. Now, Nat, he 's been a-tellin' Miss Rankin of this way o' mine, and she insisted that I must make "a few of my comparisons," as she called 'em. So to please her I done so. I said that Sumner looked like a sober old oxen, who 'd worked all his life, and had got so used to work that he had no time for friskin' about with the young calves. Morton looked like a mastiff or bull-dog, that was always on the watch. Trumbull was like a race-horse—sharp, keen, and lively, and ready to take a chance with any one that come along. And Conklin' was like Miss Judge Allen's lap-dog, only he wanted a blue ribbon around his neck. She laughed dreadfully over this, and then asked me what Ben Butler was like. And I told her that I never seen any animal to compare him with, but that Fernando Wood minded me of a snake.

We went back to Willard's on the F Street cars, and on the way passed by another statue of Lincoln. No wonder people talk so much about statues, for they 're always seein' 'em. Miss Rankin says this one's form is more like Mr. Lincoln's than Vinnie Ream's was. She says, too, that when this one was first made, hundred of little barkin' critics went at it with their noisy tongues; but everybody that knowed Lincoln, knows it looks like him. There 's so many folks, girls, that don't know anything themselves, but think if they pitch into them that do, it will make them seem wise. We see 'em here in Virginny, and they have 'em in Washington and New York, and everywheres else, I reckon. I thought the statue looked fine, standin' so high above the street, and lookin' towards the Capitol, as if, though dead, he was still a-guardin' over the interests of the country. Since I 've got to know more about him, I think he was a good man, and if he 'd a-lived through his second term of office, it might a-been better for the country, maybe.

Well, that evenin' we went into the parlor, and Nat got off from his committee and passed the evenin' with us. He introduced a half-dozen or so of his friends, and told 'em all about our country life in the Valley, and told

stories of our little darkies, and of the girls up in the hills, till everybody was a'most dead a-laughin'. He talked just as nateral-like as if he 'd been at home with the Virginny folks, and wasn't a member of Congress at all. I tell *you*, girls, Nat 's true grit, and I 'd say it just the same if he was anybody else's boy.

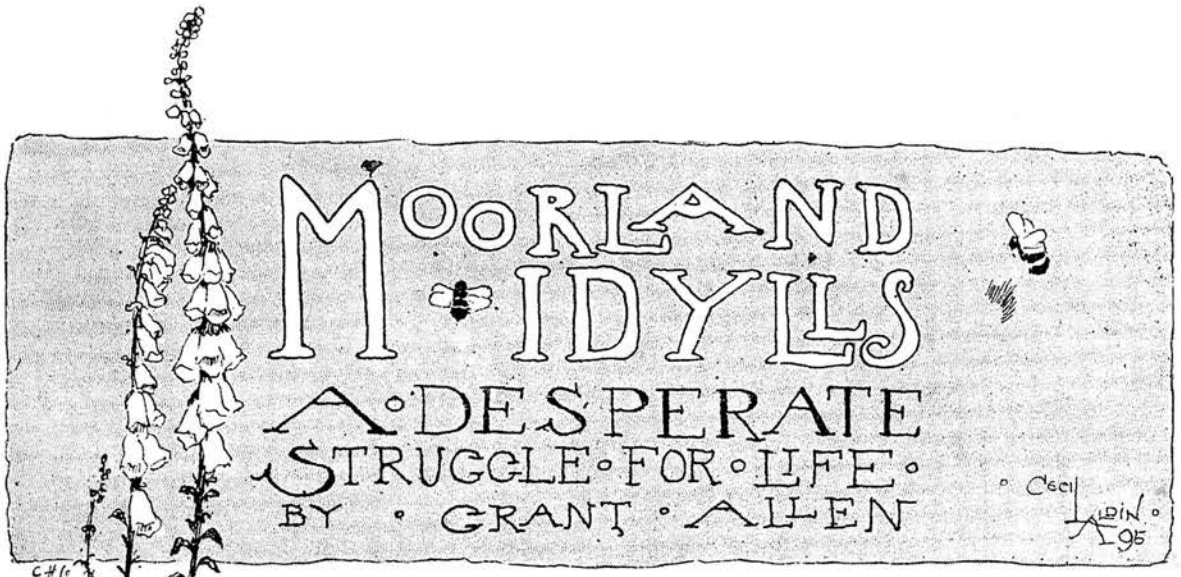
Next day Miss Rankin went with 'Siah and me to the Patent Office. That 's the second place folks visit when they go to Washin'ton, they say. It 's the plainest and at the same time the most beautiful buildin' I ever seen. Miss Rankin told me what old temple the fronts was copied from, for it has four fronts all alike. I 'll have to look at my memorandum book. Here it is—"The Parthenon at Athens, said to be the most beautiful of all the ancient temples." It 's all of white marble, and we went up the grandest steps to go into it—a'most as large as them at the Capitol. After we was in, we went up another flight of stairs into the great hall where they keep the curiosities and patent machines. There was never a machine made in our land that you can't find here; only these are all little tiny ones. There 's our mowin' machine and thrasher, and wheat drill, just like our'n, and all the others I ever seen.

It 's a mighty long hall, runnin' all around the sides of the buildin', and it 's all painted in pink and blue (*fresco*, I believe they call it); and, girls, there never was anything made that you can't find there. But what pleased me most was the old Chaney dishes that Washin'ton used on his table. It 's the old-fashioned blue and white that all the old people had when I was young. And I mind very well how the old ladies, after takin' two or three cups o' tea, would let themselves be coaxed into handin' back their cups once more, but would insist on havin' it only filled "up to the blue." That would a-been about half full, but you know folks in the country always give you more than you ask for, so they filled the cups even then a sight fuller 'n they do the first one at a hotel. Nat says the town folks don't think it polite to fill your cup very full, or to insist on your eatin' any more. But I was talkin' of the Chaney. There was a great case full of fine Chaney from Japan, very curious and costly; but that old cracked bowl, and the plates, and cups, and saucers of Washin'ton was what made me feel quare. I 've got one of the old Liverpool blue and white plates of my grandmother's—one of the willer pattern (I guess you 've seen it) and now if I only had one of them of Washin'ton's I 'd be satisfied.

They had under a glass a few spears o' hair in a bunch, and several bunches of 'em called the hair of the Presidents. It would be hard to tell the color of any of 'em, there 's so little in a bunch. Miss Rankin says that Fanny Fern wrote a cute little piece about these very hairs. Then there 's swords, all set with diamonds, and gold-headed canes, and Washin'ton's hat, and coat, and pants, and a thousand other things. Speakin' of Washin'ton's clothes 'minds me of somethin' Miss Rankin told me. She said that some waggish feller, with more wit than reverence, said that he thought the naked statue of Washin'ton east of the Capitol was p'intin', with his hand raised, towards the Patent Office, where his clothes was kept, and intimatin' that he 'd like to have 'em on. It seems strange to think of folks jokin' about these things, when we country folks look up to 'em with such admiration-like. But I guess it 's about the same with the city folks when they first see our mountains. They are praisin' em all the time, while we, bein' used to 'em, think very little about 'em.

The next day being Sunday, we went to meetin' to the Metropolitan Church, where the President attends, and where strangers always go. It 's a fine church, that 's sure, and I liked the preachin', though it wasn't much like Methodist preachin' in the country. Doctor Tiffany was the preacher. They always call the preachers doctors there. I wonder if they all studied medicine before they went to preachin'? Well, as I was sayin', he preached beautifully, but he was calm and quiet about it. And he didn't ask any one up to the mourner's bench, or ask any one to jine the church. There was a grand organ where the singers set, and only a few of the congregation sung, the rest just holdin' the hymn books like they was a-pretendin' to sing. Before preachin' the preacher read from the Psalms, and the people read a verse aloud, time about with him, just as they do in the 'Piscopal Church in Petersburg. But I enjoyed it very much, any way. I never did believe in the rantin' kind of preachin' or in people comin' up about twice a year to be prayed for, and professin' to git religion, and then backslidin' reg'larly before three months was out. I 've seen this plenty o' times. But you want to know if the President was there? Yes, and Miss Grant, dressed in black, and lookin' no finer than other folks; and Miss Nellie about the same, in very dark green; and the two dark gentlemen from Japan was on the seat just in front o' the President. Most all the ladies wore black, and the gentlemen, too. It don't look like the meetin' at Petersburg, where the girls wear red, and yaller, and green, all mixed up together. But I'm tired o' talkin' to-night. I'll tell you about the New-Year's receptions and some o' the grand parties next time.

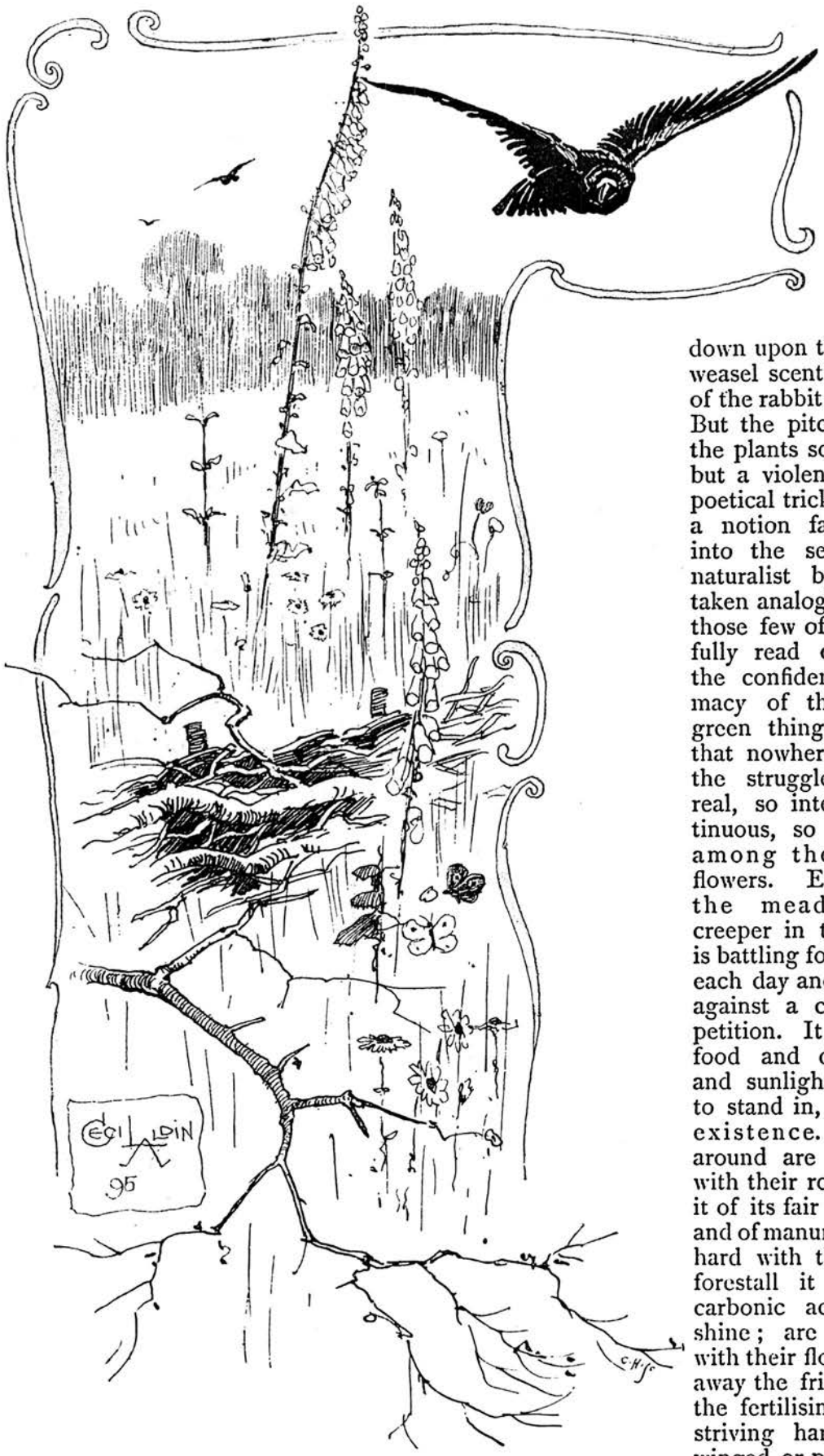
ABOVE all things, avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed on it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.



ALAS, alas, most of the pretty white foxgloves we planted out by the boggy hollow just below the tennis-lawn have come to nothing! The heather and bracken of the moor have outgrown them and throttled them. They made a hard fight for life, in their petty Thermopylæ—one or two of them, indeed, are still battling with inexhaustible courage against the countless hordes of sturdy natives that choke and overshadow them; but die they must in the end, unless I step in betimes as earthly providence to thin out the furze and enrich the niggard soil for the struggling strangers. They remind me of the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts. Foxgloves, you know, cannot compete with ling or Scotch heather on its native heath. They are denizens of a deeper and richer mould, growing generally on fat wayside banks or in the ditches by hedgerows — always the wealthiest and most luxuriantly manured of any wild places, because there birds perch, and wild animals take refuge, and snails and beetles die, and robins perish, that hedgerow weeds may batten on their decaying bodies. The hedge, in point of fact, is the main shelter and asylum for beasties great and small in our workyday England. There the hedgehog skulks, and the field-mouse hides, and the sparrow builds her nest, and the slow-worm suns himself; there the rabbit burrows, and the cuckoo sits mocking, and the dormouse dreams, and the lizard lies in wait for the dancing midges. All the waste richness of the field finds its rest at last by the roots of the whitethorn, to reappear in due time as red campion and herb-robert, as faint-scented may and tall military spikes of purple foxglove.

But when you sow or transplant these lush herbs of the hedgerow on to the bare and open heath, they come into competition at once with other and far hardier upland bushes. The plants of the moor are indeed unlike such pampered odalisques of the deep banks and rich lowlands. Stern children of the heights, their stems are hard and wiry, their leaves small and dry; their flowers feel like tissue-paper; their growing shoots have none of that luxuriant tenderness, that translucent delicacy, which characterises the long sprays of hedgerow dogrose and hedgerow bramble. All is arid and parsimonious, as in some Highland cottage. Our daintily bred foxgloves, decayed gentlewomen, stunted and dwarfed in that inhospitable soil, can scarce find nutriment in the thirsty sand to send up a feeble parody of their purple spikes; in long droughts they droop and fail for lack of a drop of water. You must make a deep pocket of garden mould in the midst of the heath if you want them to thrive; and even then, unless you keep constantly cutting down the heather and gorse about them, they are overtopped and outlived by the native vegetation.

To dwellers in towns, that mere phrase, "the struggle for life among plants" seems a quaint exaggeration. They cannot believe that creatures so rooted and so



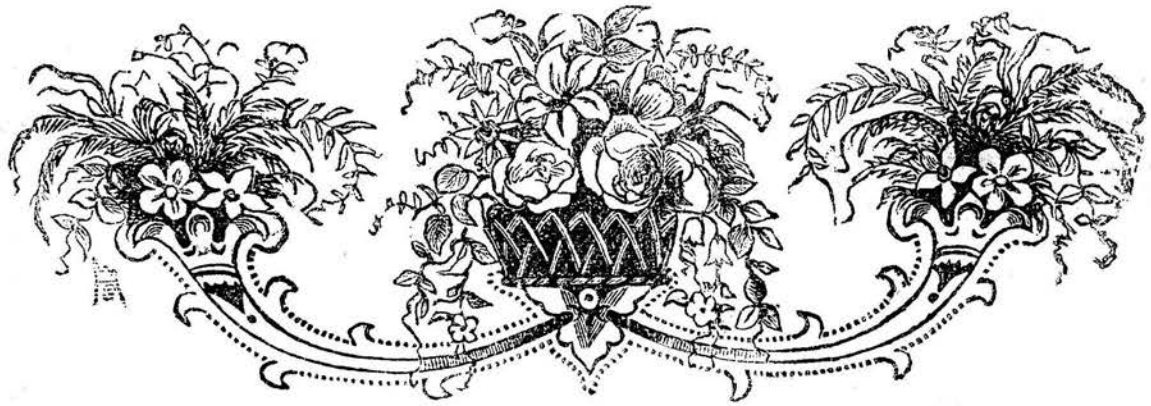
GROWING GENERALLY ON FAT WAYSIDE BANKS.

passive as plants can struggle at all for anything. The pitched battles of the animals they can understand, because they can see the kestrel swooping down upon the linnet, the weasel scenting the spoor of the rabbit to his burrow. But the pitched battle of the plants sounds to them but a violent metaphor, a poetical trick of language, a notion falsely pressed into the service of the naturalist by some mistaken analogy. In reality, those few of us who have fully read ourselves into the confidence and intimacy of the beautiful green things know well that nowhere on earth is the struggle for life so real, so intense, so continuous, so merciless as among the herbs and flowers. Every weed in the meadows, every creeper in the woodland, is battling for its own hand each day and all day long against a crushing competition. It is battling for food and drink, for air and sunlight, for a place to stand in, for a right to existence. Its rivals around are striving hard with their roots to deprive it of its fair share of water and of manure; are striving hard with their leaves to forestall it in access to carbonic acid and sunshine; are striving hard with their flowers to entice away the friendly bee and the fertilising beetle; are striving hard with their winged or protected seeds to anticipate the vacant

spots on which it fain would cast its own feeble offspring. A struggle for the *Hinterland* goes on without ceasing. The very fact that plants can hardly move at all from the spot where they grow makes the competition in the end all the fiercer. They are perpetually intriguing among stones and crannies to insinuate their roots here, and to get beforehand on their rivals with their seedlings there; they fight for drops of water after summer showers like the victims shut up in the Black Hole of Calcutta; they spread their leaves close in rosettes along the ground, so as to monopolise space and kill down competition; they press upward toward the sun so as to catch the first glance of the bountiful rays, and to grasp before their neighbours at every floating speck of carbonic acid.

This is no poetic fancy. It is sober and literal biological truth. The green fields around us are one vast field of battle. And you can realise it at once if you only think what we mean by a flower-garden. We want to induce peonies and hollyhocks and geraniums and roses to smile around our houses, and what do we do for them? We "make a bed," as we say; in other words, we begin by clearing away all the stouter and better-adapted native competitors. Go, dock and thistle; go, grass and nettle! We will have pansies here, and sweet-peas, and gilly-flowers! So we root them all up, turn and break the stiff clods, put in rich leaf-mould, manure it from the farmyard, and plant at measured distances the components of our nosegay. Tall white garden lilies take the place of knotweed; the larkspur mocks the sky where the dandelion spread before its golden constellations. Yet even so, we have not permanently secured our end. Original sin reappears as ragwort and hawkweed. Every day or two we must go round, and "weed the beds" as we say; the very familiarity of phrase and act blinds our minds to the truth that what we are really doing is to limit the struggle, to check the competition. We pull up here a shepherd's-purse and there a chickweed, that the Iceland poppies may have room to raise their black-capped buds, and that the groundsel may not steal all the light and air from our shrinking nemophilas. Relax your care for a week or two, and what then do you find? The goosefoots and couch-grasses have lived down the mignonette; the russet docks are overshadowing your white Japanese anemones. Abandon the garden for a year, and the native vegetation has avenged itself on the intruders in a war of extermination. The thistles have cut off the lilies-of-the-valley as Israel cut off the Canaanites; not a spike remains of your sky-blue monkshood before the purple standard of the victorious burdocks. Here and there, it is true, some hardy perennial, some stout iris or sweet-william, armed with its sword-shaped foliage, will continue the unequal strife for a miserable year or two of guerrilla warfare, like Hereward Wake in the Isle of Ely; but sooner or later the stronger will win, and your garden will become a mere nursery of weeds, whose flying thistle-down will invade and usurp the neighbouring meadows.

Plants, in point of fact, have more needs than animals; therefore, perforce, they struggle harder. The beasts require but food and drink; the herbs require from the soil water and nitrogenous matter for their roots; they require from the air, carbon, which is their true solid food, for their leaves; they need sunlight, which is the motive power, for their growth and assimilation, insects to fertilise them, birds or breezes to disperse their seeds. For all these they struggle ceaselessly among themselves; and the struggle is all the deadlier because it is carried on at such very close quarters.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A LITTLE borax added to the water in which flannel and other woollen goods are washed, keeps the texture soft.

CORNS are sometimes cured by having placed on them for a few hours a piece of boiled potato skin, the potato part next to the corn.

COLD cooked Spanish onion cut in slices and dressed with vinegar, and oil, and pepper, or salad cream, makes a very nice salad. So also does the heart of a fresh raw cabbage; if this is finely cut up, it looks and tastes like lettuce.

TO revive leather on chairs, apply a mixture of one part best vinegar, and two parts boiled linseed oil. Shake well and apply with a soft rag; then polish with a chamois leather, or silk duster. This mixture softens the leather and prevents cracking.

ALL stock for soup should be allowed to get cold, and the fat skimmed off before making it into soup, and only as much of the broth used as is necessary each time. Vegetables should never be allowed to remain in the stock, as they are apt to turn it sour.

IT is well to sew securely the buttons on new gloves before wearing them. They are very slightly put on, and are apt to fly off at very inconvenient times; but if properly secured, generally stay on as long as the gloves are in wear. Buttons on boots should also be fastened with some of the new patent fasteners, which save all the vexation of the buttons coming off.

EIGHT or nine servants' caps can be made out of a yard of book muslin, four yards of narrow lace and a piece of flat cap-wire. The muslin will cost sixpence, the lace twopence a yard, and twelve yards of cap-wire cost one penny. Cut out eight or nine oblong crown pieces out of the muslin, measure a piece of the wire to the size of the head, and join the ends. Sew the muslin on to the wire with a little fulness all round and then run on the lace, one yard downwards and the other yard standing up round the edge. Finish off with a little ribbon bow at the side or front. The lace and muslin can be used over and over again if unpicked and washed for each new cap. So that for the total cost of one shilling fresh pretty caps can be made for at least six months. This is a great saving of expense, and they can be made much larger than those sold at the shops. A band of black velvet can be placed all round the cap between the rows of lace if desired; but some prefer only the bow as a finish.

CHILBLAINS are much relieved if rubbed over with a piece of cut raw onion.

VERY pretty and light smoking caps can be made out of gentlemen's old tall hats. Take a sharp knife and lift the plush at the edge of the crown and tear it off the foundation gently but firmly. This will be used for the crown of the cap. Then peel the plush off the rest of the hat, sew it on to the edge of the crown and line with thin wadding and coloured thin silk; add a tassel or not, as you please. These caps are liked because they are so very light, and take up no space in one's pocket. Muffs and bonnets and various articles for bazaars can also be made out of these old hats.

FOR an invalid's fire-place, when noise is to be avoided, place turf or clods of dry grass, root upwards, under the grate and about the fire-place. If a coal or cinder fall there will then be no noise. Use a wooden poker. It is not only less noisy than a steel one, but if your fire is low you can leave it in for a few minutes and it will revive the fire. Keep a housemaid's glove on the edge of the fender with which to put on coals. If the coals are wrapped in paper, as is often advocated, the paper is apt to make a blaze. A wooden box is better than a metal scuttle for use in a sick room.

TO RID A HOUSE OF FLEAS, etc., quassia chips are recommended. Buy one pound from a chemist, put into a gallon of boiling water, and with half of this in a bucket of water proceed to scour the floors thoroughly. The bitterness of this concoction is a great check. Also Persian powder bought by the pound and put into a canister with holes perforated at the top for the convenience of sprinkling ought to be shaken under the bed, and in the joints of bedsteads, etc. Broken pieces of camphor sewn up in small bags of coarse muslin might be worn in the pocket and put between the blankets and pillows of the bed. Never forget, however, that the greatest enemies to fleas are light, ventilation, and cleanliness.

FOR cleaning silver when dirty, mix a little rouge with spirits of wine in a saucer, rub on the mixture with a clean piece of rag, then polish off with a leather. This is a silversmith's recipe and is of proved value. Do not however mix too much at a time, as it dries quickly.

BITING the ends of one's thread while at needlework is a dangerous practice, and has been known to produce blood-poisoning, besides being destructive to the enamel of one's teeth.

DISCOLOURED enamel saucepans should be boiled out with borax and water for half-an-hour, and afterwards scoured with a little salt.

A SMALL piece of borax put in the bed-room jug, softens hard water and is also a good cleanser.

SPOTTED veils are very injurious to the sight.

BACON is much more digestible if toasted on a fork or in a Dutch oven, than if fried in a pan.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL articles should be cleaned with whiting and cold water. Soap should not be used, as it would discolour them.

A LITTLE finely grated or chopped lemon peel and a little of the lemon juice is a very nice substitute for capers or parsley in butter-sauce, to eat with boiled mutton.

WHEN potatoes are cooked without their skins the loss of nutriment in the juice of the potatoes is 14 per cent.; but if cooked in their skins is only 3 per cent. A baked potato is more nourishing than one boiled.

EVERY child should be taught to sleep with its mouth shut. It is also a very valuable habit to breathe at all times through the nose rather than through the mouth. Chills to the lungs are avoided, as well as infection of all kinds.

THE long pins worn by most people to secure hats are very dangerous if allowed to project beyond the hat. In one case the eye of a young man was put out by a girl who was sitting next to him suddenly turning round to speak to him.

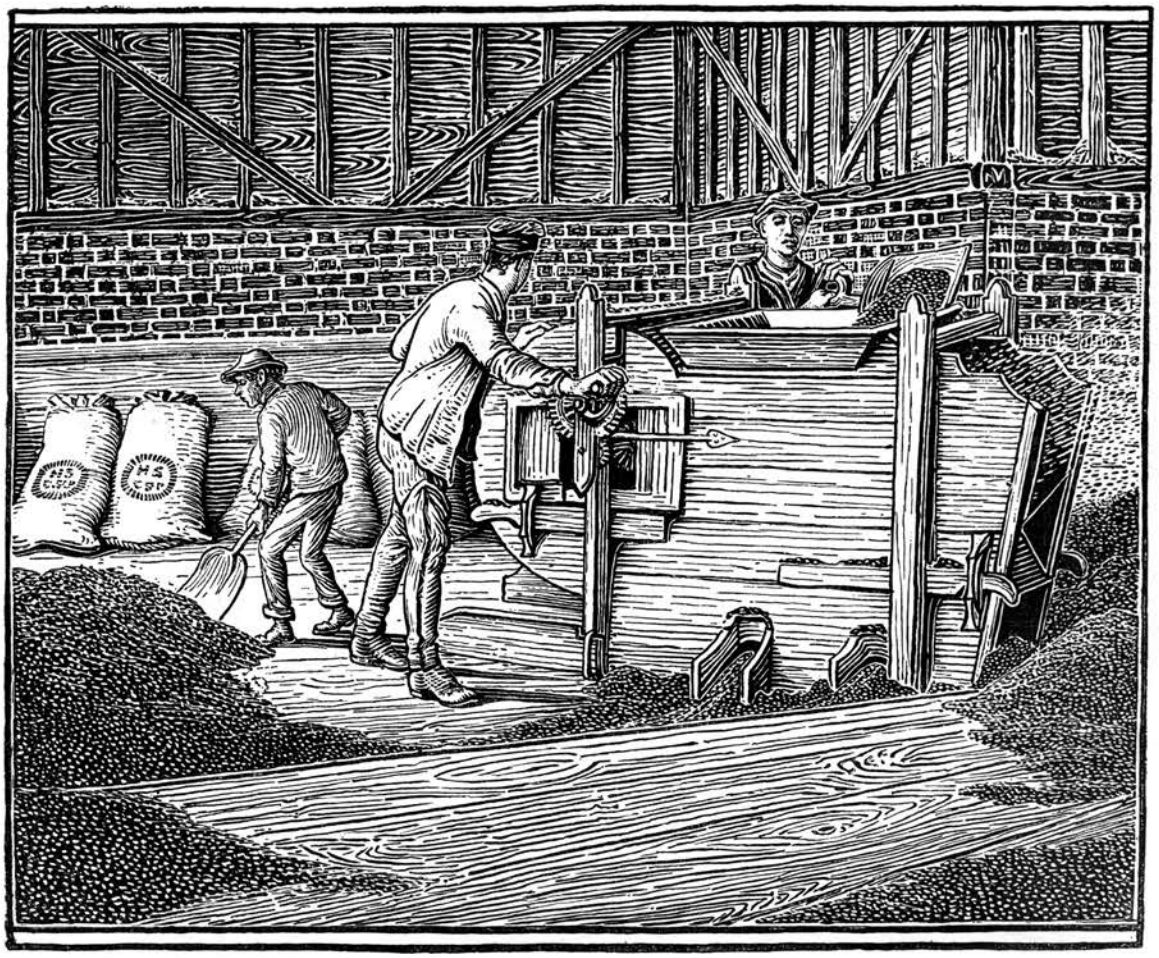
IT is a great comfort and rest to take off one's garters when indoors—especially when tired and the leg swells. If possible they should not be worn at all, but the stockings attached to the underclothing with one or two large safety pins, obviating all pressure.

IT is very important that mattresses should be occasionally well brushed to take off the dust that accumulates on the edges and other parts; but no less necessary is it that the framework of the bed (iron or brass) should be well wiped, occasionally, the mattresses being lifted quite off for the purpose.

SCOLLOPED EGGS.—Butter some scollop shells, put a layer of fine bread-crumbs in each, then a yolk of an egg (take care not to break the yolk), with a small teaspoonful of vinegar, some pepper and salt; cover them well with fine bread-crumbs, put pieces of butter on the top, and bake long enough to set the eggs, brown the outsides and serve. Tarragon vinegar may be used if liked.

The labours of THE·XII·MONTHS set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole yeare for evermore we take six yeares to every month as JANUARY or FEBRUARY and so forth, for as the yeare changeth by the twelve months, into twelve sundry manners so doth a man change himself, twelve times in his life by twelve ages, and every age lasteth six yeare if so be that he live to LXXII. For three times six maketh eighteen & six times six maketh XXXVI And then is man at the best and also at the highest and twelve times six maketh LXXII & that is the age of a man.



FEBRUARY

Then cometh FEBRUARY, and the days begin to wax in length, and the sunne more hotter, then the fields begin to wax greene: So the other six yeares till he come to twelve the child beginneth to grow and serve and learn such as is taught him.

FEBRUARY fill-dyke, be it black or be it white:
But if it be white, it's the better to like.
— All the moneths of the year,
Curse a fair FEBRUER.
As the days lengthen, doth the cold strengthen.
— No weather is ill, if the wind be still.
— Leap year was never a good sheep year.

English Illustrated Magazine 1890