

Victorian Times

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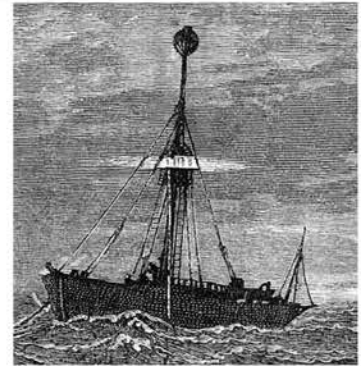


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Beautiful Chocolate Treats • The Work of the Light Vessels • A Moorland Stroll
How Poachers Ply Their Craft • The Birds of April • Wise Tips for Success
Furnishing a Doll's Drawing-Room • How to Decorate Easter Eggs*

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

My Grandmother's Dollhouse

This issue's article on "How I Furnished My Doll's Drawing-Room" reminds me of yet another aspect of Victorian life that had an impact on my own: The dollhouse! Victorians didn't invent dollhouses; miniature houses have been around for centuries. In the 17th and 18th centuries, miniature or "baby" houses were often lavish and expensive copies of one's own home. But the Victorian era seems to have introduced the idea of creating one's own miniature house and furnishings; previously, dollhouses and miniatures were crafted by master artisans and purchased, not made, by their owners.

The Victorians were also perhaps the first to regard a dollhouse as a toy. Even then, however, dollhouses existed in two worlds. Victorian children, like children today, might enjoy furnishing a home for their dolls, but the real "action" has always been amongst the adults, where collecting and creating miniatures is an art form.

I don't know where my own family got its craze for miniatures, but it seems to have begun with my grandmother. She started with a smaller dollhouse that was designed as a toy for her daughter (my mother). Then, during WWII, she began work on *The Dollhouse*—a monumental piece that was about five feet long and nearly three feet tall. My grandfather worked in an engraving house, which was considered a "vital industry," and brought home hardwood scraps from the blocks used to mount engravings. The frame of the house was built entirely from wood from fruit crates. The house was designed to look like an English country home, complete with a half-timbered exterior, and furnished in the style of the 1920's.



I grew up with my grandparents, and *The Dollhouse* dominated our living-room for most of my life. When I was in grade school, we undertook a major renovation; new lighting was installed (a string of Christmas tree lights runs through the house and illumines every room, with a red bulb to light the fireplace), the house was repainted, old stone-work was replaced with new "stones" (cunningly cut from sandpaper), new plastic windows were installed, and some new furniture was added. In those days, you still couldn't buy much in the way of miniatures, and nearly every bit of furniture (and certainly every bit of fabric) was done by hand. The bedspread and canopy in the master bedroom came from grandmother's wedding gown. The hairbrush on the vanity was filed down from a child's toothbrush. My grandfather, an artist, painted several miniature paintings for the house. After the upgrade, we exhibited the house for several years at the annual carnival at my school. (The photo above shows it on display at a local art show.)

These exhibits were about the only times the furniture was put into the house. Occasionally we were allowed to "play" with the dollhouse, but very, very carefully. Another reason we rarely kept it furnished was because the cats liked it a bit too well; one could often peek into the dining-room to find a comfortable Siamese peeking back. So generally the furniture stayed in boxes in the closet. When we did get it out, it was wonderful; every room was filled with marvels, from the grand piano music box that actually played, to tiny books you could almost read.

My sister got bitten by the bug in later life, and created a Victorian country store. My own miniature period was earlier; as a child, I had an entire village of shoeboxes, dubbed "animal town" (because it was inhabited by toy mice, squirrels, dogs, etc.) and furnished along the same lines as those suggested by the author of our article.

Today, grandmother's dollhouse (and my sister's store) reside in a museum in Arkansas. For years it was a star attraction, but now, sadly, it has been relegated to storage so that the museum could put a mammoth skeleton in the lobby. People still ask for the dollhouses, and we've been assured that one day, maybe even in this century, these treasures (along with some genuine Victorian companions) will go back on display.

—Moirra Allen, Editor
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MY DAILY ROUND.

A COMPETITION FOR ALL GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.



T is not possible to overrate the interest felt by all classes of society in these competitions for hand workers, or, as one girl quaintly calls it, *hard* workers, and the reason is not far to seek.

The "daily round" of these hundreds of brave courageous girls comes as a revelation to those who, having the good things of life, have no need to work with their hands, it illustrates the ennobling results of enduring hardiness, and sows the seed of good deeds; it comes as a help and encouragement to those who have lost heart in the battle of life; it acts as a stimulant to those who are standing

shoulder to shoulder in the struggle; and it is a lesson to every one in whatever rank they may be to see what these handworkers get through cheerfully in their twelve or sixteen hours of daily toil.

Every line of the 390 papers just sent in has been read by us with all-engrossing interest. The quiet unostentatious way in which each writer has put before us her daily life, with its struggles, its pains, its pleasures, its self-denials, its aspirations, makes us feel that such lives spent in our midst must influence for good every class with which they come in contact, be they high in the scale or low down, and consequently the world is the better for them.

Studying these "human documents" we see the lives of our working girls and their influence as clearly as though we lived with them. In all these papers written by weavers, teachers, needlewomen, artists, shop-girls, home-workers, farm-labourers, domestic servants, tailors, laundresses and others there is not a vulgar phrase or envious thought, scarcely an expression of discontent, and the only painful part of the whole competition is the selection from these for prizes and Honourable Mention; all are so good and conscientiously written that it is with the utmost

difficulty we make selection. We go over them again and again that we may be sure we are correct. Many a good paper has to be set on one side because the writer has forgotten the rules of the competition; for example, one admirable description of farm-life in Scotland ran into three full sheets of foolscap and had reluctantly to be put out. In another, the writer instead of confining herself to her special daily round took up that of her sister's, which she thought more interesting than her own, and although it was beautifully written could not therefore be accepted.

We should naturally think that the twelve or fourteen hours of compulsory daily toil would be quite enough and even more than enough to satisfy these girls, but if you could read all their papers you would find their evenings as busy as their days. After their evening meal some go off to an evening class and teach dressmaking to poor girls, others to various polytechnics to study languages, science or music. Most of them make their own clothes, some of them have bedridden parents and devote their leisure in reading aloud to them and in making them comfortable; while the majority of them are Sunday-school teachers and members of the church or chapel choirs. If any of their fellow-workers are ill the evenings are spent in visiting them.

This description of our competitors' method of spending their leisure is not confined to those at home, but applies equally to those who earn their daily bread in our far-away Colonies.

It seems to us that these Competitions are doing good service in that they enable us to see and appreciate the daily lives of those girls who work with their hands.

PRIZE WINNERS.

FIRST PRIZE (£5 5s.).

"Edelweiss," Locomotive-Tracer, Gorton, nr. Manchester.

SECOND PRIZE (£4 4s.).

"Pansy," Pottery-Painter, Hanford, Stoke-on-Trent.

THIRD PRIZE (£3 3s.).

"Lily of the Valley," Shirt-Maker, Dalston.

FOURTH PRIZE (£2 2s.).

"Primrose," Lace-Maker, Branscombe, near Axminster, Devon.

FIFTH PRIZE (£1 1s.).

"Begonia," General Servant, Mount Pleasant Road, Hastings.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

Nellie Jessiman, Assistant in Shoe Shop, Aberdeenshire.

Mary Ann E. Cue, Dressmaker, Poplar, St. Leonard's Road.

Eleanor White, General Servant, Slough, Bucks.

Mary E. Broadbent, Weaver, Sowerby, York.
Amy Burchett, Farmer, Gippesland, Victoria, Australia.

Kate A. Barnes, Book-Folder, Oxford.

Mary Slade, Parlour-Maid, Asylum Road, King's Langley.

Margaret Isabella Hay, in Publisher's Office, Hamilton, N.B.

Florence Gregson, Maker of Athletic Goods, Ossett, York.

Susan Barrowman, Farmer, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbright.

Edith Holt, Housemaid, Kentish Town.

Helen Smith Thomson, on a Farm in the Bush, Murrumangee, Victoria, Australia.

Janet Joycey, Collar-Maker, Lewisham.

Annie Jones, Compositor, Haberton Road, London.

"Orange Blossom," Nursery Governess, Ceylon.

Ellen Knight, Shoe Girl, Wellingborough.

L. Plaskett, Confectioner, Brierley Hill, Staffordshire.

M. F. Letts, General Servant, West Norwood.

Edith Williams, Dentist's Assistant, Walthamstow.

Hannah Maria Booth, Calico Weaver, Hayfield.

Eleanor Hare, Weaver, Blackburn.

Nellie Trafford, Silk Weaver, Macclesfield.

M. A. Anderson, Crofter's Daughter, Woodhead, Aberdeen.

Laura Bonden, Home Worker, Guernsey.

M. J. Taylor, Fur Tailoress, Lancashire.

M. J. Whiteside, Straw-Hat Cleaner, Clithero, Lancashire.

"Lilies of the Valley," Mantlemaker, Islington.

Florence Emily Parish, Lodging-House Maid, King's Road, Chelsea.

F. Beauchamp, Shirt Finisher, Pentonville.

"Marguerite," Shop-Girl, Great Homer Street, Liverpool.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY (£5 5s.)

MY DAILY ROUND.*

AMONG the vast amount of useful work, begun, suggested, and carried out by the late Miss Emily Faithful; was the suggestion, some few years ago, to a friend; of the employment, in his large Engineering establishment, of females, to do the work of tracing the Locomotive and other drawings passing through his hands. Undismayed by the example of a large firm, at no great distance from his own, who had tried the experiment, and failed; this gentleman built, in the new Offices, which he was then in the course of erecting, a commodious office, cloak room, etc., for the sole use of a few female tracers; and determined to give the idea a fair and patient trial. The practical carrying out of the notion, might have proved as great a failure as

the one mentioned above, but for the painstaking care of one of the draughtsmen; to whom the young girls were given in charge; and who tutored, and looked after them, to such purpose, that the idea became a fact accomplished in a very short time: for which I, for one, have cause to be devoutly thankful, as I am one of the aforementioned tracers employed by the Firm in question.

The Office in which we follow this employment—there are not a dozen of us, all told:—is, I am glad to say, a lofty, airy, and well-lighted room; so that we do not work under the unhealthy conditions, which are the,—often unavoidable—accompaniments of so many trades, in these feverish and busy days; nor do we breathe the vitiated atmosphere, in which so many of our bonny English, Scotch, and Irish girls pass the greater part of their lives. We are paid by the hour; and our salaries commence at ten,

and rise to fifteen shillings weekly. We commence work at 45 minutes past 8; and continue till 12.45; when we separate for dinner. Those who like, can stay to take this meal in the office, if they prefer it; for, thanks to the kind thought of our employer, we are the rich possessors of an oven and grate, and, beautiful to say, of a nice little tin kettle, and pan; in which we can warm or infuse anything; and have a few cups and saucers, plates, etc, in a cosy cupboard in the corner. We return from dinner at 2.15; so that we have an hour and a half for our mid-day meal; a privilege for which I must say, I think we work all the better. At 5.15, we give up business for the day; our hours being timed so that we do not come or go with the draughtsmen, or the men; of whom, in busy times, the firm employs about 2000.

Our work, which is brought to our department from the drawing offices by one of the

* This essay is printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—Ed.

younger boys, or, on rare occasions by the foreman draughtsman himself; mainly consists in tracing, through transparent cloth, with instruments, with which our employer provides us; the drawings of the draughtsmen, or the architect; which we afterwards colour: using for the various metals, etc.,—a mixture of Indigo or Prussian Blue, and Crimson Lake, to represent the steel: Indian Yellow, with a little Crimson Lake, for the brass: Crimson Lake, and a little Indian Yellow, for copper: Neutral Tint, for cast iron: Prussian Blue, or Indigo, for wrought iron: Burnt Sienna, and a little Indian Ink, for wood: Burnt Sienna, a little Indian Ink, and Indigo, for fire brick: and etc. The drawings given to us, do not always have to be made a straightforward copy of, but we have at times to put in alterations, and afterthoughts; or to make one tracing from two, three, or more drawings; as different orders may require. Also, in some cases, such as the copying of maps; specially wanted plates etc. from the Engineering Press; or small diagrams, the work is done partly or wholly by hand. And sometimes again, when the work is fine, or is an ill-taken Photograph from some other firm; the aid of a magnifying glass is needed. Our firm, in addition to Tracings, supplies Photographs to those who like the latter better than the former. In case of this, the ink having been first mixed with a little Indian Yellow; a tracing is made, minus the colour; photographed in the Photographic room; and then the photographs thus made, one, two, or three, of each tracing, as the case may be, brought down into our Office by one of the boys, to be coloured by us. If the Photographs have not taken nicely, it is also our duty to fill in the parts wanting; (which we do by drawing in the lines with a mixture of Prussian Blue;) and to leave them in a finished condition, ready to be forwarded to their destination; to which both they, and the Tracings are sent, fastened together, book fashion, and carefully packed inside a wooden box. If there are any red lines, on our drawing requiring to be photographed; (red lines are often shown to represent the bulk of anything, before it goes through that process known to the initiated as "Finishing"; or in other instances, the differently formed portions of a right and left-handed rod,—or anything of which there is one on each side of the Engine, and where one drawing represents both.) These red lines must be copied by us, from the drawing, on to the Photograph, as the sun refuses to do that part of our business for us. The kind of Photographs made by our firm, are those having blue lines on a white ground, which are, it is difficult perhaps to say why, much plainer to see than those which consist of white lines on a blue ground.

We supply our own men with tracings for use in the shops; and one Set of Tracings, or Photographs,—or in some cases two or more,—accompany all the Engines sent out from the Locomotive department of the Works. These represent different parts and sections of the Engine; and are drawn, some the full size of the object represented, and some in 3 inch, or 1½ inch scale: in the former, as I don't think I need tell you, 3 inches signify a foot; in the latter, 1½ inches represent the same. I cannot tell you exactly how long it takes us to complete a set of tracings for one Engine, as we are at work on so many at one time. As a rule, the "General Drawing" of the interior and fittings of the Loco, takes one person from three days, to a week, to complete; according to the fulness of detail given, and the manner in which it is coloured. The smaller drawings take to trace, from that length of time, to about, perhaps, an hour. It is impossible to give the precise time taken by each, as drawings of the same thing vary so much, but last year, we sent out of the office upwards of 2000 tracings, without

counting the photographs; working about five weeks overtime, during that period.

I used to think, when I was younger, that Locomotives were generally made of one design and pattern, for a few years together, at all events;—but now—well! I know different. One finds the continually recurring alterations and variations in interior detail, are simply legion. This Wheeled Mercury, that carries so many of her busy children, to and fro, on the bosom of Ma Earth, is a strange thing in its way. The dear little creature costs a small matter of from two to three thousand pounds; and weighs the paltry trifle of from 38 to 50 tons; according to whether it is a sturdy-looking luggage drawer, or a mere playful little passenger engine. Here I must not let myself be really misunderstood. Strange to say, it is the (to my mind) lighter looking Passenger Engine, which often weighs the heavier of the two. Those in use at present, in the Mersey Tunnel, weighing, I am told, when standing fully equipped for service, 80 tons. Our flame-breathing acquaintance, sometimes carries as much as 3250 gallons of water in his Tender, if he possesses one; or about 1000 gallons if he is a Tank Engine, and bears his own supplies. This he will use, at the rate of, say, 8000 gallons per 200 miles, as he speeds us along. He also, during the same distance, in his busy process of converting each cubic inch of water into a cubic foot of steam,—and so, by the sheer force of expansion ploughing his way onward; gobbles up, monster like, 4 tons of coal. He is supposed to last, without repairs, from eighteen months, to two years, or thereabouts, and from fifteen to twenty years afterwards, according to the distances he is destined to cover. This familiar Monster of the Iron Road, the dear old "Puffing Billy" of our childhood's early recollections, has also a grotesque reflection of the Human about him. There is something *Eccentric*, as well as wonderful, in his anatomy. He wears *Clothing*; (with a *Pocket* in it, too.) He is also possessed of *Stays*; vain creature! and carries *Rings*, *Collars*, *Studs*, *Links*, and such like gew-gaws. Like the dandies of old, he moves along in *Breeches*, and *Buckles*; wears *Braces*; possesses a choice variety of *Pipes*, *Smokes* industriously; and, as is perhaps not surprising, after the announcement of such ways and habits, is often seen in the company of a *Bogie*. He has his individual characteristics, and his moods, like,—there! I had almost said, like any creature of the female sex,—as if *we* stood alone in moods, and whimsicalities, and such like things; I think our brothers have their fair proportion, and frequently don't know it. But, in real earnestness, that reminds me; it is a curious thing, that no two Engines made, however exactly, to the same pattern, behave themselves alike under the hands of the driver, or show the same characteristics. Time, place, and circumstance; and, yes, even the characters, and moods of the workmen, through whose hands it passes—who knows—may have something to do with it. At all events, they say the thing is so; and it struck me as curious; for they do say, too, that nothing we ever touch, is left quite the same as we found it, and that our character, and present state of temper, influences the very air we breathe.

But enough of "they say"s. Now let us turn to the "we do,"s and the "we are"s. To begin with; we are, then, at our house, a small family quartette; consisting of a father and mother, advanced in years; one elder sister whose sphere of duty lies in the Home-Castle; and myself;—though, as Wordsworth would have put it, we are really eight, all told.—So much for home matters. Now to the work-a-day world once more.

I will just take one "daily round" for a sample of all the others; choosing a time

when we are for the most part busy with the smaller drawings; and after that I will take—my leave of you, dear Editor. First of all then; I rise in good time, to avoid all hurry and flutter; and, it being a rather doubtful looking morning, arm myself with my *parapluie* and sally forth. I reach the office at about 8.35. Having popped my umbrella in the stand, just inside the door of the cloak room; taken off my hat, cape, &c., and put on my apron and half sleeves, for which a wardrobe, filled with pegs, is provided, together with a whisk for chalky dresses;—the reason for which alarming state of untidiness, though to do us justice it very seldom happens, I will describe presently.—Having, as I was saying, put on my apron, and poured out a goblet of water, I walk into the office; and proceed to take out of my drawer, my duster, and case of instruments.—I happen to be tracing this morning, not colouring. Morning greetings pass between those of us who are already present; and then the ink, a stick of Indian, about five inches long, and a little thicker than your finger, is rubbed, in white metal pallets; we get out our set-squares, straight-edges, and a few curves from one of the drawers in the handsome dresser at the end of the room, lift our drawing boards on our desks; mount on our stools; and business commences in earnest.

This morning, of which I am now speaking, I am at work on a sheet of Bolts, of which I have done the greater part the day before. I now first put in the lines and curves which are still needed; and then, arming myself with a six grooved pallet, and the colour box, proceed to mix and apply the colours; first putting into the water with which I mix them, a little prepared Ox-gall; for the cloth is glazed almost like white satin, and would not take at all kindly to the colour, without it. In about an hour and a quarter I have finished my Bolt Sheet; putting in everything, but the writing, and dimensions; which our forewoman often jots in herself. And now I proceed to take off the cloth, and the drawing, from the board, by prizing up the tacks with which they are fastened down, with a tack-raiser; and carry both down to the ledger; where I enter the date, the number of the drawing, the Engine number, and the name of the drawing; with my own name following. Then I go up to the forewoman for further work. This time it is a Locomotive "Boiler Details" (a 3 inch scale.) which I receive; to make a straightforward copy of. I hasten to find a drawing board to fit my Boiler; and then for a few minutes the office echoes, not to the "music of the spheres," but to the music of the hammer, driving home a few tacks;—though I am not so sure but that the hearty and purposeful stroke of the Hammer, no less than the hum of the Sewing Machine, and the sound of the Dust Shovel, has its allotted, and essential part, in such harmony. Nay! I believe it has.

Having tacked on my drawing as flatly as possible; taking care to have it straight, but not wasting too much time about it; as the tracings, and photographs, are invariably cut square after each set is finished, by two of our number, told off for the purpose; I bring the roll of cloth; which is in this instance 38 inches wide;—our widest is 43 inches, by the way:—and, laying the length of the cloth to the length of the drawing; roll it over it from end to end; fastening it down with tacks, each of which must be pushed through a tiny square of drawing or photograph paper, to keep them from bruising the cloth unnecessarily; and stretching it, in every direction, as much as possible. This process of stretching the cloth, has to be repeated two or three times during tracing, in some states of the weather; and so we must, perforce, be content with doing a little detached view at a

time, if we have any little, sweet, obliging detached views, pleading to be traced; if not, we have to do the best we can; taking the greatest care to keep the lines in as correct a position as possible. I am always glad, if I am going to begin anything, to get the cloth tacked on it before the dinner hour, as that gives it a little time to stretch in; or, if I can manage to get the cloth fastened down over a drawing the last thing at night, I am as pleased as two pins and a half; for having the night to stretch in, it generally does it thoroughly, and is as good and flat as you please afterwards. Now the surface of this tracing cloth of ours, is very greasy; and would not take the ink nicely if left in its present condition; so my next proceeding, is to go to the chalk box under one of the racks; scrape a little chalk into the duster I find there, and coming back to my desk, rub the chalk well over and *into* the cloth; after which process the ink should work smoothly and evenly enough. By this time my covering of cloth has stretched, and must be tightened, which I hasten to do. And now I commence to put in, first radial corners, and circles; by which time the greater part of the morning is gone; and then the straight lines, curves, etchings, &c.; working from the right hand corner downwards, as far as I can reach across the board, which, when all within reach is finished, I turn round; and continue to trace from the other side. The moments pass on. There is a subdued hum of conversation going on all round me. The day is close and sultry. One of the girls says something which I do not catch, which sets everyone laughing. The sunlight, which has been absent the whole of the morning, peeps suddenly in at one of the south windows, changing the whole aspect of things, like a cheerful heart does; and making everything bright and bonny. Of course we all

have our special private troubles and trials; I think it is a sign that God is not leaving us alone, but thinks it worth while still, to forge us into shape for up yonder; but happiness, they say, is always more a creature of mind, and heart, than of circumstances. Parenthetically speaking, I don't know of any recipe for making a discontented and mopesy heart light, and buoyant, better than that of trying to make somebody else happy, and serving them with all your might; but, referring to circumstances, now,—just while these straight lines, and curves of mine are going in,—we ought, at this Office of ours, to be thankful-hearted girls, when we think what some of our, sometimes weaker, often worthier, sisters, in the worlds battle-fields of labour, have to go through in one short day; a day all too long for the flesh and bones of some of them; though not for that essence of God within the earth-shell, which "breathes sweetness out of woe." My mind, carried up and away, I suppose, on the ladder of the sunlight, is just beginning (not, be it for a moment imagined, to the neglect of present duty.) to wander into the regions, not bounded by time, and space, but by Love, and Majesty; when I am suddenly brought back to sublunary things, by the voice of my superior officer:—"Time to go home, girls;" it says. There is a general rustle in the office; stools are vacated and lifted into place; instruments are wiped out and put away; dusters are folded; aprons and sleeves are quickly laid aside; and home we go to our mid-day meal.

2.15. We are busy once again; feeling refreshed and strengthened by the intervening rest. In my case, the process of putting in lines, curves, and pensbading, goes on uninterruptedly; until, I having finished my Boiler, (it happens to be one drawn without

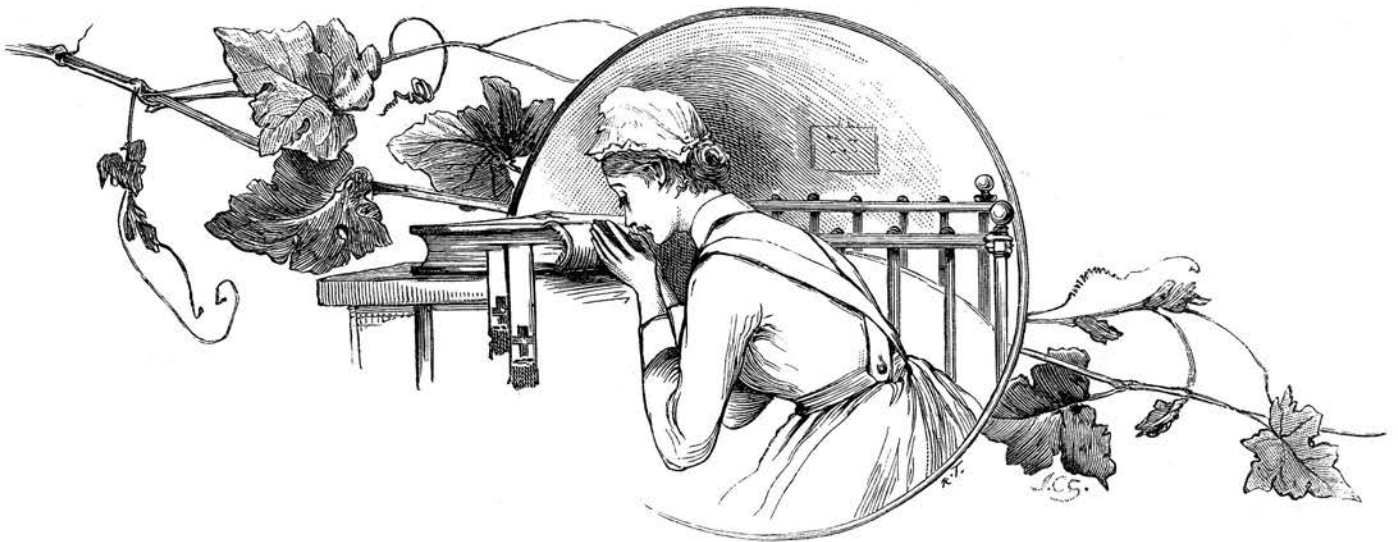
colour; a thing which, I must say, very seldom occurs.) our forewoman comes down to my place, and brings me two Photographs, showing the alterations in the arrangement of pipes in a Locomotive; which I am to colour, and fill in. Our method, by the way, of colouring these Photographs, is very much the same as that used with respect to the Tracings; but that, in the former case, we mix the tintings and shadings very thin, and do not use Ox-gall. And thus the afternoon wears on. The big clock in the Tower strikes four; and then—five. At length comes the expected—"Time to go home;"—and we are soon after this out into the street; speeding our different ways. Then follows the always pleasant home-coming; tea; mending, or a little reading aloud; a little family intercourse; and to bed. And so another day's tracing is over. Tracing of two sorts; very different in kind, and durability; both to be reckoned for; both done under the same MASTER'S eye. But one has been done on Tracing Cloth of Imperial Stamp; the other has been traced by each thought and action, in the book of the Recording Angel; and on the hearts and lives of all those with whom we have come in contact. Our thoughts, our tendencies, have traced something on their lives to day; for good, or for evil. May it be for good.

And thus the days come and go, with all We Humans; come, and go, with God's light at the heart of them; until we have finished our training, and education; and the tasks and duties set us are ended; and we are ready to "go home," to our Father's house, out of this gymnasium school of a world.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

EDELWEISS.

Gorton, near Manchester.



COMPETITION FOR GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

SUBJECT: "MY DAILY ROUND."

Second Prize Essay (£4 4s.)

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—

I have not seen as yet among your many hand workers one whose "Daily Round" is performed in any branch of the "Potting" trade, so I will try to tell you a little about my own. I am employed in one of the largest Manufactories in the Potteries, as a

Paintress, and although it is not the largest Factory it is productive of every kind of earthenware that is made, tea and dinner services, toilet sets, jugs, vases, flower-pots, and sanitary etec: all of which are made in various sizes and shapes, and come in for a share of some kind of decoration, and as all the Decorators have a department of their own each one understands their own particular branch of the work. The kind of decorating

I am engaged in is called "Enameling" which consists of filling in, in all kinds of colours and many different ways the patterns that are already printed for us.

I am twenty-six years of age. I live in a small village just outside the town with my Grandmother. I get up about seven o'clock generally, sometimes earlier but if I should happen to be a little later Grandmother will waken me with the exclamation "M— it is

getting late." The first thing on opening my eyes I peep out of the window to see what sort of a morning it is. "Oh! how I love these bright sunny days, and the lovely showers too that makes it so much pleasanter for my long walk to work. I am soon down stairs, never forgetting first to give thanks and ask for guidance of Him in Whom I live and have my being. Then I prepare breakfast, take Grandmother a cup of tea and do a few household duties and on washing days a little washing, when I rise a little earlier. Then after putting my dinner in my bag, I get my breakfast which is very often a hurried one. I start about half past eight generally and in half an hour's time I reach the smoky town, another half hour walk brings me to the Factory. This is a large four storey building, I have to climb two flights of steps to the top storey where our branch of the work is carried on. On entering the workshop which is a very large one with white-washed walls and great wooden beams, I am greeted with a very strong smell of turpentine, oil and tar that we use for our work. There are fifty-four Paintresses and Gilders in the shop each sitting on a three legged stool opposite tables ranged under the windows which stretch the whole length of either side. Then we have a Designer who makes the patterns and colouring, and a Manager who has to see that they are executed accordingly, besides a Lady who we take orders from and counts our work when it is finished.

Our hours generally are from half past nine to six, but when we are very busy from eight till seven, which I do not like at all as it means that I must be up an hour and half earlier and almost bed time before I get home, besides if not there we get sent back for the day, but I am pleased to say this has not occurred yet in my case. I will however take one of our busy days and describe to you "My Daily Round" at the Factory when I arrive there at eight o'clock. The first thing I have to do is to prepare my colour which is done by grinding it on a tile with a small knife in as much turpentine as will wet it and when fine enough add a little fat oil (as we

call it) which is already prepared for us, and I may say the finer we grind it the easier it is to work with and our work has a much nicer appearance when it is finished. Now for my pencils, the oil causes them to go hard when dry so I put those that I intend using in my turpentine cup to soak while I am dusting and getting my ware ready, which for instance is four toilet sets called "Camelia" the principal flowers first are what we call "washed in," in pink, this is done with a pencil I keep for the purpose by dipping it in turpentine and fat oil then in my colour as deep a strength as I need it. I have now painted a few flowers and it is nine o'clock which from that to half past is our breakfast time and if we should happen to work a minute after the Manager will pop out of his office and call. "Now you girls do you know what time it is." Which means we must stop work at once because if the Inspector should find us working during meal times we are liable to a very heavy fine. After breakfast and a chat we set to work again, I finish pink, and the remaining flowers are done in mauve and yellow, these I do together and now all the flowers are "washed in." While These are drying I do the leaves in light and dark green. All this time it is very noisy, some hunting after patterns or colours, others carrying up ware out of the warehouse to be painted or gilt, (as we all have to carry our own up two flights of steps which is very heavy work) and the kiln boys tramping up and down with empty boxes on their shoulders asking if the ware is ready for them to carry away to the kiln, as before they can do so, each piece as it leaves our hands has to be counted so that it may be known at the end of the week what work each has done and what wages they have to receive. At half past twelve preparations are being made at the stove for dinner, such as cooking meat, making tea or warming food. From one till two is allowed for this meal. During this time various occupations are engaged in such as needlework, knitting, crochet, reading and much talking. Many I am sorry to say take much interest in halfpenny Noveltts. I try

to sell as many "Church Army Gazette's" as I can each week both in the shop and elsewhere hoping to be able to do some little to counteract the evil that is wrought through reading bad books. From two o'clock till seven I am hard at work again with only a little break (about four o'clock) for a cup of tea. I shade on my flowers and leaves (which are now dry) the various colours and tints, to do which I have to take up each piece several times as the colours dry, at seven o'clock I have completed my four toilet sets which consists of from six to ten pieces each, the Ewers and Basins being very heavy to hold with one hand while working with the other. For this I earn the sum of two shillings and eightpence, the prices paid for our work varies according to the patterns, some being as low as twopence halfpenny a set. For colouring a dinner set of fifty-two pieces I get sevenpence halfpenny, for flower pots I get from fourpence to two shillings a dozen according to size etc: I have described to you one of my busiest and best days as sometimes I have had as little as one shilling. So ends "My Daily Round" in the workshop. I reach home about eight o'clock very tired and often bring back the food I have taken with me in the morning, as the heat and smell of the shop affects it so much I cannot eat it. I have supper and devote what little time I have after in mending or making my clothes or in doing little jobs for Grandmother, and after reading the portion of Scripture appointed for the day I retire to rest. I often feel "My Daily Round" very wearisome and wish that the Presence of Him Who has hallowed our daily toil by having once toiled Himself could be more fully realized in our workshops for—

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done!
And prayer by Thee inspired and taught
Itself with work be one.

I declare the statements in this paper to be true.

"PANSY"
August 29th 1896. Stoke-on-Trent.

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY (£3 3s.).

My daily round is a very busy and complicated one. I have always longed to be a hospital nurse, but this hope had to be laid aside when my father died five years ago leaving my delicate mother unprovided for with two of us not able to go to work & the eldest of all "my sister" an invalid. I was then at a well known firm of shirt makers in Milk St. City & my earnings were very largely depended upon. Home has been from that time quite a hospital in itself. Nearly a year ago my mother died which greatly increased my work & it is from that time I will write.

I now have my shirt work at home (from the same firm) as my sister is a helpless sufferer from an advanced form of Chronic Rheumatism & requires a great deal of my time. Part of my day is spent in (what I like to call) my hospital ward, & my shirt work is squeezed in between times & is the chief support of my "home hospital." I can do 6 in one day & the price varies according to quality, but we will reckon today I am doing the better work which will be 6d. each when finished. I am up at 6 A.M. dress & prayers, downstairs, light the fire, call my little sister & brother, (give my patient her breakfast first) & our own will be ready by 7 o'clock.

We three sit down together but it is rather a hasty meal for my brother has to start for

work by half past, and before then I must get his food ready for the day which he takes with him. After then I see to my little sisters food (for she has started to work now) & fetch my patients breakfast things away, & make her comfortable to leave until 9 o'clock, during which time I do the daily necessary house duties including bedmaking & general tidying, but as the work is equally divided for the week, each morning has its own portion. My little sister goes to work at 8 o.c., & before I go to my patient I must prepare our dinner. At 9 o.c. I must begin to wash my patient, this (with dressing) means an hour's work; as she is so helpless and needs such tender handling, & I think in a general hospital would be considered to bad to set up; but she prefers to get up as long as she is able to bear it. About 10 o.c. I carry her downstairs & after arranging her comfortable & giving her a small lunch I leave her to begin my 6 shirts which will be very close work if I am to be in mothers place in the evening; & who does not know of the many attractions there are to draw young people (boys especially) away from home; Well I don't want my brother to drift away, so home must be attractive too. I do not work in my patients day ward for my work necessitates plenty of space & makes the room look very untidy with white calico scattered all

about & my patient is like all invalids (more or less fastidious) & likes her room tidy, & the noise of the machine would worry her, & I can work quicker alone. When I am wanted my patient rings a small bell, but unless interrupted I work away until 12.30, first: hem the six shirts, seam the sides, put binders round armholes, and yokes on, & prepare fronts (linen) i.e. turn them down ready to put in the bodies. I now leave off for about an hour & half to get our dinner ready & after we have eaten it I wash the dishes &c. & freshen my patient with another little wash & Leave her again for the afternoon when she generally sleeps a little while & I get on well. By 4 o.c. I can put my fronts in & make the sleeves. Visiting time at a hospital is generally from 2 till 4 & my ward is not an exception & sometimes I find my patient has had a very pleasant afternoon & nurse is invited to tea which has been got ready by her visitor. This is only occasionally & I mostly have to get it myself. I rather like visitors for they help to brighten my invalid up & she is not hurried so much for after a hasty cup of tea myself I leave them still happy over theirs & hurry back to finish my work which will take me two hours to put the wristbands & collarbands on (these are made by a different machine & sent to me ready to put on) & put the sleeves into the

shirts. I try to be finished by 7 o.c. that things may be as homelike as possible without mother, for it is mother who makes the home even though she be a great invalid at times & it is when the days work is done that mother is most missed, & I try to make up as well as I can for her loss, in the *numberless little* things which constitute home. There is now a meal to prepare for all after which my patient is ready to be put to bed which is almost as trying as the morning performance; My brother will carry her upstairs, he likes to feel he can do something for her.

Every day is very much the same except tuesday when I do the washing which I get finished by dinner time & do my shirt work afterwards. Perhaps the next $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. will only be $\frac{2}{3}$. & in the busy time which is May, June, July. I have to do more than $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. in a day, and I have to sit up late to do them, but one does not mind this when we think of the winter when for several weeks I shall have very little or nothing. It means very quick work while it is here & everything has to be done to time or I could not get all in, but I can never hurry over my patient as every movement gives her pain. I have no trouble with taking my work in when finished for my little sister brings it home with her at night & takes it in the morning which is a great save of time for me. The button-holes are made by indoor hands after they go from me. Saturday is a general clearing up day & preparing for Sunday, which (as in all hospitals) is just as busy only rather different; for a nurses life is always busy, for if she has not to do other work to support her hospital she has more than one patient to attend to; but still I do not have my day off once a week & I have to do night duty as well My patient is still making a downward progress in spite of all the Drs. efforts to stop it, & he with some other friends think it is more than I can manage & even while I write I am expecting that my patient will be taken from me as the Dr is trying to get her into "Freidenheim," Hampstead.

On Sunday I get up at 7.30. give my patient her breakfast & get to church by 8.30. home again and have my breakfast by 9.30. (we are living only about 2 minutes walk from church) After preparing the dinner I am ready to see to my patient & to-day she has the benefit of my extra time in a sponge bath. My little sister is a great help to me on Sunday morning before school time & I have the dinner quite ready by 1 o.c. when service is over. This gives us time to be nicely cleared away by 2 o.c. Now I make my patient cosy for the afternoon & get ready for S. School where I have a class. Lately I have been persuaded to give this up (at least for a time) but doesn't our Master promise "As thy day so shall thy strength be" & I am so thankful for the opportunity to tell others of Him who has done so much for me that I wish I could do more, and I try to live the thankfulness which no words of mine can express, for the priceless gift of health by doing what I can for the weaker ones &

instead of going out to seek for the work I longed for, it is given me within my own home. We who work with our hands have great opportunities of thinking while we are at work over the lesson we shall be giving the next Sunday in school.

I get home by 4.30. this gives 2 hours quiet rest including tea time which is always bright on Sunday when we are all at home & this is when I get a glance at the articles & monthly sermon by Medicus in the favourite G. O. P. leaving the stories until I may have more time for reading. Sometimes my patient will have a visitor to sit with her while I go to the evening service, or perhaps she would rather be alone. There are many little things to be done for an invalid which cannot be written here & when my shirt-work is not so busy I make my own & my sisters clothes dresses included. Amongst other things there is the management of home & spending to the best advantage our small income, which, between my brother & little sister & myself now earing about 25/ a week. I think it is as necessary to be careful "how we spend" as in "what we earn," for if the one is rather a worry at times, the other needs a great deal of forethought & economy, but through mother's ill-health I had a little practical experience in housekeeping, only I had mothers advice to look to, & at 27 (my age then) I did not feel equal to the responsibilities of father, mother, husband,

& wife together with the duties of nurse, but still after nearly a year's trial I am proud of my home hospital & pleased to think I am useful to others, for even if it be only *one* talent with which we are entrusted by the Master & doing what we can with it we can look forward to the time of great rejoicing when we shall hear our Lord say—Well done

—because thou hast been faithful over few things I will set thee over many things. What is it that makes work such a pleasure

Labour is sweet for
Thou hast toiled
And care is light for
Thou hast cared

Some the Master calls aside from active work & it is as important for these to watch & wait, at the same time living very useful lives & the reward is equal according to our abilities May we all make up our minds to do all the good we can even though we pass this way only *once*.

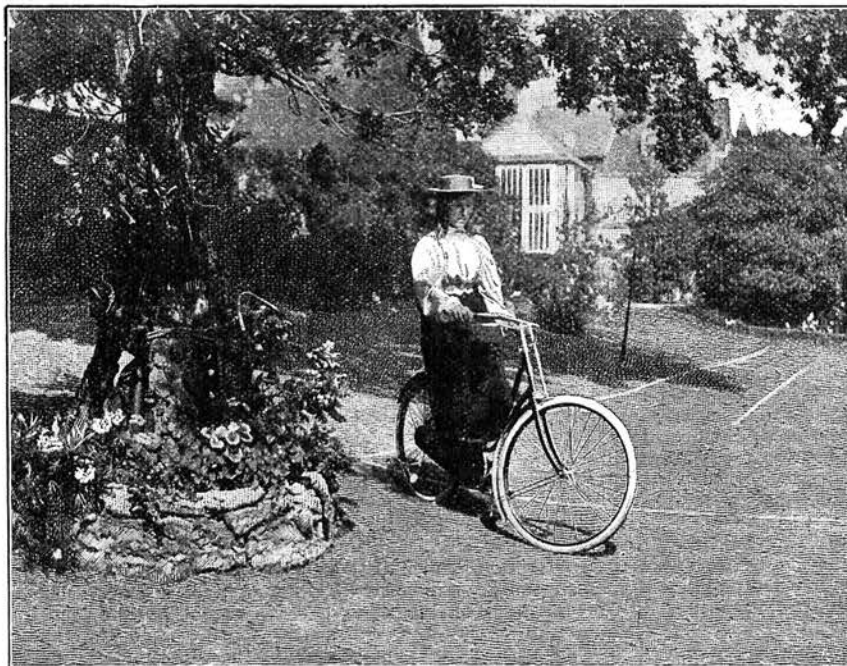
I declare the statement in this paper to be true

"LILY OF THE VALLEY"
Dalston

** These essays appear exactly as written —without alteration of any kind.—ED.



PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION: SECOND PRIZE (£3 3s.)—*Edith Mathew, Beckenham.*



PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION: THIRD PRIZE (£1 1s.)—*J. Nicholson, Lewes.*

THE SECOND COMPETITION FOR GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.

FOURTH PRIZE ESSAY (£2 2s.).

MY DAILY ROUND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

I have been thinking since I read your last Daily Round Competition letters that I should like to let you see a lace workers daily round, which work I have to earn my living by,

The summer is my busy time and I rise very early and get my little oil stove ready and make a cup of tea and ready to sit down to work by 5 o'clock sometimes earlier than that. I live quite alone in a little cottage facing the sea and cliffs, and as the days are so hot I like to have the early morning as I have to keep my work very clean so that it does not have to be washed before I sell it. I am to day doing point lace cuffs, and I work for the village shop people who give out the work ready tacked to the pattern they require, which first I draw around with needle and fine cotton in every pinhole of the braid; the pattern is covered with; then if we require a new pattern to work on again I place a sheet of paper over the work drawn and with a piece of heebore, it is called, rub and the black marks comes on the clean paper, and then we have a new pattern, to begin another time, then I do a lot of buttonhole bars and pretty stitches which we have learnt, then the last stitch is called pearling; which is done with a coarser cotton, on the outside edge then we rip it off the paper; and take it to the shop, where I get things to make use of as we are not paid money there;

I sit to work untill 8 o'clock then I get my breakfast and put my house tidy and if I have any dinner to cook I get all ready. I

sit to work again by half past nine or ten sometimes then work untill 12 o'clock, and if very busy for post as we call it, that is the work we are asked to do by a certain time; I do not stop only for a bread and cheese dinner and a cup of tea or an egg for we cannot afford meat dinners, every day I get fish and things very cheap in our village so it helps one a lot where we have not much money to spare, so after having my bit of dinner if not busy I take my book and sit down in the fields or indoors in my hour we have for dinner, Sometimes there are two of us have a piece of work between us so then I take my piece to a friends house to work alike or they come to mine and it is nice to have company at times so I get to work again and work until 4 o'clock and then put on my little kettle on my oil stove which saves coal in Summer; and get my tea then sit to work until 8 o'clock then I leave off and if I have not finished my peice; I then take my can to fetch my water and do any odd jobs I find to do; take my little can to a neighbours for her little girl to fetch my milk at the farm in the morning then I fetch other things I may want for my use and if I have time to go to see a dear old woman, who I call granny and who loves to talk to me, and then I go to see how much work my girl friend has done and then go home to my supper and book for living alone I love books they are my friends now I have lost my mother, Then I go to bed and before retiring I thank my Heavenly Father for his mercies which I enjoy which are many I am glad to say then if I am spared I begin my

daily round each day but often get weary but glad to be able to get work to do The lace work is very trying to the sight and I am often very glad of an order from Ladies who pay money and a better price than what the shop people do for after working all day as I have said I earn but bare 7d and then only taken out in the shop

Ladies often send their Honiton Lace to be cleaned and put on new net; which is called transferring and then it will look like new lace; and that is real pillow lace which I have learnt; but it went down in price years ago and now if wanted they don't pay the full price for so the Point lace is done quicker and then we get really more for it We used in the village to have schools for teaching children the work but it does not do now they have to keep to the daily school and then they go to service, I have learnt all the different sorts and find it most useful now as I cannot live in service my knee gives out so glad to come home to the lace work.

A pair of cuffs takes two days and we get 1/2 for them or the worth of it in goods, so I hope if ever my daily round should be in print it will help to show the readers how hard some have to work to earn a shilling before they can spend it if we want clothes we have a book at the shop and they buy us what we want and we work on until we have paid for it.

All these statements I declare to be perfectly true—

“PRIMROSE.”
Branscombe
Nr. Axminster
August 11th. Devon

FIFTH PRIZE ESSAY (£1 1s.).

MY DAILY ROUND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I thought I should like to take advantage of your competition in, “The Girls Own Paper,” for those who work with their hands, and in case you should think my, “Daily Round,” is very easy and not worth writing about, I will just mention that I am afflicted with a very bad lameness, and nearly lost the sight of one eye, so perhaps you will understand then that my place is by no means easy to me, whatever it may seem to others, I am a general servant and I have been in my present situation, (indeed I have been in no other) eleven years, I must say; I have a very kind, considerate, mistress, or perhaps I should not have been able to stay so long. My day's work begins at seven in the morning, when I rise from my bed and dress, strip my bed, open the window top and bottom, come downstairs, and clean the kitchen grate, then light the fire, and clear up generally, Then the dining room as to be swept, grate cleaned, and the room then dusted. By that time, my mistress being a great invalid, I get breakfast ready, and take her's up to her in bed. I then come down, and have my breakfast, when I am allowed to sit over it nearly an hour, so as I do not take a quarter of that time to eat, I generally have a book, I like reading my Girls own paper, then, or I do a bit of knitting, or needle-work, after that my time being up I go upstairs & bring my mistress's tray down, and arrange her room ready for her to rise, wash supper and breakfast things up together, then clean my front steps, After which I go up-

stairs again, help my mistress to finish dressing, & then make the beds &c, take up the pieces off the floors (bedrooms) dust the rooms, and then by that time my mistress being downstairs I go into her to see about dinner, when she tells me what we are to have, after that, I commence to turn a room out, and I begin by moving everything I can out of the room, I can sweep so much better when it is clear, after it is swept, I thoroughly clean the grate, fire-irons, windows, & glass, and well dust the venetian blinds, then by that time, as I am rather slow through my lameness, I return to the kitchen and look to see that my oven is getting hot. & pots beginning to boil, I then prepare the vegetables, and whatever sweets there are to be eaten, and then get my joint into the oven or in the pot, I then go back to the room & return the furniture ornaments &c to there right places, polish up furniture, and finish dusting, then go and see my dinner is getting on alright, take all the lamps out, and properly trim and refill them by that time there are generally some letters ready I slip on my hat and run out to post them & then come back to my next task, which is generally some brass, or bright cooking utensils, to be cleaned, for as I like them always to look nice, but have a great dislike to this particular kind of work, I do a few each day so that I do not notice it so much, as making a morning's work of it as I am supposed to do, or was, when I first came. By that time dinner is ready to be dishd up, so I go into the dining room and lay the cloth, take dinner in, and as I have mine at the same time, my

mistress cuts it off, & so I have it nice and hot, which I think is very nice, as it is so tantalising I think after one, as had all the trouble of preparing the food to have it (as I know so many girls do) nearly cold, after the family have had theirs, especially if it is mutton; After dinner of course, there are all the plates, dishes, &c to wash up, knives to clean, whatever silver, as been used, to rub up, and then clean up the kitchen grate, and tidy up, On Fridays I clean all the passages and stairs, silver, Saturdays is the easiest day of all, (excepting of course Sundays) as I only have my kitchens to well clean out and any little thing to do that I have not done during the week, This is a nine roomed house and there is enough to keep me going always, & then of course when visitors are staying in the house there is more to do, and washing week, to, especially as up to now I have had all the starching, ironing &c to do by my self of course I am not able to do my work all so smoothly as I have written it down here there are so many interruptions, and answering the door is the worst of all, one as to go every quarter of an hour sometimes oftener & to a lame leg it often means terrible aches. And there are so many little things to do that one scarcely remembers before or after the time they have to be done, Well, after I have tidied up the kitchen I go up to change my dress, and then as we have a large dog, I take him for a run, come home and get tea by 5 o'clock, clear away, wash up, and then if there are any errands I go and do them, When I come home, there is generally some needlework to do or knitting heels to be set or toes to

finish, and as my Mistress is a very charitable Lady, I generally have plenty of that to do, I also do all the cutting out of the Material she gets for that purpose which is a great deal in the course of a year, I also do all my own needlework and make most of my own dresses, as I cannot afford to put them out only about one in two years, I only have fourteen pounds a year, and not that until last year, I also like to do a little on my own account to make up a small parcel by the end of the year for the poor little children, Then at nine o'clock we have a light supper, I then clear away once more, leaving the washing up until morning, We then have prayers, and go up to bed, for which I am quite ready, I

expect my, "Daily Round," does not look very hard to my other hard-worked sisters, but it is so hard to me for I have the greatest difficulty to get up and down on my knee (I have only one). I have tried other work, dressmaking, and Furriers before I tried service but sitting so long did not suit me and so I had to try the very work I hated so and never shall like it try as I will, altho I do my best and pray God to help me, and he as been very good to me, making the rough ways smoother, and helping me wonderfully, I hope dear Mr. Editor if you should think this paper worth printing that it will be the means of helping some one else to have courage and work and hope on, who have

as great disadvantages to contend with as I have, perhaps greater. And now once more we have got to Sunday, and all is bright and clean, for that beautiful day of rest, what should we do without it, How it freshens one us each up for Monday and, "Our Daily Round," once more.—I declare the statement in this paper to be true.

"BEGONIA"

Mount-Pleasant Road
Hastings.

July 20th. 1896.

. These essays are printed exactly as written, without correction or alteration of any kind.—ED.



GIRLS WHO WORK WITH THEIR HANDS.



GROUPING the competitors according to their occupations, the largest number are domestic servants, then follow dressmakers, home helpers, clerks, shop-girls, farmers, house-keepers, confectioners, factory girls,

composers, teachers, lithographers, book-folders, barmaids, librarians, dentists.

Many of these girls have adopted mottoes for their "daily round" essays. "We give one or two—

"Work for some end, be it ever so lowly,
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Work, for all labour is noble and holy."

"Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build our
characters."

"Do what you can, being what you are;
Shine like a glow-worm, if you cannot be a
star,
Work like a pulley if you cannot be a crane,
Be a wheel-greaser, if you cannot drive a
train."

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it
with all thy might."

A few extracts from their papers will give us a little idea of their work, the way they spend their leisure, and how they pass the Sunday, together with the spirit in which all is done. We wish we could place every line that has been written by the competitors before our readers, so full of teaching and interest is each one.

1. *From the paper of a Dressmaker.*—"The life of a dressmaker established for herself is full of variety. I am twenty years old having been earning my living entirely in this way since my seventeenth birthday, and have been very successful. I work chiefly for domestic servants and the wives of working men and make quite pretty dresses for 8s. each. My weekly earnings vary, on an average I earn from 12s. to 15s. a week in summer, but in winter the average is low.

"*My Leisure.*—In the winter evenings for the last three years I have attended our Technical and Art School. I prefer science, having obtained first class 'Advanced' in Physiology and in elementary Botany. I am a little deaf and that throws me on my own resources, and I have learned to love books and make them my companions."

2. *From the paper of a Shirt Finisher.*—"My work consists of putting in side bits, sleeve bits and buttons, backing the collars and fastening the ends of machine work for which I get 1s. a dozen if white shirts, and 9d. and 6d. the dozen for common Oxfords and print without holes. I have to work very hard to make 7s. a week and look well at my money before spending a penny. We have to pay 3d. a week for the room to cook in and 4d. a week for our teas which makes 7d. a week good or bad earnings also a penny a week is demanded for hospitals by the forewoman. . . . It seems hard to be so badly paid for work and firms to compel the hands to give. Sometimes I have not earned enough to pay my 4s. a week rent!"

3. *From the paper of a Dressmaker.*—"I work with my sister; we make dresses for the wives and daughters of the tradesmen in our neighbourhood, for factory girls and servants. They bring their material and fetch it when finished. In the winter we have a sewing class for about thirty girls of the Sunday School; we cut and fit the garments at home and the girls make them in the class which we open and close with a short prayer and my sister tells them stories while they work.

"We have a good deal of leisure between the seasons when we mend and make our own clothes and do flower-painting for which we find a ready sale among our customers. We take long walks and attend a concert occasionally. Our joint earnings for the year vary from £100 to £105 out of which we are able by means of the Post Office Savings Bank to make provision for sickness and old age."

4. *From the paper of a Mill Hand.*—"My day's work is from six in the morning till 5.15 in the evening. . . . I spend my evenings at the Mechanics' Institute with Sir Robert Ball, or take a trip through Europe in company with Mr. Malden."

5. *From the paper of a Weaver.*—"My sister works with me in the same mill. We like broth for dinner and make it at night. In the winter we can make as much as will serve three days at one time. On Saturday night we buy a big piece of meat, say from two or three pounds, the butcher sometimes gives us a good bone to it. I cut out the bones from the meat and make our soup or broth with it and put the rest of the meat in an earthenware dish with a cover to it, and salt and pepper and let it stew and it serves us for meat all the week.

"We rise on Sunday mornings, take our breakfast and get on the pot, prepare the vegetables and put them in when the pot is boiling, then slow the fire and leave the pot on while we are at church, then when we come back the dinner is almost ready; we boil one or two potatoes and have a very nice dinner with an apple or some fruit for dessert, and there is as much over as will be a dinner for Monday and Tuesday. While the pot is having a good fire I bake a large oat cake with a good piece of lard in it to make it easier to eat, and fires it in the oven. That gives us a made dinner for six days.

"*Leisure.*—We have about an hour and a half in the evening and we knit and sew and read and we do our own washing once a fortnight. I have had a class in the Sunday School for a great many years."

6. *From the paper of a Clerk in a Shop.*—"I have been over four years at the same work and have never felt dissatisfied with it. I attend classes two or three nights a week."

7. *From the paper of a Draper's Assistant.*—"The evenings are the saddest part of business life because there are so many temptations that beset a girl who is obliged to live away from home. It is imperative for the sake of a girl's health that she should go out in the fresh air, but sometimes she would give anything to be able to close her eyes and ears and not see the things which happen in the West End streets."

8. *From the paper of a Newspaper Composer.*—"Like the majority of women I did not have the opportunity of choosing my own occupation. Nevertheless I like it very well. An apprenticeship served in an office like this is in itself a liberal and all-round education. I have been nine years and a half in this my first situation. My wages run from 18s. to 21s. a week. I do not know what it is to be out of work. Holidays are six separate days in the year and a half-holiday every Saturday. In my leisure of three hours in the evening I knit for the family and read. I have taught myself shorthand and attend classes for cooking and type-writing."

9. *From the paper of a General Servant. Disposal of her Wages.*—"I receive £17 a year paid monthly which comes to £1 8s. 4d. per month; out of this I give my mother 8s. a month as she is a widow and depending on myself and three other sisters for her living."

10. *From the paper of a Nursemaid.*—"I consider that it is everyone's work to make life happier and better for everyone else with

whom they come in contact, and I think if girls would try to cultivate that spirit they would find domestic service delightful."

11. *From the paper of a General Servant.*—"I have been over five years in my present situation and I hope to stay for a long time. Sunday afternoons I go to a Bible-class; most of the members are domestic servants. Sunday is a bright, happy day for me."

12. *From the paper of a Milliner-Dress-maker.*—"I work with my sister for working people. Sunday is the happiest day of the week for me and is fully occupied. Beside teaching in the Sunday School I assist in the musical part of the service and this sometimes takes me out one evening in the week. Books and music are my companions in spare time."

13. *From the paper of a Factory Girl.*—"There are all sorts of characters in a factory. There are the quick and the slow, the rough and the refined. Sometimes girls who are fit for better work go to factory work from necessity from a laudable desire to help the bread-winner at home."

"Many people think girls get contaminated in factories, but those who love purity and goodness and have a reverence for sacred things will always be able to keep in the right way. What we admire we imitate."

"Refinement is often found in the most unlikely places, and good manners and refined speech will gain respect in a factory as elsewhere. The factory girls are kind and sympathetic. For example, a little boy who has lately come to work in my room happened to say that he was not going to his Sunday School treat because there was nimpence to pay, and as he had no father he could not afford the money; a collection was quickly made and 3s. 6d. raised for him."

"Leisure.—I can always find plenty to do in the evenings; dressmaking and sewing take up a great deal of my leisure time. When I am short of work I indulge my taste for reading. I read the best magazines, the best novels and Samuel Smiles' works."

14. *Dressmaker at Home.*—"I live at home with my widowed mother. I have a very good trade. I think dressmaking is a more interesting trade than some, as its fashions change so often, which makes the work less monotonous. Sundays come as a delightful change, then I go to church and Sunday School where I try to teach some little girls."

15. *From the paper of a Cook.*—"I think cooking is the most fascinating of household work and certainly commands the highest remuneration. The only objections I have to service are that people think if a girl is fit for nothing else at least she will do for service. They always send the girls out of reformatories and penitentiaries to service, and also in books they always represent servants as saying, 'Please, mum,' and all kinds of grammar. I have never heard a servant talk like that. When I was kitchenmaid I was up at six. I then black-leaded and cleaned the flues for if there is cooking to do there is no surer way of aggravating yourself and everyone else than by neglecting to sweep the kitchen flues."

16. *From the paper of a Weaver.*—"The great advantage about weaving is that girls may so soon be able to earn their own living. In a few days or at most a few weeks a girl can be earning money on her own loom, and then it depends chiefly on herself whether she

becomes a good weaver and earns good wages. It is indeed a long day to be away from home, soon after five in the morning till past six at night."

"Leisure.—My favourite evening recreations are music and reading. I sing in our chapel choir so one evening in the week is spent at the rehearsal. I have taught in our Sunday School for some years. There are many very good voices among the factory girls and weavers."

"Sunday is a quiet, pleasant day. I like to attend the morning and evening services and take a walk afternoon or evening."

17. *From the paper of a Teacher.*—"Teaching is an occupation which needs more love for it than an outsider would suppose. To keep patient under the many provocations of each day is a task of no small difficulty."

18. *From a paper of a General Servant.*—"I am a general servant and have been in my present situation a little over three years. It is by no means what I should have chosen if I had my will for I always wanted to have been a nurse. But I realise more each day I live that my work is ordered by our Heavenly Father and that He knows ever what is best for each one."

19. *From the paper of a General Servant.*—"I came here ten years ago and I am treated as a friend rather than as a servant, and in these days when mistresses and servants seem to be carrying on a sort of civil war it is pleasant to know that I am loved and trusted."

20. *From a paper of Cook-Housekeeper.*—"I live in a large country house where a number of servants are kept. It has always seemed to me that very little is known of that class of servant as one of the most stringent rules generally is that gossiping and visiting in the village or houses round is not allowed."

"I began my life in service in such a house at the age of sixteen as kitchen-maid, and have gradually worked my way up to the position I now occupy as cook-housekeeper. A kitchen-maid's work is necessarily very rough and hard, but when the rough and disagreeable work is got through and one has gained the necessary age and experience it gives one the best position and the best wages among the servants of the house."

21. *From the paper of a Lady's-Maid in Simla, India.*—"This is Monday which is called *Dhobie's* day; that is what they call the man who comes for the clothes, and I have rather a trying time as he very often brings them back the worse for washing. I rise at half-past five, slip on a dressing-gown and take my lady her *chota hazri* which means early cup of tea, after which I have a cold bath. At a quarter-past six I help my lady dress for her ride and while she is out I look after the servants, they want such a lot of looking after. My lady comes back about nine o'clock, and while she is having her bath I run down to the verandah and give the Dursie or sewing man his work. The Dursies squat on the floor and look very like monkeys, minus the tail, but some of them work most beautifully, their toes are almost like fingers, so useful. I am the only white servant, the rest are all native men, and I cannot tell you how lonely it is sometimes, but my lady does her best to make me happy. I help in the house, and as my lady is very particular I find plenty to do. The natives have no idea of

scrubbing. I would just like some of the girls in England to see them scrub. I used to be amused, but now I get angry and use my little stock of Hindustance trying to teach them, but it is hopeless for they will squat in the middle and make a pool of water all round them, then to finish up they upset the bucket and I leave them to mop it up."

"We have tea at five o'clock, then my lady goes out in her Rickshaw, a sort of bath chair drawn by four coolies. We get letters from home once a week and if I don't get one I feel life is not worth living. We have dinner at eight, then I see that the dogs are comfortable and put my lady's room ready for the night, after which I read my verses and go to bed for I am always very tired."

"I am sorry to say Sunday out here seems to make very little difference, and except that the churches open everything goes on as usual. There is such a want of quietness and peace in this country."

22. *From the paper of a Composer.*—"We work girls can't make a great stir in the world yet we ought to be very careful to do right, as I think our influence tells most on those who are always with us. During the winter I attend a class of dressmaking for children, and printing, and once a fortnight I go to the meetings of the Young Women's Christian Endeavour."

23. *From the paper of a Farmer's Daughter in Tasmania.*—"Although my mother is my only mistress my work is hard and often monotonous but it has to be done. Extra leisure means extra work."

24. *From the paper of a General Servant.*—"I shall not feel satisfied with myself if I did not mention Sunday in this paper. To me it is the happiest day of the seven. May I briefly state how I and a good many other girls around here spend our Sundays. Suppose it is the first Sunday in the month, we rise a little earlier than on other days as we attend the celebration of the Holy Communion at seven o'clock. As I look around on this congregation I see nearly all servants; we should not be able to attend any other time. In the afternoon we go to a Bible class and in the evening we go to church. I have been in my present situation three years and have been most comfortable and happy in it. We can all try to make our daily work a work for Him whom we love. We can at least work cheerily, not sullenly, and remember that God has called us to this work."

25. *From the paper of Librarian's Assistant.*—"A better situation can scarcely be found for a woman who takes an interest in all sorts and conditions of men than that of assistant in a public library."

Speaking of the people who go in and out during the day she says, "One or two old women with one foot in the grave say, 'Do not give me one of so-and-so's,' naming a well-known author, 'they are too religious. Give me a nice love-tale.'"

"A young man always asks for a love-tale, and won't look at a book unless the word love is prominently on the title-page, such as *Love the Debt; Love that Kills; Love for an Hour; Love for Ever*. On the other hand there are some who from their appearance seem to be in a very humble sphere of life make me often feel ashamed of myself, they display such excellent taste in their choice of literature."



SOME NOVEL METHODS OF USING STRAWBERRIES.



FEW people know how very deliciously the flavours of chocolate and strawberries combine; here are a few inexpensive recipes, which are generally highly appreciated.

Strawberry Baskets.—Make a light cake batter with a quarter of a pound of flour, three ounces of castor sugar, two ounces of butter, two eggs, and half a teaspoonful of baking-powder; half fill little dariole moulds with it, and bake in a brisk oven. When cold scoop out the centre of each little cake, and put aside the crumb that is scooped out; now ice the outside of the cake lightly with chocolate icing, and fill the centre with hulled strawberries. Pile whipped and sweetened cream on them, and make a handle for the basket of a strip of angelica dipped in the chocolate icing. The pieces of crumb that were scooped out of the little cakes may be

lightly browned in a cool oven, and they are then delicious to serve with strawberries and cream.

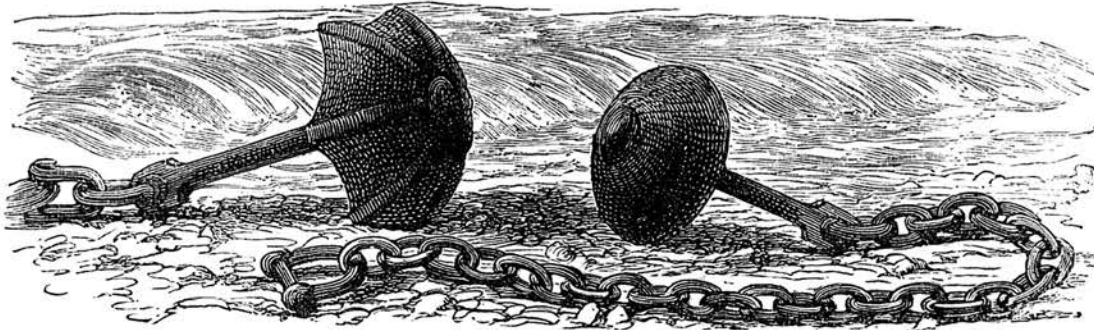
Milk Puddings.—Any remains of cold milk puddings may be used thus: Lay some mashed and sweetened strawberries in a glass dish, over this put a deep layer of the milk pudding with which a few halved strawberries have been mixed. Pour a good custard over the top, or whipped cream may be used instead.

Strawberry Custard Tartlet.—Line a tartlet-tin with paste, fill it with a nice sweet custard, and here and there drop in a strawberry which has been hulled and dipped in sugar; bake the custard in the ordinary way.

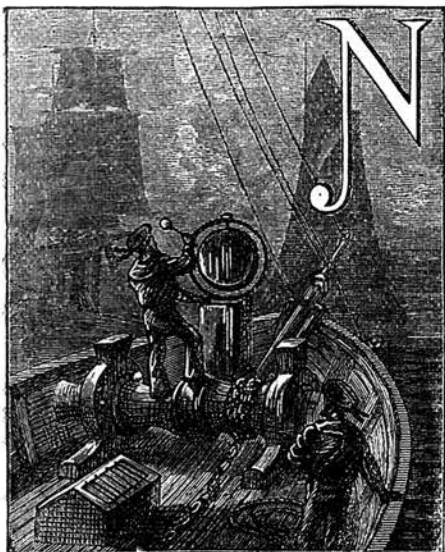
Strawberry Blancmange.—Make a blancmange in the usual way, and when it is just on the point of setting pour into a mould, and drop into the mixture about half a pint of hulled strawberries, making them settle on different parts of the blancmange. When quite set turn it out, and garnish with strawberries and their leaves.

Chocolate Mousse, with Strawberries.—Prepare some chocolate mousse by dissolving a quarter of a pound of chocolate (Menier's is best) in two tablespoonfuls of hot water, stirring it over a gentle fire until a smooth paste is obtained; it should be of the consistency of thick cream; now lightly mix in a quarter of a pint of whipped and sweetened cream. Take some little custard glasses, and in each of these place crushed strawberries, sweetened and mixed with a little cream, to half fill the glasses; fill them up with the chocolate mousse, piling it up as high as possible.

Strawberry Icing.—This is very dainty for covering cakes; take six ounces of sifted icing-sugar and mix it with three tablespoonfuls of strawberry juice; stir this over the fire in a pan until just warm, and then pour over the cake. A cake iced with this icing is delicious if sliced evenly, and each slice spread with strawberries, crushed, sweetened, and mixed with a little cream; the cake is then built up again to its original form—of course this latter must be done before the icing is put on. ONE WHO KNOWS.



THE WORK OF THE LIGHT-VESELS.



NOT the least important branch of the public duties which the Legislature entrusts to the Corporation of the Trinity House, an account of which body appeared in this Magazine not long ago, is that pertaining to light-vessels.

The first light-house under the management of the Trinity House was, as stated in that account, erected in 1680, but it was not until 1732 that the first light-vessel was instituted; and to the Nore belongs the honour of being the station at which that vessel was placed. Only four other light-vessels appear to have been

established by the Trinity House during the last century, viz., the *Dudgeon*, the *Owers*, the *Newarf*, and the *Goodwin*; but during the present century light-vessels have been moored at suitable stations all round the coast of England and Wales, and there are at the present time forty-three such ships under the control of the Trinity House. These vessels perform a most useful service. Even a landsman does not require to be told that there exist around our coast perilous rocks and sands—many of the latter of a movable nature—which do not afford a proper foundation for the erection of a lighthouse, but the presence of which it is nevertheless essential, in the interests of our maritime commerce, to indicate by marks that shall be visible both day and night. Such, for example, are the Seven Stones rocks, midway between the Land's End and the Scilly Islands; and the ill-famed Goodwin Sands on the east coast of Kent.

To guard the mariner from dangers like these our light-vessels are brought into requisition.

The earliest of these ships were rough and imperfect craft that had often been originally old Dutch galliots, but were bought up, and set to do their warning work, by the English lighthouse authorities; and there is still to be seen a model of one of them—

the *Dudgeon*—with the lights suspended at the ends of the cross-yards, not unlike, as has been humorously observed, “a Chinese junk celebrating a feast of lanterns.” Light-vessels of the present day are, however, fine ships (usually wooden) of from 130 to 212 tons, and their cost, including outfit, averages—according to size, description of illuminating and fog-signal apparatus—from £5,000 to £10,000 each. Their shape is, of course, determined chiefly with a view to their riding well, and not to their fast sailing. A fair speed is, however, to be got out of them when requisite; and they are all provided with complete sets of sails, for use in case of necessity.

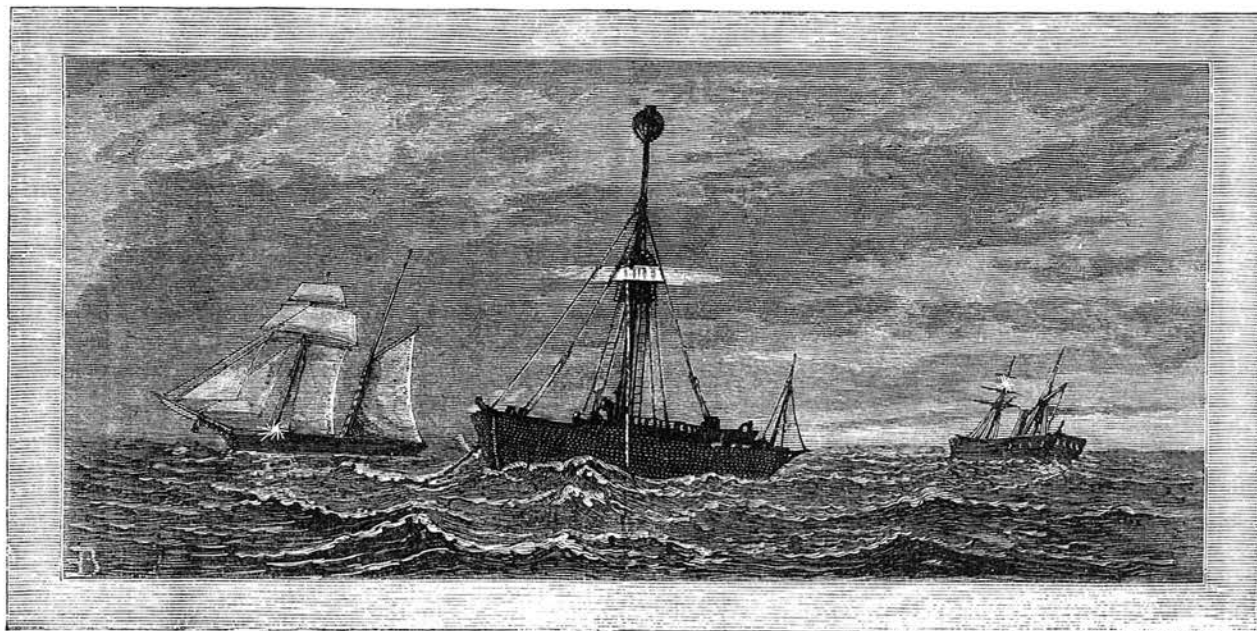
Light-vessels have one, two, and sometimes three masts, from the tops of which they exhibit their lights, the lanterns being built around the masts, up and down which they are constructed to slide. At sunset the lanterns are hoisted to their full height, averaging, according to the vessel, from 14 to 38 feet; and at sunrise they are lowered into a house built to receive them on the vessel's deck, where they remain until the next sunset. The light-vessels of England and Wales are painted red, and have their names written in large, plain letters on both of their sides. They are further distinguishable during daylight by balls, triangles, &c., hoisted at their mastheads.

The lantern in which the light is shown from a light-vessel is usually octagonal, six feet across from external angle to angle, three feet high at the sides, and four feet ten inches to top of roof. The roof and bottom of the lantern are copper, and the framing is gun-metal. The lantern is made in halves, so as to ship on the mast, and is glazed with three-eighth-inch plate-glass. The lamps, which are Argand, gim-balled to counteract the rolling of the vessel, are fitted in the centre of twelve-inch diameter parabolic silver-faced reflectors, and are ranged side by side in one, two, and three circles in the lantern. The light, which is produced by colza oil, is sometimes fixed and some-

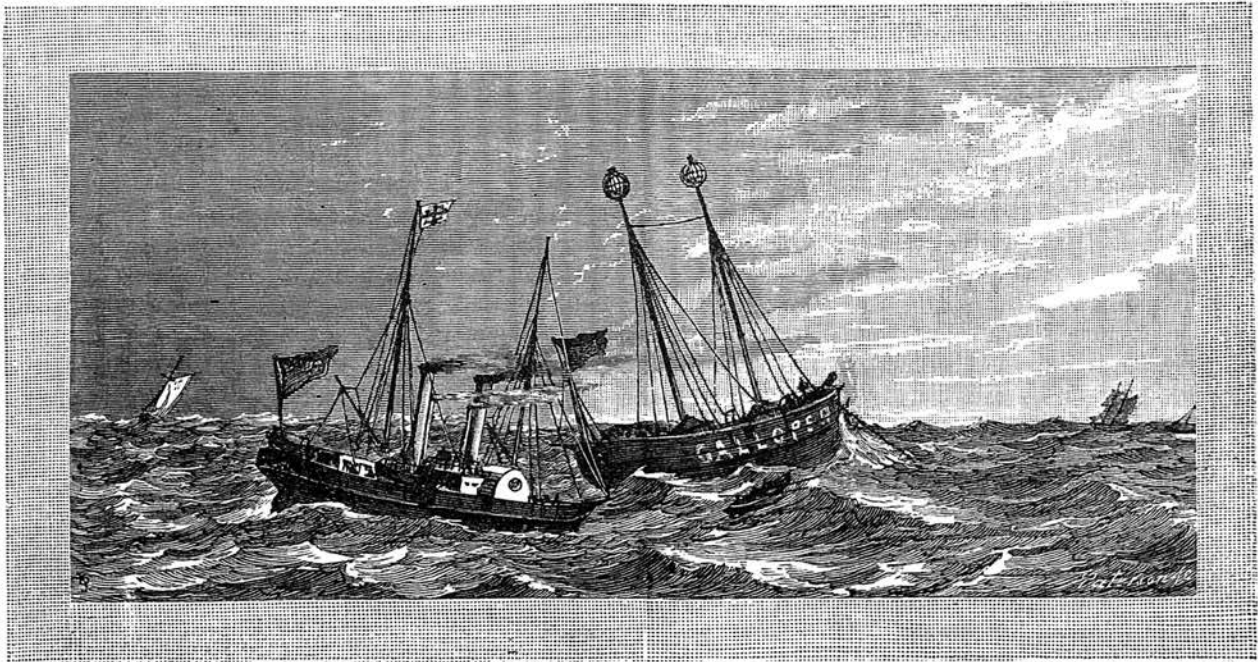
times revolving. When revolving, the optical apparatus is driven by clockwork. Ten miles, in clear weather, is the usual maximum distance at which the beacon-light of one of these ships may be seen.

The foregoing description of the lantern and illuminating apparatus applies to light-vessels generally. In some recent cases, however, important improvements have been effected in these parts of the ship. The lantern has been made larger for receiving reflectors of twenty-one inch instead of twelve-inch diameter, and for more convenient access to its interior; iron has been substituted for gun-metal in the framing; the shape of the lantern has been altered from octagonal to cylindrical, thereby reducing to a minimum the obstruction offered to the beams of light by the framing; and, lastly, the lamps and reflectors have been arranged to produce groups of flashes, followed by a comparatively long interval of darkness, the main net result of which modifications is that the consumption of oil is less than with the fixed or constant-light system, the intensity of the light considerably greater, and the scope for imparting distinguishing characteristics to a station—a most essential point—widely developed.

A matter of primary importance in connection with light-vessels is that they should not break adrift from their moorings. Their doing so might not only prove a dangerous thing for themselves, but a much more dangerous thing for those ships that should thus be deprived of the protection which their warning presence affords. Accordingly their moorings are of the most substantial character. These usually consist of a 40 cwt. mushroom anchor, and a vertical riding cable of 1½-inch chain cable, though, in narrow channels, a smaller anchor is sometimes used at each end of a 1½-inch chain, which lies along the ground for a considerable distance, and from the middle of which another chain of the same size rises as a bridle, or veering cable.



A LIGHT-SHIP AT NIGHT.



RELIEVING THE "GALLOPER" IN A GALE.

Until within the last few years, the only fog-signals in use on board light-vessels were gongs and guns. The gongs, which were of Chinese make, were suspended by a line, and beaten by hand with a gong-stick. (Our initial shows a man engaged in this act.)

We have said the only fog-signals in use until lately were gongs and guns; recently, however, these have been largely superseded in favour of siren trumpets, worked by caloric engines, and audible in fine weather at a distance of ten miles. On the first indication of fog, the trumpets are blown, and are kept sounding until the fog disappears. The blasts of these instruments are described as excruciating to the men on board; and, recently, a man was allowed to change into a light-vessel where there was no such fog-signal, the bellowing of the siren having made him positively ill. As a small set-off against the noise and nuisance of that apparatus, each of the crew of a fog-siren light-vessel is paid an extra fee of one penny per hour while the signal is in operation.

The crew of a light-vessel consists of a master, a mate, three lamplighters, and six seamen, one of whom may be a carpenter. Seven of these eleven men are always on board, and the remaining four on shore, at any given time. The master and mate are each alternately a month afloat and a month on land, but the rest of the crew are three months on board and one month on shore. Promotion is generally from the ranks, both seniority and good conduct influencing the selection for higher posts. The usual order of rising is from seaman to lamplighter, from lamplighter to mate, and from mate to master. The officer in charge of the light-vessel, whether the master or the mate, observes personally that the lamps are in good order, and that they are lit every evening at sunset, and kept constantly burning bright and clear till sunrise, and

visits the masthead, to inspect their condition, once at least in every watch. He sees that the lamps and reflectors are cleaned and polished every morning, and the lantern-glazing rubbed free from dirt. He keeps the accounts of the ship, and maintains habits of frugality, cleanliness, and order on board; after 8 a.m. every day, appearing himself, and seeing that those under him appear, in the uniforms with which he and they are provided. He takes care that the guns and fog-signal are kept in good order, ready for immediate use; and, once every year, has the whole of the cables hauled up on deck, one at a time, carefully examined and blacked. He is specially cautioned, lest detriment should be caused to Her Majesty's revenue, against permitting any goods to be brought on board the light-vessel from any other ships, unless they are in distress; and is prohibited from allowing any of the crew to leave the light-vessel for any purpose whatever, save for the preservation of life, and then only when, in his opinion, assistance can be given without prejudicing the efficiency of the vessel. He sees that a watch of at least two persons is constantly kept upon the deck of the vessel, by day and by night. He causes constant attention to be given to the deep-sea lead, which is kept overboard, and takes such further proceedings, either by bearings or otherwise, as may best enable him to determine whether the vessel retains her proper station, causing the spare anchor, which is always kept in readiness for use, to be promptly let down, should any sign of drifting be observed. And, finally, he once at least on every Sunday assembles the crew, with the exception of the watch upon deck, either in his own cabin or other convenient place, and reads to them the Church Service for the day, and also a sermon or homily from the volume with which each light-vessel is provided.

The following is the scale of wages paid to the masters, mates, and crews of light-vessels, viz. :—

Masters	£80 per annum.		
Mates, according to seniority.	54 6 0 to	£61 10 0	per an.
Carpenters "	41 2 0 "	42 12 0 "	
Lamplighters "	37 16 0 "	40 10 0 "	
Seamen "	34 10 0 "	36 0 0 "	

The whole of the crew are victualled on board, and when on shore, are each allowed 1s. 7d. per day in lieu of provisions.

In addition to these wages and allowances, each man is provided with a suit of uniform clothing annually, and is superannuated when past active service. The crews are usually selected from the merchant service, and many of them belong to the Royal Naval Reserve, leave to attend drill in connection with which is granted during four separate weeks in the year, without deduction of wages.

On the whole, the men, as will be seen, are very well cared for; and it is only just to say that in return for the good treatment they receive, they are proud of, and a credit to, the service to which they belong.

It only remains for us, in conclusion, having now exhausted the official part of our subject, to afford the reader a glimpse into the unofficial, or leisure-life, of a light-vessel, which we cannot do more effectually than by quoting the following description, with which we have been favoured by one of the oldest and most respected of the Trinity House district superintendents. The account is given in our correspondent's own words :—

"Most of them (the crew) have something to do. Some are cobblers, make shoes and repair them for their own families; others rig models of vessels—smacks, brigs, and full-rigged ships; others make small wheelbarrows and toys gaily painted, veneered workboxes, &c. One man is an excellent hand at needlework; he has a frame of canvas with an outline picture prepared on shore, which he fills in with wool-work when at leisure on board. One man I knew some years ago, who painted his own portrait with the help of a looking-glass. The majority of them do employ themselves upon some of the various things I have mentioned; and, when a man has a hobby of that sort, it takes away the monotony of his life, and keeps up his intelligence; but I have known a few among them who are too idle to do anything except lie about upon the lockers and smoke their pipes; but such men become stupid in time, after serving some years of such a life, and are fit for nothing beyond their daily routine of keeping a look-out on foggy nights at some of the vessels. At certain times of the year they catch a good many small birds—larks more especially, which fly against the lanterns.

They catch a few fish, but not so many as one might expect; either the running tide, or the sweep of the cable near the ground, destroys their sport. Upon the whole, I may say they are a good and steady lot of men, and do their duty very well. (The wild ones soon leave us.)"

Such is a brief account of our light-vessels. Notwithstanding the various compensating circumstances which have been noticed, one cannot help thinking that existence on board them must be a terribly dull, cheerless sort of thing. The life of an ordinary sailor—though Dr. Johnson has not less truthfully than wittily described it as "imprisonment, with the chance of being drowned"—can scarcely be styled monotonous, its conditions being, indeed, as variable as the fickle elements which govern them. The finely-graduated alternations of weather between the one extreme of a dead calm, when the mariner whistles to the breeze that will not be wooed by any such device, and the other extreme of a hurricane, when, in the words of the song—

"The rushing waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep,"

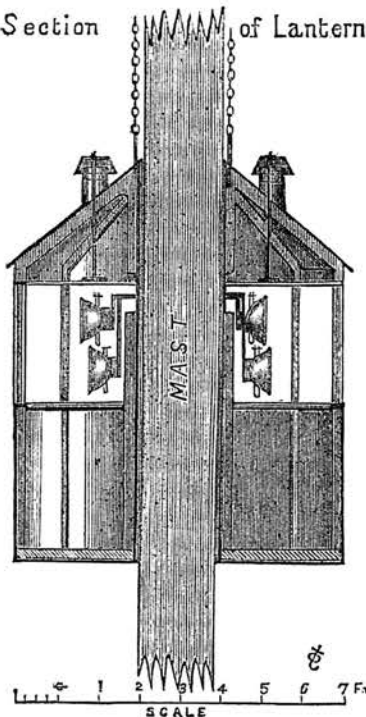
impart an ever-changing novelty and colour to his experience. But to lie lazily, and apparently aimlessly, at anchor on board a light-vessel, whose only varieties of motion consist in the less or greater degree of her rolling—to see glide gaily past the craft of every build and nation, from the little fishing-smack to the great ironclad, each urged not less by a living human impulse than by the wind or the steam which physically propels them, and to feel that *his* unromantic mission is for ever to occupy the same small spot of waters amid the infinite circles of the mighty deep, must, one is tempted to suppose, be intolerably irksome to a seaman's enterprising nature. One would

think that the fingers of the hardy tar thus circumstanced must often itch to—

"Hoist the sails and make the breeze,
Blow him along the liquid sea,
Out of the regions where life doth freeze,
Into the regions where he would be."

And yet—we speak from our own observation—these light-vessel men seem cheerful, contented fellows enough. Perhaps that use, which is second nature, has reconciled them to their floating gaol; perhaps even the most unemotional of them have "glimpses that make them less forlorn" of the noble end, that of saving life and property, to which their labours are directed. But anyhow, as we have said, these light-vessel men seem cheerful, contented fellows enough, and are certainly an honour to the honourable service of which, to quote the words of our opening sentence, their ships form not the least important branch.

Section of Lantern



SOME INDIAN RECIPES.

CHUTNEY.

ANGLO-INDIAN housewives of the good old-fashioned type pride themselves on their skill in preparing chutney and preserves, and in the season when green mangoes are to be had in abundance, large quantities are prepared to be stored up for using through the year till the mango season comes round again, and for presents to friends at home,

The following recipes have been given to me by notable housewives, who have used them year after year in manufacturing this well-known Indian relish.

Delhi Chutney.—Four pounds of sugar, to be made into syrup; two pounds of salt; one pound of garlic, peeled and sliced; two pounds of green ginger; two pounds of dried

chillies sliced; two pounds of mustard seed, to be washed, dried in the sun, and then bruised to remove the husk; two pounds of raisins, four bottles of vinegar; sixty mangoes, more or less, to be peeled and sliced and then boiled in the syrup and three bottles of vinegar. Put aside in a dish to cool, and then add salt, mustard seed, ginger, garlic, and chillies. Gradually stir in the remaining bottle of vinegar.

(Sour apples can be used in place of mangoes.)

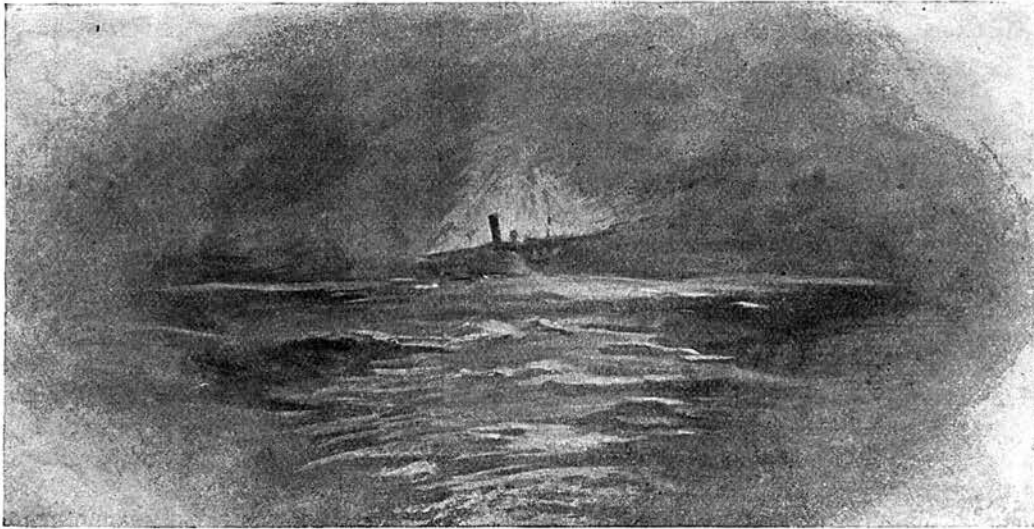
Apricot Chutney.—Take sound ripe apricots, peel, stone, and to every four pounds of fruit add two pounds of sugar. Boil until of the consistency of jam. Add two pounds of raisins, stoned and cut, two pounds of almonds

blanched and cut in halves, four ounces of green ginger, four ounces of garlic, half a pound of chillies ground with vinegar. Boil these in the jam for fifteen or twenty minutes. Let it cool, then pour in a quart of good vinegar with salt to taste. Boil for half-an-hour again in an enamelled or earthen pan.

Tomato Chutney.—Six pounds of tomatoes; one pound of sugar; half a pound each of almonds and raisins; one pint of vinegar; two ounces each of chillies, garlic, and green ginger. Peel tomatoes and slice almonds, garlic and ginger fine, the latter as fine as possible. The chillies must be ground with a little vinegar. Cook to a jelly in an enamelled pan. Put in salt to taste, and bottle when quite cold. FENELLA JOHNSTONE.

A NIGHT ON A LIGHTSHIP.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.



IN THE GLEAM OF THE FLASH LIGHT.



HE sight of the tiny bright spark, regularly waxing and waning far out upon the windy blackness which shrouded the stormy ocean, put it into my head to wonder what manner of life it was on board a lightship; and the thought brought a resolve to im-

prove my acquaintance with the calling of those who man that familiar object of our home waters—the floating coast beacon.

I was spending a short holiday at the quaint, breezy old town of Deal, abreast of which stretches that most perilous of all shoals, the Goodwin Sands. It chanced that during the morning following the night on which I had stood watching the winking spark dancing out upon the deep, as I strolled along the shingle slope of the beach, I came to where several longshoremen were making ready to launch one of those famous boats locally termed a galley-punt.

They were bound away on a cruise to look out for ships requiring assistance, and invited me to accompany them. I sprang over the gunwale, the others followed, and away sped the little craft, souse into the surf that was making the pebbly shore resonant as mountain-crags in a thunder-storm. We sailed the bleak Channel till nightfall, but the foaming waters were as destitute of ships as though we had been out in mid-Atlantic.

I had been seated for upwards of an hour upon the floor of the boat, to get some shelter from the

keen wind piping up out of the east, but shortly before it fell dusk I raised my head above the level of the gunwale to take a look around, and found that we

the surges, dipping her bluff bows with wild headlong plunges into the billows, and crushing them into a short rolling surface of snow, which washed seething past her



"STOOD WATCHING US AS WE APPROACHED"

were within biscuit-toss of the *Gull* lightship. In the west, through a rift in the lead-coloured sky, showed the sun, hanging blood-red and rayless close down to the hard green rim of the sea that way, and tinging the atmosphere with an angry crimson flush, which came shaking in a dull trembling glow across the foaming heads of the waves.

The red-hulled vessel, with her name painted in huge glaring white letters upon her side, rode heavily over

ruddy bends. The light of the setting sun found a dull reflection in her wet sides, and the water all about her was full of lambent fires flung by the gleaming red planks.

An idea came into my head whilst I watched the tossing fabric, and I said to the man steering the galley-punt—

"Can you put me aboard that lightship?"

"What for, sir?" he answered.

"I should like to spend the night on her. You can take me off again to-morrow."

"Why, it's against rules to allow visitors aboard after sunset," he said. "But one of her crew is an uncle of mine, and maybe they'll take you. Leastways, we'll ask them."

He slightly shifted the tiller, and under the impulse of her powerful lugsail the long slender boat went surging towards the lightship. A man came to her bulwarks, and stood watching us as we approached. Recognising the Deal-men, he waved his hand.

"That's my uncle," said the boatman.

He then shouted—

"Jim, here's a gent as wants to spend the night out along with ye. Let him come aboard, mate. We'll fetch him again in the morning."

"I must ask the mate," replied the other, and vanished.

But in a moment he reappeared at the side, accompanied by a man clad in pilot cloth and brass buttons, who, after staring at me for a moment, shouted to the men to bring the boat alongside. With wonderful dexterity they steered the galley-punt close to the wallowing hull. Watching my chance, I sprang, and in a moment gained the deck.

My first impression on stepping over the side of the lightship was that of the massiveness and strength of every object upon which my eye rested. The decks were broad, and looked the roomier for the absence of the familiar details of shipboard furniture. Everything was painted the same bright colour of red, from the short stump of bumkin forking out over the bows, to the long arched tiller twitching at the ropes which lashed it amidships as the sea eddied round the rudder.

A couple of men, dressed in a costume very similar to that of men-of-war's-men, with the word *Gull* embroidered in red letters across the breasts of their jerseys, sat together forward upon the barrel of the great windlass. By my side stood the man in brass buttons, and the fellow whom the boatman had hailed.

I said to the former—

"Are you the captain?"

"No," he answered. "I am the mate, but I am in charge of the vessel."

"But you carry a captain, I believe?" said I.

"Our crew," he replied, "consists of ten hands, not including the skipper nor myself. These are divided in this manner: nine of the men forward are told off into three reliefs, one of which is always ashore for a month at a spell, so that we never have more than six of them in the forecastle, with one extra hand, in the shape of the carpenter. In this way the men get two months of shipboard life and one month of Trinity House work ashore. The skipper and myself take it in turns each alternate month to command here."

"I understand. And how many men do you keep on deck looking out at a time?"

"The six forward hands are divided into three watches, and each watch takes its turn of four hours on deck and eight below. For myself, I am free to

come and go as I please. Of course, I am always called when anything happens demanding our attention."

I crossed the deck and looked over the bulwarks, which came breast-high, towards the Sands. The tide was about half-flood, so that the shoal was completely covered, but the pale flicker of the breakers against the deepening gloom of the evening plainly showed their whereabouts. I asked the mate how far off the edge of the Goodwins the *Gull* lightship was moored.

"A little over a mile," he answered. "Not a bit too far, sir, I can assure you, when a heavy northerly or north-easterly gale is blowing, and we are making bad weather of it, with all our chain—two hundred fathoms—paid out."

"Suppose you were to break adrift, with such a lee-shore as that: what would you do?"

"Well, we should set the sail, a great lug, and try to reach clear of the shoal. But the odds are ninety-nine in a hundred that we should take the ground and go to pieces; although I have heard of a lightship parting her moorings and washing clean across a bank, eventually driving right out to sea. We always have a spare anchor and cable ready for letting go. But you may take it that when one chain has parted the other isn't going to hold you for very long."

Just at this moment the hour of sunset, as shown by the nautical almanack, arrived, and the mate, after glancing at his watch, called for the men to light and hoist the lamp. It was a magnificent lantern, built round the base of the mast, full of silver reflectors, which flashed prismatically as the rolling of the vessel caught the western gleams.

The wicks were ignited, the rope by which the beacon was hoisted to its proper altitude taken to a winch, and four men, laying hold of the handspikes, rattled it up the mast. As soon as the lamp was in its place it began slowly to revolve. Although it was still broad twilight, the radiance beamed out brilliant almost as the noontide sun. It was difficult to tell the full intensity of the flashing from the deck: one needed to be half-a-mile away to judge the effect of those long shafts of light sweeping round like the spokes of a wheel upon the gleam. But I could see the glancing of the crystal squares in the sheen, and where the lantern was screened off to give the flashing appearance to its revolutions was to be known by the long black shadow that always followed the slow gliding beams of radiance.

I said to my companion—

"That is a splendid signal."

"Ay, sir, it's a good light. Hoisted to a height of thirty-eight feet above the level of the sea, it's visible for ten miles in clear weather."

My eye fell upon a little cannon trained through the bulwarks aft. I inquired if the piece was used for firing distress signals. The mate replied that it was.

"When we see a vessel standing in dangerously near to the Sands," said he, "we fire a warning gun. If she goes ashore, we begin firing guns in quick

succession ; and if it be night-time, send up powerful magnesium rockets. But the present system of signalling is capable of much improvement. Should the wind be off-shore, our guns cannot be heard on the land ; and if the weather is thick, our rockets are not seen. My belief is that it will ultimately come to telegraphic communication with the coast."

"Tell me," said I, gazing out into the fast deepening gloom, "what you would number as the risks of a lightsman's life?"

"Why," he answered reflectively : "first, there's the ceaseless danger of being anchored close to a deadly shoal. Then there are the chances of collision. You would be surprised how frequently lightships are run foul of by vessels. It seems rather hard that we, who are stationed for the safeguard of ships, shouldn't be free from the dangers attending careless navigation. But apart from the conditions I have named, I do not know that we run any particular risks."

"Are the men liberally treated by the Trinity House?" I asked.

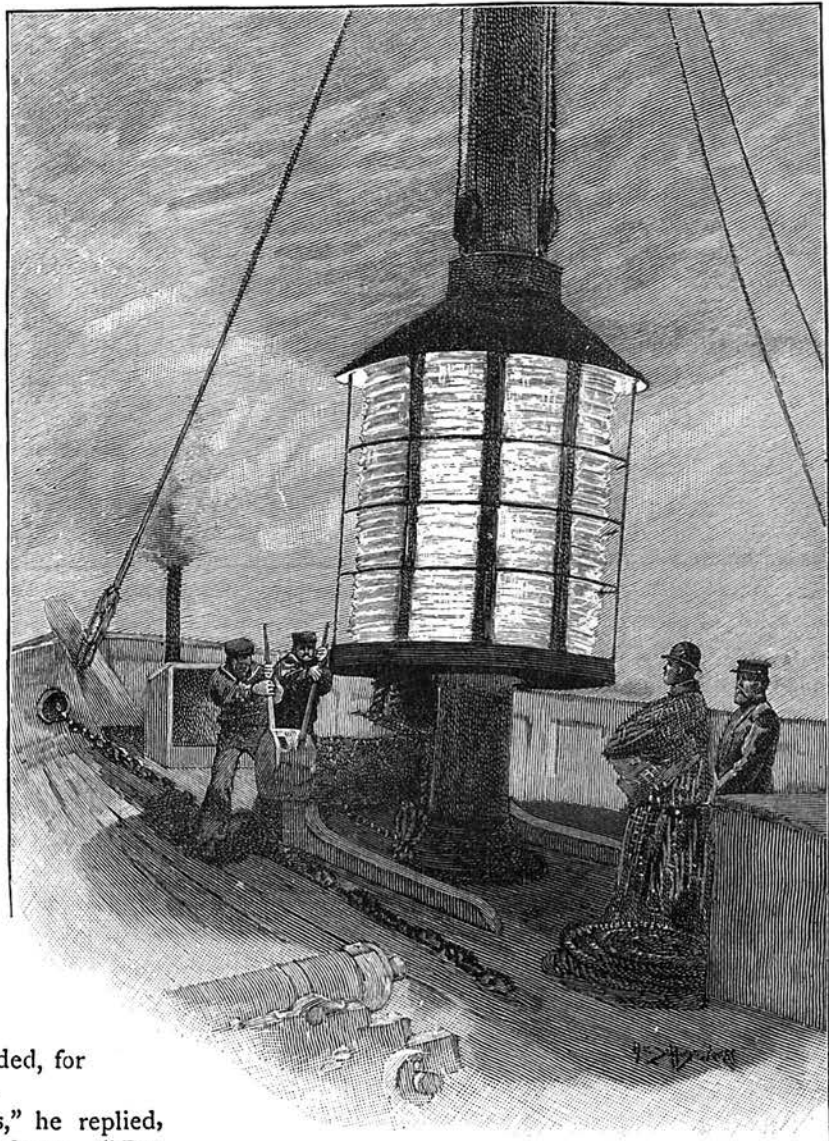
"On the whole, I may say they are, sir. The wages are good : better than those of sailors of corresponding grades."

"The lightsman should be well rewarded, for surely his life is intolerably dull," said I.

"It grows a bit monotonous at times," he replied, looking up at the rhythmically turning lamp. "But aboard this ship we're better off than the crews of most vessels in the service, for we're tolerably close in with the coast ; and there's some comfort in being able to spy your home through a telescope. In the more outlying lightships—the *Middle Swin*, for instance—it must be terribly lonely work. Would you like to step below, sir?"

I followed him to the companion hatch, and we descended the ladder. The cabin was a small, plain, but comfortable interior, with several sleeping berths opening off it. Passing through a short passage, we entered the oil-room, whose odour I had noticed directly on coming below. Four tanks stood ranged against the bulkhead, each capable of holding a hundred and fifty gallons of oil. From the beams above hung rows of spare lamps and reflectors. Passing out of this compartment, we came to the 'tween decks, where stood the powerful clock-work machinery which revolves the lantern. Beyond lay the forecabin, which I also visited, and found it a commonplace sailors' living room, furnished with hammocks, lockers, and a table cleated to the deck.

Four men sat below here, one of them building a little model by the light of a bright swinging lamp



" 'THAT IS A SPLENDID SIGNAL' "

and the others puffing at their pipes and watching him. I took notice of their smart and seamanlike aspect.

"Tell me," said I, addressing the man who was building the model, "how you mainly occupy your time on board this vessel?"

"Why, sir," he answered, "those amongst us that have got any skill amuse ourselves by making mats, work-boxes, little articles of furniture, and toys such as this. Then there's a tidy library aboard. In summer-time pleasure-boats frequently come alongside, and throw us parcels of newspapers, which are very welcome, to be sure."

"What sort of food do you get?"

"Ordinary shipboard fare, but the best of its sort. The Trinity House biscuit is famous, I believe, for its excellence."

We returned to the deck again. It was quite dark now : a stormy night, with a shrill blustering of wind on high and a roaring of waters over the side. The effect of the great mist of light shed by the lamp upon the gloom was remarkable. For ever the long

spokes of luminous silver continued to sweep round the orbit of the shadowy mast, lighting up a broad patch of pale waters upon the inky surface of the deep wherever the labouring of the hull flung the shafts of radiance like great moonbeams over the foaming billows.

The tempestuous noise going on around took a new significance when I glanced in the direction of the fitful glare made by the breakers raging upon the Goodwins away out abeam. I cannot express the sense of deep loneliness that came to me as I strained my sight in the direction of the reef, and thought of the little ribbed islets which would now be showing their heads above the creaming race of the ebbing tide.

Those sands on such a night would be the very embodiment of the spirit of solitude. The desolation of a silent ice-island, floating pale under the straggling moonbeams down in the far reaches of the Antarctic Ocean, could not be profounder than the weird loneliness of yonder reef, whose yellow grains conceal greater treasure than the coffers of a hundred Oriental princes, and bury the bones of more sailors than manned the combined fleets at Trafalgar.

I inquired of the mate what depth of water the *Gull* was moored in, and he replied, About eight fathoms. The vessel at that moment giving an unusually heavy lurch, that sent me staggering against the bulwarks, I said—

“You must occasionally get some wild tumbling about?”

“It grows terrific at times. You see, we’re but a small ship—I can’t tell you our burthen off-hand, but it’s a trifle under two hundred tons—and being very light, there’s nothing to stop the little hooker from cutting capers when a really heavy sea is set running.”

“I suppose,” said I, “that lightsmen must see a great deal of shipwreck in the course of their professional career?”

“Ah, sir! that’s one of the greatest hardships of our calling. It’s a bitter, bad job for a man to have to stand idle, watching a vessel go to pieces, near enough to hear the cries of drowning sailors. I’ve seen some weird and awful sights in that way on tempestuous nights, when the gleam of our flash-light has regularly thrown out the shadowy shape of some vessel hard and fast ashore yonder, her canvas streaming in tatters from the yards, and the spray bursting over her in clouds. Yet one of our most particular rules is that we must not leave our vessel on any pretext whatever. A ship’s company may be perishing within easy reach of us, but we can do no more than fire guns, send up rockets, and pray that the lifeboat may not be long in coming. On the whole, it’s a wise and proper regulation. The desire to save life is very strong, particularly amongst seafaring men; but what could we do with a cockle-shell like that in such seas as run out here?”

And he pointed to a little double-ended boat hanging at the davits.

At the mast-head, above the lantern, was hoisted a large, red-painted ball. I inquired the purpose of it.

“It is a distinguishing mark,” responded my companion. “For example, the *Gull* is known by her one red ball, the *East Goodwin* by a diamond with a triangle over it, and the *North Sand Head* by three red balls. The Trinity House vary the designs of these signals as much as possible. The *Calshot* shows two red triangles, one on each mast; the *Tongue* and the *Nore* both carry black balls; the *Long Sand* a large red diamond; the *Knock* a large red ball surmounted by a small one; the *Duke of Edinburgh* half a red ball; and so forth. There’s utility in the plan, for a ship-master spying a lightship too far off to read the letters of her name can tell by her masthead signals, which show clear against the sky, what vessel she is.”

We continued chatting in this fashion till it grew late, and the mate asked me whether I would like to go below and turn in.

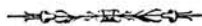
“There’s a berth at your service,” said he. “You’ll not care to keep the deck all night long, I suppose?”

I answered that I should be glad to go and lie down; on which he conducted me to a mere box of a sea bedroom. Stretching myself along in the bunk or sleeping-shelf, I lay for a great while, listening to the strange groaning and creaking sounds arising from the wooden walls, and thinking of the inexpressible service to navigation rendered by the gallant fabric tossing under me, and her little crew of brave hearts, with eyes always peering out into the darkness around in search of any ship which should mistake the significance of the noble beacon that flashed forth its warning across the tumbling waters.

My experience had not, indeed, proved a very eventful one; there had been no wrecks, no occasion to fire guns and send up rockets and blue lights. Yet I would not have missed spending those few hours on board the *Gull* for a great deal. I had gained an insight into a phase of the longshore life of our coasts concerning which but very little is known. To most dwellers by the seashore the lightship is an object as familiar as the coast she guards; yet how many, as they gaze forth at the tiny spark, burning bright and clear on a breathless summer night, or fitfully flickering in the howling blackness of a winter tempest, let their thoughts go out to the men who form the crew of the brave old craft?

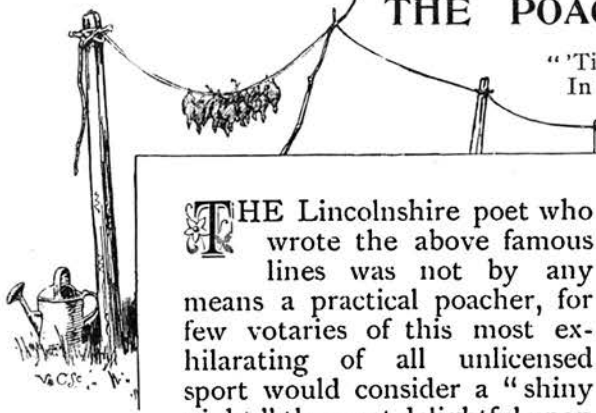
It needs that sympathy which can only come from understanding the sort of perils that beset him to be able to appreciate what a devoted and heroic calling that of the lightshipman really is.

Thus musing, I presently fell asleep. When next I opened my eyes it was broad daylight, and the mate was standing in the cabin with his hand upon my shoulder, telling me that the Deal galley-punt was again alongside, and waiting to convey me ashore.



THE POACHER AND HIS CRAFT.

" 'Tis my delight on a shiny night
In the season of the year."



THE Lincolnshire poet who wrote the above famous lines was not by any means a practical poacher, for few votaries of this most exhilarating of all unlicensed sport would consider a "shiny night" the most delightful upon which to go forth and make a big bag. However, I have known one moorland poacher who did well on bright moonlight nights. He used to select a time when the ground was thickly covered with snow, and the moon at full, and then saunter forth with a white cotton shirt, and drawers made of the same material, donned over his ordinary clothes. By this means he was enabled to creep unseen upon a flock of unsuspecting grouse as they slept on the snow, and deal out death with his trusty old single barrel.

Kingsley described a gamekeeper as a poacher turned outside in, and a poacher as a gamekeeper inside out, and he was entirely accurate, without saying a disparaging word of either class. Some of the best keepers I have known have been guilty of a bit of poaching before they donned the velveteen, and some of the worst, that is to say cleverest, poachers have been ex-gamekeepers.

This is easily understood when it is explained that a man who becomes really successful as a gamekeeper or poacher must possess more than ordinary intelligence, an infinitude of patience and resource, a strong constitution, be capable of enduring great physical strains, and, above all, be intimately acquainted with field-craft.

Our first illustration shows a poacher awaiting the arrival of a fast-approaching hare to his net. This particular branch of poaching is generally practised on dull autumn and winter nights, although I have seen it done—and successfully, too—in broad daylight by an impudent gang of the fraternity.

Genuine hare poaching needs a good deal of close observation, and the man who practises it is incessantly at work making

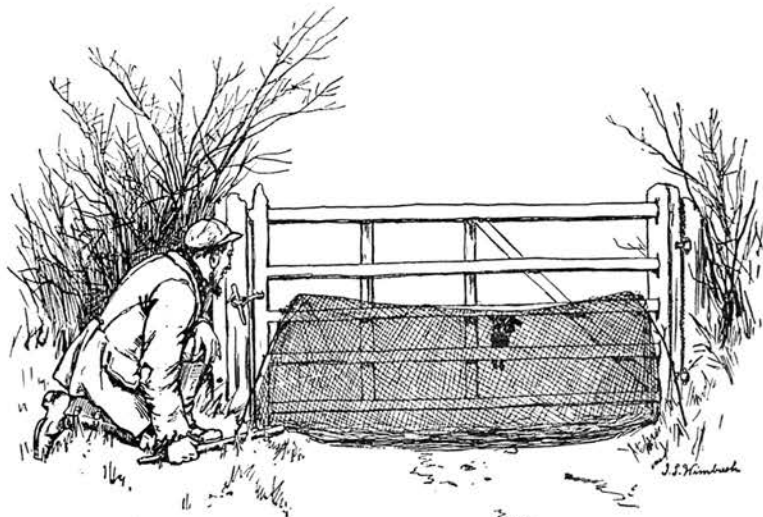
mental notes, and, were he so minded, could tell you from memory where half the hares of a countryside fed by night and sat by day. A dab of mud in a field gap, the condition of a gate's bars, holes in stone walls and hedges, all speak volumes to him. He has also to note carefully the habits and movements of both gamekeepers and policemen, and direct his operations accordingly.

The most successful poachers generally have but one partner in their business, and, though very much awake, he is an entirely silent one on all occasions—*i.e.* an intelligent lurcher.

On commencing business, the nocturnal sportsman sees that the wind, be it much or little, does not blow from him to his quarry. He then spreads a specially made net across the gateway or gap used by the hare for entering and leaving a field (as indicated in our illustration), and either supports it by a slender twig driven into the ground at each end, or by a couple of locks of wool thrust into the crevices of a stone wall. As soon as the net is set, the dog is told to "go," and understanding his work



PREPARATIONS FOR MARKET. DUSTING SHOT INTO NETTED PART-RIDGES.



NET SET FOR A HARE.

thoroughly, away he slips along the wall or hedgerow side like a shadow. He soon discovers the game, and makes a tremendous rush for it. A great deal depends upon a swift, hard run, for this does not give the hare time to consider any but her usual exit, supposing her suspicions should have been aroused. Directly a hare strikes the net she rolls over and over, completely entangling herself within



KEEPER "BUSHING" A FIELD.

its fatal meshes, and at the same time giving voice to an ear-piercing shriek. This it is the poacher's business to stop instantly, and be off as sharp as possible to fresh woods and pastures new. A well-trained lurcher will not even come in to a kill, and rarely shows itself during a whole evening's work.

Gamekeepers net hares early in the autumn, and release them again. In Yorkshire this practice is known as "mistetching," and a hare that has once suffered the extreme fright occasioned by wriggling within the meshes of a net for five minutes on end will rarely go through a gateway or stile afterwards, and it is no uncommon thing to see such an animal jump a wall (which she does sideways) six feet high.

Hares are also snared and trapped. I used to know an old man in whose blood the poaching instinct ran so strongly that, though reduced almost to ineptitude by age and infirmity, he would persist in trying to trap hares in "sheep creeps" (holes in stone walls to let sheep through from one field to another) and watercourse holes. The keeper on whose beat this occurred knew full well the guilty hand, but was far too good-natured to do anything except tease the old fellow by "striking" his traps, and occasionally putting the leg of a hare in one, to make him believe she

had wrenched it off and escaped. At last the leg of a sheep that had died near by was cut off and thrust into one of the traps, and this final piece of ridicule made the old man relinquish poaching for ever.

This particular animal is very fond of parsley, and sometimes a whiff of blue smoke appears at the window of a labourer's sleeping-room in the very early morning, and beans and bacon give place to "bossed" hare the following Sunday.

Partridges whilst "jugging," as their method of roosting upon the ground is called, are often caught by means of drag-nets. As the whole covey, with exception of perhaps the old male, who generally sleeps apart and acts the sentinel, huddles together in a crowded circle, with each bird's tail meeting in the centre, it is a comparatively easy matter to kill the mother and all her promising sons and daughters, often at one swoop.

The operator must in this particular branch of poaching have a mate to take charge of one end of the net, which is silently swept across a field with the top considerably in front of the bottom, which touches the ground all the way. Directly a covey is disturbed, each member makes a sudden spring into the air, and accordingly becomes entangled in the net, which is instantly dropped for the reaping of the harvest.

To prevent this kind of poaching, gamekeepers bush the fields frequented by partridges, and thus put an effectual stop to netting.

Partridges are also trapped at their "dusting" places, which they frequent for the purpose of obtaining the equivalent to a good



POLICEMAN TAPPING THE POCKETS FOR NET OR PEGS.

wash. Some poachers call the birds by means of a tailor's thimble with a piece of parchment fastened tightly over the end, and a horsehair or piece of catgut passed through a pin-hole in the centre. By holding one end of the hair or catgut between the teeth, and

and yet the men who pay lavish sums to breed and rear them are absolutely helpless to stop it. It happens in this way. An old poacher will get hold by some strange means of a small piece of heather-clad freehold, surrounded by good grouse moors. On the 12th



NETTING RABBITS.

twisting the opposite one round the rorefinger of either hand, the other is left at liberty to run the thimble up and down, and thus reproduce very cleverly and accurately the peculiar skirling call-note of the partridge. By this means the bird can be lured within a very short distance of the operator, and despatched by one of his numerous engines of destruction.

Grouse are very conservative birds in regard to their lines of flight when disturbed, and are consequently captured by the erection of large nets. Thousands are nowadays killed in the most barefaced and provoking manner,

of August—St. Grouse Day—he sticks the place full of snares, and erects huge nets round about it. Directly the beaters begin to drive and the guns to fire, the grouse-spider (for such he may not inaptly be termed) begins to reap his rich harvest.

Grouse love solitude and peace; consequently, in their endeavours to escape the turmoil and dangers of being driven to and fro across a line of fire-belching breechloaders, they make for what appears to be a haven of rest, but is simply a death-trap. Those that escape the nets and alight in the poacher's

preserve begin to run about in their agitation and fright, and unsuspectingly put their heads through the noose of a snare and are hanged.

One of the best grouse moors in the world suffers from such a terribly vexatious and yet remediless thorn in the side, and I have heard that the poacher renting it has upon one occasion secured a cartload of birds in a single day. It is not illegal to snare or net grouse, except on Sundays, and poaching freeholders are sometimes prosecuted for having their snares down on the Sabbath, and, needless to say, heavily fined. This is easily understood when it is mentioned that a magistrate

recently volunteered the confession that he regarded poaching as a crime little less hideous than murder itself.

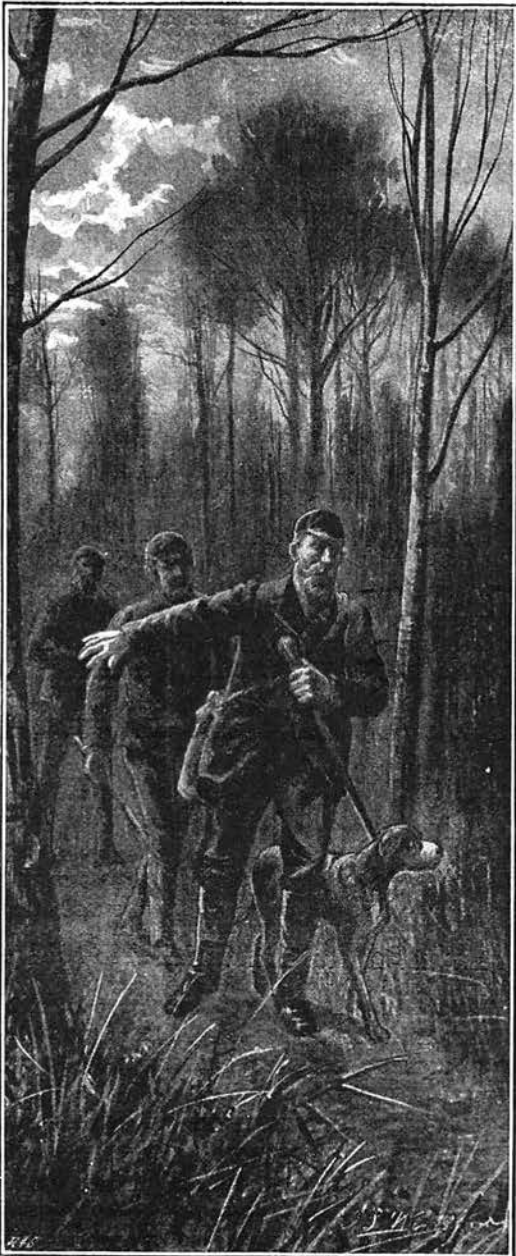
Grouse are also procured by what is known as "becking," which simply consists in partially stopping the nostrils by holding the nose and then imitating the call-note of the female bird at the first peep of day. The males will then fly up, and with a resounding "*Cabow, cabow, cabeck, cabeck, beck, beck, beck,*" pitch on some small eminence, known as a "knowe," close by, and begin to reconnoitre. The best call can, however, be reproduced by means of a clay-pipe, with which I would undertake to deceive, without any intention of boasting, the most experienced naturalist, gamekeeper, shepherd, or grouse that ever crossed a moor. I have on many occasions called grouse to within a few feet of me.

Curiously enough, when a number of birds are together near one of these "knowes," and one happens to be shot off the top, if the poacher keeps well out of sight, another will run up and occupy the post of vantage. An old poacher in the North once shot six or seven off a hillock in quick succession, and so persistently did a fresh bird appear after each kill that he began to be suspicious of either a keeper's trick or the work of the supernatural.

The most ingenious method of poaching grouse ever invented is practised during the winter time in Scotland. When snow lies pretty thickly upon the ground and is fairly solid, the poacher goes forth armed with a champagne bottle and a quantity of oats. He thrusts the bottle into the deep snow cork first, and then throws a few oats in and around the hole thus produced. The hungry birds peck up all the grain lying on the surface of the snow, and in straining to reach that at the bottom of the holes, overbalance themselves and fall head foremost into the pit, which, from its peculiar shape and depth, renders any movement of the wings entirely impossible.

In some parts of the country poachers are reputed to fire dust shot into the bodies of netted birds, as shown in our head-piece, but although it may serve as a useful deception in disposing of the game, I am inclined to think that not many poachers would treat themselves to the free advertisement our friend in the picture is enjoying.

Great numbers of rabbits are killed on suitably dark and windy nights by gangs of poachers, who slip quietly between some thickly-stocked wood and the fields in which its inhabitants feed, and quietly erect their long nets. As soon as all is ready, the faithful



KEEPERS GOING THEIR ROUNDS.



POACHER GROUNDED BY KEEPER.

lurcher is released, and the fun commences, as shown in the picture.

In great game-preserving districts the police have a deal of work to do in concert with gamekeepers, and sometimes effect smart captures, although I would at any time back a really experienced poacher against half a dozen constables, where a deep scheme and a level head to carry it out form part of the programme.

Poaching, both as a craft and a crime, is very much on the wane, and the work of gamekeepers has become mere child's play compared with what it was when the North country poet wrote :

"The miners of Weardale are all valiant men,
And will fight till they die for the bonny moorhen,"
in response to a threat to stop their grouse poaching operations by the help of the "red-coats."

In those days the Weardale miners turned out in armed gangs, forty or fifty strong, and took a keeper-defying sort of holiday on the best Yorkshire moors near Barnard Castle. Their raids became so intolerable, both to game-preservers and moorland farmers, whose victuals they seized without question or requital, that at last the military was called out for their suppression.

The above kind of cool impudence is to-day practised by a very different stamp of man—the gentleman poacher. This individual will suddenly turn up what Southern gamekeepers would call "a howling toff," with a splendid fit-out, including, perhaps, a brace of first-rate spaniels, on a nice little preserve, and ask for Mr. So-and-so, the tenant of the shoot, from whom it is more than probable he will produce a letter of invitation for a day's sport. When he finds that the master of the ceremonies is not upon the ground, he will fall into a fit of assumed rage, and criticise both forcibly and freely the caddish conduct of Mr. So-and-so. This and the forged letter will, as a rule, take the gamekeeper off his guard, and anxious to make amends for his master's shortcomings, he takes the disappointed guest on to the very best ground, where he enjoys a good day's sport, being, as a rule, an excellent shot; and after making the man he has duped happy with a free flow of Scotch whisky and a sovereign, he takes his departure, carrying along with him a splendid haul of game. This class of poacher, needless to state, is not a very numerous one, as it requires some extraordinary qualifications.

A man who made havoc amongst the

grouse of a North Yorkshire moor was several times chased into a wayside cottage occupied by an old woman. Although diligently searched for in every corner of the building, he was never discovered. It afterwards transpired that he had dug out the ashpit until it was sufficiently large to contain his body, and that directly he had tucked himself away the old woman raked out the grate-bars and thus removed all chance of suspicion in that direction.

An old trout poacher once told me that when the water bailiffs and police had reduced his capture to a moral certainty as they thought, he plunged into a deep and rapid river, gave a drowning man's shriek, and floated silently away into darkness and safety under an overhanging bank.

The romance of poaching, and the doubtful ownership of what is in one man's field to-day and in that of another to-morrow, have supplied the man who practises it with a great deal of popular sympathy; and an instance is on record of an entirely innocent individual, on seeing an injured poacher with a large family hard pressed by pursuing game-keepers, taking from the guilty man nets and other evidence, and allowing himself to be captured and convicted in place of the real culprit.

Desperate affrays sometimes take place between gangs of the rougher and clumsier kind of poachers and the guardians of game, and I know one keeper not far from the Metropolis who carries more than forty pellets in his body because he dared to pursue and pass the poacher's mark. The same man also has his temples terribly scarred from kicks, and his hands also from the savage bites of inhuman ruffians. He told me that on one occasion he had two hundred coops of young pheasants, averaging nine birds each, stolen in a single night, although they were being watched by two under-keepers and a retriever dog.

A head keeper I know, in the finest game-preserving district of East Anglia, guards his pheasant coops by stretching an almost invisible wire right round them. One end of this wire is fixed to the trigger of an alarm-gun, which is situated close to where he sleeps.

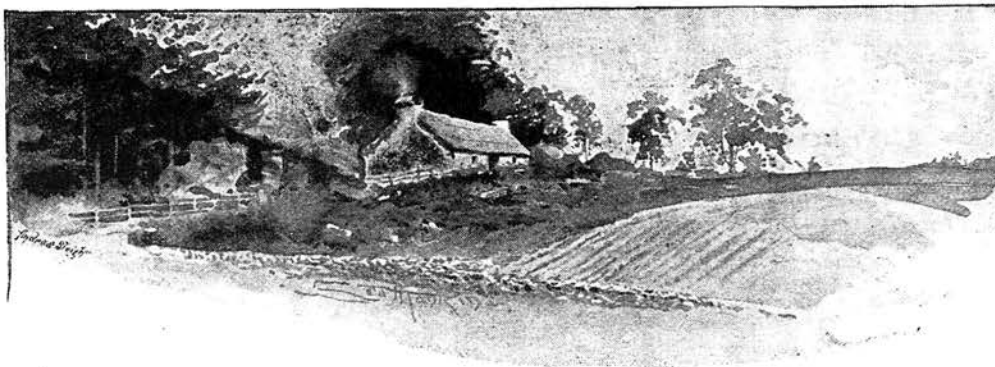
Dogs are very quick at hearing, and some of them exceedingly useful in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter; but the law says that they shall be muzzled when they are employed, as we see the one in our illustration.

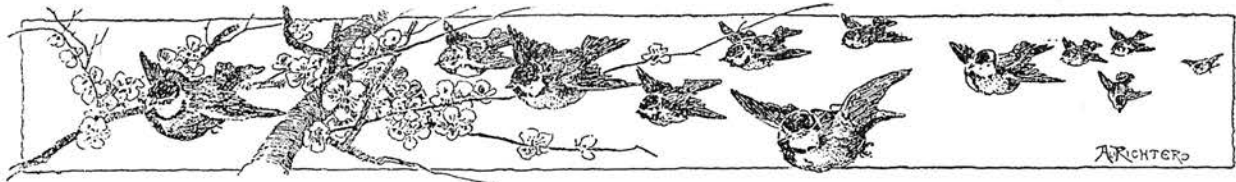
A great deal of salmon poaching is done in the autumn, when the fish ascend small streams for the purpose of depositing their spawn. They are killed generally at night-time by the aid of a bull's-eye lantern and a harpoon-like kind of spear.

The following curious salmon-poaching incident, which very nearly ended in an awful tragedy, was told me by one of the gang of poachers who took part in it. Whilst some of the members raided part of the Eden, in Westmoreland, others were told off to watch for the police and water bailiffs.

During the course of the evening, one of the watchers observed a belted man stealthily approaching the part of the river where the salmon-spearing was in full swing, and straightway disposed of the intruder by hurling him bodily into a deep pool. Directly the victim of foul play began to scramble up the bank, his assailant made an attempt to throw him in again, but suddenly desisted and slunk away, when the half-drowned man cried out in alarm. The fact was that the poacher had recognised through the cry that he had thrown his own father into the river. The old man had been returning from some pig-killing excursion amongst the hills, and seeing a light flashing about by the river, crept up to see what it was, forgetful of the fact that his knife-belt outside his top-coat gave him the look of a constable.

R. KEARTON.





An April Chronicle:

March is the month of hope, as poets declare, the birds of April chant the message of joy—joy in the

“ Ever fresh creation,
The divine improvisation.”

The song-sparrow in the hedge, pouring out his soul in



BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

ecstatic trills and quavers, so full of happiness that his little form swells and sways, is but a symbol, a sign, of the deep joy of all created beings—even of man, if he will but open his soul to Nature.

Not that the birds are newly returned from their “ far traveling in the south plantations,” but the sharp winds of March must drift into the warm breezes and the spring showers of April before our feathered guests break into full and joyous song.

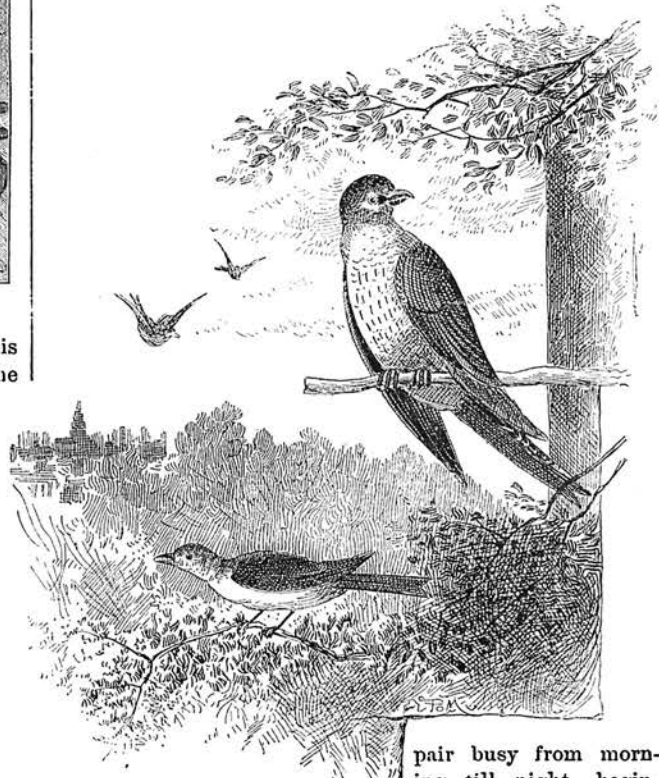
Our “ guests,” did I say? I should more truly say our hosts; for our guests we supply with food and entertainment, while, as a matter of fact, it is wholly owing to the work of the birds that we have food for ourselves.

In all seriousness, we scarcely begin to understand, and we utterly fail to appreciate, the importance to us of the service rendered by our winged fellow-creatures. We commonly regard them as an ornamental feature of the landscape, a charming addition to the summer enjoyment; and if one chances to interfere in any way with our pleasure or profit, to pull up our corn or taste our cherries, we take his life without compunction. Putting aside the

question of our right,—and it is a question,—we forget that in so doing we destroy one of our best friends, one of our most valuable servants, without whose labors we could not exist on the earth a day. So frightfully prolific, so utterly indestructible by our clumsy weapons, is the world of insects, that but for the sharp eyes and beaks of our indefatigable workmen, the birds, they would devour the vegetation of the earth, and finish their feast with man himself. Every bird that is killed insures the safety of thousands of our worst enemies. A profitable day may be spent in this fickle and fascinating month, studying our little laborers, and noting their usefulness to man.

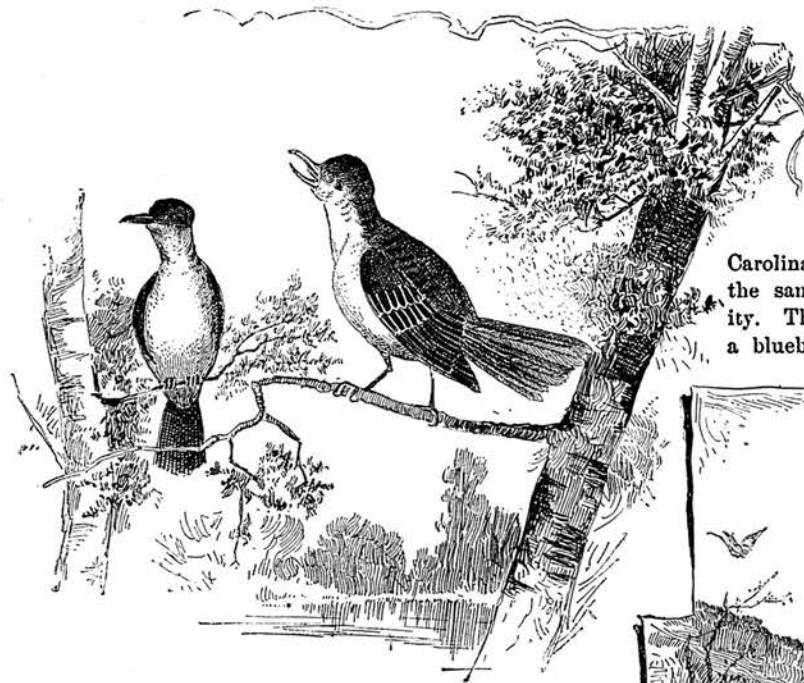
An April chronicle should properly begin with “ April’s bird,” as Emerson calls the bluebird. This beautiful creature, whose inimitable warble is the very voice of spring, you will find resting motionless on the lowest branches of a tree, with apparently nothing in the world to do. You think he is idle, perhaps, and with our notions of energetic movement he does look so. But do you note that every few moments he turns his wise-looking head downward, then drops to the ground, returns in a moment, and wipes his beak on the branch? He is no pensive dreamer; he is a busy worker for us. The smallest movement in the grass attracts his eye, and the sure little beak rarely fails to seize the insect working its mischief there.

Not far off, too, may perhaps be seen his demure little spouse similarly engaged; and a little later, when homes are set up and nestlings begin to peep, you will find the



PURPLE MARTIN.

pair busy from morning till night, beginning long before you are up, and ending only with the daylight, searching the fields, the gardens, the lawn, and every few moments popping some destructive insect into a yawning baby-mouth.



GREAT CRESTED FLY-CATCHER.

The father stops singing, and the mother grows ragged and rusty before these most winsome bluebird babies appear in their spotted bibs on the lawn, to hunt their own breakfast.

Who could bear to shut up one of those pretty mouths, so busily turning worms into warbles, even if the birds themselves were not interesting? But they are interesting;

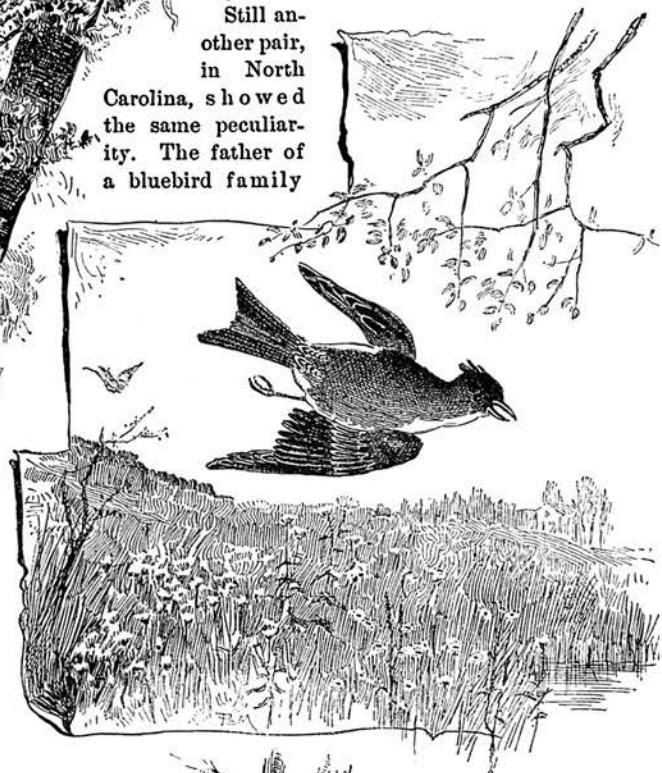
they are not mere fluffs of blue feathers; they have character and individuality, and will repay study

Some curious facts that I have noticed in three different pairs seem to indicate that, contrary to tradition and expectation, Madam is the protector in this family. First I observed on the shore of Lake George, that when any trouble arose in the bluebird world,—and troubles come to nests as well as to nurseries,—it was the mother who assumed the defensive, hovering about the head of an intruder, threatening with shaking wings and bristling feathers, and warning him away from the scene. It was the same excited little mother who drove away the oriole that dared to alight near her homestead, who ran down the lowest branch and vigorously delivered her opinion about people's minding their own business and not meddling with their neighbor's; while the handsome head of the family remained placidly on the top twig of the home tree, uttering his sweet and plaintive cry of distress to whom it might concern.

I thought this merely an idiosyncrasy of this particular individual. But the next year I had a pair in my bird-room, and to my surprise I found this female also the care-taker.

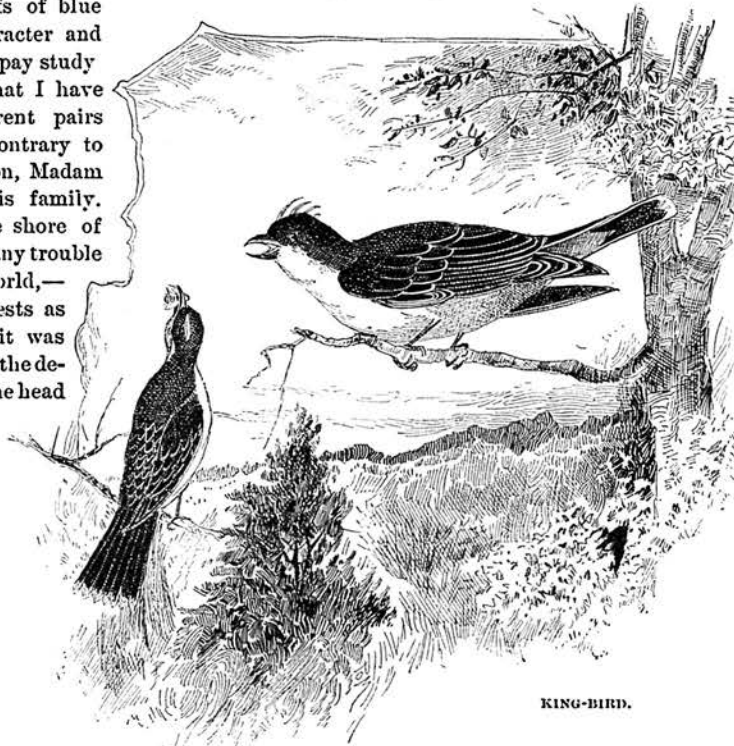
She called anxiously if her mate got out of her sight in the room, she defended the open cage-door against intrusion of the neighbors, she even stood guard while he bathed, and drove away with great wrath any bird who ventured too near.

Still another pair, in North Carolina, showed the same peculiarity. The father of a bluebird family



WOOD PEWEE.

habitually made the lawn before my windows his hunting-place, till one morning a saucy mocking-bird, who had just set up a household and become very belligerent in consequence, drove him away from his usual post. In a short time Madam came down from her nest in the trunk of a neighboring pine-tree. She perched in plain sight on the protecting frame around the tree her mate usually occupied. After standing a few minutes and looking sharply around, she went to the grass, when instantly the mocker flung himself down before her. She did not



KING-BIRD.

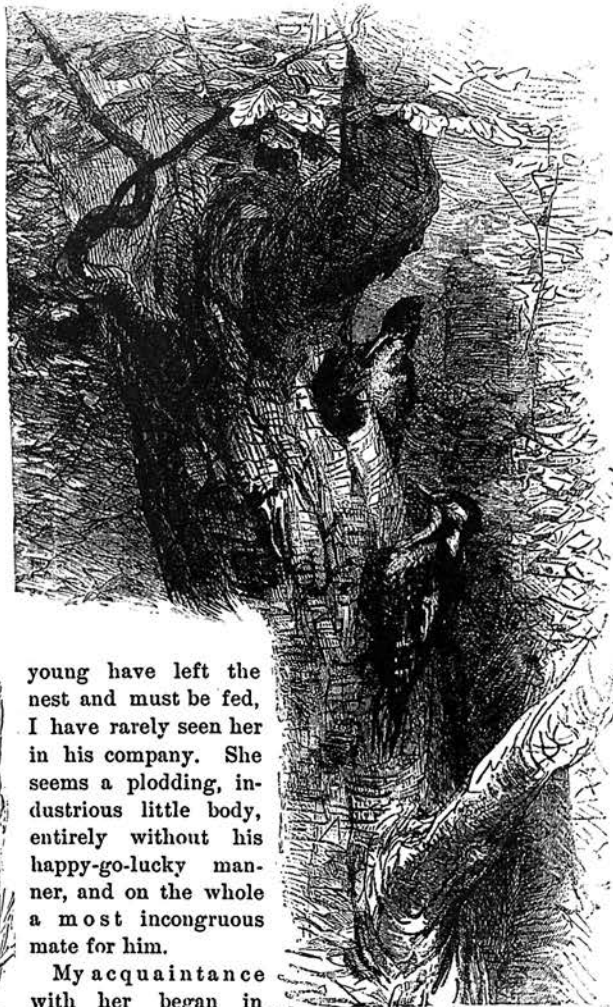
fly; she stood on the defensive and actually threatened her big foe so that in a moment he took his departure. She remained on the ground some time, then flew away, and before long came back with her mate. She alighted on the frame as before, while he took his place in a thick tree at a little distance, among the leaves and not in plain sight. She went to the ground, as if to show him the way was clear. He watched her closely, but, though no enemy

appeared, did not himself go down. In a moment he uttered a peculiar low call, flew away, and she followed. I never saw him there again.

I don't say this bird was a coward; he was not. I saw him somewhat later join his spouse in a vigorous attack upon a mocking-bird who had alighted near one of the nestlings; moreover, he was most tender and loving in his efforts at consolation when a week later the pair met with an affliction: but the facts were exactly as I have told them.

A careless observer might think the Baltimore oriole merely frolicking as he runs hurriedly over the branches of a fruit-tree, uttering every moment a sweet, rich note; but he, too, is hard at work for our comfort, hunting out the caterpillar babies, that if left to grow would easily destroy both fruit and leaves. Every delicious note heralds the death of one or more of our most threatening enemies, and so well done is his work, that, in June, when his swinging cradle is full of babies, he and his mate must forage far and wide for the insects with which to feed them.

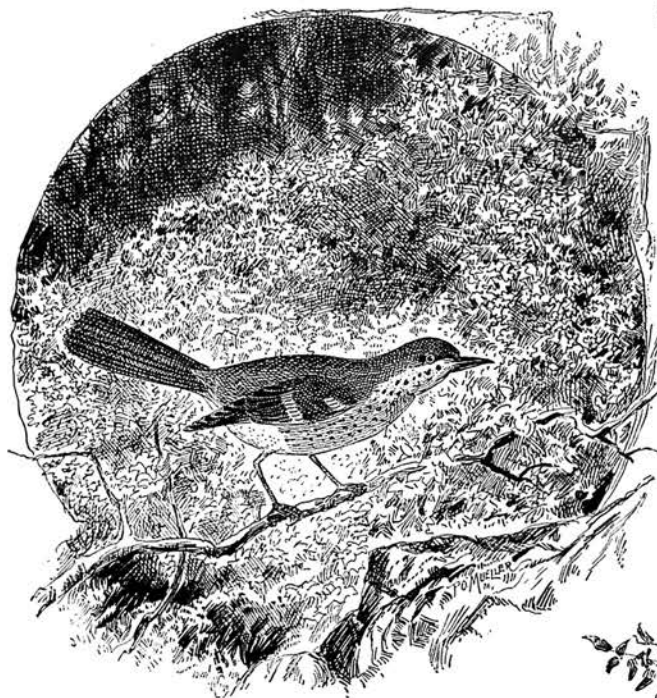
His cousin, too, the orchard oriole, tireless in singing, and



WOODPECKER.

young have left the nest and must be fed, I have rarely seen her in his company. She seems a plodding, industrious little body, entirely without his happy-go-lucky manner, and on the whole a most incongruous mate for him.

My acquaintance with her began in Massachusetts one pleasant June, when her little family were just ready to climb up from the nest near the ground. My presence on a neighboring bank annoyed her greatly; and, though I was as unob-



BROWN THRUSH.

without concealment in his domestic affairs, labors perhaps even harder, having so much more energetic life to sustain. His lively ways, the constant excitement in the family, the singing and scolding, the chasing and squabbling, would almost warrant one in thinking his life all play; but, though so full of song that he fairly bubbles over, he varies his music with solid mouthfuls, every one of which puts an end to a destroyer.

Busily hunting over the fields are the blackbirds, more particularly the redwings, which I have found to be a curiously interesting family. The domestic life of this gayly epauletted personage exhibits some peculiarities indicating, perhaps, a case of "incompatibility." The redwing himself is a born Bohemian, with no taste for the prim or the proper,—a jolly, rollicking fellow, living most of the year in a noisy crowd. His spouse resembles him in nothing except the voice. She is smaller, wears an inconspicuous black and brown streaked costume, and, excepting when the



PURPLE FINCH.



REDSTART.

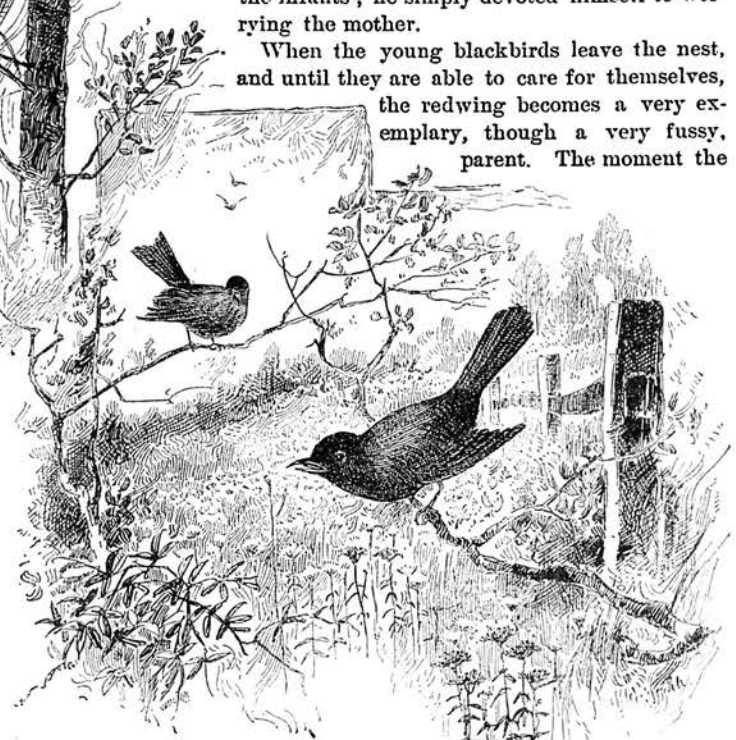
trusive as possible, she scolded me well for daring to watch her. I was much attracted by the little stranger who declined my society so emphatically, but, strange to say, I could not find out her name. Again and again I sought in my books a description that would fit the bird, but none was there. In vain, also, I asked every man and boy in the town. The difficulty of identification, however, only increased my interest. I went every day, and began to look for the youngsters to come in sight, for it was just in the witching baby-days, when peeps and chirps and baby calls came from every side.

Now it appeared that someone else was looking after the family. From the high land on the further side of the meadow came every day a red-wing blackbird. I had often heard him sing over there, and I was glad to have him come nearer that I might see as well as hear. But little, indeed, did he care for me; he had eyes for nothing but

the insignificant little streaked bird in the grass. No sooner did its head appear above the grass than he was after it. Away they both flew, the smaller doubling and turning and apparently making frantic efforts to escape, the redwing ever close in the rear, until both were tired and alighted, one in a tree, and the other in the grass. So often and so long was this performance carried on, that I began to fear the poor babies in that nest would starve.

The behavior of the redwing was most captivating. He sang as he flew; he uttered his sweet, rich "ēē-ū;" he flew high and descended with wings and tail spread, and singing delightfully. And after all it turned out that it was undoubtedly his own spouse and babies in the grass, and that was perhaps his unique way of looking after their welfare. In all the time I watched, he did not once go near the nest, or take the smallest part in feeding the infants; he simply devoted himself to worrying the mother.

When the young blackbirds leave the nest, and until they are able to care for themselves, the redwing becomes a very exemplary, though a very fussy, parent. The moment the

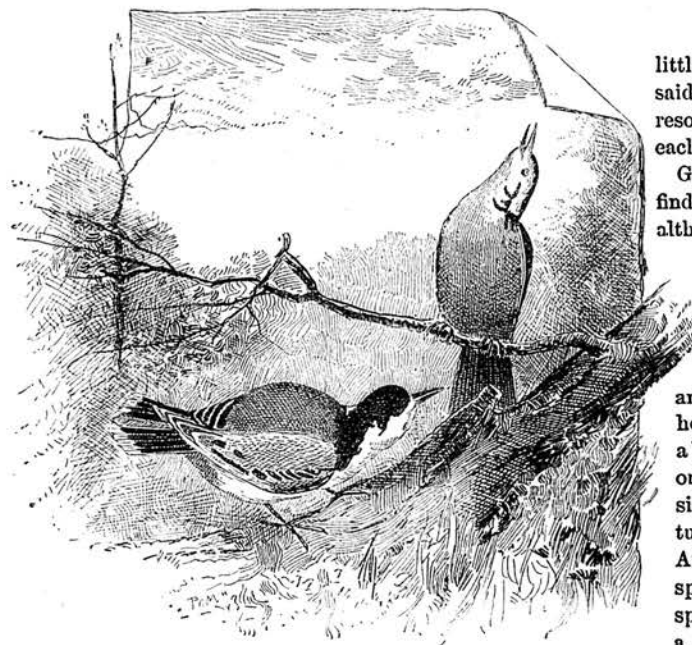


CAT-BIRD.

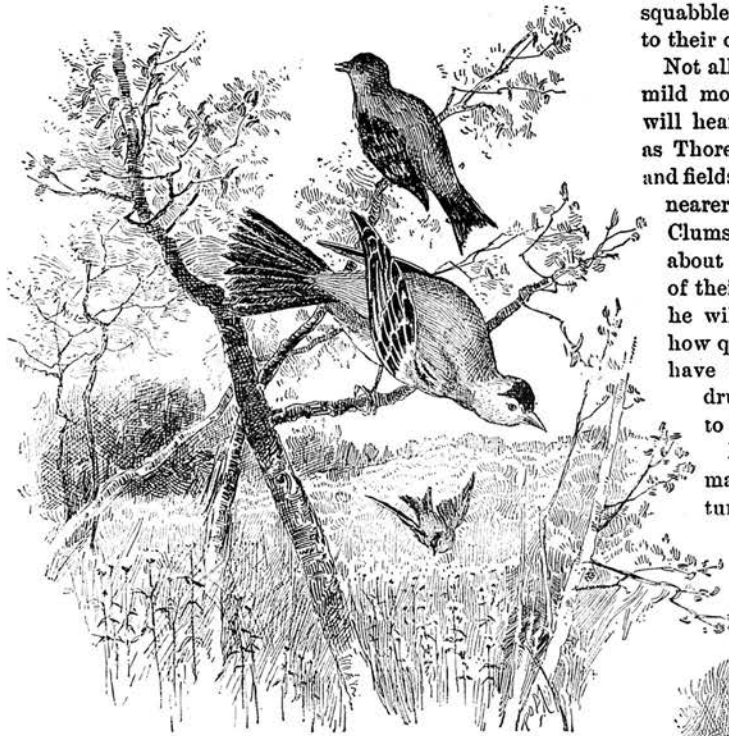
little ones are independent of their parents, however, it is said—I don't know how truly—that the blackbird family resolves itself into three parts: father, mother, and young, each joining a flock of its peers.

Go where you will, if you keep near houses you will find the robin, mysterious and queer in some of his ways, although so familiarly known, maintaining his own independence and his own opinions, while apparently sharing the life of the people about him.

The robin, better than any bird I know, demonstrates the fact that there is communication of sentiments, if not of ideas between them. What a curious performance, for example, is this, often seen in robin neighborhoods: half a dozen or more will assemble within a space of a hundred feet, one on a fence, another on a tree, a third on a lattice or a bean-pole in the garden, and the rest in similar positions. One begins a low, significant "tut! tut! tut!" jerking wings and tail, evidently in great excitement. Another replies with similar "tut! tut! tut!" and corresponding gestures. So it goes on, every one making his little speech while the others listen, and it irresistibly suggests a band of conspirators plotting some mischief. Too much feeling is expressed to set it down as an ordinary discussion.



NUTHATCH.



GOLDFINCH.

One of these birds, whose story was told me by a friend whom I consider a trustworthy observer, had a strange experience. He arrived in our latitude a little early one spring, and was overtaken by a cold wave that nearly froze him. A gentleman, finding him stiff and helpless, took him into the house, and by way of cage put him behind a wire grate-fender. He was soon thawed out, but he refused to be friendly, and, the weather having moderated, it was decided to let him go. When caught for the purpose, he resisted fiercely, and in wriggling out of the detaining hand he left the whole of his tail behind him.

Was he discouraged, and did he mope all summer till another moult should restore his proper proportions? By no means. He got him a mate, built a nest, and raised a fine family; and without the vestige of a tail! The amused household saw him around all summer.

Now, if this be true,—and I cannot doubt my informant,—the pertinent question is: Was the bird already mated “for better, for worse,” or are the wise men mistaken in asserting that the female bird selects her partner for his looks?

One of our best friends in feathers is the purple martin, a member of the swallow family, and he is extremely attractive because of his “talk.” In his loud, rich tones he utters a greater variety of calls and other notes than perhaps any other bird. What makes him specially dear to bird-lovers is his undying enmity to the house (or English) sparrow.

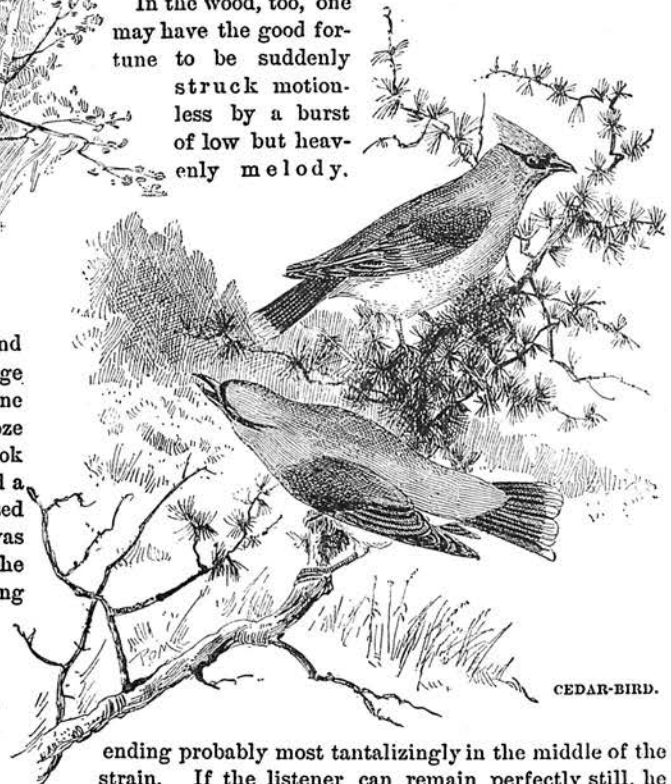
Another enemy to this impudent usurper of martin-houses and bluebird-boxes, is the great crested fly-catcher, who will come daily into a neighborhood apparently for the sole purpose of making war upon him. When this bird’s clear, loud, ringing call is heard, and he is seen with his mate in the top of some tall tree, one may have the pleasure of seeing the prince of squawkers put to rout.

None of the fly-catchers seem to be intimidated by this interloper: even the little wood pewee drives him away from her nesting-tree, and the king-bird maintains a close watch on his movements, ready for offensive action if he exceed his well-defined bounds. The other sparrows, so far as I have noticed, pay no attention at all to their foreign relative. The chipping-sparrow carries on his interminable

squabbles in the grass, and other sparrows attend strictly to their own affairs, appearing not to notice him.

Not all the April birds are about the house. Walk some mild morning into the grove. Before you reach it you will hear the voice of the flicker ring through the wood, as Thoreau says, “peopling and enriching all the woods and fields” with his loud “pe-auk! pe-auk!” or, drawing nearer, his most enchanting low “wick-a! wick-a!” Clumsy looking as are these woodpeckers, they get about very silently, and if one loiters about in the vicinity of their homestead while nestlings fill the snug nursery, he will rarely see or hear them. It is amusing to see how quickly they abandon their caution after the young have flown, calling and shouting through the grove, drumming on dead branches, and descending boldly to the ground to feast on legions of ants.

In the wood, too, one may have the good fortune to be suddenly struck motionless by a burst of low but heavenly melody.



CEDAR-BIRD.

ending probably most tantalizingly in the middle of the strain. If the listener can remain perfectly still, he may, after a while, get a glimpse of the singer—the brown thrush, an erratic and shy bird, of pronounced tastes and idiosyncrasies. Like the rest of the thrush family, he is one of our most intelligent birds; and while he has not the repose of manner so attractive in the wood-thrush, the childlike openness of the robin, or the witching ways of the cat-bird, he has his own unique and pleasing manners.

Around the branches flit the redstarts, tirelessly working for man; the purple finch, in “poke-berry” suit, searches the elm and varies work by an exquisite little song; the nuthatch travels over the trunk, head up or down, as happens, uttering his quaint “quauk! quauk!” and on the top twig of the maple swings and sings the cheery goldfinch.

The demure cedar-bird, in modest snuff-color and black spectacles, whispers to his neighbor on the next branch, and swallows wheel and dive and chatter all about. Each and every bird is using all its powers for the benefit of man; its song delights our ears; its colors and movements gratify our eyes; its untiring pursuit of the insect preserves to us our vegetation. and even without this constant service,

“Earth were not half so bright or fair
Without these minstrels of the air.”

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.



ORNAMENTAL CHOCOLATE DISHES



FOR one person who takes chocolate as a beverage, perhaps a dozen eat it as a confection. The explanation of this is not far to seek. Nothing that comes under the head of sweets is more temptingly displayed in our shop windows; while every day brings us novelties, either as chocolates pure and simple, or blended with other delightful confections, but all so cunningly fashioned and flavoured as to appeal equally to the artistic eye and the refined palate. How much some of these dainties would be missed in the dessert course of the modern dinner!

The dishes here given should appeal to chocolate eaters generally. They are original, wholesome, and less costly than many sweets of the more familiar sorts. Where no special kind of chocolate is named, it is assumed that a reliable brand will be selected. Never make experiments with low-priced stuff. And a rule that should never be deviated from is to buy no chocolate that has been exposed in a sunny window and lost both flavour and colour. The original brightness should be looked for, particularly for ornamental dishes.

Are you yet acquainted with those little dainties known as "Chocolat aux Noisettes"? If not, a treat awaits you. There *may* be more than one maker of chocolate under this name; I know but one. The exquisite little creams are of melting softness, and of such a delicate tint as to blend with almost anything in the way of coloured sugars, icings, or confections. In fact, they are quite distinct from the dark brown usually associated with chocolate. Then, owing to their size, that of a hazel nut, they can be adapted to the decoration of cakes of all shapes and sizes.

Meringues à la Suchard.

The fashion of the moment is for flowers of pink and mauve blended; fawn and mauve are also appreciated; the meringues combine

these colours, and are as delightful to eat as to look at. The meringue cases may be bought of a confectioner or home-made, so that they are even in size and a good shape; they should be all white, or rather of the delicate tint which passes as white. The fresher they are the better, that the crispness be not lost.

To prepare them for table, some of the little chocolates above referred to will be wanted, as well as a supply of crystallised violets and rose petals, and a "filling." First take each half meringue and spread the outside very thinly with a white icing, made by mixing the white of an egg with enough sifted icing sugar to form a smooth paste. Be very careful that the edges are not smudged; before the icing dries, commence the pleasant task of garnishing. Start at the edges, as by so doing any spare icing gets worked up to the top, whereas, by reversing the order of procedure, it would run over at the edges and spoil the appearance.

What about pattern? This may be left to the individual. No two halves need be just alike; the idea is to blend the three colours artistically. In some, the edges may be of the chocolate, and the pink and mauve kept for the tops; in others, this may be reversed. Stripes and irregular spots are other simple modes.

As to the filling, whipped cream with sugar and vanilla flavouring almost everyone knows and likes, and it is not readily dethroned. But change is ever welcome. Try the cream with a morsel of preserved ginger, chopped, and a little of the syrup, with, if you like, vanilla or grated lemon rind; the amalgamation of these flavours is most satisfactory, and ginger seems to possess the power of reducing the richness of cream or custard preparations somewhat. Those to whom ginger is not acceptable may be inclined to make trial of cream flavoured with good essence of rose and coloured the faintest pink. I say good essence, for bad ones are an utter abomination. The service of these meringues is as usual, so

far as putting the halves together goes ; but place them in a single layer only, on a flat dish, garnished with natural green leaves, and nothing is prettier than ferns. Never be satisfied with artificial substitutes for the real thing. Some, in the modern craze for paper decoration, appear to ignore Nature altogether.

Chocolate Jellied Cake.

This is of so decorative a character as to be quite an acquisition to the supper-table, and it will stand the heat of a room for some hours without suffering in appearance—more than can be said for many sweets. A round sponge or Madeira cake is wanted (a Madeira for choice); cut out the middle, leaving a wall an inch thick. The portion removed is to be soaked in a little hot jelly, holes being first made in the cake. One of the best of the tablet jellies will answer admirably for this, but a little extra flavouring is often the making of it; and as brilliancy is not essential, a few drops of any essence may be used.

The outer surface of the cake is then to be coated with an icing made as under, and put on with a palette knife dipped from time to time in cold water. Here are the proportions; the quantities may have to be doubled for a large cake: One ounce of chocolate, very good, hard, and flavoured well with vanilla; half a pound of finely-sifted, good quality icing sugar; six tablespoonfuls of hot water; and if spice be not disliked, a dash of ground cinnamon, or cloves. The grated chocolate and water are to be mixed and stirred to the boil in a small bright stewpan, and the sugar added off the fire; a rapid stir, and it is ready. The soaked portion is now to be restored to its original position, and the cake set on the dish for serving. The brightest of glass is called for here.

Finally, surround the cake with a ring of jelly, the deepest yellow at your command; it should be chopped on a sheet of slightly-damped, stout white paper. Here and there put a few pieces of crystallised oranges, both green and gold; and for the top of the cake cut some of the same fruit into spikes and stick them in, after making good-sized holes with a skewer. A whole orange should be reserved for the top. Another way of finishing off may be noted: that is to cut the top off entirely and coat the cake with more chopped jelly and fruit as directed for the base.

The effect of such dishes as these, where the rest of the sweets are pale in colour, is very good. With reference to the soaked portion of the cake, it may be useful to add that fruit syrups serve as well as jelly for soaking; the

surplus syrup from many kinds of canned or bottled fruit may be instanced. A little gelatine must be added.

Apple and Chocolate Trifle.

“Chocolate with apples,” someone will exclaim; “what a strange mixture!” The answer is that the combination is very agreeable, and there are any number of more costly trifles that do not look or taste as nice as this, and it has the added merit of wholesomeness. A large, deep glass dish is wanted. First, a thick layer of apple pulp should be sandwiched between two layers of thinly-sliced bread or cake and put at the bottom. To make the pulp, stew some pared and cored apples in lemon-juice and sugar and beat or sieve it; anyway, see that it is smooth. The flavouring may be spice or vanilla, or lemon-peel can be added. If the cake be soaked in some melted apple jelly, a great improvement is effected. But here is a cheap substitute: Stew the parings with the cores and pips in a little water for some time, then strain off and add sugar and reduce to a thick syrup by quick boiling. Next in order comes a layer of macaroons, softened in the above way.

And now for a custard. First, a pint of milk and cream, mixed in such proportions as can be afforded; very little cream, remember, serves for a plain dish, and imparts the smoothness which no substitute *does* impart. Two ounces of grated chocolate, three or four ounces of sugar, a heaping teaspoonful of ratafia powder (made by sieving some crushed ratafias), the yolks of four and the whites of two eggs, are the remaining materials. The chocolate and some of the hot milk are to be mixed and boiled up; all the rest must be added, and the whole thickened in the orthodox custard fashion over the fire, viz., without boiling. This must go over the cake while hot, and be set by to get *stone cold*. When ice is available, spread a baking-tin or an old tray with a layer crushed small, and set the dish on it. Failing this, use cold water and plenty of salt in a shallow vessel, renewing the mixture as it becomes warm.

For the top garnish, endless ways could be given. One consists of pale pink jelly, maraschino, or vanilla, in blocks or chopped. Either way, the custard should show between; and, by the way, the colour of the custard is preferably deepened by the aid of a few drops of brown colouring. Or use a plain custard, adding a little gelatine to set it, pour it on a flat dish, and cut in pretty shapes with a fancy cutter. Some may be tinted a pale green and a leaf cutter used; this enhances the appearance, and the extra cost and trouble are not worth consideration. The ways of

using the shapes are as varied as leaf decorations for open jam tarts; no two people will place them exactly alike. In addition, a morsel of angelica is quite a boon, especially if only a yellow custard be at hand. And yet another mode. Some of the apples may be stewed in quarters and a border formed of them. They want careful treatment, and firm apples should be selected to avoid breaking. A pile may be put in the centre, and for a plain dish will pass muster.

To cheapen the trifle, so as to make it suitable for a children's party, use a greater amount of bread and dispense with the macaroons, add a layer of plain custard, such as cornflour, before putting on the chocolate, and dust over with "hundreds and thousands," or crushed pink sugar candy. There are few children who dislike apples, and fewer still who would turn away from chocolate.

Cherry Roll with Chocolate Icing.

This is our old friend "Swiss roll" with a new face. The well-known foundation of equal weights of flour, sugar, butter, and eggs cannot well be improved upon. Supposing from four to six ounces of each to be used, incorporate with them about a quarter of a pound of glacé cherries, cut in quarters, and enough pink colouring to give a *decided* pink tinge. If too little be used, the cake will look *muddy* when done, and imperfect mixing will result in *streakiness*. These two hints are worth attention when colouring cakes of any description.

Assuming this to be carefully baked as usual on a flat tin, it must be spread with

all speed and rolled while warm. You cannot roll it if allowed to get cold, for there will be cracks all over it. But what about the "spreading"? A choice is at your service, but something yellow is required. Lemon or orange curd, marmalades of the same fruits, magnum bonum or apricot jam, all good, and not much of either, must be used, or the cake will be not only rich, but sickly. When quite cold, finish off with the icing given for the jellied cake, and served in slices overlapping each other straight down a dish. The combined pink, yellow, and brown blend very harmoniously. It may be served hot, in the pudding course; this is worth remembering by way of a change, and, given a good oven, it does not take long to make either. In this case, the chocolate custard of the apple trifle comes in handy, and it should just coat the roll. Round it, if time permits, a hot custard, coloured pink, and flavoured with cherry syrup, may be poured; or the syrup from bottled cherries, heated, will be found delicious.

The mixture given for the roll is a good one for hosts of small cakes baked in moulds of fancy shapes. They may be decorated on the tops after baking with cherries or other pink fruits, and small fancy chocolates of various kinds; or yellow colouring and fruits of the same hue may be put in the mixture, and the same fruits used with chocolate outside. With the latter, some of the tiny silver sweets sold by confectioners may be used with certain success, for gold and silver with brown, though not very common, is most effective. DEBORAH PLATTER.

MY DOLL'S DRAWING-ROOM, AND HOW I FURNISHED IT.

WHAT mother or grown-up sis'er has forgotten the delights of a doll's house? One of the most vivid recollections I myself retain out of my own childhood is of playing with one belonging to a little neighbour, who, an only child, had more toys and much more expensive ones than I had. How I envied her the possession of this treasure. I was very ingenious at making toys for myself, though, and found probably more enjoyment out of my manufactures than I could have got from most elaborate purchases.

My father being an architect, perhaps my delight in house-building and arranging was hereditary; at all events, I know I was always making cardboard houses and furniture, and all one summer, until a heavy rain came and destroyed the fragile structure, my little brother and I were employed in laying out grounds to a white cardboard villa set up in our own garden patch. Someone gave me a small round birdcage, which I immediately appropriated as a summer-house, and built the villa to correspond. It was located on the confines of an asparagus-bed, which our imaginations turned into a grove of trees. Many, many years have passed since that happy summer, and my youngest child is the same age. As in my own childhood, toys are luxuries not to be profusely bought, and so when I

found my darling was longing for a doll's house I began to plan how I could make one for her at small expense.

One evening of leisure I set to work, and the start was so much applauded that I determined to proceed.

The first thing necessary, of course, was to have the house made. I decided, after a mental calculation of the various articles of furniture I wished to make, that I would not have a four-roomed mansion, but one good-sized apartment, which would hold furniture of a reasonable size and amount. So I explained my idea to a young carpenter, and he soon after brought me a strong deal box, thirty-six inches wide by sixteen inches deep and eighteen inches high.

The box was painted inside and out, and a window was put in each end. There was no front made, as I thought the room would be more convenient without it.

The decoration of the drawing-room was the first matter for consideration. As the walls were coloured terra-cotta, I chose a pale blue paper for the dado, four and a half inches in depth, and a friendly paper-hanger of my acquaintance made me a present of various strips of bordering, out of which I contrived a pretty one for the dado of deep red and gold. I papered the ceiling with some of the pale

blue paper, and pasted a narrow cornice of gilt paper all round it, which completed the decoration.

I found the painted floor such an excellent contrast to the light furniture I was making, that I decided to have no carpet, only a large hearthrug. It was several days before I was satisfied with an idea about this important feature of the room, but at last I saw some cretonne at a draper's, the border of which was the very thing. I bought a strip twelve inches in length, and cut off the two borders—all I wanted. The one I cut again into ends for the other. Laying them across the uncut piece, I carefully joined the pattern, and feather-stitched them on, beginning at the corners and working towards the centre. I carried the embroidery all round the rug, so that it should not show, at a short distance, where it was joined.

The curtains I made of yellow chiffon, with *lambrequins* of yellow lace across the tops. Little chains of gold beads held them back, and are hung on brass-headed tacks.

The chimney-piece next demanded attention. I saw, coveted, and readily obtained from a chemist an empty cardboard box of the required shape and dimensions for a mantelpiece. It is a certain lime and glycerine box, I may mention, stands about five and a half

inches high, and has a flap-cover, which forms the mantel-board. It is seven inches wide and two and a half inches deep. I raised the flap, cut away the front, leaving half an inch each side, and covered it with blue paper like the dado, not forgetting the bottom. Then I took the piece I had cut out, and from it made two little flaps about three inches wide, and high enough to just go in and out under the mantel-board when attached to the box. These flaps I meant to look like encaustic-tiled sides. They were first covered with blue paper, which extended half an inch beyond them to be pasted on the sides, not cut entirely away for this purpose. Three strips of gold bordering, stamped with tiny round figures, imitate the tiles very well, and are placed on each flap, which, when pushed back by a small black-varnished grate, give the structure quite the appearance of a tasteful, slow-combustion drawing-room fireplace. The mantel-board I covered with yellow silk with a full frill of yellow lace to match the window *lambrequins*. The little grate was purchased in London for a shilling, and has a miniature set of fire-irons with it. I also bought a mirror for the mantel-piece, which adds greatly to the appearance of the room. It is nine inches high and the exact width of the mantel-piece. My first intention was to gild the frame with Judson's gold paint, but I decided to drape it with chiffon, like the windows, instead, and I think it looks more artistic.

Really the room began to look charming, although no furniture was yet in it. The first thing in that line I manufactured was a large cabinet, and the chief material was a cardboard box, five and a half inches by four inches and four inches high. I turned the box upside down and cut away all the sides except enough to form the four legs. Then I put the cover down over the top, and upholstered it all over with blue plush. I next covered another box-lid about an eighth of an inch smaller, but the same shape, and fastened it underneath, an inch from the ground, as a shelf. A third, also the same size, I covered with the plush after cutting away one of its rims, and sloping off the sides. Then I fastened it, standing up, to the

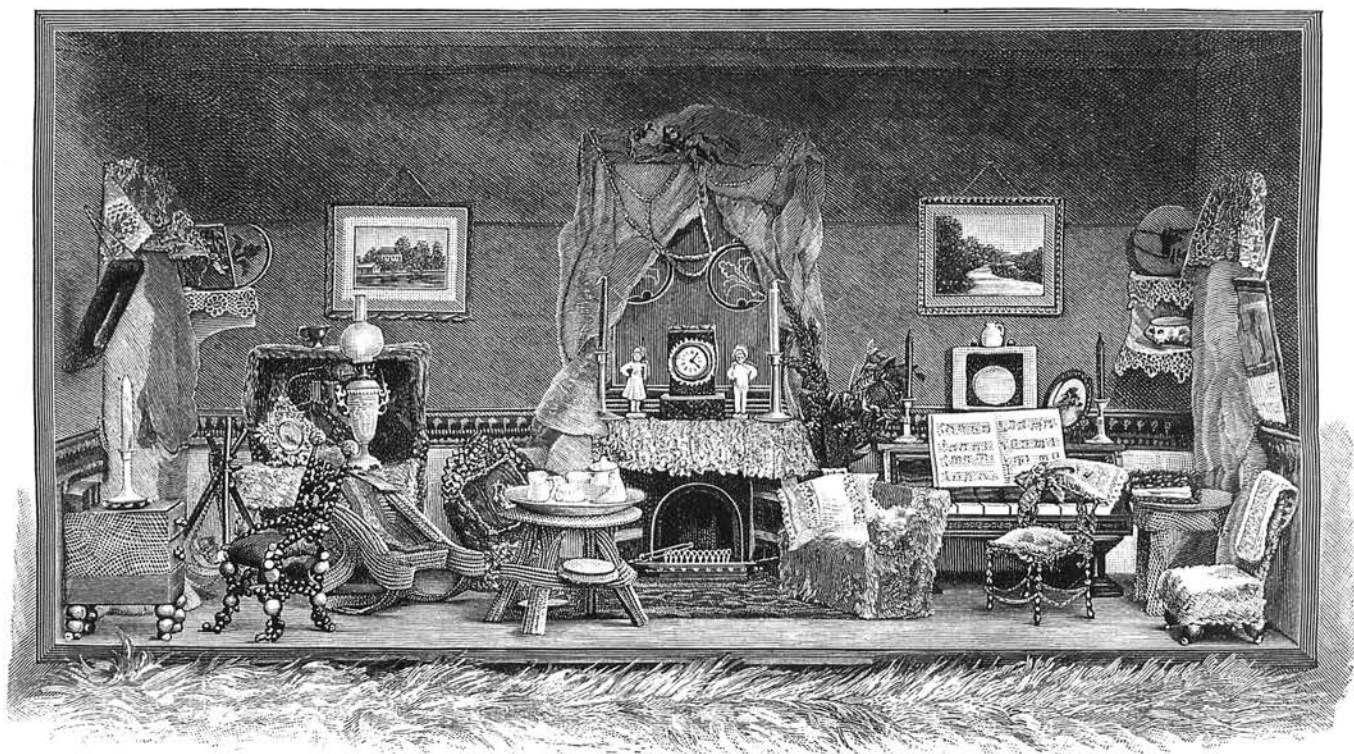
table portion, as the back of the cabinet, the top and side rims forming a recess, into which I put a little mirror, and draped it with yellow ribbon. Finding the back rather tottery I made two chains of gold beads, the size of pearl barley grains, and with one on each side fastened the two parts of the cabinet more firmly by sewing the chains about an inch from the inside edges of the table, and then again to the back, the same distance from the bottom.

With this massive article of furniture I thought two tables would be sufficient. The former I made of cardboard. I cut two rounds, one three inches in diameter, the other four inches. The larger round was for the top, and I covered it with some thick dark brown paper, resembling shark skin in texture. I steamed this off a broken paper case. Any other dark paper would do as well, or the table, when finished, might be painted or enamelled, but I liked the rough surface of my paper, because it looked like wood—or so I fancied it might look to a child. Next I made four legs from straight strips of cardboard, three and three quarter inches long, covered them with the paper, folded them over twice to give them more substance, and gummed them to the larger round, half an inch from the edge, at equal distances, and by means of the paper, cut a little longer than the cardboard. These gummed ends were all turned towards the centre, and over them was placed the smaller round, and gummed down securely. Last of all I cut a strip of paper and gummed it upon a ribbon the same width and long enough to encircle the table. When dry I spread the inside, that is, the ribbon lining with gum, placed one end against a leg at its junction with the table, and drew it rather tightly around the other legs, and back again over the first, like a bandage. This made a finish to the table, and secured its firmness.

The other table is in imitation of a wicker five o'clock tea-table. I cut an oval top from a discarded sailor hat. The straw was smooth and rather fine, and the edge of the wide brim was turned down, which was a useful item in its subsequent history. I made the four

legs for my table by cutting strips from the straightest part of the hat. These were about two inches wide and about five inches long. I rolled each one, sewed it up about four inches, and then spreading out the unsewn remainder I stitched it to the oval, taking care that the cotton was not visible on the top. When all the legs were thus sewn on they formed a cross, lying flat upon the oval top. To bring them into right position I cut another strip exactly the length of the table's circumference, sewed it together into a ring and encircled the legs with it, about half way down. I then fastened it to the legs, and they stood firmly. Lastly I cut two little round shelves for the bread-and-butter plates from the part of the brim nearest the turned down edge, leaving a piece of this attached to each as a flap by which to secure it to the ring of straw around the legs.

I next made a writing cabinet from three match-boxes, first removing the drawers of two. Four little legs were necessary to set it up, and these I made from large wooden beads in the following manner. I took the match-box which held its drawer, and with a long needle, threaded with stout silk, I pierced down the first corner, and drew the silk tightly. Then I threaded on two big beads, and a small gilt one, passed my needle back through the large beads and the box, and then down the next corner, as close to the edge as I dared venture, without fear of breaking the box. When all the legs were thus attached, and the silk firmly secured, I gummed the three boxes together. Then I covered all but the front and top with the rough paper described above. I cut out a piece of brown glazed cardboard for the top, and made a row of little pigeon-holes for the back by bending a strip of the same across, gumming it to the sides, and slipping two tiny pieces of it into the aperture thus made. Another piece, still of the same brown cardboard, I cut to fit the back of the cabinet and to come up behind the pigeon-holes, and a little above them. It was now complete except the drawers. I made knots for these before slipping them in their places, with three



MY DOLL'S DRAWING-ROOM.

gold beads, each about the size of a grain of sago. The needle was passed through the inside of the drawer, the beads threaded on and the needle passed back. It was rather difficult to fasten off the thread, as the match-wood is so brittle. I did not cover the drawers, as their natural yellow colour looks well with the brown.

Most people understand how to make a sofa. I made mine of cardboard, and covered it with blue plush. The seat is six and a half inches by two inches by two inches. The back is four inches high. I padded the back and seat, and made arms for each end by rolling two strips of cardboard, stuffing them, and after covering the ends with rounds of plush, finishing the hard pillows with a band of plush round the cardboard. Then I fastened them to the sofa, and threw across one a little antimacassar. This I will describe later on. I determined to have variety in my chairs, so this is how I attained it.

No. 1 is very elaborate, of jet beads, strung on wire. I first made a square frame and four legs of copper-wire, twisted. I slipped the beads on the legs, and fastened the ends of the wire by turning them up with a pair of pincers. A square of cardboard, covered with old gold silk, was next sewn to the frame for the seat, and the back was contrived as follows: I had two gold-headed pins, these I threaded with jet and stuck them into the cardboard as the two main supports, bending their points firmly under with the pincers. Two shorter supports of beads, threaded on wire, were next put between them. The wire started from the seat, passed up through the beads, had three gilt ones for an ornamental top, then passed down through the beads again and was fastened off beneath. The four supports were now bound together by two cross-pieces of wire and beads, and were perfectly firm, but to give further security little arms, made the same way, were attached to the back an inch from the seat, and brought forward to the front legs. For the same reason a cross-piece was put round the legs, half-way down. Lastly, a piece of silk was sewn under the seat to cover the ends of wire, and a little cushion tacked on at the four corners.

No. 2 was made with gold beads and copper-wire, but less elaborately. Strands of fine gold beads were twisted round the frame of the seat, and the back was simply two pieces of copper-wire bent in an oval shape, one within the other, with the gilt strands twisted over them. The beads for the legs were the larger ones used for chair No. 1, and for the cabinet, etc. This chair had a blue plush seat.

No. 3 was a lady's easy-chair, of blue plush—the seat consisted of a lozenge box. I first fastened on the feet, made each of a red wooden bead the size of a small cherry, and a gold bead to hold it on with, just as described in the writing-table. The box was then padded and covered with plush, and stood one inch and three-quarters from the floor. I cut a back of cardboard three inches and a half long, and rounded at the top, padded it and covered it with plush. It was then sewn on, and the chair stood complete.

No. 4 was an American wicker-chair. It was made from a coarse blue and white sailor-hat. An oval, four inches and a half at the widest cut from the crown, formed the back. This coarse straw when undone will pull out straight. I cut two strips eleven inches long, bent them square, sewed each together, and then the one to the other. This made the bottom of the chair, and I next sewed the back to the top row. The seat was easily framed by sewing strips of the straw together and fastening them in. For the arms I bent strips at right angles, sewed one within the other, cut them to the required size, and fastened them to the back. Slipping the

other ends between the seat and the bottom part of the chair, and stitching them down finished it; but I made a little yellow silk cushion for the back, embroidered with forget-me-nots, which brightened and made it look more comfortable.

No. 5 was a rocking-chair, made from the straw-hat which furnished me my tea-table. The seat and back were cut alike from the brim, in a sort of wedge shape. Any curly-brimmed straw will answer the purpose, which is to give the seat a flap hanging down, and the back, one bending backward. The wedge-shaped pieces cut out—with their narrow ends only an inch smaller than those opposite, which had the flaps—I laid them face to face and sewed the narrow ends together. I then cut out two triangular pieces of straw, rolled the edges of the bases, and sewed them. These were for the arms: I held one (with its rolled edge turned inside) in the angle formed by the seat and back, and sewed it to both. The other arm was secured in the same way. Next I cut four strips from the brim of the hat, five inches long and one inch wide. They of course were curved. I turned an end of each back, making a loop with a projection of straw, fastened the loop to the strip, and then sewed each to the sides of the chair by the projecting piece of straw in such wise that the two back ones curved back and the front ones forward. The space between a front and back leg was three inches and a half. Two straight strips of straw, five inches and a half long, were next cut for the rockers and sewn into the loops. The difference of two inches made the curve, but as the chair was inclined to topple over, I cut another strip, four inches long and one inch wide, and put it at the back, from one rocker across to the other just inside the loops, and found the balance quite restored.

The chairs and tables now being completed, I turned my thoughts towards the final details. I had bought a small piano, quite a pretentious-looking semi-grand, with the splendid compass of one octave—and all for sixpence! Its fatal drawback was that it possessed no legs, and these I proceeded to supply. Four empty reels were given me—not ordinary cotton-reels, but larger-sized ones from a tailor, with narrow tops and spindle columns. I black-varnished these and glued them to my piano, which now stood proudly on its ebony legs! A glazed visiting-card, cut into the shape of a music-rack, was also black-varnished, and took it kindly. With an edge turned up and stiffened by the application of the varnish it looked very substantial, and, being pushed between the front and top of the piano while wet, it became fast without further trouble.

The furniture of the room being now complete and put in place, I proceeded to manufacture the smaller articles, which more than anything gave the little apartment a look of being "the real thing."

The mantel-piece was all very well, so far as it went, but it would be perfect with a clock. And this is how I made it. I bought a penny watch as the preliminary move. Then I procured a tiny jeweller's box, whose cover just held the watch, and cut a round in this for the face to show through. After fastening the watch in this position I black-varnished the front of the case, its rims, and the box itself. I then turned the latter upside down, stuck the clock upon it endways, and the varnish when dry held them together as if glued. A piece of paper was pasted over the back to hide the stitches, and the black marble timepiece was placed upon the mantel-shelf.

As no drawing-room is complete without brackets, I made two for the corners and one to hang in a space over the piano. The corner ones I made from cardboard boxes. I measured two inches along and across, cutting

the corner of the box off and leaving about two inches of the sides as support for the bracket. A triangle of silk over the tops and a lace border completed them. In one corner I put two of these brackets, one above the other, so that there were two shelves.

The third bracket I made from a match-box.

No doll of artistic taste could possibly make herself happy in a room without flowers. A flower-stand being an imperative want, I bought a cane for one half-penny and cut from it three lengths, six and a half inches each. Through one I bored a hole with a red-hot needle, and fastened them all together by means of wire, passed first through this hole, and twisted round while they were held "gipsy-kettle" fashion, but meeting higher up. I then black-varnished it, wire and all, as the colour of the cane was not beautiful and the wire decidedly unsightly. A tiny glass bowl with a foot or ledge made the flower-vase, attached to the tripod by chains of gold beads. A ring of these, exactly fitting the foot of the bowl, was slipped round it, and three strands fastened at equal distances to it. To make the legs of the tripod secure I passed chains of the beads through two of them by boring holes near the bottom, and fastened them to the third.

Little antimacassars were made from strips of lace and very narrow ribbon, or insertion and ribbon. One, for the sofa, was of muslin, on each side was a ribbon border and round all a row of insertion edged with lace.

Books and music, like flowers, are absolute essentials. I made an album, and placed upon the piano-rack a waltz, specially composed for the one-octave piano, and written as finely as was possible on little sheets of foreign paper with a coloured cover. The album was manufactured with more difficulty. Two little squares of cardboard were first cut for the stiff covers and then a strip of red plush the same width, allowing for turning in, but long enough to cover both pieces of cardboard, front and back, and to leave over a little space between for the binding of the book. Before sewing this the front of the plush was ornamented with an initial in the centre, worked with gold beads, and a gold bead of the second size at each corner. The cardboard pieces were placed on each end and turned over towards the centre, then sewn down. The album itself was made of little cards stitched together and bound in. Two rows of gold beads were then put down the back to conceal the stitches of the binding, and a tiny clasp, cut from a child's cheap necklace, was sewn to the edges of the album. The pictures having been cut out and pasted in, the book was complete.

And now, having come to the end of my resources, I spent a very little on ornaments for the room, or contributed some from my shelves and brackets. A couple of photographs for the wall were bound with gold paper, and several tiny midget frames had little landscapes, cut from Christmas cards, put in them; candlesticks for the mantel-piece, piano and writing-table, and a pretty little lamp were suggestive of cheerful evenings. Other ornaments were set upon the brackets and table, and a pair of china figures, about two inches high, completed the appearance of the mantel-shelf.

A tea-set on a little tray which looked like silver, and cost one penny, was now set out upon the table. The "cosy" for the tea-pot, a last thought, was made from a bit of blue quilted satin. All was now ready for the mimic occupants of the house. The first, mistress of the domain, was arrayed in a tea-gown; the second, a supposed visitor, appeared in a summer walking costume; and a maid, in a plain gown, cap, and apron, was at hand to attend upon the ladies gracefully seated near the tea-table, while the clock pointed to ten minutes past five!

AUNT MEHITABLE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. HARRIET HAZELTON.

FOURTH PAPER.

WELL, girls, where did I leave off the other night? Oh, yes! I'd been tellin' of the President's Reception. Well, the next Wednesday after this, Nat, he hired a fine carriage for Miss Rankin an' me, an' we invited Miss Thomas, a nice lady at the hotel, to go with us a-callin'. I wore my black dress, an' velvet bonnet, an' the velvet cloak Nat had bought me, an' Miss Rankin said I looked real handsome. The carriage was elegant, with brown silk linin's, and the driver, or coachman as they call 'em, wore a fine overcoat with a cape, an' a tall beaver hat with velvet band an' big buckle, an' I got to wonderin', as I rode along, if it "really was I," like the old woman in Mother Goose's Melodies. We called fust on Miss Blaine, the Speaker's wife. She has a fine home on Fifteenth Street. She's a tall, good-lookin', quiet lady, an' received us in a pleasant, gentle way. She wore a garnet silk dress, and large gold ear-rings an' breast-pin. After we spoke with her a few minutes, Miss Rankin introduced me to Miss Dodge. That's "Gail Hamilton," Allie; you know you read one o' her books aloud to me last winter, an' we liked it so much. Well, she's a little, dumpy, round-faced body, with short hair—half curly or twisty-like—and with a large mouth an' somethin' the matter of one o' her eyes; real plain an' homely at the fust glance. But goodness my! you forgit all about the plain face the minute she begins to talk. She's just as bright, an' sweet, an' pleasant as she can be. She got to jokin' Miss Rankin right off about gittin' married. Then she asked me about the farm, an' talked of horses, an' cows, an' green fields, and runnin' brooks, till it a'most made me homesick. And when I'd answer her I couldn't help sayin' "Gail Hamilton," an' then she'd shake her head an' say, "Miss Dodge, if you please." Then she turned to Miss Rankin an' said over somethin' from Shakspeare; I don't mind the words quite, I reckon, but it was somethin' like this: "If the wench was a homely one she was his own;" meanin' if her name was a plain one, it was her own, an' she liked it best on that account. We had a nice time there, an' I went away thinkin' that after all these distinguished folks ain't any of 'em so very different from ourselves; and I come to another conclusion, that the more sense people has, the less airs they put on, the world over. Miss Blaine had a sweet little child a-toddlin' about the parlors with its colored nuss; an' of course I had to stop and say somethin' to it. I always do stop when I see a sweet-lookin' child anywhere. There was a fine table set in the back parlor

with the best o' coffee and all kinds o' knick-nacks.

What did Gail Hamilton wear? Dear me! I never thought of her clothes before; and I can't tell you if she wore calico or silk, velvet or satin. She's not the kind of person to make you think of clothes; but the very kind to make you forgit everything of the sort. An' I feel sure now that if I was to call again, with the full intention of rememberin' what she wore, I should forgit all about it the minute she opened her mouth to talk.

We called next on Miss Fish. She's the wife of the Secretary of State. She's a tall, stately lady, with gray hair, that she wears in puffs on each side o' her forehead. She's said by a great many to be the most polished lady in Washin'-ton. Miss Rankin told me that Prince Arthur, that's Victory's son, she that's Queen o' England, said that Miss Fish was the most perfect lady he ever met. Well, she was so dignified and stately-lookin' like a queen, that I felt; little afraid like, at fust; but after speakin' to the other ladies a minute, she came around to me, and asked me about my family an' home an' told me of her own married daughters an' grandchildren, an' before I knowed it, I forgot I was a-talkin' to the fust lady in the land a'most, an' felt as easy as I would talkin' to an old friend. An' I reckon it's this very thing that makes people respect her so. She's a true lady, that's a fact; an' I felt sure I'd knowed somebody a great deal like her some time in my life. An' so when I got home an' got to thinkin' about it, quiet-like, I minded it was 'Siah's mother that was like her, thirty year ago, or more. I know that before we was married she was always so dignified and stately-like, I was half afraid of her; an' after I got to know her well, I loved her better 'n any other woman in the world. You see, I hadn't no mother or sister o' my own. They said she'd been a very handsome young girl; but I was sure she was just as beautiful as an old lady. She belonged to one of the very best old Virginny families, you see; and after all the laughin' about such things, there's a good deal in it, I reckon. Well, if *she* was here, lookin' as she looked thirty year ago, an' was dressed like Miss Fish, she'd look like her twin sister. She, Miss Fish, had an elegant home, an' offered us coffee an' cake, like the other ladies. What did she wear? Oh, yes, I mind very well. She had a lavender silk dress, just like mine, only the skirt was a'most covered with p'int lace. And she had a headdress o' p'int lace, with a beautiful lavender feather. And she wore elegant diamonds, an' it all seemed to suit her exactly; an' you can't always say that about a lady's dress.

From there we went to Miss Williams's. She's the wife of the Attorney-Gineral, an' one of the handsomest an' friendliest ladies in

Washin'ton—too free in her manners to be held up as a model of dignity, an' yit she's a lady all over. I always thought, an' think yit that the truest politeness is in makin' your visitors feel pleasant an' home-like; an' you can't feel any other way with Miss Williams. She's one o' the brightest-faced women I ever seen, an' minds me o' Nannie Hartsook at Petersburg, an' you know everybody likes her.

Well, the same ceremony was gone through at every place. Ringin' the door-bell, givin' your cards to a colored man dressed in black cloth an' white kid gloves, and with a silver waiter in his hand; walkin' in, bein' introduced to the lady or ladies; talkin' a minute or so till the next one comes, then takin' coffee or chocolate, then shakin' hands with the lady, and gittin' in the carriage for the next call. At some o' the places we didn't care to stop and talk; but Miss Williams come an' set down by me, an' asked about Virginny, an' said she was a Virginian, that her father used to have a large number o' slaves, an' that she liked Southern people and Southern hospitality. When you meet a fashionable lady as friendly as she is, you feel just as much at home with her as with your own neighbors, an' don't feel like hurryin' away. Miss Williams wore a pale green silk dress, flounced and trimmed with a darker green. Her neck an' arms was bare, an' she wore pink flowers an' a pale green feather in her hair. When Nat read in the papers a night or two after about the folks in Europe goin' wild over the beauty of American ladies, I said I wondered what they'd think o' Miss Fish an' Miss Williams; for either of 'em was queenly enough lookin' for any throne they had.

From there we went to Miss Creswell's. She lives very near Miss Williams's—only half a square, and as near as across our yard; yit we got into the carriage all the same as if it had been a mile. Miss Creswell's a small, delicate lady, an' looks like she had bad health. She was very pleasant and friendly. She wore a pale brown silk, "coffee an' cream," they call it, an' it was very pretty. Her sister is quite a large young lady, but fine-lookin', and she wore white silk, trimmed with black lace an' velvet. They had music in one o' the back parlors, an' a few young folks was a dancin'.

Next we went to Miss Secretary Delano's. She wore a black velvet dress with cordin' o' white satin, an' a headdress o' p'int lace an' pink satin. She's a pleasant, friendly, home-like lady, about my own age, an' minds me a good deal o' Sister Sallie. Young Miss Delano, her son's wife, is a real nice little body, an' very pretty, too, with black hair and eyes, an' was elegantly dressed in a pale satin dress, pearl color I believe it was, with puffs of red satin edged with black lace, all over the skirt. We met there Mary Clemmer Ames, her that writes them good, sensible letters in the *Independent*. An' girls, she's one o' the brightest

bodies I ever met. Her face is rosy an' healthy; her eyes bright, an' her smile as snowy an' cheery as a May mornin'. She was with her friend, Miss Baxter, a splendid lookin' old lady, and widder of the member o' Congress from Vermont, that died a few year ago; an' she's just as agreeable an' pleasant as Miss Ames. Miss Baxter was dressed in mournin', and Miss Ames wore black silk and a pale blue necktie, an' a blue feather in her black bonnet. They invited us to come and see 'em on a Saturday. Miss Ames writes all the week but Saturdays an' Sundays.

Well, we made two or three more calls, just on Miss Rankin's an' Miss Thomas's friends, an' got back to the hotel for a six o'clock dinner. That'll sound quare to you, girls; but very often we didn't eat dinner till six o'clock. An' in the evenin' we'd go to the theater about the time the folks at home would be goin' to bed. We'd git home a little before twelve, an' I soon got so I could sleep till seven or eight in the mornin' in spite o' all the noise. Talk o' young men bein' spiled goin' to the city. It's just as easy to spile an old woman, as Nat can tell you. As for 'Siah, you couldn't git him to a evenin' reception or theater after the fust time. Once was enough for him. He'd rather lay down on the sofy, with the gaslight just behind him, an' read the papers till he went to sleep; an' I'd come home every time an' find him asleep with his clothes on. Then I'd have to rouse him up an' git him to bed in good order. Miss Rankin had worked him a lovely pair o' slippers, and he tuck great comfort in gittin' off his boots, an' puttin' on his gown an' slippers after dinner. He kep his face shaved fresh every day, an' changed his shirt every mornin', an' I declare, you can't think how nice he looked! He was as handsome as 'most any o' the Senators, if he *was* only a farmer. Now you know, girls, he has to go in the field every mornin', the same old way; or least-ways, he thinks he has to, and that's just the same thing; so he don't look like he did last winter.

Nat wants to rent us a house in the fall, and have his father an' me keep it for him through the winter. He says father'll git to like it, an' can have some rest, which he'll never take at home; an' that we can leave the stock an' the things in the care of Pete an' Annie very well, if we'll only think so. Well, I'm willin', if we can have a house a little back, where it ain't so noisy, an' where I needn't have company only when I want to. This is one good thing in city life. Them that keeps house can be alone when they want to. They ain't obleeged to see visitors when they're tired or feel bad; an' they ain't obleeged to go to see folks they don't care about, like they are in the country an' in little towns, where they know everybody. Goodness my! if our Sallie don't call on the very last woman in Peters-

burg, they git up all sorts o' talk about her, an' say she's proud an' stuck up, an' thinks herself better'n her neighbors. An' I'd be awful sorry if a sister o' mine *wasn't* better'n some of 'em. But they keep store, an' if she don't go to see 'em, why, you see, they'll go off to Jeb Hodgkin's store, so she has to go, no matter how much she feels above 'em. Well, I didn't hear no such talk in Washin'ton. Everybody seemed to mind their own business, an' let other folks do the same. An' they didn't need to be a-watchin' their neighbors for somethin' to gossip about. I believe human natur' 's about the same everywhere; an' if the town-folks hadn't somethin' interestin' to see an' hear all the time, they'd be just as gossipy as country folks. The mind as well as the body has to be occupied or interested, if it keeps out o' mischief. But in the city they can always find somethin' to talk about, so they let their neighbors alone. An' what if it does cost somethin' to see an' hear? to go to lectur's and theaters? It's my opinion that the mind needs feedin' as much as the body. An' everybody knows it takes a deal o' money to feed the body. It's a sight better, if folks can't be satisfied to set down an' read all their spare time, to pay for seein' a good play or hearin' a good lectur', than to go around pickin' your neighbors to pieces. An' if folks can't do one thing, they will the other, you may be sure. An' this is one reason I like the city best, 'specially in winter. I don't think I ever *could* stand it in summer an' late spring, when the buds are swellin', an' the trees a-blossomin', an' the young chickens an' ducks, an' calves an' lambs a-gatherin' all around; when the fresh vegetables are comin' in the garden, an' the strawberries, an' raspberries, an' blackberries, an' huckleberries a-ripenin'; an' the fruit to gather an' put up, an' the cider, an' apple-butter, an' preserves to make. An' I love to look at the great fields o' wheat as yaller as gold, an' the corn gathered an' shocked, an' the hay a-makin', an' the great wagon loads o' pumpkins, an' the white fields o' buckwheat swarmin' with bees. No, indeed! no matter if it *does* bring work with it. It always makes me think o' the goodness an' bounty o' God, who makes the rain fall, an' the crops ripen, an' the harvests plentiful, in return for our labors. An' I have an idee that maybe wouldn't suit many folks—that the worship I give my Maker when I see an' rejoice over these things is a truer worship than I could give Him in a fine city church, dressed in my silk an' fastened up in close corsets on a hot summer's day. Oh, no! I never *could* live in the city in summer; but in winter, if Nat can git a house to suit us, in a quiet street, I don't know but I'll agree to go. An', to tell the truth, I think I like the city the best in winter. There's so many things to interest an' instruct you. An' the churches is so fine

an' comfortable; an' the preachin—you never heerd anything like it in the Valley. Instd o' skeerin' folks into jinin' the church a-talkin' about the lake, an' all that—you never hear such things at all. They only tell o' the goodness o' God an' of his love, that's greater than the love of a mother. An', notwithstandin' I was made to believe a good deal o' this fire-business when I was a child, I believe now in no religion but the religion that teaches love, an' kindness, an' the Golden Rule.

On the next afternoon—that was a-Thursday—we called on half a dozen o' the Senator's wives, an' it was just the same as the other receptions. Several of 'em had dahcin', an' we didn't hurry ourselves away, but set down an' talked, an' watched the young folks dance. We met a good many nice people, an' I soon found I could have a pleasant time anywheres a-most.

On next Saturday we went to see Miss Ames an' Miss Baxter, an' then went to call on Miss Grant at the White House. Miss Ames was lookin' finely, an' so was her friend. We met two or three acquaintances there, an' a half hour was gone before we knowed it. These ladies are so pleasant an' home-like, that everybody likes to call on 'em; an' when they do call, they can't think o' leavin' in a hurry. They forgit how fast the time goes by. We met Miss Senator Logan, that we'd called on, an' young Miss Delano, an' several others we had seen before.

When we went to the White House, it was only four o'clock in the afternoon, an', girls, the rooms was all shut up, an' the great chandeliers lit up, just like it was night. It looked mighty nice, but I couldn't see what it was done for. I asked Miss Rankin, an' she said "she guessed it was just a fashion that come from Paris." She said that some ill-natured folks thought it was because Miss Grant knowed she wasn't very handsome, an' she could have the gaslight a-fallin' on her, so's to make her look better'n she would in the daylight. But she didn't believe any such a thing. When she was only *General* Grant's wife, she had daylight receptions, an' wore high-necked dresses; an' if it wasn't necessary for a President's wife to keep up the styles before all the furren Ministers an' their ladies, she didn't believe Miss Grant would care anything about it. An' she guessed since Miss Nellie's been to Paris, she wanted her mother to do as they done there. Well, to tell the truth, several other ladies that had receptions had *their* houses darkened an' the gas lit; so there wasn't any need to wonder at Miss Grant. But I reckon it's another weakness o' human natur' to be a-watchin' her more than any other woman, just because she's lady o' the White House; an' if she gits through the next four year as well as she has the last, I reckon she'll do.

Well, we went through all the parlors an' the East Room, and then into the State dinin'-room, where they give the great dinner parties. I tell you it was splendid! The walls was all painted and trimmed with gold; the great chandeliers glittered like diamonds; an' the long table was finer 'n anything o' the kind I ever seen. An' here, girls, before the session was over, Nat an' me was invited to dinner. I reckon I felt quare to go to such a place; but I kep' very quiet, an' reckon I didn't show my bad grammar much, seein' as I only talked a few words at a time, an' that was mostly to one o' the furren gentlemen, an' he couldn't talk English much. I think I got along real nice; an' any way, as Nat wasn't ashamed of me, I don't care. You see, he says, if I wasn't eddicated when I was a girl, it wasn't my fault; an' sence I was married, he says I've spent my life an' all its energies on my children, an' they owe most o' their success to my good trainin', an' that his mother's got as much sense as the best o' the polished ones, an' he hopes he'll never forgit himself so as to feel ashamed o' her that's done so much for him.

Well, where was I? Oh, yes! we was goin' through the White House. After we left the dinin'-room, we went to the con-con-well, the hot-house, where the flowers grow, is what I mean. Just before we reached it, we passed the door of a quare lookin' room, where there was long tables covered with green cloth, an' white balls scattered over 'em. Miss Rankin said it was the billiard-room, but I didn't know what that was, an' I forgot to ask her afterwards.

The green-house was full o' the finest flowers an' vines, all in bloom in the winter time; an' it seemed like the garden of Eden, only as it was all covered over with glass, it showed too plain that it was made by men. It's a beautiful thing to be able to git the fresh-blown flowers to set in vases all around the house; but I don't like bein' in the hot-house, no matter how fine an' costly it is. If I lived here, I'd send an have 'em brought to me in the house, so I might imagine they come from out doors. Then I'd think o' the summer woods where the little river goes on, tinklin' an' musical, an' the violets an' wild roses, an' clematis an' Carolina pink, or scarlet lobelia, lift up their pretty blossoms all day long; an' the red bird an' robin, an' blue bird an' sparrow, chirp an' sing, and dip their wings in the water the whole day through, where there's no sign of man around, an' the flowers an' birds an' stream grow an' sing an' ripple from mornin' till night, without bein' disturbed. Yes, when I see flowers anywheres, it sets me a dreamin' o' the woods an' streams an' the great old elms an' sugar maples down by our own little river. An' of the wild-roses an' lilies in the medders, thousands an' thousands of 'em growin' on, and bloomin' on, from year to

year, without anybody carin' for 'em. You know that Christ said, "Consider the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." An' it's just so our lilies an' roses grow from year to year, an' without any need o' glass houses.

Miss Johnson, the teacher that boarded with us last summer, said she never seen anything so lovely as our medder lilies. She said they was more beautiful than the fuchsias, because they was larger, an' they 'minded her o' the flowerin' maple blossoms. She never seen such flowers in the North. An' the columbines, an' the big laurel (Rhododerdrum, I think she called it), an' the snap-dragons, an' pea-blossoms, an' mountain pinks, an' clematis, all growin' wild, with whole acres o' roses an' lilies—it made her think she was in Paradise, an' the mountains on both sides was the walls that shut her in.

So lookin' at these flowers carried me back to summer in the Valley, an' I forgot I was in Washin'ton, or was Nat's mother, or had ever seen the President's house, or anything but our own hills, an' blossoms, an' runnin' streams; an' the first thing that brought me back was Miss Rankin a-touchin' me on the shoulder an' askin' me if I was ready to go. Oh, no, girls! all the fine houses, an' green-house flowers, an' gold walls, an' crystal chandeliers, an' satin-lined carriages, an' white-gloved servants, an' diamonds an' velvets, an' theatres an' operas, an' grand streets an' capitol, could never, never keep me in the city in summer time.

Absence of Mind.

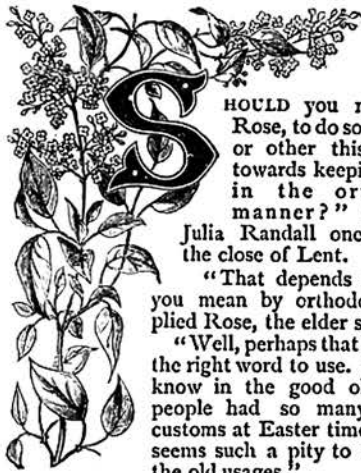
[Scene: A sleeping-car. An absent-minded passenger suddenly arises from his seat and looks aimlessly around him.]

"A HEAVY weight is on my mind!
I know I've left *something* behind!
It cannot be the brazen check,
For trunks which baggage-masters wreck,
For here it is! My hat-box? No!
It safely rests the seat below!
It must be, then, my new umbrella,
My wife will taunt me when I tell her,
'Your fifteenth since the glad New Year!
Why, bless me, no! How very queer!
'Tis in the rack there, plain in sight!
My purse and ticket are all right!
What fancies crowd an added head;
There's naught amiss! I'll go to bed."

Full peacefully he sank to rest,
If snores a peaceful sleep attest.
A tuneful hour had scarce slipped by,
When loud uprose an anguished cry—
A crazed man's moan of lamentation—
"I've left the baby at the station!"

IMPOSSIBILITIES.—Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

EASTER EGGS, AND HOW THE GIRLS MADE THEM.



“SHOULD you not like, Rose, to do something or other this Easter towards keeping it up in the orthodox manner?” asked Julia Randall one day at the close of Lent.

“That depends on what you mean by orthodox,” replied Rose, the elder sister.

“Well, perhaps that was not the right word to use. But you know in the good old days people had so many queer customs at Easter time, and it seems such a pity to drop all the old usages.”

“I think so too, to a certain extent; but in general I must confess I think the ‘good old times’ are rather a delusion. However, some of the customs of our ancestors were certainly very pleasant indeed. What do you say to preparing some Easter eggs for the occasion?”

“That would be delightful: do let us, it will please the children so much. But how do you make them? I have not an idea—have you?”

“No, I really have not,” said Rose, ponderingly; “but I daresay we can find out. Let us ask Kate the First to join us, as she did with the Christmas-tree; we shall have to do without *our* Kate this time, as she is away.”

“That will be splendid. I will go round and ask her now, and then we can have a meeting to-morrow afternoon; and meanwhile we will each ransack all the books we can find on the subject, and the united efforts of three such brains will surely be equal to the task of manufacturing an egg.”

Next morning, accordingly, each of the three girls betook herself to study; but as the libraries in both houses were small, the amount of information collected was limited. In the afternoon they met together as arranged, notebook in hand, each very curious as to the notes of the others.

“Now, Rose, ‘age before honesty,’ as the vulgar little boys say; so you must begin. But what a quantity you have written! Oh, where shall I hide my diminished head? I have only half a page.”

“Never mind,” said Rose, “perhaps the quality of yours will make up for deficient quantity. The notes I have made from different sources are as follows. The custom of distributing coloured eggs is traced back to very early times and ancient peoples, Egyptians, Gauls, Romans, Greeks, Persians, and others. In many countries the custom still obtains. In Persia the occasion for giving coloured eggs is the beginning of their new year, which takes place in March. In England there are very old records and allusions to these pasch, paste, or pace eggs. In the reign of Edward the First, for example, there is an account of the purchase of four hundred eggs, to be coloured or ornamented for distribution among the Court. No doubt the custom was originally symbolic of the re-awakening of nature in springtime, and was taken advantage of by the early Christians, and used by them to typify the resurrection of Christ.

“I have just noted down one or two other

old customs which are interesting, but I do not think you would care about them being perpetuated, Julia, with all your love of antiquities.

“It was considered the thing to rise by four o’clock in the morning to see the sun dance and curtsy on Easter Day. Shall we keep to that?”

“No, certainly not. I consider that a relic of barbarism which ought to be suppressed. What else?”

“Then there is lifting, or heaving, which is still commonly practised in some parts of England. The person to be lifted sits on a chair, and is two or three times raised high in the air. On Monday the men lift the women, and on Tuesday *vice versa*; no one who comes in the way of the ‘heavers’ is let off unless they pay a sum of money. That is evidently a vulgar commemoration of the Resurrection. I have several other curious old customs put down for your edification, such as the eating of Tansy cakes; but I must get back to the point, which is the making of Easter eggs, and the only way I have discovered is the very simple one of boiling them in a solution of cochineal, or any other dye.”

“Ah!” cried Julia, “when it comes to my turn I think I can offer an improvement, or at least an amendment to that.”

“Let us have it then, by all means,” said Kate.

“Ahem!” began Julia, with an important air; “my researches have been of a wide-spreading and various character, ranging from the Encyclopædia Britannica to Soyer’s cookery book; and in such diverse sources I have gleaned the following information. We cannot definitely fix upon the origin of the custom of using eggs at this time of year; the only reasonable explanation hitherto given is that already mentioned by a former speaker, namely, the re-awakening of nature after a period of death-like slumber—(applause)—though if that be the meaning of the custom, I think the gift of a *chicken* would be more to the point. In some parts of Scotland the custom is still kept up of going out at dawn on Easter Sunday in search of wild fowls’ eggs, and the finders are sure to be lucky till the season comes round again. The commonest kind of modern Easter eggs are prepared in the manner previously described, and are often made the source of some excitement and merriment by preparing them the day before; then one of the party goes out in the evening into the garden and hides the eggs in all sorts of nooks and crannies, where no right-minded hen would ever think of laying them. Next morning every one repairs to the garden to hunt for them. They become very hard in course of boiling them sufficiently long to take the dye properly, so that boys keep them for playing at a game similar to that commonly played with chestnuts, which goes, I believe, by the elegant name of ‘Conquers,’ only that in this case the weapons are held in the hand and the narrow ends knocked together, instead of being swung round on a string. I am grieved to observe symptoms of incredulity amongst the audience, but beg to inform them that I can vouch for the truth of this statement, having myself participated in the sport. I can speak feelingly too on the subject of hiding the eggs in the garden, as, during my brief sojourn at school in Germany, on Easter Day the teachers hid a

large quantity of eggs in the open space which they were pleased to dignify by the name of a garden; but as it was laid out with asphalt instead of flower-beds, and swings and seesaws took the place of shrubs and trees, the hiding-places were less difficult to find than is generally thought desirable. However, as our diet was decidedly plain, and our excitements few, we were not hypercritical, and devoured our eggs with the greatest gusto, though we only had to extend our search to the back of a post, or under one of the leaves with which the garden always happened to be strewn on Easter Day. This was a curious phenomenon in natural history, as they never fell there on any other day in the year.

“I will close my remarks by describing a way for making more ornamental coloured eggs. Prepare a pan of dye, then put the eggs into hot water till they are themselves thoroughly hot, then take them out, and with the pointed end of a tallow candle inscribe them with the name and date, or any appropriate device, and then put them into the dye, and boil for about ten minutes. The greased part will not take the dye, but will remain white, showing up well on the coloured ground. To obtain a good red colour, boil the eggs in a solution of logwood; an onion put in the water, outside skin and all, makes them a beautiful golden colour, or it is said that furze blossoms have the same effect; but Judson’s dyes are much less trouble than any of these preparations. The eggs are sometimes wrapped round with different coloured rags, and boiled with some acid in the water, which extracts the colour from the rags, and the eggs come out looking like brilliant patchwork. There, that is the end of my notes. Now, Kate, it is your turn.”

“I, too, have been trying to find out the origin of the custom, but it is certainly very obscure. It seems clear that it was in vogue before the Christian era, and one authority thinks the giving of eggs was meant to signify the restoration of man after the Deluge; but that explanation does not commend itself to my mind. Another opinion is that it originated in an old heathen feast, that of the Teutonic goddess Ostera, which was celebrated by the Saxons in the spring. As it seemed evident that no one really knows the origin of it, I gave up trying to find out, and turned my thoughts from theory to practice.

“I think the eggs could be more tastefully ornamented by dyeing them all over first, and then, as it were, engraving devices on them by scraping off the dyed surface with the point of a penknife or strong needle. I tried one last evening, and brought it to show you. You see it was first dyed crimson; then I scraped ‘Easter Day,’ and the date in ornamental letters in one place, and a little attempt at a landscape in another, and a monogram in a third, while each compartment is separated by a wreath of leaves.”

This was so prettily and tastefully done that the other girls were eager to make one for each of the family, but deferred their decision on hearing that Kate had still other ideas to propound. Some of the eggs, she said, should be coated with gold paint, either on a white or a coloured ground, which would be a pretty variety.

“And lastly,” said she, “I think we could make some that would be really useful as well as ornamental. One can buy the shells at most confectioners if one has the money to spare, and put a present inside, and tie it up with ribbon.”

"But we have *not* the money to spare," said Rose.

"No, nor have I; besides, it is much nicer to really make them all ourselves. The kind I am speaking of are very simple—a penny sheet of coloured cardboard will make two or three. You have to cut out five pieces of this



shape, any size you like, but for our purpose I think about six inches long and two broad in the widest part. Each piece is bound round with ribbon first, and then they are all stitched together, the points exactly meeting, but leaving one division open for the entrance.

At each end, where the points meet, a little rosette of ribbon is a great improvement, and a loop of ribbon from end to end forms a handle. Here is a finished one, not exactly true to nature, being too pointed, but near enough for all practical purposes, I think; for if you round the ends more, it is so difficult to make them meet properly."

"It is very pretty; but, Kate, how do you get into it?" It is apparently all closed up tight, and you seem to have only used four pieces instead of five."

"That is because the fifth is overlapped by the opposite one; and as for the opening, read the inscription on one of the divisions—

"Press the poles and you will see
What Easter hath in store for thee,"

read Kate; and gently squeezing the two ends of the egg together one side came open, displaying a prettily-dressed doll lying inside.

"One more idea," said Kate, "and I have done. You observe this empty egg-shell, a relic of my breakfast this morning. Allow me to call your particular attention to the discreet way in which I made only a *small* hole at the *small* end of the egg, and carefully did *not* crack it down the sides more than I could help. At the close of this meeting I shall go out and purchase a halfpenny doll, from which I shall proceed to cut off the head and legs. The head (with as much neck as the shape of my victim will allow) must be adorned with a sailor's hat, which we can easily make with paper or cardboard, and a scrap of ribbon, and round the neck will be a large sailor's collar. Thus equipped, the head will serve for a lid to our egg-box, the neck, if there is any, going into the hole of the egg to steady the lid. The legs must be cut short and painted to represent high boots, and if they are very attenuated-looking they can be much improved by dipping in melted wax till they are of an elegant shape. They must then be glued on to the egg, or, if we have used wax, that will be sufficient to fasten them."

After a little more talk the girls agreed on what should be attempted in the way of providing eggs, and the success was decided when on the morning of Easter Day each member of the family found quite a brilliant display upon their plate.

For the mother there was a large cardboard egg, made according to Kate's plan, containing cottons, thimble, needles, and pins; also a real hard-boiled one, beautifully painted in water-colours, with primroses, violets, and other spring flowers. This was intended to be eaten, but was declared to be much too pretty for anything but an ornament.

The elder children had each a sailor egg, made after Kate's directions, though the dress of the doll was varied in each case, and containing a trifling present; also a real one, ornamented by etching, painting in sepia, or pencil drawing, which latter was done *before* boiling, so that the drawing was well set. Each bore in addition the date and initials of the recipient.

For one of the young children there was a coloured egg, with the name and date left

white by means of greasing the letters, and for another a plain, hard-boiled one, ornamented after boiling by gumming on little coloured pictures. Each had also an egg full of sweets, which was managed by taking an empty shell, with the broken edge as little jagged as possible, washing it quite clean, and then fastening with gum a little piece of coloured muslin just inside the edge of the shell; the sweets were next put in, and the muslin drawn together by a narrow piece of ribbon run through the top.

At the family council over the breakfast-table it was unanimously agreed that, though the origin of the custom might be obscure, and the meaning attached to it now very vague, it was far too pretty a practice to be allowed to drop, and that as far as they were concerned it should be carefully perpetuated.

DORA HOPE.



USEFUL HINTS.

FIG PUDDING.—One half-pound of figs, one half-pound of bread-crumbs, one half-pound of sugar, one half-pound of beef suet, three eggs. Remove the skin from the suet, chop it very finely, put it into a bowl, and, chopping the figs very finely, mix both together. Stir into this the bread-crumbs, beat in a separate bowl the eggs and sugar, mix this with the figs, suet, and bread-crumbs, and, greasing the interior of the mould, pour this into it, put on the cover, and plunging it into a large saucepan of boiling water, let it, with its contents, boil for two hours.

LEMON SAUCE.—One lemon, six pieces of cut loaf sugar, one teacupful of cold water. Pare the rind from the lemon, and cut this into strips the size of a straw. Put these strips of lemon-rind into a small saucepan, together with the lumps of sugar, and, covering these with the cold water, squeeze into the mixture the juice of the lemon. Put the saucepan over the fire, and stir the contents until boiling. When this takes place, cover the saucepan, and drawing it to one side of the fire, let all simmer slowly for twenty minutes. This sauce should be poured over the pudding with which it is served, in order that the straws of lemon-rind may garnish the top of the pudding.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES.—Take 3 lemons, —grating the rind and squeezing out the juice—6 eggs, well whisked, and 1 pound of sifted or lump sugar. Put all into a jar, stand and boil in a pan of water till thick, stirring occasionally, for about three-quarters of an hour. Then cover and keep in a cool place.

LEMON SPONGE.—One ounce of gelatine, one pint of water, two lemons, one half-pound of cut loaf sugar, whites of three eggs. Put the gelatine into a bowl, cover it with cold water, and let it soak for twenty minutes. At the end of this time add to it the rind of the lemons, squeeze over the lemon-juice, throw in the sugar, and pour all into a copper or porcelain-lined saucepan, place the saucepan over the fire, and stir its contents until boiling, after which it must be allowed to boil for two

minutes. At the end of this time pour the mixture through a sieve into a bowl, and let it remain therein until cold, but not long enough to set. Beat the whites of eggs slightly, pour them into the mixture in the bowl, and stir all together, when all must be whisked until thick and white. Pour the sponge into a mould, stand it in a cool, dry place, and when "set," turn it out upon, and serve in, a crystal dessert dish.

WELCOME GUEST PUDDING.—Eight ounces of bread-crumbs, one half-pint of milk, four ounces of beef suet, three ounces of citron, four ounces of sugar, rind of one lemon, three ounces of almonds, four eggs, one grain of salt. Place four ounces of the bread-crumbs in a bowl, and, bringing the milk to a boil, pour it over them. Cover the bowl with a plate, and allow the bread-crumbs to soak in the milk for ten minutes. While the bread-crumbs are soaking, pour over the almonds some boiling water to blanch them, and remove their skins. Remove the skin from the suet and chop it very finely, and chop the almonds. Stir into the bowl with the soaked bread-crumbs the four remaining ounces of crumbs, add to this the chopped suet and almonds, also the grated rind of lemon, together with the sugar and citron, cut into very small pieces. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs very carefully, drop the yolks one by one into the bowl, and stir all well together. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, adding the grain of salt. Mix this lightly with the other ingredients in the bowl, and, taking a quart mould, dry it thoroughly, greasing the interior with butter, pouring into it the mixture, and place securely over the top a greased sheet of kitchen paper. Place the mould, when filled, in a deep saucepan, containing enough water to reach half-way up the side, and let the pudding boil therein two hours. When done, the mould should be removed from the boiling water, allow two minutes for it to cool, and then turn the pudding out on the hot platter. This should be served with jam, or lemon sauce.

CHUTNEY.—English chutney may be made thus:—Take half-pound of mustard seed, half-pound of salt, half-pound of raisins (stoned), half-pound of brown sugar; six ounces of garlic, six ounces of cayenne pepper, one quart of gooseberries, one quart of the best vinegar. Dry and bruise the mustard, make a syrup of the sugar with half a pint of the vinegar, dry the gooseberries and boil in half a quart of the vinegar, and well bruise the garlic in a mortar. When cold, gradually mix and thoroughly amalgamate the whole in a mortar, and then tie down well. The longer preserved the better.

RICE CAKE.—Four eggs, ½lb. white sugar pounded and sifted—(this can be bought ready and is called castor sugar), ½lb. rice flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and a few drops of essence of lemon or almond. Beat the eggs ten minutes, add the sugar and beat ten minutes more, then the flavouring and rice flour, first mixing the baking powder with the latter, and beat five minutes more. Bake in a well-buttered mould in a moderate heated oven. N.B. always break each egg into a cup separately, and be sure it is perfectly sweet before mixing it with others. The smallest trace of taint or staleness will spoil the whole.



A Village Wedding



The Girl's Own Paper, 1895



By James Mason



name of gillyflower is about as confusing in a garden as that of Jones in a Welsh village.

What flower is a gillyflower? "I," says the clove carnation; "people sometimes call me the clove gillyflower."

"Not so," says the stock; "it is I, and my name in full is the stock gillyflower."

"It is I," says the wallflower; "in old books I am called the gillyflower of the wall, and the winter gillyflower as well."

"Not a bit of it," says the dame's violet, "I am the real gillyflower, called the winter gillyflower as well as you, and sometimes the queen's gillyflower, and now and then the rogue's gillyflower."

The ragged robin lifting its head from the meadow claims to have as good a right to the name as any, for is it not often called the marsh gillyflower?

Then the water-violet puts in a claim; it is known as the water gillyflower. And so does the familiar thrift which goes by the name of sea gillyflower.

The fact is there are so many gillyflowers you might stock a garden with them. The artist who designed the wrapper of this summer number of ours has from all the candidates for distinction selected wallflowers to exercise his pencil upon. That is because an artist

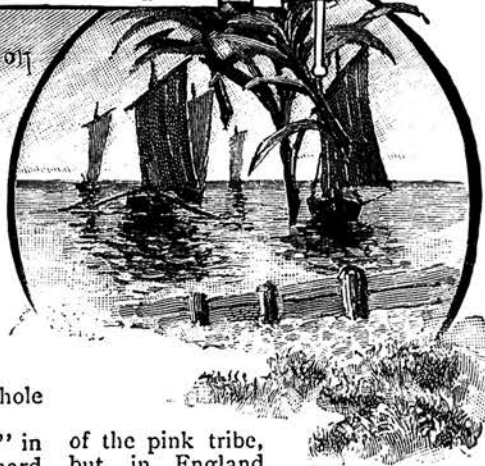
is a poet, and poets have always surrounded wallflowers with sentiment, and given them the post of special favourites. Our artist, instead of making a choice, might have represented every claimant; but a wrapper is not a field large enough to display a whole garden.

Take note, by the way, that "g" in gillyflower is soft. Don't say with a hard "g" gillyflower, as if it had something to do with the gill of a fish. We often hear it pronounced in that way by country people. It should be sounded with a soft "g," jillyflower, just as if it were a buttonhole flower for Jill, Jack's partner.

According to some, gillyflower is a corruption of July flower, "so called from the month they blow in." You meet with this statement in old gardening books, and in some modern ones, the authors of which ought to know better. It has nothing to do with July.

When gillyflowers were first spoken of in England, the plant meant was the clove carnation. The name was in those early times sometimes spelt *gyllofer* and *gilofre*, the "o" being sounded long. It came from the French *giroflée*, Italian *garofalo* (M. Latin *gariofilum*), corrupted from the Latin *caryophyllum*, and referring to the spicy odour of the flower.

The name having been imported from the Continent got attached after awhile to a number of different plants, which will not surprise anyone who has observed how much there is happy-go-lucky about the giving and spreading of popular names. "Much of the confusion," remarks one writer, "has doubtless arisen from the vague use of the French terms *giroflée*, *aillet*, and *violette*, which were all applied to flowers



of the pink tribe, but in England were subsequently extended and finally restricted to very different plants."

The garden of gillyflowers—pinks, stocks, wallflowers, and all the rest of them—is an old-fashioned bit of ground, but none the worse for that. Indeed, what garden for fragrance, variety, and interest is equal to the old-fashioned one? No wonder the poet wrote that if he only told all that was to be enjoyed in the company of flowers that interested and cheered our forefathers, all men would throng to his garden and leave the cities empty.

The plants with most claim to be called gillyflowers, if antiquity counts for anything, are certainly the family of carnations and pinks. It was one of their ancestors that was the gillyflower of Merrie England. They were clove carnations that the lover in the old song referred to when he said—

"Cowslips and gillyflowers,
And the sweet lily,
I got to deck the bowers
Of my dear Philly."

It was a fragrant flower for decoration, and beautiful too. Phillida showed extremely bad taste when "she did them all disdain," and flung them out of the window.

At what time the carnation made its first appearance in our gardens is pretty

much a matter of guesswork. We want a Gibbon to deal with the history of flowers, and clear up that and a number of other disputed points. In a wild state it is a native of this country, being generally met with on the walls of old castles and other ruins. But though growing thus wild, it is supposed to have reached England in its cultivated state from Italy or Germany. Gerard, writing in 1597, speaks of it as received from Poland.

"Few persons," says Sir W. J. Hooker, speaking of the clove-pink carnation, or clove gillyflower (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*), "on seeing this plant as it grows on old walls, would suppose it was the origin of one of the 'fairest flowers of the season'—

"The curious choice clove July flower,' or carnation of our gardens, with its endless diversity of colour and form, yet such it is always considered to be." It is one of the most remarkable instances to be met with in the whole realm of Flora of the effects of cultivation.

Perdita, in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, affects to speak slightly of what she calls the "streaked gillyflowers." "I'll not put the dibble in earth," she says, "to set one slip of them." But young women are ever whimsical, and in their fantastic humours not to be taken as meaning all they say.

As universal favourites the carnation family rank next to that of the rose. "Why," says a writer on the garden, shortly after Shakespeare's time, "I may well call them the King of Flowers, excepting the rose, and the best sort of them are called queen gillyflowers. . . . Of all flowers (save the damask rose) they are the most pleasant to sight and smell." What say you to that, Perdita?

In a work published in the time of Charles I., we read of their being so popular that "carnations and gillyflowers be the chiefest flowers of account in all our English gardens." The author calls them "the pride of our English gardens," and "the queen of delight and of flowers."

The gillyflower used to be employed to give a spicy flavour to ale and wine. This is alluded to by Chaucer, who writes of "many a clove gilofre to put in ale," and also by Spenser, who speaks of them under the name of sops in wine, a reference, no doubt, to their being steeped in the liquor.

The old herbalists strongly recommended the flower of the clove-pink carnation as a cordial and anti-poison; it was also said to be of singular efficacy in all disorders of the heart, and in every sort of nervous complaint. There was a conserve made of the flowers with sugar, which is praised by Gerard. He says it is "exceeding cordial and wonderfully above measure doth comfort the heart, being eaten now and then."

It may be that the carnation got its name from the flesh colour of its flowers, but some say that the old form of the name was "coronation" (it is so in Spenser), and that the plant was so called from its being used in chaplets. It was a flower often worn by betrothed persons in token of their engagement.

The lovely colour of the flower suggested the following song to Herrick. The poet is wandering in the garden, and, reminded of some dear little piece of baggage, thus addresses his carnations:—

"Stay while ye will or go,
And leave no scent behind ye:
Yet trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye.

"Within my Lucia's cheek
(Whose livery ye wear),
Play ye at hide or seek,
I'm sure to find ye there."

The pink is a commoner and hardier flower than the carnation; but it does not seem to have been much cultivated till the latter half of last century, though it is said to have been introduced in 1629. The common notion seems to be that it came to be called pink because of its colour; but the probabilities are the other way—the name of the colour is more likely derived from the flower, than that of the flower from the colour.

According to Dr. Brewer, the pink is so called because the edges of the petals are pinked or notched; pinking, as many of us know, being working in eyelet-holes, or piercing with small holes for ornament. Dr. Ogilvie, who connects the word pink with the Dutch *pinken* (to twinkle with the eyes), says the name is "given to various plants and flowers of the genus *Dianthus* from some of the species being marked with small dots resembling eyes, as the clove-pink or carnation (*Dianthus Caryophyllus*) and garden pink." Keeping this in view, we get over the seeming absurdity of applying the name pink to pinks that are sometimes white.

Such were the gillyflowers of long ago; but when people of recent years have spoken of gillyflowers without affixing any descriptive adjective, it has been generally taken that they referred either to stocks or wallflowers. In stocks we have some of the most important and popular of our garden favourites, everyone knows them—ten-week stocks, queen stocks, Brompton stocks, intermediate stocks, and all the rest of the tribe. Of indigenous species of stocks there are two—the hoary, shrubby stock which grows to about two feet high on maritime cliffs in the South of England; and the great sea stock, a biennial plant flourishing on the sandy sea coasts of Wales and Cornwall.

We find as handsome a look and as fragrant an odour in our next gillyflowers—wallflowers or wall gillyflowers. The common wallflower in its wild state is found very much at home on old walls, so how it comes by its name is no puzzle.

One would think from the way in which it takes the crumbling ruins of castles and churches under its protection that it was a native of this country; but it is not so. It came from Southern Europe, and was introduced into England in 1573.

As an emblem, "the yellow wallflower stained with iron brown," as Thomson calls it, is held to represent fidelity in

misfortune, because it attaches itself to what is ruined and desolate, and lends a charm to what would otherwise be unsightly.

A fanciful account of the origin of the plant is given by Herrick. According to him, a lass who loved a sprightly youth was once on a time kept a close prisoner. At last she braved all perils to steal an interview with her lover.

"Up she got upon a wall,
Tempting down to slide withal:
But the silken cord untied,
So she fell—and, bruised, she died.
Love, in pity of the deed,
And her loving, luckless speed,
Turned her to this plant we call
Now, the flower of the wall."

From a gardening book published when Oliver Cromwell was Protector we learn that wallflowers—"gillyflowers of the wall, or winter gillyflowers," the author also calls them—were sometimes known as bee-flowers because they were thought good for planting in the neighbourhood of hives.

Another gardening work about a hundred and fifty years old tells us that a little before the middle of the eighteenth century, the common single wallflower was very seldom cultivated in gardens, but the double wallflower was common enough. It is just the reverse now; single types are largely grown, but the old double forms are seldom met with except in cottage gardens.

The botanical name of the wallflower is *Cheiranthus cheiri*, which is derived from *cheir*, the hand, and *anthos*, a flower, in reference, it has been supposed, to the custom of carrying wallflowers in the hand for a nosegay.

We have now spoken of the more important gillyflowers, and the rest need not detain us long. The next to be mentioned is the dame's violet, which used sometimes to be called the winter, queen's, or rogue's gillyflower. It is well known under the name of the common rocket, and is a member of a very interesting family of flowers. In some parts of England it was a frequent practice with ladies to keep pots with rocket in them to adorn their rooms, and in that way it came to be called dame's violet.

Ragged robin, or the marsh gillyflower, is a plant frequently met with in wet meadows and other moist places. It is easily recognised. The stem is about a foot high, with leaves not unlike those of the ribbed plantain. Its chief peculiarity, however, lies in the flowers, which are of a fine pink or rose colour, and have a loose, ragged appearance. We have sometimes heard it called cuckoo-flower. A double variety of the ragged robin, of more humble stature, is occasionally seen in old-fashioned gardens, but it seldom has a long life there for want of its natural supply of moisture.

The home of the water violet or water gillyflower is in ditches or other shallow waters on a gravelly soil. It is sometimes spoken of as feather foil. The plant is generally immersed in water, the top only with the flowers being above

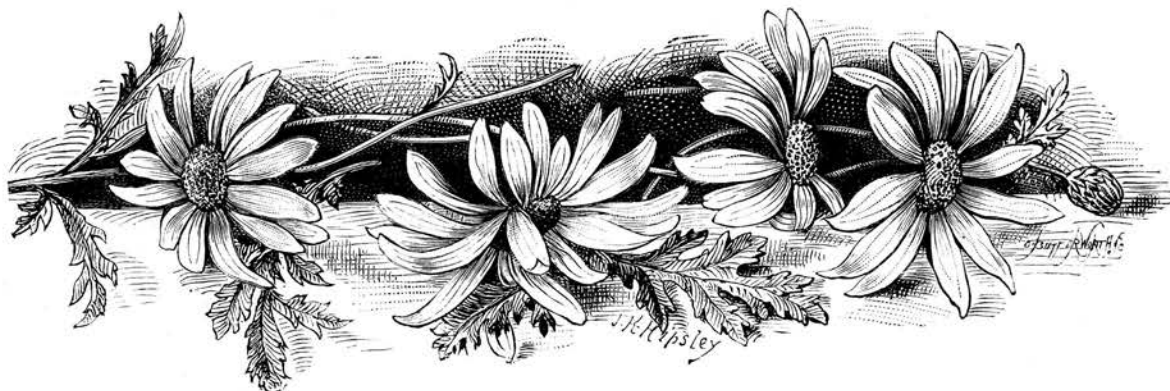
the surface. The name water violet must not be allowed to mislead us. Neither blossom, perfume, nor form is like that of the violet.

The last plant of our garden of gillyflowers is the old-fashioned thrift, which sometimes goes by the name of sea-pink. This is the sea gillyflower. Its grass-like leaves and dense heads of pink or lilac flowers are familiar to every visitor to the seashore, not only in this country, but generally throughout Europe. But

whilst one of the most humble, it is also one of the most lofty of plants. We frequently find it leading a hardy existence in moist, boggy situations, high up on mountain slopes.

In the garden it is often planted by way of edging, and a very good edging it makes. It thrives in most situations, even amidst London smoke, a sort of plant philosopher, and by its facility for thriving has come by the name of thrift.

Such is our garden of gillyflowers. It is an old-fashioned bit of ground, as we have said, the fragrant perfumes and interesting associations of which take us back to a time when *GIRL'S OWN PAPERS* were not even dreamt of, and when girls would have opened their eyes, not realising what it meant, had some Mother Shipton told them that in the year of grace 1890 the name of their favourite flowers would form the title of a Summer Number.



HOW SUCCESS IS ACHIEVED.

By M. W. OLIVER, *Member from Crawford.*

[Read at the annual meeting.]

When Prof. Agassiz was asked to become a member of a firm, with the assurance that he could make "any amount of money," he replied: "I have no time to make money." The principle of this doctrine is the secret of success in life. It means, choose a calling and follow it. If a man had the power to multiply himself, to issue himself in many copies, and each copy to apply itself to some business, he might, if he were a capable man, succeed in all. But each man can apply himself only to his own business and succeed. This is the secret—concentration upon one business. Agassiz had no time to make money to be a statesman, lawyer, or mechanic; no time only to be what he was—a scientist—and he had a specialty in that. All his energy was devoted to this purpose, and he succeeded. We have here an example most conspicuous, conclusive, and encouraging. It only needs a relish or bent for the thing, and then careful, persistent application, being guided ever by facts. By taking this course, a person cannot fail being successful—it is simply the result of a cause. Hence so many succeed in this progressive age. Hence, also, for the lack of it so many more fail. Would you have success, then go regularly about it and secure it. It is like doing a "sum," it will always have the same and the correct answer if done right. It may be done in different ways, but the ways must always lead to the same thing, as different roads lead to the same place. It is discipline, generally, which develops men and women, and wins them success; accidents rarely. There must be, of course, natural capacity, and with this capital to start with, the mind that submits to discipline is ordinarily more than a match for those favored by the accidents of birth or fortune. Parents should seek to know the capacity and bent of the child's mind, that they may more intelligently give them opportuni-

ties which will fit them for the calling in which they will be most likely to succeed. That was a wise answer of the father's, who, when asked if he was going to give his son a college education: "No, sir," he replied, "I am not going to spend five thousand dollars on a ten-cent boy." His idea was to fit the boy for the calling he possessed capacity for. Discipline is only another word for training, and training is what gives efficiency. The soldier is trained; the clerk, the book-keeper, the mechanic, the teacher, and men of all other callings. Those trained to the highest point of efficiency, as a rule, succeed the best. All children, boys or girls, should be well educated. It is a mistake to suppose that because people are poor their children must grow up in ignorance. I have no sympathy with those who believe "there is a division in labor, and that Providence has ordained one class of men shall work with their heads and another with their hands. That the great mass of the people are to *to be* hewers of wood and drawers of water." Such would fain tell you the farmer needs no education; needs to know nothing but how to plow and sow, reap and mow; needs not to understand the great laws which God has given nature; need but to live, die, and be forgotten. Such a one has not lived, he has only existed. Man's life is not to be measured by the number of years he has existed, but by the number of years he has lived. Moral training should begin in infancy, because then the first steps are most easily accomplished. And yet it is often neglected then from a mistaken sympathy with tender years. "Too young to discipline now," is the excuse. But waiting does no good; it only confirms wrong habits, and makes the task more difficult when it comes. Begin early—why not? The indulgent parent mistakes, indeed, shows the weakest kind of judgment, in supposing that crosses, disappointments, and heart-aches can be warded off from children by a uniform gratification of childish fancies, or that such indulgence will guarantee them happiness in future years. The world is full of trials; no fortune ever amassed could purchase exemption from them. Nor would we, for 'tis after the victory is won, the crown is given. Make your calculations sure before you go to work, and then work, work with vigor, work continuously, persistently. Every day, every hour of the day, will show some advance made. In a dozen years these what strides are made! How, then, in a life-time? It is this—all conditions together—that is required for the high success that see we in the comparatively few great men of the world. They first started right—first planning right; they then applied themselves unremittingly, not blindly, not at haphazard, not doubtingly; they knew what they were doing, and they knew success would attend them if they continued. Hence they had patience—a necessary, an important, an indispensable part. What was more, they loved to work; they were stimulated by the prospect of success—not the prospect, but the certainty, if life and health were spared and means permitted—but means were made if lacking. So much will resolution do. Perseverance and its success are applicable to all the departments of life—farming, the trades, the professions, science—any pursuit whatsoever. Simply start right and persevere. Do careless and negligent men ever amount to much? Do not the masses succeed in accomplishing just what they do, and no more? We have cause and effect in our hands to work with. Whatever we do, so it is, and no other way. Hence the man who does not rise in life is "looked down upon," because he let his opportunity go by. Industry is highly

lauded by the appreciative. It is known to be the great lever that lifts us to success, but it must be properly set and used. "To live well," says one, "is a greater blessing than life itself." It is a duty we owe the world, a duty we owe our Maker, to glean from each passing moment all we can. Duty should be the inspiring thought. Just before the battle opened in front of Fredericksburg, a captain said to his men: "Boys, *we* are to have the honor of opening the fight to-day." A brave and noble-looking soldier at the head of the company answered: "Captain, the word honor has no inspiration for me; it is *duty* only that gives me courage to brave the danger before me." It is he who sees the duties which surround him, and takes them up one by one and discharges them, who lives well, and makes life a blessing—a success. The boy who wills to study can make a man of himself, even though he is poor. Out of the twenty-one presidents who have ruled in our country, nine were the sons of poor farmers. It is not an absolute necessity to the boy who is determined to learn, that he shall enter college; it, of course, would be a great aid. If a little is read each day and properly digested, as a healthy stomach digests food, wonderful progress will be made towards fitting one's self for the sterner realities of life. It is not, however, in the multitude of books and papers that we are to look for success; it is in the mastering what is learned—digesting thoroughly and making use of what we get, making it our own, familiarizing ourselves with it. During the nullification times in South Carolina, when the tariff was the subject of unmeasured denunciation by all aspiring politicians, the first railroad from Charleston to Augusta was built. A squire with an honest farmer from the up-country, were driving quietly through the piny woods region, when they came upon the iron track. While they were stopping and wondering what was the purpose of so novel a thing, a train came thundering along, struck the buggy, knocking it into pieces, and hurling the occupants to the ground. Fortunately, the sandy soil saved them from broken bones, and, upon picking themselves up, the farmer exclaimed: "I say, Squire, what in thunder was that?" "I don't exactly know," replied the Squire thoughtfully, "but I've read lately a great deal about a tarnal critter they call the tariff, and if that isn't it I don't know what it is." Here is an example of reading without thought, a failing to comprehend in any sense the knowledge of the writer. Again we would repeat, thinking should always precede working in all things. Those who think the best succeed the best, if they carry out what they think. The winter is before us; let us learn our farming then, and apply it in the spring and summer. Here is a chance—a golden opportunity, especially for the young farmer, the beginner, who has all before him. Let it not be said that it is the old and best farmers that study the most. They have learned the importance of knowledge, particularly in this present progressive age, when it requires much time to keep up with the improvements that make the competition which is the test of our agricultural success. We *must* learn to keep up, or we shall necessarily go back. A clear, disciplined mind enlarges, increases its strength, and is at all times ready for action. Such a mind is a positive power, to be used at will and effectively. It is the only mind that does the business of the world, pushes on its progress, works out its problems. It is the only mind that has to do with the stars, the earth's crust, the passions and principles of the human heart, establishes science, works out inventions, and presents us with the intelligent and successful man.



KITCHEN

Ice-Water and Ice-Creams.—There are doubtless several reasons why Americans have become a "nation of dyspeptics," but one of them is not far to seek—it is the frequent and profuse use of ice-water at meals and ice-creams afterward. Food in this country is very good and plentiful; it is produced in great variety and almost infinite abundance. Nowhere else in the world is meat eaten three times in the day, and sometimes *with*, not instead of, fish, and poultry, as well as fruits, vegetables, and different kinds of bread. The appetite is thus cultivated up to its limit—not suppressed or restrained—and those who work least are usually able to indulge it most, and educate it up to its most strained and artificial conditions.

The constant absorption of such an amount of stimulating food creates a demand for an equal supply of liquids to put them in solution, and this is met by violent and opposing draughts of hot tea and coffee or ice-water. Warm or cool drinks in moderate quantity and at reasonable intervals do not, it has been demonstrated, retard digestion. But it does not take a scientist to discover the effect of suddenly reducing the temperature of the stomach—engaged in the laborious process of transferring its various quantities of solid food and transmuting them into blood—and thus not only weakening its forces, but vastly increasing the amount of work to be performed. This is done, every day, and day after day, by thousands of people, many of whom add insult and injury to a good dinner by first drenching it with ice-water and further disabling by burying it under a mound of ice-cream.

Sugar, eggs, cream, and the starch which is sometimes added, make heavy demands upon the digestive powers, but when frozen and in this petrified condition taken into the stomach to further overweigh its already burdened condition, it is easy to see that it will not for very long be able to perform this doubled and trebled duty. There are times when ices and ice-creams, well made and of pure materials, are not only not hurtful, but positively beneficial; but this is in low, depressed states of the blood and general nervous system, when the appetite is gone and needs stimulating, and the stomach must be braced up to perform its work. Ice is also of the greatest value in fevers, cases of diphtheria, sore throat, and the like; but ice-water is never so good as good, pure water would be without the ice, for it is not only made too cold for the human stomach, but it not unfrequently conveys into it the impurities which lie congealed in the frozen water.

Pine-apple with Jelly.—Slice a pine-apple and plentifully sprinkle with sifted sugar, then pour over a glass of red currant or raspberry jelly; whip a breakfast-cupful of plain cream, and pile lightly just before serving the fruit.

Peach Compote.—Prepare a thin syrup with half a pint of water, six ounces of sugar, lemon-juice and blanched peach-stone kernels; stew twelve peaches for twenty minutes, lay them in a dish, boil up the syrup until it is thick, then pour it and the kernels over the peaches, and serve cold.

Bananas a la Reine.—Skin and stew a dozen bananas gently in a syrup of red currant juice for twenty minutes; remove the bananas, cut them lengthwise, and lay them in a glass dish; then boil up the syrup until it thickens and pour it over the bananas.

Potato Salad.—Rub a dish with a shallot; arrange upon it some cold boiled potatoes cut in slices; beat together three parts of oil and one part, more or less according to the strength of it, of tarragon vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste. Pour this over the potatoes, and strew over all a small quantity of any of the following: Powdered sweet herbs, parsley, chervil, Spanish onions, boiled beet, capers, or a combination of them all, finely chopped.

Steak a la Venison.—Take a piece of rump-steak three-quarters of an inch thick; trim it neatly, and beat it with the cutlet bat; sprinkle it with pepper, dip it in oil, and broil it over a clear fire. Turn it after it has been on the fire a minute or two, and keep

turning it often till done. Eight or ten minutes will do it. Sprinkle with salt, and serve with a piece of *maitre d'hôtel* butter placed over or under it, and fried potatoes round it.

Hashed Mutton.—Mince an onion and fry it in butter to a brown color, add a tablespoonful of flour, stir well, pour in enough stock or broth to make the sauce, with a dash of vinegar, pepper, salt, and spices to taste. Let the sauce give a boil, then strain it, and when cold put in the slices of meat, well trimmed of any outside parts, and a good allowance of pickled gherkins cut in slices. Let the whole get warm by a gentle simmering, and keep it hot till wanted for table. Serve.

A Luncheon Dish.—Take four eggs, boil them hard, when cold, shell them, and cut them in half lengthwise, take out the yolks, beat into a smooth paste. To each egg allow a good slice of butter, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and cayenne pepper to taste. This should all be thoroughly mixed with the yolks; then fill the white halves with this paste. Serve on a napkin, and garnish with parsley.

Marrons au Chocolat.—Melt a cake of the best French chocolate in a saucepan with a little water; beat up the white of three eggs with the mixture, and add one pound of chestnuts (boiled and pulped). Mix well together, and when cold shape into bonbons; bake lightly, and serve.

Marrons a la Princesse.—Boil some chestnuts, and when quite soft pulp them and add lemon-juice and sugar. Line the inside of a thickly-buttered cake mould with this, and then add a layer of pulped apples, delicately seasoned with quince; over this spread another layer of chestnut paste, and again an apple layer. Squeeze over more lemon-juice, and bake in a quick oven. Turn out and cut in diamond shapes. Glaze with white of egg and powder with white sugar.

Rice Cake.—Take a cup of cold boiled rice, and mix with it very smoothly a cup of prepared flour. Add the beaten yolk of an egg, a little salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and milk or cream enough to soften into a thick batter. Let it stand an hour, then add half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda—put in dry—and well mixed with the mass. Beat thoroughly and bake on a hot griddle.

Stewed Potatoes.—Take cold boiled potatoes, slice them thin. Boil together half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, one egg well beaten, and a little salt. When boiled add the potatoes, and serve at once.

Milk Toast.—Take half a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of butter, and a little salt. Put to heat over the fire; toast slices of bread; lay each slice, as soon as toasted, in a deep dish, and pour the heated milk over it, placing the next slice upon it, with more of the milk. When the dish is filled pour over the remainder of the milk, cover it, and serve hot.

Breakfast Kidneys.—They should be first skinned and cut open lengthwise down to the root, but without quite separating them. Then season them with pepper and salt, and fry them in butter for about eight minutes, turning them when they are half done. Serve them very hot, each one on a small round piece of buttered toast, a tiny piece of butter being put upon each kidney. Some prefer the kidneys broiled instead of fried, but they are served in exactly the same way.

Boiled Hominy.—Wash the grain in two waters, pour boiling water on it, cover it, and let it soak all night, or for several hours. Then put into an earthen pot or saucepan, allow two quarts of water to each quart of hominy, and boil till perfectly soft. Then drain, put into a deep dish, and send to table hot and *uncovered*, to eat with milk, cream, or sugar and butter. When cold, may be made into thick cakes and fried in butter.

Young Corn Omelet.—Strip or scrape the corn from six young full ears, pound in a yellow bowl, and mix with five eggs after they have been beaten light. Add a small saltspoon of salt and a very little pepper. Put into a hot frying-pan equal quantities of lard and fresh butter, and stir them well together over the fire. When they boil put in the mixture thick, and fry it, turning with care. Transfer it, when done, to a heated dish, but do not cover it over.

Rice Griddle-Cakes.—Blend one cup of well boiled rice with a cup of flour, add a small dessert-spoonful of Royal baking powder, three eggs, salt, and tablespoonful of melted butter. Reduce with one cup of rich milk, and bake on a hot, buttered griddle.

Corn Bread.—Take a large tablespoonful of butter, one small teacupful of brown sugar, one teacupful of flour, three teacupfuls of cornmeal, a small teaspoonful of salt, a small teaspoonful of soda, two full teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and one egg. Melt the butter, add the sugar and salt, beat well together; break the egg into it, beat until well mixed; put in the cream of tartar, add the flour and cornmeal, with sufficient milk to make a thin batter; mix steadily for about ten minutes, add the soda, still mixing. Bake in a hot oven in cake tins till well browned. Eaten warm, with butter.



Emblem of life! see changeful April sail
 In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
 Now bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise,
 Anon recalling Winter's stormy gale,
 And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;
 Then smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,
 While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
 Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.—HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Illustrated London Almanack, 1851

COSTLY STONES :
THEIR HUES AND LANGUAGE.

Would the ring upon her finger, or the bracelet on her arm, Be less fondly venerated, or possess a lesser charm, If she thought there were a meaning lurking in each stone, And each speaking, as it sparkles, a language all its own?

THOSE beautiful and wonderful minerals known as precious stones still hold sway in the world of commerce and that of fashion, and a quiet half-hour spent in reviewing their numberless hues and their varied meanings can hardly fail of being interesting, and possibly useful at the same time. We shall arrange the stones alphabetically, for the sake of convenience, and not according to value or harmony of colour.

COLOURS OF STONES.

- Amethyst*.—Violet, violet red, purple.
- Agate*.—Clear grey tints, also yellow and variegated.
- Aquamarine*.—Bluish green, or greenish blue.
- Beryl*.—Bluish green.
- Bloodstone (Heliotrope)*.—Green, spotted with red.
- Carbuncle*.—Ruby red, hyacinth red, brownish red.
- Carnelian*.—Pale red, bright red.
- Chalcedony*.—Emerald, purple, red, blue; also white, bluish white, etc.
- Chrysolite (Oriental)*.—Greenish, mixed with yellow; also golden yellow.
- Chrysolite (Occidental)*.—Pale yellowish green; also olive green, brown, etc.

- Chrysoberyl*.—Bright, light green, to emerald green, bluish or yellowish green, "sometimes reddish by transmitted light."
- Cymophane*.—Greenish yellow.
- Chrysoptase*.—Apple green.
- Cat's Eye*.—Greenish grey, with glaring internal reflections.
- Diamond*.—Colourless blue, yellow, green, orange, rose, brown, black.
- Emerald*.—Seven shades of green.
- Garnet*.—Various shades of red, from ruby red to brownish red.
- Heliotrope*.—Green, spotted with red.
- Hyacinth*.—Red, brownish red.
- Hydrophane*.—White, yellowish, grey.
- Iris*.—Very limpid, iridescent under light.
- Jacinth*.—Yellow or amber, orange, red.
- Jasper*.—Red, yellow, green, and other shades.

Jade.—Light green, olive green, or light blue.

Malachite.—From emerald green to grass green.

Opal.—Milky, variable, iridescent.

Oyx.—Brown and white, black and white, greyish.

Pearl.—White, delicately shaded with azure and also with rose, grey, yellow, pink, dark brown, and black.

Ruby (Oriental).—Red.

Ruby (Spinel).—Pure red, rose, cherry, deep violet, white, orange.

Ruby (Balas).—Violet rose, vinegar rose.

Sapphire.—Blue.

Sapphire (Water).—Transparent blue.

Sardius.—Bright red.

Sard.—Red.

Sardonyx.—Red and white, whitish and carnation red.

Sardoine.—Fawn.

Sard-Agate.—Whitish tint and orange red, or pale yellowish red in regularly disposed layers.

Topaz (Oriental).—Yellow.

Topaz (Brazilian).—Deep yellow, reddish yellow, rose, also colourless.

Topaz (Russian).—Bluish or greenish white.

Topaz (Saxony).—Pale yellow, vinous yellow.

Tourmaline.—Red, blue, green, etc.

Turquoise.—Blue, bluish-green.

Lapis Lazuli.—Pure azure.

As two precious stones bearing the same name may be very different in composition, and consequently in value, it is necessary to distinguish them by placing the words Oriental and Occidental before them, the Oriental signifying the superior variety and the Occidental the inferior, of any precious stones.

THE DIAMOND.

Ethiopia, India, and Borneo are supposed to be the three oldest countries by which the diamond has been supplied. Those obtained from near Golconda (in India) surpassed all others for their size and beauty, but in 1532 the old mines of Golconda were stopped, probably from a cessation of supply, and the latest most extensive diamond furnishing countries are South Africa and Brazil; those furnished by Borneo, though of the best, being of limited quantity, and those discovered in some other parts of the world too few to attract notice.

In some instances the diamonds of Brazil are extremely small, and occasion a great strain upon the sight to discover them; and children are sometimes employed to wash the sands, as few of their elders can see them after twenty-five years of age. The sands in which they occur need to be washed two, three, or several times, lest any should accidentally escape notice and thus get thrown away.

In South Africa, the De Beers Mine was regarded several years ago, along with others, as the "richest in the world," and from this mine and the Kimberley were obtained in the year 1887 diamonds to the amount of 250,000 carats, the contents of one "large bucketful of rich stones purchased for a quarter of a million sterling." It was in Africa that the diamond known as the African Koh-i-noor was discovered in 1869, and whose value was estimated "at about £30,000."

In Her Majesty's possession is a diamond also called the Koh-i-noor (mound of light). It is supposed to have been discovered near Masulipatam, in the bed of the Godavery, 5,000 years ago, and, according to Mr. King, is "older than the tables of the law." After a long time it became the property of the Rajahs of Malwa, and from them it passed into the possession of the Mogul emperors, and from them into that of the Persian Shahs, till the year 1813, when it accompanied the Cabul exile Shah to Lahore, who was com-

elled to resign it to Runjeet Sing in exchange "for the revenue of three villages, not one rupee of which he ever realised." From Runjeet it descended for a time to his successors, and "after the murder of Shier Sing it remained in the Lahore treasury until the supersession of Dhulip Sing, and the annexation of the Punjab by the British Government, when the civil authorities took possession of the Lahore treasury, under the stipulation previously made that all the property of the State should be confiscated to the East India Company in part payment of the debt due by the Lahore Government, and of the expenses of the war.

"It was at the same time stipulated that the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England;" and accordingly it was brought by two officers by Her Majesty's ship *Medea* from Bombay to England, where they arrived June 30th, 1850, and it was delivered to Her Majesty on the 3rd of July.

The Koh-i-noor is sometimes mistaken for another diamond known as the "Mogul," but they differ not only in weight and place of discovery, but also in age. The Koh-i-noor is supposed to be about 5,000 years old, and was found, according to King, in the bed of the river Godavery, and according to the above historians "the Hindu legend" makes it to have been found "in the mines of Golconda, in the south of India, in the days of the great war."

Its weight was 186½ carats, but by recutting it was reduced to 102½ carats. The Mogul, on the other hand, was found in the year A.D. 1550 or 1650, in the mine of Colore or Colone, and weighed 787½ carats, and by recutting was reduced to 280 carats. Consequently they are two very different stones. In the crown of England there are "1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, and 147 table diamonds," in addition to other gems.

In 1791 Catherine of Russia is said to have presented her favourite Potemkin with a "magnificent palace, and a coat laced with diamonds, which cost £50,000."

The diamond is the hardest of all substances. Its hardness is represented by 10. It has, however, been engraved. When diamonds occur of a lovely rose or green, the former is more beautiful and consequently more valuable than the colourless, and the latter is much esteemed, but when the colours are only inferior they rather diminish its beauty than add to it.

THE SAPPHIRE.

Next in hardness to the diamond is the Oriental sapphire, or true corundum, which is 9. It is supposed to be the same stone as the hyacinthus of the ancients, described as of a "shining cerulean colour," of extreme hardness, liable to be of too deep or too pale a hue, and extremely cold when put in the mouth. The modern hyacinth is quite a different stone, and of quite a different colour to that of the ancients, which was obtained from Ethiopia. Job makes mention of the sapphire, and in the Book of Revelations we find it again under the name of jacinth. (Rev. xxi. 20, R.V.) It also formed one of the stones in the breast-plate of Aaron (Exod. xxviii. 18). The largest sapphire is the "Ruspoli," which is valued at £6,800." In the possession of Lady Burdett-Coutts are two, valued at £30,000, and in Her Majesty's crown are "sixteen sapphires and one large broad-spread sapphire." Those that have a star of six rays are called *asteria*, or star sapphires. Real sapphires came formerly from Ceylon, and are also obtained thence at the present day. They were furnished in great abundance by Siam eighteen years ago. The water sapphire also came from Ceylon, but half of its composition is silica instead of all being the pure alumina of the true corundum; while those obtained from

Epailly in France are regarded as nothing more than coloured quartz.

THE RUBY.

The Oriental ruby and the carbuncle of the ancients are considered to be one and the same stone, although the name carbuncle was once bestowed upon any red stone. Its hardness is 9. It came from the west of Asia Minor, but in 1852 they were obtained from Pegu, which Dicuclafait styles "that fatherland of rubies." It is now, however, asserted that the mines of Mougouk in Burmah are pretty nearly the only sources of supply at the present day, and from them come "the finest rubies in the world." The ruby is the most precious of all gems at the present day, and were it possible to obtain it of the great size some diamonds are found, it would be valued at from two to three times more than the latter. It was evidently the most costly stone in the time of Job, for having mentioned the value of wisdom as compared with gold, silver, and other precious stones, he declares that "the price of wisdom is above rubies" (chap. xxviii. 12-28). In Exodus xxviii. 17, and xxxix. 10, the marginal reading for "sardius" is ruby.

The ruby is said to be distinguishable from the garnet by its fewer angles, its power to resist fire, and the beauty and clearness of its colour when held up to the light; whereas the garnet is the reverse.

In Her Majesty's crown there are four rubies, and one large ruby irregularly polished.

In the time of Aurungzebe, the great Mogul of Delhi in the seventeenth century, rubies amongst other precious stones "studded the chairs of royalty," and a short extract on Delhi magnificence may not be here altogether out of place.

"Delhi had become a magnificent town, the mosque, palace, and courts of justice were lofty and spacious, built of white marble and red sandstone, and either richly enamelled or profusely but tastefully decorated with flowers and passages from the Koran, in jasper, lapis-lazuli, agate, and bloodstone. Mirrors and gilding added to the dazzling effect of the ornamental interior, and pearls, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones studded the chairs of royalty. The peacock throne was long an object of admiration to travellers. Fountains played in terraces and avenues, in halls and vestibules; while the perfume of the rose and the jasmine, the song of a thousand birds, and the rich and graceful foliage of the plantain and the orange-tree more than atoned for the geometric formality of the *parterres* and *allies* of the garden. The brocades and silken costumes of king, princes, and nobles glittered with gold; their horses, elephants, and palankeens were gorgeously decorated with trappings and housings."

The spinel ruby and balas ruby differ in colour, and are of inferior composition to the true ruby; and the balas is inferior to the spinel. Spinel rubies are obtained from Ceylon, Burmah, and Pegu, and also from some localities in America. Balas were obtained formerly from Balakshan, in Central Asia.

THE TOPAZ

is regarded as the same as the Oriental chrysolite; it was formerly found on an island of the Red Sea. Although a corundum, it is never as valuable as the emerald or ruby. One "belonging to the Grand Mogul was purchased at Goa for £11,260."

The topazes from Russia, Saxony, and Brazil are not corundums. Those from the Urals and the Indies are spoken of as "blazing like fire."

ORIENTAL CHRYSOLITE AND CHRYSOBERYL.

The chrysoberyl is found in one or two localities in America, and forms a beautiful gem, if it can only be obtained clear enough; but according to Dana it is not often free

from flaws. The Occidental chrysolite, which is obtained from Brazil and elsewhere, is of inferior composition.

BERYL AND AQUAMARINE.

Emerald, beryl, and aquamarine differ but little in their composition, though the emerald is by far the most highly prized of the three, its green being much richer than that of the other two. Cangar Jum (in India), Siberia, and Brazil, furnished the aquamarine or noble beryl; beryls are also obtained from several localities in America. Dieulafoy remarks that "for a long time the beryl was only known in India, afterwards in Arabia, and still later in Russia." The common beryl, of honey yellow, brownish grey, etc., is found in Norway and other Continental localities. "A magnificent beryl surmounts the globe in the royal crown of England."

THE PEARL.

What is the pearl?

The pearl is a substance formed of lime and an organic matter inhabiting those bivalves known as the pearl oyster and pearl mussel, found in both river and sea. Mr. King, quoting Chares of Mitylene, compares the oyster to "meat both large and white and of very agreeable odour," and the pearls themselves to "the white bones" of that meat. Quoting Isidorus, he informs us that "the pearls are born alive, and are nourished through the part attached to the flesh. The latter is firmly fixed to the mouth of the shell, and is furnished with claws, and catches food. This part is exactly like the little crab called the pinnophylax. From this the fleshy part extends as far as the middle of the shell like a root along which the pearls are bred, and grow through the solid part of the shell, and increase in size as long as they remain attached thereto. But when the fish recedes along the length of its projection, and gently cuts off and severs the pearl from the shell, though it envelops the pearl it no longer nourishes, it only renders it more polished, more transparent and purer." In the time of the Ptolemies, pearls were brought from the Red Sea. These beds, however, were believed to be exhausted, as they had ceased to be worked; but at the present time pearls are again obtained from the Red Sea, as well as from the coasts of Mexico, the Bay of Panama, Ceylon, Borneo, and the Persian Gulf, New Guinea, Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere; and concerning the place where they were so plentiful in the time of Isidorus, it is now said that "at the Bahrein fishery in the Persian Gulf many hundred boats are employed, manned by from eight to twenty men, and the value of the pearls obtained is stated to average £1,000 yearly, but the amount of course varies." The same authority tells us that "in many of the Scotch rivers old men, women, and children may be seen wading about the shallow fords, and when they discover a collection of mussels they thrust down long sticks split at the ends, and bring up the mussels in the slots. In the shallow water of the Dee the boatmen look down into the water with a tin having a glass bottom, and when shells are discovered they are brought up by a kind of dredge or scoop, and frequently some fine pearls are obtained."

Pearls are either perfectly spherical or pear-shaped, and the colour most esteemed was white with a delicate tint of azure. Then rose-tinted became fashionable, and now it appears that pearls may be procured of almost every hue—black, pink, yellow, and grey—which are styled "fancy pearls."

Queen Victoria is said to be especially fond of pearls, and an incident is told of her having purchased three valued at £500. Having wrapped them in tissue paper, she laid them on her desk, and one morning hastily wiped her pen on the said tissue paper and threw it into the fire, quite forgetful that the pearls were in it. In vain the grate was searched.

The pearls were burnt. When the Princess Louise of Wales married the Duke of Fife, she wore round her throat a string of pearls, the gift of the Queen. The Princess's ricklet always contains the number of pearls that corresponds with the years of her age, for Her Majesty presents her with a new pearl every birthday. What, then, is the pearl? "In fact," says Mr. King, "the pearl is only a concretion of the matter lining the shell that accumulates upon some foreign body accidentally introduced into the shell (usually a grain of sand) for the purpose of preventing the irritation its roughness would otherwise occasion the tender inmate," and he also shows that the Chinese introduced into the shell their miniature idols of brass and stone, and afterwards withdrew them as pearls of the most "grotesque configurations."

The Southern Cross pearl is probably something of this kind. It consists of seven pearls in the shaft and two in the arms, all adhering together in the form of a Latin cross, though having no apparent junction. It is of fine quality and great value, and is supposed to have had the groundwork of its construction formed by the introduction into the shell of a piece of seaweed. The largest pearl in the world is said to be the Hope. Its weight is three ounces.

Of the extravagant uses to which these gems have been put, the two or three following statements will show. In the reign of Charles IX., a hall in Constable Montmorenci's house, in which he (the Constable) lay at his death, had its walls hung with crimson velvet bordered with pearls; and in the reign of Henry IV. the Maréchal de Bassompierre "had once a coat trimmed with pearls that cost £900." They studded the chairs of royalty at Delhi, but here we pause with the remark that in Her Majesty's crown are "four drop-shaped pearls and 273 pearls." Artificial pearls are little blown-glass spherules, which are filled with the scales of a little white fish called the bleak or ablette, which abounds in the Seine, the Marne, and the Loiret. The art of making false pearls was invented in 1680 by Jacquin, of Paris, and has prospered ever since.

THE EMERALD.

A perfect emerald is a great rarity, for it is extremely liable to flaws. At the present day it is much prized when perfect, diamonds being almost too abundant. The Ural and Altai Mountains, and the Muso Mine, Santa Fé, New Granada, are probably still the chief sources of supply of the true emerald. It need only be remarked here that in Her Majesty's crown there are "eleven emeralds," and that the Czarina of Russia, who is said to "possess a more splendid collection of jewels than any other European sovereign," was presented, on her fortieth birthday (November 26th, 1887), with a beautiful necklace consisting of forty of the finest procurable emeralds.

THE ORIENTAL AMETHYST.

This gem is evidently still out of fashion, as it was eighteen years ago. In the time of Heliodorus amethysts came from India. The Oriental amethyst is the violet-coloured variety of corundum. Corundum is a mineral composed almost exclusively of alumina, or crystallised clay, and its different colours arise from minute particles of other minerals being united with the alumina. When corundum is blue, it is called Oriental sapphire; when red, Oriental ruby; when green, Oriental emerald; when yellow, Oriental topaz; and when violet, Oriental amethyst. Then we have what is called common corundum, and the brownish-coloured, granular variety is called emery, and is used for polishing glass, metal, etc. According to Ramsay's "Mineralogy," emery is obtained from "Saxony, Naxos, and other Grecian isles." America is pretty abundant in amethysts, but it is said that "the greater

part of the amethysts of commerce are Occidental amethysts."

CHALCEDONY.

The chalcedonies of India far surpass all others for transparency and the extreme beauty of their varied colours, while the jaspers of Arabia excel all others in the splendour of their dyes. The white chalcedony from the East, with its delicate dendritic markings, is called "Mocha Stone." The ordinary chalcedony is found in England, Ireland, Germany, America, and elsewhere. Its colours are bluish-white, pale-grey, and light-brown. Chalcedony is divided into many varieties, as—agate, onyx, carnelian, chrysoprase, sardonyx, plasma, etc. They owe their names to the different metallic oxides by which they are coloured. Agates have also many names, as moss-agate, ruin-agate, landscape, etc., owing to their various zones and colours. Though capable of receiving a beautiful polish, they are "not much used in fine jewellery." Jasper is red, green, yellow, etc., and when these colours are in stripes it is called riband jasper; and Egyptian jasper when the colours are in irregular concentric zones. Jasper is opaque, and has hardly any lustre, but takes a high polish. It is used more for inlaid work than for jewellery. Heliotrope is a variety of jasper, and is found in a locality in Orange County, New York.

THE OPAL.

Milky-white or milky-yellowish-white colour. The three kinds of opals of commerce are: The Oriental or noble opal, the fire opal, and the common opal. The two former are beautifully iridescent, showing many brilliant colours, or flashes of colour. The common opal is not so. The countries that have supplied the opal are—Arabia, Ceylon, Honduras, etc.; the noble opal from Mexico, Hungary, etc.; the fire opal from Mexico, Washington Co., Georgia; and the common opal of various colours from Hungary and elsewhere.

GARNET.

The Indian garnet, and the garnet of Pegu, Ceylon, and Brazil, known as the Syrian, surpass all others for their beauty and lustre. Ceylon, Greenland, and Pegu furnish the best and most valued. Garnets are of many varieties, but only two kinds are fit for gems, viz., the Almandine and the Grossularia. The variety called Pyrope, or "the precious garnet of Bohemia," was supposed, like the ruby, to be, along with one or two other red varieties of garnet, the carbuncle of the ancients. Garnets are very plentiful in America.

HYACINTH.

The present hyacinth is a variety of zircon, and of a brownish-red or transparent red; but the hyacinthus of the ancients was blue, and is supposed to be our modern sapphire. Hyacinths are obtained from Ceylon, Greenland, Siberia, Bohemia, etc.; and were also obtained from the bed of the river of Epailly. Hyacinths are used in jewellery.

HYDROPHANE.

Out of water this stone is opaque, and of a whitish or yellowish colour; but when wet is said to become "translucent and opalescent." A white hydrophane has been discovered in Colorado, and has been named "magic stone" by the finder.

CAT'S-EYE.

Greenish-grey. It comes from Ceylon.

MALACHITE.

Obtained from Connecticut, New Jersey, Africa, Australia, Siberia, etc. It consists of two kinds—atlase and emerald malachite. The latter is beautifully green and of vitreous lustre; atlase is of dark and light green in concentric rings, takes a high polish, and is used in the manufacture of fancy articles, as

vases, snuff boxes, tables, etc., but sometimes used in jewellery.

JADE.

Jade has been obtained from India, Switzerland, South America, Central Asia, Turkey, and Poland. It is very tough, and used for war hatchets, figure stones, etc. Jadeite is another variety containing alumina, and more highly prized than all the usual varieties of jade.

TURQUOISE.

Blue or bluish-green; according to Dana, it comes from Persia, "not far from Nichabour." Although an aluminous stone, Dieulafait states that it "does not reach a high price except in specimens of a very unusual size." Arabia and Palestine furnished the delicate blue turquoise. The hardness of the turquoise is 5.6 or 6. The Occidental turquoise is merely coloured bone or fossil ivory.

TOURMALINE.

Tourmalines are of many colours; the darker shades are designated common. The red tourmalines from Paris, Meare described as "of great value, and affording gems of remarkable beauty." They are almost equal to the ruby for lustre and richness of colour, while the yellow variety from Ceylon is scarcely distinguishable from the real topaz, "and is often sold for that gem." The yellow, red, and green varieties are all used as gems. Tourmalines of various colours are abundant in America. Brazil, Sweden, and Siberia have also furnished tourmalines, and also many other countries.

LAPIZ LAZULI.

From this mineral comes the pigment known as ultramarine, which has been superseded by cobalt. Some years ago lapis lazuli was fashionable in brooch jewelry. It came from Persia, China, and Siberia and Chili.

THE LANGUAGE OF GEMS;

Or, The Sentiments Associated with Precious Stones.

- Agate.*—Health, prosperity, and long life.
- Amethyst.*—Peace of mind, earthly suffering, sorrow, deep love, and truth unto death.
- Aquamarine.*—Misfortune and hope.
- Bloodstone.*—Courage and success in hazardous enterprises.
- Carbuncle.*—Suffering.
- Chrysolite.*—Preservation from folly.
- Carnelian.*—Forgetfulness of evils.
- Diamond.*—Repentance, innocence, and light, purity, life, and joy.
- Emerald.*—Success in love, faith, victory, and immortality.
- Garnet.*—Constancy and fidelity.
- Jacinth.*—The same.
- Jasper.*—See bloodstone.
- Malachite.*—Success and happiness; also numerous friends.
- Opal.*—Good fortune; more recently, misfortune; though some prefer to make it signify hope.
- Pearl.*—Purity, innocence, humility, tears, and a retiring spirit.
- Ruby.*—Forgetfulness of evils; also divine power and love; dignity and royalty.

Sapphire.—Repentance and innocence; also virtue, truth, constancy, contemplation, heavenly love and heaven.

Sardius.—Martyrdom in ecclesiastical symbolism.

Sardonyx.—Conjugal felicity, or married bliss and unanimity.

Topaz.—Friendship, fidelity, fruitfulness, love to God, and the goodness of God.

Turquoise.—Success, happiness, and numerous friends.

NEW TESTAMENT PRECIOUS STONES.

1. *Jasper.*—Constancy and firmness.
2. *Sapphire.*—Heavenly thoughts.
3. *Chalcedony.*—Ardent zeal.
4. *Emerald.*—Suavity of manner.
5. *Sardonyx.*—Variety in teaching.
6. *Sardius.*—Readiness for martyrdom.
7. *Chrysolite.*—Restrained by no obstacles.
8. *Beryl.*—Preparedness of mind at all times.
9. *Topaz.*—Healing power.
10. *Crysoptase.*—Severity towards sin.
11. *Hyacinth, or Jacinth.*—Calmness in all storms.
12. *Amethyst.*—Sobriety and temperance.*

EMBLEMS ACCORDING TO MARBODUS.

- Jasper.*—Lasting faith.
- Sapphire.*—Simplicity, hope, and a virtuous life.
- Chalcedony.*—Worship of God in secret.
- Emerald.*—Faith, bounteousness, pious deeds.
- Sardonyx.*—Humility, chastity, martyrdom.
- Sardius.*—Victory in martyrdom and union to Christ.
- Chrysolite.*—The perfect Christian who displays his light.
- Beryl.*—Retirement, solitude, quietness.
- Topaz.*—Study and contemplation.
- Chrysoptase.*—True, perfect, and immovable love.
- Hyacinth.*—A pious life, well guided by discretion.
- Amethyst.*—The humble Christian's death in Christ.†

Dieulafait has given the names of the twelve stones consecrated to the twelve months of the year, and to the signs of the Zodiac, as follows:—

Garnet	Aquarius ..	January.
Amethyst	Pisces	February.
Jasper	Aries	March.
Sapphire	Taurus	April.
Agate	Gemini	May.
Emerald	Cancer	June.
Onyx	Leo	July.
Carnelian	Virgo	August.
Chrysolite	Libra	September.
Aquamarine	Scorpio	October.
Topaz	Sagittarius	November.
Ruby	Capricornus	December.

* The above Language of Gems is extracted from an article on precious stones by B. H. C. in the *Queen* for December 7th, 1878, by the kind permission of the editor.

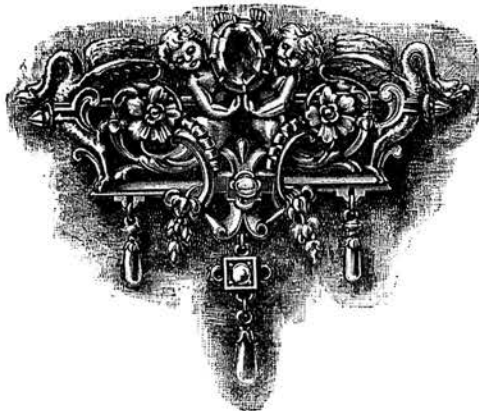
† Abridged from King's translation of the poem by Marbodus, p. 337-339.

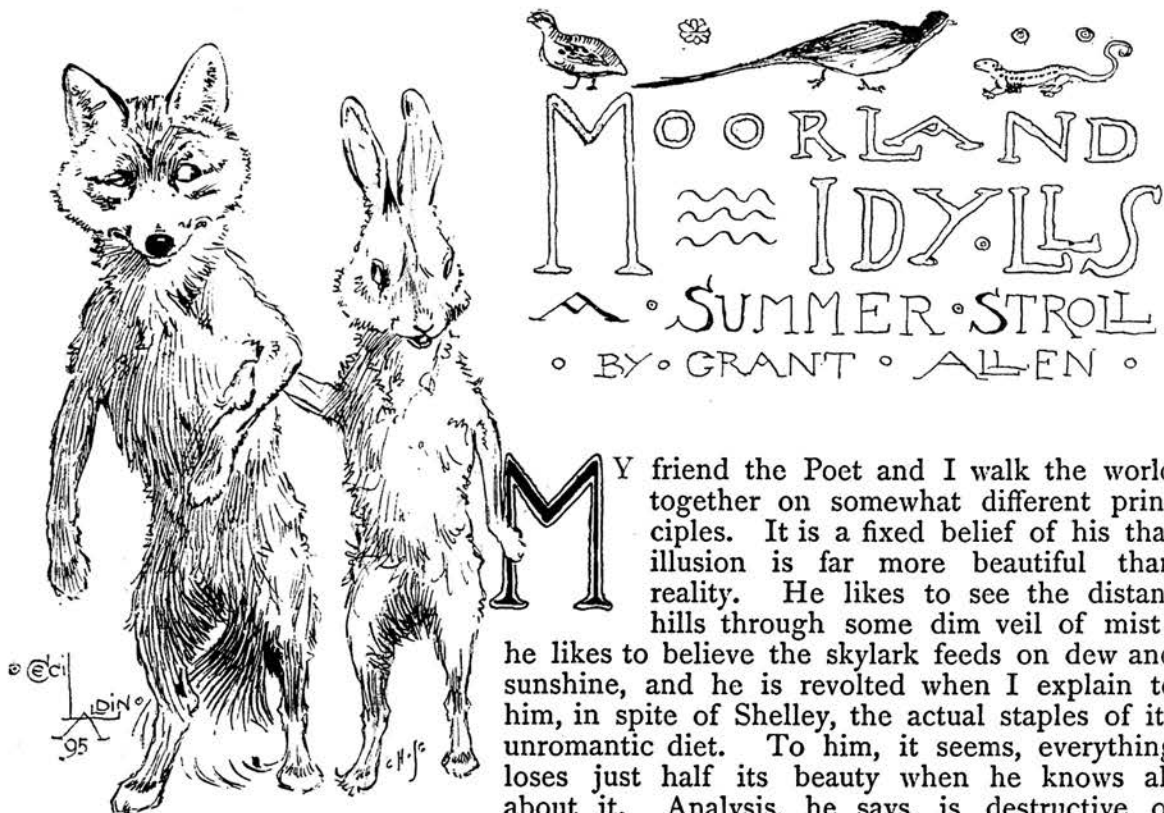
He tells us also that "the pearl was dedicated to Venus, and is sacred to love and beauty." It was ever esteemed very highly by the Persians, and throughout Asia was valued far more than gold; consequently the Jews were acquainted with the trade carried on on the Red Sea coasts, when our Saviour took this precious gem as an emblem of Himself. We may look around and admire the gems that are visible, and some perhaps would even go to great lengths of toil to obtain them for their own. Yet they are perishable, and can but be kept during this life. Ought it not to be our earnest aim to obtain sure possession of the only true and enduring pearl—the "Pearl of great price"?

The *Ruby.*—"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies" (Prov. xxxi. 10). The value of the ruby is higher than that of any other gem. It was, therefore, no small tribute that was paid to woman, not merely as woman, but to her virtues, as it was perhaps impossible to find any more costly comparison. The graces that made her so extremely prized were not those "of plaiting the hair, and of wearing jewels of gold, or of putting on apparel" (1 Peter iii. 3); but the graces of charity—kindness in her home life and to her servants; her serious and faithful deportment to her husband, and perhaps, above all, her supreme industry.

In concluding our review of the hues and language of precious stones, there seems one more lesson to be gained. We see in their formation not only the power but the "goodness of God," for, not being absolutely necessary to man's existence, they naturally point out the liberality and benevolence of the Creator, who has not only formed flowers to adorn the earth, but gems to adorn the creature; and yet He means them not for all. They are the special dowry of the heirs of this world's wealth; and, oh, let them not set such store by these morsels, which can be lost or stolen, as to forget that other jewel, which like them can also be lost, and that for ever. One soul is of far more value than a world of rubies. He has given the very poorest girl a soul. Then prize your soul. Keep it, educate it, that it may glisten in the clear and fragrant atmosphere of a sinless land. And if you are the happy possessor of the gleaming fragments, yet, "set not your heart upon them" (Ps. lxxii. 10), for should He ever so require they can be turned to use in His service. Nor would any girl who thus sacrificed her jewels for the furtherance of His kingdom be the first in life's history to do such a deed. Might not America have lain undiscovered till now if Queen Isabella of Castile had not pledged her jewels to assist Columbus? We need not, however, fancy it requires wealth before we can do something; for there is a temple being built slowly but surely, and every stone in that building is wanted, and every girl that chooses may be a stone in it.

M. J. HYSLOP.





MY friend the Poet and I walk the world together on somewhat different principles. It is a fixed belief of his that illusion is far more beautiful than reality. He likes to see the distant hills through some dim veil of mist; he likes to believe the skylark feeds on dew and sunshine, and he is revolted when I explain to him, in spite of Shelley, the actual staples of its unromantic diet. To him, it seems, everything loses just half its beauty when he knows all about it. Analysis, he says, is destructive of pleasure. Only in an imagined and unrealised

world can he find the pure elements that delight his fancy.

But to me the actual world as it stands is beautiful. I love to descry the very contour of the hills; I love to watch from afar the saucer-shaped combs on the flanks of the South Downs, when the afternoon light floods and bathes them in its glory. Illusion to my mind is less lovely than reality. Nothing on earth seems more beautiful than Truth. I love to catch her face behind the clouds that conceal her.

And now it is the plain unvarnished Truth I am going to give you in this Moorland Idyll. I am going to tell you just what we saw to-day, without one episode or incident save what really occurred to us. I could not make that stroll more exquisite than I found it if I tried till Doomsday. It was an idyll of real life. May many more so come to me!

We strayed together—the Poet, Elsie, Lucy, and myself—across the moor to Highfield, in search of strawberries. Highfield lies some two miles off, at the beginning of the valley; a lost old-world farm, in a dell of the moors, with a market-garden. You poor Londoners, when you go to buy strawberries, go to buy them prosaically at a commercial fruiterer's in a noisy street; but we moorlanders go with our basket in our hands to some lonely grange across the heather-clad upland. The first part of our walk lay high over the ridge where the heath was burnt in the Jubilee year by the great fire; you can still plainly mark the point up to which the flames made a clear sweep of the heather, and the point where they left off, held in check by the beaters. For heather is really a forest-tree of some fifty years' growth; and the waste where the fire raged is still covered to this day with a shorter crop of young seedling gorse and ling and whortleberry, while the older vegetation unburnt beyond rises tall and bush-like. The blasted part, too, shows by far the finest and deepest purple of any; not because the flowers are really bigger or thicker, but because where the plants are still short the Tyrian purple of the Scotch heather is seen to greatest advantage; whereas, when they rise higher, the Scotch heather is overtopped by the bushier and coarser and taller-growing ling, with its somewhat insipid pale pink blossoms. The Poet thinks the fire makes the heath burn brighter. I think myself it keeps the ling lower.

Anyhow, that spur is one blaze of glory. Not a spot on the moor flares so splendid a purple. We passed through it, single file, by the narrow footpath, where the ling rises knee-high on either side, and the little brown lizards dart wildly to their holes at first sound of a footfall. Along the ridge, past the broom-bushes, now hanging with silvery pods, we continued on the path till we reached the white beam-tree. There the trail diverges a little suddenly to the left; a cock-pheasant broke with a shrill cry on the wing; his whirr as he rose startled the shallow valley.

A wood-pigeon, alarmed at his alarm, flapped afield from the pine-wood; the low cooing of his fellows from the larches beyond died away at the sound of his warning signal. Then we turned into the middle trail, where it dips towards the lowland. All at once Elsie started and gave a little



HE RAN BEFORE US WITH HIS RED BRUSH DEPRESSED.

cry: "A fox! a fox!" And sure enough there was one. He ran on before us, with his red brush depressed, fifty yards or more along the path on the open. Seldom have I caught a longer or clearer view of him unhunted in England. We were but ten yards behind, and had fairly surprised him. However, he took his discovery like a gentleman, and instead of skulking away to right or left, where the heath rose high, he ran on along the open so as to give us a fine stare at him. Lucy, who is a visitor, unused to country ways, save as townfolk know them, had never seen a live fox in the wild state before, and the incident charmed her. He was so lithe and red, and he ran so well, with his sharp head held low, and with the wild air of his species.

By the chestnut plantation, where a grassy little lane dips close between the trees, cropped and cut for hop-poles, we began to descend in real earnest to the valley. A rabbit just dashed across the sward on the slope of path; his twinkling white tail scarce betrayed him for a moment. Two hawks hovered above, but

held off for fear of us. Rustlings in the fallen foliage beneath the sapling chestnuts to right and left gave sign of other rabbits, unseen, but scurrying burrow-ward. As we reached the open we disturbed a young covey of nursing partridges. Most of them disappeared after their prudent mother before we could catch a glimpse of them; but one poor little chick, belated and terrified, darted with its tiny half-naked wings erect in an agony of alarm in the opposite direction. It found covert in the chestnuts, its tiny heart throbbing. Alas, that it should have conceived at so early an age so justly unfavourable an idea of humanity!

Beyond the plantation we turned aside into a field, and oh! such a field! Have I words to picture it? It had been sown for grass, but no grass was there. "Bad season," says the farmer. "Thank Heaven for these slovenly farms," says the botanist. Blue cornflowers grew in it, thick as stars in heaven; and huge spikes of viper's bugloss as tall as a man's waist and more lovely than a turquoise. Who shall describe their hue, their form, their fashion? A great spotted stem, like a lizard's skin, green flecked with russet brown, and uncanny to look upon; on either side, long twisted spirals of red-and-blue blossoms, each curled like a scorpion's tail, very strange and

lurid. The individual blossom is bright blue, when fully opened, with crimson stamens; the buds are deep red; the dead flowers dry violet. Altogether, a most weird and witch-like plant; I think one might use it with great advantage for incantations and sorcery. The Poet decided to try its effect next time he would rid himself of a discarded lady-love. We plucked great armfuls, and carried them along with us as far as Highfield. Other flowers were there, too, of less poetic interest—bright yellow corn-marigolds, and scented white campion; scarlet poppies by the score, with waving panicles of not a few tall grasses. We gathered of them all, and they stand before me now, gladdening my eyes as I write, in the coarse red pots of plain Hampshire earthenware.

They had no strawberries left, after all, at Highfield. We had our walk for nothing. If that be nothing! So we used the empty basket to carry back our trophies. But returning by the lane, we filled our vacant arms once more with foxgloves; and the fox himself crossed our path for a second again at the self-same turning without seeking to reclaim them. Even the Poet admitted we had saved one day from 'Time's devouring maw. And that's how we live, up here in the moorland.

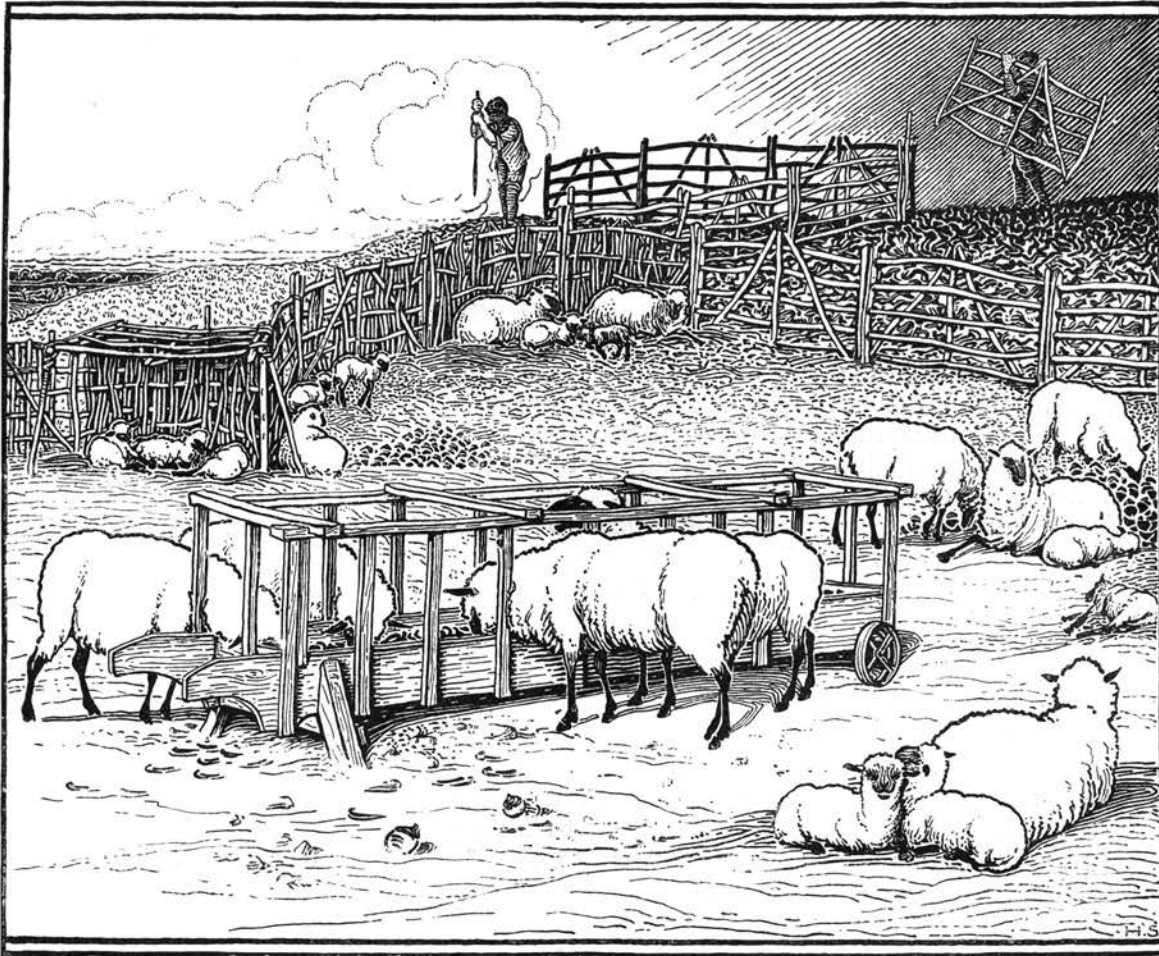


The labours of THE XII-MONTHS
set out in NEW PICTURES & OLD PROVERBS

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.



APRIL

Then cometh APRIL, that the earth and the trees is covered in greene and flowers and in every part goods increaseth abundantly, then cometh the child to gather the sweet flowers of hardiness, but then beware that the cold winds and storms of vices beat not down the flowers of good manners, that he should bring man to honour, for then he is XXXIII years old.



— When APRIL blows his horn,
Tis good for both hay & corn.
— An APRIL flood carries away the frog & her brood.
— March borrowed 3 days of APRIL & they were ill
The 1st was steel the 2nd snow the 3rd was the worst day that
— Plant your labours when you will, never did
They won't come up before APRIL. — blow.
— When the cuckoo comes to the bare them, sell ye corn & buy you corn.
But when she comes to the full be, sell ye corn & buy you sheep.