

Victorian Times

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The Humour of Animals • How to Dress for the Theatre • Swiss Cookie Recipes
English As She Is Taught • Aunt Mehitabel's Letters from Washington
Thieves vs. Locks & Safes • Fiction: E. Nesbit's "The Nobleness of Oswald"*

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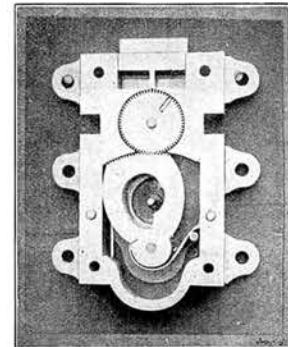
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The Girl's Own Paper* *Cassell's Family Magazine*

Some Things Don't Change...

When my sister first began teaching history at Arkansas State University, she was both amused and befuddled by some of the answers that came back on her exams. In that first year, she learned, for example, that the Israelites were “a smaller form of people,” and that Hammurabi’s code was inscribed on a very large, and presumably very uncomfortable, stone pillow. When questioned, the student who gave that answer pointed out that my sister *had* said it was on a “pillar”!

Sadly, my sister didn’t keep up (or even keep) her personal collection of “Pullet Surprises,” or I’d probably have made them into a book by now. But as you’ll see in this issue, student bloopers—and the collecting of student bloopers—are a time-honored tradition, as much enjoyed by Victorian teachers as they are today.

In this issue I’m tickled to bring you Mark Twain’s introduction to (and summary of), as he himself puts it, a delightful little book titled *English As She Is Taught*. The book is a collection of Victorian student bloopers gathered by the author and, apparently, a number of other teachers. There’s no indication as to what schools these came from, or of the ages of the students who thoughtfully provided such howlers.

Twain’s article (from *Century Magazine*) sums up a great many of the best bloopers in the book, so in this issue, prepare to be amazed by facts from history and literature that you never knew before. You’ll learn, for instance, that the aborigines were a system of mountains, ammonia is the food of the gods, and a capillary is a small caterpillar.

You’ll also find some bloopers that are distinctly Victorian. One student tells us that a “parasite” is a kind of umbrella—well, how many of us use a parasol anymore? A number of students were uncertain as to what a “quarternion” was, and the book gives us no help; hence I’m not sure whether the student was being asked to define a rather complex mathematical term, or a printing term that refers to a type of book folio! If the former, well, the term might baffle any of us—and if the latter, again, most of us don’t encounter such terms in our daily lives. (And by the way, I had no notion of what a “quarternion” might be either until I looked it up!)

And that’s another point to be made about this collection. Rib-tickling as it is, it also gives us some indications of what might be involved in a relatively standard, Victorian-American education. (These examples all come from American schools and schoolchildren.) I don’t recall ever being asked about “quarternions” in my school days. And though I consider myself to be reasonably well educated, when delving into the sections on history and literature, I must confess that quite often, I hadn’t a clue what the *correct* answer should have been. I probably learned more about the lives and biographies of a number of famous writers from these students’ incorrect answers than I ever learned from a textbook!

While Twain recognizes the humor of the collection, he also recognizes the aspect that is not so funny—the issue of how students are taught in the first place. His criticisms of education are as valid today as they were over 100 years ago: if children are simply stuffed full of facts that are useful only for spitting back onto tests, they learn nothing. Certainly they learn very little that is worthwhile. Today, we hear more and more about students being taught “to the tests”—i.e., being stuffed full of the facts needed to enable them to pass a variety of standardized tests, because if they don’t, the schools lose funding. Obviously, if a school doesn’t have the funding to teach its students, students won’t get taught—but if students are taught only what is needed to get the funding to go on teaching the students what is needed to get the funding to teach the students... well, I can imagine Mark Twain having a bit of a field day with that one!

One thing is certain: student bloopers will always be with us. If you’ve never read the more modern collection, *Pullet Surprises*, I highly recommend it. And I also highly recommend *English as She Is Taught*. In fact, I recommend it so highly that I’ve put together a new edition of this charming book (which is available for free on Archive.org). My edition (which includes Twain’s article) is available in print and Kindle; to find out more, please visit <http://www.victorianvoices.net/books/English.shtml>.

And have yourself a nice chuckle!

—Moira Allen, Editor
editors@victorianvoices.net

Parrot Stories.



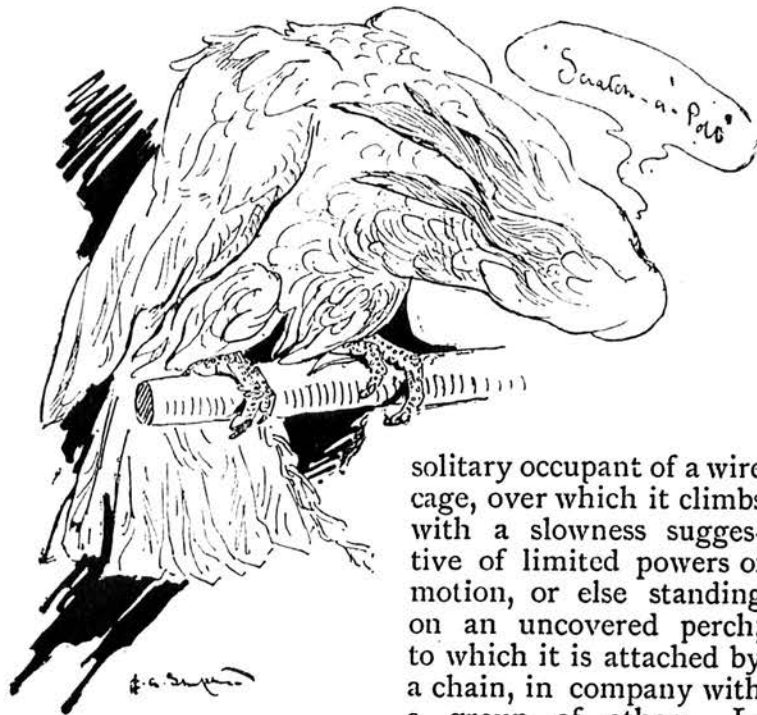
If all the members of the feathered tribes, there are none which have been greater favourites, and have been regarded with a greater degree of genuine attachment, than parrots. The beauty of their plumage, with its wealth and variety of gorgeous colours, their symmetry of form, and their gracefulness of manner, would alone have been sufficient

to give them their popularity. But the closest link they have established with our affections is, of course, found in their wonderful faculty for the repetition of spoken words and various familiar sounds, together with their possession, in many instances, of a reasoning power which suggests that they are not

always mere imitators, but really understand the general sense of what they say. Combined with this power of speech, the fond attachment which they are capable of showing towards those who feed or are otherwise kind to them leads to their being among the most favoured, as they seem to be also among the best fitted, companions of human beings. This place of honour in the animal world they have held for very many centuries. There was, indeed, a time when they were regarded in India and elsewhere as sacred; and anybody who dared to injure one of them was regarded as guilty of a dreadful crime. It is true that since then they have fallen somewhat from their high estate, and that in this more degenerate age the common Amazon parrot has been shot in great numbers in the eastern parts of Brazil for the prosaic purpose of

making a particular kind of soup, to which the natives are partial; while the naturalist Gould waxes quite eloquent when he sounds the praises of parakeet pie. But, in our own country, though we do not go either to the one extreme of holding them sacred, or to the other extreme of putting them into pies, parrots still occupy a place of honour in our households; and a well-behaved "Pretty Poll" who has been duly instructed in the accomplishments of her kind, is still the source of as great a degree of pleasure as ever.

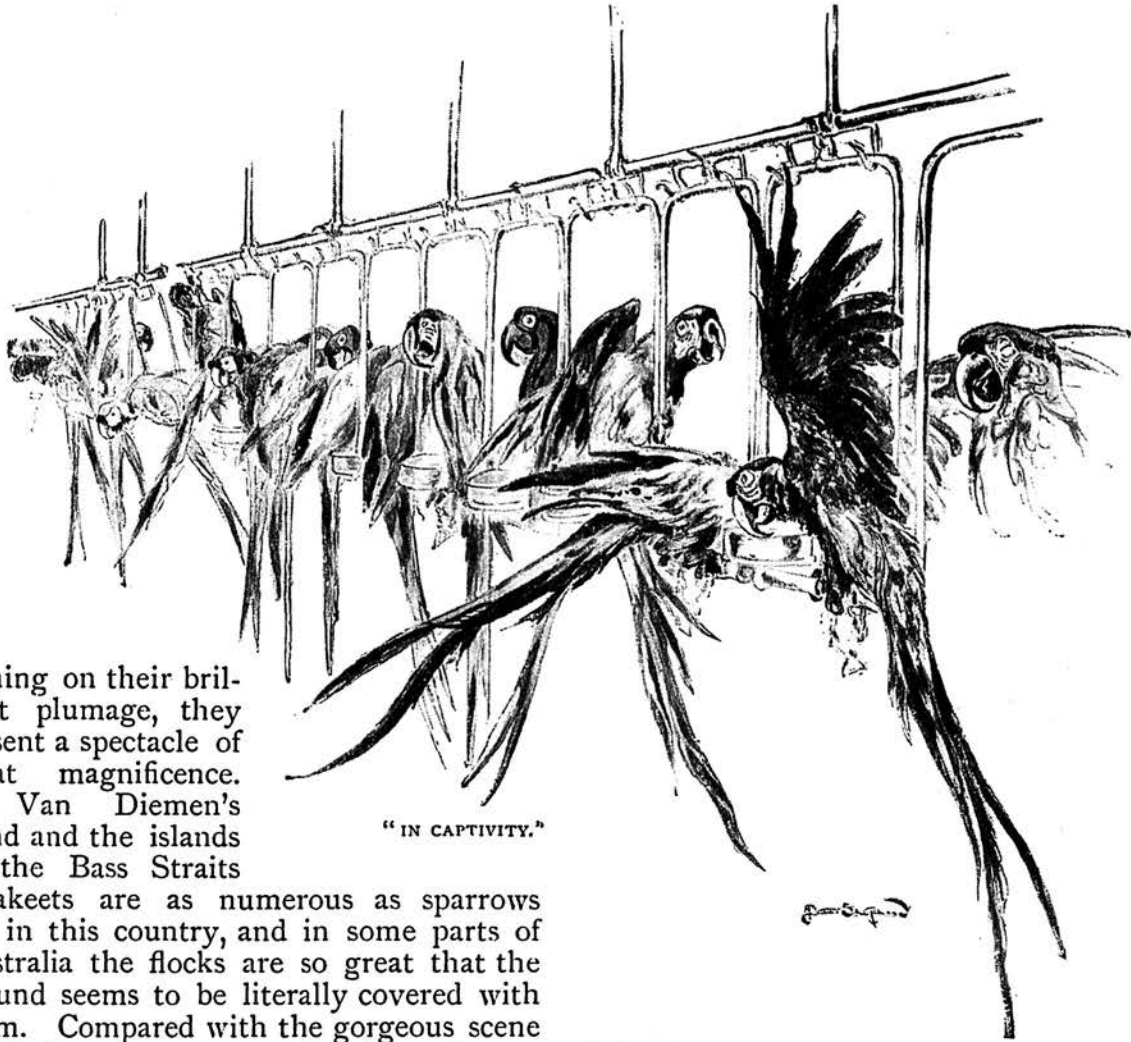
Yet those English people who do not travel far beyond the limits of their own land fail to see the parrot to the best advantage. Their acquaintance with the bird is chiefly confined to seeing it either the



"PRETTY POLL!"

solitary occupant of a wire cage, over which it climbs with a slowness suggestive of limited powers of motion, or else standing on an uncovered perch; to which it is attached by a chain, in company with a group of others. In their native condition, however, the parrots are

found in vast assemblies, which are often a thousand or more in number, and, seen clustered together and talking in loud and excited tones on the trees of some dark forest or sequestered swamp, or taking long, though low, flights through the air to their favourite watering places, with the sun



"IN CAPTIVITY."

shining on their brilliant plumage, they present a spectacle of great magnificence. In Van Diemen's Land and the islands of the Bass Straits

parakeets are as numerous as sparrows are in this country, and in some parts of Australia the flocks are so great that the ground seems to be literally covered with them. Compared with the gorgeous scene which they must present in these circumstances, even such a collection as may be found at the Zoölogical Gardens in London falls altogether into insignificance.

Le Vaillant, in his description of the habits of the *Psittachus infuscatus*, says that every bird keeps loyally to its own mate, and at daybreak the whole of the colony located in a particular district assemble with a great noise, perch on one or more dead trees, according to their number, and expose their plumage to the first rays of the rising sun, for the purpose of drying their feathers, which will have become soaked in the heavy dews of the night.

Altogether, something like 170 kinds of parrots have been enumerated as inhabiting various parts of the globe, and there are, naturally, great variations in size, plumage, and powers in the different species. In size they range from birds not much bigger than a thrush to others such as the great green macaw, and the red and blue macaw, which measure forty inches in length, the tail alone being nearly two feet long. In

their plumage they may have all the colours of the rainbow, or one colour only, while in accomplishments they range from the deafening shrieks of macaws, to the "gentle soft warbling kind of song" of the grass or zebra parakeet of Australia, and the marvellous powers of speech of the true parrots. But the most talented of all these varieties is the grey parrot, which is a native of West Africa, and, when taken young, and well trained, displays some really wonderful gifts. In the days of sailing ships, the sailors who brought the birds home were able to spend a good deal of time in teaching them before they arrived here; but the shortening of the voyages, owing to the powerful steamers now in use, has led to the education of the parrots being less advanced when they reach England than was formerly the case. On the other hand, however, their vocabulary of sailors' expletives is not so extensive, and this is some consolation for the falling off in other respects, one oddity about parrots being that when once they learn really wicked words they never seem to forget them, and the most moral



training never completely frees their good manners from the corruption of evil communications.

Many parrots will live from twenty to



thirty years, and Le Vaillant mentions one which attained the venerable age of 93. It was the property of an Amsterdam merchant, and it talked remarkably well. It

would fetch its master's night-cap and slippers, and would call out if any stranger came into the shop when no one was there to serve, screaming until somebody came. It had a good memory, and easily learnt sentences in Dutch ; but at 60 this faculty began to fail, at 65 the moulting was irregular, and at 90 the bird was decrepit, blind, and voiceless, gradually sinking into a kind of lethargy, in which condition it finally died.

Another famous parrot was that of Colonel O'Kelly, in whose family it had been for fifty years, being so much thought of that one hundred



"THE VENERABLE AGE OF 93."

guineas were refused for it. The accomplishments of this bird, whose death will be found recorded in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1802, have been thus described:—

"The tone of his singing was very odd. It



"AN ACCURATE EAR FOR MUSIC."

sounded like an automaton imitating the human voice. The maid prompted him to sing 'God Save the King.' He sang all the verses of it, but now and then wandered into 'The Banks of the Dee,' which seemed his favourite, and one or two Scotch songs, the names of which I forget. . . . Col. O'Kelly told us that his power of catching sounds was quite astonishing; that on one occasion when a newspaper had been read aloud in his presence, the Colonel, on coming into the room, half an hour after, had, as he opened the door, been convinced by the sound that the same person was still reading aloud, and was scarcely able to believe that it was the parrot repeating to himself inarticulate sounds precisely in the tone and manner of the reader."

Among other peculiarities of the same bird may be mentioned its possession of an accurate ear for music, so that it would beat time while it whistled, and if it mistook a note it would revert to the bar where the mistake occurred, and finish the tune quite

correctly. It could, too, not only answer questions but give orders and express its wants in a manner strongly suggestive of a rational being.

When Prince Maurice was Governor of Brazil he heard of the remarkable conversational powers of a certain old parrot that was said to be able to answer questions just like a reasoning creature. He accordingly sent for the bird, which was brought into a room where the Prince was with a number of other persons. A few minutes afterwards the bird called out, "What a company of white men are here!" Asked "who he thought that man was," the Prince being pointed to, it answered, "Some general or other." The Prince then asked, "Where do you come from?" "From Marinnan," answered the bird. "To whom do you belong?" "To a Portuguese." "What do you do there?" "I watch the chickens." The Prince laughed, and asked, "You watch the chickens?" "Yes;



"GIVING ORDERS."

and I know how to do it well," rejoined the bird, which then called out three or four times, "chuck! chuck!" as though bringing a number of chickens together.

A friend of Buffon's possessed a yellow-winged parrot which showed great attachment to its master, but was very capricious in its temper, expecting a full return for every demonstration of its civility. It would, in play, sometimes bite a little too hard and then laugh heartily. If rebuked it became refractory, and could only be reclaimed by gentle and kind treatment. It was dull and silent if confined in its cage, but when set at liberty chattered incessantly, and repeated everything that was said.

Alexander Wilson, the author of "American Ornithology," while on one of his expeditions caught a parrot, which he put in a cage and placed under the piazza of a house where he stayed, below Natchez. By its call it soon attracted the passing flocks of parrots, and, such is the attachment these birds have for one another, numerous parties frequently alighted on the trees immediately above, keeping up a constant conversation with the prisoner. "One of these," Mr. Wilson continues, "I wounded slightly in the wing, and the pleasure Polly expressed on meeting with this new companion was really amusing. She crept close up to it as it hung on the side of the cage, chattered to it in a low tone of voice,

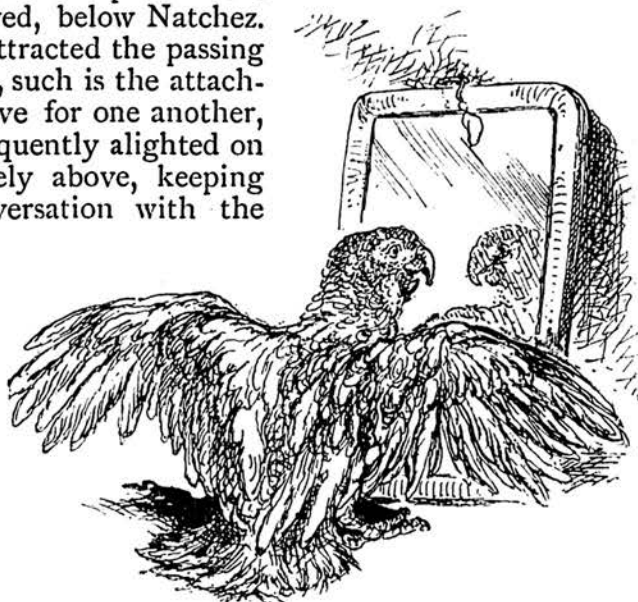
as if sympathising in its misfortune, scratched about its head and neck with her bill, and both, at night, nestled as close together as possible, sometimes Polly's head being thrust among the plumage of the other. On the death of this companion she appeared restless and inconsolable for several days. On reaching New Orleans I placed a looking-glass beside the place where she usually sat, and the instant she perceived the image all her former fondness seemed to return, so that she could scarcely absent herself from it a moment. It was evident that she was completely deceived. Always when evening drew on, and often during the day, she laid her head close to that of the image in the glass, and began to doze

with great composure and satisfaction. In this short space she had learnt to know her name, to answer and come when called on, to climb up my clothes, sit on my shoulder, and eat from my mouth."

A friend of Mr. Wood's family had a grey parrot which became so energetic in her demonstrations of affection towards some young goldfinches she found in a nest in a rose tree, that she frightened the parents away, and then, seeing them deserted, herself became their foster-mother. "She was so attentive to her little charges that she refused to go back to her cage, and remained with the little birds by night as well as by day, feeding them carefully, and forcing them to open their beaks if they refused her attentions. When they were able to hop about they were very

fond of getting on her back, where four of them would gravely sit, while the fifth, which was the youngest, or at all events the smallest, always preferred to perch on Polly's head. With all these little ones on her back Polly would very deliberately walk up and down the lawn as if to give them exercise, and would sometimes vary her performance by rising into the air, thus setting the ten little wings in

violent motion, and giving the five little birds a hard task to remain on her back. By degrees they became less timid, and when she rose from the ground they would leave her back and fly down. They were but ungrateful little creatures after all; for when they were fully fledged they flew away, and never came back again to their foster-mother. Poor Polly was for some time in great trouble about the desertion of her foster-children, but soon consoled herself by taking care of another little brood. These belonged to a pair of hedge-sparrows, whose home had been broken up by the descent of some large bird. Polly found the little birds in dire distress, and contrived in some ingenious manner to get



J. G. Thompson

"SHE WAS COMPLETELY DECEIVED."



"A FOSTER-MOTHER!"

them, one by one, on her back, and to fly with them to her cage. Here she established the little family, never entering the cage except for the purpose of attending to her young charge. The oddest part of the matter was that one of the parents survived, and Polly was seen to talk to her in the most absurd manner, mixing up her acquired vocabulary with that universal bird-language that seems to be common to all the feathered tribes, and plentifully interlarding her discourse with sundry profane expressions. At last the instinctive language conquered the human, and the two birds seemed to understand each other perfectly."

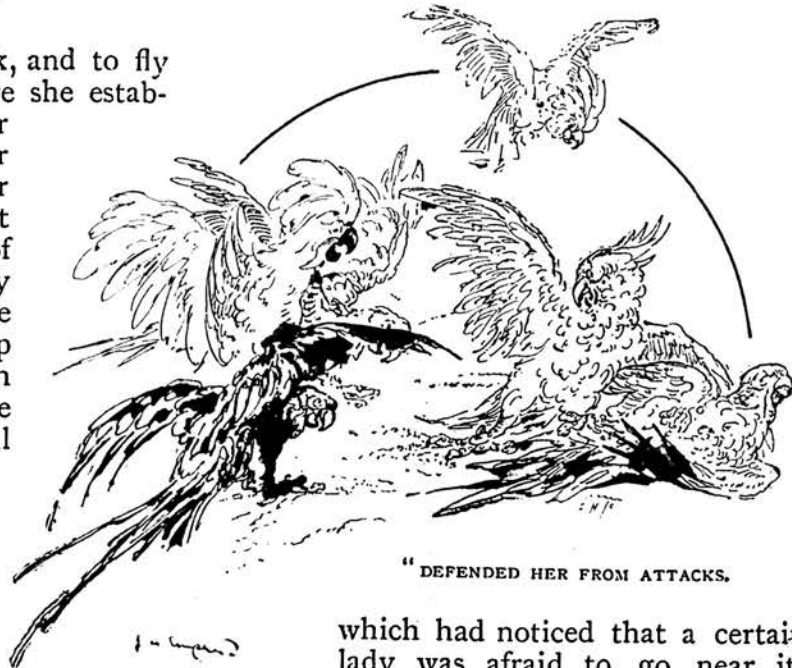
A somewhat similar instance is recorded by Mr. Buxton, as quoted by Darwin in



"THE TWO BIRDS SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER PERFECTLY."

his "Descent of Man." In this case a parrot took care of a frost-bitten and crippled bird of a distinct species, cleansed her feathers, and defended her from the attacks of the other parrots which roamed freely about the garden. The tender regard, too, which birds of this class may have for one another is still further shown by the experiences of Wilson, who says, concerning the parakeet, that when, on shooting at a flock, he wounded a number of them, the others did not move off, but continued sweeping around their prostrate companions, manifesting so much sympathy and regard for the wounded as to completely disarm him.

Parrots, too, occasionally display a decided sense of humour. A cockatoo



"DEFENDED HER FROM ATTACKS."

which had noticed that a certain lady was afraid to go near its perch thought it a good joke, whenever the lady did approach, to set up its feathers and yell and screech in the most hideous way, as if it intended to attack her, doing all this evidently for no other reason than the pleasure of seeing her run away terrified.

There is, too, a strong suspicion of "a good joke," on the part of the parrot, in a story told in Lord Dundonald's autobiography. This particular parrot was on board ship, and had picked up a number of nautical phrases. The vessel was visited one day by some

ladies, who were taken on board seated on a chair to which a rope, worked by a pulley, was attached. Two or three of the ladies had reached the deck safely, and another was in mid-air, when suddenly a clear voice rang out, "Let go!" The

brought forward. The cover was taken off the cage, and thereupon the bird looked around and suddenly exclaimed, "By Jove, what a lot of parrots!" It was awarded the prize at once.

Another parrot we have heard of, which also endeavoured to rise to the occasion, was the property of a publichouse-keeper whose patrons were characteristic for their thirst rather than for their patience and politeness. One day the bird escaped from its cage in the bar. It was discovered shortly afterwards on a tree, surrounded by a flock of rooks who were pecking at it from every side while the parrot was calling out, "One at a time, gentlemen! One at a time!"

Mr. Jesse gives a remarkable account of a parrot which belonged to a resident at Hampton Court, whose sister had supplied him with the narrative. "As you wished me," says the lady,



F. A. Shepherd
"PUSSY MARCHED MAJESTICALLY ROUND THE ROOM."

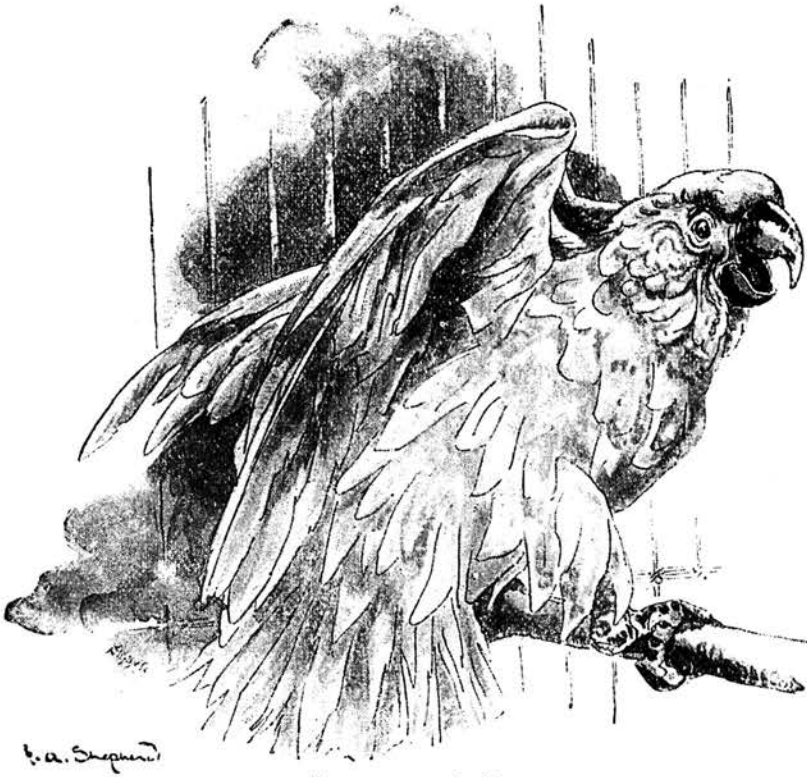
sailors, thinking it was the boatswain who had given the order, obeyed it instantly, the result being that the lady had a cold bath in the sea. It is scarcely necessary to relate that the order to "Let go" came, not from the boatswain, but from the parrot!

Mr. Wood gives an interesting account supplied to him by a correspondent concerning a ringed parakeet, which, on reaching Plymouth from Trincomalee, "was put into a rickety old cage, with two buns for her nourishment, and sent all by herself in the train to London. On her arrival there, she was forwarded to a person who had formerly been confidential servant to my wife. One morning this person, hearing a great chattering down-stairs, looked in at her back-parlour door, and there, to her infinite surprise, she saw Polly seated upon the cat's back, chattering away, while pussy was majestically marching round the room."

A parrot show was once held in the North of England, at which, among the prizes, there was one to be given to the bird that could talk the best. Several had been produced, and showed off their accomplishments; and then another was



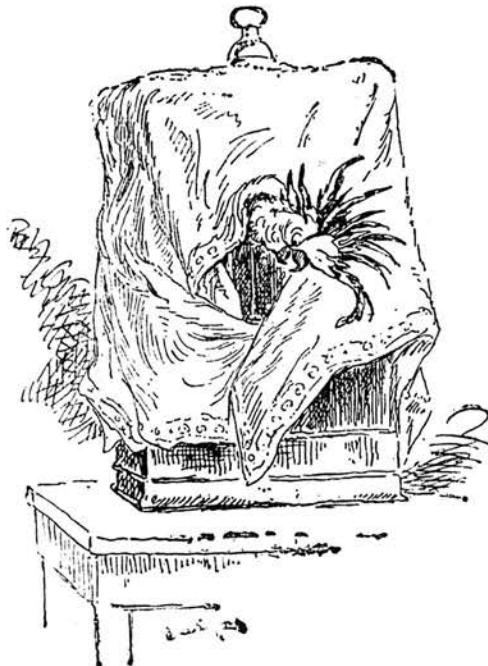
F. A. Shepherd
"DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!"



L. A. Shepard

“NO, YOU WON'T!”

“to write down whatever I could recollect about my sister’s wonderful parrot, I proceed to do so, only premising that I will tell you nothing but what I can vouch for having myself heard. Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible not to join in it oneself, more especially when, in the midst of it, she cries out, ‘Don’t make me laugh so! I shall die! I shall die!’ and then continues laughing more violently than before. Her crying and sobbing are curious, and if you say, ‘Poor Poll! What is the matter?’ she says, ‘So bad—so bad! Got such a cold!’ and after crying for some time will gradually cease, and, making a noise like drawing a long breath, say, ‘Better now,’ and begin to



laugh. The first time I ever heard her speak was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out, ‘Payne’ (the maid’s name), ‘I am not well—I am not well!’ On my saying, ‘What’s the matter with that child?’ she replied, ‘It’s only the parrot! She always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back.’ So it proved, for, on her going into the room, the parrot stopped, and then began laughing, quite in a jeering way. It is singular enough that when she is affronted in any way, she begins to cry; and, when pleased, to laugh. If anyone happens to cough or sneeze, she says, ‘What a bad cold!’ One day when

the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and, on their repeating to her several things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up and said, quite plainly, ‘No, I didn’t!’ Sometimes when she is inclined to be mischievous the maid threatens to beat her; and she often says, ‘No, you won’t!’ Before I was well acquainted with her, as I am now, she would stare in my face for some time, and then say, ‘How

d’ye do, ma’am?’ This she invariably does to strangers. One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, ‘Poll, where is Payne gone?’ and to my astonishment, and almost dismay, she said, ‘Downstairs!’”

HOW A LADY PASSES HER DAY IN INDIA.



A LITTLE PARSEE BOY.

EARLY rising in India is essential to health, and all who have this end in view habituate themselves to it. Five o'clock in the summer is the usual hour at which a lady leaves her room, when, after a hurried toilet and a cup of tea, coffee, iced milk, or water, as the case may be, we see her mount her horse for a long ride, or in a simple morning dress enter her conveyance for a drive down the "Mall." By seven o'clock she is back, for the sun's rays are too powerful even at that early hour to admit of a longer constitutional; and besides, morning duties have to be

attended to. First among these is the children's bath. The mother must see to this if she wishes it done well. The little ones, bathed, and dressed in loose white garments, soon find their way—accompanied by mamma—to the room in which they breakfast, and are quickly busy discussing bread, butter, fruit, and iced milk. The little creatures being satisfied are taken back to the nursery, generally a large, airy apartment, almost always in glorious disorder: Tommy's drum, with head beaten in, making a resting-place for Mary's doll, or what is left of it, said dolly being amputated in every limb; toys of various description are scattered around, and the walls are pencilled over—the young aspirants to artistic honours not despising charcoal when pencils are scarce. It is near nine o'clock, and the little folk are shut in for the day; their punkah swing, and a thermantidote, with a "khuss-khuss" screen on the opening, keeps the children's room as cool as could be desired. Mamma is now at liberty to bathe and dress; the morning robe of white muslin is donned, and the lady walks direct to the breakfast-room. "Hubby" must be at "kutcherry" by eleven; and the good wife would like to take a look at the table to see that all on it is clean, bright, and inviting, before the master of the house sits down. There are two or more khuss-khuss screens on the doors, on the

quarter the hot wind is blowing, which are kept constantly wet by a coolie outside; and overhead two large punkahs, with deep white frills, swing noiselessly. The temperature of the breakfast-room at this hour is delightful. The table looks enticing with its snowy linen and elegant arrangement of flowers, glass dishes filled with fruit, and sweet home-made butter surmounted with a large piece of Wenham Lake ice. Breakfast over, and after a cigar indulged in at the table, "Hubby" seats himself in his office "gharry," and is driven off to kutcherry, where he slaves away the long summer day, returning tired and weary enough about five o'clock, or later; if it is an evening on which racquet is played, he manages to leave the office earlier, driving direct to the court, and returning after the game to his bath, and to dress for dinner. However, we are forgetting the "memsahib;" her busy hour has also commenced; and before she leaves the breakfast-table, two or more account-books are placed before her, and the attentive "khansama" (or butler) awaits, with hands folded demurely before him, the lady's pleasure. The business of taking the khansama's account is generally a distasteful one; the lady knows she is being robbed, but she also knows it is of very little use to expostulate against palpable extortion. If the khansama is dismissed, most probably a worse one has to be engaged; and if the man's account is "cut," he will in all likelihood spoil the dinner, alleging in excuse having been mulcted in so many eggs, &c., and the impossibility of being able to do on less. There is a "burra khana" (big dinner) that evening, and the lady submits in silence to being "fleece'd" to an extent that would astonish any not used to the ways of the natives of the East. Orders are given for dinner—children's included—master's lunch, and the following morning's breakfast, and now it is time to dress for the day; for, hot as it is, visitors drop in from twelve to two o'clock, and these two hours have to be passed in the darkened drawing-room; the lady occupying herself with fancy-work, which is never taken up at any other time. She is at liberty after two o'clock: no visitors are admitted after that hour; the "darwaza bund" (door-shut) being given to any venturesome caller. However, there are but few who care to call after two o'clock. Ladies generally lunch with the children at their dinner-hour, which is three o'clock. Mamma robes again in flowing muslin, and the little folk wait impatiently for the feast to begin: soup, mild chicken-curry, rice pudding, and well-cooked vegetables, and fruit, forming the mid-day repast of most children in India. Mamma returns with the children to the nursery, and all the troubles of the day are told her over and over, even baby joining in with his little plaint. She reads to the wee ones, and instructs those old enough for a short time; looks up all the socks to be darned, also small garments that require tapes and buttons. These are all sent out by the "ayah" to the "durzie,"

who, seated in the verandah, defies the scorching blast that blisters a European skin, but which only causes the tailor to go to sleep when he ought to be sewing. Often is he to be seen with head resting against the white-washed wall of the verandah, legs stretched out, hands still holding the implement of his craft lying

his eyes shut he will be fined "char anna" (sixpence). To return to the lady: "No go yet, mamma, no go yet; uttee mut jow" (don't go yet); but yes, mamma must go, for in the next room the "dhoby" (washerman) is waiting with the clean linen spread out on the beds, and the soiled linen carefully sorted on the mat-covered



A PARSEE LADY AND BOY.

limp beside him, mouth open and eyes shut, and actually snoring; flies go in scores on exploring expeditions in and out his open mouth, and buzz about his ears; but Golam Hyder sleeps on, caring nought for things past, present, or to come. The ayah stops, then giggles, and calls the "peon" in attendance to come and see "khulloofa" (polite name for tailor) asleep. They both laugh, and the ayah throws all the articles she has brought out to be mended on the man's outstretched legs, which wakes him. He asks what is the matter, and is told by the ayah that if the memsahib sees

floor of the room. This task over, the ayah collects the children's clothes and takes them to the children's room, where she arranges the linen in the wardrobes. The "bearer" does similarly with his master's linen, first seeing that shirts are not minus buttons; if any are wanting, the durzie is sought, and a great deal of talk between master's attendant and the tailor, ends in the former carrying the shirts off. The next day the tailor is at liberty to sew on the missing buttons. If the lady have a second ayah—which is almost always the case—she does not put away her own linen;

if not, this is an extra duty. The dhoby comes once a week, and the time taken to see clean and foul linen counted is often quite an hour and a half. In India every one changes daily, and two or three vast bundles of linen are taken weekly. The washerman, whose wife helps to get up the linen, lives in the "compound," and only washes for one family, unless the family be limited, and he gets permission to take in other washing.

The lady now feels weary, and thinks she will rest awhile. Not yet. "Phine clât—khappra walla [clothman], memsahib," calls out the hawker; and if the man is sent away, it may be days before he comes again; and some things being urgently needed, the lady directs that the cloth-man be taken to an ante-room, when a door being cautiously opened to admit him—for the hot air still blows as if from a furnace—he displays his goods, and the lady entering, is soon deeply engaged bargaining and buying "phine clât" (fine cloth), till the house-clock warns her of the hour 5.30, and the ayah that the afternoon tea has been served in the lady's dressing-room. Often the tired master is back from kutcherry, and joins his wife in a cup of tea; or sometimes a very intimate lady-friend is venturesome enough to come out for a gossip over the social tray. However, tea being discussed, the weary woman seeks half an hour's rest, but very often this is not allowed her, and she dresses for the evening drive, taken about 6.30 or 7 o'clock. Oh, how warm it is at this hour! how weak a woman feels!—as if she had no vitality left. The coachman stops at the bandstand, and the tired and pale lady reclines in her carriage and listens to the band, and to the conversation of gentlemen who come to have a little chit-chat. The lamps are now lighted, and the order given, "Ghur chullo" (Go home). And now to dress for dinner—if, as there is to-day, a "burra khana;" if not, a flower in her hair is enough; and seated at her

table, the lady dispenses hospitality, or enjoys a quiet dinner with "Hubby," who, though tired, seems to appreciate the varied viands and well-iced wines. Conversation and music close the evening. But you must not think mamma has forgotten the little ones, for after the return from her drive, and before she has made her toilet for dinner, the mother has been to the nursery, has seen the pets take their milk-and-water and bread-and-butter, and has helped to robe them in the sleeping-suits worn by children in India. The little lispers have said their prayers, and each in his tiny cot reposes before the mother quits the room. The punkahs swing, the thermantidote stops not, and the doors between mamma's and the children's room are thrown open. Mamma kisses each little face, giving baby an extra one, and *then* she goes to dress. Thus passes each day in India. Varied it may be by other duties; but occupation is found for each day in the week.

There are women in every quarter of the globe who neglect the duties of wife and mother. In an Indian household where such a woman reigns queen, discomfort, debt, and unhappiness will surely follow. To live comfortably in India, "to make ends meet," as the saying is, and live on your husband's income, requires entire and constant supervision by the mistress of the house. She must be cognisant of each detail in the household expenditure, and take nothing on trust a servant may say. The natives of India are as a rule a thieving race, in whom truth is not to be found. Each servant tries to steal all he can. And when an establishment consists of twenty-five or more servants, all intent on peculating, it becomes a serious and most difficult matter to manage the expenditure and keep it within your husband's income; for though incomes in India seem large to people in England, they are not really so, the expenditure being commensurate with them. A LADY FROM INDIA.



ON THE ART OF "PUTTING THINGS" WELL.



is a great mistake to suppose that the art of conversation is at all the same thing as the art of putting things well. To be a good conversationalist involves various natural gifts, but to put things well implies not so much native aptitude, as an acquired habit of regarding the different aspects of one fact from the varying standpoints of different minds, and of perceiving what particular aspect should be brought forward prominently, so as to produce pleasurable or preclude painful impressions.

The following is a case in point:— Captain B., coming unexpectedly up to town, claims the hospitality of his friends the Robinsons on an evening when they are giving a small dinner-party of eight. The shortness of the notice renders it utterly impossible for Mrs. Robinson to secure the presence of an additional lady, and circumstances, too, prevent her altering her arrangement of the couples. Captain B. then, as the odd man out, has to go in to dinner alone, and it is necessary for her to make some gracefully apologetic speech. That there is a disproportion of the two sexes is very apparent, and it is this fact which is to furnish her with her excuse.

Now, if she is a thoroughly tactless woman she will say, "So sorry, Captain B., to send you in alone, but you see we are *a gentleman too many*;" while, on the other hand, if she is one of those women who know how to put things well, she will murmur, "So sorry, Captain B., but unluckily we are *a lady too few*."

"A man too many," or "a woman too few!" The sense conveyed by these two phrases is precisely the same, but the sensations roused in the mind of the hearer are widely different. For, in the first case, Captain B. is made to realise very forcibly how much his unexpected arrival has thrown out his hostess's arrange-

ments; whereas in the second case he is given to understand that so far from regretting his inclusion in the number of her guests, Mrs. Robinson is only sorry that she cannot still further increase that number. Now, this is a much more agreeable idea to have presented to him than the other.

But it may be urged that sometimes to decide at once what is the most pleasing set of ideas to call up demands a quickness of apprehension not given to all of us.

So much may be freely conceded, and yet, as it is certain that there are innumerable facts which come into conversation almost as frequently as does mention of the weather, it is obvious that with these people can be prepared beforehand to deal.

Take only the one fact—old age. Age, as we know, has its lugubrious aspects, and the old are painfully aware of all these, and seek often, by an infinite number of little devices, to keep themselves from dwelling upon them. Witness that friend of George Sand's, who would never allow that he was fifty, but preferred to tell people that he was twice twenty-five.

As one gets older, one's physical powers cease to be what they have been; the attractiveness of mere youthful charms vanishes for ever, and one becomes conscious that to a section of the community—all the very young and foolish, in fact—one figures as an old fogey.

On the other hand, there are many triumphant, many consolatory aspects of maturer years. There is the power, the wisdom, the sympathy born of wide understanding, and the indescribable charm which springs out of such sympathy—a charm more potent with men and women sometimes than even the exuberant graces of youth.

To suggest any of these aspects rather than the more depressing ones becomes, then, the duty of all young persons who find themselves in the society of those much older than themselves. And on no occasion was this duty more exquisitely performed than it was once by a youthful Frenchman, who, on being asked by the elder of two ladies which of the two

he would save, were they both drowning, answered promptly—

“Why, mademoiselle, of course, for I have noticed that madame knows how to do so many things that I should feel certain she knew how to swim.”

Here the truth was vigorously adhered to, but by a well-deserved tribute to the elder lady's multifarious accomplishments the truth was shorn of its unpleasantness. The notable fact that with many women personal looks do not correspond with years makes it often particularly easy to put things well when the question of their age comes up. For next to being conscious that one is not really old, comes the satisfying conviction that any way one does not show one's age.

“I'm an old woman now,” says a lady, plaintively, and is at once pleasantly soothed by hearing her listener murmur—

“I'll not contradict you, but your looks do,” or, with slightly different wording: “If your looks do not tell us that, why should you?”

When, unfortunately, looks correspond only too fatally well with dates, it is necessary for those who are not mendaciously inclined to have some other answer ready.

The statement, “I'm an old woman now,” can then be fitly followed by the exclamation:

“Ah, madam, say that when you cease to be interesting!”

Here, it will be noted, the assertion about years is left undisputed, but the thoughts of the lady are judiciously carried off to a side issue, and she is made to understand, by implication, that so long as a woman pleases, her age is a matter of comparative indifference.

Constantly, in putting things well, most people have recourse to this plan of evasion or side issues.

For, as it cannot be too often reiterated, the art of putting a thing well is not synonymous with the practice of glibly telling a lie. There is no art in lying; it is the mere clumsy device of the fool. All the art comes in managing to say a pleasing kind of true thing instead of the first true thing that occurs to one.

Thus when a bachelor of over fifty said to the girl of seventeen, “I'm sure you would rather be talking with those youngsters yonder than wasting your time on an old fellow like me!” the girl was perfectly truthful when she said, “Oh, no, I like old men,” since young girls often do prefer the polished man of fifty to the raw lad of twenty; but she had scarcely put the matter felicitously.

Again, when a lady of straitened means, possessing a small domestic staff of one, said to a rich friend, whom she had induced to stay to luncheon with her, “You know, I cannot give you a lunch such as you would get at home, I live in a very different style,” it was execrable taste on the part of the friend to answer cheerfully, “Oh, anything does for me! I have been living in seaside apartments lately, and you know what sort of food you get under those circumstances!” An answer framed in the spirit of Balthazar's reply to Antipholus, viz., “I hold your dainties cheap, and your welcomes dear,” would have been the appropriate thing to say; all the more so, as it would have come as equally well whether the lady had been promising an elaborate or apologetic repast.

* * * * *

It must not be supposed that within the limits of a magazine article easy ways can be suggested out of all conversational dilemmas. The general principles which will enable people themselves to find out the best way of putting things can alone be indicated. Much will always depend upon a judicious choice of adjectives, and in this respect our readers will do well to model themselves upon a character in one of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's novels, of whom we are told—

“If I weighed 200lb., for instance, she would refer to my avoirdupois as ‘matronly embonpoint,’ and if I were a skeleton she would say I had ‘a slight, reed-like figure,’ which is rather clever, you know, as well as being Christian charity.”

ADA HEATHER-BIGG.

MARCH.



Illustrated London Almanack, 1851



HOW TO MAKE AMERICAN CANDIES.

GIRLS who live in London, or any large town where American sweets are easily obtainable, will hardly care to take the trouble to make them. But many of our readers live in the country and remote places where these delicious sweets are never seen, and they may not object to trying their hands at the work.

These candies are so very pretty as well as excellent that they will come in very acceptably for dessert, be useful when you want to make a small birthday present, and be very nice for yourselves if you possess what is commonly called "a sweet tooth."

Yet another—no, two good reasons for learning to make them!

The American lady who taught me how these candies were made told me that, on one occasion, she had to take a stall at a bazaar, and it occurred to her to make quantities of these candies. This she did, putting them up into pretty little receptacles, and they sold capitally, a very good sum being realised by them.

There is a hint worth having for the next country bazaar at which you have to hold a stall, or at least to which you must contribute, and when you learn how quickly and easily the candies are made, I daresay you will use your knowledge practically. Then the next reason—one that will appeal to many girls who "wish to make a little money." If you live in the country where, as I say, these sweets are uncommon if ever seen, why not make them to sell? The more you make, the greater the profit. And, roughly speaking, if you sell the candies at three shillings a pound, which is quite a fair price, you will probably find that they have not cost you more than half that sum in materials. It would be worth trying, would it not? Now for directions.

The Foundation.—There is one foundation substance for American candies upon which changes are rung in the way of colouring, flavouring, and the mixing with it of nuts, etc., or the addition to it of fruit, nuts, etc. It is very important that this foundation—which, for the sake of clearness, I shall allude to throughout as the dough—should be well and carefully made, for the excellence of your candies much depends upon it.

You must procure some icing or confectioner's sugar, which is very much finer than castor sugar, and it is absolutely necessary that it should be quite fresh. If it is lumpy it is not fit to work with and you will not make good "dough." Break the white of an egg in one glass, and put an equal quantity of water into another. Put this into a basin and stir it with your sugar until of a dough-like consistency. The proportion of white of egg and water is two to each pound of sugar.

The next thing you require is a perfectly clean pastry-board or marble slab. If you like it, you can scrub a marble-topped washstand and use that. Many girls will be pleased to find by the way that they can make all these candies without a fire. A spirit-lamp for melting the chocolate is necessary if you have no fire, but that is all. Place a bit of dough on your slab and work it with your hands, using the sugar as if it were flour.

Candy Cherries.—Cut off a piece of your dough and make it into a thin long roll about half an inch wide. Take a sharp knife and divide it into small pieces. Take these pieces and roll them in your hands until they are like marbles. Those you want for chocolate creams you place aside to harden, but for cherries, etc., you use the marbles, as I shall call them, while they are soft. Get some glazed or crystallised cherries, slit them—without dividing them quite—and take out the stone. Press a small marble into the place where the stone was.

Cream Almonds.—Blanch your almonds, and cover them with dough. If you want to roughen the sugar up a little you can do so with a fork.

Walnuts.—Get the very best English walnuts, and, when shelled, do not remove the fine skin that is over them. Cut them carefully in half. If you have some that are broken do not use the bits for cream walnuts, as only perfect halves are of any use. Lay them aside and I will tell you later on how to use them. Now take two halves of your walnuts and put one on each side of a marble. Press together, and in so doing you will notice that the sugar comes out all round between the halves. Leave them to harden.

Cream Dates.—The dates must be fresh, and when procured slit down one side and the stone removed as in the case of the cherries. Put a marble into the place which was occupied by the stone, and, after pressing together, leave to harden.

Nougât.—Take your broken pieces of walnut and chop them up finely, adding almonds, pistachio nuts, and Brazil nuts. When all well chopped up small together stir these into some of the dough, this being best done in a basin, and it should be mixed up very thoroughly. When this is done place your dough on the slab and make it into long thin strips. Then cut it into pieces with a sharp knife.

Tricoloured Candy.—Take three pieces of dough—yellow, brown and red. (The colouring I shall describe later). Make each piece into a long, thin, narrow strip, and then lay the strips when on the board one over the other. This must be done very neatly, and, when completed, the edges smoothed off with a sharp knife. Cut into squares and leave it to harden. The squares can be about an inch square.

Crystallising.—This can be done to the almonds, cream walnuts, cherries and dates. Get some crystallised sugar and put some into a plate. Then put the cherries or whatever you want to crystallise into the plate, cover with another and shake it all up between the two plates. You can also take each cherry, etc., and simply press it down at the edge on crystallised sugar. Needless to say this must be done at once before the dough has begun to harden.

Colouring.—Colouring the dough adds to the effect of the candies, and sometimes, as with orange, you colour and flavour at one and the same time. All colouring must be done while the dough is in the basin. Colour one lump and put it aside, then another. Mix a lump with chopped nuts and also put

aside, and cut and use all these varieties while moist. For orange colouring add a very little grated orange peel and a little of the juice to the dough. Chocolate colouring, which flavours as well, is done with grated chocolate or cocoa powder.

Flavouring.—The flavouring of the dough is done in the basin. As will have been seen, orange (or lemon) colour and flavour at the same time as does chocolate. Grated coconut makes a variety in flavour. Pounded almonds mixed in with the dough are delicious.

You can make your marbles, of course, plain white and somewhat tasteless by leaving the dough as it is, or else you can make your marbles coloured, or containing chopped almonds, grated coconut or nougât.

Chocolate Creams.—Some readers may like to make these, so I will give you full directions. But they can be so easily obtained and are not so essentially American that probably they will not find such great favour as the others.

Rock chocolate, which has no sugar whatever in it, is necessary, and you must be most careful that you get it perfectly fresh. Break your chocolate into a cup and place it on top of a kettle filled with boiling water and which is kept boiling until the chocolate melts. This you can do on the most ordinary spirit-lamp. Do not stir this at all.

When the chocolate is completely melted, place your cup on the table and drop into the chocolate one hard marble at a table. Please note the adjective, for the dough marbles must be left quite to harden—which takes some hours before you cover them with chocolate. And if you use nougât or coloured marbles, or those flavoured with coconut, etc., make them into marbles while soft, but do not use for covering with chocolate until quite hard.

The way you take your marble out of the liquid chocolate is with two silver forks. You can drain the ball by passing it from one fork to the other. A better plan even than the forks is to make yourself a little wire spoon. Any wire will answer the purpose very well.

Every now and then you must place your cup over the boiling water which should be kept boiling for the purpose. Place your chocolate creams to dry on waxed paper, which you can easily get at any confectioner's. You can cover some of your nougât with chocolate, treating it exactly as you did the chocolate creams.

Lightness of touch and general daintiness are of the very greatest importance in the making of all these candies. If, in using a spirit-lamp, you find you cannot place your cup easily over the kettle, then use a saucepan. Put hot water in it, and place the cup containing chocolate in that *bain marie* fashion.

In packing candies to send by post, you should use fine paper shavings or waxed paper.

If you could but have seen the little basket full of candies my American friend gave me of her own making, you would feel tempted to try what you could do, and no doubt succeed quite as well.



Wanted—a Universal Tinker.

IN some of our cities the introduction of the French eight-day clock created a new occupation—that of general clock-winder. Householders found that their clocks required a good deal of setting, and regulating, and encouraging, and scolding, and winding; so a score of them would club together and hire a man to call around once a week and do all of these things. This made the French clock enduring, and life went smoothly on again.

Good modern houses are now so elaborate, that what we sorely need is an expansion of the clock-winder idea; that is to say, there is room for a new occupation—that of Universal Tinker. Nearly every day in the year, in a large dwelling-house, you will find a mechanic of some sort at work. To-day a slater is renewing a slate on the roof; to-morrow a plumber will be renewing a washer in a bath-tub; yesterday a joiner was adding a shelf in the china closet. These men must be paid one or two dollars apiece for service worth from ten to fifty cents. The Universal Tinker—under a regular salary of three dollars a month, paid to him by each of forty or fifty householders along a street or in a neighborhood—would have done the three jobs in an hour, and the expense to you would be nothing but his trifle of wages and the trifle of material he would use.

At first the Universal Tinker would be pretty busy—until he got your house in ship-shape everywhere; after that he would become largely a *preventer* of mischief, by watching for it and checking it before it got a fair start; and so, as a rule, ten minutes a day would be all the time he would need to spend there. And what rest and peace he would give you after all these years of fretting and harassment!

The coming benefactor—the Universal Tinker—will do such things as these for you, to-wit:

Put in window-panes.

Mend gas-leaks.

Keep the waste-pipe and other water-pipe joints tight.

Make periodical search for sewer-gas and head it off, instead of waiting for an unaccountable death in the family to suggest possible sewer-gas and an examination.

Watch the zinc and things in the electric bell batteries, and renew them; add water before the water gets out; reënforce the strength of the sal ammoniac while it yet has some strength to reënforce.

Find out why a certain door or a certain window won't go on the burglar alarm, and apply the remedy.

Find out why the alarm clock persists in taking the alarm off the house in the night and in putting it on in the daytime, and cure the defect.

Keep all the clocks in the house in repair, properly set, and going.

Mend roof-leaks, with slates, tin, or shingles.

Glue the children's broken toys, especially those costly French dolls whose heads are always coming off, and whose parts have to be sent all the way to New York to be fixed together again.

Paint newly inserted joints of tin eaves-pipes the color of the rest of the pipe. The tinner never does that, but leaves a three-minute two-dollar job for the painter.

Glue and otherwise repair the havoc done upon furniture and carved wood by the furnace heat.

Keep the cats out of the cold-air boxes, and put wire netting over the box-ends.

Pack water-pipes in sawdust, where the thoughtful plumber has left them a chance to freeze.

Silence the skreaking door-hinges with soap or oil.

Jack-plane the edges of doors that won't shut.

Reset door-lock sockets which have become too high up or too low down by the settling of the house-walls.

Supply lost door-keys.

Fix the window-catches so they will catch.

Correct obstinate sashes that refuse to slide up and down.

Readjust window-ropes that have gotten out of the pulleys and won't work.

Put up a shelf here and there where it is wanted.

Repair the crumbling chimney-tops from year to year.

Dig up and repair the earthenware drains now and then.

From time to time unchoke the pipes that drain the roof.

Level the billiard table and tighten the screws.

Put a dab of paint or putty or something here and there where needed.

Any bright, handy fellow can learn to do all of these things in a little while. The writer knows a householder who does them all, and is entirely self-taught. The Universal Tinker could earn eighteen hundred dollars a year, be idle an hour or two a day, and save you five hundred dollars a year at an expense not worth mentioning.

X. Y. Z.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SOME people have an extraordinary objection to drinking cold water, but it is absolutely necessary for good health, and the want of it leads in some cases to serious diseases. The greatest care should be taken, however, that it is pure. Most filters are no use whatever, except to harbour and multiply microbes and organisms, but if water is boiled it ensures absolute safety, though the taste may be somewhat flat. It should be boiled fresh every morning, and not left from day to day, and the jug should never be left near a sink or drain, but placed in fresh air.

Too much water should not be taken immediately before eating a meal, or it weakens the digestion, and it should never be taken icy cold.

Area doors should never be unlocked after dusk, or when the family are out. It is easier to get disreputable tramps into a house than out of it.

If toys are bought for children that they will put in their mouth, these should be carefully washed before they are given to them, and it is not safe to give children toys bought from people in the streets. They have mostly come from unwholesome houses and have often been in the mouths of dirty and disgusting people.

In case of a leaking pipe, make a paste of some soap and whiting, and apply it to the leakage. It will effectually prevent waste till a plumber can be sent for.

Oil-lamps when not burning should not have the wicks turned up above the burner, as they draw up the oil, which then drips on to the metal work and causes a nasty smell when lighted.

Biting finger-nails is not only a disgusting habit, but a dangerous one, as it sometimes leads to blood-poisoning.

A dress-skirt should be folded, for packing, with the right side out. It will crease it less than if folded wrong side out.

When kid gloves are taken off they should never be rolled like a ball inside each other, but each finger pulled out straight and laid flat in the box where they are kept.

HOME MANAGEMENT MONTH BY MONTH.

ABOUT MILK.

I HAVE said that milk should not be kept in the larder with the meat, and in large establishments there is no difficulty in carrying out my advice, as with a large establishment there is a dairy, and only the amount of milk about to be consumed should be brought into the house at a time. But in small houses I am fully aware a difficulty arises. The following plan is not difficult to carry out, and does not entail much expense.

TO MAKE A SMALL MILK-SAFE.

Procure an old wine-case or sugar-box, take off a lath of wood from each end, and cover the aperture with perforated zinc. Cut a door in the front and put on small hinges, and fasten the door, if necessary, with staples and a padlock. Cover the top of the case with a piece of tarred felt, allowing the felt about two inches larger than the case all round. The felt will keep off both heat and wet. Make a shelf across the middle of the box if you have much milk and butter to store away. The shelf should be made of laths of wood with spaces of about one inch between each lath. This allows the air to circulate freely throughout the safe, and your novel little milk-safe is complete. It can then be fastened against the wall of the house in a cool airy situation.

Now a few words may not be out of place regarding the proper management of milk for daily consumption. No food takes up germs more quickly than milk. The safest plan is to scald it as soon as it is brought into the house. I am giving this advice to those of my readers who live in the country. If the milk comes from a town dairy, it has possibly been sterilised, in which case it will be unnecessary to scald it.

If, however, the flavour of scalded milk is objected to, a steriliser can be obtained for home use at the cost of 7s. 6d. This process is more effectual in destroying germ life in milk than scalding it would be, and it would be advisable to use a steriliser, especially when preparing milk for children.

Great care should be taken that all vessels in which milk is to be kept have been previously scalded, and that they are kept scrupulously clean inside and out.

If a sufficiency of milk is taken in each day to provide

cream for the family, set aside the portion of milk to be creamed in a shallow basin or milk pancheon in the milk-safe, and do not allow the cream to be touched for at least twelve hours. If thick cream is required the milk must stand longer. The milk should then be carefully skimmed, and the cream put straight into the different cream jugs for use. Pouring cream from one vessel to another is extravagant, because so much cream is wasted, especially if the cream is thick.

Skim milk need not be wasted; it is quite good enough to use for white sauces, white soups, and milk puddings. The addition of a little fat in the shape of butter or finely-chopped suet quite compensates for the loss in cream.

The following is a nice recipe.

RECIPE FOR RICE PUD- DING MADE WITH SKIM MILK.

One small teacupful of rice, a pint and a half of skim milk, one tablespoonful of finely-chopped suet, one ounce of sugar, flavouring of nutmeg or lemon to taste.

Method. — Wash the rice in cold water, put the rice into a small stewpan with three-quarters of a pint of milk, and allow it to cook very gently for twenty minutes. Pour the cooked rice into a pie-dish, add to it the finely-chopped suet, stirring it well in.

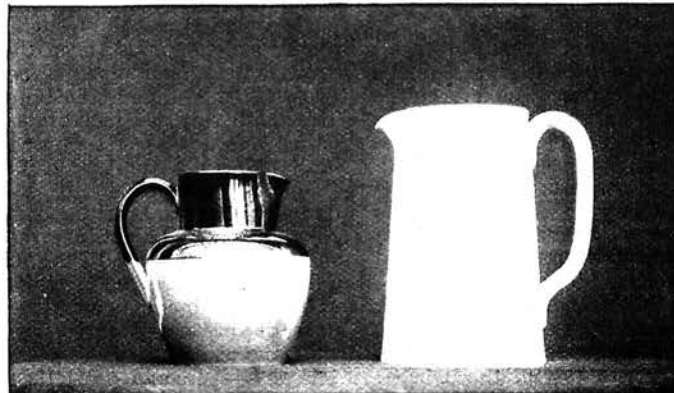
Add the remainder of the milk cold, add also the sugar and flavouring. Place the pie-dish on a baking-tin in a moderate oven and bake the pudding for half an hour.

The milk that is to be used fresh should be put into another shallow basin and put away in the milk safe, to be drawn from as required during the day, and if any milk is left over it should either be boiled or set aside for cream.

Never allow milk which has turned sour to remain in the safe with the fresh milk.

I have given you a great many words of advice in this letter on the subject of milk, because I feel very strongly that many housewives do not realise the danger arising from neglect of this most important article of food, and so I should like to add a little further advice on the proper shape of milk jugs.

I fear some of my readers may think that I sacrifice the beautiful to the useful, and in this case perhaps I do, but if anything is not effective for what it was intended for, it cannot be beautiful, and I believe it to be so essential to health



Bad shape.

MILK JUGS.

Good shape.

that milk should be quite pure, that I cannot too strongly recommend mistresses of a house to use milk jugs with perfectly straight sides and as large at the top as they are at the bottom.

Milk jugs of this shape are easily kept sweet and clean, whereas milk jugs with a narrow neck and large base are more troublesome to wash, and there is often a deposit of milk inside the jug immediately below the neck, which it is impossible to see and difficult to remove, and this may be the cause of much disease.

SAVE YOUR OLD NEWSPAPERS.

I have advised you to save all your old newspapers, and to keep them in the flat receptacle against the wall in the store-room, but I have not told you of any uses you may put them to.

In the first place, then, old newspapers laid on the floor under the carpet save the carpet very much; they prevent the dust rising between the boards better than the felt does, and also, if the boards are rather old or uneven, the newspaper prevents the marks showing through on the carpet.

When I put down carpets after the spring cleaning I generally lay the floor thickly and evenly with newspapers, and sprinkle over them a few drops of turpentine.

Moths dislike the smell of turpentine, and are not so liable to get into the carpet thus treated.

Nothing will bring a polish on glass like paper, so save your old newspapers for cleaning the windows.

To do this put some cold water into a saucer, and add to it one teaspoonful of Scrubb's cloudy ammonia.

Make a piece of newspaper into a ball, then dip it into the liquid in the saucer and rub the windows well, being careful to get the dirt out of the corners.

Make another ball of newspaper and polish the windows with it, using it dry.

I have given you recipes and methods for cleaning furniture, brass and windows, and I must not forget the steel fire-irons and fenders, which may have got dull and rusty.

You will find the following recipe very easy to make, and a most excellent one for cleaning steel.

MIXTURE FOR CLEANING STEEL FENDERS.

Half an ounce of camphor, one pound of lard, black-lead.

Method.—Put the lard into an old saucepan or into a fireproof jar, and add to it the camphor, place the jar or saucepan in the oven and allow the contents to melt, and then mix them thoroughly together; remove any scum which rises as the lard is melting.

Now add to the mixture as much dry blacklead as will make it iron colour, about one ounce.

To clean the fender rub the mixture well into the steel, leaving a coating of the grease on the steel; allow this to remain on for twenty-four hours, then rub it off with a linen cloth and polish with fine emery paper.

MARY SKENE.



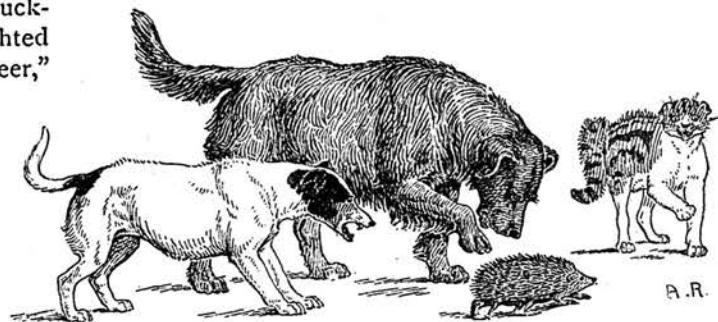
ANIMAL HUMOUR.

BY A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF "EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS," ETC. ETC.

THAT animals possess humour is undoubted. In some species of animals it is so strong and prevailing that we cannot conceive of them without it. It is part of their character. The presence of this trait has struck all animal lovers and students. The famous Waterton exulted in it. Thoreau was never tired of celebrating it. Their fun and "graceful insouciance," as he named it, were a never failing source of joy and relief to him, more especially among the dog tribe. Every day furnished him with some new trait or illustration of it. The late Sir Arthur Helps was much struck by it, and gave in his own quiet but racy style some very striking instances in his book, "Animals and their Masters." The late Frank Buckland, himself a humorist of no mean order, delighted in it; rats, monkeys, suricates, and "other small deer," were his daily companions, whom he treated with such familiarity and put on such terms of equality as sometimes was trying to his visitors and friends. His rooms were laid out as much with a view to the comfort of his "lower brethren" as to his own—more so, indeed; for if he could make them "feel at home," he didn't mind a bit some temporary inconvenience to himself. His fine china was broken, his ink-bottles had to be of the non-

emptying order, his paper was often torn or nibbled after he had written on it; but his "pets" were not to have their liberties curtailed on that account, and out of his loving observations and patient sympathetic companionship have grown some of the most fascinating volumes in the English language.

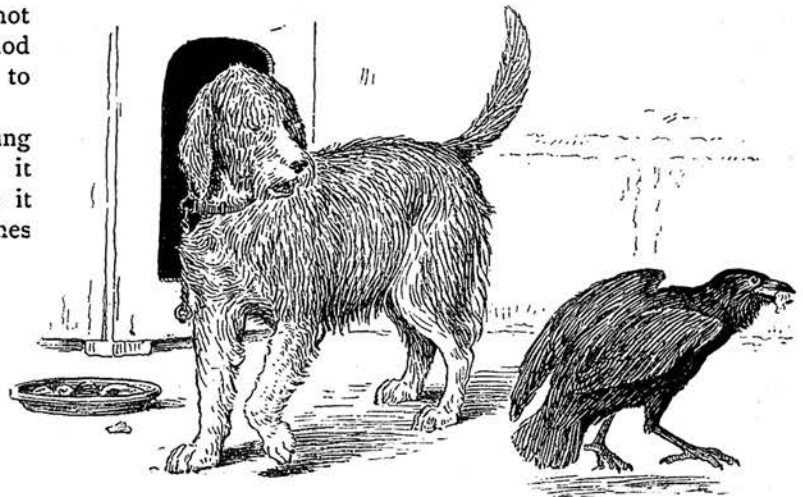
Among certain mammals humour is very strong. Elephants, bears, and monkeys exhibit it in very different ways; dogs, cats, and hedgehogs are full of it; and there is a whole group of birds which are nothing if not humorists, as crows, ravens, jack-daws, magpies, starlings, parrots, and many others. It forms one of the most powerful elements of interest. We ourselves have had humorists among our pets;



"TO THE END HE REMAINED IN SOME RESPECTS A MYSTERY TO THEM"

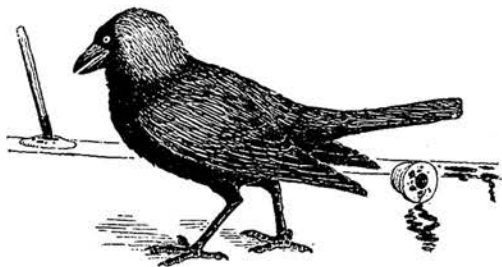
and in one case the humour, unexpected if not subtle, remained for a considerable period one of the things that give zest and relief to laborious days.

A hedgehog I had got when quite young developed the finest vein of humour as it grew up. It was kept in the kitchen, as it was meant to keep down the cockroaches which had got the upper hand there; and I used, just for the fun of the thing, to go down with the dogs—a little terrier and a retriever—at twilight, when Mr. Hedgehog began to stir and grow lively. The cat was pretty sure also to come in to see what was going on. The hedgehog invariably seemed to busy himself about his own affairs till either the cat or the little terrier turned their tails toward him, when, much quicker than you would have expected, he was after them, and bit the tail of one or the other, which never failed to make them cry out, more particularly the cat. The first few times this was done both cat and dog turned to retaliate, and pussy even struck with her paw the escaping hedgehog, only to repent of her effort, for the spines, straightened up, went into the pad of her paw and hurt her; while the dog too was defeated in reprisals and had his lips hurt. They both came to realise that discretion was the better part of valour; but the hedgehog never failed to watch his chance, and the little cry he would give as he turned round and ran away after biting could not be interpreted as anything but a little laugh. The bigger dog he did not tease in the same way, as the tail was too high, but sometimes, if he could get no fun otherwise,



“RUNNING BEYOND THE REACH OF HIS CHAIN.”

Canary birds are not credited with humour generally. You would not, from his looks, expect much of fun from a grave and stately-crested Norwich, nor of playfulness from a high-shouldered, almost high-backed, Scotch Fancy or Belgian Fancy, yet I once had a canary which showed a fine appreciation of fun. I got him when he was only about six weeks old. He was very soon allowed his fly about the room every day, and before long learned to take tit-bits out of the hand. He would come at call of any of the family—a right frank, bright, confiding little fellow; and it was the delight of the youngsters of those days to show him the speaking toys in the shape of animals, which were a great mystery and puzzle to him. How he would eye them from one side, then the other, and raising his crest, fly away with an expressive long-drawn “tweet,” and then return again, more curious than ever. Two little china dogs stood as ornaments on the mantelpiece, and because we laughed at him it was his delight to get first on the back of one and then on the other, and bend over and peck at the eyes and mouth. But you say there was no proof of humour in those things. Well, we had not had him three months till he would fly on the head or shoulders of myself or wife; and if I were alone with him, intent on writing, or my wife sewing, and had in his idea neglected him too long for the sake of the work, he would come very gently on the shoulder, and with his little beak recall you to the fact of his existence by seizing a single hair and pulling it; and then he would fly off and sit on the outside of his cage, “tweet, tweeting,” and flirting his little tail up and down in the oddest manner, as much as to say, “You see, I can startle you and make you look up and rub the back of your neck in that funny way, small though I am; tweet, tweet, tweet; cria, cria; krick, krick; per twee-wee-wee, tweet, tweet, tweet!”



SAMBO.

he would make a small dab at his heel as he turned round, greatly to the discomfort of Brin at first; for he would whine, and look at me and then at the hedgehog in the most questioning way, while the hedgehog scuttled into his corner, and gave out his little peculiar cry. As time went on the cat and dogs came to understand him better; and though the hedgehog would occasionally have his bit of fun, they came to tolerate if they did not like him, and would sometimes follow and sniff about him as he scuttled along the floor. To the end he remained in some respects a mystery to them, but they came to see that he really meant no real injury to them, but liked to have a bit of fun and make the master laugh.

A friend of mine has often told with the greatest amusement how a grey parrot which he had, when the windows of the room where he was were open, delighted to whistle for the cabmen, who, not once or twice, but many times, have come driving round to the point whence the sound issued, only to hear the parrot

laughing and crying out, "Come again, come again! Well done, well done! Cabby, here's your fare!"—a formula made up of various bits of remark she had heard on different occasions. One afternoon, at Polly's call, a four-wheeler and a hansom arrived from different sides at the same time, Polly knowing the difference of whistle needed for each. The way in which the two drivers looked at each other when they found how they had been "done" by the parrot was something to see, said my friend; and poor Polly came in for sundry maledictions not untrue to the cabby character, perhaps, though not fit to be plainly recorded here. If Polly did not enjoy the results of her tricks, her appearance very much belied her.

Another friend of mine who has a fine grey parrot has told me that though the bird can so imitate the various calls and whistles of the different members of the family to their dogs, that even members of the family are often taken in and fancy another member with his dog is in another part of the garden. The dogs are never so taken in, and Polly has a particular delight, and shows it by her laugh, when she manages to make one person thus call out, supposing another to be near or to go in search of another in a distant part of the garden.

Humour often springs from situations developed out of strange and what may seem even unnatural friendships formed between pets. Here is a very good illustration from "Half-hours with the Animals":—

"A warm friendship was formed for a large otter-dog by a raven, which was kept in the same yard. At first the bird merely hopped about the dog's kennel, and picked up occasionally a scrap from the dog's pan when he had finished his meal. By degrees the acquaintance improved, and the bird became a constant guest at meal-times, taking up his position on the edge of the dish, and helping himself to the best bits. Often the bird would snatch up a piece of meat almost from the very mouth of the dog, and running beyond the reach of his chain, would thus tantalise him, ending, however, generally in a good-humoured surrender to his friend. This intimacy was terminated at last by a mischievous



boy, who killed the poor raven by suddenly throwing a stone at it."

Did our readers ever hear of a pulpit parrot—a parrot that could not only talk, but follow the example of its decanal master all too closely, in such circumstances, too, as made it very laughable? If not, this anecdote of Dean Stanley's parrot will be welcomed:

One day Polly managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole household. After a great search, someone found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple-tree. The welcome news was communicated to the dean. With the whole of the inmates, he rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who, with some other friends, was then on a visit to the dean. Polly was found swinging herself on a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down at them, and said, "Let us pray."

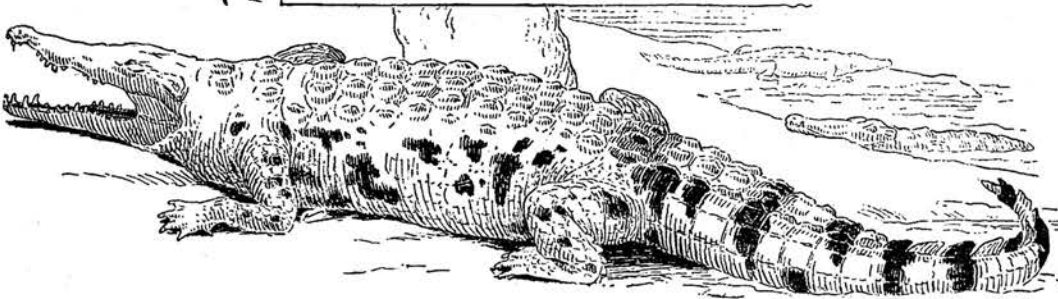
As a further illustration, with comic elements of its own, we may be allowed to give the following account of what we may call a "Scholastic Jackdaw," given by W. F. in "The Animal World" of January, 1874:

"Living as I do in the country, and being an ardent lover of God's so-called 'lower' creatures, it has been my happy fortune to possess, at various times, numerous pets. These have been to me a source of great amusement and pleasure during moments of leisure and rest, snatched from onerous and often wearisome duties. Among my dumb companions, my chief favourite has long been, and still is, a tame jackdaw, Sambo by name, who, by his waggish, winsome ways, and his unmistakable proofs of strong affection for me, has won his way to my heart. Sambo is also a great favourite with my pupils, from the youngest to the oldest. His private residence is a small wooden hut in a barn on the school premises. Here, however, he only spends the nights. Each morning his house door is regularly set open, and he at once comes out for his bath and breakfast. These over, he invariably makes his way to the schoolroom, and locates himself upon the ledge under the dominie's chair of state, where, by special and extra-

ordinary privilege, Sambo is permitted to abide during school hours. In his earlier experiences of school life, he would occasionally amuse himself during 'recess' by turning a few ink-



"MOCKING AT THE SAILORS AS HE SAT ON THE FIGURE-HEAD"



"PROCEED TO OVERT ACTS OF ANNOYANCE"

wells upside down, emptying their contents over the desks, and was several times found guilty of petty theft, sundry penholders, etc., having mysteriously disappeared from their proper places. By judicious discipline, the erring Sambo was ultimately taught 'good manners,' but even now he occasionally 'brings down the house' by calling aloud 'Adsum!' in response to the name of some absentee during the roll-call. At the dismissal of school, Sambo quits his perch and struts complacently forth among the boys. He has been seen on frequent occasions slyly to approach some boy who was quietly observing the sports of his comrades, and, to the astonishment of his nerves, give him a tremendous "dig" in the calf of his leg, instantly retreating at his utmost speed. Even though overtaken and captured by his smarting victim, Sambo generally escapes from punishment, a rub of the poll, which he always enjoys, being the sign of forgiveness. As a remarkable instance of the bird's sagacity, I may mention that though liberated on Sundays as on other days, he never attempts to make his way to the schoolroom, which is unoccupied on that day. He never seems so thoroughly happy as when school duties are in full operation. During the vacation the poor fellow approaches the school door once every day at the usual time, gives it a melancholy peck or two, and then retreats to the barn, where he mopes most of his time away till the return to school of his dear boys."

Of course, among monkey lore we could find as much illustrative of our point as would fill volumes. Here is one story from the late Lady Verney's pleasant pages, which tells how a monkey could be humorous in the most dangerous position, and play a fine trick upon its rescuers, in the very moment of escape from danger :—

"A monkey on board a queen's ship fell overboard in very bad weather; the sea was so high that the captain refused to allow a boat to be lowered, but the feeling of the sailors was so great for their pet that at last he gave way. They rowed round and round in vain, and were returning sadly up the ship's side, when they saw the monkey, who had climbed up by the chain of the rudder, mocking and grinning at them for their useless pains as he sat on the figure-head."

Some tricks of monkeys on the crocodile illustrate the risks which these animals will run for the sake of fun and play.

Thus a French traveller, M. Monhot, speaks of amusing scenes he has witnessed between the monkeys and the crocodile :—

"The latter will be seen lying half-asleep on the bank of a river, and is espied by a crowd of monkeys, who inhabit the trees on the bank. They seem to

consult, to approach, to draw back, and at last to proceed to overt acts of annoyance. If a convenient branch is within reach, a monkey will go along it, will swing himself down by the end of it, hanging by a hand or a foot, till he can reach to deal the crocodile a slap on the nose, instantly scrambling up the branch, so as to be far out of the enraged brute's reach. Sometimes, if the branch be not near enough or sufficient, several monkeys will hang to each other, so as to form a chain, and then, swinging backwards and forwards over the crocodile's head, the lowermost monkey will torment the creature to his heart's content. Sometimes the crocodile is so far irritated as to open its enormous jaws, and make a snap at the monkey, just missing him. Then one heard screams and chatterings of exultation among the monkeys, and great gambols are executed among the branches."

Here is another story, told by the Misses L. & J. Horner in their well-known book, "Walks in Florence" :—

"In the Borgo dei Tintoro, beside the garden of the Friars of Sta Croce, at one time there lived a painter, Il Rosso, a disciple of Michael Angelo. Vasari relates that Il Rosso possessed an ape, which became a great favourite with one of his apprentices, called Battistoni, who employed the animal to steal the friars' grapes, by letting him down by a rope into the garden, and drawing him up again with his paws full of fruit. A friar, who missed the grapes, set a trap for rats, but one day catching the ape in the fact, he took up a stick to thrash him; a struggle ensued, in which the ape had the best of it, and contrived to escape; the friar, however, summoned Il Rosso to appear before the judges, and his favourite was condemned to have a weight fastened to his tail. A few days afterwards an opportunity occurred for revenge; the friar was performing mass in the church, when the ape was made to climb the roof of his cell, and, in the words of Vasari, he 'performed so lively a dance with the weight at his tail, that there was not a tile or vase left unbroken, and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentation was heard, which lasted three days.'"

The anecdotes of monkey fun that might be cited are enough almost to make one seriously adopt the view so cleverly expressed by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in "Blackwood" thus :—

"I hae a half-notion that they (monkeys) are just wee hairy men, that canna or that winna speak plain, in case they may be made to work like ither folk, instead of leading a life of idleness."

Perhaps Professor Garner's experiments with the monkey language will show that they can speak more plainly than we think.







WALNUT PICKLE.—Take one hundred nuts, one ounce of cloves, one of allspice, one of nutmeg, one of whole black pepper, one of ginger, one of horseradish cut up fine, half a pint of mustard seed, and four heads of garlic tied in a bag. Wipe the nuts, prick them with a coarse needle, pack them in a jar, sprinkling the spices between the layers. Take vinegar enough to cover the walnuts, add two table-spoonfuls of salt, boil it, and pour it hot over the nuts in the jar. Cover with an oil-cloth, to preserve the strength of the vinegar. Keep a year before using. The vinegar makes good walnut catsup.

JELLY CAKE.—Beat three eggs thoroughly; add one cup of sugar, one of flour. Stir well together, add one tea-spoonful of cream-of-tartar, and half a tea-spoonful of soda, dissolved in water. Bake in two pie tins, as evenly and quickly as possible, taking care that it does not bake too hard around the edges, a sheet of writing paper laid on the top will prevent it from scorching. When the cake is done, slip it out, bottom side on a clean cloth, spread the upper side quickly with currant, or other tart jelly, commencing at the end, roll it up so as to form a long, compact roll. Cut in round slices from end of roll.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT BELLS.

THE use of bells dates back to the time when the properties of metals were first known and understood; but large bells were not used until the sixth century. Clothaire II. of France was at one time besieging the city of Sens, when bells of so much larger size than he was accustomed to were rung, that their clangor frightened him, and he fled in dismay. The next new feature in bell history was the erection of the bell-tower—it having been ascertained the higher the bells were elevated the greater distance the sound would reach. As it was deemed an evidence of piety to present gifts to a church, bells were frequently the form of offering, and the larger the bell the more fervent the saint was supposed to be. There was an abbot in the tenth century, Turketul by name, who gave to the abbey of Croyland a large bell, which he christened Guthlac. When he died the abbot who succeeded him presented six bells to the church, and gave to them very odd names, such as Pega and Bega, Tatwin and Turketul. These all pealed in tune, and at that time the harmony was considered something wonderful. Before bells were introduced people were called to church by striking wooden mallets upon some resonating surface. The Mohammedan religion forbids the use of bells, and therefore Turks hold them in great abhorrence. Among other superstitions, it was believed that the ringing of bells frightened away a thunderstorm. Consequently, as soon as one arose, the bells were at once rung. The largest bell in England is the great Tom of Oxford, which weighs seventeen thousand pounds, while the famous bell of St. Paul's weighs only eleven thousand. This of Oxford is seven feet in diameter, and six inches thick. But it is an infant in size compared to the celebrated Russian bell which was called the czar of bells, and was thirty-six times as large as St. Paul's. It weighed four hundred thousand pounds, and was twenty feet high. The tongue alone was fourteen feet long, and metal was brought for it from all parts of Russia. This bell lies in a pit near the great Ivan or tower he longed to the Moscow Cathedral. In 1737 it was hung over this pit on beams

of wood, but the beams being destroyed by fire, the bell broke, and a piece fell out seven feet in height, so that two men could walk through the aperture. When rung it took forty or fifty men to pull the clapper, and it was ornamented with bas-reliefs of the czars and empresses of Russia. After this giant met with a fall, a new bell was cast and hung in the Cathedral amid imposing ceremonies, it being considered an honor to assist in its mounting, and the populace displaying great joy on the occasion.

Chinese bells have had some reputation, but they are struck with wooden tongues, and give forth much duller sounds.

E. D. SOMNER.



ON DRESS AT THE THEATRE.



IT strikes me with a disagreeable degree of force that a singular amount of bad taste is, at the present time, evinced by the fair New Yorkers when displaying themselves at our various theatres. And I do not confine my criticism, though free, to Shoddydom—graphic and useful word!—I say like the attorney in *The Rivals*, “without hesitation, and I say it boldly,” that our belles present at the theatre, as “lookers on in Vienna,” have forgotten to draw the ever desirable “line,” and approach too nearly the lovely and admired *tragédiennes* or *comédiennes* on the boards who *must*, in conformity to the exigencies of their profession, dress according to certain, to them, often unpleasant rules.

Théophile Benviton, the naughty boy in the *Fast Family* says, that the young girls of society look like the *demi-monde* but *moins le chic*; in other words, without that indescribable touch of witchery or fascination, that something, that, to the Théophile Benvitons of this wicked world, makes up the attraction of that portion of it.

Yet our young girls do not really *wish* to resemble *cocottes*. Their

innate modesty expresses itself in their sweet faces, and let them try as they may to imitate Tostée in her arch looks, and Lotta in her laugh, they fall far wide of the mark, because they are altogether too pure and good, though sometimes, *tant soit peu* silly to reach it.

Let no Sophonisba Adelaide of the Avenue, suppose that the gold fringe and embroidery on her saque is *the thing*. Lay not that flattering unction to thy soul, Sophonisba *mia!* the black embroidery mingled with jet; the softly shaded and wondrous work in brown floss of many tints; the delicate garnet or mazarine blue, or the ever-stylish white work, those *vere* the thing. But silver embroidery, gold embroidery, and gold flowers in the hat at the theatre! Avaunt! my soul abhors it! and it is not *your style*. Nature made you an American, and an aristocrat of her own school. Your delicate aquiline ought to turn up, if aquilines could do that at the *cliquant*, a crushing French word, fairest and sweetest, invented to wither by the scorn of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, the ladies of the Imperial Court and their attire. “Ché!” as Drogan sang, they have had their day!

Did I see Mrs. Millionbonds at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with a bird of Paradise in her hair, or bonnet, or was it the work of an illusion? To use a novel expression; Did my eyes deceive me? No. Weep! Muse of the Beautiful, it *was* the exquisite Millionbonds, and she *had* a bird of Paradise in her hat! And if she turned to look over her shoulder at the mirror behind her,—that very convenient mirror,—and then glanced on the stage by way of looking “on this picture and on that,” she *must* have been struck with her immense resemblance to the actress at that moment speaking; I mean the one who spoke so often that evening, that she *must* necessarily have lighted upon *her*.

Now why invade that dominion? Why take to the gold fringes and birds of Paradise of the theatrical domain, where Fashion,—gentle goddess!—furnishes a profusion of delicate feathers, and any quantity of really beautiful embroidery? It is not the thing, Mrs. Millionbonds, and it won’t “go down,” or if it does, it ought not; it *should* stick in our throats.

Angelica Malvina Four-in-hand was there, I know that as well as

you do. Angelica is not visited by the right sort of people. The brothers, cousins, nephews, etc., may look in upon her, but the sisters and mothers and aunts do not. Look at Angelica. Contemplate her hair, her dress, her “altogether,” and tell me whether *you*, sweetest of Millionbonds, do not owe it to your position *not* to put those diamonds over your forehead, and those double bracelets over the sleeve at the elbow *above* it,—and at the wrist? I know you will not go so far as that; I know that you will not gallop after the beautiful Angelica Malvina Four-in-hand so *fast* as that, but when I contemplate the bird of Paradise already installed upon the glory of your blonde locks, and when I recall Sophonisba Adelaide of the Avenue with her gold fringe, and see your opera-glass turned so often in the direction of the Four-in-hand when you think no one is looking,—which some one always is—three—I admit, I tremble!

Oh! for the serene propriety of the delicate ermine tippet on the dusty velvet basque, without an ornament beside, and the stylish but unobtrusive black velvet hat that was, certainly, with a light glove and a small opera-glass, the real thing to appear in! Where have these fled? Why that scarlet cloak? Let it go to the opera; that is the place for it and those staring white plumes, and “stunning” flowers? Take them, I implore thee, take them out of my sight!

Don’t let it be said of you, Mrs. Millionbonds, having such a lot of money, that you don’t know how to spend it. Let not those gentlemen of a certain foreign legation, not the Russian, but another, smile in contemplating your attire. A French wit said of Marie Antoinette, that she belonged rather to “her sex than her rank.” Don’t let any one say that of you.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

IN the appendix to Croker's Boswell's Johnson, one finds this anecdote :

Cato's Soliloquy.— One day Mrs. Gastrel set a little girl to repeat to him [Doctor Samuel Johnson] Cato's Soliloquy, which she went through very correctly. The Doctor, after a pause, asked the child—

“What was to bring Cato to an end?”

She said it was a knife.

“No, my dear, it was not so.”

“My aunt Polly said it was a knife.”

“Why, Aunt Polly's knife *may do*, but it was a *dagger*, my dear.”

He then asked her the meaning of “bane and antidote,” which she was unable to give. Mrs. Gastrel said—

“You cannot expect so young a child to know the meaning of such words.”

He then said—

“My dear, how many pence are there in *sixpence*?”

“I cannot tell, sir,” was the half-terrified reply.

On this, addressing himself to Mrs. Gastrel, he said—

“Now, my dear lady, can anything be more ridiculous than to teach a child Cato's Soliloquy, who does not know how many pence there are in sixpence?”

In a lecture before the Royal Geographical Society, Professor Ravenstein quoted the following list of frantic questions, and said that they had been asked in an examination :

Mention all the names of places in the world derived from Julius Cæsar or Augustus Cæsar.

Where are the following rivers : Pisuerga, Sakaria, Guadalete, Jalon, Mulde ?

All you know of the following : Machacha, Pilmo, Schebulos, Crivoscia, Basecs, Mancikert, Taxhen, Citeaux, Meloria, Zutphen.

The highest peaks of the Karakorum range.

The number of universities in Prussia.

Why are the tops of mountains continually covered with snow [*sic*] ?

Name the length and breadth of the streams of lava which issued from the Skaptar Jokul in the eruption of 1783.

That list would oversize nearly anybody's geographical knowledge. Isn't it reasonably possible that in our schools many of the questions in all studies are several miles ahead of where the pupil is ? — that he is set to struggle with things that are ludicrously beyond his present reach, hopelessly beyond his present strength ? This remark in passing, and by way of text ; now I come to what I was going to say.

I have just now fallen upon a darling literary curiosity. It is a little book, a manuscript compilation, and the compiler sent it to me with the request that I say whether I think it ought to be published or not. I said Yes ; but as I slowly grow wise, I briskly grow cautious ; and so, now that the publication is imminent, it has seemed to me that I should feel more

comfortable if I could divide up this responsibility with the public by adding them to the court. Therefore I will print some extracts from the book, in the hope that they may make converts to my judgment that the volume has merit which entitles it to publication.

As to its character. Every one has sampled “English as She is Spoke” and “English as She is Wrote” ; this little volume furnishes us an instructive array of examples of “English as She is Taught”—in the public schools of—well, this country. The collection is made by a teacher in those schools, and all the examples in it are genuine ; none of them have been tampered with, or doctored in any way. From time to time, during several years, whenever a pupil has delivered himself of anything peculiarly quaint or toothsome in the course of his recitations, this teacher and her associates have privately set that thing down in a memorandum-book ; strictly following the original, as to grammar, construction, spelling, and all ; and the result is this literary curiosity.

The contents of the book consist mainly of answers given by the boys and girls to questions, said answers being given sometimes verbally, sometimes in writing. The subjects touched upon are fifteen in number : I. Etymology ; II. Grammar ; III. Mathematics ; IV. Geography ; V. “Original” ; VI. Analysis ; VII. History ; VIII. “Intellectual” ; IX. Philosophy ; X. Physiology ; XI. Astronomy ; XII. Politics ; XIII. Music ; XIV. Oratory ; XV. Metaphysics.

You perceive that the poor little young idea has taken a shot at a good many kinds of game in the course of the book. Now as to results. Here are some quaint definitions of words. It will be noticed that in all of these instances the sound of the word, or the look of it on paper, has misled the child :

Aborigines, a system of mountains.

Alias, a good man in the Bible.

Amenable, anything that is mean.

Assiduity, state of being an acid.

Auriferous, pertaining to an orifice.

Ammonia, the food of the gods.

Capillary, a little caterpillar.

Corniferous, rocks in which fossil corn is found.

Enolument, a headstone to a grave.

Equestrian, one who asks questions.

Eucharist, one who plays euchre.

Franchise, anything belonging to the French.

Idolater, a very idol person.

Ipecac, a man who likes a good dinner.

Irrigate, to make fun of.

Mendacious, what can be mended.

Mercenary, one who feels for another.

Parasite, a kind of umbrella.
Parasite, the murder of an infant.
Publican, a man who does his prayers in public.
Tenacious, ten acres of land.

Here is one where the phrase "publicans and sinners" has got mixed up in the child's mind with politics, and the result is a definition which takes one in a sudden and unexpected way:

Republican, a sinner mentioned in the Bible.

Also in Democratic newspapers now and then. Here are two where the mistake has resulted from sound assisted by remote fact:

Plagiarist, a writer of plays.
Demagogue, a vessel containing beer and other liquids.

I cannot quite make out what it was that misled the pupil in the following instances; it would not seem to have been the sound of the word, nor the look of it in print:

Asphyxia, a grumbling, fussy temper.
Quarternions, a bird with a flat beak and no bill, living in New Zealand.
Quarternions, the name given to a style of art practiced by the Phœnicians.
Quarternions, a religious convention held every hundred years.
Sibilant, the state of being idiotic.
Crosier, a staff carried by the Deity.

In the following sentences the pupil's ear has been deceiving him again:

The marriage was illegible.
He was totally dismasted with the whole performance.
He enjoys riding on a philosopher.
She was very quick at repertoire.
He prayed for the waters to subsidize.
The leopard is watching his sheep.
They had a strawberry vestibule.

Here is one which — well, now, how often we do slam right into the truth without ever suspecting it:

The men employed by the Gas Company go round and speculate the meter.

Indeed they do, dear; and when you grow up, many and many's the time you will notice it in the gas bill. In the following sentences the little people have some information to convey, every time; but in my case they failed to connect: the light always went out on the keystone word:

The coercion of some things is remarkable; as bread and molasses.
Her hat is contiguous because she wears it on one side.
He preached to an egregious congregation.
The captain eliminated a bullet through the man's heart.
You should take caution and be precarious.
The supercilious girl acted with vicissitude when the perennial time came.

That last is a curiously plausible sentence; one seems to know what it means, and yet

he knows all the time that he doesn't. Here is an odd (but entirely proper) use of a word, and a most sudden descent from a lofty philosophical altitude to a very practical and homely illustration:

We should endeavor to avoid extremes — like those of wasps and bees.

And here — with "zoölogical" and "geological" in his mind, but not ready to his tongue — the small scholar has innocently gone and let out a couple of secrets which ought never to have been divulged in any circumstances:

There are a good many donkeys in theological gardens.
Some of the best fossils are found in theological cabinets.

Under the head of "Grammar" the little scholars furnish the following information:

Gender is the distinguishing nouns without regard to sex.
A verb is something to eat.
Adverbs should always be used as adjectives and adjectives as adverbs.
Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar.

"Caterpillar" is well enough, but capital letter would have been stricter. The following is a brave attempt at a solution, but it failed to liquify:

When they are going to say some prose or poetry before they say the poetry or prose they must put a semicolon just after the introduction of the prose or poetry.

The chapter on "Mathematics" is full of fruit. From it I take a few samples — mainly in an unripe state.

A straight line is any distance between two places.
Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they run together.

A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.
Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

To find the number of square feet in a room you multiply the room by the number of the feet. The product is the result.

Right you are. In the matter of geography this little book is unspeakably rich. The questions do not appear to have applied the microscope to the subject, as did those quoted by Professor Ravenstein; still, they proved plenty difficult enough without that. These pupils did not hunt with a microscope, they hunted with a shot-gun; this is shown by the crippled condition of the game they brought in:

America is divided into the Passific slope and the Mississippi valey.
North America is separated by Spain.
America consists from north to south about five hundred miles.
The United States is quite a small country compared with some other countrys, but is about as industrious.

The capital of the United States is Long Island.
The five seaports of the U. S. are Newfunlan and Sanfrancisco.

The principal products of the U. S. is earthquakes and volcanoes.

The Alaginnies are mountains in Philadelphia.

The Rocky Mountains are on the western side of Philadelphia.

Cape Hateras is a vast body of water surrounded by land and flowing into the Gulf of Mexico.

Mason and Dixon's line is the Equater.

One of the leading industries of the United States is mollasses, book-covers, numbers, gas, teaching, lumber, manufacturers, paper-making, publishers, coal.

In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrich feathers.

Gibraltar is an island built on a rock.

Russia is very cold and tyrannical.

Sicily is one of the Sandwich Islands.

Hindoostan flows through the Ganges and empties into the Mediterranean Sea.

Ireland is called the Emigrant Isle because it is so beautiful and green.

The width of the different zones Europe lies in depend upon the surrounding country.

The imports of a country are the things that are paid for, the exports are the things that are not.

Climate lasts all the time and weather only a few days.

The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah.

The chapter headed "Analysis" shows us that the pupils in our public schools are not merely loaded up with those showy facts about geography, mathematics, and so on, and left in that incomplete state; no, there's machinery for clarifying and expanding their minds. They are required to take poems and analyze them, dig out their common sense, reduce them to statistics, and reproduce them in a luminous prose translation which shall tell you at a glance what the poet was trying to get at. One sample will do. Here is a stanza from "The Lady of the Lake," followed by the pupil's impressive explanation of it:

Alone; but with unbated zeal,
The horseman plied with scourge and steel;
For jaded now and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strained full in view.

The man who rode on the horse performed the whip and an instrument made of steel alone with strong ardor not diminishing, for, being tired from the time passed with hard labor overworked with anger and ignorant with weariness, while every breath for labor he drew with cries full of sorrow, the young deer made imperfect who worked hard filtered in sight.

I see, now, that I never understood that poem before. I have had glimpses of its meaning, in moments when I was not as ignorant with weariness as usual, but this is the first time the whole spacious idea of it ever filtered in sight. If I were a public-school pupil I would put those other studies aside and stick to analysis; for, after all, it is the thing to spread your mind.

We come now to historical matters, histor-

ical remains, one might say. As one turns the pages, he is impressed with the depth to which one date has been driven into the American child's head — 1492. The date is there, and it is there to stay. And it is always at hand, always deliverable at a moment's notice. But the Fact that belongs with it? That is quite another matter. Only the date itself is familiar and sure: its vast Fact has failed of lodgment. It would appear that whenever you ask a public-school pupil when a thing — anything, no matter what — happened, and he is in doubt, he always rips out his 1492. He applies it to everything, from the landing of the ark to the introduction of the horse-car. Well, after all, it is our first date, and so it is right enough to honor it, and pay the public schools to teach our children to honor it:

George Washington was born in 1492.
Washington wrote the Declareation of Independence in 1492.

St. Bartholemew was massacred in 1492.

The Brittaines were the Saxons who entered England in 1492 under Julius Cæsar.

The earth is 1492 miles in circumference.

To proceed with "History":

Christopher Columbus was called the Father of his Country.

Queen Isabella of Spain sold her watch and chain and other millinery so that Columbus could discover America.

The Indian wars were very desecrating to the country. The Indians pursued their warfare by hiding in the bushes and then scalping them.

Captain John Smith has been styled the father of his country. His life was saved by his daughter Pochahantas.

The Puritans found an insane asylum in the wilds of America.

The Stamp Act was to make everybody stamp all materials so they should be null and void.

Washington died in Spain almost broken-hearted. His remains were taken to the cathedral in Havana.

Gorilla warfare was where men rode on gorillas.

John Brown was a very good insane man who tried to get fugitives slaves into Virginia. He captured all the inhabitants, but was finally conquered and condemned to his death. The Confederasy was formed by the fugitive slaves.

Alfred the Great reigned 872 years. He was distinguished for letting some buckwheat cakes burn, and the lady scolded him.

Henry Eight was famous for being a great widower having lost several wives.

Lady Jane Grey studied Greek and Latin and was beheaded after a few days.

John Bright is noted for an incurable disease.

Lord James Gordon Bennett instigated the Gordon Riots.

The Middle Ages come in between antiquity and posterity.

Luther introduced Christianity into England a good many thousand years ago. His birthday was November 1883. He was once a Pope. He lived at the time of the Rebellion of Worms.

Julius Cæsar is noted for his famous telegram dispatch I came I saw I conquered.

Julius Cæsar was really a very great man. He was a very great soldier and wrote a book for beginners in the Latin.

Cleopatra was caused by the death of an asp which she dissolved in a wine cup.

The only form of government in Greece was a limited monarchy.

The Persian war lasted about 500 years.

Greece had only 7 wise men.

Socrates . . . destroyed some statues and had to drink Shamrock.

Here is a fact correctly stated; and yet it is phrased with such ingenious infelicity that it can be depended upon to convey misinformation every time it is uncarefully read:

By the Salic law no woman or descendant of a woman could occupy the throne.

To show how far a child can travel in history with judicious and diligent boosting in the public school, we select the following mosaic:

Abraham Lincoln was born in Wales in 1599.

In the chapter headed "Intellectual" I find a great number of most interesting statements. A sample or two may be found not amiss:

Bracebridge Hall was written by Henry Irving.

Snow Bound was written by Peter Cooper.

The House of the Seven Gables was written by Lord Bryant.

Edgar A. Poe was a very curdling writer.

Cotton Mather was a writer who invented the cotton gin and wrote histories.

Beowulf wrote the Scriptures.

Ben Jonson survived Shakspeare in some respects.

In the Canterbury Tale it gives account of King Alfred on his way to the shrine of Thomas Bucket.

Chaucer was the father of English pottery.

Chaucer was a bland verse writer of the third century.

Chaucer was succeeded by H. Wads. Longfellow an American Writer. His writings were chiefly prose and nearly one hundred years elapsed.

Shakspeare translated the Scriptures and it was called St. James because he did it.

In the middle of the chapter I find many pages of information concerning Shakspeare's plays, Milton's works, and those of Bacon, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, De Foe, Locke, Pope, Swift, Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, Wordsworth, Gibbon, Byron, Coleridge, Hood, Scott, Macaulay, George Eliot, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Tennyson, and Disraeli,—a fact which shows that into the restricted stomach of the public-school pupil is shoveled every year the blood, bone, and viscera of a gigantic literature, and the same is there digested and disposed of in a most successful and characteristic and gratifying public-school way. I have space for but a trifling few of the results:

Lord Byron was the son of an heiress and a drunk man.

Wm. Wordsworth wrote the Barefoot Boy and Imitations on Immortality.

Gibbon wrote a history of his travels in Italy. This was original.

George Eliot left a wife and children who mourned greatly for his genius.

George Eliot Miss Mary Evans Mrs. Cross Mrs. Lewis was the greatest female poet unless George Sands is made an exception of.

Bulwell is considered a good writer.

Sir Walter Scott Charles Bronte Alfred the Great and Johnson were the first great novelists.

Thomas Babington Makorlay graduated at Harvard and then studied law, he was raised to the peerage as baron in 1557 and died in 1776.

Here are two or three miscellaneous facts that may be of value, if taken in moderation:

Homer's writings are Homer's Essays Virgil the Aeneid and Paradise lost some people say that these poems were not written by Homer but by another man of the same name.

A sort of sadness kind of shone in Bryant's poems. Holmes is a very profligate and amusing writer.

When the public-school pupil wrestles with the political features of the Great Republic, they throw him sometimes:

A bill becomes a law when the President vetos it.

The three departments of the government is the President rules the world, the governor rules the State, the mayor rules the city.

The first conscientious Congress met in Philadelphia.

The Constitution of the United States was established to ensure domestic hostility.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again. As follows:

The Constitution of the United States is that part of the book at the end which nobody reads.

And here she rises once more and untimely. There should be a limit to public-school instruction; it cannot be wise or well to let the young find out everything:

Congress is divided into civilized half civilized and savage.

Here are some results of study in music and oratory:

An interval in music is the distance on the keyboard from one piano to the next.

A rest means you are not to sing it.

Emphasis is putting more distress on one word than another.

The chapter on "Physiology" contains much that ought not to be lost to science:

Physillogiy is to study about your bones stummick and vertebry.

Occupations which are injurious to health are carbolic acid gas which is impure blood.

We have an upper and a lower skin. The lower skin moves all the time and the upper skin moves when we do.

The body is mostly composed of water and about one half is avaricious tissue.

The stomach is a small pear-shaped bone situated in the body.

The gastric juice keeps the bones from creaking.

The Chyle flows up the middle of the backbone and reaches the heart where it meets the oxygen and is purified.

The salivary glands are used to salivate the body.

In the stomach starch is changed to cane sugar and cane sugar to sugar cane.

The olfactory nerve enters the cavity of the orbit and is developed into the special sense of hearing.

The growth of a tooth begins in the back of the mouth and extends to the stomach.

If we were on a railroad track and a train was coming the train would deafen our ears so that we couldn't see to get off the track.

If, up to this point, none of my quotations have added flavor to the Johnsonian anecdote at the head of this article, let us make another attempt:

The theory that intuitive truths are discovered by the light of nature originated from St. John's interpretation of a passage in the Gospel of Plato.

The weight of the earth is found by comparing a mass of known lead with that of a mass of unknown lead.

To find the weight of the earth take the length of a degree on a meridian and multiply by $62\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

The spheres are to each other as the squares of their homologous sides.

A body will go just as far in the first second as the body will go plus the force of gravity and that's equal to twice what the body will go.

Specific gravity is the weight to be compared weight of an equal volume of or that is the weight of a body compared with the weight of an equal volume.

The law of fluid pressure divide the different forms of organized bodies by the form of attraction and the number increased will be the form.

Inertia is that property of bodies by virtue of which it cannot change its own condition of rest or motion. In other words it is the negative quality of passiveness either in recoverable latency or insipient latescence.

If a laugh is fair here, not the struggling child, nor the unintelligent teacher,—or rather the unintelligent Boards, Committees, and Trustees,—are the proper target for it. All through this little book one detects the signs of a certain probable fact—that a large part of the pupil's "instruction" consists in cramming him with obscure and wordy "rules" which he does not understand and has no time to understand. It would be as useful to cram him with brickbats; they would at least stay. In a town in the interior of New York, a few years ago, a gentleman set forth a mathematical problem and proposed

to give a prize to every public-school pupil who should furnish the correct solution of it. Twenty-two of the brightest boys in the public schools entered the contest. The problem was not a very difficult one for pupils of their mathematical rank and standing, yet they all failed—by a hair—through one trifling mistake or another. Some searching questions were asked, when it turned out that these lads were as glib as parrots with the "rules," but could not reason out a single rule or explain the principle underlying it. Their memories had been stocked, but not their understandings. It was a case of brickbat culture, pure and simple.

There are several curious "compositions" in the little book, and we must make room for one. It is full of naïveté, brutal truth, and unembarrassed directness, and is the funniest (genuine) boy's composition I think I have ever seen:

ON GIRLS.

GIRLS are very stuckup and dignified in their maner and be have your. They think more of dress than anything and like to play with dowls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in a far distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church on Sunday. They are al-ways sick. They are al-ways funy and making fun of boy's hands and they say how dirty. They cant play marbels. I pity them poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I dont beleave they ever kiled a cat or anything. They look out every nite and say oh ant the moon lovely. Thir is one thing I have not told and that is they al-ways now their lessons bettern boys.

From Mr. Edward Channing's recent article in "Science":

The marked difference between the books now being produced by French, English, and American travelers, on the one hand, and German explorers on the other, is too great to escape attention. That difference is due entirely to the fact that in school and university the German is taught, in the first place to see, and in the second place to understand what he does see.

Mark Twain.

A Purpose.

It is good to have a purpose ;
I approve of it, of course ;
All the people who have purposes
I cordially indorse ;
But there 's one especial purpose
Which has struck me with much force.

It is not my own, this purpose —
It is very far indeed
From a personal possession,
Or I surely should not need
To make mention of it sadly,
Or to give it any heed.

'T is a sort of general purpose,
Owned by several witnesses ;
'T is no doubt a lofty purpose,
But the mystery is this :
That, full often as I've heard of it,
I don't know what it is !

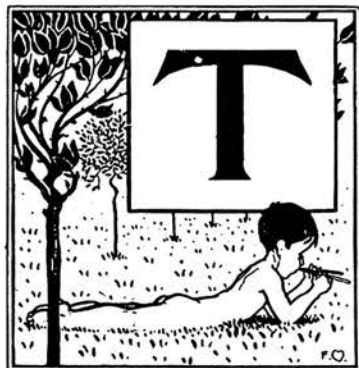
I have only seen its shadow
On the wrong side of the screen
Which veils it from the public ;
Now, what may this shadow mean ?
'T is — " Not suited to the purpose
Of the ———— Magazine."

Margaret Vandegrift.

THE NOBLENESS OF OSWALD.

BY E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by FRANCES EWAN.



THE part about his nobleness only comes at the end, but you would not understand it unless you knew how it began. It began, like nearly everything else

just then, with treasure-seeking. We had several ideas about that time, but having so little chink always stood in the way. This was the case with H. O.'s idea of setting up a cocoanut shy on this side of the Heath, where there are none generally. We had no sticks or wooden balls, and the greengrocer said he could not book so many as twelve dozen cocoanuts without Mr. Bastable's written order. And when Alice dressed up Pincher in some of the dolls' clothes, and we made up our minds to take him round with an organ as soon as we had taught him to dance, we were stopped at once by Dicky's remembering how he had heard that an organ cost seven hundred pounds. Of course this was the big church kind, but even the ones on three legs cannot be got for one and sevenpence, which was all we had when we first thought of it. So we gave that up, too.

It was a wet day, I remember, and mutton hash for dinner, very tough, with pale gravy with lumps in it. I think the others would have left a good deal on the sides of their plates, although they know better, only Oswald said it was a savoury stew made of red deer that Edward shot. So then we were the children of the New Forest, and the mutton tasted much better. No one in the New Forest minds venison being tough and the gravy pale.

Then we had some liquorice water to wind up with, and then Dicky said, "This reminds me."

So we said, "What of?"

Dicky answered us at once, though his mouth was full of bread with liquorice stuck in

it to look like cake. You should not speak with your mouth full, even to your own relations, and you should not wipe your mouth on the back of your hand, but on your handkerchief if you have one. Dicky did not do this. He said—

"Everyone in the world wants money. Some people get it. The people who get it are the people who see things. I have seen one thing."

Oswald said, "Out with it."

"I see that glass bottles only cost a penny. H. O., if you dare to snigger I'll send you round selling old bottles, and you shan't have any sweets except out of the money you get for them. And the same with you, Noel."

"Noel wasn't sniggering," said Alice in a hurry; "it is only his taking so much interest in what you were saying makes him look like that. Be quiet, H. O. Do go on, Dicky, dear."

So Dicky went on.

"There must be hundreds of millions of bottles of medicine sold every year, because all the different medicines say, 'Thousands of cures daily'; and if you only take that as two thousand, which it must be at least, it mounts up. And the people who sell them must make a great deal of money by them, because they are nearly always two and ninepence the bottle, and three and sixpence for one nearly double the size. Now the bottles, as I was saying, don't cost anything like that."

"It's the medicine that costs the money," said Dora; "look how expensive jujubes are at the chemist's."

"That's only because they're nice," Dicky explained; "nasty things are not dear. Look what a lot of brimstone you get for a penny, and the same with alum. We would not put the nice kinds of chemists' things in our medicines."

Then he went on to tell us that when we had invented our medicine we would write and tell the editor about it, and he would put it in the paper, and then people would send their two and ninepence, and three and six for the bottle nearly double the size, and then when the medicine had cured them they would write to the paper and their letters would be printed, saying how they had been sufferers for years and never thought to get



“Dicky went right into the water with his boots on.”

about again, but thanks to the blessing of our ointment——”

Dora interrupted and said, “Not ointment, it’s so messy”; and Alice thought so, too. And Dicky said he did not mean it, he was quite decided to let it be in bottles. So now it was all settled, and we only had to invent the medicine. You might think that was easy, because of the number of them you see in the paper; but it is much harder than you think. First, we had to decide what sort of illness we should like to cure, and a “heated discussion ensued,” like in Parliament.

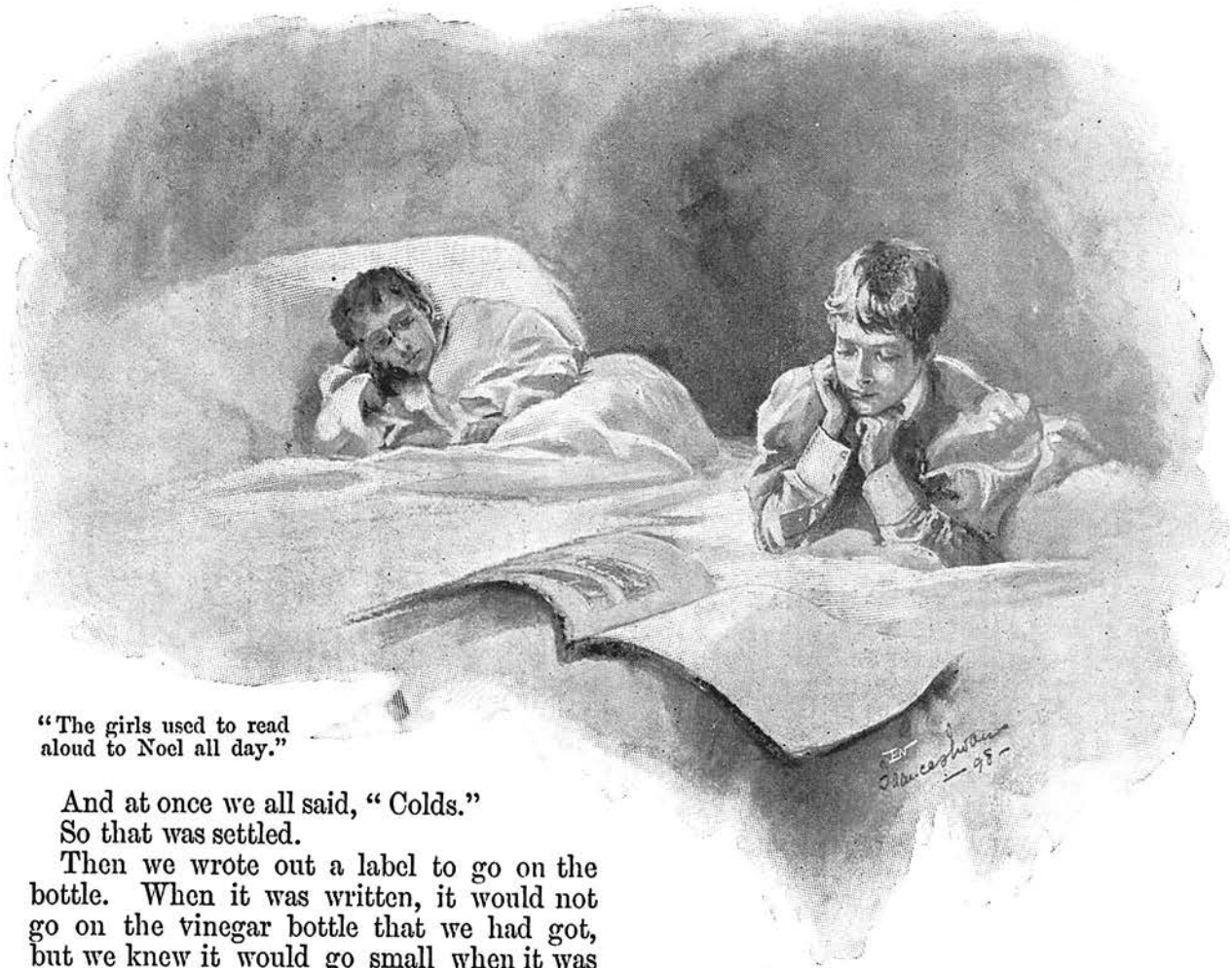
Dora wanted it to be something to make the complexion of dazzling fairness; but we remembered what her face was like when she

washed it with coal tar soap, and she agreed that perhaps it was better not. Noel wanted to make the medicine first and then find out what it cured; but Dicky thought not, because there are so many more medicines than there are things the matter with you, so it would be easier to choose the disease first.

Oswald would have liked wounds. I still think it was a good idea, and if we had done that, what followed would not have been so; but Dicky said, “Who has wounds, anyway—especially now there aren’t any wars? We shouldn’t sell a bottle a day!” So Oswald gave in, because he knows what manners are, and it was Dicky’s idea. H.O. wanted a cure

for the uncomfortable feeling that they give you powders for, but we explained to him that grown-up people do not have this feeling, however much they eat, and he agreed. Dicky said he didn't care a straw what the loathsome disease was, as long as we settled on something; and then Alice said, "It ought to be something very common, and only one thing. Not the pains in the back and all the hundreds of things the people have in somebody's syrup. What's the commonest thing of all?"

to catch a cold and try what cured it. We all wanted to be the one, but it was Dicky's idea, and he said he wasn't going to be done out of it, so we let him. It was only fair. He left off his vest that very day, and next morning he stood in a draught in his night-gown for quite a long while. And we damped his dayshirt with the nail-brush before he put it on. But all in vain. They always tell you that those things will give you cold, but we found that it was not so. Next we all went over to the Park, and



"The girls used to read aloud to Noel all day."

And at once we all said, "Colds."
So that was settled.

Then we wrote out a label to go on the bottle. When it was written, it would not go on the vinegar bottle that we had got, but we knew it would go small when it was printed. It was like this:—

BASTABLE'S
CERTAIN CURE FOR COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND
SHORTNESS OF BREATH, AND ALL INFECTIONS
OF THE CHEST.

One dose gives immediate relief.

It will cure your cold in one bottle, especially
the large size at three and six.

Order at once of the Makers to prevent
disappointment.

Makers:—D. O. R. A. N. and H. O. BASTABLE,
150, Lewisham Road, S.E.

A halfpenny for all bottles returned.

* * * * *

Of course the next thing was for one of us

Dicky went right into the water with his boots on, and stood there as long as he could bear it, for it was rather cold, and we stood and cheered him on. He walked home in his wet clothes, which they say is a sure thing; but it was no go, though his boots were quite spoiled. And three days after Noel began to cough and sneeze.

So then Dicky said it was not fair.

"I can't help it," Noel said; "you should have caught the cold yourself, then it wouldn't have come to me."

And Alice said she had known all along that Noel oughtn't to have stood about on the bank cheering in the cold.

Noel had to go to bed, and then we began to make the medicines. We were sorry he was out of it, but he had the fun of taking the things.

We made a great many medicines. Alice made herb tea. She got sage and thyme and savory and marjoram, and boiled them all up together with salt and water; but she would put parsley in, too. Oswald is sure parsley is not a herb. It is only put on the cold meat, and you are not supposed to eat it. It kills parrots to eat parsley, I believe. I expect it was the parsley that disagreed so with Noel. The medicine did not seem to do the cough any good.

Oswald got a pennyworth of alum, because it is so cheap, and some turpentine, which everybody knows is good for colds, and a little sugar and an aniseed ball. These were mixed in a bottle with water, but Eliza threw it away, and I hadn't any money to get more things with.

Dora made him some gruel, and he said it did his chest good; but of course that was no use, because you cannot put gruel in bottles and say it is medicine. It would not be honest, and, besides, nobody would believe you.

Dick mixed up lemon juice and sugar and a little of the juice of the red flannel that Noel's throat was done up in. It comes out beautifully in hot water. Noel took this and he liked it.

Noel's own idea was liquorice, and we let him have it; but it is too plain and black to sell in bottles at the proper price. He liked H. O.'s medicine the best, which was silly of him, because it was only peppermints melted in hot water and a little cobalt to make it look blue. It's all right, because H. O.'s paint box is the French kind, with "*Couleurs non vénéneuses*" on it. This means you may suck your brushes if you want to, or even the paints, if you are a very little boy.

It was rather jolly while Noel had that cold. He had a fire in his bedroom, which opens out of Dicky's and Oswald's, and the girls used to read aloud to Noel all day; they will not read aloud to you when you are well. Father was away at Liverpool on business and Albert's uncle was at Hastings. We were rather glad of this, because we wished to give all the medicines a fair trial, and grown-ups are much too fond of interfering. As if we should have given him anything poisonous!

His cold went on—it was worst in his head, but it was not one of the kind when he has to have poultices and cannot sit up in bed.

But when it had been in his head a week, Oswald happened to tumble over Alice on the stairs. When we got up she was crying.

"Don't cry, silly," Oswald said; "you know I didn't hurt you."

He was very sorry if he had hurt her; but you ought not to sit on the stairs in the dark and let other people tumble over you. You ought to remember how beastly it is for them if they do hurt you.

"Oh, it's not that, Oswald," Alice said. "Don't be a pig. I am so miserable. Do be kind to me."

So Oswald thumped her on the back and told her to shut up. He is never unkind to those in distress.

"It's about Noel," she said. "I'm sure he's very ill; and playing about with medicines is all very well, but I know he's ill—and Eliza won't send for the doctor; she says it's only a cold. And I know the doctor's bills are awful. I heard father telling Aunt Emily so in the summer. But he is ill, and perhaps he'll die, or something."

Then she began to cry again. Oswald thumped her again, because he knows how a good brother ought to behave, and said, "Cheer up." If we had been in a book, Oswald would have embraced his little sister tenderly and mingled his tears with hers.

Then Oswald said, "Why not write to father?"

And she cried more and more, and said, "I've lost the paper with the address. H. O. had it to draw on the back of, and I can't find it now. I've looked everywhere. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. No, I won't. But I'm going out. Don't tell the others; and, I say, Oswald, do pretend I'm in, if Eliza asks. Promise."

"Tell me what you're going to do," Oswald said. But she said, "No," and there was a good reason why not. So he said he wouldn't promise, if it came to that. Of course, he meant to, all right, but it did seem mean of her not to tell her kind brother. So Alice went out by the side door while Eliza was setting tea, and she was a long time gone. She was not in to tea. When Eliza asked Oswald where Alice was, he said perhaps she was tidying her corner drawer. Girls often do this and it takes a long time. Noel coughed a good bit after tea and asked for Alice. Oswald told him she was doing something, and it was a secret. Oswald did not tell any lies even to save his sister. When Alice came back, she was very tired, but she whispered to Oswald that it was all right. When it was rather late, Eliza said she was

going out to post a letter. This always takes her an hour, because she will go to the post-office across the Heath, instead of the pillar box. A boy once dropped fuses in our pillar box and burnt the letters. It was not any of us. Eliza told us about it. And when there was a knock at the door, we thought it was Eliza come back and that she had forgotten the back door key. We made H. O. go down to open the door, because it is his place to run about. His legs are younger than ours. And we heard boots on the stairs, besides H. O.'s—and we listened spell-bound till the door opened, and it was Albert's uncle, and he blinked as he came in, because we had made up such a jolly good fire.

"I am glad you've come," Oswald said ; "Alice began to think Noel——"

Alice stopped him and her face was very red ; her nose was shiny, too, with having cried so much before tea.

She said, "I only said I thought he ought to have the doctor. Don't you think he ought?" She got hold of Albert's uncle and held on to him.

"Let's have a look at you, young man," said Albert's uncle, and he sat down on the edge of the bed. It is a rather shaky bed. The bar that keeps it steady underneath got broken when we were playing burglars last winter. It was our crowbar. He began to feel Noel's pulse, and went on talking.

"It was revealed to the great Arab physician as he made merry in his tents on the pathless plains of Hastings that the Presence had a cold in its head. So he immediately seated himself on the magic carpet and bade it bear him hither, only pausing in the flight to buy a few sweet-meats in the Bazaar."

He pulled out a jolly lot of chocolates, and he had brought some butterscotch and grapes for Noel. When we had said, "Thank you," he went on—

"The physician's are the words of wisdom ; it is high time this kid was asleep. I have spoken. Ye have my leave to depart."

So we bunked, and Dora and Albert's uncle made Noel comfortable for the night. Then they came to the nursery, which we had gone down to, and he sat down in the Guy Fawkes chair and said, "Now, then."

Alice said, "You may tell them what I did. I daresay they'll all be in a wax, but I don't care."

"I think you were very wise," said Albert's uncle, pulling her close to him to sit on his knee. "I am very glad you telegraphed."

So then Oswald understood what Alice's secret was. She had gone out and sent a telegram to Albert's uncle at Hastings. Afterwards she told me what she had put in the telegram. It was, "Come home. We have given Noel a cold, and I think we are killing him." With the address it came to tenpence halfpenny.

Then Albert's uncle began to ask questions, and it all came out, how Dicky had tried to catch the cold, and about the medicines and all. Albert's uncle looked very serious.

"Look here," he said, "you're old enough not to play the fool like this. Health is the best thing you've got. You ought to know better than to play about with it in this way. You might have killed your little brother."

"We gave him medicine," said Dicky, and then we had to tell him exactly what medicines.

"Well," he said, "you've had a lucky escape ; but poor Noel——"

"Oh, do you think he's going to die?" Alice asked that, and she was crying again, and so were some of the others.

"No, no," said Albert's uncle ; "but look here ! Do you see how silly you've been ? And I thought you promised your father——" and then he gave us a long talking-to. He can make you feel most awfully small. At last he stopped, and we said we were very sorry, and he said—

"You know I promised to take you all to the pantomime."

So we said, "Yes," and we knew but too well that now he wasn't going to. Then he went on—

"Well, I will take you if you like, or I will take Noel to the sea for a week to cure his cold. Which is it to be ?"

Of course he knew we should say, "Take Noel," and we did, but Dicky told us afterwards he thought it was hard on H. O.

Albert's uncle stayed till Eliza came in, and then he said, "Good night," in a way that showed us all was forgiven and forgotten.

So we went to bed. It must have been the middle of the night when Oswald woke up suddenly, and there was Alice, with her teeth chattering, shaking him to wake him.

"Oh, Oswald," she said, "I am so unhappy. Suppose I should die in the night."

Oswald told her to go to bed and not gas. But she said, "I must tell you ; I wish I'd told Albert's uncle. I'm a thief, and if I die to-night, I know where thieves go to."

So Oswald saw it was no good, and he sat

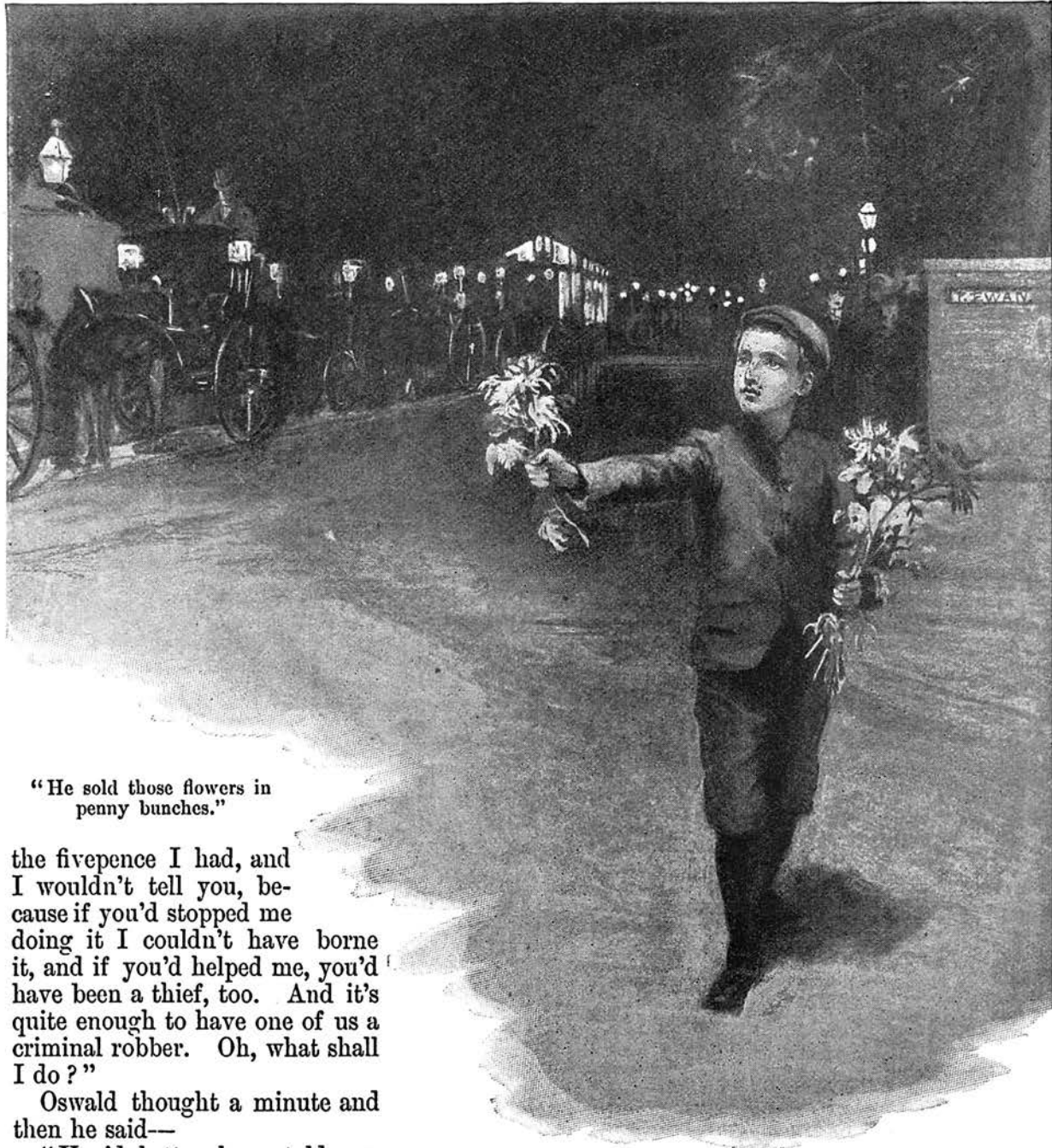
up in bed, though he was very sleepy, and said, "Go ahead."

So Alice stood shivering in her nightgown and said—

"I hadn't enough money for the telegram. So I took the bad sixpence out of the exchequer. And I paid for it with that and

sixpence. Alice was very unhappy, but not so much as in the night; you can be very miserable indeed in the night if you have done anything wrong and you happen to be awake. I know this for a fact.

None of us had any money, except Eliza, and she wouldn't give us any unless we said



"He sold those flowers in penny bunches."

the fivepence I had, and I wouldn't tell you, because if you'd stopped me doing it I couldn't have borne it, and if you'd helped me, you'd have been a thief, too. And it's quite enough to have one of us a criminal robber. Oh, what shall I do?"

Oswald thought a minute and then he said—

"You'd better have told me. But I think it will be all right if we pay it back. Go to bed. Cross with you? No, stupid! Only, another time, you'd better not keep secrets." So she kissed Oswald, and he let her, and she went back to bed.

The next day Albert's uncle took Noel away, before Oswald had time to persuade Alice that we ought to tell him about the

what for, and of course we could not do that, because of the honour of the family. And Oswald was anxious to get the sixpence to give to the telegraph people, because he feared that the badness of that sixpence might have been found out, and that the police might come up for Alice at any moment. I don't think I ever had such an

unhappy day. Of course we could have written to Albert's uncle, but it would have taken a long time, and every delay added to Alice's danger. We thought and thought, but we couldn't think of any way to get that sixpence. It seems a small sum, but Alice's liberty depended on it, and though Oswald was very anxious to be noble, he could not think of any good way. It was quite late in the afternoon when Oswald met his friend Mrs. Leslie on the Parade. She had a brown fur coat and a lot of yellow flowers in her hands. She stopped to speak to me, and asked how the poet was. I told her he had a cold, and I wondered if she would lend me the sixpence if I asked her, but I could not make up my mind how to begin to say it. She talked to Oswald for a bit, and then she suddenly got into a cab, and said, "I'd no idea it was so late," and told the man where to go. And just as she started she shoved the yellow flowers through the window and said, "For the sick poet, with my love," and was driven off.

Gentle reader, I will not conceal from you what Oswald did. He knew all about not disgracing the family, and he did not like doing what I am going to say; they were really Noel's flowers, only he could not have them sent to Hastings, and Oswald knew he would say, "Yes," if we asked him. Oswald sacrificed his family pride because of his little sister's danger. I do not say he was a noble boy—that is what others said of the way he behaved. I just tell you what he did, and you can decide for yourself about the nobleness.

He put on his oldest clothes. They

are much older than any you would think he had if you saw him when he is tidy; and he took those yellow chrysanthemums, and he walked with them to Greenwich Station and waited for the trains bringing people from London. He sold those flowers in penny bunches and he got tenpence by it.

Then he went to the telegraph office and said to the lady there, "A little girl gave you a bad sixpence yesterday. Here are six good pennies."

The lady said she had not noticed it, and never mind, but Oswald knew that "honesty is the best policy," and he would not deign to take back the pennies. So she said she would put them in the plate on Sunday. She is a nice lady. I like the way she does her hair.

Then Oswald went home to Alice and told her, and she hugged him and said he was a dear, good, kind boy, and he said, "Oh, it's all right."

We bought peppermint bullseyes with the fourpence we had over, and the others wanted to know where we got the money, but we would not tell. Only afterwards, when Noel came home, we told him, because they were his flowers, and he said I was quite right. He made some poetry about it. I only remember one bit of it—

The noble youth of high degree
 Consents to play a menial part,
 All for his sister Alice's sake,
 Who was so dear to his faithful heart.

But Oswald himself has never bragged about what he did.

* * * * *

We got no treasure out of this—unless you count the peppermint bullseyes.



AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

THIRD PAPER.

WELL, girls, I promised to tell you this evenin' about Receptions, parties, and such like. I hadn't been to the Treasury, or the Monument, or the Smithsonian, or the Agricult'ral, or to Mount Vernon yit. The weather kept very cold, and Nat, he said there'd be plenty o' time to see everything, as I must stay till Congress adjourned in March. But the cold weather didn't stop the Receptions, or visitin', or receivin', not a bit. You see, girls, when these ladies stay at home of an afternoon to let their friends call on 'em they call it receivin'. They dress up to kill, and stand just inside the parlor door, and their friends call, and they both say "good-mawnin'!" though it's long enough after twelve o'clock. Miss Rankin says that it's always mornin' in Washin'ton till after dinner, and that 's about five o'clock. It seemed quare visitin' like, to me; but Miss Rankin said I'd soon git used to it. And I did find out that there wasn't any other way to do, if you get through with everything in the season. I can't understand, though, why everything *has* to be got through with, if a body don't care anything about it. But I'll tell you about the parties, and quit a-preachin' and a-moralizin'.

Miss Rankin said she was a-goin' to assist some fashionable friends receive on New-Year's day, and I must go with her. She said I might just set down and make myself comfortable, and I needn't be bothered or even introduced to anybody if I didn't want to. So on them conditions I went.

Miss Tomlinson, the lady of the house, was the wife of a Senator or Cabinet Minister, or something great. She was grandly dressed in black velvet, with a trail more 'n a yard long, and she wore point lace and diamonds. Her two pretty girls wore some kind o' white and pink cloudy-lookin' stuff, with long, trailin' branches o' flowers, as nateral like, as the branches of a peach-tree or red bud in bloom-in' time. The one with the pink dress had white flowers, and her with the white dress, had pink ones. The mother met me in the friendliest way possible, when she found that my Nat was a member o' Congress. She made me go up stairs and lay off my things, and then took me to a table loaded with silver, and had a cup of coffee poured out for me. These city ladies, or their cooks, know how to make good coffee, sure! But of all the little tiny cups! why, an egg-shell would hold more. They was the finest Chaney, with quare little figgers all over 'em; and when she saw me examinin' 'em, she said, very proudly, that they come from Japan, and very few people had anything like 'em. That seemed to make her think so

much the more of 'em. Now, if I had such handsome Chaney, I'd be glad to have my friends have some too; for I don't enjoy a thing if I think folks is envyin' me.

Well, Miss Tomlinson introduced me to her girls, and then give me a great, soft chair, and told me to make myself at home. And every little while all day she'd come over and say somethin' pleasant to me. These fashionable ladies seem just as kind-hearted and sensible like, as any of our country people, only they don't have as much time to show it. I set there and looked around, and I tell you, that house was grand! The doors and winder-casins was made of walnut, with little lines of gold all runnin' through; and there was large picturs, and flower-stands of glass, several feet higher, and full of sweet smellin' flowers. There was lace curtains with satin at the top, at the big bay winder that took up the whole end o' the room, and just inside was a statue of a naked woman—Venus, I think Miss Rankin told me. Don't look so horrified, girls. The more refined and cultivated folks git to be, the more they have naked statues, and picturs of women with their clothes nearly all off. And, long before the winter was over, I found out that this taste wasn't confined to the picturs and statues; but that lots o' the ladies at parties wore their clothes lower than our Annie does hern, when she gits away in the far corner of our settin'-room to nuss her baby; and nobody around, either, but her father and brother that she was raised with. It's gospel truth, girls! though I'm sorry to say it. And yet this all comes from refinement and cultivation, they tell me. And Miss Rankin says that though she disapproves of such a style, and never wears it, it has been the custom for ages, especially on grand occasions. Queens and Empresses, Josephine and Martha Washin'ton, all dressed so. And you know, girls, that book of ourn, the "Memoirs of Madame Recamièr," how dreadfully low her dress is in the pictur. And I mind a-hearin' my grandmother say that the waist o' her weddin' dress was just one inch long, under the arms, and only four inches in front. So really, the fashions ain't as naked as they was in our great-grandmother's times. But I forgot all about the New-Year's Reception.

Soon after I had got well seated, the colored man, in his swallow-tail coat and white kid gloves, opened the door and hollered out, "Mr. Clifton! Mr. De Vere!" The young ladies put on their sweetest smiles, and the young men bowed to the ground. "Good-mawnin', Miss Lou! A Happy-New-Year! It's a chawmin' mawnin'." And Miss Lou said "Delightful! Have you made any calls yet?" "Yes, half a dozen or so. Really, I had so many to make, I was obliged to begin early." Then Miss Lou asked him to take some refreshments, and led him to a table where another colored man in

white kids waited on him. By this time several others come in, and Miss Lou had to go over the same ceremony with them. But as the numbers increased, the talk got kind o' jumbled up—though all that time I could hear the words "Chawmin'!" "Good-mawnin'!" "Delightful!" "Two hundred calls already." "One hundred more to make!" And this was all. Each girl prides herself on the number of her callers, and it is said that for weeks beforehand they invite every gentleman they meet to call upon New-Year's day; not that they care for them at all, for nine-tenths of 'em won't call again, maybe, before next New-Year's day. But they want to show a longer list than any of their friends if they can.

Miss Rankin says there's *one* improvement on the old-time fashion. Everybody used to offer their callers wine and brandy and egg-nog. Hundreds of carriage-loads of finely-dressed young men (and old ones too, for that matter) might a' been seen on the streets every New-Year's day, as drunk as they could be. Now nobody offers anything stronger than coffee and chocolate; and men can bear a good deal of that, you know. So they can go home at night without making themselves worse than brutes. And it's my opinion that Vice-President Colfax, that was, and Vice-President Wilson, that is, have done a great deal towards making temperance fashionable. And, girls, if you'll only notice, you'll see that if a thing once gits to be fashionable, it'll succeed, no matter what it is. So I say, three cheers for these two men, and for all the Senators and Congressmen that went with 'em in this matter!

At the President's New-Year's Reception the rush was wonderful. All day long he has to stand there and shake hands. All the furren ministers, with their rich suits trimmed with gold lace, and with great stars on their breasts, all set with diamonds, come in first with their wives. Then the army and the navy officers with gold appelettes, and gold-trimmed hats, and long plumes. And after them the common folks come in, jammin' at a fearful rate. Mr. Kinny, a friend of Miss Rankin's, and a clerk in the Treasury, went down once to call on the President. He had in his pocket-book ninety dollars, nearly all of his month's salary. He jammed his way through, shook hands with the President and come away, well pleased. It happened to be a muddy New-Year's day, and a little darkey a-sweepin' the crossin' asked him for a cent. He put his hand in his pocket and it went clean through! His pocket had been cut and there wasn't any pocket-book there. And that's the way the thieves take advantage of the President's Receptions.

I'd been a-wantin' to go to the White House all the time, but Miss Rankin persuaded me to wait for the first evenin' reception, when I'd see the great East Room lit up in all its splendor. So along about the last of Jannewary we

went. Nat had bought me a new lavender silk (you've seen it, girls) and a point lace collar and sleeves. They cost a power o' money, but Nat didn't mind that. He said he wanted his mother to look as well as anybody of her age. So I wore with 'em the pretty cameo breastpin he give me two year ago, with pearls around the edge. And he sent a woman to fix my hair, and I hardly knowed myself when they got through with me. To think of your Aunt Hitty havin' a hairdresser! But the woman said she hadn't had such a suit o' hair in her hands lately. A woman nearly fifty with hair a yard and a quarter long; she seemed perfectly dumb-founded. And they all said I looked splendid—just to please me, of course; and I thought myself that dress done a good deal for folks. But when I got to that reception, I seen women fifteen year older 'n me with low-necked dresses, and pink flowers in their hair, and diamond earrings, and great strings o' pearls on their necks, and pounds o' gray hair on their heads that never growed there, all frizzed, and curled, and powdered.

There was a dreadful jam at the door, but we got through some how, and somebody introduced us to the President, and somebody else to Mrs. Grant, and there was a long string of other ladies I hardly saw. We slipped around back of these and watched the folks come in for awhile. It was the most interestin' thing I ever seen. It was grand and funny at the same time. The President looks and acts like a bashful college boy that hadn't been out in company yet. He holds his arms kind o' a-kimbo, as if he didn't know what to do with his hands. And when he shakes hands, he never smiles or changes countenance a bit. I thought all the time that he'd rather be somewhere in a back room a-smokin' his cigar.

Miss Grant was dressed very fine, with a low-necked pink silk dress, and lots of point lace and diamonds. She bowed and smiled, and said a word or two to each lady that was introduced to her. Of course a body couldn't say much to any one, when they was a-comin' in all the time. But it was amusin' to listen to the remarks made to her, both by the ladies and gentlemen. "How chawmin' your flowers are, Miss Grant!" "It's such a delightful day!" "What a chawmin' mawnin'!" Indeed I found that the words "chawmin'" and "delightful" was the only words a body needed at receptions, besides the every-day ones we all use.

Miss Grant ain't a bit handsome. She ain't half as good-lookin' as the picturs we see of her. But everybody says she's a sensible woman, and a good wife and mother, and that's better than anything else—better even than bein' the wife of the President. Miss Nellie's just moderately good-lookin'. Our Annie was a beauty to her, and is yet, for that matter.

But I noticed that she talked modestly, and without any airs. Her manners were very nice and pleasant, and I believe everybody klies her.

Of course you'd like to hear who I seen come in. Well, there was so many great folks that I can't remember half of 'em. All the furren ministers nearly, with their wives, was there. Two of these I recollect, for I set their names down for fear I might forgit. Madame Freyre, from Peru, was fairly blazin' with diamonds and amethysts. You see the amethyst is 'most as bright as a diamond, only it's a beautiful light purple color, just about like our laylock blossoms. Miss Freyre's a rather large, fine-lookin' woman, and 'minded me of Judge Wilson's wife, over at Petersburg. The other lady had the most charmin' face I ever seen. (You see I've got to usin' that word as well as the fashionable folks.) She is Madame Florés, from Ecuador. (I could never a-remembered that word, I reckon, if I hadn't a-set it down.) She's very young, with black eyes and hair, and a face all lit up with smiles. Then there was Miss Williams, the wife of the Attorney-Gineral, one of the brightest-lookin', friendliest-mannered women I ever seen. She wears low-necked dresses, but they become her very much. She has the whitest and smoothest shoulders I saw the whole winter. And she shows *only* her shoulders and arms. Miss Creswell is a pale, sweet-lookin' lady, and looks as if she didn't have very good health. She was there, and a great many other ladies, and the furren gentlemen with their gold-laced coats, our army officers with their grand new uniforms; and it all looked mighty fine, I reckon.

But, girls, all these people, with the President and his wife and daughter put together, didn't make me feel so grave-like as it did to go into the old East Room. It's the grandest-lookin' room I was ever in. The walls are painted in pale colors and gold, with large pictures of the Presidents hung around; and the chandeliers, with thousands of glass drops hangin' down, glitter and shine in the gaslight brighter than an ice-covered tree in the risin' sun. The largest one of these is as big as our sugar-peach tree by the smoke-house. And just underneath the place where it hangs (for it was took down to make room) Mr. Lincoln was laid out after that dreadful night of the murder—laid out on the great black bier, like a throne, that we seen in the papers. Thousands o' people passed along in one day through this room, now so full of life, and glitter, and fashion, and state. Then the walls was hung with black; the great lookin'-glasses was covered with black; the windows was all curtained with black; and folks that lived here then say that the whole world seemed in mournin'. Now here they walked around the room, the ladies trailin' whole yards of bright silk after 'em; some covered with lace at a

hundred dollars a yard, and with their necks and arms glitterin' with diamonds. And when they're all in their graves, the ones that come after 'em will do the same way, of course. "Maybe," I thought to myself, "maybe I'm the only one in the whole room that's a thinkin' of that dark day," and I wasn't here to see it either. I don't believe I ever *could* a-come here to a reception after that.

Don't you mind, girls, one of you read to me last year, from a book out o' the Petersburg library, how Louise Adams, the wife of President John Adams, used to dry her clothes in the East Room of the White House? There wasn't any yard, or anything handy, and the house wasn't half finished, you mind. Well, this is the very room, and I thought o' that, too, while I set there on the sofy, a-watchin' the great folks walk around. After awhile Miss Rankin nudged me. "The President's a-comin'," she said. So I got up to see the promenadin'. (That's only walkin' around, girls.)

The President was walkin' with a lady dressed in elegant green velvet, with a long train that was almost covered with pink lace. She had a light green satin skirt under the velvet, that showed in front, and she wore a necklace, and bracelets, and earrings, and a large ornament in her hair, all of diamonds. Miss Rankin said it was Miss Cooke, the wife of the Governor, and the gentleman walkin' with Miss Grant was Governor Cooke himself. A great many others followed, dressed very grandly, but I reckon I can't describe any more of 'em to-night. There was one Quaker lady, dressed in gray silk, and a white book-muslin neck-han'kerchief crossed on her bosom, and a plain cap of the same on her head. She was walkin' with a stylish-lookin' gentleman, and looked quare-like in such a company, I tell you.

But I'm gittin tired a-talkin'; and I reckon you are a-listenin', so I'll finish up by saying that I reached Willard's at twelve o'clock, very tired of the first grand reception. The next evenin' you feel like gatherin' together, I'll tell you of our callin' the next week, and maybe of other things.



HOME-MADE BISCUITS IN SWITZERLAND.



In almost every country it is the fashion to have some particular sweetmeat at Christmastide. In England we have the inevitable and indigestible mince-pie and plum-pudding, in France the *galettes*, the *sucre de pomme*, and various dainty *gâteaux*, in Italy the *panna montata* with its accompaniment of *ciadone*, and in Switzerland a host of very delicious and ornamental biscuits.

Now, just as it is the fashion in England for every member of the family to have a hand in the mince-pie making or give a stir to the Christmas-pudding, so in Switzerland it is considered the proud duty of every housewife to lay in her store of biscuits at Christmastide for the whole year round.

To those English girls who would like to supplement their mince-pies with an inexpensive and very tasty novelty, I send the following recipes of home-made Swiss biscuits:—

SCHENKELI.

Ingredients.—Three ounces of butter, eight ounces of sugar, four eggs, one pound of flour, lemon-peel or almonds.

Beat the eggs and sugar together for at least a quarter of an hour, then add a pinch of salt. Shred up the peel of half a lemon or almonds (three ounces) and add to the above mixture. Melt the butter in a pan and also add it to the above. Take the pound of flour and work it by degrees into the mass until a thick paste is made. Knead the paste well with the hands, cover it lightly with flour, then roll it with the hand until it is the thickness of a finger. Cut the rolls of paste into pieces of about four inches, and fry them in a pan of boiling fat, letting them swim in the fat until they have assumed a golden-brown colour.

These biscuits can keep for about three months, and are very good eaten with wine. This quantity should make about seventy biscuits.

A more economical schenkeli may be made by taking two eggs instead of four and replacing the butter with lard. A little milk may be added if the paste is too thick, and a pinch of baking-powder should be mixed with the flour.

KÜSENS.

Ingredients.—Quarter of a pound of ground chocolate, quarter of a pound of ground sugar, four whites of eggs.

Beat up the whites of eggs with the chocolate and sugar until a reasonably thick paste is formed. Take a buttered paper and on to this drop teaspoonfuls of the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour.

ROSINELI.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of currants, half a pound of butter, four yolks of eggs, half a pound of moist sugar.

Moisten the flour with the warmed butter and the well-beaten yolks of the eggs. Add the currants and sugar. Drop the mixture from a spoon on to a white buttered-paper, leaving space between each to allow the biscuits to spread. Bake in a slow oven for a quarter of an hour.

FASTNACHTKÜCHLI.

Ingredients.—Six eggs, six spoonfuls of milk or cream, two spoonfuls of moist sugar, flour.

Mix the eggs, milk, and sugar together, with a pinch of salt. Beat well for about ten minutes. Pour in the flour little by little until a thick and rather dry paste is made. Work the paste well and then let it remain over-night in a covered pan. Then form from the paste little round balls about the size of a walnut. Roll these balls out until they are round and flat and as thin as possible. Fry in swimming, but not too hot, fat.

MAILANDERLI.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, six eggs, quarter of a pound of sugar.

Work the butter and sugar into the flour, and then add the rind of half a lemon finely shredded. Take two whole eggs and four yolks and a little milk (two teaspoonfuls), and work fast and well until the dough is smooth. Roll the dough to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Cut with a knife into small squares or forms, smear over with the yolk of an egg, and bake in a hot oven for about a quarter of an hour.

BASLERBRAUNS.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of almonds, three-quarters of a pound of chocolate, four eggs.

Chop the almonds up very fine and add the ground-up chocolate. Take the whites of the eggs and beat them up into a snow with the above ingredients. Cover the kneading-board with white moist sugar. Spread the dough out to half an inch in thickness. Cut into forms. Butter the baking-tin well, lay the biscuits thereon, and bake in a hot oven.

KÜMMELS.

Ingredients.—One ounce of caraway seeds, one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs.

Mix together the flour, sugar, and caraway seeds. Stir into this mixture the butter, well beaten, and the eggs, well whisked. Roll out the paste. Shape the biscuits in round forms by means of a knife or cutter. Brush them with milk. Bake in a moderate oven for about a quarter of an hour.

SANDKÜCHLEIN.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of butter, three yolks of eggs, one ounce of sugar, half a pound of flour.

Beat the butter, and then little by little stir in the three yolks of eggs, then by degrees the sugar, and lastly the flour. From this paste little round masses must be formed, smeared with egg-yolk, and baked in a hot oven.

REISKÜCHLI.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of powdered sugar, one pound of rice flour.

Beat the butter well and then stir in the sugar and flour. Beat the eggs for about ten minutes, and moisten the above mixture with them. Roll out the paste and shape into round cakes. Bake in a slow oven for about a quarter of an hour.

ZUCKERBREZELN.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, one egg.

Mix the flour, butter, sugar, and egg together. Work well into a paste. Cut out in little forms, smear over with egg and moist sugar, and bake in a hot oven.

MACAROONLIES.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of almonds, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, four whites of eggs, one spoonful of flour.

Grind the almonds up finely. Add the sugar. Mix the above with the beaten whites of eggs and the flour. Work into a stiff paste. Take a sheet of paper, well buttered, and lay the mixture thereon in little round heaps. Leave it to rest over-night, and bake the following day in a moderate oven.

PFEFFERNÜSCHEN.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of sugar, four eggs, eight grammes of allspice, four grammes of cloves, lemon-peel, flour.

Stir up the sugar lightly with the four eggs and the allspice (or cinnamon), add the clove powder, the peel from half a lemon finely shredded, and as much flour as possible to make a good firm dough. Roll the dough out to the thickness of half an inch, cut into figures, lay on a well-buttered baking-tin, and bake until they are light golden.

ZIMMETKÜCHLEIN.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, fifteen grammes of cinnamon, sour cream or milk, three eggs.

Mix the flour, sugar, and cinnamon together. Add one whole egg, two yolks of eggs, and sufficient sour cream to make a firm dough. Roll out and form into round biscuits. Strew over with moist sugar and egg-yolk. Bake in a moderate oven.

ZUCKERSTANGEN.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, half a pound of flour, four yolks of eggs.

Mix the sugar, butter, flour, and eggs together, and work into a stiff paste. Roll out to the thickness of a finger. Cut into figures five inches long. Lay on a flour-covered baking-tin, and bake in a hot oven.

ZIMMETSTERNE.

Ingredients.—Six eggs, one pound of sugar, thirty grammes of cinnamon, lemon-rind, one pound of flour.

Stir the eggs and sugar together for at least half an hour. Add the cinnamon, the rind of a lemon finely shredded, and the flour. Work the mass well together, roll out the paste, and cut with a star-shaped cutter. Leave the biscuits to rest over-night, and in the morning lay on a buttered baking-sheet. Bake in a moderate oven.

GEDULDS BISQUIT.

Ingredients.—Five eggs, quarter of a pound of sugar, three ounces of flour.

Stir up together the five yolks of eggs and the quarter of a pound of sugar. Work the five whites of the eggs into a snow. Add the flour. Spread the mixture on to a baking-sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

BREMERBROT.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, half a pound of sugar, orange and lemon peel, quarter of a pound of almonds, half a pound of flour.

Stir up the sugar and eggs into a light mass, add the lemon-peel, orange-peel (half a lemon and half an orange), and almonds finely shredded, then stir in the flour by degrees until a paste is formed. Form with a spoon into little long rolls. Place on a flour-bestrewn baking-sheet. Bake until they are golden.

Thieves v. Locks and Safes.



EVER since man has been possessed of anything worth keeping, some other man has been at work to get it away from him without paying for it. When the property was cattle and tents, then he took who had the power, and he kept who could—with a club or other means of solid argument. But when jewels and money came into fashion, and people used houses with doors to them, things became more orderly, and a gentleman who wanted another gentleman's portable property had to go about the matter quietly. As experience taught him that it saved trouble to select a time when the owner was out or asleep for making selections in a strange house, the owner naturally began to fasten his door—with a bolt. He would put a staple in his door-post and two more on his door, and slide a wooden beam through the three.

We do precisely the same thing now with an ordinary iron bolt on the same principle. This was a capital arrangement to sleep behind, but didn't admit of going out shopping with security, so that soon a hole was made in the top of one of the staples, and another corresponding to it in the bolt. Then a pin was dropped through these holes, and held all fast. This was done from outside through a hole in the door, the forerunner of our own keyholes, with an instrument conveniently shaped both for dropping and lifting the pin—the ancestor of our own familiar key of the street. With a handle to slide the bolt to and fro, the primitive lock was complete. Wooden locks of this kind are even now in use in certain remote parts of Austria

and in the Faroe Islands; whence it may be inferred that in those happy spots man has a singular trust in his neighbour.

Almost anybody could open a lock of this sort, so that an improvement was wanted. The illustration (Fig. 1) shows the first improvement. Two or more falling pins were used—they were afterwards called *tumblers*—and these pins and the part of the bolt into which they fell were inclosed in a box, shown in the outer view. The key (*a*, Fig. 1) was provided with certain projections which fitted into

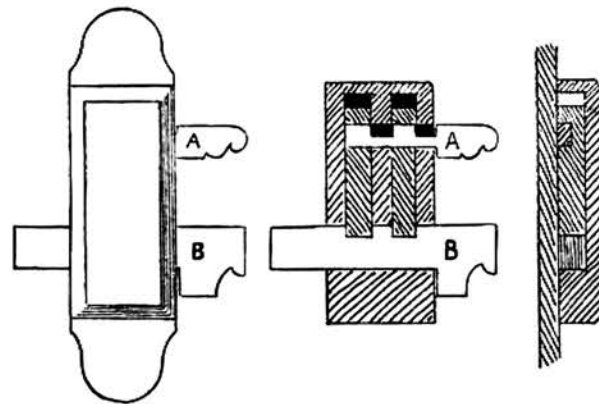


FIG. 1.—PRIMITIVE WOODEN TUMBLER LOCK.

notches cut into the bolts, so that when inserted at the side of the box, and lifted, it raised the tumblers from the holes in the bolt (*b*), and allowed the withdrawal of the latter.

Now, it is obvious that unless this wooden key were made with its projections at such a distance apart as exactly to correspond with the notches in the tumblers, and of the same number, one or more of these would not be lifted, and the bolt would remain immovable. So that here was some sort of security against other keys than those held by the owner. Identical in principle, though rather neater in application, is the wooden Egyptian lock, still in use, shown in Fig. 2. Here the bolt (*b*) is made hollow, and the loose key (*a*) is provided with little pegs with which the tumblers are pushed up, when the bolt is drawn back in the direction indicated by the arrow. This is all done with the key, so that this lock possesses the advantage over the previously-mentioned one of only demanding the work of one hand.



FIG. 2.—EGYPTIAN WOODEN LOCK AND KEY.

Although it was possible to make these locks and keys in any number of different patterns, it required the expendi-

ture of very little ingenuity on the part of the Bill Sikes of early ages to dodge them. A simple picklock, with a movable peg or two, and a little patience were all that was required. The Romans made a gallant attempt to defeat these picks by making the tumblers of all sorts of sections—triangular, square, semi-circular, etc.—but the device was scarcely worthy of the Roman genius. Obviously a mere peg, if only thin enough, was enough to lift a tumbler, no matter of what section. One improvement, however, the Romans made. They kept the tumblers down by springs, instead of allowing them to rest by mere gravitation, and thus, with the addition of a revolving key, produced in all its essential parts the common tumbler lock to which we moderns went back within the last century or so.

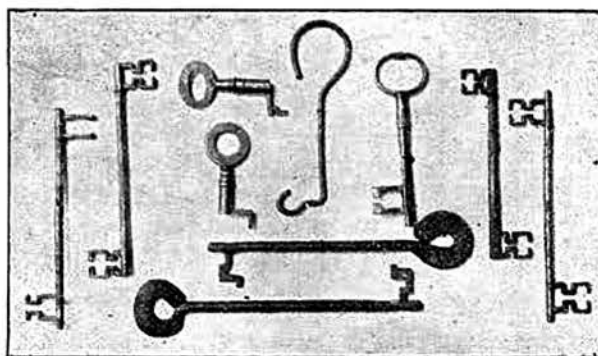
But in order to secure these locks against picks it became customary to interpose all sorts of obstacles, of various shapes, cutting each key to a shape to pass these obstacles. This gave rise to the system of *warding*, which, during the Middle Ages, was almost exclusively relied upon, tumblers being scarcely used. A revolving key was made to act upon and shoot a bolt direct, but the way to this bolt was guarded by a complicated system of wards. Now, it is impossible to devise wards which skeleton keys and picklocks cannot defeat. You make a great key cut into a perfect fretwork, and in the lock provide complicated wards which this fret-work just passes. Immediately there comes a burglar with a mere wire frame of a key, which overcomes all these wards by simply ignoring them, passing its thin frame round, behind or before the whole system, and easily shooting the bolt. So that a hundred and fifty years ago or more the old tumbler system (modified) was returned to.

Here the tumblers were mere horizontal pegs pressed down by a spring into notches on the bolt. This was still guarded by certain simple wards, and such a lock as this is the ordinary cheap door-lock of to-day—scarcely more secure, however, against the picklock and skeleton key than a simple warded lock. The accompanying illustration is from a photograph of certain skeleton keys and picklocks actually used by burglars upon ordinary

modern locks. The more common skeleton key is an ordinary key with all the wardings filed out of the bit, as is the specimen on the right of the wire picklock shown in the centre of the group.

In making a skeleton key of this sort, it is a principle to file down the shank and bit as thin as possible, consistent with strength; because no matter how much thinner these parts may be than those on the proper key, they will still do their work, while the least excess in thickness will either prevent the instrument entering the lock or cause a jam. For this reason, too, a barrel shank is filed down flush with the last arm of the bit, as is seen in the two small keys here represented. The double-bitted picklocks shown on either side are, of course, specially made for portability and convenience, and designed to suit the various usual types of warding. The two bits of each instrument are commonly of very similar patterns, with a little variation in size or measurement of warding, so that when a

lock is tried which one end will almost pick, but not quite, the other end is handy and almost certain to act. The principle of keeping all the parts thin as well as strong and stiff is well exemplified in these double-bitted picks. A pick of stiff bent wire is a very handy, quickly prepared, and



PICKLOCKS AND SKELETON KEYS.

commonly used article. The one here shown is used for shooting the plainer kind of bolt, lock or latch, and is also convenient for pushing through the keyhole of a small latch, and moving the finger-catch on the inner side.

Skeleton keys are, of course, to some extent defeated by the well-known modern lever-lock. In this a number of small levers, fixed at one end and held down by a spring, must each be lifted to a certain (different) height before they will allow the bolt to be withdrawn. Any number of combinations are possible, and the least inaccuracy in any part of the key is enough to prevent action, since one or other of the levers must be lifted too high or too low. But a skilful man will get at the bolt, and applying pressure to free it back, deal with each lever in succession with a wire pick till the projection from the bolt will pass. But he will probably prefer to break the door—a much simpler task; which brings us to the matter of safes.

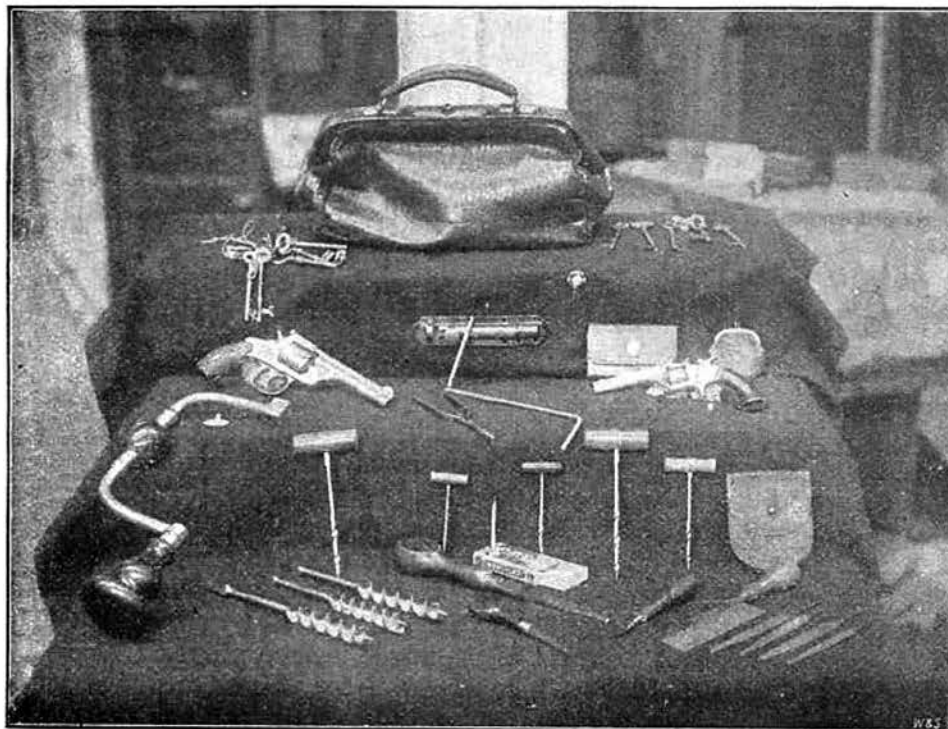
An impregnable lock is useless on a weak box or door. And in almost any case it is a simpler matter to use force in breaking or cutting through a door, or breaking the lock away from it, than to use patient guile in picking the lock. So that safes and strong rooms came into being. At first these were the coffer of romance and the Middle Ages—either strong oak boxes with bindings of iron, or made entirely of metal and fastened usually with a padlock. But in these later days criminals became more effective and systematic workmen, and the safe (which meantime, for convenience, had been set on end, with a door instead of a lid) assumed the shape now familiar to us, being made of various designs in iron and steel, and fastened as to the door with many bolts shooting from every side.

Now, the tools of the modern housebreaker are many and varied, and consist of many things beside skeleton keys. Here is a copy of a photograph of a very simple set, taken, not from a burglar, but from a mere hotel thief, whose practice was to take a bedroom in such an establishment, and to pay quiet visits during the night to other customers' bedrooms. One of his most useful tools was the small pair of pliers shown in the middle of the group, near the muzzle of the revolver on the left. This was a long-nosed instrument with a cylindrical grip.

When a visitor with valuables in his possession locked his bedroom door on retiring, and like a careful man left the key in the lock to prevent anybody trying a picklock, he saved our *chevalier d'industrie* a lot of trouble. That worthy simply placed the long nose of his pliers in the keyhole, gripped the shank of the key and turned it. The door was open and free for him to enter very quietly and make his judicious selection. After doing this it was only necessary to retire and lock the door

again with the victim's own key in the same manner. The surprise of the said victim on rising and finding the door locked and the key on the inside, and all his valuables gone, may be imagined.

The crooked metal rod almost touching the pliers is another interesting implement; it was used to unfasten small bolts—the small brass bolts (one is shown just above) fixed half-way up a door. At the angle nearer the pliers is a hinged joint, so that the two pieces may be straightened out like one rod. This being thrust through a keyhole, the hinged end is allowed to fall across the bolt-fastening; a very little firm and skilful handling is then necessary to push back the bolt. The small bolt here shown, by the way, was used to fix temporarily on the door of any unoccupied room in which the gentleman might be pursuing his profession, to prevent intrusion or surprise. The other articles—comprising silent matches, a brace and bits, gimlets, a



COMMON HOUSEBREAKER'S TOOLS.

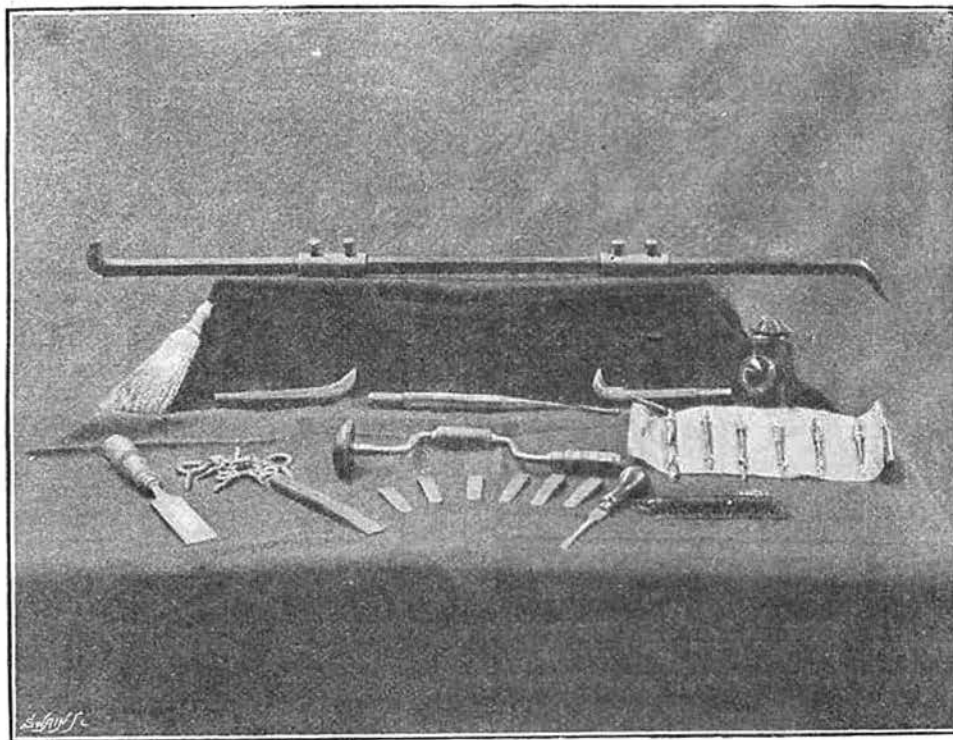
saw, screw-drivers, files, picklocks, pistols, and a neat crocodile-hide bag to hold them all—have uses too obvious to need explanation.

None of these tools, however, are designed for the attack on an iron safe. Here is a different group—a group of tools of the very first quality. They were found hidden in certain empty rooms in Cannon Street over a post-office, together with a quiet little syndicate of two or three gentlemen who were

anxiously awaiting nightfall. It is sad to observe that not only were these gentlemen deprived of the possession of these admirable instruments, but that an unsympathetic administrator of the law sent them to gaol. The long article at the top is the most splendid jemmy ever captured. Five feet in length, it is made of the best tool-steel procurable, in three

one of the loose beaks shown on the right or left, which have both sharp edges, the sheet-steel could be ripped open like the lid of a sardine tin.

Supposing the safe to be of stouter construction, then the thinnest of the wedges would be driven between the edge of the door and the frame of the safe. By the side of this, one a little larger would be insinuated, and the first would be withdrawn to make room for one a little thicker than number two, and so on until the round-ended beak of the jemmy—shown fixed—could be introduced, when the jemmy would become a long lever, and moderate force applied to the other end would fetch out the door, tearing it away from the lock, case and bolts. Not very many of the common safes ordinarily sold, no matter how good might be the locks,



HIGH-CLASS SET OF BURGLARS' TOOLS.

pieces: this partly for convenience of carriage, and partly to enable "beaks," or business ends, of various shapes to be used. The three additional beaks are shown on the ledge below, and the joints are fastened by collars and set screws, these being tightened by a little steel "Tommy," which lies, in the picture, close by the point of the extra beak in the centre. So well, however, is the whole thing made and fitted, that mere screwing with finger and thumb will suffice to hold the entire five feet as rigid as a single rod. There is also a brace, with bits, for drilling iron or steel, a carpenter's chisel, a cold chisel, a screw-driver and half-a-dozen steel wedges of graduated sizes, certain staples with which to improvise door-fastenings and guard against intrusion, a bull's-eye lantern, and a neat brush with which to remove any unseemly dust caused by the operations contemplated. Charming little set, isn't it? You see, by drilling a hole or two in any ordinary safe—supposing it to be of the sort known as "fire-proof only"—and inserting the jemmy, with

could long resist one or two clever burglars with this little bag of tools. Still, it is reassuring to know that safes can be built, and are built, which are, practically speaking, impregnable. These, however, as it is natural to expect, are expensive safes by the very best makers, such as Messrs. Chubb, a visit to whose works will teach the curious inquirer many things.

These are great workshops, where is kept up a continual roaring and clanging, for iron and steel are here being rolled, bent, planed, cut, drilled, and riveted in large quantities. Here and in the adjoining workshops everything in the way of a lock or safe is made—from a little casket like a small ordinary cash-box, with a delicate lock the size of a sixpence, up to a strong room weighing a hundred tons and more, with many dozen great locks and many score of great bolts.

Mr. Harry Chubb, the presiding mechanical genius of the firm, takes us in hand and, under his guidance, we learn all that a man

may learn of locks, safes, and burglars in an afternoon's study.

Now, to understand the matter of safes, it must be borne in mind that a fire-proof safe and a thief-proof safe are two different things altogether. It is often required to place books and documents in a place secure from fire, without any special protection against burglars, to whom the books and documents would be valueless and worse, and who, consequently, would never carry them away. A merely fire-proof safe, then, is made in the familiar pattern of sheet-steel, or tough wrought-iron, the walls being hollow and forming a surrounding chamber for the reception of fire-resisting composition. This is a compound of alum or saltpetre with either sawdust or fine sand, which, when heated, generates steam, and keeps out heat on the same principle that the water in a tin kettle prevents the bottom from burning.

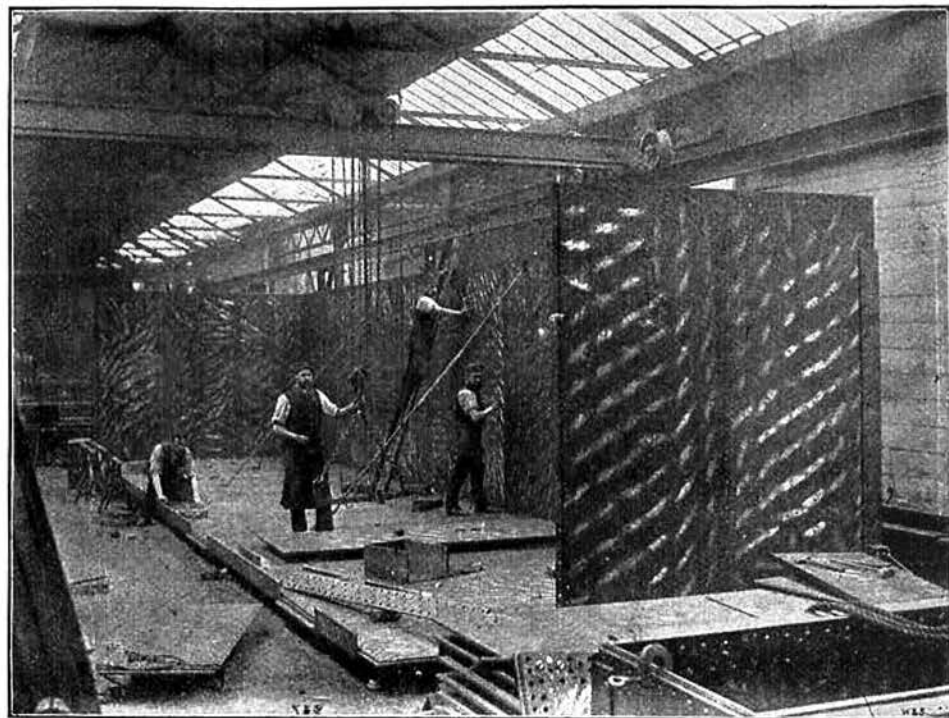
In the best safes, the door, too, is made air-tight round the joints. There is, of course, a steel or wrought angle-iron frame, and a good safe of this kind will often withstand considerable violence, but still it is not a thief-proof safe. A thief-proof safe must have walls which resist drilling, punching, and tapping; which, nevertheless, are not so hard as to crack under heavy blows; and the door must be secure against wedges and forcing from the edge. Then a combination safe may be required, both fire and thief-proof; in this case the fire-resisting chambers go inside the thief-proof walls, or in some cases a safe is built within a safe, the outer being fire-proof and the inner burglar-proof.

Now, wrought-iron and mild steel are tough, and will not crack at a heavy blow; but then they are soft and can be drilled through. There is a most ingenious burglar's tool which was used not very long ago at Nottingham, which renders a safe-door of wrought-

iron or mild steel quite useless as a protection. It is simply a steel lever. Near the edge of the door a screw-hole is tapped, and into this is screwed a bolt with a hinge-shaped top. On this the long steel lever hinges, the short end taking a fulcrum against a steel block placed against the edge of the safe side-wall, close to the hinged bolt; and the other end, stretching away across the front of the safe, is provided with a screw arrangement which applies a great outward dragging power, so that the door is torn clean away from the bolts and lock in the lock case.

The obvious means of defeating this is by having a steel door so hard that it cannot be drilled or tapped; but then steel so hard as this is brittle, and will crack and smash, so that a compound plate is resorted to, in which layers of mild steel or wrought-iron and hard, undrillable steel alternate. Thus the enterprising burglar, drilling through the soft outer steel or iron, goes a mere eighth of an inch or so, and is brought up by steel which simply takes the point off his drill, and any attempt to smash this sheet of hard and brittle steel is defeated by the protecting coat of tough soft metal in front and behind. But to roll sheets of compound metal in this way, which shall be undrillable in every part, is not so easy as it looks.

Messrs. Chubb made endless trials with every known material before arriving at a kind of steel which would roll to large sheets and retain its hard quality throughout. They



BUILDING A STRONG ROOM.

now use chrome steel (a steel containing, besides a high percentage of carbon, a certain proportion of chromium) laid with Siemen's mild steel in three-ply or five-ply sheets, and this has resisted whatever burglarious tests have been applied. Of course, everything *can* be punched through, with heavy machinery and time, but the comfort is that the ingenious burglar has neither.

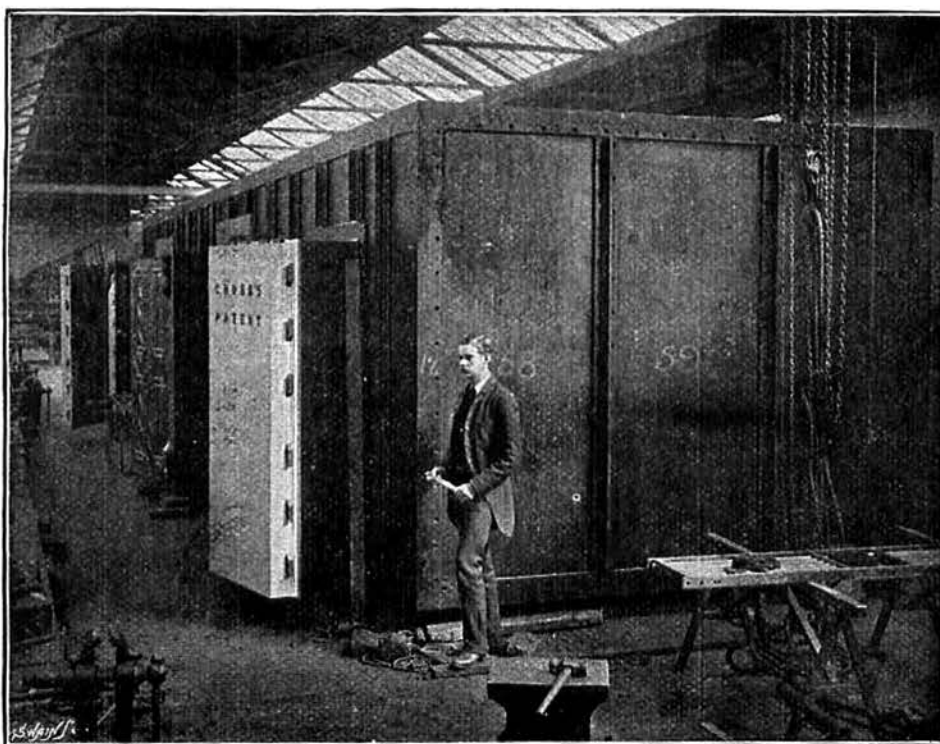
Rolled out, hammered by hand to perfect flatness, and cut to properly sized sheets of the right thickness, the safe, or strong room, is built upon a proper frame of angle metal of the same composition as the sheets, and joined at the corners by massive cast-steel corner-pieces, dovetailed into their places. The building-up is, of course, done by

is an utterly immovable, undrillable, unbreakable, dovetailed rivet. Then the ends of these rivets are neatly ground off under a large emery buffer, making any number of thousand revolutions in a minute, in the midst of a crackling pyrotechnic display of sparks, which envelop the grimy workmen and are unpleasant to the bare skin. The accompanying illustration will give a good idea of the amount of this riveting work to be done on a large piece of work. It represents the strong room made for the National Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, in course of erection. This little box is fifty feet long and weighs, complete, something over a hundred tons.

To get into a safe of this sort any way except by the door is out of the question—that way madness lies. There remains the door. On the outside this is just as uninviting as the other parts. It cannot be drilled or tapped, of course. Let us peep behind the scenes and look at the inside. Here is the inner view of a Chubb door fixed to a strong room belonging to the Security Company, of St. James's Street.

The first noticeable thing is that the bolts, instead of shooting hori-

zontally as usual, emerge and retire in an oblique direction, and are made in a corresponding shape. This is the subject of one of the makers' two-score of patents, and a valuable feature. An ordinary horizontal bolt is a simple bolt and nothing more, having no actual *hold* of the safe-sides; a diagonal bolt has a firm grip on the sides, and attempts to force by wedges only increase this grip. The whole of the bolts from each corner are fixed upon a strong, heavy frame. In other safe doors bolts shoot from the bottom as well as from the sides; in this particular door, for special reasons, this is not the case. All these bolts are shot simultaneously from the centre, to



STRONG ROOM COMPLETE.

zontally as usual, emerge and retire in an oblique direction, and are made in a corresponding shape. This is the subject of one of the makers' two-score of patents, and a valuable feature. An ordinary horizontal bolt is a simple bolt and nothing more, having no actual *hold* of the safe-sides; a diagonal bolt has a firm grip on the sides, and attempts to force by wedges only increase this grip. The whole of the bolts from each corner are fixed upon a strong, heavy frame. In other safe doors bolts shoot from the bottom as well as from the sides; in this particular door, for special reasons, this is not the case. All these bolts are shot simultaneously from the centre, to

which the arms of the frames converge ; here they are geared with a wheel-lock—a simple metal disc, so pierced with curved slots, in which pins slide, that half a turn either way will propel or retract the whole set of bolts. The bolts and their frames in this door weigh a quarter of a ton, but are so accurately balanced together that they are all worked with the greatest ease with one hand. The balance-levers are shown in the lower part of the door, between the bolt frames ; these frames, moreover, run on rollers.

The bolts being shot, the door must be locked. This is done by a lock which shoots its bolt into a recess in the “wheel-lock” already mentioned, and thus holds it from revolving and retracting the bolts. In the door depicted two of these locks are shown, one above and one below, each with a different key, and these key-locks are governed by a “time-lock” set in the upper part of the door ; of this “time-lock,” more anon. The jambs of all these safe-doors are, of course, “stepped,” or provided with many solid rebates to prevent the successful use of wedges. But suppose all these obstacles to be overcome (one can scarcely comprehend the possibility) and strain brought to bear on the bolts, there is

an ingenious piece of mechanism of which the ring encircling the time-lock is a conspicuous part, which actually converts this strain into a resisting pressure, driving the bolts the more firmly outward than ever. In addition to all this, the door may be provided with electric wires, so that any opening during prohibited hours will start a bell, which bell, if desirable, may be placed in the nearest police-station. Here is a solid, adamant problem for the scientific burglar worthy his jemmy.

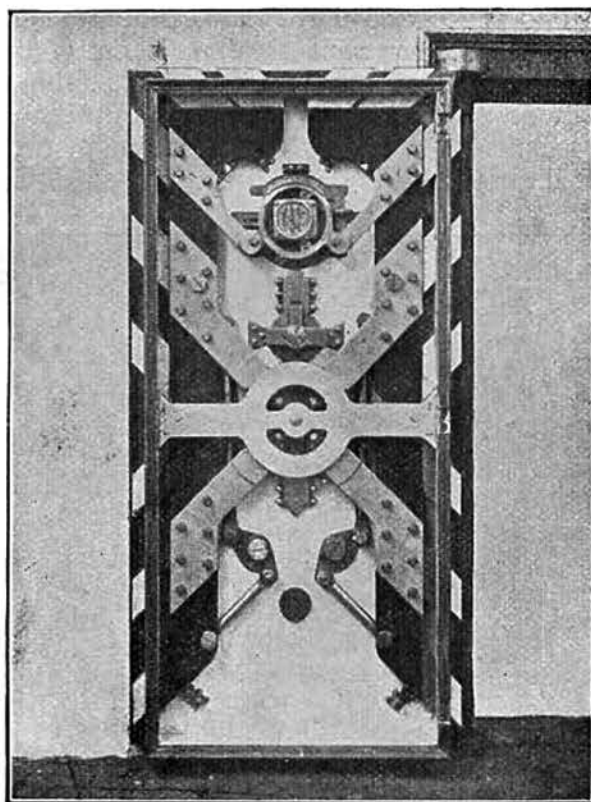
Now as to the locks to hold the bolts of these safes. Here in England we still largely use the key-lock, in which a key is used in

the ordinary way. In parts of America, however, where wealth and enterprise are a great deal ahead of public order and security of property, a key-lock does not do. The key-hole is the vulnerable point through which some powerful explosive may be introduced to blow the lock to splinters. The key-locks fitted to the safes we have been looking at in these works are gunpowder proof, but nobody in “these States” would think of using gunpowder when dynamite and nitro-glycerine are so easy to procure ; and locks won’t stand dynamite.

In the gunpowder days, the Yankee burglar would stop all round the crack of the door with putty, leaving only two openings.

To one of these openings he would attach an air-pump and proceed to draw the air from the interior, while his persevering partner held a card to the other opening, upon which card he poured fine gunpowder. This was drawn in by the air-suction, and lay between the body of the safe and the door. A sufficient quantity having been deposited a blow-up was effected, which either burst the door from its bolts, or drove it sufficiently forward to admit of the introduction of the jemmy. The remedy for this is, of course, an airtight joint ; the joint also is so accurately

fitted that wedges are kept out. Being defeated in this way, the dauntless burglar introduces his explosive by the key-hole. Gunpowder, we have seen, would be ineffectual with the locks we have described, but not dynamite. Therefore in safes made for the American market—and, indeed, in the very best made for England—a keyless lock is employed. One of these is the “combination lock,” in which a brass dial turned by a knob is fixed on the outer side of the door. This dial is marked with numbers up to 100. Before the safe is shut the lock is set to any three numbers in succession, so that, after shutting,



INTERIOR OF STRONG ROOM DOOR.

it is necessary to turn the dial until each of these particular numbers in the proper order rests opposite a fixed arrow-head mark before the safe will open. Besides being used as sole lock to a safe, this lock is sometimes fixed in addition to the ordinary key-lock, preventing the key being used until the combination has been worked. With this lock in use, of course picking cannot be attempted, nor can solid explosives be introduced. Still, an American burglar has been known to carry a small phial of nitro-glycerine, and, having poured a quantity of that seductive fluid behind the close joint of the dial, to blow out the lock. Again, in the land of the free it has been picked—with a revolver; the muzzle of the instrument having been insinuated into the ear of the resident cashier or manager who has shut the door, in order to persuade that functionary to re-open it. But even these things are got over by the time-lock.

Refer again to the illustration of the

will fail to open the door. When, however, any attempt is likely to be made with explosives, the time-lock may be used alone, with no key-locks or key-holes. In this case, as the set time arrives, the door opens automatically. Thus it will be seen that no number of loaded revolvers will enable the cashier to open the door before the proper office hour in the morning; and there is no hole for the introduction of dynamite or nitro-glycerine. What then is to be done? Obviously drill a hole through the safe and get the explosive in that way—a good powerful explosive which will yield a volume of gas about double that of the cubical contents of the safe, and burst every possible lock and joint. But then we have just been examining the walls of these Chubb safes, and know that drilling is out of the question. Useless all. Life is made a thing of bitterness for the poor burglar, and the way of transgressors is rendered lumpy even past endurance.

We pass on through the great plate store;

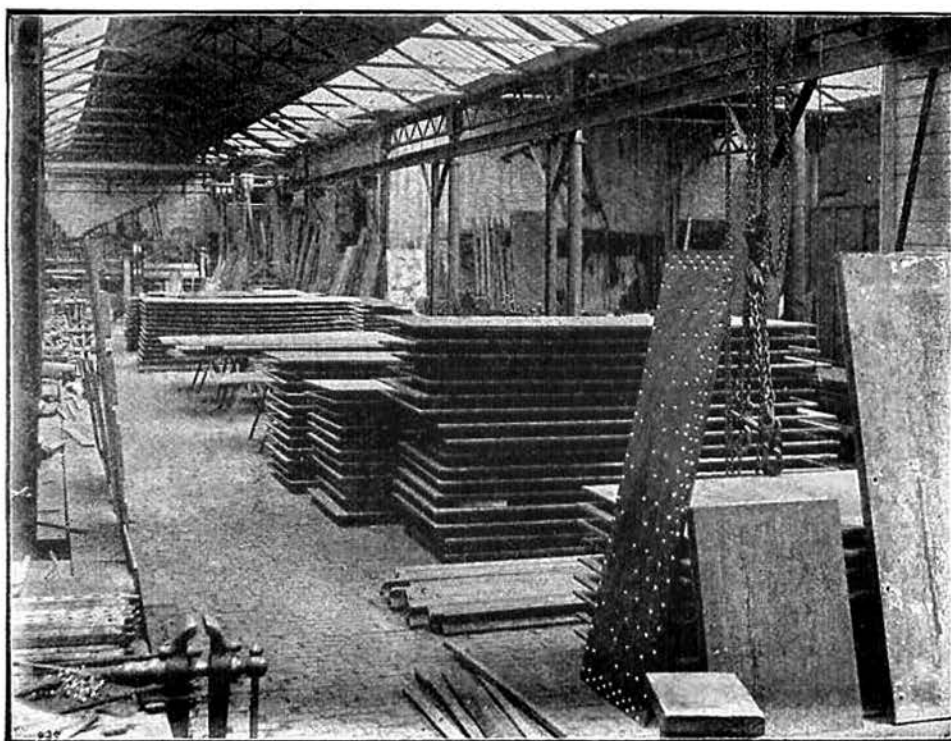


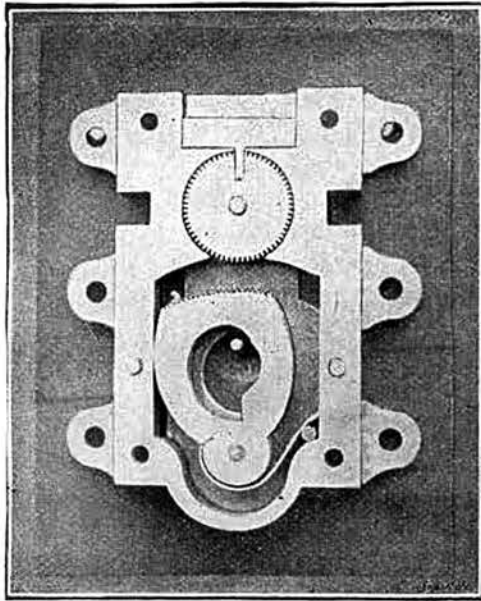
PLATE STORES: MESSRS. CHUBB'S SAFE WORKS.

strong-room door interior; the time-lock is seen in the upper part of the door. In its face it has three watch movements. One is enough to work the lock, but three are used in case one should get out of order. This time-lock is set each evening to the time in the morning when it is desired that the safe shall be opened by the legitimate opener.

The time-lock governs the key-locks, and until the time fixed even the proper key

the smith's shop; by the drilling machines, which peg away unceasingly, each drilling fourteen holes at a blow; by the planing and cutting machines, which treat hard steel in the most disrespectful manner, as though it were cheese or cardboard; past the hydraulic riveter and the emery grinder to the lock-finishing shop, where stand rows of mechanics whose exact skill is a thing to marvel at, fitting and completing specimens of all the

hundreds of different sizes, patterns, and classes of locks for which this firm is famous—from the tiny desk-lock, the key whereof, in gold, is concealed inside a finger-ring, to the biggest fastening a church door ever carries. Here are all the locks we have had occasion to mention in speaking of safes, and many more. The original "detector" lock, invented by the first Chubb, fifty years ago, wherein an attempt at picking throws the



1.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK.
UNLOCKED.

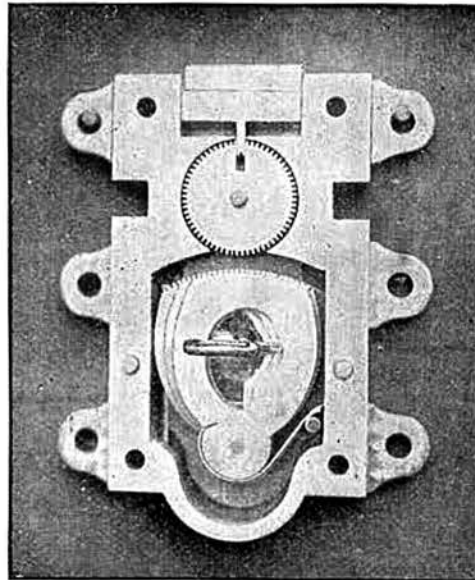
levers out of order and jams the lock altogether, so that the rightful opener may discover, by being obliged to use his key in a special way, that the lock has been attempted. A lock ordinarily used for safes, which is "dogged against detent"—that meaning that the levers are cut saw-shape at the end, to be caught by a claw, and held immovably at any attempt at picking; and many others, including a lock with a very simple and pretty movement indeed. This lock

may be fitted with a dozen, twenty, fifty, a hundred, or any other number of different keys, the number of combinations being practically unlimited. Each of these keys is different to all the others, and yet each will lock this same lock. But once locked, only one key will open it—the key it was locked with. So that if a man come to your office and steal your key, hoping to use it against your safe at night, you need take no trouble to recover it—you have only to use another key. Also you may use a different key for every day in the month, so that a wax impression of the key the thief observes you using will be of little use.

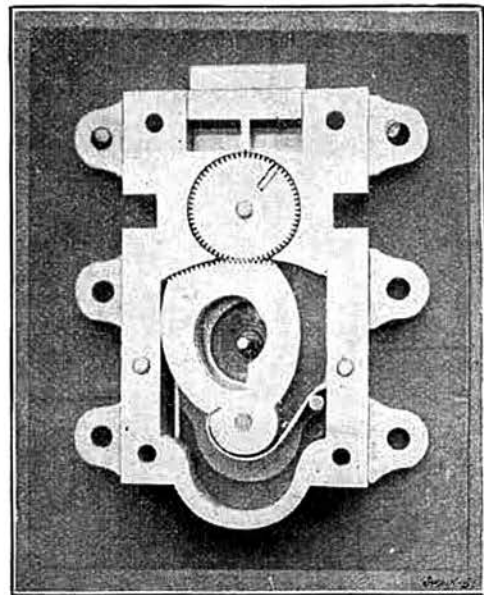
If several clerks have keys to a safe, you know who has been there last—the man whose key fits. Here is the lock—simplicity itself. Observe, it is unlocked. A number

of thin brass cog-wheels are threaded on a spindle, each with a slot into which fits a projection from the bolt, holding all rigid. The levers are all fixed to the bolt, and their ends are all cogged to correspond with the equal number of wheels. The key is put in and turned, as in the second of the three illustrations. According to the shape of the key, the levers are pushed out to all sorts of different positions, all different for each key; at the same time they pass along with the bolt till the cogs on the levers—all irregular, according to the shape of the key—engage with the cogs of the wheels; also, at the same time, the bolt moving out, the projection slides from the slots in these wheels, which are left free to revolve on their spindle. The turn of the key is completed, and the levers

all spring back level with each other, but as they engage with the cog-wheels each of these is turned to a more or less degree, according to the degree which the key lifted the corresponding lever. Thus all the slots in these wheels are thrown into different positions, so that the bolts cannot be forced back, since the projection will simply jam against the edges of the wheels. This is shown in the third of the illustrations. When the same key is used to unlock, of course, in lifting the levers once more,



2.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. KEY SHIFTING LEVERS.



3.—CHANGE-KEY LOCK. LOCKED.

each to exactly the same irregularity of position, the cog-wheels are forced round again till the slots all coincide and the bolt with its projection slides back, as shown in No. 3, to the unlocked position shown in No. 1. But equally, of course, a wrong key will not lift the levers to the same position, and so the slots in the cog-wheels

with all the wonderful improvements made in the best safes, there may be reason to hope that he will begin to get honest altogether. Wherefore, in taking leave of Mr. Harry Chubb, we congratulate him on his prospective reformation of the dishonest, and terminate an instructive chat.

We have shown some very pretty burglars



KEY USED AT THE OPENING OF THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.



KEY USED AT THE OPENING OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

will never coincide to admit the projection from the bolt, which, therefore, cannot come back. So that each key, so to speak, moulds its own lock.

But, as we have said, a burglar rarely attempts a safe-lock: he acknowledges that a good one usually beats him. And now,

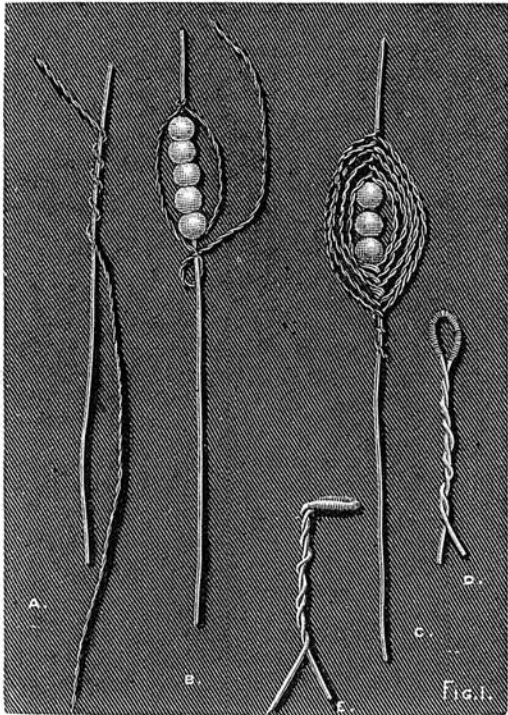
tools earlier in this paper, and some very primitive keys. Here, as a tailpiece, are two keys which are anything but primitive, and perhaps prettier than the burglars' tools. They were made to commemorate the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and that of the Brussels Exhibition.



At Our Village Concert.

FILIGREE AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

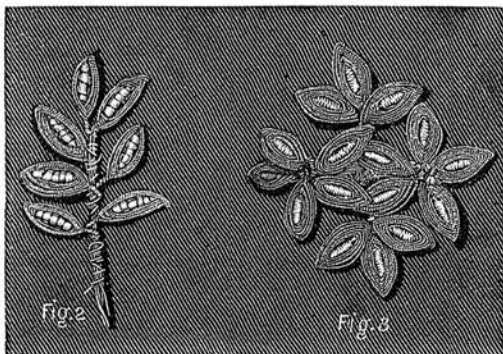
FILIGREE ornaments can be made at home with but small expenditure of money and patience, so it is surprising that girls, tired of amusing themselves with needle or paint-brush, do not adopt the art more generally.



Small articles of jewellery, such as hair-pins, brooches, scarf-pins, and sprays can be successfully contrived out of gilt or silver wires, while, for the decoration of fancy articles, there are coloured materials to be had which for that purpose are not unsatisfactory.

Silver wire is less expensive than gold, and a shilling will purchase a reel of each of the two kinds required; the stem wire for the middle of the leaves and for mounting; twisted wire for making the blades of the leaves.

The processes employed in making filigree ornaments are neither many nor complicated. Leaves, whether used to form conventional foliage, or for buds, are made in the way shown in Fig. 1, where working details are



given on so enlarged a scale, that but few explanatory words are needed.

Thus, at A, the worker will notice a leaf foundation made from a two-inch length of stem wire. Round the upper end of this the end of twisted wire is wound three or four

times very closely, the tip of the latter is nipped off close to the stem, while the long end of wire hangs down.

Over the top of both short ends of wire are slipped four or five little beads, which are to be pushed down until they conceal the coil made with twisted wire. This done, the length of twisted wire is arranged to form the blade of the leaf, being (see diagram B) brought up to the top of the beads, there wound tightly round the stem with the twist illustrated in the sketch, carried down on the opposite side of the beads, and below them turned again round the stem. This process is continued until there are from five to nine strands of wire on each side of the leaf-centre, according to whether a small or large leaf is required.

After the last strand of twisted wire is in place it should be wound once or twice more round the stem to secure it, and then snipped away. As a finishing touch the tip of stem wire left at the top of the leaf is to be bent down to the wrong side of the work, parallel with the stem.

Before passing on diagrams D and E may be described. They represent the making of a flower centre. For this a length of bullion (purl some workers call it), measuring about an inch, or else from five to seven small beads, should be threaded on a four-inch length of stem wire, which is then bent in half and the ends of it are twisted together leaving a ring of bullion at the top as seen at D. This ring is to be bent down to set at right angles with the stem as at E. After making a due supply of these materials for leaves and flowers, the worker will naturally be desirous to mount them.

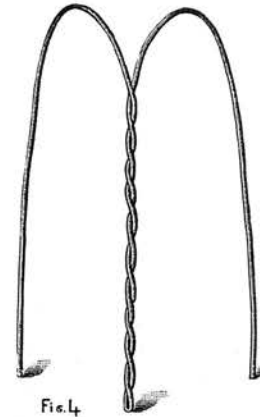
Leaves are mounted in a way rather suggestive of rose or ash foliage, notice Fig. 2, and to copy it take seven leaves. Twist the stems of two of these together, arranging that one of them shall be at the top of the spray, the other slightly lower down, and branching off upon one side of it. Put a third leaf half an inch below the last but on the other side of the centre, lashing down the stalk by winding stem wire round and round at the base of both the new leaf and those already in place. Add the remaining leaves, one below the other, on alternate sides of the centre, until all are used up, when give a final twist or two with stem wire to fasten it off. While the work is in progress the stalks of the leaves can often be made shorter; it is not possible always to judge exactly of what length to cut these when beginning to form a leaf, but when mounting is in progress, so long as sufficient of it is left to keep the leaf in position, it is better to snip off any extra length, as this only serves to make the main stems thicker and clumsier.

All mounting is done in this way. Stems are, when practicable, twisted together, and are held still more firmly as well as made neat by the twisting round and round them of stem wire. Thus also, as leaf is joined to leaf, are buds and flowers caught down to their appointed places in a trail.

Flowers or stars are easier to make than leaves. All that is necessary is to arrange four, five, or six single leaves round a centre

(see Fig. 1, E), keeping the wrong side of each leaf downwards. The stalks are twined very lightly together, then made firm with a few vigorous twists made with stem wire. Often, especially at first, the result of the work will appear as a hopeless tangle, but even if much bent, careful use of a small pair of scissors or pliers will arrange it into the required form.

Fig. 3 illustrates a brooch such as any one who has followed the directions before given should find no difficulty in copying. Sixteen



little leaves are needed for it. With ten of these and two centres, two flowers should be made up in the manner just described.

Of the six remaining shapes, two sprays of three leaflets each are formed. These are laid pointing towards each other, the stalks slightly overlapping in the middle and bound together with stem wire. With some of this also the sprays are lashed down to the brooch pin, being laid across it, while, along the pin, their stalks also crossing in the middle in the same way, the two stars are secured. The twists of stem wire must be strongly yet neatly made, the filigree being pushed aside the while and afterwards restored to position, and arranged to cover as much of the foundation as possible. The leaf centres are here, as in many other cases made, not of beads, but of a short length of bullion.

In the filigree spray seen (much reduced) in the last illustration a shape known as a bud is



introduced. This is made round a centre, just as is a flower, only the wrong side of each section is turned inwards, not to the outside as with a bent-back flower.

This bending or arching of each leaf is a distinctive feature in filigree work, adding much to its effect.

In this Fig. and Fig. 4 a watch-stand is shown,

partly to illustrate the appropriateness of specimens of filigree when applied to fancy articles.

The watch-stand is made on a foundation of stout wire. Of this three ten-inch lengths are cut and each is bent into the form of a hoop. One leg of each hoop is twisted to one leg of another in the way indicated in Fig. 4, where two pieces of wire are seen thus united. When a sort of triangular cage has been constructed in this manner the wires must all be covered with narrow ribbon lashed over and over them and kept down by the twisted tinsel. Bows of ribbon are added at the arch of each hoop, and also at the top of the legs. One wire-covered loop should be pulled out until it is a little wider than the others, and to the bow on the top of these a hook for the watch should be sewn.

To the left leg of this, the front of the watch-stand, a filigree spray is attached.

The spray here illustrated is composed of two trails of leaves, two flowers and a bud. Of the flowers one is double, the six outer leaves being arranged to form a bent-back star round a small incurved bud made only of three leaves and a centre.

Little further need be added. Having learnt to make leaves and centres, and to mount these for foliage, buds and flowers, the work can be considerably varied. Colours of wire, beads and bullion must be left to the choice of the worker, the sizes of the leaves and sprays made of them must depend upon the article under consideration.

No other materials will be found necessary unless a pair of small pincers are thought

desirable. The wires are, however, so soft and flexible that an old pair of scissors will be found quite sufficiently strong to cut them. At the several places where filigree wires are obtainable, brooch, and scarf-pins, and hair-mounts can also be got. The brooch pins are useful not merely for the purpose for which they are more especially intended, but also, when a spray has been fastened upon them, for affixing filigree to any detail of dress, to a bracket-drape, curtain-band, pincushion, calendar, photo-frame, or other article.

Of course filigree work bends readily, and is therefore unusable on subjects liable to much handling; nevertheless it wears well, the gold wires especially keeping untarnished for a long period.

LEIRION CLIFFORD.

SOME EASTERN SAVOURIES.

By MRS. ORMAN COOPER, Author of "We Wives," etc.

No meal is perfect nowadays without something in the savoury line. Our menfolk despise sweet things as a rule—they prefer the mustard that biteth, to the sugar that cloys. In order to help us to please these masters of our households, I will tell my readers about a few inexpensive *hors d'œuvres* much patronised in the East. Even the Israelites—eating their passover in haste—needed bitter herbs, mint, lettuce, endive, chicory and nettles to make the rapidly roast lamb palatable. The Egyptians also rubbed garlic on their cooking vessels to give plain food a relish. The aged Isaac spoke of loving savoury meat prepared skillfully and carefully by his attentive wife (Gen. xxvii. 14). Amongst the gifts sent to propitiate the lord of the land, Jacob included spices (Gen. xliii. 11). Vinegar sauce was served to the reapers at harvest-time by the master of the field (Ruth ii. 14). Crushed capers were used as a stimulant to appetite even in Solomon's time (Eccles. xii. 5, R.V.). Herbs of all sorts were prepared as pottage by the prophets of old (2 Kings iv. 39).

So I think we may fairly claim all savouries to be of Eastern origin, especially those I am about to describe.

We will begin with a suggestion of the vinegar or sharp sauce, eaten by Ruth the Moabitish rose. It renders even cold mutton palatable. Chop up very finely one onion, one tomato (a tinned one will do) and a couple of mushrooms. Rub your saucepan with garlic, warm in it a tablespoonful of salad oil in which the above vegetables have been stirred. When brown, add half a pint of water previously thickened with a little flour. After coming to the boil—and you must stir carefully or the flour will lump—put in vinegar to taste.

This sauce should be of a light brown colour, and can be used as a gravy to warm up slices of cold meat.

Recipe No. 2 is called *Savoury Fingers*. One knows how difficult it is sometimes to finish a tin of sardines; yet they so soon spoil if left uneaten for long. These fingers will use up fish often left at the bottom of a tin.

Make a mixture of one dessert-spoonful of dry mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper (that most acrid and stimulative of spices), and a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce. If not moist enough to spread on the fish, add a piece of butter and "mash" well. Case each fish in this mixture, when you have whole ones to deal with. Lay in the oven until hot, and serve piping on buttered toast.

If there are only scraps and ends of sardines

to be met with, just incorporate all together in a paste and spread thickly on hot buttered toast.

These fingers of savouries should be eaten between the joints and sweets at dinner.

Anchovy Toast is a tasty addition to "high tea" or supper. An invalid also will often fancy it when unable to partake of anything else. This third recipe is entirely a family one and will not be found in any cookery-book.

Melt a walnut-sized lump of butter on a hot-water plate, break into it a fresh egg and beat to a cream; add enough anchovy sauce to make it ruddy; have ready some rounds of stale bread about one inch thick; dip each *crouton* into the sauce. Pile up lightly in a pyramid, garnishing each circle with a sprig of parsley. Serve very hot.

Another *Savoury Toast* is made with scraps of lean ham. How often such are left to cling to a bare shankbone until mildewed? Instead of thus wasting good food, take half a pound of scrappy bits and chop very finely. Warm up in a little milk thickened with the yolk of a well-beaten egg. Stir for ten minutes over a clear fire; then spread the creamy paste on sippets of hot toast. Serve piled up like bricks, sprinkled with yellow crumbs of hard-boiled egg yolk, and decorated with fried parsley.

Savoury Bread.—Mix together some chopped parsley, herbs, and a little lemon dust. Cut a few fingers of stale bread about half an inch thick; dip into a beaten egg and roll in the spicery. Fry at once until golden brown. Serve hot, veiled in chopped parsley.

Devilled Sardines.—Heat some of the oil out of a freshly-opened tin of sardines, add to it a few of the little fish, previously peppered with curry powder. Lay each "devill" on a proportionate piece of toast, squeeze over a drop of lemon-juice and serve piping hot.

Sometimes an *appétisan* is needed by a jaded appetite before dinner or breakfast. A *Devilled Biscuit* will answer the purpose. Take any kind of cracker, water or milk, butter on both sides and season well with pepper and salt. Put on a tin in the oven and eat when thoroughly hot.

Anything connected with olives sounds truly Eastern. Historically, it is the most interesting of fruits. From the days of Noah to the present time it has been esteemed both for foliage and food. For over a period of two thousand years olive-yards have been cultivated in every kind of soil in the East. Hebrews, Assyrians, Romans, Moslems, and Christians have all laboured to preserve this

oily-kernelled fruit in its paternal ground. It was used by the peculiar people in all religious rites. The Greeks crowned their Olympic victors with its leaves; whilst the beautiful amber-coloured wood of the olive-tree, with its rich veinings and clouds, was employed by all nations in architecture. It was revered by the Romans, and an olive-branch considered the emblem of peace and amity. Nowadays, in Italy, bread and olives form the chief diet of the labourer. Amongst ourselves it is very little used. How long a fivepenny bottle of the hard green balls will remain in an ordinary store room without being finished! It is, I think, because most cookery books give such elaborate modes of dressing them. I will suggest one pretty, easy way of making a savoury with them.

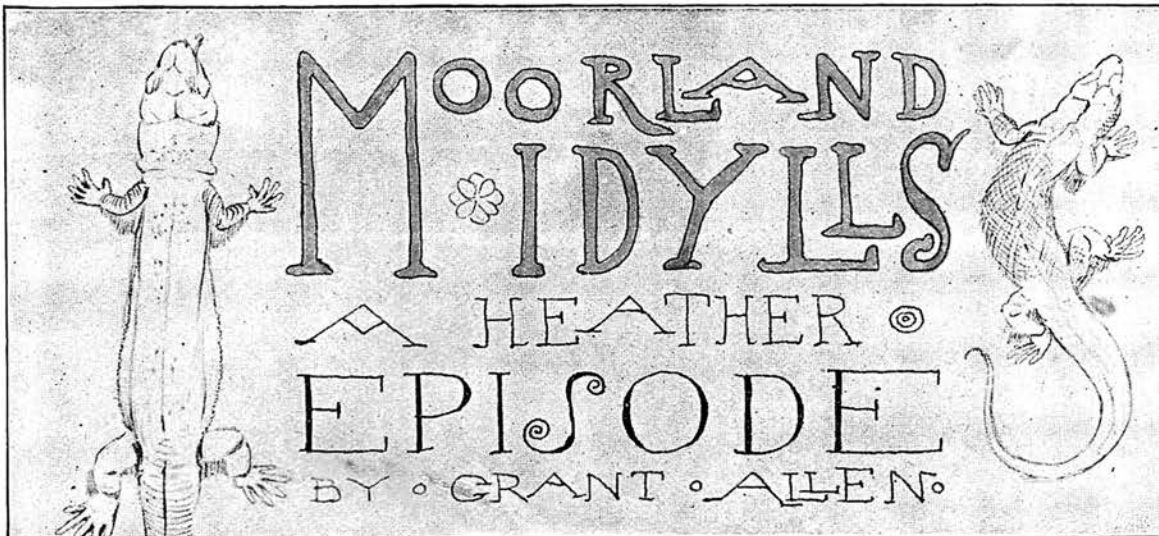
Stone twelve olives, by cutting round in a corkscrew way (much as you peel an apple or turnip), fill the cavities thus left with a cream made of pounded sardines seasoned with cayenne and lemon juice. Have ready twelve fried *croutons* or circles of bread; on each round put an olive; on each olive put a caper. Round each caper-olive *crouton* put a lump of coloured aspic jelly, and on each lump of jelly put a sprig of parsley.

This sounds terribly like the riddle of the old man of St. Ives; but it is easy to follow definite directions. These *Savoury Olives* will cost less than one penny apiece, and are seasonable at any time.

With *Savoury Eggs*, this list must close. Patties will take an article to themselves.

For the afore-mentioned savoury—and it is different to any others mentioned, in that it may be eaten cold—we must have some eggs boiled hard. When cold, decapitate each white ball and scoop out the yolks, mash the latter with a little anchovy sauce, drop of vinegar, and spoonful of mustard. Fill up the hollow cases with this forcemeat. Stand each egg on end and lay a piece of parsley across each cap. This is a pretty supper dish if the eggs are laid on a nest of watercress or lettuce. If the ancient axiom is true that "there goes reason to the roasting of an egg," this easily-made savoury should commend itself to us.

It will be soon seen how the last recipe can be varied. Green eggs, as well as anchovy ones, cheese eggs, mushroom eggs, curry eggs. Here we are at once presented with many colours—red, brown, orange. Garnish them as you like (but be sure the contrasts are vivid enough), and you will find that few folk will need pressing to partake of your savouries.



I FLUNG myself on the heath outside the house just now, with my friend the Editor. He edits a London literary journal, and disbelieves in everything. He is critical and sceptical. When he inherits glory (as he surely must do in time, for his is the noblest and purest and best of souls at bottom, in spite of its gruffness), I believe he will gaze about him at the golden floor and the walls of chrysoprase, and murmur to himself, "Humph! Not all it's cracked up to be!" Yet he is as tender as a woman, and as simple as a child; though he has found out the fact that the world is hollow, and that the human doll is stuffed with sawdust.

We lay beside a clump of tall flaming rose-bay—fire-weed as they call it over yonder in America. There, in the great woodlands on whose lap I was nursed, a wandering child of the primæval forest, you may see whole vast sheets of that flamboyant willow-herb covering the ground for miles on bare glades in the pinewood. Most visitors fancy it gets its common American name from its blaze of colour; and, indeed, it often spreads like a sea of flame over acres and acres of hillside together. But the prosaic backwoodsman gave it its beautiful title for a more practical reason: because it grows apace wherever a forest fire has killed out

and laid waste the native vegetation. Like most of the willow-herbs, it has a floating seed winged with cottony threads, which waft it through the air on pinions of gossamer; and thus it alights on the newly burnt soil, and springs up amain after the first cool shower. Within twelve months it has almost obliterated the signs of devastation on the ground under foot; only the great charred stems and gaunt blackened branches rise above its smiling mass of green leaves and bright blossoms to tell anew the half-forgotten tale of ruin and disaster.

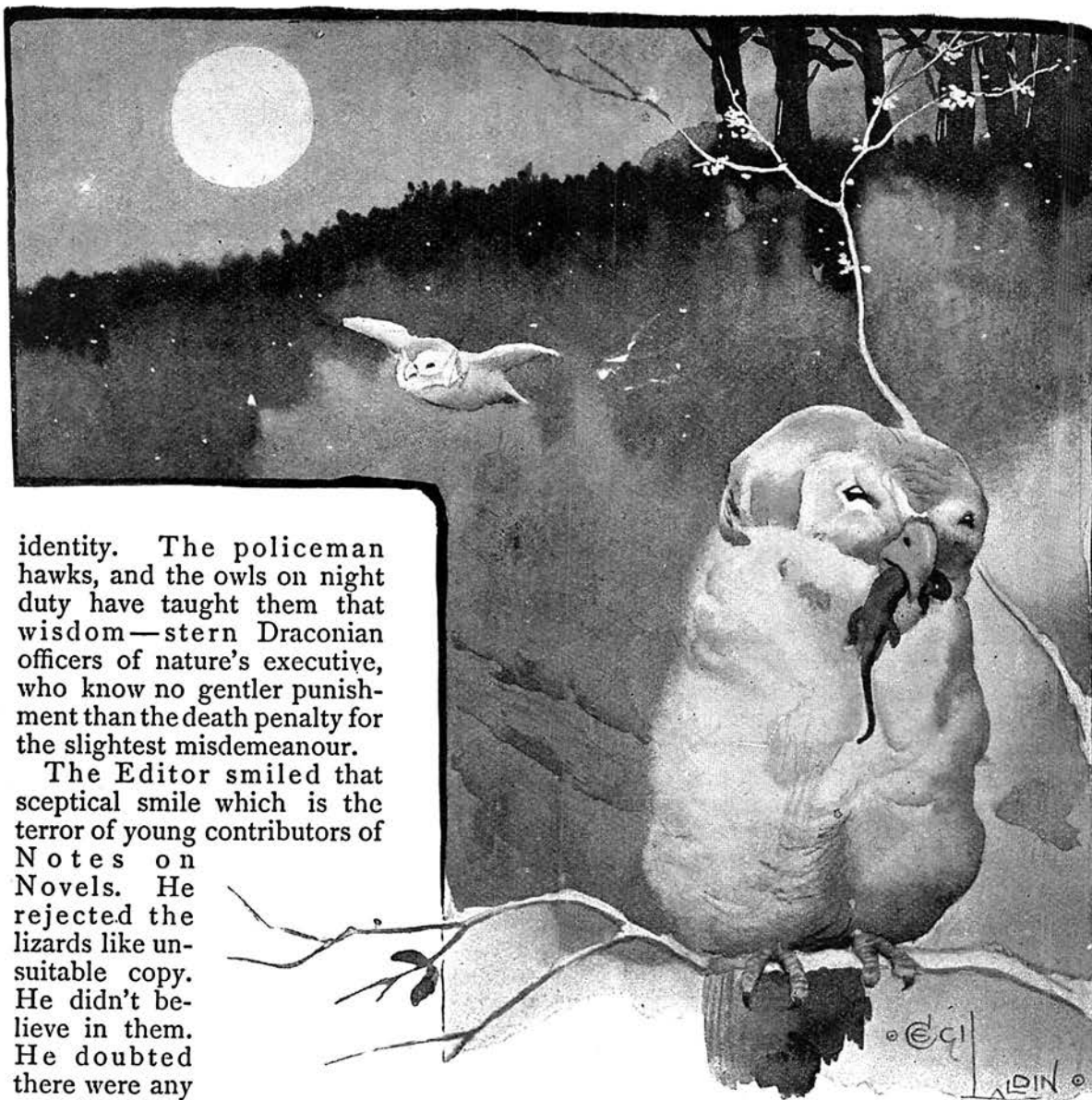
Here in England the rose-bay is a less frequent denizen, for it loves the wilds, and feels most at home in deep rich meadow bottoms unoccupied by tillage. Now, in Britain these conditions do not often occur since the Norman conquest; still, I have seen vast sheets of its tall pink pyramids of bloom at John Evelyn's Wootton; while even up here on our heathery uplands it fights hard for life among the gorse and bracken. Its beautiful spikes of irregular flowers, wide open below and tapering at the top into tiny knobs of bud, are among the loveliest elements in the natural flora of my poor three acres.

We were lying beside them, then, out of the eye of the sun, under the shadow of one bare and weather-beaten pine-tree, when talk fell by chance on the small brown lizards that skulk among the sandy soil of our hilltop. I said, and I believe, that the lizard population of the British Isles must outnumber the human by many,

many millions. For every sandy heath is just a London of lizards. They pullulate in the ling like slum-children in Whitechapel. They were about us, I remarked, as thick as Hyde Park demonstrators; only, instead of demonstrating, they prefer to lie low and conceal their

catch a lizard and show you." The Editor's face was a study to behold. Phil May would have paid him ten guineas for the copyright. "As you like," he answered, grimly. "Produce your lizards."

Fortune favours the brave. But I confess I trembled. Never before had I bragged;



identity. The policeman hawks, and the owls on night duty have taught them that wisdom—stern Draconian officers of nature's executive, who know no gentler punishment than the death penalty for the slightest misdemeanour.

The Editor smiled that sceptical smile which is the terror of young contributors of *Notes on Novels*. He rejected the lizards like unsuitable copy. He didn't believe in them. He doubted there were any on the heath at all. He had walked over

square miles of English moorland, but never a lizard had he seen, out of all their millions. Imagination, he observed, was an invaluable property to poets and naturalists. It was part of their stock-in-trade. He didn't seek to deprive them of it. As Falstaff says, a man may surely labour at his vocation.

I was put on my mettle. For once in my life, I did a rash thing. I ventured on prophesy. "If you wish," I cried, "I'll

and now I wondered whether Fortune or Nemesis would carry it. 'Twas two to one on Nemesis. Yet the gods, as Swinburne tells us in "*Les Noyades*," are sometimes kindly. We lay still on the heather—still as mice—and waited. Presently, to my great and unexpected joy, a sound as of life!—a rustling among the bilberry bushes! One sharp brown head, and then another, with beady black eyes as keen as a beagle's, peeped forth from

THE OWLS ON NIGHT DUTY HAVE TAUGHT THEM THAT WISDOM.

the miniature jungle of brake and cross-leaved heath in the bank beside us. I raised my lids, and looked mutely at the Editor. He followed my glance, and saw the tiny lithe creatures glide slowly from their covert, and crawl with heads held slyly on one side, and then on the other, into the open patch, on which we lay like statues. How they listened and looked! How they raised their quaint small heads, on the alert against the first faint breath of danger! I sat still as a mouse again, holding my breath in suspense, and waiting anxiously for developments. Then a miracle happened. Miracles *do* happen now and again, as once at Bolsena, to convince the sceptical. My hand lay motionless on the ground at my side. I would not have moved it just then for a sovereign. One wee brown lizard, gazing cautiously around, crept over it with sly care, and, finding it all right, walked up my sleeve as far as the elbow. I checked my heart and watched him. Never in my life before had such a thing happened to me—but I did not say so to the sceptical Editor; on the contrary, I looked as totally unconcerned as if I had been accustomed to lizards taking tours on me daily from my childhood upward. “Are you convinced?” I asked, with a bland smile of triumph. Even the Editor admitted, with a grudging sniff, that seeing is believing.

And, indeed, there *are* dozens of lizards to the square yard in England, though I

never before knew one of them to assail me of its own accord. I have caught them a hundred times by force or fraud among the heaths and sand-pits. The commonest sort hereabouts is the dingy brown viviparous lizard, which lays no eggs, but brings forth its young alive and tends them like a mother. It is an agile wee thing that creeps from its hole or nest during the noontide hours, and basks lazily in the sun in search of insects. But let a fly come near it, and, quick as lightning, it turns its tiny head, darts upon him like fate, and crunches him up between those sharp small teeth with the ferocity of a crocodile. We have sand-lizards, too, a far timider and wilder species; they bite your hand when caught, and refuse to live in captivity at the bottom of a flower-pot like their viviparous cousins. These pretty wee reptiles are often delicately spotted or branded with green; they lay a dozen leathery eggs in a hole in the sand, where the sun hatches out the poor abandoned little orphans without the aid of their unnatural mother. Still, they are much daintier in their colouring than the more domestic brown kind; and, after all, in a lizard I demand beauty rather than advanced moral qualities. I may be wrong; but such is my opinion. It is all very well to be ethical at Exeter Hall; but too sensitive a conscience is surely out of place in the struggle for life on the open moorland.

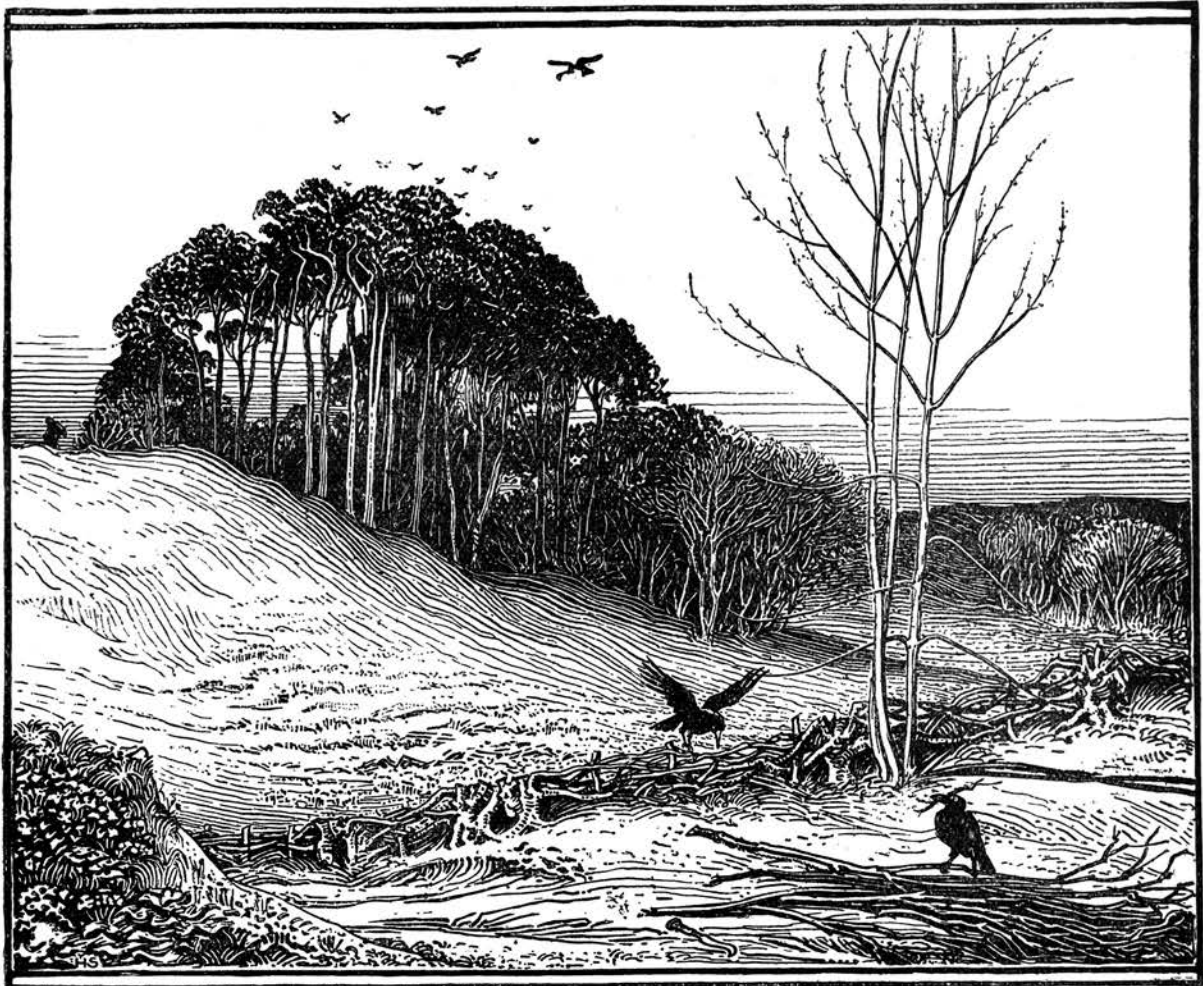


The labours of THE XII-MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

WISE SHEPHERDS say that the age of man is LXXII years and that we liken but to one hole year 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.



MARCH

Then cometh MARCH, in the which the labourer soweth the earth, and planteth trees, and edifieth houses. the child in these six yeare waxeth big to learn doctrine and science, and to be faire and honest, for then he is XVIII yeares of age.



- MARCH hack ham
- Comes in like a lion & goes out like a lamb.
- A peck of MARCH dust is worth a king's ransom.
- MARCH winds & APRIL showers,
- Bring forth MAY flowers.
- Flail, brings frost e' th' tail.
- As many mullets in MARCH so many frosts in MAY.

English Illustrated Magazine 1890